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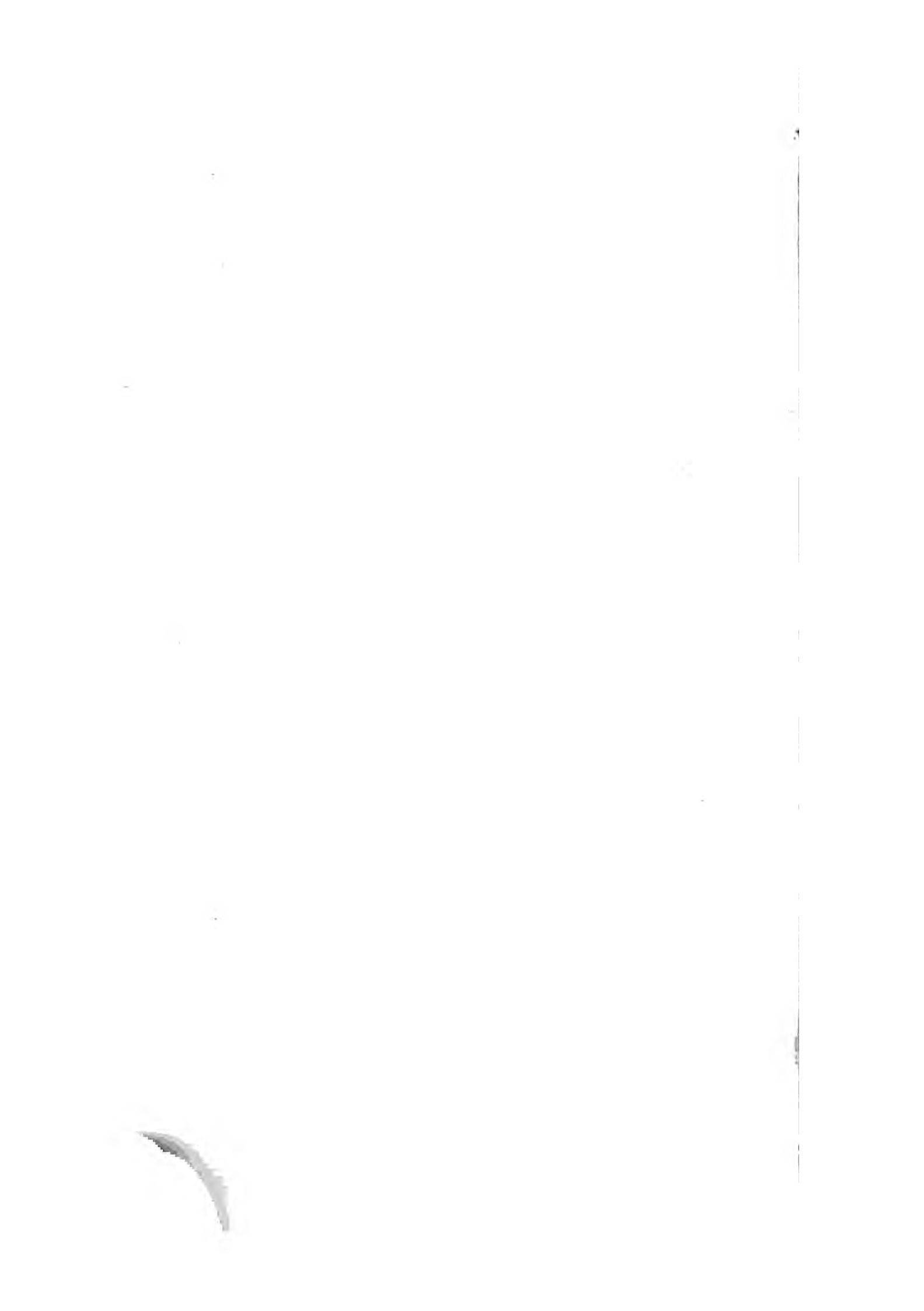
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# English Reprints.

BARNABE GOOGE.

Eglogs, Epitaphes, & Sonettes.

1563.

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CAREFULLY EDITED BY

EDWARD ARBER,

*Associate, King's College, London, A.K.C., F.R.G.S., &c.*



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4 FIRST LINES OF THE POEMS CONTAINED IN THIS WORK.

By Barnabe Googe.

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NOTES of the LIFE and WRITINGS

of

BARNABE GOOGE.

His surname is also variously spelt *Goche*, *Goghe*, *Gouche*, &c.

There was printed at Venice an undated Latin satirical poem in twelve books named after the signs of the Zodiac. *Zodiacus* [? 1535—1539] *Vita pulcherrimum opus atque utilissimum, Marcelli Palingenii stellati Poetae ad illustrissimum Ferrariae Ducem Hercules secundem feliciter incipit.* The dedication to Hercules II. d'Este, who was Duke of Ferrara between 1 Nov. 1534—3 Oct. 1559, fixes the date of the impression, to which Thomas Scauranus prefaced a few verses. Marcellus Palingenius is believed to be an anagram for Pietro Angelo Manzolli, an Italian, respecting whose life very little is known. We have printed Googe's own account of him at p. 13. Despite its being put on the Index by the Council of Trent; more than twenty editions of this celebrated Invective have been published in Latin and other languages: including two Latin editions at Basle in 1552 and 1557, which Googe may have used in his translation and another at London in 1579.

1553. FEB. 20. Thomas Kirchmeyer or Naogeorgus [b. 1511—d. 29 Dec. 1563] was the author of another anti-Papist invective in verse, entitled *Regni Papistici*, the preface of which is dated 20 Feb., and the imprint June 1553.

JUNE.

1558. Nov. 17. Elizabeth succeeds to the throne.

1559. SEPT. A second edition of *Regni Papistici* is published at Basle.

NOV. 24. The date of Jasper Heywood's poetical preface to his translation of Seneca's *Thyestes*, the printing of which was finished on 25 March 1560. In this preface, he supposes himself to meet Seneca, while in a dream, whom he thus addresses. [The allusions are important as showing the rage for translating then prevailing; and also as virtually announcing Googe's translation, no portion of which had as yet appeared.]

*A labour long (quoth I) it is that riper age doothe craue  
And who shall trauaile in thy bookes, more iudgement ought to haue  
Then I: whose greener yeares therby no thanks may hope to wynde.  
Thou seest dame Nature yet hath sette no heares vppon my chynne  
Craue this therefore of grauer age, and men of greater skill  
Full many be that better can, and some perhaps that will.  
But yf thy will be rather bent a yong mans witt to proue,  
And thinkst that elder lerned men perhaps it shall behoue,  
In woorks of waight to spende theyr tyme, goe where Mineruaes men,  
And finest witts doe swarme: whome she hath taught to passe with pen,  
In Lyncolnes Inne and Temples twayne, Grayes Inne and other mo,  
I hou shalt them fynde whose paynfull pen thy verse shall flourishe so,  
That Melpomen thou wouldst well weene had taught them for to wright,  
And all their woorks with stately style, and goodly grace t'endite,  
There shalt thou see the selfe same Northe, whose woorke his witte displayes,  
And Dyall dothe of Princes paynte, and preache abroad his prayse.  
There Sackuyldes Sonetts sweetely sauste, and featly fyned bee,  
There Norton's ditties do delight, there Yeluertons doo flee  
Well pewrde with pen: suche yong men three, as weene thou mightest agayne,  
To be begotte as Pallas was, of mightie Ioue his brayne.  
Then heare thou shalt a great reporte of Baldwyns worthie name  
Whose Myrrour doth of Magistrates, proclayme eternall fame.  
And there the gentle Blunduille is by name and eke by kynde,*

*Of whome we learne by Plutarches lore, what frute by Foes to synde,  
There Bauande bydes, that turnde his toyle a Common welthe to frame,  
And greater grace in Englyshe geues, to woorthy authors name,  
There Googe a gratefull gaynes hath gotte, reporte that runneth ryfe  
Who crooked Compasse dothe describe, and Zodiake of lyfe.  
And yet great nombre more, whose names yf I shoulde now resight,  
A ten tymes greater woorke then thine, I should be forste to wright.*

BARNABY GOOGE, son of Robert Googe, esq. recorder of Lincoln, by Margaret his wife, daughter of Sir John Mantell, was born in or about 1540, at Alvingham, Lincolnshire. He was some time a member of Christ's College in this university, but does not appear to have graduated here. He was also of New College, Oxford. Upon leaving college, he travelled through France to Spain. . . . By his wife he had issue Matthew; Thomas; Robert, Fellow of All Souls' College, Oxford; Barnaby, master of Magdalen College, Cambridge; Francis; William; Anne; Mary. *Cooper. Athen. Cantab.* ii. 39. *Ed.* 1858.

**1559.** The first of the translations of Seneca; *Troas*, by T. Heywood, published.

**1560.** APR. or MAY. There is the following entry in the Stationer's Registers "Recevyd of Raufe newbery, for his lycense for printing of a boke called pallengenius, and he geveth to the howse . . . iiiij<sup>d</sup>" J. P. Collier. *Extracts. &c.* i. 26. *Ed.* 1848.

This was *The First thre Bokes of the most Christian poet Marcellus Palingenius called THE ZODIAKE OF LIFE Newly translated out of Latin into Englysh.* This edition, which we have been unable to see, Mr. Collier states, in *Bibliographical Catalogue*, "This is one of the rarest poetical works in our language: we never had an opportunity of seeing more than the exemplar before us, and our belief is that only one other copy is in existence." *ii.* 88. *Ed.* 1865. Mr. Collier also states that it is dedicated to his grandmother lady Hales, and also to William Cromer, Thomas Honeywood and Ralph Heimund Esquires. Herbert states that he styles this piece, 'the first frutes of his study.' p. 767. It likewise contains the following initial poems [which we here print from the next edition of 1561]:

#### The Preface.

**W**hen as syr Phebe with backward course, the horned gote had caught,  
And had the place from whence he turnes his lofty face out sought:  
Amid the entraunce of the grades of Capricorne he stode,  
And distant far from him away was Marce with fiery mode,  
He lackd th[e] aspect of mighty Ioue and Venus pleasaunt loke  
with beames he could not broile from hie for heat his Globe forsoke.  
Old Saturne then aloft did lie, with lusty riueld face:  
And with a backward course he ranne from out the twinnes apace,  
And towards the Bull he gan to driue intending there to rest,  
His croked crabbed cankerd limmes in louely Venus nest.  
With frosen face about he loked and vile deformed hewe,  
And downe the boysterous Boreas sent in euery coste that blewe,  
Who spoylde the pleasant trees of leafe, byrest the ground of grene,  
That life in springing springs or plants might no where now be sene:  
The liuely sappe forsoke the bowgh and depe the rote it held  
And spoyling frutes the flakey snowes on tender bowes they dweld.  
When down amongst my bokes I sate and close I crouched for cold,  
Fayre Ladyes nyne with stately steps alofe I might behold,  
In mantels gyrt of comely grace, and bokes in hand they bare,  
With Laurell leafe theyr heades were crownd, a sight to me but rare.  
I saw them come and vp I rose, as dewty moued to meete  
These learned Nymphes, and down I fall before theyr comely feete.  
With rosey lippes and shining face and Melpomen her name,  
This lady fyrst began to speake, and thus her wordes to frame.  
Stand vp yong man, quoth she, dispatch, and take thy pen in hand,  
Wryte thou the ciuil warres and broyle in auncient Latines land.

*Reduce to English sence she said, the lofty Lucanes verse  
 The cruel chaunce and dolfull end of Cesars state rehearse.  
 Maddam (quoth Vraney) with that, in this you do me wrong  
 To moue my man to serue your turne that hath profesd of long,  
 And vowed his yeares with me to serue in secreat motions lie,  
 To beat his brain in searching forth the rowlinges of the sky.  
 Nay rather take in hand quod she, (and on me ful she lokes)  
 With English rime to bring to light Aratus worthy bokes.  
 Describe the whirling spheares aboue and mouinges euery one,  
 How forced about from East to West from West to East they gone:  
 Aratus verse wil shew the plain how Circles al they run  
 How glides ye course thorow coked line of Phebe the shining sun.  
 Whereas the fixed Poles do stay, and where the snake doth crepe,  
 In heauens hie among the North where beares theyr course do kepe  
 By this (quoth she) thou shalt receiue immortal fame at last,  
 Much more then if thou shouldst declare those bloudy bankets past.  
 These wordes declard wyth pleasaunt voyce, this Lady held her peace,  
 And forth before them all I saw the loueliest Lady prease:  
 Of stature tal, and Venus face, she semde me thought to haue  
 And Calliope she called was with verse that wrytes so graue,  
 Sisters quod she and Ladies all of Ioue his mighty line,  
 To whom no art doth lie vnkowne that heare we may define:  
 Chese patrons of the Poets pore, and aiders of their verse,  
 Without whose help their simple heds would nothyng well rehearse,  
 I am become a suter here to you my Ladies all,  
 For him that heare before you standes as vnto learning thrall,  
 A Poet late I had whose pen, did tread the crabbed wayes,  
 Of vertuous life, declaring how that men shoulde spend theyr daies.  
 In Romish lande he liued longe, and Palingen his name  
 It was. Whereby he got himselve an euerlasting fame  
 Of them that learned be. But of the meane and ruder sorte  
 He liues vnkowne and lacks therby his iuste and right reporte.  
 Wherfore my sute is to you all graunte me this wyght a while,  
 That standeth heare that he may turne my Poetes stately style,  
 To Vulgar speche in natiue tounge: that all may vnderstande.  
 To this they all agreed and sayed, take thou that worcke in hande.  
 Amased then I answered thus good ladies al (quoth I)  
 Whose Clientes same, for euer flies and name can neuer dye  
 Returne your sentence late pronounced call back your wordes agayne,  
 And let not me take that in hande that I can not attayne.  
 In Englande here a hundred heddles more able nowe therebe,  
 Thys same to doe: then chose the beste and let the worste go free.  
 Best you doe so then that my verse receaue immortall shame,  
 When I shall paye the price of paynes with hasarde of my name.  
 With this they all began to frowne and wholly with on[e] voice.  
 Take thou this same in hande thei crie, thou hast none other choyse.  
 And fast away from me thei sling, as halfe in angry moode  
 Thei leste me thus in wofull case: whereas a while I stode,  
 And mused what I best might do, at last my pen I tooke  
 Commaunded thus to English heare, this famous Poets booke.  
 Now since that I haue thus begunne, you (learned) I requyre:  
 With your dispraise or great dysdaine quenche not this kyndled fyre:  
 But geue me rather cause to ende, this worke so late begonne,  
 So shall I thinke and well bestowde my paynes when all is done.*

¶ The booke to the reader.

**W**Ho seeks to shun ye shattring sails of mighty Momus mast,  
 Must not attempt ye sugred seas, where muses ancour cast.  
 For Momus there doth ryde at flote, with scornefull tonges yfraght:  
 With cancred cracks of wrathfull words he keeps the passage strayght:  
 That none without disdaine may passe where muses nauie lies,  
 But straight on them with ireful mode the scornful God he flies.

*Since none may scape, I am not he, that can my self assure :  
Through surging seas of dōpe disdain my passage to procure.  
But am content for to receiue reproche at Momus hand :  
Syth none there is, that may the nose of Rhynocere withstand.  
The learned wyttes I heare requyre with rigour not to iudge  
The common sort I noughte esteme unskilful though they grudge.  
Nor few of them can hold theyr peace but finde them selues a doe,  
In vewing workes as he that sought, to mende Appelles shoe.  
Both sortes I wish if that they would contented to remaine,  
And beare the weaknes of my wit and not therat disdaine.*

**1561.** In this year there appeared the second edition of Googe's translation of the *Zodiacus Vitæ*, containing the first six books, see *p.* 90. and also the following poem, which Mr. Collier states is not in the first edition.

*I F Chaucer nowe shoulde liue, whose eloquence deuine,  
Hath paste ye poets al that came of auncient Brutus lyne,  
If Homere here might dwell, whose praise the Grekes resounde  
If Vergile might his yeares renewe, if Ouide myght be founde :  
All these myght well be sure theyr matches here to fynde.  
So much dothe England florishe now with men of Muses kynde.  
Synce these might find their mates, what shame shall this my ryme  
Receauē, that thus I publishe here in such a perlous tyme?  
A Poet ones there lyued, and Cherill was hys name :  
Who thought of Alexanders actes to make immortal fame.  
Bredde vp in Pegase house, of Poetes aunciente bloude :  
A thousande verses yll he made, and none but seuen good.  
Sythe Homer, Virgile, and the rest maye here theyr matches see :  
Lett Cherill not thereat disdayne, he shall be matched with me.  
For eche good verse he dyd receyue a peece of golde (I trowe)  
For eche yll verse the kyngē did bydde his eare shoulde fele a blowe.  
Though I presume with him as mate coequall to remaine :  
Yet seake I not herein to be copartener of his gayne.*

FINIS.

The above three poems are omitted in all subsequent editions.

The Epitaph on Phaer was probably written before Googe went abroad.

\* WINTER. It is apparent from the allusions on *p.* 29, that Googe went towards Spain about this time, leaving these *Eglogs*, &c. in the hands of his friend Blundeston.

**1562.** PENTECOST [MAY 17 &c.] Blundeston writes his poetical preface.— See *pp.* 28-30.

MAY 27. He writes his prose preface at *pp.* 26, 27, and leaves all with the printer.

**1562-3?** WINTER. Googe reaches home from Spain, while Blundeston is away from London. *p.* 25; on whose return, he is astonished to learn that his poems are in the printers' hands, and the paper provided for the impression. Yielding at length to his friend's persuasion he suffers them to appear: finishing *Cupido's conquered* as he states at *p.*

**1563.** MAR. 15. 25. The printing is therefore finished on 15 March 1563, as stated on the Title at *p.* 19, and Colophon at *p.* 128.

APR. 28. A. Neville's translation of Seneca's *Ædipus*, is finished by T. Colwell, who also printed these *Eglogs*, &c.

We now come to the story of Googe's love, troublous courtship and marriage. There are traces at *pp.* 87, 99 of an earlier and unrequited attachment to Mistress A., previous to his voyage to Spain, but it is his winning of Mary Darrell with which we have now to do. Some preliminary facts must be first touched upon.

What had occurred prior we are unable to say. Only one short poem to Maystresse D[arrell] occurs in this collection (*i.e.* before March 1563): and that is marked by the most delicate respectfulness: but the strange struggle of the two Kentish families with Cecil and Archbishop Parker came about

in this way. John Lennard, Esq. [*b.* 1509—*d.* 12. Mar. 1590. *æt.* 81] of Chevening, (N.E. of Tunbridge Wells), was a rich prosperous man of 54 years of age, Prothonotary of the Common Pleas, and possessed of many lands and manors in four other counties besides Kent. [Hasted's *Kent.* 359-360. *Ed.* 1778.] His eldest of two sons, Sampson Lennard [*b.* 1545—*d.* 20 Sept. 1615] aged 18, was head over ears in love with Mary Darrell. Now the Darrell family, originally from Yorkshire, lived at Scotney, a manor house in Lamberhurst parish, which is the southernmost parish of that county and adjoins Sussex. They were of lesser note and wealth than the Lennards. Thomas Darrell had married twice. By his first wife, he had a daughter: by his second, Mary Roydon, daughter of — Roydon Esq<sup>re</sup> of East Peckham, he had one son, Henry: and four daughters, Mary, Googe's sweetheart; Eleanor; Frances; and Margaret. [Hasted's *Kent.* ii. 380. *Ed.* 1782]

Googe had been a long time a visitor at Scotney, certainly before the publication of this work, as the poem above referred to witnesses: but he does not seem to have betrothed himself till the summer of this year. The curious correspondence on this subject opens first with the two following letters from Sir William Cecil, the drafts of which corrected by him, are in the State Paper Office.

1563. OCT. 1. *Mem. of my Master's letters to Mr Lennard for Bar. Googe.*

Mr Lennard I haue ben certified by Googe who being my seruant is also my kinsman that whereas there hath of late passed an agreement between him and the daughter of Mr Thomas Darrell in Kent as concerning marriage having her friends consent herein as I understand by her fathers letters written vnto him which I have read and being thoroughly at a poynt for all things between them He hath of late by your means been hindered to his great grief as also against all due order of well using whereby he hath declared vnto me that minding to do vnto him so great an iniury your opinion is that he is vtterly destitute of friends and that I make no other account of him but as of one of my men. Whereas I esteeme him as my near kinsman and so he shalbe sure to find me in any reasonable case Wherefore I pray you herrin to vse him no otherwise than one whom I well esteem. I haue seen the letters that haue passed between her father and him as also her own letters whereby the matter is made clear vnto me that she hath fully assured herself vnto him."

Knowing what we do of Sir William Cecil's soundness of judgment: the circumstances must have been very strong in favour of Googe before he could have thus written: and as also in the following letter to Mr Darrell.

"After my very hearty commendations. Where as I understand that Googe my seruant hath been a sutor to your daughter moved chiefly as I take it by the virtuous report of her and the friendly entertainment that he found at your hands, as both by his information and certain your letters written to him I understand since he hath so far provided that there hath assurance passed between them evidently to be proved by his allegation and her own letters. These shall be to require you not to go about to break the bond so perfectly knit between them, whereof you have been so long a favorer. Considering that you knew as well his estate for living at the first as at any time since and although his living be not great ye shall not need to fear that he lacketh friends and wellwishers. Being both my kinsman and my seruant. Thus I require you to show him such friendship as you have done before as you would require any friendship at my hands. I haue thought to haue written to my Lord of Canterbury to have made an end of the matter but I trust my letters to you in this case shall be sufficient."

Mr Lennard's own reply to the Secretary of State's request, is now *Lansdowne MS.* 7. p. 79-83.

1563. Nov. 10. My duety done vnto your honor. Your lettre directed to me touching master Googe was delyvered a moneth after the date thereof to a boye of my howse by a ploughe boy. The cause not yours but master Googes. I hasted the lesse to sende the answer for lacke of his messenger: The matter not worth my sending saving to

satisfie you The effect of your lettre is that master Googe hath enformed you that he is hindred by my meanes concerning his marriage with master Darrell his daughter and that my opinion is that he is destitute of frendes and that you accompte not of him but as of one of your men. Ye write further that the matter is made plaine to you by the maides lettres and her fathers which you haue sene and redde that she hath assured her selfe to master Googe: and in asmuche as it hath pleased you so to put the one side, it occasioneth me to offer to you th[e]other to that ende which els I woulde not for the tedyousnes thereof, which may not be shortened.

I prairie you doubt not that I haue good will to pleasure any man of yours muche more your honest kyndesinan. There is cause why I shoulde, you being my good Master. But for this marriage I myght and must haue done with honesty as I did, with reuerence I speake it, though it had touched your sonne or the best subiecte in this Realme.

I knowe not master Googe who as he hath sclaudered me to you for your accompting of him being hidden to me, so vntruely and scornefully he as one that seemeth to haue a whotte hedde and a sicke braine wrote to me this somer past that by the extreme highte of my promysed mountaines master Darrell had altered his mynde from him and for riches sake ment to matche his daughter with my sonne and that frendes of the best which shoulde be able to beare strooke with the best of his aduersaries shoulde do and write in the cause. He hath also mysused me in an other lettre the copy is here inclosed. They that knowe him and my sonne thyncke aswell or better of my sonne as of him to all respectes. And there were not cause why I would wyshe my son buried. Mountaynes be lyke I promysed none, for master Darrell will confesse that he and his wyfe before master Googes sute, were earnest suters to me and that their daughter was as forwarde in desire as woman hedde would gene leue to matche my sonne: and that I never commended but still disabled my sonne to them all thre and they all thre as fast habiled and commended my sonne.

Master Darrell telleth me that vpon your lettre sent to him for master Googe he wrote to you that his promyse his wifes and daughters were past them to me for my sonne before master Googes sute and that the talke which he had with master Googe thereof happened by his mystaking of a lettre of myne. He wrote truely to you therein which clereth me.

I had diuers talkes with the maide for my sonne in his absence and yet no mo then she was glad of and then delyvered me by her parents. And hereto I call god to witnesse that not withstanding my obieccions (as of purpose to trye her I moued many to longe to be recyted here) that myght haue stayed her from matching with my sonne; so farre was she from a nay that she neuer offred any delay to be my sonnes wif but was most desirous of it in worde and gesture: so that at our last talke, hearynge her mylde and loving answers will full consent to haue my sonne who I know loved her entierly and therefore I hauing good lyking in me that he shoulde be her husband, nature wrought in me for her to lay my ryght hande on her brest and to speake thus in effecte *then I see that with gods helpe the frute that shall come of this body shall possesse all that I haue, and therevpon I will kyss you.* And so in dede I kyssed her. I gaue her after this, silke for a gowne (she neuer wore none so good), and she in token of her good will gave my sonne a handkercher and in affirmance of this her father wrote a letter to me by her consent he saith and that he redde the lettre to her, the copy is here inclosed that declareth her full consent to be my sonnes wife.

Master Darrell dwelleth from me nere xx myles a way that I never vsed but for this purpose and then in somer and at my comyng thither at Bartholomewetide last I tolde the parents and maide that I hearde say she shoulde haue a husband whereat I merueiled considering the talke that had past betweene vs. They all thre answered me and others for me very often that it was not so and that master Googe was but a suter To prove that to be true the parents sent me afterward a copy herinclosed of the maides lettre sent to master Googe of late wherein she termeth him to be but a suter and prayeth him to leue his sute and the parents still say that he hath

no holde of her except that by secrete intyement ageinst their wills he hath caught some worde of her, a thyng eodious to god and not to be favoured by man.

Now if the talke that she had with me had beene to my sonne it had ben a full contracte but my sonne being absent it is not soo. Yet is it suche matter as therevpon he myght the rather be a suter as master Googe is for it is no rare thyng for one woman to haue dyuers suters at ones.

Thus haue I made you a true discourse of all my doings, which I trust you in whose iudgement I durst put all my lande, lyving, and lyfe can not iudge to be ageine any due order of well vsing thoughte by master Googes false informacion ye write in your lettre to me to be ageinst all due order of well vsing.

I shoulde be no geyner by this my sounes matching but should haue forgone a M marks with matching in as good a stocke in the countrey where I dwell, and sithens suche encumbrance is wrought as I perceyue there ys on the maides part who as I here wavereth in this case I and my sonne may with honestie geue vp our sute therein for I were to madde to matche my eldest sonne where any entangling is and no stedfastnes at all I pray you thyncke not that I woulde so do as surely I wold not for any treasure in this worlde And so I knytte vpp that thoughte she woulde my sonne surely he will not haue her and I say that he shall not haue her.

Master Googe by fyrst talke with me vppon good cause showed might haue staid my sonnes sute soner then by sawsy lettres some sent by ruffians Yf I sought to marry a beggers daughter I wolde therein offer her father no despite. Master Darrell sayeth that master Googe vseth him so evell seking aide at his ennemyes hande in the countrey about him and hath faced him that he wolde tell the Quene of him and that a seriaunt at armes shoulde fetche his daughter from him and that you shoulde fetche her within a month with a number of other straunge dealings which haue troubled the gentleman muche.

And so I leave to trouble you Wishinge you increase of honor At Chevening the xth of November 1563.

Your seruauant assuredly to command I. Lennard.

ENDORSED.—*To the right honourable and his very good Master Sir William Cecil knyght chefe Secretary to the Quenes maiestie.*

*Lansdowne MSS. 7. p. 79-83.*

The three enclosures of Mr. Lennard's letter are as follows:—

ENCLOSURE A. *The effect of one of master darelles letters sent to master Lennard, which as master Darrell yet sayethe he wrate by his daughters consent. And dyd read yt to her and so sent yt to master Lennard.*

After my ryght hartly commendations etc. presumynge of youre good wyll and goodnes towardes my daughter mary: althoughe that before yat I moued ye mariage, betwene youre sonne and her I knewe ryght well yat it was my daughters goodwyll and desire to haue it to come to passe: and so moued it by her consent and desire. Yet accordinge to youre godly admonition in youre letter, I haue agayne fully trauayled with her therein: and fynde her moste wyllynz and desirouse to matche with youre sonne, so yat she is truly master Sampsonnes: who shalbe sure to haue of her a louynge and obedient wife, and you and mastres Lennarde an obedient daughter. And although nature myghte moue my tonge and penne, to say and write muche in fauour of my daughter, yet as god shall iudge me in this case, if I knewe any spotte in her I would expresse it to you: she is truly gods seruauant, and I trust yat he wyll so preserue her. &c. &c.

Your louynge friend T. Darrell.

ENDORSED.—*A copy of ye effect of one of master Darrelles letters, sent to master Lennard.*

ENCLOSURE B.—*A copy of Marye Darelles letter sent to master Goge.*

After my hartly commendations gentle master Googe where you haue binne and yet do continue a Sutor to me in ye waye of maryage whereunto nether presentlye I haue nor I am well assured shall haue, ye good wyll or consent of father nor mother to whome I am both by ye lawe of god and nature bound



to geue honoure and obedyence, and in no wyse wyllingly to greue or offend them. And do well consider yat my chefe obedyence and dutye towarde them, is to be bestowed in maryage by there consentes, and to there good contentation Assurynge my selfe in meditation and thinkynge hereof. hereof yat beyng there obedient chylde and to them most bounden in disobayenge them therein, I shall not only be depriued from yat blessinge, which god hath promised to suche as truly honor there parentes, but also shalbe assured to fynde and haue ye like disobedience of my chyldren: yf euer god shall geue me any: which by godes grace I wyll eschue. Wherefore I hartely beseche you ientle master Googe, if euer any true loue or goodwyll you haue borne towarde me, cease and leave of from all further sute or meanes to me in this matter, lettynge you to wete yat knowynge my parentes myndes to ye contrarye hereof, I wyll in no wyse match with you in any case. And thus wisshinge to you, in other place to matche accordynge to your own hartes desire, and to youre farre greter aduancemente, I bid you farewell. From my fathers house at Scotney this thursday the. xxth of octobre. Marye Darell.

ENDORSED.—*A copy of marye Darrells but sent to master Goge, verrye latelye.*

## ENCLOSURE C.

Ryght worshipfull and my louynge frindes I haue receaued youre letters wherein you write yat you perfectly understand ye hole state of ye case yat hath passed betwene master lennard and youre cosinne mary before my acquayntaunce with her, even so haue I binne certyfyed of a pretye laffynge toye as touchynge a precontracte declarynge at full ye sharp inuencyon of master lennards graue hedde, whereat if old Democritus were now alyue, I would thynke yat he should haue iuster cause ta laffe then at his contrymens folly. Ye seame to wyll a meatyng to be had betwene vs, whereunto I with all my hart consent, althoughe a number consydering my case would not doe, consyderynge the martiall furniture yat hath benne prepared ageynst me, and ye Italyon inuentyons yat haue binne menaced towarde me, which when ye counsell shal vnderstande, I trust they will not altogether commend. For all this, takynge you to be my verrye fryndes, I reioyse to meate you, neither if my aduersaryes should be in commission, would I feare to see them. Of one thyng I must craue pardonne, for not beyng able to meate you on sundaye because I haue sent my manne to ye courte, who wyll retorne on munday as I trust, but whether he do or not, I wyll with godes leaue wayte vpon you at yat daye in hast from Dongeon [or Done gone, a manor house close to Canterbury, at this time the residence of his grandmother Margaret, now a widow of her *third* husband, Sir James Hales, who died in 1558], the xvth of octobre. Your louynge frynd Barnabe Goge.

ENDORSED.—*A copy of a scornefull letter written by master Goge, to master George Darrell and master Edward Darrell.*

From all this it is clear that the Darrell parents were basely striving their very utmost to make their daughter Mary give up her true love and to match for money. Here was the girl in grief and dismay withstanding the alternate solicitations and threats of her own parents and the attempted hold on her of John Lennard. The matter did not, however, stop with his correspondence. It went before Archbishop Parker, who refers to it in the following letter to Cecil, dated 'thys Saturdaye at night beyng the xxth of Nouembre.'

1563. Nov. 19. "Yt may please your honor to vnderstand that I haue grete cause most humblye to gyue the Queens Maiesty thanks, for the fauor showed toward my request for the preferment of my chaplen and so like wise I hartely thanke your instancye therein as by your letters I vnderstand. Wherein ye wryght for your cosyn and seruaunt Barnaby Goge to haue his matter heard accordyng to Lawe and equitye) which matter as yesterdaye I haue examined a[d]visedly, having not only the yong Gentlewoman before me to vnderstond of her self the state of the cause, who remayneth fyrme and stable to

stood to that contract which she hath made, as also her father and mother: whom I find, the most earnest parents against the bargain as I could see.

In fyne I haue sequestered her out of both their handes into the custodye of one Mr. *Tufton* a right honest gentleman. vntyl, the precontract, which is by hir parents alleged for one Leonards son, a protonotary be induced But this maye giue occasion to bryng it in to the Arches to spend moneye how be yt I meane to dull that expectation and to go *plane et summarie* to worke, to spare expences, which Mr Leonard and the wilful parents wuld fayne incur to wery the yong Gentleman, paraventure not superfluously monyed so to sayle the seas with them." *Lands. MS. 6. p. 130.*

It is thoroughly satisfactory to find that the parental combination broke down, and that at last, though in 1564 or 1565, two such constant lovers became man and wife.

**1565. JAN.** Googe's final and complete translation of Manzolli's poem appeared. From the *Epistle Dedicatorie* to Sir W. Cecil, we extract the following:—

"The fauorable accepting of my simple trauayles lately dedicated vnto your honor, hath so much boldened and thorowelye encouraged me, that mawgre the despite of most reprochfull tonges, I haue not feared to finish the course of my long pretended race: with no lesse profite as I trust, vnto a number, than paynefull trauayle vnto my selfe. Wherein if I had knowen at the firste, as much as since I haue perfectly vnderstode, neyther had I as then taken vpon me so great an enterprise, nor since so rudely finished, the translation of so eloquent a Poet. For when I fyrste began to employ some part of my leysure aboute it, making dilligente inquirie, I could learne of no man that euer had attempted to english the same. So that perceyuing my labour to be no hindraunce to any other mans prayse, and lamenting to see so Christian a writer to lie hyd and vnknownen to the ignoraunt sorte, I thought I should not do amisse, if al that in me lay I bestowed, in the albeit simple and slender, yet faythfull and true translation, of so vertuous a worke. But since I haue certaynely vnderstoode, that when I firste began to fall in hand wythall, three bookes thereof were both eloquently and excellently englished, by Master Smith, clark vnto the most honorable of the Queenes Maiesties counsell. Whose doings, as in other matters I haue wyth admiration behelde, so in thys I am well assured I should with an amased minde haue seene: I would that eyther I had latelier begonne it, or else that he had fallen in hand sooner with it, whereby my grosse and homely style might haue bene no hindrance to the fruites of so pure a penne. But since it was my fortune, so blindely to venture vpon it, I truste my trauayle shall neuer the more be enuied. I could not (when I had long debated ye matter with myselfe) finde out a Poet more meete for the teaching of a Christian life (an estate in these oure dayes most miserably decayed) than this no lesse learned than famous Italion: *Marcellus Pallingenius*, a man of such excellent learning and Godly life, that neither ye vnquietnesse of his time (Italie in those dayes raging wyth most cruell and bloody warres), ne yet the furious tyranny of the Antichristian Prelate (vnder whose ambitious and Tirannicall gouernaunce he continually liued) coude once amase the *Muse*, or hinder the zealous and vertuous spirit of so Christian a Souldiour. I haue many times much mused wyth my self, howe (liuing in so daungerous a place) he durst take vpon him so boldely to controll the corrupte and vnchristian lives of the whole Colledge of contemptuous Cardinals, the vngracious ouerseings of bloudthyrsty Bishops, the Panchplying practises of pelting Priours, the manifold madnesse of mischeuous Monkes, wyth the filthy faternitie of flattering Friers. Which surely he durst neuer haue done, but onely that he was heartened wyth a happy and heauenly spirite. Which notable audacitie of his was wonderfully reuenged by the malicious hands of such as felt themselues fretted with his spiritual corsey. For when they had no power to execute their tyrannie vpon his innocent body in time of his life, their mischieuous malice was no whit ashamed to consume with fyre the blamelesse bones of so vertuous a man: yea and that a great while after his death. Besides the reproofing of the leud liues of the Clergie, he boldly inueyed agaynst

the gracelesse gouernance of proud pompous Princes, ye licencious liuing of the riottous nobilitie, the couetous catchings of greedy Lawyers, the vngodly gaynes of foolish Physitians, and the corrupted consciences of deceytful Artificers: affirming playnly, that if they did not better beautify their christian names with a more christian life, of so many thousands as haue in vaine receiued that most holy sacrament of sacred Baptisme, there should scarce three aspire vnto the enheritance of Heauenly ioyes. What doth your honor suppose this man would haue written? Vnto how great a volume doe you thinke his works would haue amounted, if so that GOD had appoynted him to florish at this present time in England, wheras pitifully raigneth such monstrous and horrible pride, such cancred and spiteful malice, such false and fayned friendships, such lack of loue and charity, such professing of God in words, and denying him in works, as doubtlesse is not to be found among the faythlesse Turks, miscreant Sarazens, or superstitious Iewes? . . .

I would therefore wish that we should not to much presume of the securitie obtayned by a Christian name, but that we should wyth our endeouour apply our selues to shew such fruits as duetie requireth in the followers of Christe. Whereby we shoulde not onely preuayle agaynst our enemies, and stoppe the mouths of our slaunderous aduersaries, but also enjoy a blessed and happy tranquility in this worlde, and be assured to obtayne the promised pleasures in the worlde to come. For the teaching whereof, I know no man that hath so much trauayled and perfectly profyted, as hath this Poet, which here present vnto your honor.

**1570.** Googe's translation of Kirchmeyer's poem appears dedicated to Queen Elizabeth, under the title of *The Popish Kingdome or reigne of Antichrist*.

**1572. OCT. 18.** Dame Hales, Googe's maternal grandmother dies.

There are no less than twenty autograph letters of Googe between these years in the State Paper Office calendered under S. P. Domestic. *Ireland*. Googe--who held the patent of Provost Marshal to the Court of Connaught--was sent over by Lord Burleigh to watch Irish affairs. Most of these letters will be found in the life of Googe contributed by Mr. Pinkerton to *Notes and Queries*. 3rd S. iii.

**1576.** He published a revised text of his translation of the *Zodiacus vite*.

**1577.** He published a translation from the Latin of the *Four Bokes of Husbandrie* of Conrad Heresbachius. The preface is dated Kingston [upon Hull?] January 1577.

**1578.** A second edition of this book appeared.

**1579.** He supplied a prose address to B. Rich's *Allarme to England*.

**1579.** He published a translation from the Spanish of *The Proverbs* of Inez Lopez de Mendoza, Marquis of Santillana.

**1586.** A third edition of his revision of Heresbachius appears.

**1588.** A second edition of his revised text of his translation of Palingenius appeared.

T. Warton, *Hist. of E. P.* states on authority of the Coxeter MSS. that Googe also translated Aristotle's *Categories*.

I am indebted to Mr. C. Bridger, Hon. Member of the Soc. of Ant. of Newcastle, for the following information respecting Googe's death.

**1594. FEB.** Barnabee Goche of Alvingham, co. Lincoln. Esq. Inq. post. mort. taken at Lowth 6 Oct. 36. Eliz; died circa 7 Feb. 36. Eliz: Matthew Goche his son and heir then 28 years old.

**FEB. 16.** Barnabas Goche of Alvingham, co. Lincoln. Administration granted to Mary Goche his relict. *Perog. Ct. of Cant.*

## INTRODUCTION.

**T**He continuity of the Art of Poesy in this country has been unbroken from the time of Chaucer to our own day. Not that great or even considerable Poets have overlapped one another in a continuous succession: but there have never wanted those who, according to the gift that was in them, have perpetually represented by their Song, beauty of expression, refinement of ideas, ethereality of fancy, vigour of satire, or the passion and merriment of human life. During no portion of this time has England been wholly destitute of true Poetry, or barren of real 'makers.'

2. In comparison with the literary splendour and glory that crowned the last days of Elizabeth, the early years of her reign might seem poor and stunted in mind. But it is only with *such* a comparison; one which also dwarfs not only earlier but later ages. Actually, the first two decades of this reign are a general advance in this branch of literature on the two previous reigns, and more especially exhibit a sharp rebound from the oppressiveness of the government of Philip and Mary.

Therefore, just as we delight to search out the fountain head, and to trace the early streamlets of a mighty river which, in its full strength, may carry on its bosom world of wealth for the use and pleasure of man; so it behoves us closely to scan these first buddings of a free literature in the genial spring-tide of the new Queen's reign; now that the furious storms of religious and intellectual oppression had passed away: and so to trace out the works of that race of writers who were the heralds, the forerunners, the teachers of Spenser,

Shakespeare, and Johnson, and their glorious phalanx of contemporary poets.

We have said 'general' advance, because Tottel's *Miscellany* of 1557 is, in its varied excellence, the substantive beginning of modern English verse. Yet that collection represents the poetical gleanings of three entire reigns, and is exceptional from the general literature of the time in which it was printed. But with the new Queen poesy came into fashion, and almost all the young gentlemen of the Inns of Court tried their prentice hands at it.

3. As in spring-tide we gather flowers rather than fruits, so in this earlier literature we must look for imperfect Affays rather than finished Masterpieces. Most modern literatures have commenced with translations, imitations, and the like. At this time there was quite a rage for translating. The riches of old classical thought and style; the charms of Italian and Spanish fiction; history, morals, tragedies, romances both in prose and verse; with translated poems, constituted the staple of English polite literature at this time. With this there was the constant accretion of *The Mirrour for Magistrates*, and also, though not to any large extent, original lighter verse, as in the present work and also George Turberville's *Epitaphes, Epigrams, Songs, and Sonets*, of which there are believed to have been three editions by 1570; of the earliest of which no copy is at present known.

4. Associating with many of these translators, himself distinguished for his English version of Manzolli's *Zodiacus Vitæ*, Barnabe Googe, a young gentleman of 20 to 23 years of age, fresh from college, wrote for his private delectation most of the contents of this Reprint. How his friend Blundeston sent what he had written to the 'poor printer,' with two prefaces of his own, about

Whitfuntide 1562, and how Googe in 1563 came at length to acquiesce in their completion and publication, is sufficiently told by themselves in the prefaces, and need not be here repeated.

5. It is noteworthy that there was a general habit about this time of cutting the long twelve or fourteen syllable line into two, so that the rhyme only occurs on the second and fourth lines. This is noticeable in the early translations of Seneca between 1500-1560, by Jasper Heywood, Alexander Neville (a contributor also to this volume), John Studley, Thomas Nuce, and Thomas Newton, as also in the poetical works of George Turberville and others. The sole reason for this would seem to have been to print on a small page of paper; for in some of these works poems do occasionally occur in smaller type with such lines at full length.

6. In the story of English literature this most rare volume occupies an important place from its epitaphs of Phaer and Grimaold, both of them translators; and its Sonnets to Dean Nowell, Bishop Bale, and Richard Edwards 'of the Chappel.' Some of these have been printed by Mr. Collier in his *Bibliographical Catalogue*; but the work, as a whole, has never been printed since 15th March 1563. Cordial thanks are due and tendered to Mr. Huth for the loan of his copy for this edition.

7. This small Collection is also interesting as being to a large extent native verse, though on the Italian model. It was undoubtedly in much superinduced by Tottel's *Miscellany*, to which it is in nature and quality the next in time; being itself succeeded by Turberville's *Epitaphs, Epigrams, &c.*, and that by a succession of similar works, until the appearance of Francis Davison's *Poetical Rhapsody* of 1602.

8. One very noticeable feature of Googe's compositions in this volume is his earnest Protestantism. He had known some good Shepherds Daphnes or Alexis, that had flamed in the fire of the Maryan persecution. Almost all his publications are strongly anti-Romanist. Taught by the Reformers of Edward VI.'s time, horrified at the cruelties of Mary's reign; Googe represents both the intellectual and moral hatred of the young educated Englishmen of that time of the entire Papal system.

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1. 1563. London. 1 vol. 8vo. 88 leaves.

There appear to have been printed two title-pages to this work.

Of the three copies known, two are those in the collection of Mr. Huth, and in the Capel collection at Trinity College, Cambridge, have the title as on the opposite page; while Mr. W. C. Hazlitt describes, in his *Handbook of Pop. Lit., Ed. 1867*, the title of Mr. Heber's copy, now in the collection of Mr. S. Christie-Miller, at Britwell, thus:

Eglogs, Epytaphes, and Sonettes by Barnabe Googe. COL. Imprynted at London in S. Brydes-Churchyarde, by Thomas Colwell, for Raufe Newbery; and are to be sold at his shop in Fletestreet, a little above the conduit 1563. 15 die Mensis March.

It is also to be noted that the first two also vary between themselves at the beginning of *Egloga septima*: see p. 56.

### Issues since the Author's death.

#### I. As a separate publication.

2. 1871. DEC. 1. *English Reprints*: see title on p. 1.

# Eglogs

*Epytaphes, and Sonettes.*

Newly written by

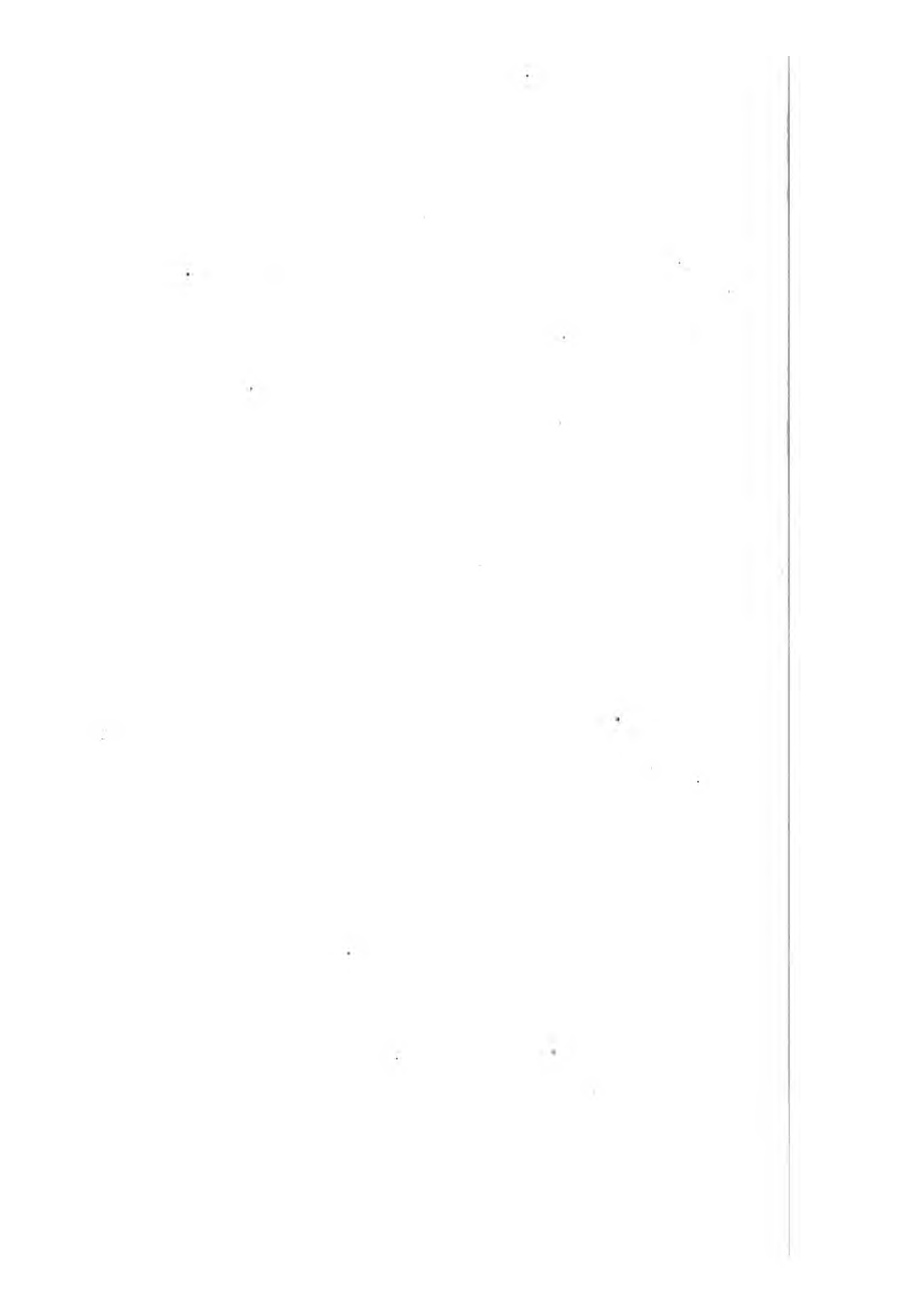
*Barnabe Googe:*

1563.

15. Marche.

Printed at London, by  
Thomas Colwell, for Raffe  
Newbery, dwelyng in  
Fleetstrete a litle a=  
boue the Conduit  
in the late shop  
of Thomas  
Bartelet.





¶ *Alexander Neuyll.*



He Mountaines hie the blustryng winds  
 The fluds : ye Rocks withstand  
 The Cities strong, the Cannons shot,  
 and threatning Cheiftains hand.  
 The Castels houghe by longe beseyge,  
 and dredfull battrye brooke, [thumps  
 Bothe fyre, and flames, and thundrynge  
 and euey deadly stroke,  
 With feruent broylyng furious rage,  
 doth beate, and dryue to groun

The long defenced wals by force,  
 and throughly them confound.  
 Ryght so thy Muse (O worthy *Googe.*)  
 thy pleasaunt framed style  
 Discouerd lyes to momish Mouthes  
 Reprochfull tonges and vyle  
 Diffaming minds. Regard them not.  
 preas thou for hygher prayse.  
 Submit thy selfe to persons graue,  
 whose Iudgement ryght alwayes  
 By Reason rulde doth ryghtly iudge,  
 whom Fancies none can charme,  
 Which in the most Inconstant brains,  
 are chyefly wont to swarme.  
 Whom no desyre of fylthy gayne,  
 whom lucre none can moue  
 From truth to stray. Such men esteame,  
 Such such embrace and loue.  
 On such men stay thy tender years,  
 such Patrons seeke to chuse.  
 Which taught by Tyme, and practisde Prooffe  
 vprightest iudgement vse.  
 But as for those Crabfnowted bestes  
 those ragyng feends of Hell.  
 Whose vile, malicious, hatefull mindes,  
 with boylyng Rancour swell.

Which pufe with Pryde, enflamd with fpight,  
 and drownd in deape difdain :  
 Lyke *Momus* monftrous broode outright  
 euen of a ielows Brayn  
 With curious, canckard, carping mouthes,  
 moft famous dedes diffame,  
 Defacing thofe whose labours great,  
 Deferue immortall name.  
 Such crabfaced, cankerd, carliff chuffs  
 within whose hatefull brestes,  
 Suche Malice bydes, fuche Rancour broyles,  
 fuch endles Enuy refts  
 Efleame thou not. No preiudice  
 to thee : nor yet oprest,  
 Thy famous wrytynges are by them.  
 Thou lyueft and euer fhalt.  
 Not all the flaundryng tonges aliue,  
 may purchafe blame or fault  
 Vnto to thy name (O worthy *Googe*.)  
 No tyme, no fyrre flame  
 Not all the furies frettyng Force,  
 Thy doynge may dyffame.  
 Let them in broyle of burning fpight,  
 continuall Toyle fustayne  
 Let them fele fcourging Plags of mind  
 Let euer duryng payne,  
 Spred through their poisoned vaines.  
 with payfe of dedly waight : Let Care  
 Opprefse theyr vyle infected Harts,  
 with ftynging Malyce fraight.  
 Let them destroy them felvs in Time.  
 In Rancour let them boyle.  
 Let mortall hate, let pynching gryefe,  
 let flamyng torments broyle,  
 Within theyr greuous vexed brests,  
 for euermore to dwell  
 Let them fele Enuies curfed force,  
 (confumyng Feend of Hell.)

Defye them all. *μισάνθρωποι*  
 and squynteid Monsters ryght  
 They are. In fyne leue Sow to fwill  
 and Chuff to canckerd Spyght.  
 But thou procede in vertuous dedes,  
 and as thou hafte begon,  
 Go forward styll to aduaunce thy fame  
 Lyfes Race halfe ryghtly ron  
 Farre eafyer tis for to obtain,  
 the Type of true Renowne.  
 Like Labours haue been recompent  
 with an immortall Crowne.  
 By this doth famous *Chaucer* lyue,  
 by this a thoufande moore  
 Of later yeares. By this alone  
 the olde renownmed *Stoore*  
 Of Auncient Poets lyue. By this  
 theyr Praise, aloft doth mownt.  
 Vnto the Skyes: and equall is  
 with Stars aboue. Accownt  
 Thy felfe then worthy of the lyke,  
 yf that thou doste proceade  
 By famous deds thy Fame to enhaunce  
 and name abroad to sprede.  
 With Courage stout than through the thikst  
 thou needst not for to feare.  
 Nor he that sayth, but he that doth,  
 ought *Gloryes* Garlande weare.  
 Thus shalt you styll augment thy name,  
 and wyn the hyghe Renowne,  
 And present Prayse, in present Lyfe,  
 and after Death a Crowne  
 Of Honour, that for euer lasts.  
 immortall *Fame* in fyne.  
 To whose reward, thy faithfull Frend  
 doth wholly the resygne.

¶ *Finis.*

[On the next page in the original Edition, are the arms of Barnabe Googe.]

*To the ryght worship=  
full M. William Louelace  
Esquier, Reader of Grayes  
Inne: ( Barnabe Googe )  
wyssheth health.*

**H**Owe lothe I haue ben, beyng of long tyme earnestlye requyred, to suffer these tryfles of mine to come to light: It is not vnknown to a greate nombre of my famyliar acquaintaunce. Whoboth dayly and hourelly moued me therunto, and lytell of long tyme preuayled therin. For I both confydered and wayed with my selfe, the grofenes' of my Style: whiche thus commytted to the gafynge shewe of euery eye shuld forth with disclofey manifest folly of the Writer, and also I feared and mistrusted the disdaynfull myndes of a nombre both scornfull and carpyng Correctours, whose Heades are euer busyed in tauntyng Iudgements. Least they shuld otherwyse interprete my doyngs than in deade I meant them. These two so great mischiefes vtterly diswaded me from the folowyng of my frendes perswasions, and wylled me rather to condem them to continuall darkenes, wherby no Inconuenience could happen: than to endaunger my selfe in gyuyng them to lyght, to the disdaynfull doome of any offended mynde. Notwithstandyng all the dylygence that I could vse in the Suppressiō therof coulde not suffise for I my selfe beyng at that tyme oute of the Realme, lytell fearyng any fuche thyng to happen. A very Frende of myne, bearyng as it semed better wyll to my doynge than respectyng the hazarde of my name, commytted them all togyther vnpolyshed to the

handes of the Prynter. In whose handes duryng his absence from the Cytie, tyll his returne of late they remayned. At whiche tyme, he declared the matter wholly vnto me: shewyng me, that beyng so farre past, and Paper prouyded for the Impression therof: It coude not withoute great hynderaunce of the poore Printer be nowe reuoked. His fodayne tale made me at ye fyrst, vtterly amazed, and doubting a great while, what was best to be done: at the lengthe agreyng both with Necessytie and his Counsell, I sayde with *Martiall. iam sed poteris tutior esse domi.* And calling to mynde to whom I myght chieflye commyt the fruytes of my smiling muse: fodaynly was cast before my eyes the perfect vewe of your frendly mynd (gentle Maister Louelace) Vnto whom for the nombred heapes of fundrye Frendshyps, accountyng my selfe as bounde, I haue thought best to gyue them, (not doubtyng) but that they shalbe as well taken, as I do presently meane them.

Desyryng you herein, as all sutch as shall reade them especiallye to beare with the vnpleasaunt forme of my to hastely fynyshed Dreame, the greater part wherof with lytle aduysse I lately ended, because the beginnyng of it, as a senseles head separated from the body was gyuen with the rest to be prynted. And thus desyryng but for recompence the frendly receuyng of my slender Gyfte, I ende: wyshyng vnto you good Mayster Louelace in this life the happye enioyng of prosperous yeares: and hereafter the blessed estate of neuer ceasyng Ioye.

¶ yours assuredly  
*Barnabe Googe.*

[Hereafter follows on the next page the original Edition, a rough woodcut of *Daphnes* and *Amintas*.]

¶ L. Blundeston *to the Reader.*

**T**O creepe into thy fauoure (good Reader) with a longe paynted Preamble in prayse of this Auctor, I account it as vain. The Sonne Beames gyues light sufficient. To moue thy Affection with forepromysed pleasure in reading the volume, I think it as Booteles. Gold is of self force and vertue to draw the desire. But with flowers of Rethorique fyrst to delyght the, or with Pythy Reasons to wynne thy good wyll and frendlye Reporte for this my attempte: yf suche tropes and signes were flowing in me to perswade wel thy fauour or so muche Discreucion wantynge in the to neglechte my good meanyng, I would eyther enforce my self to vse a better kynde of perswasion or els withdrawe my good wyll from the Sentence of so carpyng and slender a Iudgement: but as I haue felte no fluddes of the one, so likewyse I see no Ebbes of the other, that if I weare no more barraygne of the fyrste, then fearefull of the laste: I woulde be then no more sparynge to horde vp my Treasure from the: then I trust to fynd the vnthankfull now in takyng this Present from me, which not onely to shewe my good wyll, (as my Preface discourseth more largely) by preferuyng the worthy Fame, and Memorye of my deare frende M. Googe in his absence I haue presumed more bouldely to hazard ye pryntyng heareof, though this maye suffyce to excuse well my enterpryse, but also to styrre vp thy Pleasure

and further thy proffit by readyng these his workes, whiche here I haue Puplyshed [*? Publyshed*]: openly vnto thee. And so (beyng vnstored my selffe) I feake to fateffie thy learned or willyng desyre with other mens trauaeiles. But wheare the power fayleth the will may suffice, the gyuer, not the gyft is to be regarded: preferre Colonus Radythe roote before the Courtiers barbed horse.

Accept my goodwyll and way not the valew, fo shalt thou bynd me if power (as it is vnlikely, maye aunswere hereafter my meanyng, to gratefie thee with the whole fruits of myne owne indeuour and so shalt thou encourage others to make the partaker of the like or farre greater Iewels who yet doubtyng thy vnthankfull receyte nigardly keape them to their own vse and priuat commoditie, whear as beyng affured of the contrarye by thy frendly report of other mens trauayles, they coulde parhappes be easely entreated more frely to lend them abroad to thy greater auayle and furtheraunce. Thus therefore to thy good or euill taking I put foorth this paterne for others to follow in weightyer matters or els to beware by other mens harms, in keaping their names vnreproued by fylence.

¶ From my Chambre,  
the. xxvii. of Maye.

1562.



¶ *The Preface of L. Blundeston.*

**T**HE Sences dull of my appalled muse  
 Foreweryed with the trauayle of my brayne  
 In scannyng of the argued Bookes diffuse,  
 And darke for me the glimeryng fyght  
 to gayne,  
 Debated long what exerfyce to vse,  
 To fyle the edgeles partes of Wit agayne  
 To clenfe the Heade from sleapy humours  
 flyme.  
 To rouse the Hart from drowfye Dreames  
 in time.

The mind desyres to brek from thoughtful denne  
 And time requyres the painted felds to vewe.  
 The Eye procures to please the Fancie then  
 With fieldish fights of diuers colours newe.  
 The smelling likes the fauour fwete of them.  
 The Eare agrees the pleasaunt laye anewe  
 Of Byrds to here. Thus these do all contryue,  
 With this disporte the Spirits to reuyue.

But Fancie then, by ferche of felfe deuysse,  
 Renouncyng thus to spende the pleasaunt Maye  
 So vainly out with sport of fruteles Pryce  
 Found out at length, this practyse for my playe,  
 To penne in Verse, the toyes of her deuise,  
 To pas this tyme of Pentecoste awaye  
 Whose ydle dayes, she wyld me thus to spende.  
 And publish forth her doings in the ende.

Quod Reason no, (and brake her tale begon,  
 Wilt thou presume, lyke Bayarde blynd to presse,  
 Into the throng of all the lookers on  
 Whose vewyng eyes, will wey thy wifdom lesse.

To se the threde of all thy workes yll spon  
 Drawen out at length, vnto the comon gesse,  
 Then if thou shuldst keepe to thy selfe thy clewe  
 Where none thy works besydes thy self may vew

With this rose vp, from oute her Seate behynde,  
 Dame Memorye, and Reason thus befought.  
 Since Lady chiefe of vs thou art assygnde  
 To rule and temper all my secrete thought  
 And to restrane affections Fancie blynde,  
 Let me entreate if I may perce the ought,  
 For to present a Solace very fytt  
 Our Sences dull with chaunged Muse to whet,

Lo here the Eye a Paper buntche doth se  
 Of fyled worke of Googes flowing Heade,  
 Leste here behynde, when hence he past from me,  
 In all the stormes that Winter blastes bespreade  
 Through swellyng Seas and loftye mountains hye  
 Of Pyrenei the pathes vnknownen to treade.  
 Whose great good wyll I kepe, and in his place  
 His Verfes craue to represent his face.

Vnfolde the truffe therefore and yf the Muse  
 Be fotted so with this graue Study past  
 In so short space, or if we feke to chuse  
 To prynt our actes in safetie at the last  
 Cease of a while this Labor and peruse  
 These Papers left of fuche delyghting taste  
 And put in prynt these workes of worthy Skyl  
 So shall we showe the fruytes of our good wyll.

This Fancie lykte, imagynyng aryght  
 Of her owne Ioye in hearyng of his Verse  
 And pleasaunt Style, most pythyly endyght  
 whose Fame forth blowen, his deds could wel reherse  
 But for to paynt my name in open fight  
 with others Stuffe, this wold she fayne reuerse,  
 And thinkes I should in others Plumes so show  
 My selfe, to be a seconde Esops Crowe.

But after when the Eye had vewed eche Lyne.  
 That Googe had pend and left behynde with me,  
 when Memorye could all the effect refygne,  
 To Reafons Skyll, to weye them as they lye.  
 with long reherfe of tryed Fayth by tyme  
 Then Fancie foone her Pryde, began to plye  
 And all receyued mucche pleasure to the Mynde  
 More profytte farre then Fancye had affygnde.

And Fancie thus her felfe with blufhyng face,  
 Condemned by Dame Reafons dome deuyne  
 To fe th[e]alluryng Style the cumly grace,  
 The fappye Sence of this his paffyng Ryme,  
 So farre furmoutynge her Inuention bafe,  
 And hearyng of his frendlynes in fyne  
 whiche Memorye her Storehouse held full fafte  
 Allowed well theyr Iudgements at the lafte.

Since euerye Sence did wanted ftrengh renue,  
 The Blud congeld, recourfed to his place  
 The wyts benomd brought to their proper que  
 The Hart opprest with old delighting grace,  
 Vnburdend nowe and puft with pleasure newe  
 By takyng of this Booke the vewyng gafe.  
 They all at ons Good wyll nowe calde vpon,  
 To wrest her felfe to quyght these works anon.

Thus pushte I forth ftrayghte to the Printers hande  
 Thefe Eglogs, Sonets, Epytaphes of men  
 Vnto the Readers Eyes for to be skande,  
 with Prayfes fuche as is due vnto them  
 who abfent nowe theyr Mafter may commende,  
 And feade his Fame what foeuer fayleth him,  
 Gyue Googe therfore his owne deserued Fame,  
 Giue Blundeston leaue to wyfh wel to his name :

¶ *Finis.*

## *Egloga prima.*

Daphnes.

Amintas.



Yth *Phebus* now begins to flame,  
O frende *Amintas* deare:  
And placed hath his gorgeous *globe*  
in midfte of all the Spheare  
And from ye place doth cast his Beames,  
where (they that starres defyne)  
Lyes poynt (doo faye) that termed is,  
ryght Equinoctial lyne.  
wheras the Ram doth caufe to spring,  
eche herbe and floure in fylde  
And forceth ground (yat spoyld of grene  
Did lye,) newe grene to yelde.  
Let shepherds vs yelde also tales,  
as best becommes the tyme:  
Such tales as Winter stormes haue stayde  
in countrey Poets Ryme.  
Begyn to synge *Amintas* thou,  
for why? thy wyt is best:  
And many a faged fawe lies hyd  
within thine aged brest.  
Ofte haue I heard, of Shephards old,  
thy fame reported true,  
No Herdman liues: but knowes the praise,  
to olde *Amintas* due:  
Begyn therefore, and I gyue eare,  
for talke doth me delyght,  
Go Boye: go dryue the Beastes to fede  
whyle he his mynde refyght.

**Amin.** Thy prayfes *Daphnes* are to great,  
 and more for me than meete :  
 Nor euer I, suche faged fawes,  
 could fynge in Verfes sweete.  
 And now, to talke of spring time tales  
 my heares to hoare, do growe,  
 Suche tales as thefe, I tolde in tyme,  
 when youthfull yeares dyd flowe.  
 But fynce, I can not the denye,  
 thy Fathers loue doth bynde :  
 In fymple Songe I wyll adrefse  
 my felfe, to showe my minde.  
 Longe haft thou *Daphnes* me requyred  
 the ftate of Loue to tell,  
 For in my youth, I knewe the force,  
 and paffions all, full well.  
 Nowe Loue therefore I wyll define,  
 and what it is declare,  
 which way poore fouls it doth entrap  
 and howe it them doth fnare.  
 My Boie, remoue my beafts from hens  
 and dryue them farther downe,  
 Vpon the Hylles, let them go feade,  
 that ioyned to yender towne,  
 O Cypde kynge of fyerye Loue,  
 ayde thou my fynge Verfe,  
 And teache me heare the caufe and cafe,  
 Of Louers to reherfe,  
 Direct my tong, in trothe to treade,  
 with Furye fyll my brayne,  
 That I may able be to tell,  
 the caufe of Louers payne.  
 Opinions diuers coulde I shoue,  
 but chiefest of them all,  
 I wyll declare: and for the reft,  
 with filence leaue I fhall.  
 A feruent Humour, (fome do iudge)  
 within the Head doth lye,

*Plato.*

Which yffuyng forth with poyfoned beames  
doth ron from eye to eye :  
And taking place abroad in heads,  
a while doth fymely reft :  
Till Phrenfie framde in Fancie fond,  
discends from hed, to brest.  
And poison strong, from eies outdrawn  
doth perce the wretched harte,  
And all infectes the bloud aboute,  
and boyles in euery parte :  
Thus: when the beames, infected hath,  
the wofull Louers blud :  
Then Sences al, do strayght decaye,  
opprest with Furies flud.  
Then Lybertie withdrawes her self,  
and Bondage beares the fwaye,  
Affection blynd then leades the hart,  
and Wyt, is wownde awaye.  
O *Daphnes* then, the paines appeare,  
and tormentes all of hell.  
Then fokes, the felye wounded foule,  
the flames for to expell.  
But all to late, alas he ftryues,  
for Fancie beares the froke  
And he, must toyle (no helpe there is)  
in flauyffhe feruyle yoke.  
His blud corrupted all within,  
doth boyle in euery vayne,  
Than fokes he howe to fewe for falue  
that maye redrefse his payne.  
And when the face, he doth beholde  
by whiche he fhulde haue ayde,  
And fees no helpe, then lookes he long,  
and trembleth all afrayde.  
And mufeth at the framed fhape,  
that hath his lyfe in handes :  
Nowe fast he flies, aboute the flames,  
nowe ftyll amafed ftandes:

*Egloga*

Yet Hope relieues, his hurtful Heate  
 and Wyll doth Payne make lyght,  
 And al the griefes, that then he feelles  
 doth Prefence styll requyght.  
 But when the Lyght absented is,  
 and Beames in hart remayne,  
 Then flames the Fyre fresh agayne,  
 and newe begyns his Payne.  
 Then longe he lookes, his losse to fe,  
 then sobbes, and fyghes abounde,  
 Then mourneth he, to mys the marke  
 that erst to soone he founde.  
 Then shadefull places oute he lookes,  
 and all alone he lyues,  
 Exylynge Ioye, and myrth from him,  
 hymselfe to waylynge gyues,  
 And styll his minde theron doth muse  
 and styll, therof he prates,  
 O *Daphnes* here I fwere to the,  
 no grieve to Louers state.  
 Yf he but ones beholde the place,  
 where he was wont to mete,  
 The pleasaunt forme yat hym enflamd,  
 and ioyfull Countraunce swete.  
 The place (a wonderous thing I tell)  
 his gryefe augmenteth newe,  
 Yet styll he seketh the place to fe,  
 that mooste he shulde eschewe.  
 Yf but the name rehearfed be  
 (a thyng more straunge to heare)  
 Then Colour commes and goes in hast  
 then quaketh he for feare,  
 The verye name, hath such a force,  
 that it can dase the mynde,  
 And make the man amafde to stande,  
 what force hath Loue to bynde?  
 Affection none to this is lyke,  
 it doth furmownt them all,

Of greiffes, the greatest greif no doubt  
is to be *Venus* thrall,

And therefore, *Daphnes* nowe beware,  
for thou art yonge, and fre,

Take heade of vewynge faces longe,  
for losse of Lybertye,

I shall not nede (I thynke) to byd  
the, to detest the Cryme,

*Jupiter.* Of wycked loue, that *Ioue* did vse,  
In *Ganimedes* tyme,

For rather wolde I (thoo it be muche)  
that thou shuldest seake the fyre,

Of lawfull Loue, that I haue tolde,  
than burne wyth fuche-defyre,

And thus an end, I weryed am,  
my wynde is olde, and faynt,

Suche matters I, do leaue to fuche,  
as finer farre can paint,

Fetche in the Gote: that goes astraye,  
and dryue hym to the folde,

My yeares be great I wyl be gone,  
for spryngtyme nyghts be colde.

*Daphnes.* Great thanks to the, for this thy tale,  
*Amintas* here I gyue :

But neuer can I make amendes  
to the whilste I do lyue.

Yet for thy paynes (no recompence)  
a small rewarde haue here.

A whistle framed longe ago,  
wherwith my father deare

His ioyfull beafts, was wont to kepe.

No Pype for tune so fwete

Might shepharde euer yet posses.

(a thyng for the full mete.)



## *Egloga secunda.*

**Dametas.**

**M**Y beaſts, go fede vpon ye plaine,  
and let your herdman lye,  
Thou ſeeſt her mind, and fearſt you nowe,  
*Dametas* for to dye?  
Why ſtayeſt you thus? why doſt you ſtay  
thy lyfe to longe doth laſte:  
Accounte this flud, thy fatall graue,  
ſyth time of hope is paſte.  
What meanſt thou thus to linger on?  
thy life wolde fayne departe,  
Alas: the wounde doth feſter ſtyll,  
of curſed Cupids darte.  
No ſalue but this, can helpe thy fore,  
no thyng can moue her minde  
She hath decreed, that thou ſhalt dye,  
no helpe there is to finde.  
Nowe ſyth there is, no other helpe,  
nor ought but this to trye,  
Thou ſeeſt her mind: why fearſte thou than?  
*Dametas* for to dye.  
Long haſt thou ſerued, and ſerued true,  
but all alas, in vayne,  
For ſhe thy ſeruyce, nought eſtemes,  
but deales the grieſe for gayne.  
For thy good wyll, (a gaye rewarde)  
Diſdayne, for Loue ſhe gyues,  
Thou loueſt her while thy life doth laſt,  
ſhe hates the, w[h]ile ſhe liues.  
Thou flamſte, when as you ſeeſt her face  
with Heate of hye deſyre,  
She flames agayne, but how? (alas)  
with depe diſdaynfull Ire.  
The greateſt pleaſure is to the,  
to ſe her voyde of Payne,

The greatest gryefe to her agayne,  
to se thy Health remayne.  
Thou couetste euer her to fynde,  
she sekes from the to flye,  
Thou seeft her mynd, why fearst thou than?  
*Dametas* for to dye?  
Dofte thou accounte it best to kepe,  
thy lyfe in sorrowes styll?  
Or thynkfte thou best it now to lyue,  
Contrarye to her wyll?  
Thynkfte thou thy lyfe for to retaine?  
when she is not content,  
Canste thou addicte : thy selfe to lyue?  
and she to murder bent.  
Dofte thou entende agayne, to fewe  
for mercye at her handes?  
As soone thou mayst go plow ye rocks,  
and reape vpon the Sandes.  
Draw nere O mighty Herd of beafts  
fyth no man els is bye,  
Your Herdman longe that hathe you kept,  
*Dametas* now must dye.  
Resolue your Brutiffhe eies to teares  
and all togyther crye,  
Bewayle the wofull ende of Loue,  
*Dametas* nowe must dye.  
My pleasaunt Songs, nowe shall you here  
no more on Mountaines hye,  
I leaue you all, I must be gone.  
*Dametas* nowe must dye :  
To *Titirus* I you resyne,  
in Pasture good to lye,  
For *Titirus* shall kepe you thoughe,  
*Dametas* nowe must dye.  
O curfed Cause, that hath me flayne,  
My trothe alas to trye,  
O Shephardes all, be Wytneffes,  
*Dametas* here doth dye.

*Finis Eglogæ secundæ.*

## *Egloga tertia.*

**Menalcas.**

**Coridon.**



Pleasaunt wether *Coridon*,  
and fytte to kepe the fylde,  
This moone hath brought, hearst you the birds  
what ioyfull tunes they yeld?

Loe: how the lustie lambes do course,  
whom spring time heate doth pricke  
Beholde againe, the aged Yewes,  
with bouncing leapes do kicke,  
Amon[g]st them all, what ayles thy ramme,  
to halte so mucche behynde,  
Some fore mischaunce, hath him befalln  
or els some grieve of minde,  
For wonte he was, of stomacke stoute  
and courage hye to be,  
And looked proude, amongst ye flocke,  
and none so stout as he.

**Cor.**

A great mishap, and grieve of mynde,  
is him befallne of late,  
Which causeth him, against his wyll,  
to lose his olde estate.  
A lustie flocke hath *Titirus*,  
that him *Dametas* gaue,  
*Dametas* he, that Martir died,  
whose foule the heaue[n]s haue,  
And in this flocke, full many Yewes  
of pleasaunte forme do goe,  
with them a mighty Ramme doth ronne,  
that workes all Woers woe.  
My Ramme, when he the pleasaunt dames.  
had vewed rounde aboute,

Chose grounde of battayle, with his foe  
and thought to fyght it oute.  
But all to weake, (alas) he was,  
althoughe his harte was good,  
For when his enemye him espied,  
he ranne with cruell moode.  
And with his croked weapon smote,  
hym fore vpon the fyde,  
A blowe of force, that stayde not there  
but to the legges dyd glyde.  
And almoste laamd the woer quyte.  
(fuche happes in loue there be :)

This is the cause, of all his grieffe  
and waylynge that you se.

**Men.**

Well *Coridon* let hym go halte,  
and let vs both go lye,  
In yonder buffhe of Iuniper,  
the Beasts shall fede hereby.  
A pleasaunt place here is to talke:  
good *Coridon* begyn,  
And let vs knowe the Townes estate,  
that thou remayne in.

**Cor.**

The Townes estate? *Menalcas* oh  
thou makste my harte to grone,  
For Vice hath euery place posseste,  
and Vertue thence is flowne.  
Pryde beares her selfe, as Goddesse chiefe  
and boastes aboue ye Skye,  
And Lowlynes an abiecte lyes,  
with Gentlenes her bye,  
Wyt is not ioynde with Symplenes,  
as she was wont to be,  
But sekes the ayde of Arrogance,  
and craftye Polycie.  
Nobylitie begyns to fade,  
and Carters vp do sprynge,  
Then whiche, no greater plague can hap,  
nor more pernicious thyng.

*Egloga*

*Menalcas* I haue knowen my felfe,  
 within this thyrtye yeare,  
 Of Lordes and Auncient Gentelmen  
 a hundreth dwellynge theare,  
 Of whom we Shephardes had reliefe  
 fuche Gentlenes of mynde,  
 Was placed in theyr noble Hartes,  
 as none is nowe to fynde.  
 But Hawtynes and proude Difdayne  
 hath nowe the chiefe Eftate,  
 For fyr Iohn Straw, and fyr Iohn Cur,  
 wyll not degenerate.  
 And yet, they dare account them felues  
 to be of Noble bludde.  
 But Fifshc bred vp, in durtye Pooles,  
 wyll euer ftyнке of mudde.  
 I promyfe the *Menalcas* here,  
 I wolde not them enuye.  
 Yf any spot of Gentlenes  
 in them I myght efpye.  
 For yf theyr Natures gentell be,  
 thoughe byrth be neuer fo bafe,  
 Of Gentelmen (for mete it is)  
 they ought haue name and place:  
 But when by byrth, they bafe are bred,  
 and churliffhe harte retaine,  
 Though place of gentlemen thei haue  
 yet churles they do remayne.  
 A prouerbe olde, hath ofte ben harde  
 and now full true is tryed:  
 An Ape, wyll euer be an Ape,  
 thoughe purple garments hyde.  
 For feldom, wyll the mafteyе courfe,  
 the Hare or els the Deare:  
 But ftyll, accordynge to his kynde.  
 wyll holde, the hogge by th[e]eare.  
 Vnfitte are dunghill knights to ferue  
 the towne, with Speare in fiede:

Nor strange it femes, (a sudain Chop)  
 to leape from whyp, to shielde.  
 The chiefeft man, in all our towne,  
 that beares the greateft fwaye,  
 Is *Coridon* no kynne to me,  
 a Neteherd th[e]other daye.  
 This *Coridon* come from the Carte,  
 In honour chiefe doth fytte,  
 And gouernes vs: becaufe he hath  
 a Crabbed, Clownifh wytte.  
 Nowe fe the Churlyfh Crueltye,  
 that in hys harte remayns.  
 The felye Sheape yat Shephards good,  
 haue fofterd vp wyth Paynes,  
 And browght awaye, from Stynkyng dales  
 on pleafant Hylles to feade:  
 O Cruell Clownifh *Coridon*  
 O curfed Carlifh Seade:  
 The fimple Shepe, conft rayned he,  
 theyr Pafture fwete to leaue,  
 And to theyr old corrupted Graffe,  
 enforceth them to cleaue.  
 Such Shepe, as would not them obaye  
 but in theyr Pafture byde,  
 with (cruell flames,) they did confume  
 and vex on euey fyde.  
 And with the shepe, ye Shephardes good,  
 (O hate full Hounds of Hell,)  
 They did torment, and dryue them out,  
 in Places farre to dwell.  
 There dyed *Daphnes* for his Shepe,  
 the chiefeft of them all.  
 And fayre *Alexis* flamde in Fyre,  
 who neuer peryffhe fhall.  
 O Shephards wayle, for *Daphnes* deth,  
*Alexis* hap lament,  
 And curs the force of cruell hartes,  
 that them to death haue fent.

*Egloga tertia.*

I, fynce I fawe fuche fynfull fyghts,  
 dyd neuer lyke the Townte,  
 But thought it best to take my sheepe,  
 and dwell vpon the downe.  
 Wheras I lyue, a pleasaunt lyfe,  
 and free from cruell handes,  
 I wolde not leaue, the pleasaunt fyelde  
 for all the Townysh Landes.  
 For fyth that Pryde, is placed thus,  
 and Vice fet vp so hye:  
 And Crueltie doth rage so fore,  
 and men lyue all awrye:  
 Thinkste you? yat God, will long forbere,  
 his scourge, and plague to sende?  
 To fuche as hym do styll despyse,  
 and neuer feke to mende?  
 Let them be sure he wyll reuenge,  
 when they thynke leaste vpon.  
 But looke a stormy showre doth ryse,  
 whiche wyll fall heare anone,  
*Menalcas* best we nowe departe,  
 my Cottage vs shall keepe,  
 For there is rowme for the, and me,  
 and eke for all our sheepe:  
 Som Chestnuts haue I there in store  
 with Cheese and pleasaunt whaye,  
 God sends me Vittayles for my nede,  
 and I fynge Care awaye.

¶ *Finis Eglogæ tertiæ.*

## *Egloga quarta.*

Melibeus.

Palemon.



God, that guyds ye golden *Globe*,  
wher shynyng shapes do dwel  
O thou yat throwest the thunder thumps  
from Heauens hye, to Hell,  
what wonders workes thy worthynes  
what meruayles doste thou frame?  
What secrete fyghts be Subiect fene  
vnto thy holy name?  
A sypmple Shepharde slayne of late,  
by foolyshe force of Loue,  
That had not Grace such fancies fond  
and Flames for to remoue,  
Appeared late, before myne eies,  
(Alas I feare to speake,)  
Not as he here was wont to lyue,  
whyle Gryefe hym none did breake.  
But all in Blacke, he clothed came  
an vgly fyght to se:  
As they that for theyr due Defartes,  
with Paynes tormented be,  
My shepe for feare amased ran,  
and fled from Hyll to Dale,  
And I alone remayned there,  
with countenance wan and pale.  
O Lorde (quoth I) what meanes this thyng  
is this *Alexis* spryght?  
Or is it *Daphnes* soule that showes?  
to me this dredfull fyght,  
Or comes some Feend of Hell abroad?  
with feare men to torment?  
*Megera* this? or *Tisiphon*?  
Or is *Alecto* sent?



*Egloga*

what foeuer thou art, yat thou dost com?  
 Ghooft, Hagge, or Fende of Hell :  
 I the commaunde by hym that lyues,  
 thy name and cafe to tell.  
 With this, a stynkyng fmoke I fawe,  
 from out his mouth to flye,  
 And with that fame, his voyce did found,  
 None of them all am I.  
 But ons thy frende (*O Melibei*)  
*Dametas* was my name,  
*Dametas* I, that flewe my felfe,  
 by force of foolyffe flame.  
*Dametas* I, that dotynge dyed,  
 In fyre of vnkynde Loue:  
*Dametas* I, whom *Deiopey*  
 dyd caufe fuche ende to proue,  
 The fame *Dametas* here I com,  
 by lycens vnto the:  
 For to declare the wofull ftate,  
 that happens now to me.  
 (*O Melibei*) take hede of Loue,  
 of me Example take,  
 That flewe my felfe, and liue in Hell,  
 for *Deiopeias* fake.  
 I thought that Deth fhuld me release  
 from paynes and dolefull woe,  
 But nowe (alas) the trothe is tryed,  
 I fynde it nothyng foe,  
 For looke what Payne and gryefe I felt  
 when I lyued heare afore:  
 With thofe I nowe tormented am,  
 and with ten thousand more.  
 I meane not that I burne in loue,  
 fuche foolyfh toyes begon,  
 But Gryefes in nombre haue I lyke  
 and manye more vpon.  
 O curfed Loue, (what fhulde I faye,)  
 that brought me fyrfte to Payne,

Well, myght I ones despyse thy lore,  
but nowe (alas) in vayne.  
With fond Affection, I dyd flame,  
whiche nowe I moſte repent,  
But all to late (alas) I wayle,  
fyth hope of Grace is ſpent.  
The fickle fadynge forme, and face,  
that ones ſo muche I ſowght,  
Hath made me loſe the Skyes aboue,  
and me to Hell hath browght.  
Why had I Reaſon delt to me?  
and coulde not Reaſon vſe.  
Why gaue I Brydle to my wyll?  
when I myght well reſuſe.  
A wycked Wyll, in dede it was,  
that blynded ſo my fyght,  
That made me on ſuch fadyng Duſte,  
to ſet my whole Delyght,  
A fonde Affection lead me then,  
When I for God dyd place,  
A Creature, cauſe of all my Care,  
a fleſhye fletynge face,  
A woman Waue of Wretchednes,  
a Paterne pylde of Pryde,  
A Mate of Myſchiefe and Diſtreſſe,  
for whom (a Foole) I dyed.  
Thus whyle he ſpake, I ſawe me thought  
of Hell an vglye Fende,  
With lothſome Clawes, hym for to cloſe  
and forced him there to ende.  
And with this ſame, (O *Melibey*,)  
farewell, farewell, (quoth he)  
Eſchewe the Blaſe of feruent flames,  
Example take of me.  
My Harte with this began to rent,  
and all amaſde I ſtoode.  
O lord (quoth I) what flames be theſe  
what Rage, what Furies woode?

*Egloga quarta.*

Doth Loue procure, to wretched men  
 what Bondage doth it brynge?  
 Paine here: and Payne in life to come.  
 (O dolefull, dredefull thyng.)

[**P**alemon] I quake to heare, this Storye tolde,  
 and *Melibeï* I fainte,  
 For sure I thought *Dametas* had,  
 been placed lyke a Saynte.  
 I thought that cruel *Charons* Boate,  
 had myste of hym her frayght.  
 And through his deth, he mounted had  
 to starres and Heauens strayght.  
 Howe valiantly dyd he despyse,  
 his lyfe in Bondage ledde?  
 And sekyng Deth with courage hye,  
 from Loue and Ladye fledde.  
 And is he thus rewarded nowe?  
 The ground be curfed than,  
 That fosterde vp, so fayre a face  
 that losfe so good a Man.

¶ *Finis Eglogæ quartæ.*

## *Egloga quinta.*

Mopsus.

Egon.



Egon.

Om doleful thing there is at hand  
thy countenaunce doth declare,  
Thy face good *Egon* voide of blud  
thine eies amased stare :  
I fe thy teares, howe they do still,  
disclose thy secrete mynde,  
Hath Fortune frowned late on the?  
Hath Cupide ben vnkinde.  
A pyteous thinge to be bewalyde  
a desperate Acte of Loue,  
(O Destenies) fuche cruell broyles  
How haue you power to moue ?  
Here lyued a Ladye fayre of late,  
that *Claudia* men dyd call :  
Of goodly forme, yea fuche a one,  
as farre surmounted all.  
The stately Dames, yat in this Courte,  
to showe them selues do lye,  
There was not one in all the Crewe :  
that could come *Claudia* nye.  
A worthy Knyght dyd loue her longe,  
and for her sake did feale,  
The panges of Loue, that happen styl  
by frownyng Fortunes wheale,  
He had a Page, *Valerius* named,  
whom so mucche he dyd truste,  
That all the secrets of his Hart,  
to hym declare he muste.  
And made hym all the onely meanes,  
to sue for his redresse,  
And to entreate for grace to her,  
that caused his distresse.

*Egloga*

She whan as fyrst she saw his page  
 was strayght with hym in Loue,  
 That nothyng could *Valerius* face,  
 from *Claudias* mynde remoue.  
 By hym was *Faustus* often harde,  
 by hym his futes toke place,  
 By hym he often dyd aspyre,  
 to se his Ladyes face.  
 This passed well, tyll at the length,  
*Valerius* fore dyd fewe,  
 With many teares besechynge her,  
 his Maysters gryefe to rewe.  
 And tolde her that yf she wolde not  
 release, his Maysters payne,  
 He neuer wolde attempte her more,  
 nor se her ones agayne.  
 She then with mased countnaunce there  
 and teares yat gushing fell,  
 Astonyed answerde thus, loe nowe,  
 alas I se to well.  
 Howe longe I haue deceyued ben,  
 by the *Valerius* heare,  
 I neuer yet beleued before,  
 nor tyll this tyme dyd feare,  
 That thou dydste for thy Mayster sue  
 but onely for my sake.  
 And for my fyght, I euer thought,  
 thou dydste thy trauayle take.  
 But nowe I se the contrarye,  
 thou nothyng carste tor me,  
 Synce fyrst thou knewste, the fyerye flames  
 that I haue felte by the.  
 O Lorde howe yll, thou doste requyte  
 that I for the haue done,  
 I curse the time, that frendshyp fyrst,  
 to showe, I haue begon.  
 O lorde I the besече let me,  
 in tyme reuenged be :

And let hym knowe that he hate fynd,  
 in this misfynge me,  
 I can not thynke, but Fortune once,  
 shall the rewarde for all,  
 And vengeaunce due for thy deferts,  
 in tyme shall on the fall.  
 And tell thy maister *Faustus* nowe,  
 yf he wolde haue me lyue :  
 That neuer more he fewe to me,  
 this aunswere lafte I gyue :  
 And thou o Traytour vyle,  
 and enmye to my lyfe,  
 Absent thy selfe from out my fyght,  
 procure not greater stryfe,  
 Synce yat these teares, had neuer force  
 to moue thy stoneye harte,  
 Let neuer these my weryed eyes,  
 se the no more. Departe.  
 This sayde, in haste she hieth in,  
 and there doth vengeaunce call,  
 And strake her self, with cruel knyfe,  
 and bluddye downe doth fall.  
 This dolfull chaunce, whan *Faustus* heard  
 lamentynge lowde he cryes,  
 And teares his heare and doth accuse,  
 the vniust and cruell Skies.  
 And in this ragynge moode awaye,  
 he stealeth oute alone,  
 And gone he is : no man knowes where  
 eche man doth for hym mone.  
*Valerius* whan he doth perceyue,  
 his Mayster to be gone :  
 He weepes and wailes, in piteous plight  
 and forth he ronnes anone.  
 No Man knowes where, he is becom,  
 some faye the wooddes he tooke,

*Egloga quinta.*


Intendynge there to ende his lyfe,  
on no Man more to looke :  
The Courte laments, the Princeffe eke  
her selfe doth weepe for woe,  
Loe, *Faustus* fled, and *Claudia* deade.  
*Valerius* vanysshed too.

¶ *Finis Eglogæ quintæ.*

## *Egloga sexta.*

**Felix.**

**Faustus.**

**Felix.**  *Faustus*, whom aboue the rest,  
of Shephardes here that kepe,  
Vpon these holts, ye nombre great  
of waightye fleesed shepe:  
I euer haue esteemed: and counted eke,  
the chiefest Frende of all,  
What great mishap, what scourge of  
minde  
or grieffe hath the befall?  
That hath the brought in such a plight  
farre from thy wonted guyfe?  
What meanes this countenance all besprent  
with teres? these wretched eies  
This mournynge looke, this Vesture sad  
this wrethe of Wyllow tree,  
(Vnhappy man) why doste thou wepe  
what chaunce hath altered the?  
Tell tell, me soone, I am thy frende,  
Disclose to me thy gryefe,  
Be not afrayde, for frendes do serue,  
to gyue theyr Frendes relyefe.

**Faustus.** The wofull cause of all my hurte,  
good *Felix* longe agoe,  
Thou knewst full well: I nede not now  
by wordes to double woe,  
Synce that (alas) all hope is past  
synce gryefe, and I am one,  
And synce the Ladye of my lyfe,  
(my faute) I haue forgone,  
What woldst you haue me do (oh frend?)  
to Ioye? in such dystres?



*Egloga*

Naye pleasures quyte I banish here,  
 and yelde to Heuynes,  
 Let gryefes torment me euermore,  
 let neuer Cares awaye.  
 Let neuer Fortune turne her wheale  
 to gyue me blyffull daye.  
 Loue hath me fcoured: I am content  
 lament not thou my fiate,  
 Let spyght on me take vengeaunce nowe  
 let me be torne with hate.  
 Let her enioye, her happye lyfe,  
 a Flowre of golden hewe,  
 That clofeth when the Son doth fet,  
 and fpreads with Phebus newe.  
 Syth from my Garlande now is falne,  
 this famoufe Flowre fwete:  
 Let Wyllows wynde aboute my hed,  
 (a Wrethe for Wretches mete)  
 Fye *Fauftus*, let not Fancie fonde,  
 in the beare fuche a fwaye,  
 Expell Affections from thy mynde,  
 and dryue them quyght awaye.  
 Embrace thine Auncient Lybertie,  
 let Bondage vyle be fled:  
 Let Reason rule, thy crased Brayne,  
 place Wyt, in Folies fteade.  
 Synce fhe is gone, what remedye?  
 why fhuldeft thou fo lament?  
 Wilt thou deftroy thy felf with tears  
 and fhe to pleasures bent?  
 Gyue eare to me, and I wyll fhowe  
 the remedies for Loue  
 That I haue learned longe agoe:  
 and in my youth dyd proue.  
 Such remedies as foone fhall quenche  
 the flames of Cupids Fyre,  
 Suche remedies as fhall delaye,  
 the Rage of fonde Defyre.

*A Marye  
golde.*

**Felix.**

For *Faustus* yf thou folow styll,  
 the blynded God to please,  
 And wylt not seke, by Reasons Rule,  
 to purchase thyne owne ease,  
 Long canst thou not thy frends enioy  
 but byd them all farewell.  
 And leaue thy lyfe, and giue thy soule  
 to depest fluds of Hell.  
 Leaue of therefore, betymes and let  
 Affection beare no swaye,  
 And now at fyrst the Fyre quench  
 before it further straye,  
 Eche thyng is easely made to obaye,  
 whyle it is yong and grene,  
 The tender twyg, that now doth bend  
 at length refuseth cleane.  
 The feruent Fyre, that flamyng fyrst,  
 may lytell water drenche,  
 When as it hath obtayned tyme,  
 whole Ryuers can not quenche:  
 For sake the Town, (my *Faustus* deare)  
 and dwell, vpon this playne,  
 And tyme shall heale, thy festryng wound  
 and Absence banysh Payne.  
 About all thynges fly Idlenes,  
 For this doth dowble strength,  
 To Louers flams, and makes them rage,  
 tyl all be lost at length,  
 Here in thes felds, are pleasaunt things  
 to occupye thy brayn,  
 Be hold: how spryng reuyues agayn,  
 that winter late had flayne,  
 Behold: the pleasaunt Hylles adournd,  
 with dyuers colours fayre,  
 Geue eare to *Scillas* lusty songes,  
 reioysynge in the ayr,  
 What pleasure canst thou more defyre,  
 then here is for to se:

*Egloga*

Thy lusty yewes, with many a lam,  
 Lo: whear they wayt on the,  
 Thynke not vpon that cursed face,  
 that makes the thus her slaue  
 But well regard the pleasaunt lyfe,  
 that here thou feest me haue,  
 Whan I long tyme a go, did feale,  
 the flames of *Cupids* fyre,  
 These meanes Lo thou I practifed,  
 to cure my fond desyre.  
 I fyrst wayed with my selfe,  
 How fond a thyng it seamd,  
 To let my heart lye there in chaynes,  
 where I was nought esteamd.  
 And how with flames I burnt for her,  
 that passed nought for me,  
 And how, these eyes encreast my harmes  
 that fyrst her face did se,  
 With penyfe heart full fraight with thoughts,  
 I fled from thence away,  
 And though that Loue bad tourne my steppes.  
 yet wold I neuer stay,  
 But from that foule infectyue ayer,  
 wher first I tooke my fore,  
 I hyed in hast, and shund the place,  
 to se for euer more.  
 Eache letter that I had receyued  
 from her, I cast away,  
 And tokens all, I threw them down,  
 to my no small dysmay.  
 Then bufyed I my selfe in thyngs  
 that myght me mooste delyght,  
 And fought the chieffst means I could,  
 to helpe my weryed spryght.  
 Somtyme I wold behold the fyelds,  
 and Hylles that thou doste se,  
 Somtime I wold betraye the Byrds,  
 that lyght on lymed tree,  
 Especially in Shepstare tyme,  
 when thicke in flockes they flye,

One wold I take, and to her Leg,  
a lymed Lyne wold tye,  
And where ye flock flew thickest, there  
I wold her cast awaye,  
She strayght vnto the rest wold hye,  
amongst her Mates to playe.  
And preasyng in the mydste of them,  
with Lyne and Lyme, and all,  
With cleuyng wyngs, entangled fast.  
they downe togyther fall.  
Somtyme I wold the lytel Fyfh:  
with bayted Hooke beguyle:  
Somtyme the craftye Foxe I wold,  
deceyue for all his wyle:  
Somtyme the Wolfe, I wold pursue,  
fomtyme the fomyng Boore:  
And whan with labour all the daye,  
my weryed Lymys were soore.  
Than rest and slepe I straightway fought  
no Dreames dyd me afraye:  
Tormented nought with care, I past  
the lynchryng nyght awaye.  
And thus I cleane forgot: in tyme,  
the dotyng Dayes I sawe,  
And freed my self, to my great Ioye,  
from Yoke of Louers Lawe.  
More of this fame, I wyll the tell,  
the next tyme here we mete,  
And stronger Medycines wyll I gyue,  
to purge that Venym swete.  
Beholde the Daye is flypt awaye,  
and Starres do fast appeare,  
Loe where *Calisto* Virgin ones,  
doth shyne in Skies so cleare.  
Loe where olde *Cepheus* walks about,  
with twynyng Serpent bye,  
We wyll no lenger heare abyde,  
But hence wyll homwarde hye.

*Finis Eglogæ fextæ.*

## *Egloga septima.*

**Siluanus.**

**Sirenius.**

**Selragia.**



*Irenus* shephard good and thou,  
that hast yll lucke in loue,  
The cause of al my hurt by whom  
my futes could neuer proue.  
God neuer let that I shuld seeke,  
to be reuenged of the,  
For whan I might haue ben with ease,  
yet wold not suffer me  
The Loue that I, *Diana* bare,  
on the to showe my Spyte :  
On the in whom my Ladye fayre,  
had once her whole delyght,  
If thy myshaps do not me greue,  
My mischieefs neuer ende.  
Thynke not *sirenius* that bycause,  
*Diana* was thy frend,  
I beare the worfer wyl assure thy self  
so base my loue neuer semde  
That onely I shuld fauour her.  
but all that she esteemde.

**Siren.**

Thou eyther art *siluanus* borne,  
Example for to gyue,  
To vs that know not how,  
whan Fortune frownes to lyue,  
Or els hath Nature placed in the  
so strong and stoute a mynde.  
Suffsyng not, thyne yls alone  
to beare, but meanes to fynde,

In Mr. Huth's copy—though the signatures are regular—the first *two* pages of the final original impression down to, *she kyld a saythfull frende*, on the next page are omitted: being represented by a blank page. They have been supplied by the kindness of W. A. Wright, Esq., M.A., from the copy in the library of Trinity College, Cambridge.

That may the Griefes of others help,  
I fe thou art so bent,  
That Fortune can the not amase,  
For all her mysciefes ment,  
I promys the *siluanus* heare,  
tyme playne in the doth show,  
How dayly she discouers things,  
that erst dyd men not know.  
I can not beare the Gryefes I feale,  
my force is all to faynt,  
I neuer could as thou canst stynt,  
the teares of my complaynt.  
*Diana* hath procured the paynes,  
that I shall neuer ende,  
When fyrst she falst her troth to me,  
she kyld a faythfull frende.

**Siluan.** I meruayle how she could so soone,  
put the out of her mind,  
I well remembre fynce thou wentste  
alone I dyd her fynd.  
In place that forow femde to shape,  
where no man stood her nye,  
But onely (I vnhappy wretche,)  
that herd her wofull crye,  
And this with teares alowde she fayd,  
O wretche in yll tyme borne.  
What chaunce hast thou? that thus thou hast  
*Sirenus* fwete forlorne.  
Gyue ouer pleasures now,  
Let neuer Ioye the please,  
Seke all the cruell meanes thou canst  
that may thy hart dysease.  
Whan thou doste hym forget I wysh,  
all mischifes on the lyght,  
And after death, the Fendes of Hell,  
torment thy lyuyng spryght.

**Siren.** What man wold here beleue?  
that she that thus could speake,

*Egloga*

In fo shorte tyme as I haue bene  
 awaye, wolde promys breake.  
 O stedfastnes and Constancy,  
 how feldome are you founde:  
 In womens harts to haue your seats,  
 Or long abydyng ground?  
 Who looke how much more earnest they,  
 at fyrst theyr hearts do fet,  
 So much more sooner euer more,  
 where late they loued, forget:  
 Full well could euer I beleue,  
 all women gylty of this:  
 Saue her alone, in whom I iudge,  
 neuer nature wrought amis:  
 But fins her maryage how she speeds  
*Siluan* I pray the tell?

*Siluan.* Some say she lykes it very ill,  
 and I beleue it well:  
 For *Delius* he that hath her now,  
 although he welthy be,  
 Is but a lout and hath in hym,  
 no hanfome qualytie:  
 For as for all, fuche thynges wherin,  
 we Shepehardes haue delyght,  
 As in Quaiting, Leaping, Singing or  
 to found a Bagpype ryght:  
 In all these thinges he is but an Affe,  
 and nothyng do he can,  
 They saye tys quallities but tush,  
 Its ryches makes a man:

*Siren.* What woman is that yat commeth here,  
*Siluan* canst thou tell?

*Siluan.* Its one hath sped as well in Loue,  
 as we, I knowe her well:  
 She is one of fayre *Dianas* frendes,  
 who keeps her beasts below,  
 Not far from hence bi her thou maist  
*Dianas* State wel know.

She loued hear a Shepheard cald,  
*Alanus* longe a go :

Who fauers one *yfmenia* now,  
 the caufe of al her wo :

**Silvag.** No place fo fyt for the as this,  
 Lo heare *Siluanus* ftands,  
 Who hath receaued lyke luck to thine  
 at cruel Fortunes hands,  
 This company befemes the well,  
 Fayr Shepheards both good deane,

**Siluan.** To the *Seluagia* eke of Hope,  
 Whom Loue hath fpoyled cleane :  
 A thoufande better dayes I wyfh,  
 than thou haft had before,

**Selvag.** At length may better Fortune fall,  
 For worfe can not be more.  
 To truſte the fayned words of men,  
 Loe, thus poore women ſpeeds.

**Siluan.** And men do ſmarte not through your words  
 but your vnconſtant deeds.

For you when earneſtlyeſt you loue,  
 no thyng can chaunce fo lyght.

But yf a toye com in your Brayne,  
 your mynde is altered quyght.

If we but ones, abſent our felues,  
 the ſhorteft tyme we maye,

So muche vnconſtant is your minde  
 Loue foreth ſtrayght awaye,

Example take *Sirenius* here  
 whom once *Diana* loued,

As all we know, and looke how ſoone  
 her mynd is now remoued :

No, no, there is not one of you,  
 that conſtant can remayne :

**Silvag.** You iudge but of malicious hart,  
 and of a Ialouſe brayne.

All thyngs you do your felues eſteme,  
 and men muſt beare no blame.



*Egloga*

Of your diffemblyng noughty deeds,  
we women beare the shame.

**Siren.** Fayre Damefell yf you can perceyue  
*Siluanus* true doth faye

There is not one amongst you all,  
but doth from reason straye.

What is the cause that women thus?  
in theyr vnconstancye,

Do cast a man from hiest hap,  
to deepest myserye?

Its nothyng els, I you assure,  
but that you know not well,

What thing is loue, and what you haue,  
in hand you can not tell.

Your fymple wyts are all to weake,

Vnfayned loue to know,

And therof doth forgetfulnes,

in you so shortly grow.

**Seluag.** *Sirenius* iudge not so of vs,  
our wyts be not so base,

But that we know as well as you,  
whats what in euery case.

And women eke, there are ynow  
that could yf they were brought

Teache men to lyue, and more to loue,  
yf loue myght well be tought,

And for all this, yet do I thynke,  
No thyng can worfer be.

Than womens state, it is the worst,  
I thynke of eche degree.

For yf they show but gentle words  
you thynke for loue they dye.

And yf they speake not when you list,  
than strayght you say, they are hye.

And that they ar, disdainfull Dames.  
and if they chaunce to talke.

Than cownt you them for chatring Pies  
whose tongs must alwayes walke.

And yf perhaps they do forbear,  
and Sylence chaunce to keepe,  
Than tush, she is not for company,  
she is but a fymple sheepe.  
And yf they beare good wyll to one,  
then strayght they are iudged nought.  
And yf yll name to shun they leaue,  
Vnconstant they are thought.  
Who nowe can please these Ialoufe heads,  
the faute is all in you,  
For women neuer wold chaunge their minds  
yf men wold styll be true.

**Siren.**

To this, I well could answere you,  
but tyme doth byd me staye,  
And women must the last worde haue  
no man may fay them naye.  
Passe ouer this, and let vs here,  
what lucke you haue had in loue,  
And showe yf euer loue of man,  
your constaunt hart could moue.  
No fyttter place can be than this,  
here maye you safely rest,  
Thus sytting here, declare at large,  
the secretes of your brest.

**Silvrag.**

Naye: lenger here we maye not byde,  
but home we mvst awaye,  
Loe how the Son denies his Beames  
depriuyng vs of daye.

*Finis Eglogæ septimæ.*

## *Egloga octava.*

**Coridon.**

**Cornix.**



Ow ragethe *Titan* fyerce aboue  
his Beames on earth do beate.  
Whose hote reflection maks vs feale  
an ouer feruent heate:  
Wyth fyery Dog, he forward flames  
hote Agues vp he dryues:  
And sends them downe, with boylyng blud  
to shorten Myfers lyues.  
Loe, how the beasts, lyes vnder trees  
how all thying seekes the shade,  
O blessed God, that some defence,  
for euery hurte hast made,  
Beholde this pleasaunte Brodeleaued Beech  
and springing fountain cleare,  
Heare shade ynough, here water cold  
com *Cornix* rest we here,  
And let vs songs begyn to fying,  
our purs and harts be lyght.  
We fere not we, the tomblyng world  
we breake no fleaps by nyght.

**Cornix.**

Both place and tyme my *Coridon*  
exhorteth me to fyinge,  
Not of the wretched Louers lyues,  
but of the immortall kynge.  
Who gyues vs pasture for our beasts  
and bleffeth our encrease:  
By whom, while other cark and toyle  
we lyue at home with ease.  
Who keepes vs down, from climyng hye  
wher honour breeds debate,

And here hath graunted vs to lyue  
in fymple Shephards fstate,  
A lyfe that fure doth fare exceade,  
eche other kynd of lyfe :  
O happy fstate, that doth content,  
How farre be we from ftryfe ?  
Of hym therefore, me lyft to fynge,  
and of no wanton toyes,  
For hym to loue, and hym to prayfe,  
furmounds all other Ioyes.  
O Shephards leaue *Cupidoes* Camp,  
the ende wherof is vyle,  
Remoue Dame *Venus* from your eies  
and harken here a whyle.  
A God there is, that guyds the Globe,  
and framde the fyckle Spheare,  
And placed hath, the Starres aboue,  
that we do gafe on here,  
By whom we lyue, (vnthankful beafts)  
by whom we haue our health,  
By whom we gayne our happy fstates  
by whom we get our wealth.  
A God : that fendes vs that we nede,  
a God : that vs defends.  
A God : from whom the Angels hye,  
on mortall men attends.  
A God : of fuche a Clemencie,  
that who fo hym doth loue  
Shall here be fure to reft a whyle,  
and alwayes reft aboue.  
But we, for hym do lytell care,  
His Heafts we nought efteme,  
But hunt for thyngs that he doth hate  
moft pleafaunt thofe do feme,  
(Vnthankfull myfers) what do we ?  
what meane we thus to ftraye ?  
From fuche a God, fo mercyfull,  
to walke a worfer waye ?

*Egloga*

Maye nought his benefyts procure?  
 maye nought his mercyes moue?  
 Maye nothyng bynde, but nedes we must?  
 gyue hate to hym for loue?

O happy (ten tymes) is the man,  
 (a Byrde full rare to fynde)  
 That loueth God with all his hart,  
 and kepes his lawes in mynde.  
 He shalbe blest in all his works,  
 and safe in euery tyme,  
 He shall swete quietnes enioye,  
 whyle other smarte for Cryme.  
 The threatnyng chaunces of the world  
 shall neuer hym annoye.

When Fortune frowns on foolish men  
 he shalbe sure to ioie.

For why? the Aungels of the Lorde,  
 shall hym defende alwayes,  
 And set hym free, at euery harmes,  
 and hurts at all affayes.

*David.*  
 [? *Daniel.*]

Euen he that kept the Prophet safe,  
 from mouthes of Lyons wylde,

*Moses.*

And he that once preferued in Flags,  
 the sely suckyng Chylde,

*Elias.*

The God that fed, by Rauens Byll,  
 the Teacher of his worde,  
 Shall hym (no doubt) in safetie keepe,  
 from Famyn, Fyre, aud Sworde.

Not he, whom Poets old haue faynd,  
 to lyue in Heauen hye,

*Iupiter.*

Embracyng Boyes : (O fylthy thyng)  
 in beastly Lecherye.

*Iuno.*

Nor *Iuno* she : (that wrinkled Iade,)  
 that Quene of Skyes is calde,

*Saturn.*

Nor soleyn *Saturn* Churlysh Chuffe,  
 with Scalpe of Cancre bald.

*Mars.*

Nor fumyng Foole, with fyery face,  
 that moues the fyghters mynd.

*Venus*  
*Cupid.*

Nor Venus she : (that wanton wench)  
that guyds the Shoter blynd.

Can the defende : as God wyll do,  
for they were fynfull fooles,

*Homerus.*

Whom fyrst ye blynd hye witted Greke  
brought in to wyfe mens Scooles.

No none of these, but God alone,  
ought worshyp for to haue,

For they for all theyr Honour ones,  
rest yet in stynkyng Graue.

Heare hast thou heard, the happy state  
of them that lyue in feare,

Of God : and loue hym best : now lyst,  
his foes reward to heare,

And fyrst know thou that euery man,  
that from this God doe goe,

And folows lust, hym he acountes,  
to be his deadly foe,

This myghty Kyng of whom we talk,  
as he is mercyfull,

And suffers long, reuengyng flow,  
So when we be thus dull,

That we wyl not perceaue in tyme,  
the goodnes of his grace,

His fauour straight, he doth withdraw  
and tournes a way his face.

And to him selfe then doth he fay,  
How long shall I permit

These stubburne beastes, for to rebell?  
and shall I loue them yet,

That hate me thus? or haue I nede  
theyr louynge myndes to craue?

I aske no more but onely loue,  
and that I can not haue.

Well, wel I wil not care for them,  
that thus do me dyspyse,

Let them go lyue, euen as they lyst,  
I turne away myne eyes.

*Egloga*

When God hath thus fayd to him self  
 Then doth the braynleffe foole,  
 Cast Brydle of, and out he runnes,  
 neglectynge vertues Scoole,  
 Then doth the Deuyl geue him lyne,  
 and let him rune at large,  
 And Pleasure makes his Mariner,  
 to row in vyces Barge,  
 Then vp the Sayles of wilfulnes.  
 he hoyfes hie in haft,  
 And fond Affection blowes hym forth,  
 a wynd that *Pluto* plaft,  
 Then cuttes he swyft, the seas of fin,  
 and through the Chanell deape,  
 With Ioyful mynd, he fleets a pace,  
 whom Pleasure bryngs a sleape,  
 Then who so happy thinks hym selfe?  
 who dreames of ioy but he?  
 Tush, tush, fayeth he: to thynk of God,  
 In age suffiseth me.  
 Now wil I passe my pleasaunt youth,  
 Such toyes becomes this age,  
 And God shall followe me sayth he,  
 I wyll not be his page,  
 I wyll be prowde, and looke a loft,  
 I wyll my bodye decke,  
 With costly clothes, a boue my state  
 who then dare gyue me checke?  
**Coridon.** Garments som time, so gard a knaue,  
 that he dare mate a Knyght,  
 Yet haue I fene a *Nec* in hemp,  
 For Checking often lyght.  
**Cornix.** The Peacocks plume shal not me pas  
 that nature finely framde  
 For coulourd fylkes shal set me fourth,  
 that nature shalbe shamde,  
 My Sworde shal get me valiant fame,  
 I wyll be *Mars* out ryght,

And *Mars* you know, must *Venus* haue,  
 to recreate his spryght.  
 I wyll oppresse the fymple knaue,  
 shall Slaues be sawfy now?  
 Nay: I wyll teache the nedy Dogges,  
 with Cappe to crowche, and bow.  
 Thus fareth he, and thus he lyues,  
 No whyt estymyng God,  
 In health, in ioy, and lustynes,  
 free from the smartyng Rod,  
 But in the midft of all his myrth,  
 whyle he suspecteth leaft,  
 His happy chaunce, begyns to chaunge  
 and eke his fleetyng feast,  
 For death (that old deuouryng Wolf)  
 whom goodmen nothyng feare,  
 Coms faylyng fast, in Galley blacke,  
 and whan he spyes hym neare,  
 Doth boorde hym strayght, and grapels fast  
 And than begyns the fyght,  
 In ryot leapes, as Captayne chiefe,  
 and from the Maynmast ryght,  
 He downward coms, and surfet than  
 affayleth by and by,  
 Then vyle defeases forward shoues,  
 with paynes and gryefe therby,  
 Lyfe stands aloft, and fyghteth hard,  
 but pleasure all agaste.  
 Doth leaue his ore, and out he flyes,  
 then death approacheth fast.  
 And giues the charge so fore, yat needs  
 must lyfe begyn to flye,  
 Then farewell all. The wretched man  
 with Caryen Corse doth lye,  
 Whom Deth hymself flyngs ouer bord,  
 amynd the Seas of syn,  
 The place wher late, he swetly swam,  
 now lyes he drowned in.



*Egloga octaua*

Contynuall torment hym awaytes,  
 (a Monfter vyle to tell)  
 That was begot of Due Defert,  
 and raygneth now in Hell,  
 With greedy mouth he alwayes feeds  
 vpon the Syndrownd soule,  
 Whose greedy Pawes, do neuer ceas,  
 in fynfull fluds to prowle.  
 Loe. This the ende, of euery fuche  
 as here lyues lustylye  
 Neglectyng God thou feest, in vyce.  
 do lyue. in fyn do dye.  
 What shuld I speke of al theyr harms  
 that happens them in lyfe?  
 Theyr Conscience prickt, theyr barren blud  
 theyr toyle, their grief, theyr stryfe,  
 With mischiefes heaped many a one,  
 which they do neuer trye.  
 That Loue and Feare the myghty God,  
 that rules and raynes on hye,  
 To long it weare, to make discourse,  
 and *Phebus* downe descends,  
 And in the Clowdes his beams doth hyde  
 which tempest fure portends,  
 Looke how the beastes begin to fling,  
 and cast theys heades on hye,  
 The Hearonshew mountes aboue the clouds  
 ye Crowes ech wher do cry  
 All this showes rayn, tyme byds vs go  
 com *Coridon* awaye,  
 Take vp thy Staffe, fetch in thy beasts  
 let vs go whyle we maye.  
**Coridon.** *Cornix* agreed, go thou before,  
 yon cursed Bull of myne  
 I must go dryue: he neuer bydes,  
 among my Fathers Kyne.

*Finis Eglogæ octauæ.*

## EPYTAPHES.

### ¶ *An Epytaphe of the Lorde Sheffeldes death.*



When Brutysh broyle, and rage of war  
in Clownysh harts began  
When Tigres stoute, in Tanners bonde  
vnmusled all they ran,  
The Noble Sheffeyld Lord by byrth  
and of a courage good,  
By clubbish hands, of crabbed Clownis  
there spent his Noble blud.  
His noble byrth auayled not,  
his honor all was vayne,  
Amyd the preafe, of Mastye Cures,  
the valyant Lorde was slayne.  
And after fuche a forte (O ruth,)  
that who can teares suppressse.  
To thynke yat Dunghyll Dogs shuld dawnt  
the Floure of worthynes.  
Whyle as the rauenyng Wolues he prayed  
his gylteles lyfe to faue.  
A bluddy Butcher byg and blunt,  
a vyle vnweldy knaue  
With beastly blow of boysterous byll  
at hym (O Lorde) let dryue,  
And cleft his head, and sayd therwith  
shalt thou be lefte alyue?  
O Lorde that I had present ben,  
and Hectors force withall,  
Before that from his Carlysh hands,  
the cruell Byll dyd fall.  
Then shulde that peasaunt vyle haue felt  
the clap vpon his Crowne,  
Then shuld haue dazed his dogged hart  
from dryuyng Lordes adowne.

*Epytaphes.*

Then shuld my hands haue faued th y lyfe  
 good Lord whom deare I loued  
 Then shuld my hart in doutfull case,  
 full well to the ben proued,  
 But all in vayne thy death I wayle,  
 thy Corps in earth doth lye.  
 Thy kyng and Countrey for to serue  
 thou dydste not feare to dye.  
 Farewel good Lord, thy deth bewayle  
 all siche as well the knewe,  
 And euerye man laments thy case:  
 and *Googe* thy death doth rewe.

¶ *An Epytaph of M. Shelley  
 slayne at Musselbroughe.*

**V**an Mars had moued mortall hate  
 and forced fummysh heate  
 And hye *Bellona* had decreed,  
 to fyt with Sworde in Seate,  
 The Scottes vntrue with fyghtyng hande,  
 theyr promys to denye,  
 Asssembled fast, and England thought,  
 the trothe with them to trye.  
 Chose *Musclebroughe* theyr fyghtyng place  
 amynd those barrayne fyelds  
 Theyr breche of fayth, there not to try  
 with trothe, but trotheles Shyeldes  
 In battayle braue, and Armye strong  
 Encamped sure they laye,  
 Ten Scottes to one (a dredeful thyng  
 a dolfull fyghtyng daye.)  
 That Englysh men were all agaste,  
 with quakyng staues in hande.  
 To se theyr enemyes lye so neare,  
 and death with them to stande.

No other remedye there was,  
but fyght it out or flye.  
And who shuld fyrst the Onset gyue,  
was sure therin to dye.  
Thus al dismayde, and wrapt in feare  
with doutfull mynde they stande,  
If best it be, with flyght of foote,  
to stryue or fyght of hande.  
Tyll at the length, a Captayn stoute.  
with hawtye mynde gan speake.  
O Cowards all, and maydly men  
of Courage faynt and weake,  
Vnworthye com of Brutus race,  
to this your manhode gon,  
And is there none you Dastardes all,  
that dare them fet vpon.  
Then Shelly all inflamed with heate  
with heate of valyaunt mynde,  
No Cowardes we, nor maydly men,  
ne yet of Dastards kynde,  
I wold you wyfte dyd euer com,  
but dare be bolde to trye,  
Our manhode heare, thoughe nought appeare  
but deth to all mens eye  
And with these wordes (O noble hart)  
no longer there he stayde,  
But forth before them all he sprang  
as one no whyt dismayed  
With charged staffe on fomyng horse  
his Spurres with heeles he strykes,  
And forewarde ronnes with swiftye race,  
among the mortall Pykes  
And in this race with famous ende,  
to do his Countrey good,  
Gae Onset fyrst vpon his Foes,  
and lost his vitall blud.

¶ *Finis.*

¶ *An Epytaph of Maister  
Thomas Phayre.*

He hawtye verfe, yat *Maro* wrote  
 made Rome to wonder muche  
 And meruayle none for why the Style  
 and waightynes was fuche,  
 That all men iudged *Parnaffus* Mownt  
 had clefted her felfe in twayne.  
 And brought forth one, that feemd to drop  
 from out *Mineruaes* brayne.  
 But wonder more, maye Bryttayne great  
 wher *Phayre* dyd floryfh late,  
 And barreyne tong with fwete accord  
 reduced to fuche eftate :  
 That *Virgils* verfe hath greater grace  
 in forrayne foote obtaynde,  
 Than in his own, who whilft he lyued  
 eche other Poets ftaynde.  
 The Noble H. *Hawarde* once,  
 that raught eternall fame,  
 With mighty Style, did bryng a pece  
 Of *Virgils* worke in frame,  
 And *Grimaold* gaue the lyke attempt,  
 and *Douglas* wan the Ball,  
 whose famoufe wyt in Scottyfh ryme  
 had made an ende of all.  
 But all thefe fame did *Phayre* excell,  
 I dare prefume to wryte,  
 As muche as doth *Appolloes* Beames.  
 the dymmeft Starre in lyght.  
 The enuyous fates (O pytie great,  
 had great difdayne to fe,  
 That vs amongft there fhuld remayn  
 fo fyne a wyt as he,

And in the mydst or all his toyle,  
dyd force hym hence to wende,  
And leaue a Worke vnperfyt fo,  
that neuer man shall ende.

¶ *An Epytaphe of the Death  
of Nicolas Grimaold.*

**B**Eholde this fle-  
tyng world how al things fade  
Howe euey thyng  
doth passe and weare awaye,  
Eche state of lyfe,  
by comon course and trade,  
Abydes no tyme,  
but hath a passyng daye.  
For looke as lyfe,  
that pleasaunt Dame hath brought,  
The pleasaunt yeares,  
and dayes of lustynes,  
So Death our Foe,  
consumeth all to nought,  
Enuyeng these,  
with Darte doth vs oppresse,  
And that whiche is,  
the greatest gryfe of all,  
The gredye Grype,  
doth no estate respect,  
But wher he comes,  
he makes them down to fall,  
Ne stayes he at,  
the hie sharpe wytted sect.  
For if that wytt,  
or worthy Eloquens,  
Or learnyng deape,  
coule moue hym to forbear,


*Epytaphes.*

O *Grimaold* then,  
 thou hadste not yet gon hence  
 But heare hadest fene,  
 full many an aged yeare.  
 Ne had the Mu=  
 fes losse so fyne a Floure,  
 Nor had *Miner=  
 ua* wept to leaue the so,  
 If wyfdome myght  
 haue fled the fatall howre,  
 Thou hadste not yet  
 ben suffred for to go,  
 A thousande doltysh  
 Geese we myght haue sparde,  
 A thousande wytles  
 heads, death might haue found  
 And taken them,  
 for whom no man had carde,  
 And layde them lowe,  
 in deepe obliuious grounde,  
 But Fortune fa=  
 ours Fooles as old men saye  
 And lets them lyue,  
 and take the wyfe awaye.

¶ *Finis.*

## SONETTES.

¶ *To Mayster Alexander Nowell.*

 He Muses ioye,  
and well they may to fe,  
So well theyr la=  
boure com to good successe,  
That they fustay=  
ned long agoe in the,  
*Minerua* smyles,  
*Phebus* can do no leffe,  
But ouer all,  
they chyefly do reioyse,

That leauyng thyngs,  
which are but fond and vayne,  
Thou dyddeſt chuſe,  
(O good and happy choyſe)  
In ſacred Scoles,  
thy luckye yeares to trayne,  
By whiche thou haſt  
obtaynde (O happy thyng)  
To learne to lyue,  
whyle other wander wyde,  
And by thy lyfe,  
to pleaſe the immortall kyng,  
Then whiche ſo good,  
nothyng can be applyed,  
Lawe gyues the gayne,  
and Phyſycke fyls the Purſe,  
Promotions hye,  
gyues Artes to many one,  
But this is it,  
by whiche we ſcape the Curſe,



And haue the blys  
of God, when we be gone.  
Is this but one=  
ly Scriptures for to reade?  
No, no. Not talke,  
but lyfe gyues this in deade.

¶ *To Doctor Bale.*

Good aged *Bale*:  
that with thy hoary heares  
Dofte yet perfyste,  
to turne the paynefull Booke,  
O happye man,  
that haft obtaynde fuche yeares,  
And leavft not yet,  
on Papers pale to looke,  
Gyue ouer now  
to beate thy weryed brayne,  
And reft thy Pen  
that long hath laboured foore  
For aged men  
vnfyt fure is fuche paine,  
And the befeems  
to laboure now no more,  
But thou I thynke  
Don Platoes part will playe  
With Booke in hand,  
to haue thy dyeng daye.

¶ *Finis.*

¶ To M. Edwarde Cobham.

**O**lde *Socrates*,  
 whose wysdome dyd excell,  
 And past the reache,  
 of wyfest in his tyme,  
 Surmounted all,  
 that on the earth dyd dwell,  
 That Craggye Hyls,  
 of vertue hye dyd clyme,  
 That *Socrates*,  
 my *Cobham* dyde allowe,  
 Eche man in youth,  
 hym felse in Glasse to vew,  
 And wyld them oft,  
 to vse the fame, but how ?  
 Not to delyght,  
 in forme of fadyng hew.  
 Nor to be proude  
 therof, as many be,  
 But for to stryue,  
 by beautie of the mynde,  
 For to adourne,  
 the beautie he doth se.  
 If warlyke forme,  
 Dame Nature hym affygnde,  
 By vertuous lyfe,  
 than countenaunce for to get,  
 That shall deface,  
 the fayrest of them all,  
 Suche Beautie as  
 no age nor yeares wyll fret :  
 That flyes with fame,  
 whan fyckle forme doth fayle,  
 Thus mucche I faye,  
 that here to the present,

My wordes a Glaffe  
for the to looke vpon.  
To the whom God,  
in tender yeares hath lent,  
A towardenes,  
that maye be mused vpon,  
Suche towardenes,  
as in more grauer yeares,  
Doth fure a hope,  
of greater thyngs pretende,  
Thy noble mynde,  
that to thy frendes appeare,  
Doth showe the blud,  
wherof thou doste descende,  
The gentlenes,  
thou vfest vnto all fuche,  
As smallye haue  
deferued good wyll of the,  
Doth showe the grace,  
thou hast that fure is muche,  
As euer yet,  
in any I dyd fe,  
That wyt as rype,  
as Nature well can gyue,  
Declares a grea-  
ter hope than all the rest,  
That shall remayne,  
to the whilst thou doste lyue,  
In desperate yls,  
a Medycyne euer prest.  
Thy good behauour,  
of thy felse in place  
Wherfoeuer that  
thou chauncest for to lyght,  
So much both beautie,  
mynde and wyt doth grace  
As well can be  
requyred of any wyght.

What resteth now?  
 but onely God to prayse,  
 Of whom thou hast  
 receaued these Gyftes of thyne,  
 So shalt thou long,  
 lyue heare with happye dayes,  
 And after Death,  
 the starrye Skyes shall clyme,  
 Let noughtye men,  
 faye what they lyst to the,  
 Trade thou thy selfe,  
 in feruyng hym aboue,  
 No fweter fer=  
 uyce can deuyfed be,  
 Whom yf thou fearst,  
 and faythfully doste loue,  
 Be sure no thyng,  
 on earth shall the annoye,  
 Be sure he wyll,  
 the from eche harme defende,  
 Be sure thou shalt,  
 long tyme thy lyfe enioye,  
 And after ma=  
 ny yeares to haue a blessed ende.

¶ *Finis.*

¶ *Of Edwardes of the Chappell.*

D Euyne *Camenes*  
 that with your sacred food,  
 Haue fed and fo=  
 sterde vp from tender yeares,  
 A happye man,  
 that in your fauour stoode  
*Edwards* in Courte  
 that can not fynde his feares

Your names be blest,  
 that in this present age  
 So fyne a head,  
 by Arte haue framed out  
 Whom some hereaf=  
 ter helpt by Poets rage,  
 Perchaunce maye matche,  
 but none shall passe (no doubt)  
 O *Plautus* yf  
 thou wert alyue agayne,  
 That Comedies  
 so fynely dydste endyte.  
 Or *Terence* thou  
 that with thy plefaunt brayne,  
 The hearers mynde  
 on stage dydst much delyght.  
 What wold you fay  
 fyrs if you should beholde,  
 As I haue done  
 the doyngs of this man?  
 No word at all  
 to sweare I durst be bolde,  
 But burne with teares,  
 that which with myrth began,  
 I meane your bookes,  
 by which you gate your name,  
 To be forgot,  
 you wolde commit to flame.  
 Alas I wolde  
*Edwards* more tell thy prayse,  
 But at thy name  
 my muse amased staves.

To L. Blundeston.

Some men be coun=  
 styd wyse that well can talke :  
 And some because

they can eche man begyle.  
 Some forbecaufe  
 they know well chese from chalke,  
 And can be fure,  
 weepe who fo lyst to smyle.  
 But (Blundston) hym  
 I call the wyfest wyght,  
 Whom God gyues grace  
 to rule affections ryght.

*The Aunfwere of L. Blundeston  
 to the fame.*


**A**ffections seekes  
 hygh honours frayle estate,  
 Affections doth  
 the golden meane reprove.  
 Affections tourns  
 the frendly hart to hate,  
 Affections breedes  
 without discretion Loue,  
 Both wyse and  
 happye (*Googe*) he maye be hyght,  
 Whom God gyues grace,  
 to rule affections ryght.

¶ *To Alexander Neuell.*

**T**He lytell Fysh,  
 that in the streame doth fleet  
 With brode forth stret-  
 ched Fyns for his disporte  
 When as he spyes,  
 the Fysshes bayte so swete,  
 In haste he hyes,  
 fearynge to com to shorte,

But all to foone  
 (alas) his gredy mynde,  
 By rash attempt,  
 doth bryng hym to his bane,  
 for where he thought  
 a great relyefe to fynde,  
 By hydden hooke,  
 the fymple fole is tane.  
 So fareth man,  
 that wanders here and theare,  
 Thynkyng no hurt  
 to happen hym therbye,  
 He ronnes amayne,  
 to gafe on Beauties cheare,  
 Takes all for golde  
 that glyfters in the eye,  
 And neuer leaues  
 to feade by lookyng long,  
 On Beauties Bayte,  
 where Bondage lyes enwrapt,  
 Bondage that makes  
 hym to fynge an other fong,  
 And makes hym curfe  
 the bayte that hym entrapte.  
*Neuell* to the,  
 that loueft their wanton lookes,  
 Feade on the bayte,  
 but yet beware the Hookes.

Alexander Neuells *Anfwere to the same.*

T is not curfed *Cupids* Dart :  
 Nor *Venus* cancred Spyght,  
 It is not vengeaunce of the Gods  
 That wretched harts doth smyght,  
 With restleffe rage of carefull Loue.  
 No, No, thy Force alone

*Affection* fond, doth styr these flames.  
 Thou caufest vs to mone  
 And waile, and curs our wretched flats.  
 Our thryfe vnhappy plights,  
 Our fighes, and powdred fobs with tears,  
 Our greuous gronyng Sprights,  
 Thy hateful Malice doth procure :  
 O Fancye flamyng Feend  
 Of Hel. For thou in outwarde shape,  
 And colour of a frende  
 Dost by thy Snares and flymed Hooks  
 entrap the wounded Harts :  
 From whence these Hellike torments fpryng,  
 and euer greauyng Smarts.  
 Whence Gripe of minde, with chaunged chere  
 Whence face befmeard with teares.  
 Whence thousand mischiefs more, wherwith  
 fuche Myfers liues outweares.  
 Our gafyng eyes on Bewties bayt  
 do worke our endles bane.  
 Our eyes I fay doo worke our woo,  
 Our eyes procure our paine.  
 These are the Traps to vexed myndes  
 Here Gyns and Snares do lye.  
 Here fyre and flames by Fancie framde,  
 In brest doo broyle and frye.  
 O *Googe* the Bayte fone fpyed is.  
 Soone vewd their wanton lookes.  
 Wheron to feede, and yet to fhun,  
 The priuy lurkyng hookes,  
 Their pain, Their toile, Their labour is  
 There There lyes endles strife.  
 O happy than that Man account,  
 Whose well directed Lyfe  
 Can fly thofe yls, which fancy ftirs,  
 And lyue from Bondage free.  
 A *Phænix* ryght on yearth (no doubt)  
 A Byrde full rare to fee.



¶ *To M. Henrye Cobham, of the  
most blessed state of Lyfe.*

**T**He happyest lyfe  
 that here we haue,  
 My *Cobham* yf  
 I shall defyne,  
 The goodlyest state,  
 twyxe byrth and graue,  
 Most gracious  
 dayes and swetest tyme,  
 The fayrest face,  
 of fadynge Lyfe,  
 Race ryghtlyest ronne  
 in ruthfull wayes,  
 The safest meanes  
 to shun all stryfe :  
 The surest Staffe,  
 in fyckle Dayes :  
 I take not I  
 as some do take,  
 To gape and gawne,  
 for Honours hye,  
 But Court and  
*Cayser* to forsake,  
 And lyue at home,  
 full quyetye,  
 Remembrest thou ?  
 what he once fayde,  
 Who bad, Courte not  
 in any case,  
 For Vertue is,  
 in Courtes decayed,  
 And Vyce with States,  
 hath chyefest place,

Not Courte but Countreye  
I do iudge,  
Is it wheare lyes,  
the happyest lyfe,  
In Countreye growes,  
no gratynge grudge,  
In Countreye standes  
not sturdye stryfe,  
In Countreye,  
*Bacchus* hath no place,  
In Countreye  
*Venus* hath defecte,  
In Countreye  
*Thrafo* hath no grace,  
In Countreye  
fewe of *Gnatoes* Secte.  
But these iame foure  
and many more,  
In Courte,  
thou shalt be sure to fynde,  
For they haue vowed,  
not thence to goe,  
Bycause in Courte,  
dwels ydle mynde.  
In Countreye  
mayste thou safelye rest,  
And flye all these,  
yf that thou lyfte,  
The Countrey therefore,  
iudge I best,  
Where godly lyfe,  
doth vyce resyfte,  
Where vertuous  
exercyse with ioye,  
Doth spende the yeares  
that are to run,  
Where Vyces fewe,  
maye the annoye,  
This lyfe is best  
whan all is done.

¶ *To Alexander Neuell of the  
bleffed State of him that  
feeles not the force of  
Cupids flames.*

AS ofte as I  
remembre with my self,  
The Fancies fonde,  
that flame by foolyſh Loue,  
And marke the Furyes  
fell, the blynded elfe  
And Venus ſhe  
that raynes ſo fore aboue,  
As ofte as I  
do ſe the wofull ſtate,  
Of Louers all,  
and eake their myſerye,  
The ones deſy=  
ryng mynde the others hate,  
Trothe with the one,  
with the other Trecherye,  
So ofte fay I,  
that bleffed in the wyght,  
Yea *Neuell* bleſt,  
and double bleſt agayne,  
That can by rea=  
ſon rule hys mynde a ryght,  
And take ſuche foo=  
lyſh fadynge toyes for vayne.

¶ *Alexander Neuells Awnſwere  
to the ſame.*

THE plunged mind in fluds of griefs  
The Sences drowned quyght,  
The Hart oppreſt. The fleſh conſumed  
The chaunged ſtate outright.

The Body dryed by broylyng blafe,  
 Of preuy fchorchyng Flame.  
 The doulfull Face. The countnaunce fad  
 The drowping Courage tame.  
 The Scaldyng fyghes. The greeuous groones  
 The burning rage of fyre  
 The ernest fute. The fruitles Toyle.  
 The deepe and hot Defyre,  
 The Braynes quight brusd and crusht with Cares.  
 The euer duryng foore.  
 The very paynes of Hell it self,  
 with thoufande mischyefes moore,  
 Which wounded Harts enflamed with Loue  
 with Gryefe do ouerflow,  
 And works theyr endles plage and spight  
 Tyll Death from thence do growe.  
 All these conclude him blest (my *Googe*)  
 And trible blest agayne,  
 That taught bi tract of Time can take  
 Such fadyng Toyes for vayne.

¶ *To Maystresse A.*

¶ Ynce I fo long haue lyved in pain  
 and burnt for loue of the,  
 (O cruel hart) doste thou no more  
 esteame the Loue of me,  
 Regardst thou not, the health of hym?  
 that the, aboue the rest  
 Of Creatures all, and next to God  
 hath dearest in his brest.  
 Is pytie placed from the so farre  
 is gentlenes exylde?  
 Haft thou ben fostred in the Caues,  
 of Wolues or Lyons wylde?  
 Haft thou ben so? why then no force,  
 the lesse I meruayle I,  
 Such as the Damme, fuche is the yong  
 experyence trewe doth trye.

Syth thou art of so fyerce a mynde,  
 why dyd not God then place  
 In the, with fuche a Tygers Harte,  
 a fowle yll fauerde face?  
 Sure for no other ende but that,  
 he lykes no Louers trade,  
 And the therfore a ragynge Fende,  
 an Angels face hath made.  
 Suche one as thou, was *Gorgon* ones  
 as auncient Poets tell,  
 Who with her Beautie mazed men,  
 and nowe doth raygne in Hell,  
 But mercye yet, of the I craue,  
 yf ought in the remayne,  
 And let me not so long the force,  
 of flamyng fyre sustayne,  
 Let pytie ioynde with beautie be,  
 so shall I not dyfdayne,  
 My blud, my hart, my lyfe to spende  
 with toyle, with stryfe, and payne,  
 To do the good, my breath to loofe,  
 yf nede shall so requyre,  
 But for my feruyce and my paynes,  
 thou gyuest me hate for hyre.  
 Well now take this for ende of all,  
 I loue and thou doste hate,  
 Thou lyuest in pleasures happely.  
 and I in wretched state.  
 Paynes can not last for euermore,  
 but tyme and ende wyll trye,  
 And tyme shall tell me in my age,  
 How youth led me awrye.  
 Thy face that me tormented, so,  
 in tyme shall sure decaye,  
 And all that I do lyke or loue,  
 shall vanysh quyte awaye,  
 Thy face in tyme shall wrynckled be,  
 at whiche I shall be glad,

To see thy forme transformed thus,  
 that made me once so fad,  
 Than shall I blame my foly moch  
 and thanke the mightyest kyng  
 That hath me faued tyll such a daye,  
 to se so fonde a thyng.  
 And tyll that tyme I wyll keepe close  
 my flames and let them blafe,  
 All secretly within my brest,  
 no man on me shall gafe.  
 I wyll not trespasse fynfully,  
 for God shall geue me grace  
 To se the tyme wherin I shall  
 neglecte thy folysh face,  
 And tyll that tyme adieu to thee,  
 God keepe thee far from me,  
 And sende thee in that place to dwell,  
 that I shall neuer see.

¶ *To George Holmeden of a  
 ronnyng Heade.*

**H**e greatest vyce  
 that happens vnto men,  
 And yet a vyce,  
 that many comon haue,  
 As auncient Wryters  
 waye with sobre Pen,  
 Who gaue theyr doome,  
 by force of wysdom graue,  
 The forest mayme,  
 the greatest euyll fure,  
 The vylest plague  
 that Students can sustayne,  
 And that whiche moste  
 doth ygnoraunce procure.  
 My *Holmeden* is  
 to haue a ronnyng Brayne,

For who is he  
 that leades more restles lyfe,  
 Or who can euer  
 lyue more yll bestead?  
 In fyne who lyues,  
 in greater Care and stryfe,  
 Then he that hath,  
 suche an vnstedfast hedde:  
 But what is this?  
 me thynkes I heare the say,  
 Physition take,  
 thine owne diseafe away.

¶ *To the Translation of Pallingen.*

**T**He labour swete,  
 that I sustaynde in the,  
 (O *Pallingen*)  
 when I tooke Pen in hande,  
 Doth greue me now,  
 as ofte as I the se,  
 But halfe hewd out  
 before myne eyes to stande,  
 For I must needes  
 (no helpe) a whyle go toyle,  
 In Studyes, that  
 no kynde of muse delyght.  
 And put my Plow,  
 in grosse vntylled foyle,  
 And labour thus,  
 with ouer weryed Spryght,  
 But yf that God,  
 do graunt me greater yeares.  
 And take me not  
 from hence, before my tyme,  
 The Muses nyne,  
 the pleasaunt synging feares

Shall fo enflame  
 my mynde with lust to ryme,  
 That *Palingen*  
 I wyll not leaue the fo,  
 But fynysh the  
 accordyng to my mynd.  
 And yf it be  
 my chaunce away to go,  
 Let some the ende,  
 that heare remayne behynde.

¶ *The Harte absent.*

Wete muse tell me,  
 Wher is my hart becom,  
 For well I feele,  
 it is from hence a way,  
 My Sences all,  
 doth sorrow so benumme:  
 That absent thus,  
 I can not lyue a Day.  
 I know for troth,  
 there is a specyall Place,  
 Wher as it most,  
 desyreth for to bee:  
 For Oft it leaues,  
 me thus in Dolfull case,  
 And hether commes,  
 at length a gayne to me?  
 Woldest thou so fayne,  
 be tolde where is thy Harte  
 Sir Foole in place,  
 wher as it shuld not be:  
 Tyed vp so fast,  
 that it can neuer starte?  
 Tyll Wyfdom get,  
 agayne thy Lybertye:  
 In place wher thou,



as safe maist dwel swet daw?  
 As may the harte,  
 ly by the Lyons paw:  
 And wher for thee,  
 as much be sure they passe:  
 As dyd the master  
 ons for *Ejops* Affe.

¶ *To Alexander Neuell.*

**I**F thou canst banish Idle nes,  
*Cupidoes* Bowe is broke, *Ouid.*  
 And well thou mayst dyspyse his bronds  
 cleane void of flame and smoke  
 What moued the Kynge *Agistus* ons,  
 to Loue with vyle excesse:  
 The cause at hand doth streight apeare  
 he lyued in Idlenes.

*Finis.*

¶ *The Aunswere of A. Neuell to the same.*

**T**He lack of labour mayms ye mind,  
 And wyt and Reason quyght exiles.  
 And Reason fled. Flames Fancy blind.  
 And Fancy she forthwith beguyles  
 The Sensles wight: that swiftly fails  
 Through deepest fluds of vyle exces.  
 Thus vice abounds. Thus vertu quails  
 By meanes of drowfy Idlenes.

¶ *To Maystresse D.*

**N**Ot from the hye *Cytherion* Hyll  
 nor from that Ladies throne  
 From whens flies forth ye winged boy

yat makes some fore to grone.  
 But nearer hence this token coms,  
 from out the Dongeon deepe,  
 Where neuer Plutto yet dyd raygne  
 nor Proserpyne dyd sleepe.  
 Wheras thy faithful Seruaunt liues.  
 whom duetie moues aryght,  
 To wayle that he so long doth lacke,  
 his owne deare Maystres fyght.

¶ *Out of an olde Poet.*

**F**Ye Fye, I lothe  
 to speake wylt thou my lust,  
 Compell me nowe,  
 to doo so foule an acte.  
 Nay rather God  
 with Flame consume to dust.  
 My carryon vyle,  
 then I perfourme this facte .  
 Let rather thoughtes,  
 that long, haue weryed me :  
 Or fycknes fuche  
 as Fancye fonde hath brought,  
 O gapyng Hell,  
 dryne me now downe to the,  
 Let boylyng fyghes,  
 consume me all to nought.

**O**Ns musyng as I sat,  
 and Candle burnyng bye,  
 When all were husht I myght discern  
 a fymple selye Flye.

¶ That flewe before myne eyes,  
 with free reioysyng Hart,  
 And here and there, with wings did play  
 as voyde of payne and smart,

¶ Somtyme by me she fat,  
 when she had playde her fyll,  
 And euer when she rested had  
 aboute she flyttered styll.  
 ¶ When I perceyued her well,  
 reioyfng in her place,  
 O happye Flye quoth I, and eake,  
 O worme in happy case.  
 ¶ Whiche two of vs is best?  
 I that haue reason? no :  
 But thou that reason art without  
 and therwith voyde of woe.  
 ¶ I lyue and so doste thou,  
 but I lyue all in payne,  
 And Subiect am to her alas,  
 that makes my Gryefe her gayne.

[The following lines are added to this Poem, in the *Faultes escaped, &c.*  
 at the end of the original Edition.]

¶ Thou lyuest, but feelst no gryefe,  
 no Loue doth the torment,  
 A happye thyng for me it were,  
 If God were so content.  
 That thou with Pen, wert placed here  
 and I fat in thy place,  
 Then I shuld Ioye as thou dost nowe  
 and thou shuldst wayle thy case.

¶ **W**hen I do heare thy name,  
 alas my hart doth ryse :  
 And seekes fourthwith to se the falue  
 that most contentes myne eys.  
 But when I se thy Face,  
 that hath procured my payne,

Then boyles my blud in euery part,  
and beates in euery vayne?  
Thy voice when I do heare,  
then collour comes and goes,  
Some tyme as pale as Earth I looke,  
some tyme as red as Rose.  
If thy sweete Face do smyle,  
then who so well as I?  
If thou but cast a scornefull looke,  
then out alas I dye.  
But styll I lyue in payne,  
my fortune wylleth so,  
That I shuld burne and thou yet know,  
no whytt of all my wo.

**V**Nhappye tonge  
why dydste thou not consent  
When fyrst myne eyes  
dyd vewe that Princely face,  
To show good wyll,  
that hart opprest than ment.  
And whylst tyme was,  
to fewe for present grace.  
O fayntyng Hart,  
why dydst thou then conceale?  
Thyne inwarde Fyers,  
that flamde in euery vayne,  
Whan pytie and  
gentlenes, were bent to heale.  
Why dydst thou not,  
declare thy ragyng payne?  
When well thou mightst  
haue moued her gentle mynde,  
Why dydste thou than,  
kepe backe thy wofull playn?

Thou knewste full well,  
 redres is hard to fynde,  
 Whan in thy owne  
 affayres, thy corage faynts.  
 But synce she is  
 gon, bewaile thy grief no moore  
 Synce thou thy felfe,  
 wart Caufer of the Soore.

¶ *Oculi augent dolorem.*

Out of fyght, out of mynd.

**T**He oftener sene, the more I lust,  
 The more I lust, the more I smart  
 The more I smart, the more I trust,  
 The more I trust, the heauyer hart,  
 The heuy hart, breedes myne vnrest,  
 Thy absence therefore, lyke I best.

The rarer sene, the lesse in mynde,  
 The lesse in mynde, the lesser payne,  
 The lesser payne, lesse gryefe I fynd,  
 The lesser gryefe, the greater gayne,  
 The greater gayne, the meryer I,  
 Therefore I wysht thy fyght to flye.

The further of, the more I ioye.  
 The more I ioye, the happyer lyfe,  
 The happyer lyfe, lesse hurts annoy  
 The lesser hurts, pleasure most ryfe,  
 Suche pleasures ryfe, shall I obtayne  
 When Distauce doth depart vs twaine.

¶ *Finis.*

**A**ccuse not God, yf fancie fond,  
do moue thy foolyſh brayne,  
To wayle for loue, for thou thy ſelfe,  
art cauſe of all thy payne.

¶ *Finis.*

**T**wo Lynes ſhall tell the Gryefe  
that I by Loue ſuſtayne.  
I burne, I flame, I faynt, I fryſe,  
of Hell I feele the payne.

¶ *Of the vnfortunate choiſe  
of his Valentyne.*

**T**He Paynes that all the Furies fell  
can caſt from Lymbo lake,  
Eche Torment of thoſe Hellish brains  
wher crawleth mani a ſnake,  
Eche miſchiefe that therein doth lye  
eche ſmart that may be founde,  
Flye from thoſe feendish clawes a whyle  
with flames breake vp the grounde,  
Lyght here vpon this curſed hand,  
make here your dwellyng place,  
And plague the part, yat durſt preſume  
his Maſter to diſgrace.  
Which thruſt amonge a nombre of:  
ſo many princely names,  
And wher thy Maiſtres had her place  
amongſt the chiefſt Dames,  
Durſte thus preſume to leue her there  
and drawe a ſtraunger wyght,  
And by thyne owne vnhappy draught  
torment my pauled Spryght.

¶ *The vncertayntie of Lyfe.*

**N**O vayner thing ther can be found  
 amynd this vale of ftryfe,  
 As Auncient men reporte haue made  
 then truſte vncertayne lyfe.  
 This tr[e]we we dayly fynde,  
 by proofes of many yeares,  
 And many tymes the trothe is tryed,  
 by loſſe of frendly fears,  
 Hope who ſo lyft in lyfe  
 hath but vncertayne ſtay.  
 As taylor of Ele that harder held,  
 doth ſooner flyde away.  
 When leaſt we thynk therof,  
 moſt neare approacheth it.  
 And ſodaynly poſſes the place,  
 wher lyfe before did fytt :  
 How many haue byn ſeen,  
 in Helth to go to reſt,  
 And yet eare mornyng tyde haue ben,  
 with Cruell Death oppreſt,  
 How many in their meales,  
 Haue Ioyfully ben ſett,  
 That ſodaynly in all their Feaſte,  
 hath yealded Earth theyr dett.  
 Syth thus the lyfe is nought,  
 that in this world we truſt,  
 And that for all the pompe and Pryde,  
 the Bodie tournes to duſt :  
 Hope for the lyfe a boue,  
 whiche far ſurmoundeth all.  
 With vertuous mind await the time  
 When God, for vs doth call.

¶ *A Refusall.*

Syth Fortune faoures not  
 and al thynges backward go,  
 And syth your mynd, hath so decreed,  
 to make an end of woe.

Syth now is no redresse,  
 but hence I must a way,  
 Farwele I waft no vayner wordes,  
 I Hope for better day.

¶ *Of Maistres D. S.*

Thy fyled wordes,  
 yat from thy mouth did flow  
 Thy modest looke  
 with gesture of *Diane*.  
 Thy curteous mynde,  
 and althynges framed fo.  
 As answered well,  
 vnto thy vertuous fame,  
 The gentlenes  
 that at thy handes I founde  
 In straungers hou[f]e,  
 all vnaquaynted I,  
 Good S. hath  
 my Hart to the so bounde,  
 That from the can  
 it not be forced to flye,  
 In pledge wherof,  
 my seruyce here I gyue  
 Yf thou so wylte  
 to serue the whylst I lyue.



¶ *Of Money.*

**G**ive Money me, take  
 Friendship who so lyst,  
 For Friends are gone  
 come once Aduerfytie,  
 When Money yet  
 remaineth safe in Chest,  
 That quickly can the  
 bring from myferye,  
 Faire face shewe frendes,  
 whan ryches do habounde,  
 Come tyme of prooffe,  
 farewell they must awaye,  
 Beleue me well,  
 they are not to be founde.  
 If God but fende  
 the once a lowrynge daye.  
 Golde neuer starts  
 asyde, but in dystres,  
 Fyndes wayes enoughe,  
 to ease thyne heuynes.

¶ *Goyng towardses Spayne.*

**F**arewell thou fertyll foyle,  
 that *Brutus* fyrst out founde,  
 When he poore foule, was driuen clean  
 from out his Countrey ground.  
 That Northward layst thy lusty fides  
 amynd the ragyng Seas.  
 Whose welthy Land doth foster vpp,  
 thy people all in ease,  
 While others scrape and carke abroad,  
 theyr symple foode to gett.

*Sonettes.*

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And felye Soules toke all for good,  
that commeth to the Net.  
Which they with painfull paynes do py[n]ch.  
in barrain burning Realmes :  
While we haue all with out restreint  
a mong thy welthy streames.  
O blest of God thou Pleasaunt Ile,  
where welth her self doth dwell :  
Wherin my tender yeares I pass  
I byd thee now farewell.  
For Fancy dryues me forth abrode,  
and byds me take delyght,  
In leuyng thee and raungyng far,  
to see some straunger fyght.  
And sayth I was not framed heare  
to lyue at home with eas :  
But passyng forth for knowledge sake  
to cut the fomyng seas.

¶ *At Bonyuall in Fraunce.*

**F**ond affectyon  
wounder of my Hart,  
When wylt thou Cease,  
to breed my restles payne,  
When comes the end,  
of this my Cruell smart :  
When shall my force,  
beate backe thy force agayne.  
When shall I faye,  
this restles rage of myne :  
By Reason ruld,  
is banyshd quyght a way,  
And I escaped,  
these cruell bondes of thyne :  
O flamyng feend,  
that feakest my decaye.

Safe thynkyng I,  
*Charibdis* Rage to flye,  
 On *Scylla* Rocke,  
 in Bonyuall I dye.

¶ *Commynge home warde out of Spayne.*

**R**agyng Seas,  
 and myghty Neptunes rayne,  
 In monstrous Hylles,  
 that throwest thy selfe so hye,  
 That wyth thy fludes,  
 doest beate the shores of Spayne:  
 And breake the Clyues,  
 that dare thy force enuie.  
 Cease now thy rage,  
 and laye thyne Ire a fyde,  
 And thou that hast,  
 the gouernaunce of all,  
 O myghty God,  
 grant Wether Wynd and Tyde,  
 Tyll on my Coun-  
 treye Coast, our Anker fall.

¶ *To L. Blundeston of Ingratitude.*

**T**He lytell Byrde,  
 the tender Marlyon,  
 That vseth ofte  
 vpon the Larke to praye,  
 With great reproche,  
 doth stayne the mynde of man  
 If all be true,  
 that Wryters of her faye.  
 For she a Creature,  
 maymde of Reasons parte,  
 And framde to lyue  
 accordyng to her kynde,

Doth feme to foster  
Reason in her Hart  
And to aspyre  
vnto Deuyner mynde.  
when Hungers rage  
she hath exyled quyte,  
And supped well  
as falleth for her state.  
The felye Larke,  
doth take by force of flyght,  
And hyes to tree,  
where as she lodged late,  
And on the trem-  
blyng Byrde all nyght she stondes,  
To keepe her feete,  
from force of nyppyng colde,  
The amazed Wretche,  
within her ennemyes handes,  
And closed fast,  
within the claspyng holde.  
Awayteth Death,  
with drowfye drowpyng Hart,  
And all the nyght  
with feare drawes on her lyfe,  
The gentle Byrde,  
whan darkenes doth departe  
Doth not de pryue,  
the felye soule of lyfe,  
Nor fylles with her  
her hungred egre brest  
But wayeng well,  
the feruyce she hath done.  
To spyll the Blud,  
her Nature doth detest,  
And from so great  
a Cryme, her selfe doth shun.  
She lets her go  
and more with stedfast eyes.  
Beholds whiche way

she takes with mazed flight,  
 And in those partes  
 that Daye she neuer flyes  
 Least on that Byrde  
 agayne she chaunce to lyght.  
 Loe, *Blundston* heare  
 how kyndenes doth habounde,  
 In felye Soules  
 where Reason is exylde,  
 This Byrde alone  
 suffyseth to confounde,  
 The Brutysh myndes  
 of men that are defyled,  
 With that great Vice,  
 that vyle and haynous Cryme  
 Ingratitude  
 (whiche some vnkyndenes call.)  
 That Poyson strong  
 that spryngeth styll with tyme,  
 Tyll at the length,  
 it hath infected all.

¶ *The Aunswere of L. Blundeston  
 to the same.*

**T**His Mirrour left  
 of this thy Byrde I fynde,  
**H**ath not fuche force,  
 to enter in the Hert,  
 To roote away  
 Vnthankefulnes of minde,  
 As others haue,  
 the Vertues to peruert,  
 (so prone we are to Vice :)  
 The Tenche by kynd  
 hath Salue for euery Soore,  
 And heales the may-  
 med Pike in his dystresse,

The Churlysh Pike  
 for gentlenes therfore,  
 In his rewarde,  
 doth cruellye expresse.  
 His murdring mynde,  
 his fylthy spotted fayth,  
 When hungre prickes  
 to fyll his gredye Iawes,  
 He grypes his poore  
 Chyrurgion vnto death.  
 Who late to hym  
 of lyfe was onely cause.  
 Thy Merlians haue  
 fewe Ayryes in our ground  
 But Pikes haue Spawnes  
 good stoore in euery Pound.

¶ *To the Tune of Appelles.*

**T**He rufhyng Ryuers that do run  
 The valeys sweet adourned new  
 That leans their fides againft ye Sun  
 with Flours fresh of fundry hew,  
 Both Ashe and Elme, and Oke fo hye,  
 Do all lament my wofull crye.

while winter blak, with hydious stormes  
 Doth spoil ye ground of Sommers grene,  
 while springtime sweet ye leaf returns  
 That late on tree could not be fene,  
 while fomer burns while harueft rains  
 Stil ftyl do rage my restles paynes.

No ende I find in all my smart,  
 But endles torment I fustayne  
 Synce fyrft alas, my wofull Hart  
 By fight of the was forst to playne,  
 Synce that I loft my Lybertie,  
 Synce that thou madste a Slaue of me

My Hart that once abroad was free  
 Thy Beautie hath in durance brought  
 Ons reason rulde and guyded me,  
 And how is wyt confumde with thought  
 Ons I reioyfed aboute the Skye,  
 And now for the I alas I dye.

Ons I reioyfed in Companye,  
 And now my chief and whole delyght  
 Is from my frendes awaye to flye  
 And keepe alone my weryed spryght  
 Thy face deuyne and my defyre,  
 From flesh hath me transformed to fyre.

O Nature thou that fyrst dyd frame,  
 My Ladyes heare of purest Golde  
 Her face of Cryfall to the same.  
 Her lippes of precious Rubyes molde  
 Her necke of Alablafter whyte  
 Surmountyng far eche other Wight

Why dydst thou not that tyme deuise  
 Why dydst thou not forese before?  
 The mischyefe that therof doth ryse,  
 And grief on grief doth heap with stor  
 To make her Hart of Wax alone,  
 And not of Flynt and Marble Stone.

O Lady shoue thy fauour yet,  
 Let not thy Seruaunt dye for the  
 Where Rygour rulde, let Mercy fyt  
 Let Pytie Conquere Crueltie  
 Let not Disdain, a Feend of Hell,  
 Posses the place, wher Grace should dwell.

## ❏ CUPIDO CONQUERED.



He sweetest time of al the yeare  
it was when as the Sonne,  
Had newly entred *Gemini*,  
and warmyng heate begun :  
Whan euery tre was clothed greene,  
and flowers fayre dyd shew,  
And when the whyt and blowmyng  
on Hawthorns thicke did grow,  
Whan fore I longd to seeke a broade,  
to se some Pleasaunt fyght,  
A mid my woes and heauye happes,  
that myght my Mynde delyght,  
Care wold not let me byde within  
but forst me forth to go :  
And bad me seeke sume present helpe,  
for to relyue my wo.  
Than forward went I forth in haste,  
to vew the garnysht trees?  
What tyme the Son was mounted vp,  
twixt nyne and ten degrees.  
From Flowers flew sweete ayers abroad,  
delighting much my brayn,  
With fyght and smels gan sorow fade,  
and Ioy returne agayne.  
So that in mynde I much reioyce,  
to feele my self so lyght :  
For gorgyous fyghtes and odours sweet  
had new reuyued my spryght.  
Befyde the pleasaunt Harmonye,  
that syngyng Byrdes did make :  
Bad me pul vpp my Hart agayne,  
and sorrow sone forsake.  
For though (quoth *Reason*.) she be gon  
on whom thy Lyfe dependes,



Yet fond it is to carke and care  
     where there is none amendes.  
 Thus forth I went, and in the grooues  
     I raunged heare and theare,  
 Wheras I hard fuche pleasaunt tunes  
     as Heauen had ben neare.  
 I thynke that if *Amphion* hadde,  
     ben present ther to playe,  
 Or if Sir *Orpheus* myght haue held,  
     his Harp, that present day.  
 Or if *Apollo* with his Lute,  
     had stryuen to excell,  
 None of them all, by Musycke sholde,  
     haue borne away the Bell.  
 I rather iudge the thracian wold,  
     his Harpe wherwith he played,  
 Haue cast a way as one whom Ire,  
     had vtterly dismayed.  
 Such passyng tunes of fundry Byrds,  
     I neuer herd before,  
 The further I went in the Woods.  
     the noyse resounded more.  
 O happy Byrdes quoth I what lyfe,  
     is this that you do leade,  
 How far from Care and mylery,  
     how far from Feare and dread:  
 With what reioyfyng melodie,  
     passe you this fadyng Lyfe,  
 While Man vnhappiest creatur liues  
     In wretched toyle and stryfe.  
 Styll forth I went and wonderd at,  
     this pleasaunt Harmony.  
 And gased at these lytle Fooles,  
     that made fuche Melody:  
 Tyll at the length I gan to spye,  
     a stately Lawrell tree,  
 So plaft and fett in such a guye,  
     That as it seamed to me,

Dame Nature stroue to shew her self  
in plantyng such a thyng,  
For Euen out beyde the rocke,  
a fountayne cleane did spryng,  
Where in the water I beheld,  
refembled wonderous trew,  
The Whyte and Greene of al the trees,  
adournd late of new.  
And how in order eake they stood,  
a goodly fyght to se,  
And there I might discerne the Byrds  
that songe in euery tree.  
To moue the Byll and shake the wings  
in vteryng Musicke sweete  
And heare and thear, to flye to feade,  
and estefones theare to meete.  
Great pleasure had I there to byde,  
and stare vpon the Spryng,  
For why me thought it dyd surmount,  
eache other kynde of thyng.  
Now was the Son got vp aloft,  
and raught the mydle Lyne,  
And in the Well, the Golden Gloobe,  
with flamyng Beames dyd shyne,  
Wherof the Bryghtnes was so great.  
that I might not endure,  
Lenger to looke within the Spryng,  
whose waters were so pure.  
Vnwylyng went I thence away,  
and vnderneath the tree,  
I laid me down whose braunches brode  
dyd keepe the Son from me.  
Thynkyng to rest me there a whyle,  
tyll fallyng some degrees  
Syr Phebus shuld haue hyd hym self,  
behynde the shadowyng trees,  
And then for to haue vewd the Spring,  
and marked euery place,

*Cupido*

And seene yf there I could haue spied  
 the weepyng *Biblis* face.  
 For fure I thynke, it was the place,  
 wherein *Narcissus* dyed,  
 Or els the Well, to which was turnd  
 poore *Biblis* whyle she cryed.  
 But whether it was werynes,  
 with labour that I tooke,  
 Or Fume yat from the Spryng dyd ryse,  
 wherin I late dyd looke.  
 Or yf it were the sweete accorde  
 that syngyng Byrdes dyd keepe,  
 Or what it was, I knowe no whit  
 but I fell fast a sleepe.  
 I thynke the woddy Nimphes agreed  
 that I shuld haue this chaunce,  
 And that it was theyr pleasure so,  
 to showe me thyngs in traunce.  
 Whilste I lay thus in flumbre deepe,  
 I myght perceyue to stande,  
 A Person clothed all in whyte,  
 that held a Rod in hande.  
 Whiche was me thought of *Massey Golde*.  
 I knew it very weale,  
 For that was it, made *Argos* sleepe,  
 whyle he dyd *Io* steale.  
 When I perceaued by his attyre,  
 that it was *Mercuri*.  
 My Hart at fyrst began to faynt,  
 yet at the length quoth I  
 Thou Goddesse Son, why standste you there  
 what busines now with thee,  
 What meanest you in thy flying weed,  
 For to appeare to me,  
 And therwithall my thought I staid,  
 and could no farther speake,  
 For Feare did force my speech to fayle,  
 and Courage waxed weake.

Which whan the sone of *Maia* sawe,  
 he tooke me by the hand,  
 Looke vp quoth he be not affrayed:  
 but boldly by me stand.  
 The Muses all of *Helicon*,  
 haue sent me now to thee:  
 Whom thou doest serue and whose you seekst  
 For euer more to be.  
 And thanks to the by me they fende,  
 Bycause thou tookest payne,  
 In theyr Affaires (a thankeles thyng)  
 to occupie thy Brayne.  
 Defyring thee not for to staye,  
 for *Momus* ill report,  
 But endyng that thou hast begun,  
 to spyte the Canckred forte.  
 And thynk not thou, that thou art he,  
 that canst escape Disdayne,  
 The day shall come when thankfull men,  
 shall well accept thy Paine,  
 But rather lay before thyne eyes,  
 the hie attemptes of those,  
 Whose statly style with painfull prooffe,  
 theyr worthy wytes disclose,  
 Marke him that thundred out ye deeds  
 Of olde *Anchises* fun,  
 Whose English verse gyues *Maroes* grace,  
 In all that he hath done,  
 Whose death the *Muses* sorrow much,  
 that lacke of aged dayes,  
 Amongest the common Brytons old,  
 should hynder *Virgils* prayse.  
 Mark him yat hath wel framde a Glasse  
 for states to looke vpon,  
 Whose labour shews the ends oi them  
 that lyued long a gone.  
 Marke hym that showes ye Tragedies  
 thyne owne famylyar Frende,

*Cupido*

By whom ye Spaniards hawty Style  
 in Englysh Verse is pende.  
 Marke these fame three, and other moe,  
 whose doyngs well are knowne,  
 Whose fayre attempts in euery place  
 The flying fame hath blowne,  
 Hast thou not harde, thyself in place  
 full ofte and many a tyme,  
 Lo here the Auctor loseth grace,  
 Loe here a doltysh Ryme,  
 Now fyth that they haue this reward  
 who passe the euen as farre,  
 As in the nyght *Diana* doth,  
 Excell the dimmest Starre.  
 Take thou no scorne at euyll tongs,  
 what needst thou to disdayne?  
 Syth they whom none can well amend  
 haue lyke fruyte of theyr payne.  
 Moreouer yet the Ladyes nyne,  
 haue all commaunded me,  
 Bycause they know, the blynded God  
 hath some thyng pearced the.  
 To leade the foorth, a thyng to see,  
 yf all thyngs happen ryght,  
 Whiche shall gyue the occasion good,  
 with ioyfull mynde to wryght.  
 To this, I wold haue answered fayne  
 and theare began to speake,  
 But as my words were commyng forth  
 my purpose he dyd breake.  
 Come on (quoth he) none Aunswere now  
 we maye no lenger staye.  
 But frame thy felse, to flye abroad,  
 for hence we must awaye.  
 And here withall, on both my fydes,  
 two wyngs me thought dyd growe,  
 Of mighty breadth, away went he,  
 and after hym I flowe.

And euer as we mounted vp,  
 I lookte vpon my wyngs,  
 And prowde I was, me thought to see  
 fuche vnaacquaynted thyngs.  
 Tyll foorth we flewe, my Guyde and I,  
 with mowntyng flyght apace,  
 Beholdyng Ryuers, woods, and Hylles  
 and many a goodly place.  
 Till at the length methought I might  
 a Gorgyous Castell spye,  
 Thear downe began my guyd to fall,  
 and downward eake fell I,  
 Lo heare the place where you must light  
 Gan *Mercury* to faye,  
 Farwell and note what thou doost se,  
 for I must hence away.  
 And with this fame a way flewe he,  
 and lefte me there alone,  
 Wher as with Feare a masde I stood,  
 and thus began to mone.  
 Alas where am I now become,  
 what Curfed Chaunce hath blown,  
 Me from the place where I was bred,  
 to Countreis heare vnkown,  
 What ment that fell vnhappy Feend,  
 that *Maia* brought to lyght,  
 To bring me from my Hartes desyre,  
 to see thys dolefull fyght.  
 Vnhappy Wretche, I wolde I hadde,  
 his Person heare in hand,  
 Then shuld I wreak mine Ire of him.  
 that brought me to this Land.  
 But all to late alas I wysh,  
 for words auayle not nowe,  
 Tis best to learne. what place it is,  
 and yet I knowe not howe.  
 Alas that here were *Ptholome*,  
 with Compasse Globe in hande,

Whose Arte shuld showe me true the place,  
 and Clymate where I stande,  
 Well yet what foeuer chaunce theron  
 what foeuer Realme it be,  
 Yon Castelli wyll I vvyfite sure,  
 hap what hap wyll to me.  
 Thus much me thought alone I spoke  
 and then I forewarde went,  
 And curfed eke an hundred folde,  
 them that me thyther fent.  
 Thus to the Castell, strayght I came,  
 whiche when I vewde aboute,  
 And sawe the workmanshyps therof  
 full gorgeouslye fet oute.  
 I entred in, with fearefull Harte,  
 muche doutyng howe to speede,  
 But euer hope of happye chaunce,  
 my heauye Hart dyd feede.  
 Wyde was the Courte and large within  
 the walles were rayfed hye,  
 And all engraued with Storyes fayre  
 of costlye Imagrye.  
 There myght I se, with wondrous Arte,  
 the Picture porturde playne,  
 Of olde *Orion* Hunter good,  
 whom Scorpions vyle had slayne.  
 And by hym stoode his Borspeare and  
 his other Instruments,  
 His Net, his Darte, his Courfar, and  
 his Hunters restyng Tents.  
 And vnder hym was wrytten fayre.  
 in Letters all of Golde,  
 Here lies he slain, with Scorpions sting,  
 vnhappy wretche that wolde,  
 Haue forced the Ladye of this forte  
 with stayne of Royaltie.  
 To haue consented to his wyll,  
 in fylthye Lecherye.

Wherefore beware that enters here,  
 what foeuer man thou art?  
 Accounte thy selfe but lost, yf that  
 thou bearste a lecherous Hart.  
 When I had vewd these wrytten lines  
 and markde the Storye well,  
 I ioyed muche, for why I knew,  
*Diana* there dyd dwell.  
*Diana* she that Goddesse is,  
 of Virgyns sacred mynde,  
 By whom *Orion* Hunter wylde,  
 his Fatall ende dyd fynde.  
 Next vnto hym, I myght beholde,  
*Acteon* wofull wyght,  
 In what a manner, all to torne.  
 his cruell Dogs hym dyght.  
 There might be seene, theyr gredye mouths  
 with Maisters blud embrued,  
 And all his owne vnhappye men,  
 that fast theyr Lorde pursued.  
 And many Storyes more there war  
 engraued: to long to tell  
 What fearefull haps to many men,  
 for lust vncleane befell.  
 Thus as I stode with musyng mind  
 beholdyng all thyngs theare,  
 In rusheth at the Gate behynde  
 a Post with heauy cheare.  
 Into the Hall with haste he hyes  
 and after folowed I,  
 To here what kynde of Newes he brought  
 or what he ment therby.  
 He passyng through the Hall in haste,  
 at entraunce neuer stayed,  
 But blowyng fast for want of breath,  
 as one almoeste difmayed.  
 Approcht in Prefence to the fyght  
 of chaste *Dianaes* face,



That all encompaste rounde aboute  
 with Virgyns in that place,  
 In loftye Chayre of hye estate  
 dyd fyt, all clothde in whyte,  
 Of Syluer hewe, that shynyng gaue,  
 me thought, a gorgeous fyght.  
 There dyd I se, fayre *Dido* Queene  
 and fayre *Hisphele*,  
 And next to them *Lucretia* fat,  
 and chaste *Penelope*.  
 But these same foure, no Bowes dyd beare  
 for Virgyns sacred state,  
 They had forsaken long ago,  
 and ioynde with faythfull Mate.  
 On the other fyde, fat all the sorte  
 of fayre *Dianaes* trayne,  
 Whose trade with toyle amongst the woods  
 was euer bent to payne.  
 Whose sacred minds, were ner defyld  
 with any wanton lust,  
 Whiche neuer could the fyckle state,  
 of Louers fancye truste.  
 The chyefe of them was *Ismenis*,  
 Whom best *Diana* loued,  
 And next in place fat *Hyale*,  
 whom neuer Fancye moued,  
 Next vnto them fat *Nipha* fayre,  
 a Gemme of Chastyte,  
 And next to her fat *Phyale*,  
 not basest in degree,  
 Behynde them all, of passyng forme,  
 fayre *Rhanis* held her place,  
 And nye to her I myght discerne  
 Dame *Plecas* shynyng face,  
 These Pryncely Nymphes accompanied  
*Diana* in her Baynes,  
 Whyle as in shape of Stagge poore wretche  
*Acteon* had his paynes,

Aboue them all I myght beholde,  
 as placed before the rest,  
*Hipolitus* whom *Phedraes* spyte?  
 most Cruelly had drest.  
*Hipolitus* the vnspotted Pearle:  
 of pure Virginitie,  
 Whose noble Hart culd not agre,  
 to stepdames vyllany.  
 Next vnto hym fat Continnence,  
 and next was Labour placed?  
 Of bodie bygge and strong he was,  
 and fomwhat Crabtre faced.  
 Next hym was placed Abstinnence,  
 a leane vnwyldy wyght,  
 Whose Diet thyn had banisht cleane,  
 all fond and vayne delyght.  
 A Thousand more me thought ther war  
 whose names I dyd not know,  
 And yf I did to longe it were,  
 in Verses them to show.  
 Down of his knees the messenger  
 before them al doth fall,  
 And vnto chaste *Diana* thear,  
 for succour thus doth call.  
 O Goddesse chiefe of Chastitie,  
 and Sacred Virgins mynd:  
 Let Pitie from your noble Hart:  
 redresse for Misers fynd.  
 Let not our weryed Hartes sustaine,  
 suche wrongfull Tyranye?  
 Quench quickly now the fyrie flames  
 of open Iniurye.  
 This sayd for Feare he staid awhyle,  
 and than began agayne,  
 A mighty Prynce (quoth he) is com,  
 with great vnruly trayne.  
 All armed well at euery poynt.  
 (a dredefull fyght to se :)

And euery man in feates of armes,  
 ryght skylfull all they be.  
 The Captaine chyfe in Charyot ryde  
 with pompe and stately Pryde :  
 With Bow in hand of glistering gold,  
 and Quyuer by his fyde.  
 Wher many a shaft full sharp doth ly:  
 and many a mortall Darte,  
 That hath with poysoned force destroid,  
 Full many a yealdyng Harte.  
 He entred hath within your Realme,  
 and taken many a Forte,  
 Hath fakte them all, and spoylde them quyte  
 and slayne a wondrous forte.  
 In straungest guyse, for where he shoots  
 the wounde doth fester styll  
 And all the Surgians that we haue  
 can not remoue the yll,  
 In lytell tyme the gryefe so fore,  
 doth growe in euery parte,  
 Destraynyng through the venomed vaines  
 doth so torment the Hart.  
 That some to ryd them selues therof  
 in fluds full deepe they leape,  
 And drown .nem selues som downward falles  
 from Houses hye by heape,  
 Some Anker cast on crossed Beames  
 to ryd them selues from stryfe,  
 And hang them selues full thicke on trees  
 to ende a wretched lyfe.  
 And they whose fearefull mynds dare not  
 thus make an ende of wo,  
 With greuous flames, confumynge long  
 theyr lyfe at length forgo.  
 Loe here the Somme of all I haue,  
 this Tygre vs anoyes,  
 And cruellve nath spoyled vs,  
 of all our wonted ioyes.

Whom yf your Grace do not repuls,  
 and fynde some present staye,  
 Vndoubtedly he wyll wyn this Realme,  
 and take vs all awaye.

At this, the Ladyes all amazde  
 for feare dyd looke full pale,  
 And all beheld with mazed eyes,  
 the Wretche that tolde the tale.

Tyll at the length *Hipolitus*  
 of Hart and courage hye,  
 Nothyng abashde, with sodain newes  
 began thus to repleye.

Caste fere away, faire Dames (quoth he)  
 dismaye your felues no more,  
 I know by whom this mischief spryngs  
 and know a helpe therfore.

It is not suche a dredefull Wyght,  
 as he doth here reporte,  
 That entred is within these partes,  
 and plagues the fymple forte.

Nor is his force so great to feare,  
 I know it I full well :

It is the scornfull blynded Boy,  
 that neare to vs doth dwell.

Whom *Mars* long tyme a go begott,  
 of that Lasciuious dame :

That Linckt in Chaines for Lechery,  
 receaued an open shame.

A disobedient blynded Foole,  
 that durst presume to turne :

His dartes agaynst his mother ons,  
 and caufd her fore to burne.

An auncient foo : to all this Court,  
 Of long tyme he hath ben :

And hath attempted euermore,  
 by this : Renowne to wyn.

His cruell Hart, of Pitie voyed,  
 doth spare no kynd of age :

But tender youth and dotyng age,  
 he ftrykes in furyous rage.  
 And lauges to fcorne the fely foules  
 that he hath wounded fo,  
 No Fine appoynted of theyr ils,  
 no end of al theyr wo.  
 But fyns he hath prefumed thus,  
 to entre heare in Place,  
 And heare to threten Conquests thus,  
 agaynst *Dianaes* Grace,  
 Let him be fure his loftie Mynde,  
 this deade fhall foone repent,  
 If that your grace do here agre,  
 with Fre and full concent.  
 To make me Cheftain of this Charge  
 and whom I lyst to chofe,  
 If Prifoner heare I bryng hym not,  
 Let me myne Honour lofe.  
 And there he ceafde with ioyfull looks  
 the Ladyes Smyled all,  
 And thorough his wordes they hoaped foone  
 to fe *Cupidoes* fall.  
 With heauenly voice *Diana* thear,  
 as chyefe aboue the ref: :  
 This wife her words began to frame,  
 From out her facred brest.  
 My good *Hipolitus* quoth fhe,  
 whose true and faythfull mynd :  
 In doubtfull daunger often I,  
 do alwayes redy fynd.  
 For to reuenge the cankred rage,  
 of all my fpytfull foes,  
 Thou he from whose vnspotted hart,  
 the fluddes of vertue flowes.  
 whose feruife long hath ben aproued,  
 within this court of myne,  
 Reftrayne this boyes vnruly rage,  
 by valyant means of thyne,

I geue the leaue and thee appoint,  
 my cheyf Lieutenant here,  
 Chuse whom you wilt take whom you lyst,  
 thou nedest no whit to feare.  
 With this he rose from out his place,  
 and lokynge round a bout :  
 Chose *Abstinence* and *Continence*,  
 with *Labour* Captayne stout.  
 And with these thre he tooke his leaue  
 of all the Ladyes there,  
 Who doubtyng of his safe returne,  
 let fall full many a teare.  
 He lefte them theare in heauynes,  
 and made no more delaye,  
 But outward went and toward ye Campe,  
 he tooke the nearest way.  
 With this the Queenes commysion straight  
 was sent abroad in haste,  
 To rayse vp souldiars round about,  
 and with theyr Captayne plaste.  
 To bring them foorth and marching on,  
*Hipolitus* to meet,  
 Than founded Trumpetes al a broad,  
 and Drumes in euery streat.  
 And souldiears good lyke swarmes of Bees  
 theyr Captains prease about  
 All armed braue in Corletes white,  
 they march with courage stout.  
 And forwarde shoue, till at the length  
 where as theyr marshall lyes,  
 They fynd the place the ioifull founds,  
 Do mount aboue the skyes.  
*Hipolitus* receaued them all,  
 with woordes of plefaunt cheare,  
 And placith them in good aray,  
 bycause the camp was neare.  
 Three Battails big of them he frams,  
 and of the Rereward [? Vanguard] strong,

Hath Labour charge who steppeth foorth,  
 before the statlye thronge :  
 And Captayn of the reare ward next,  
 was placed abstinens,  
 And Ioind to him for Policie,  
 was Captayne Continnence :  
 The Battayle mayne *Hipolitus*,  
 him selfe did chuse to guyd.  
 And in the formeft front therof,  
 on Courser fayre doth ryde :  
 The *Trumpets* found march on apace,  
 and Dromes the fame do ftryke.  
 Then forward moues ye Army great,  
 In order Martiall lyke.  
 I cam behynde (me thought) and best,  
 it feamed then to me :  
 To vew the dynt of dreedfull fword,  
 and feyghter none to be.  
 Thie Spies were fent abroad to vew,  
 the place where *Cupide* lay :  
 A longest a Ryuer sayre and broad,  
 they spye a pleafaunt way,  
 Which waye they tooke and passyng foorth,  
 at length apeares a plaine :  
 Both large and vast wher lyes ye rowt,  
 of Cruell *Cupides* trayne.  
 Thus told the spyes we onward hye,  
 and strayght in fyght we haue,  
 The ferfull show of all our Foes,  
 and dredfull army braue,  
 The first yat marched from *Cupides* Camp  
 was drowsy *Idlenes*.  
 The chyefest frend that loue had then,  
 the next was vyle *Exces*.  
 A Lubbour great, mishapen most,  
 of all that thear I saw,  
 As much I thynk in quantitie,  
 as horses fyxe can draw.

A myghty face both broad and flat,  
and all with Rubies fet :  
Muche nosed lyke a Turkey Cocke,  
with teth as blacke as Get.  
A Belye byg, full trust with guts,  
and Pestels two, lyke Postes,  
A knaue full square in euery poynt,  
A Prynce of dronken Ooltes.  
Vpon a Camell couched hye,  
for Horse coulde none hym beare,  
A mighty Staffe in hande he had,  
his Foes a farre to feare.  
Behynde them all, the blynded God,  
doth com in Charyot fayre,  
With ragyng flames flong rounde about  
he pestres all the ayre.  
And after hym, for tryumphe leades  
a thoufande wounded Harts,  
That gush abrode hot streams of blud  
new perfed with his Dartes,  
The army redy for to meete  
and all at poynt to fyght,  
*Hipolitus* with lusty cheare  
and with a noble Spryght.  
His Souldiers to encourage. Thus  
his wordes begyns to place.  
My valyaunt frends and Subiects all  
of Chast *Dianaes* Grace.  
whose noble Harts were neuer staind  
with spot of Dastards mynd,  
Behold our enemyes here at hande,  
behold yon coward blynd.  
Of lytle force, comparde with you,  
howe in a fond araye,  
They stragle out no ordre dewe,  
obserued in theyr waye.  
Behold what goodly Guyds they haue  
to gouerne them withall,



*Cupido*

That neuer knew what fighting ment  
 but lyue to Venus thrall.  
 Marke hym that guyds the rereuarde there  
 that vyle deformed Churle,  
 Whose foggy Mates, with paunches fyde  
 do thycke aboute him whurle.  
 And he that formost hether coms  
 loe what a handsome Squyre,  
 Sure full vnapt to kepe the felde,  
 more fyt to fyt by the fyre.  
 In fyne lo Victorye at hande  
 with hie tryumphant Crowne,  
 Bent for to spoyle our Foes of Fame,  
 and cast theyr Glorye downe.  
 Fyght therefore now courageouslye,  
 and ryd your frendes of feare,  
 Declare your Manhod valyauntly,  
 and let your Harts appeare.  
 With this the sounde begyns to mount  
 and noyse hie to ryfe,  
 And warlyke tunes begyn to dash,  
 them felues agaynst the Skyes.  
 The Canons Cracke, begins to roore  
 and Darts full thycke they flye  
 And couerd thycke, the armyes both,  
 and framde a Counter Skye.  
 And now the Battayls both be ioynde  
 with stroke of Hande to trye.  
 The quarrell iust and for to fynde,  
 where *Victorye* doth lye,  
 The Souldyers all of *Idlenes*  
 where *Labour* coms, do fall,  
 And wounded fore, by force of hym,  
 all bathde in blud, they sprall.  
 Hym selfe alone with *Idlenes*  
 nowe hande to hande doth fyght  
 And after many a mortall wounde,  
 destroys the felye wyght.

Then ioynes with him Syr *Abstinence*  
 with ayde and succours newe,  
 And both vpon the gresye Hoaste,  
 of Glottonye they flewe.  
 The Captayn doth aduaunce hymself  
 with *Abstinence* to meete,  
 The vnweldy Creature smitten there  
 is tumbled vnder feete.  
 Then *Fancie* flies *Incontinence*  
 and all *Cupidoes* frendes,  
 Beholdyng Fortune thus to frowne,  
 by flyght them selfe defendes.  
*Cupido* whan he sees hymselfe,  
 thus spoylde of all his ayde,  
 The chyef Supporters of his Courte,  
 so fodaynly decayde.  
 Bad turne his Charyottes than with haste  
 and fast away he flies,  
 Amongst the chaste *Hipolitus*  
 on swyftye Courser hyes,  
 Than all with Ioye they after run,  
 downe thycke the enemyes fall,  
 The blinded boy, for succour straight  
 to *Venus* hie doth call,  
 But all his cryes auayleth not,  
 his Foes hym fast pursewe,  
 The dryuer of his Charyot soone,  
*Hipolitus* there slewe.  
 And down from Horse, the wretche doth fall.  
 The horses spoyld of guyde,  
 A Souldier stoute of *Reasons* bande,  
 is wylled there to ryde.  
 Who tur[n]yng Raynes another waye  
 restrayns hym of his flyght,  
 His Honours lost and taken thus,  
*Cupide* in dolfull plyght.  
 These wordes with tremblyng voyce began  
 syth Fortune thus quoth he,

Hath giuen her doome from doubtfull brest  
 and turnd her Grace from me.  
 Syth that the most miſfortune nowe,  
 that euer I could fynd,  
 Hath chaunced to me and Myſer I,  
 by Deſtenyes aſſygnde.  
 Am Captiue heare, conſydre yet,  
 what Fortune myght haue wrought  
 And made a Conquerer of me,  
 and you in Bondage brought.  
 Conſydre yet the wofull plyght,  
 wherein you had remaynd,  
 If that the Gods my happy ſtate,  
 had not ſo fore diſdaynd,  
 And by your Gryef, than meſure mine  
 ſhowe mercye in this caſe,  
 That Conquerour commended is,  
 who gyues to pytie place.  
 The cruell mynd diſprayed is,  
 In euery kynd of ſtate,  
 No man ſo hauty lyues on earth,  
 but ons may fynd his mate.  
 Theſe wordes *Hipolitus* I ſpeake,  
 to bread no farther ſtryfe,  
 I ſpeake not this of malyce heare,  
 my ſute is for my lyfe,  
 Syth Fortune thus hath fauord you,  
 graunt this my ſmall request,  
 And let me lyue yf mercy dwell,  
 within your Noble brest,  
 By this tyme *Morpheus* had diſperſt  
 the drowfy Clowd of ſleape,  
 And from my braynes the quyet traunce,  
 began full faſt to Creape.  
 And downward fell. I waked therwith  
 and lokyng round a bout,  
 Long tyme I muſed where I was,  
 my mynd was ſtyl in doubt.

Till at the length I vewde the tree,  
and place where as I fat,  
And well beheld the pleafaunt Spryng  
\* that late I wondred at.  
I fawe befyde the Golden Globe,  
of *Phebus* fhynyng bryght,  
That Westwarde halfe, dyd hyde his face  
approchyng fast the nyght.  
Eche Byrde began to shrowd hymself  
in tree to take his rest  
And ceaste the pleafaunt tunes yat late  
proceeded from theyr Breaſte.  
I homewarde went, and left them all,  
and restles all that nyght,  
I muſynge laye, tormented thus,  
with fond lamentyng ſpryght.  
When *Phebus* roſe to paſſe the tyme,  
and paſſe my gryefe awaye  
I toke my Pen and pend the Dreame  
that made my Muſes ſtaye.

¶ F I N I S.

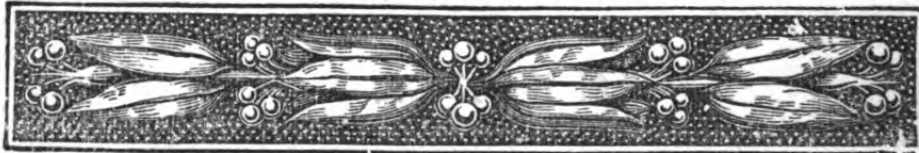
[\* This line is repeated. Appearing at the bottom of one page, and also at the top of the next.]

¶ Imprinted at London  
 in S. Brydes Churchyarde,  
 by *Thomas Colwell*, for  
*Raufe Nevbery*.

And are to be sold at his shop  
 in Fleetestrete, a lptle  
 aboue the Conduit.

1563.

15. *Die Mensis March.*



¶ Faultes escaped in the Pryntyng.

[The whole of these corrections have been embodied in the Text.]

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*Muir & Paterson, Printers, Edinburgh.*

1 OCTOBER 1870.

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# Works in English Literature

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Illuminated sides, pp. xxxii.-64.

[WILLIAM TYNDALE, assisted by WILLIAM ROY.

The First *printed* English New Testament. , Cologne—Worms.  
1525. 4to.]

Photo-lithographed, by the permission of the Trustees of the British Museum, from the *unique* fragment in the Grenville Collection.

Briefly told, the story of this profoundly interesting work is as follows:—In 1524 TYNDALE went from London to Hamburg; where remaining for about a year, he journeyed on to Cologne; and there assisted by WILLIAM ROY, subsequently the author of the Satire on Wolsey, *Rede me and be nott wrothe* [see p. 11], he began this first edition in 4to; *with glosses* of the English New Testament. A virulent enemy of the Reformation, COCHLÆUS, at that time an exile in Cologne, learnt, through giving wine to the printer's men, that P. Quentel the printer had in hand a secret edition of three thousand copies of the English New Testament. In great alarm, he informed Herman Rinck, Senator of the city, who moved the Senate to stop the printing; but Cochlæus could neither obtain a sight of the Translators, nor a sheet of the impression.

Tyndale and Roy, fled with the printed sheets, up the Rhine to Worms; and there completing this edition, produced also another in Octavo, *without glosses*. Both editions were in England in Jan.-March, 1526; and of the six thousand copies of which they together were composed, there remain but this fragment of the First commenced edition; and of the Second edition, one complete copy in the Library of the Baptist College at Bristol, and an imperfect one in that of St. Paul's Cathedral, London.

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	(2) A Sermon preached the thyrd [or fourth] Sunday in Lent before the Kynges Maiestie, and his honourable counsell. 1550.	Lever,
4/	(3) A Sermon preached at Pauls Crosse, the xiiii. day of December 1550. <u>Eighteen Pence.</u>	Webbe
	<b>26. WILLIAM WEBBE, Graduate.</b>	3/
2/6	<i>A DISCOURSE OF ENGLISH POETRIE</i> . Together, with the Anthors iudgment, touching the reformation of our English Verse. London. 1586. <u>One Shilling.</u>	

∴ The following works are designed for publication in time to come. Their prices cannot be fixed with precision, but are approximately given. Ferrex and Porrex has been postponed; and

Newes from the North by F. T. [FRANCIS THYNNE], with RICHARD BARNFIELD'S Poems have not been inserted; some of the Texts not being accessible, at the present time. J. HOWELL'S Epistolæ Ho-Eliaenæ will be put to press as soon as No. 27 BACON'S Essayes, &c., is finished.

Large Paper Edit.	<p><b>27. FRANCIS BACON.</b>  <i>A harmony of the ESSAYES, &amp;c.</i>                      The four principle texts appearing in parallel columns; (1) Essayes. Religious Meditations. Places of persuasion and dissuasion. London 1597. (10 Essays.)                      Of the Coulers of good and euill a fragment. 1597.                      (2) The writings of Sir Francis Bacon Knt: the Kinges Sollicitor Generall: in Moraltie, Policie, and Historie. <i>Harleian MS.</i> 5106. Transcribed bet. 1607-12. (34 Essays.)                      (3) THE ESSAIES of Sir FRANCIS BACON Knight, the Kings Solliciter Generall. London 1612. (38 Essays.)                      (4) The Essayes or Counsels, Ciuill and Morall, of FRANCIS LO. VERULAM Viscount ST. ALBANS. <i>Newly Written.</i> 1626. (58 Essays.) <u>Three Shillings.</u></p>	Stiff Covers. Uncut Edges. Green Cloth, Red Edges.
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	<p><b>28. WILLIAM ROY, Franciscan Friar.</b>                      (1) <i>REDE ME AND BE NOTT WROTTE.</i> [Strasburg. 1527. This is his famous Satire on Wolsey.]                      (2) <i>A PROPER DYALOGUE BETWEEN A GENTLEMAN AND A HUSBANDMAN, &amp;c.</i> [Attributed to Roy] Marburg. 1530. <u>Eighteen Pence.</u></p>	
2/6		Vol. XIV.
	<p><b>29. SIR W. RALEIGH—G. MARKHAM.</b>  <i>THE LAST FIGHT OF THE REVENGE AT SEA.</i> (1) A report of the Truth of the fight about the Isles of Acores, this last Sommer. Betvvixt the Reuenge, one of her Maiesties Shippes, and an Armada of the King of Spaine. By Sir Walter Raleigh. London. 1591.                      (2) The most Honorable Tragedie of Sir Richarde Grinulle, Knight (. . .) <i>Bramo assai, poco spero, nulla chieggio.</i> [By GERVASE MARKHAM] London. 1595. [Two copies only are known, Mr. Grenville's cost £40.] <u>One Shilling.</u></p>	Roy,
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		Googe.
2/6		4/
	<p><b>30. BARNABE GOOGE.</b>  <i>EGLOGS, EPYTAPHES AND SONETTES</i> newly written by Barnabe Googe. London 1563. 15 March. <u>One Shilling.</u></p>	
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9. The Booke of Metals.
10. The description of the two viages made owt of England into Guinea in Affricke [1553, 1554].
11. The maner of fyndyng the Longitude of regions.

## INDEX.

∴ An abridged analysis of this voluminous work was issued in the previous catalogue (1 Dec. 1869); which will be found bound up with 'English Reprints' issued during this year, 1870.

**Imperial folio.****1001. PETRUCCIO UBALDINI—AUGUSTINE RYTHER.**

A Discourse concerning the Spanishe fleete inuadinge Englande in the yeare 1588 and ouerthrowne by her Maies- ties Nauie vnder the conduction of the Right-honorable the Lorde Charles Howarde highe Admirall of Englande : written in Italian by PETRUCCIO VBALDINI citizen of Florence, and translated for A. RYTHER : vnto the which discourse are annexed certain tables expressinge the generall exploites, and conflictes had with the said fleete.

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## FRONTISPIECE.

I. THE SPANISH ARMADA COMING INTO THE CHANNEL, OPPOSITE THE LIZARD; AS IT WAS FIRST DISCOVERED.

II. THE SPANISH ARMADA AGAINST FOWEY, DRAWN UP IN THE FORM OF A HALF MOON; THE ENGLISH FLEET PURSUING.

III. THE FIRST ENGAGEMENT BETWEEN THE TWO FLEETS. AFTER WHICH THE ENGLISH GIVE CHASE TO THE SPANIARDS, WHO DRAW THEIR SHIPS INTO A BALL.

IV. DE VALDEZ'S GALLEON SPRINGS HER FOREMAST, AND IS TAKEN BY SIR FRANCIS DRAKE. THE LORD ADMIRAL WITH THE 'BEAR' AND THE 'MARY ROSE,' PURSUE THE ENEMY, WHO SAIL IN THE FORM OF A HALF MOON.

V. THE ADMIRAL'S SHIP OF THE GUIPUSCOAN SQUADRON HAVING CAUGHT FIRE, IS TAKEN BY THE ENGLISH. THE ARMADA CONTINUES ITS COURSE, IN A HALF MOON; UNTIL OFF THE ISLE OF PORTLAND, WHERE ENSUES THE SECOND ENGAGEMENT.

VI. SOME ENGLISH SHIPS ATTACK THE SPANIARDS TO THE WESTWARD. THE ARMADA AGAIN DRAWING INTO A BALL, KEEPS ON ITS COURSE FOLLOWED BY THE ENGLISH.

VII. THE THIRD AND THE SHARPEST FIGHT BETWEEN THE TWO FLEETS : OFF THE ISLE OF WIGHT.

VIII. THE ARMADA SAILING UP CHANNEL TOWARDS CALAIS; THE ENGLISH FLEET FOLLOWING CLOSE.

IX. THE SPANIARDS AT ANCHOR OFF CALAIS. THE FIRESHIPS APPROACHING. THE ENGLISH PREPARING TO PURSUE.

X. THE FINAL BATTLE. THE ARMADA FLYING TO THE NORTHWARD. THE CHIEF GALLEASS STRANDED NEAR CALAIS.

LARGE MAP SHOWING THE TRACK OF THE ARMADA  
ROUND THE BRITISH ISLES.

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∴ *Other works may follow.*

# Annotated Reprints.

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BY VARIOUS EDITORS: UNDER MR. ARBER'S GENERAL SUPERVISION.

*Some Texts require the amplest elucidation and illustration by Masters in special departments of knowledge. To recover and perpetuate such Works is to render the greatest service to Learning. With the aid of Scholars in special subjects, I hope to endow our readers with some knowledge of the Past, that is now quite out of their reach. While the Editors will be responsible both for Text and Illustrations; the works will be produced under my general oversight: so that the Annotated Reprints, though of much slower growth, will more than equal in value the English Reprints.*

E. A.

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The Paston Letters have not however been half published. No literary use was made of them while accumulating in the family muniment room. William, 2nd Earl of York, the last member of the family, having encumbered his inheritance, parted with all his property. The family letters came about 1728 into the hands of the distinguished antiquary, Peter le Neve; afterwards, by his marriage to Le Neve's widow, to his brother antiquary Martin of Palgrave; on his death again, to a Mr. Fenn, from whom they were acquired by Mr. afterwards Sir John Fenn.

In 1787, Fenn published a small selection of the Letters in two volumes 4to; of which the first edition having been sold off in a week, a second appeared in the course of the year. He then prepared a further selection, of which two volumes appeared in 1789; the fifth volume being published after his death, in 1823.

Strangely enough, the Original Letters disappeared soon after their publication: and only those of the Fifth volume have, as yet, been recovered. There is no reasonable doubt that they still exist and will some day be found. There is no necessity, however, to postpone a new edition indefinitely, until they are again brought to light: for a comparison of the Fifth volume with its originals establishes Sir John Fenn's general faithfulness as to the Text; and therefore our present possession, in this edition, of the contents of the missing Manuscripts.

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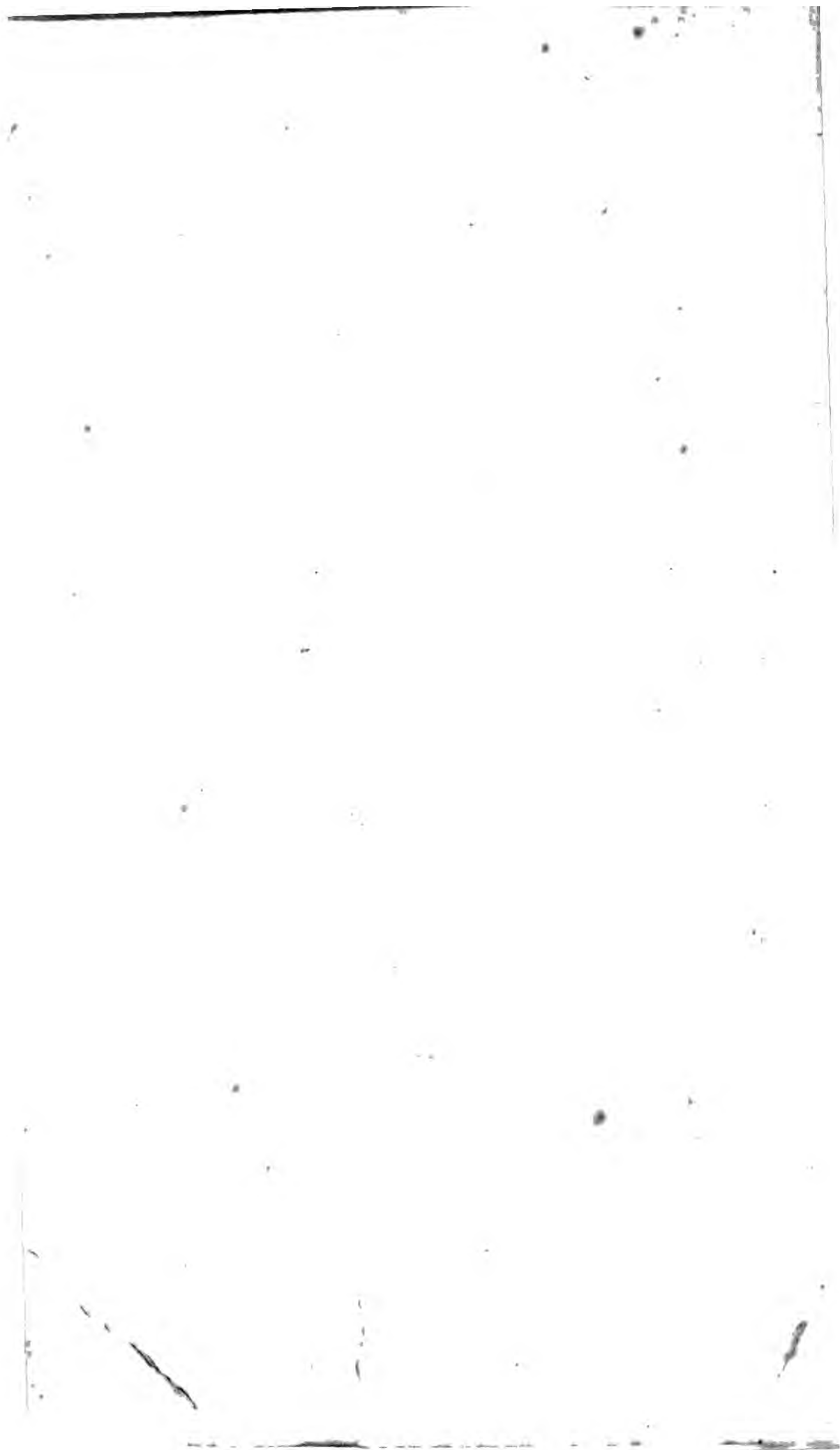
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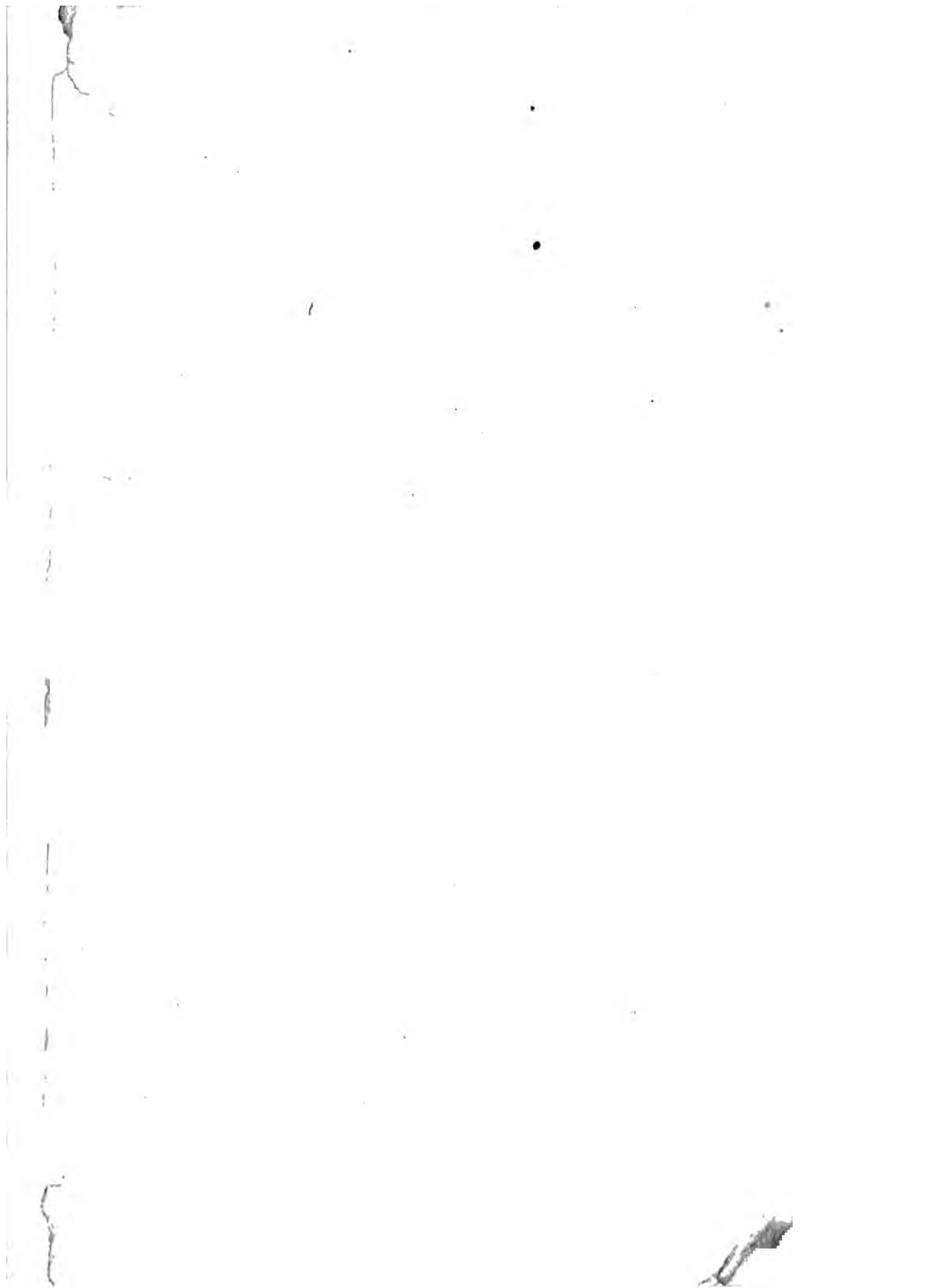
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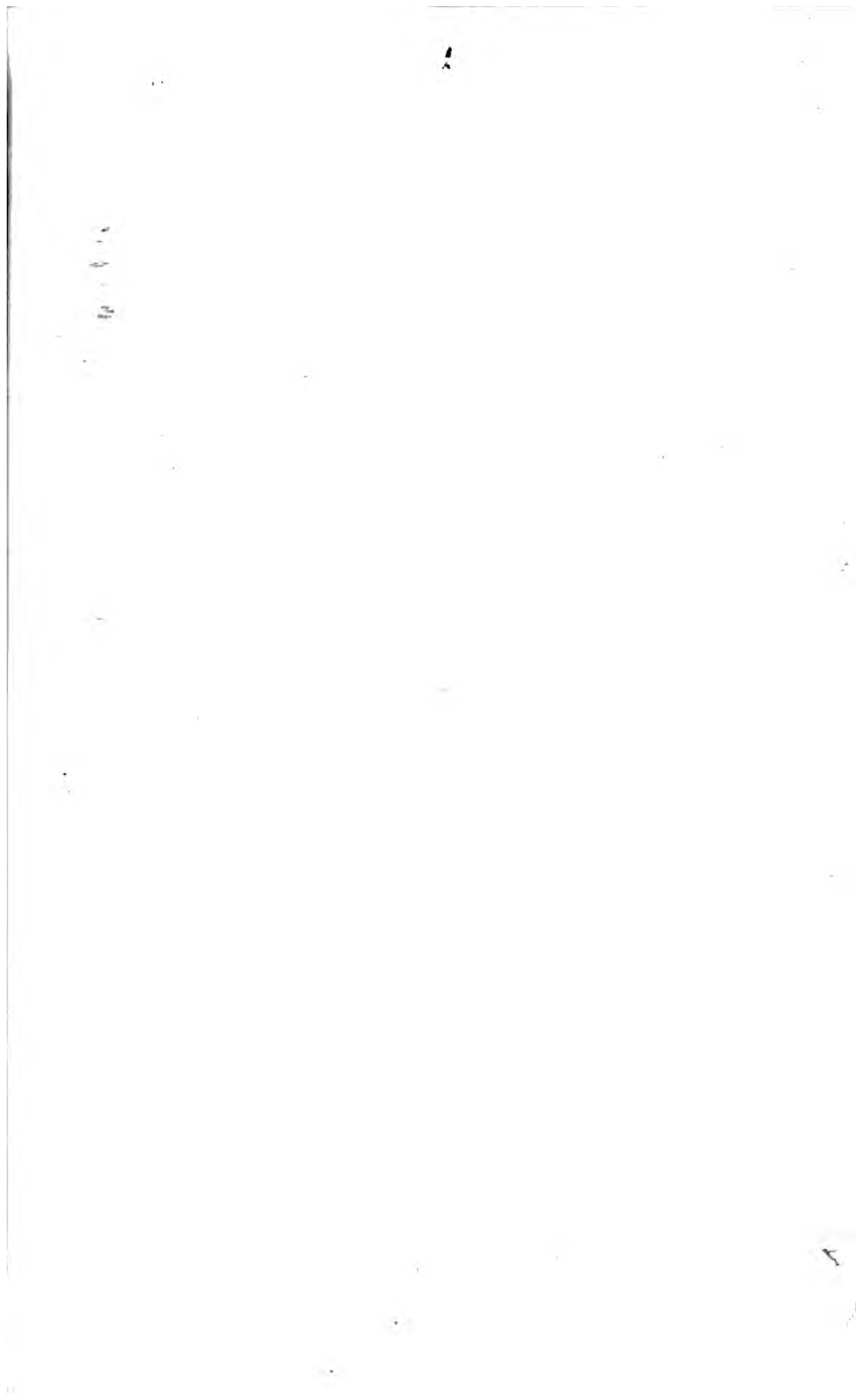
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