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Excerpta Tudoriana;

OR

EXTRACTS

FROM

ELIZABETHAN LITERATURE.

WITH

A CRITICAL PREFACE,

BY

SIR EGERTON BRYDGES, M.P.

..... "Silver hairs
Will purchase us a good opinion,
And buy men's voices to commend our deeds."

Julius Cæsar.



KENT:

Printed at the private Press of Lee Priory;

BY JOHNSON AND WARWICK.

1814.

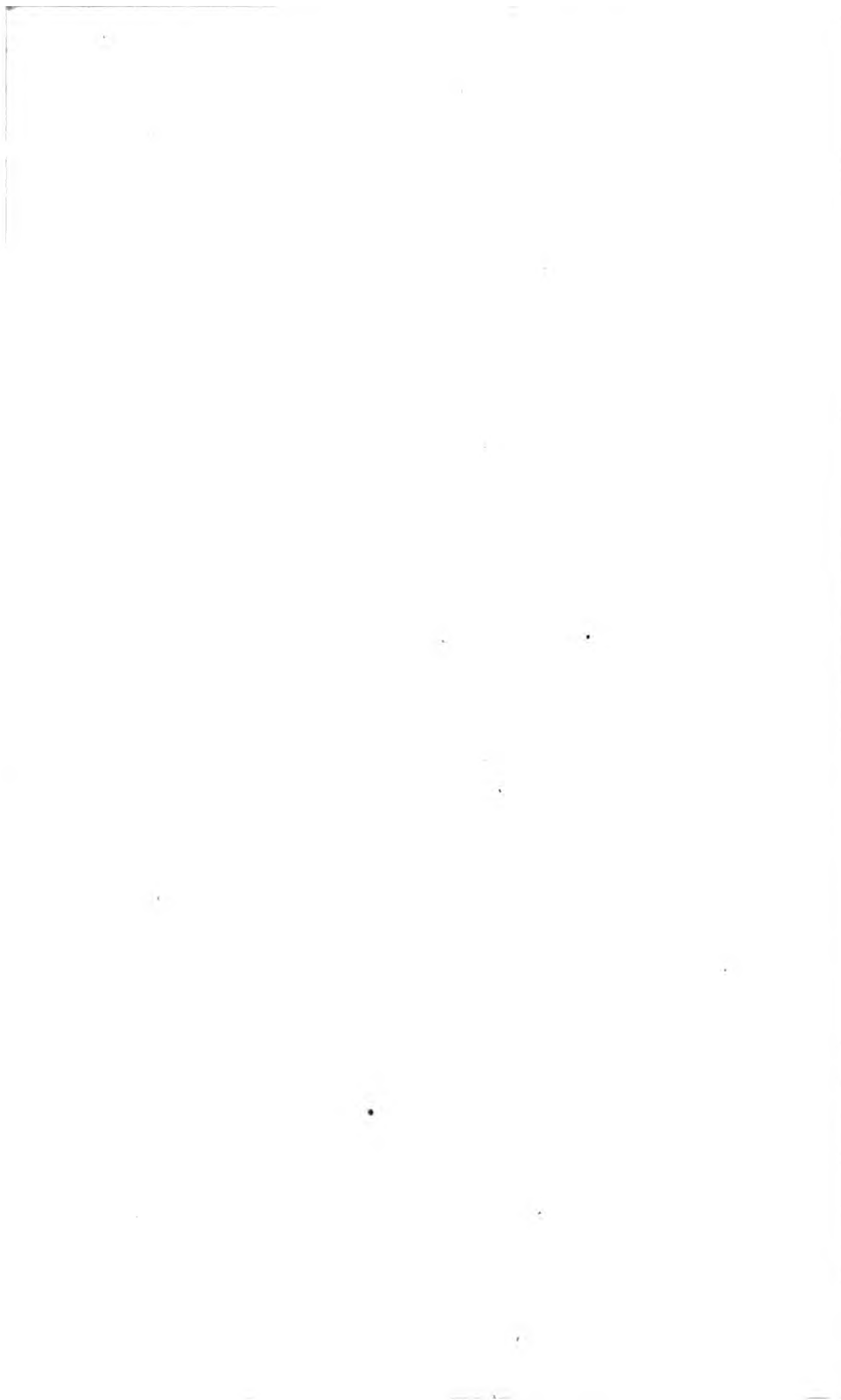
THIS EDITION
OF
EXCERPTA TUDORIANA;
OR
EXTRACTS
FROM
ELIZABETHAN LITERATURE:

EDITED BY
SIR EGERTON BRYDGES, K. J.

IS
THE SECOND PUBLICATION, IN OCTAVO,

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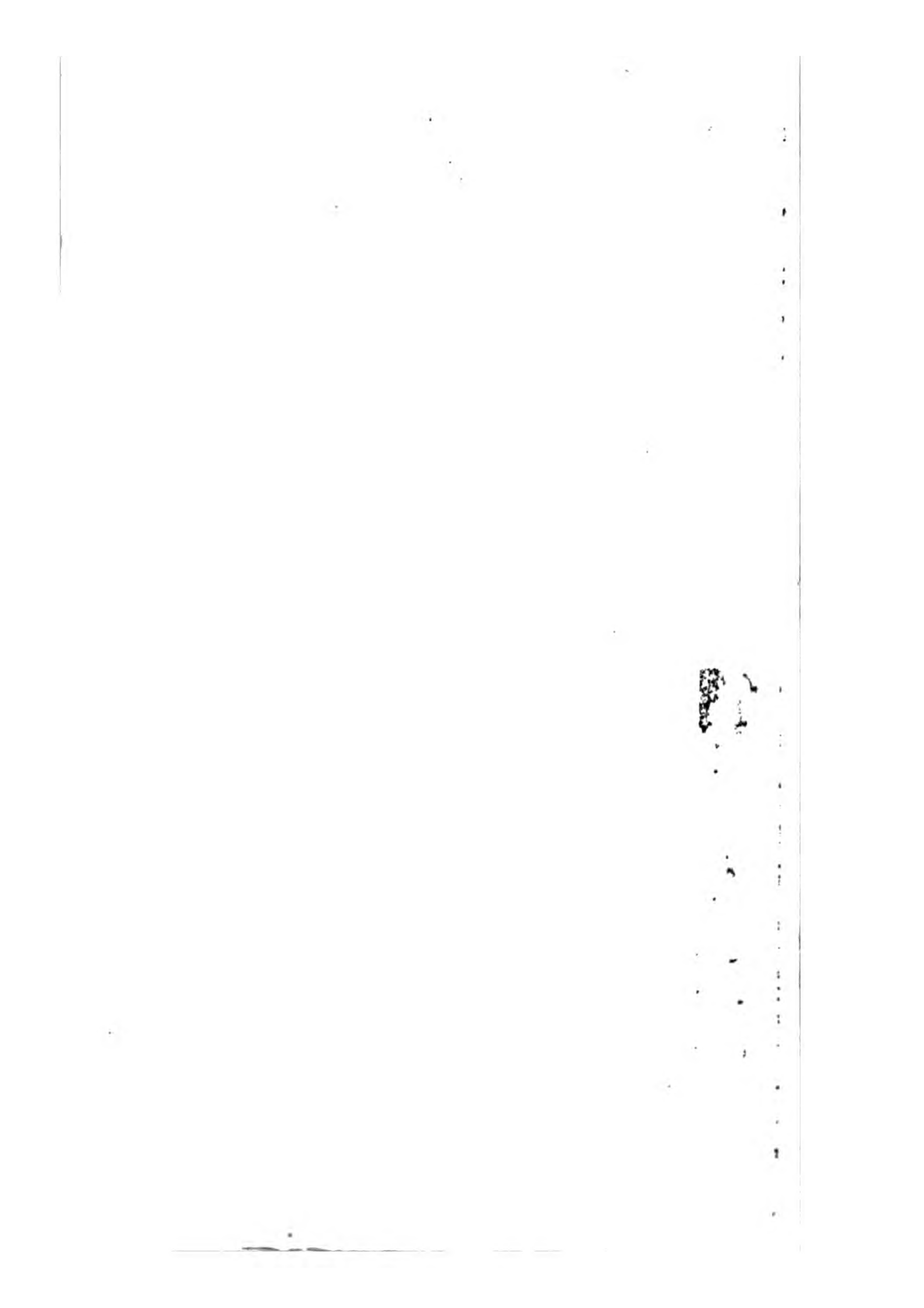


Y this small Collection of Elizabethan Poetry, drawn from the Lyrical and Pastoral writers of those days, whose productions are now become, from their rarity, almost inaccessible, the Reader, it is hoped, will acknowledge a valuable contribution to literary curiosity.

The names of the authors, who have furnished pieces to the present volume, are almost all of them familiar to the readers of '*Percy's Ballads*;' of '*Ellis's Specimens*;' and of the new editions of the '*Paradise of Dainty Devices*;' and '*England's Helicon*.' The principal of these are Robert Greene, Thomas Lodge, Nicholas Breton, Francis Davison, Thomas Campion, Robert Southwell, and William Hunnis: of each of whom the manner and character will be sufficiently illustrated by the ensuing pages.

The Editor trusts that with the conclusion of the Work he shall be spared leisure to give a Critical Introduction, gathered from a view of the whole Collection. This at present would be premature.

London, Dec. 16, 1814.



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^a Printed in "Davison's Poetical Rhapsody."

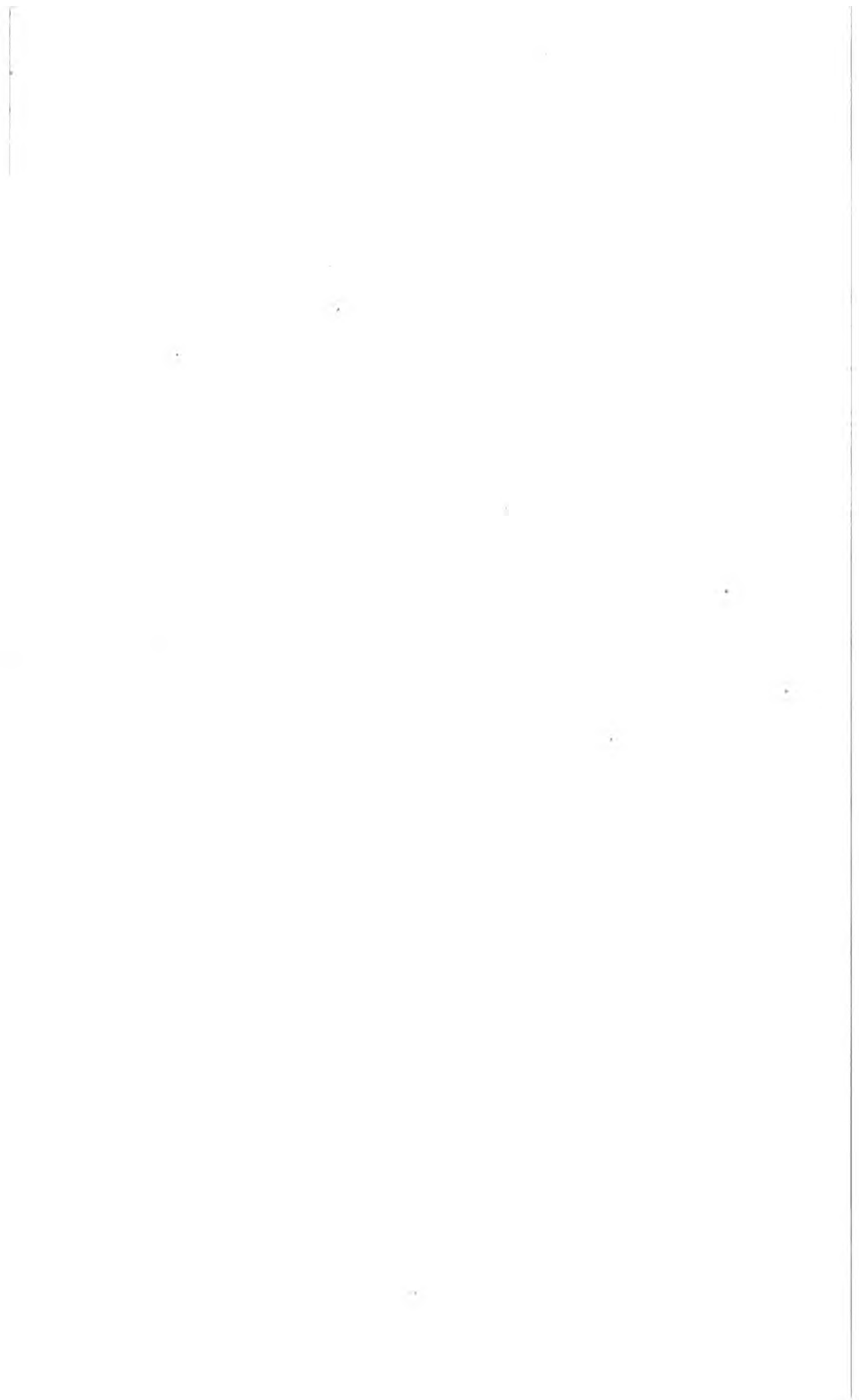
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Excrcpta Tudoriana.

N^o-I.

JAN. 1, 1814.

TO BE CONTINUED.

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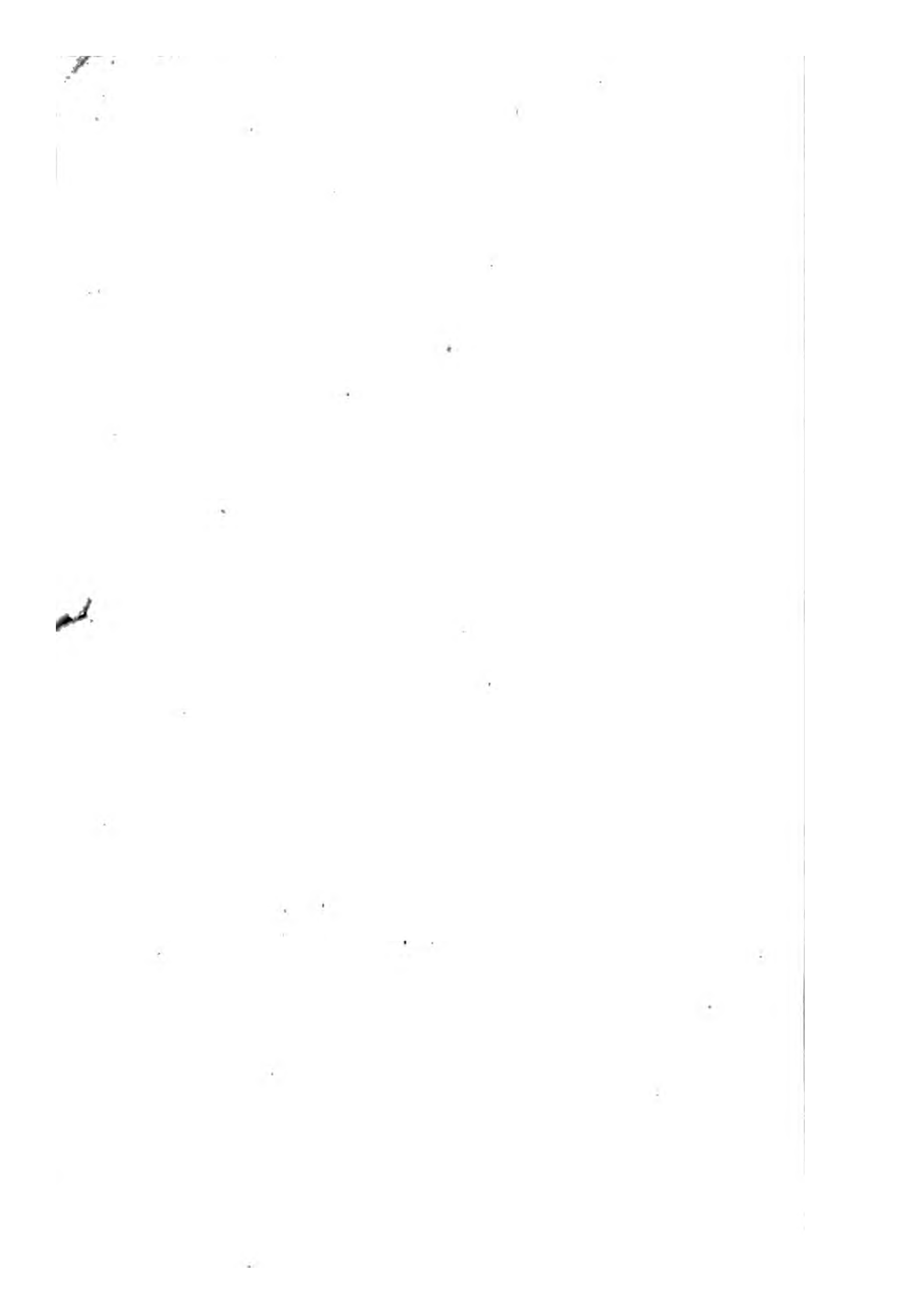
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Excerpta Tudoriana:

OR

EXTRACTS

FROM

ELIZABETHAN LITERATURE.

"Multa renascentur, quæ jam cecidere." HORAT.

~~~~~  
"Behold, how Time draws back the mantle deep  
From sleeping Truth, and shews her blooming form  
In all its youthful vigour, breathing love,  
And hope, and joy." ANON.

---





TO  
**JOSEPH HASLEWOOD, Esq.**

THESE

**EXCERPTA;**

OR

**SPECIMENS**

OF

**ELIZABETHAN LITERATURE,**

ARE

**DEDICATED,**

BY

**HIS SINCERE,**

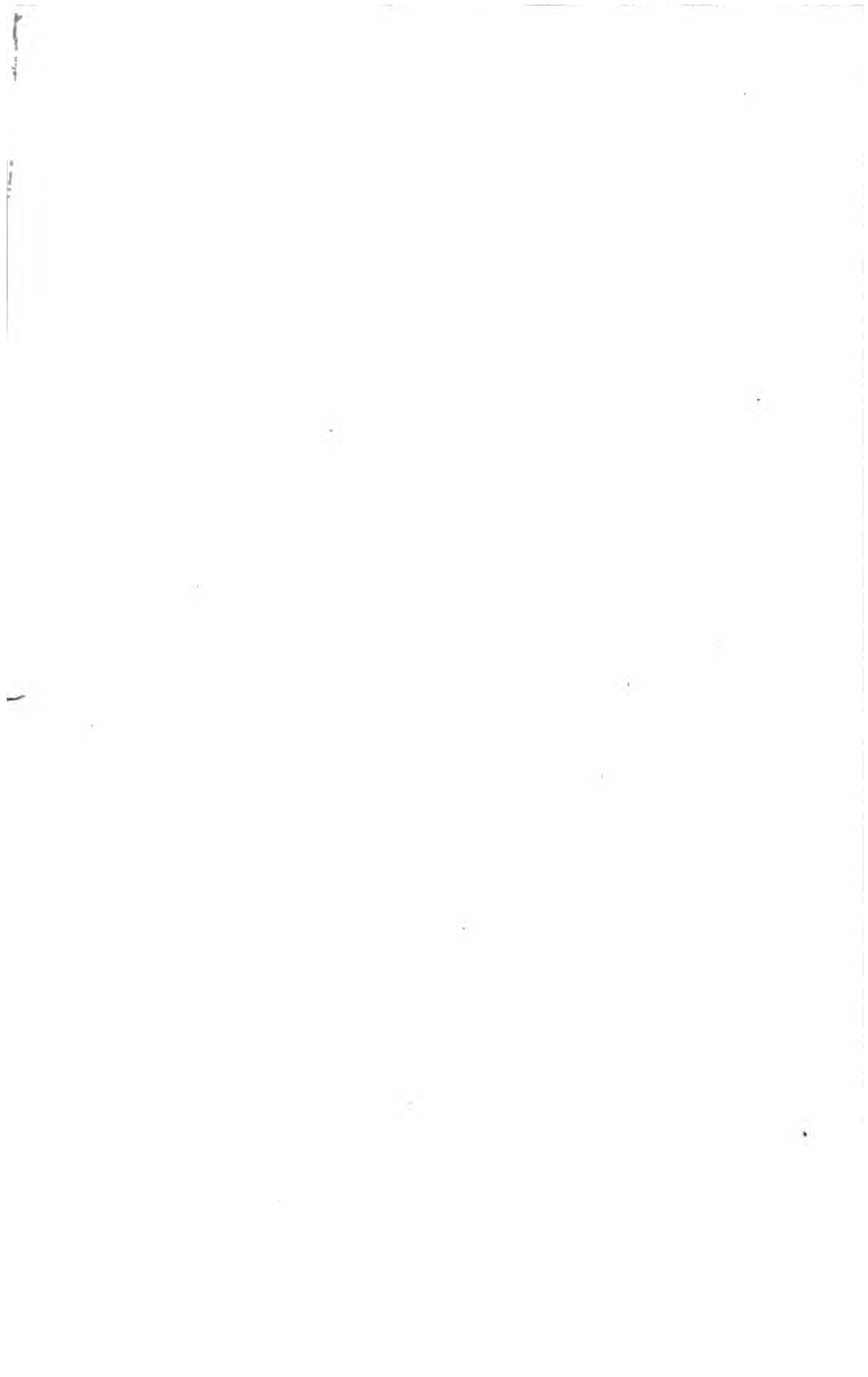
AND

**MUCH OBLIGED FRIEND,**

**S. E. BRYDGES.**

*Dec. 21, 1813.*





**EXCERPTA TUDORIANA:**  
OR  
EXTRACTS  
FROM  
**ELIZABETHAN LITERATURE.**

---

*ADDRESS TO LONDON.*

*From Greene's & Lodge's Looking-Glass, 1598.<sup>a</sup>*

**JONAS, THE PROPHET.**



**E**ND on in peace, and prosecute this  
course,  
You Islanders, on whom the milder air  
Doth sweetly breathe the balm of kind  
increase;

Whose lands are fattened with the dew of heaven,  
And made more fruitful than Actean plains!  
You, whom delicious pleasures dandle soft,  
Whose eyes are blinded with security,  
Unmask yourselves, cast error clean aside!  
O London, maiden of the Mistress Isle,  
Wrapp'd in the folds and swathing clouts of shame,  
In thee more sins than Nineveh contains!  
Contempt of God, despite of reverend age,

---

<sup>a</sup> "A Looking-Glasse for London and Englande. Made by Thomas Lodge, Gentleman, and Robert Greene, in Artibus Magister. London, printed by Thomas Creede, and are to be sold by William Barley, at his Shop in Gracious Street, 1598." 4to.

4 . . . . Excerpta Tudoriana.

---

Neglect of law, desire to wrong the poor,  
Corruption, whoredom, drunkenness, and pride!  
Swoln are thy brows with impudence and shame.  
O proud adulterous glory of the West,  
Thy neighbours burn, yet dost thou feel no fire!  
Thy preachers cry, yet dost thou stop thy ears;  
The larum rings, yet sleepest thou secure!  
London, awake! for fear the Lord doth frown;  
I set a *Looking-glass* before thine eyes.  
O turn, O turn, with weeping to the Lord,  
And think the prayers and virtues of thy Queen,  
Defers the plague, which otherwise would fall!  
Repent, O London! lest for thine offence  
Thy Shepherd fail, whom mighty God preserve,  
That she may bide the pillar of his church,  
Against the storms of Romish Antichrist!<sup>b</sup>  
The hand of Mercy overshadowed her head;  
And let all faithful subjects say, Amen!

---

TO LONDON.

OSEAS, THE PRIEST.

INIQUITY seeks out companions still,  
And mortal men are armed to do ill:

---

<sup>b</sup> Lodge is said to have been a papist: he could not be so, when this was written.

London, look on! this matter nips thee near;  
Leave off thy riot, pride, and sumptuous cheer;  
Spend less at board, and spare not at the door;  
But aid the infant, and relieve the poor:  
Else seeking mercy, being merciless,  
Thou be adjudg'd to endless heaviness!

---

*TO LONDON.*

OSEAS.

**W**HEN disobedience reigneth in the child,  
And princes' ears by flattery be beguil'd;  
When laws do pass by favour, not by truth;  
When Falsehood swarmeth both in old and youth;  
When gold is made a God to wrong the poor,  
And Charity exil'd from rich mens' door;  
When men by wit do labour to disprove  
The plagues for sin sent down by Gods above;  
Where great mens' ears are stopp'd to good advice,  
And apt to hear those tales that feed their vice;  
Woe to the land! For from the East shall rise  
A Lamb of Peace, the scourge of vanities;  
The judge of Truth, the patron of the Just,  
Who soon will lay presumption in the dust;  
And give the humble poor their heart's desire,  
And doom the worldlings to eternal fire!

6 . . . . *Excerpta Tudoriana.*

---

Repent, all you that hear, for fear of plagues!  
O, London! this and more doth swarm in thee!  
Repent, repent; for why the Lord doth see.  
With trembling pray, and mend what is amiss:  
The sword of justice drawn already is!

---

*TO LONDON.*

OSEAS.

**W**HERE servants against masters do rebel,  
The commonweal may be accounted hell:  
For if the feet the head shall hold in scorn,  
The city's state will fall, and be forlorn.  
This error, London! waiteth on thy state!  
Servants, amend; and masters, leave to hate!  
Let Love abound; and Virtue reign in all:  
So God will hold his hand, that threatneth thrall!

---

*TO LONDON.*

OSEAS.

**I**F, warned once, the Ethnic thus repent,  
And at the first their error do lament;  
What senseless beasts, devoured in their sin,  
Are they, whom long persuasions cannot win?  
Beware, ye western cities, where the word

Is daily preached both at church and board!  
Where Majesty the gospel doth maintain;  
Where preachers for your good themselves do pain!  
To dally long, and still protract the time,  
The Lord is just, and you but dust and slime.  
Presume not far; delay not to amend;  
Who suffereth long, will punish in the end.  
Cast thy account, O London! in this case;  
Then judge what 'excuse thou hast to call for grace.

---

*TO LONDON.*

OSEAS.

**W**OE to the trains of women's foolish lust,  
In wedlock rights that yield but little trust;  
That vow to one, yet common be to all!  
Take warning, wantons; pride will have a fall.  
Woe to the land, where warnings profit nought,  
Who say that Nature God's decrees hath wrought!  
Who build on Fate, and leave the corner stone,  
The God of Gods, sweet Christ, the only one!  
If such excesses, O London! reign in thee;  
Repent! for why, each sin shall punish'd be.  
Repent, amend, repent; the hour is nigh:  
Defer not time! Who knows when he shall die?

*TO LONDON.*

OSEAS.

**L**OOK, London, look! with inward eyes behold,  
What lessons the events do here unfold;  
Sin, grown to Pride, to Misery is thrall;  
The warning bell is rung, beware to fall!  
Ye worldly men, whom wealth doth lift on high,  
Beware and fear; for worldly men must die!  
The time shall come, where least respect remains;  
The sword shall light upon the wisest brains.  
The head, that deems to overtop the sky,  
Shall perish in his human policy.  
Lo, I have said, when I have said the truth;  
When will is law; when Folly guideth youth;  
When shew of zeal is prank'd in robes of zeal;  
When Ministers powl the pride of commonweal;  
When Law is made a labyrinth of strife;  
When Honour yields him friend to wicked life;  
When Princes hear by other ears than folly;  
When Usury is most accounted holy!  
If these should hap, as would to God they might not;  
The plague is near! I speak, although I write not.



*TO LONDON.*

OSEAS.

**W**HERE whoredom reigns, there murder follows fast,  
As falling leaves before the winter blast;  
A wicked life, train'd up in endless crime,  
Hath no reward unto the latter time:  
When Letchers shall be punish'd for their lust,  
When Princes plagued, because they are unjust,  
Foresee in time; the warning-bell doth toll;  
Subdue the flesh, by prayer, to save the soul.  
London, behold the cause of others' wreck,  
And set the sword of Justice at thy back:  
Defer not off! To-morrow is too late;  
By night he comes perhaps to judge thy state!

~~~~~  
SONG.

BEAUTY, alas! where wast thou born,
Thus to hold thyself in scorn,
When as Beauty kiss'd to woo thee,
Thou by Beauty dost undo me?
Heigho, despise me not!

I and thou in sooth are one;
Fairer thou; I, fairer none;

Wanton thou, and wilt thou, wanton,
Yield a cruel heart to plant on?
Do me right, and do me reason!
Cruelty is cursed treason.
Heigho, I love; Heigho, I love;
Heigho, and yet he eyes me not!

CRITICISM.



THESE Extracts from "*The Looking-Glass for England*," by Lodge and Greene, will probably not only please, but astonish the Reader of Taste. The *Address to London*, which commences in the first page of these EXCERPTA will lose little by a comparison with a celebrated passage of a similar tendency in "*Cowper's Task*," which must be familiar to every one, even without making allowances for the date of the composition.

Of the lives of Lodge and Greene, I have

given some account in other places.^a All their works are scarce; and none seem to have been less ransacked in modern days for specimens than the above play. If there are those who think that these investigations are the useless impertinences of literature, he, who reflects more deeply, who knows how to value the study of the progress of language, who loves to investigate the changes of manners, and to trace the history of the improvements of the human mind, will form a very different opinion of them. If our poetical phraseology has altogether been enriched and refined since the days of Queen Elizabeth, it has lost something of its strength, and a great deal of its simplicity. It is now too often marked by an artificial sweetness, or an artificial splendour, which, if it catches for a moment, soon satiates, and then disgusts. The vigour of thought, the idea prevailing over the dress in which it is clothed, characterized the literature of those days far above the present.

If there were no other advantage in a grow-

^a See new editions of "*Theatr. Poet. Angli.*"---"*England's Helicon,*" and "*Greene's Groats-worth of Wit.*"

ing familiarity with Elizabethan Literature, the increased taste which it will give us for all the varieties and all the beauties of Shakespeare's language will be an ample recompence: for I need not say, that in Shakespeare is to be found, above all uninspired writings, the most abundant and inexhaustible treasure of moral wisdom, fitted "to the bosom and business" of every human being, as well as of the most vivid and enchanting poetry.

But Shakespeare so far eclipsed his cotemporaries, that common and superficial readers are little aware how much merit is to be found even in them! Even Shakespeare's productions could not have existed without the aid of cotemporary literature, and the collision of other ingenious, though inferior intellects.

When Greene died at a premature age, (1592,) Shakespeare had just begun to attract notice; and we have seen in Greene's Address to his Companions, in the "*Groats-worth of Wit,*" that the pangs of envy and jealousy had begun their base operations in his bosom. If the superiority of another justifies jealousy, Greene had reason

to be jealous. Yet Greene himself was no common writer. He possessed a facility, (and I must contend, notwithstanding he has been accused of *Euphuism*,) a simplicity, of thought and language, which give even now the power both of interest and instruction to his works.

But every thing concurred, in the Elizabethan Æra, to give a vigour and a range to genius, to which neither prior nor subsequent times have been equally propitious. An heroic age, inflamed with the discovery of new worlds, gave increased impulse to fancies enriched by access both to the recovered treasures of ancient literature, and the wild splendours of Italian fiction. A command of language equal to the great occasion was not wanting. For what is there either in copiousness or force of words, or in clearness of arrangement, or in harmony, or grandeur of modulation, which Spenser at least has not given proofs that that age could produce?

The more, therefore, we study those early writers, the more shall we admire the variety and strength of our language. And I trust that in furnishing the modern reader of taste and

curious research with additional specimens to those with which he has, within the last few years, been not scantily enriched, from stores rarely accessible, I shall perform a grateful, and not entirely useless service. If he find no value or attraction in these extracts beyond their antiquity, I lose my aim. I will not fear to own that, in my humble judgment, most of them possess intrinsic merit. But let the reader candidly proceed, and judge for himself.

A GODLY AND VIRTUOUS SONG,
MADE BY
THE HONOURABLE THE EARL OF ESSEX,
Late deceased, in Anno Domini, 1576.



HEAVENLY God, O Father dear,
Cast down thy heavenly eye
Upon a wretch, that prostrate here,
Before thy throne doth lie!
O pour the precious oil of grace
Into my wounded heart;
O let the drops of mercy suage
The rigour of my smart!

My sinful soul oppressed sore
With careful clog of sin,
In humble-wise submits itself
Thy mercy for to win.
Grant mercy then, O Saviour sweet,
To me most woeful thrall;
Whose mournful cry to you alone
Doth still for mercy call!
Thy blessed name I have despis'd,
Upon a stubborn mind;
And to the sway of worldly things
Myself I have inclin'd.
Forgetting Heaven, and Heavenly powers,
Where God and Saints do dwell,
My life had like to tread the steps,
That lead the way to hell.
But O my Lord and Loadstone bright,
I will no more do so:
To think upon my former life
My heart doth bleed for woe!
Alas! I sigh; alas! I sob;
Alas! I do repent,
That ever my licentious life
So wickedly was bent.
Still thus therefore with doleful plaints
I do thy mercy crave,

O Lord, for thy great mercy's sake
Let me thy mercy have!
Restore to life the wretched soul
That else is like to die:
So shall my voice unto thy name
Sing praise eternally!
Now blessed be the Father first,
And blessed be the Son;
And blessed be the Holy Ghost,
By whom all things are done.
Bless me, O blessed Trinity,
With thy eternal grace,
That after death my soul may have,
In Heaven a dwelling place.^a

SLEEP.

SLEEP, Death's ally, oblivion of tears,
Silence of Passion, balm of angry sore,
Suspense of Loves, serenity of Fears,
Wrath's lenative, Heart's ease, Storm's calmest shore,
Sense's and Soul's reprieve from all cumpers,
Benumbing sense of ill with quiet slumbers!^b

^a Sloane MSS. Brit. Mus. 1896, p. 52.

^b Harl. MSS. f. 164.



GABRIEL HARVEY'S XIII.th SONNET.

~~~~~  
FROM HIS "GREENE'S MEMORIAL," 1592.  
~~~~~

HIS INTERCESSION TO FAME.

LIVE ever, valorous renowned knights:
Live ever, Smith and Bacon, peerless men:
Live ever Walsingham, and Hatton wise:
Live ever Mildmay's honourable name:
Ah! that Sir Humphry Gilbert should be dead:
Ah! that Sir Philip Sydney should be dead:
Ah! that Sir William Sackville should be dead:
Ah! that Sir Richard Granville should be dead:
Ah! that brave Walter Devereux should be dead:
Ah!- that the flower of knighthood should be dead:
What maugre deadliest deaths, and stoniest stones,
That cover worthiest worth, shall never die!
Sweet Fame, adorn thy glorious triumph new:
On Virtues all, and Honours all, adieu!

~~~~~  
*SONG.*

A MAN of late was put to death,  
For that he had his part  
Of stolen goods: should you then 'scape  
That stolen have my heart?



The law, you see, would you condemn,  
If I should plead my case;  
But sure to work you such despite  
I cannot have the face.

Yet Reason would, I should have 'mends;  
For that in any wise  
To have mine own restor'd again  
It will not me suffice.

You had my heart, when it was whole;  
And sound I know you found it.  
Would you then give it back again,  
When you have all to wound it?

The old law biddeth tooth for tooth,  
And eye for eye restore:  
Give then your heart to me for mine,  
And I will ask no more!<sup>a</sup>

---

*DIRGE.*

SITTING late with sorrows sleeping,  
Where heart bled, and eyes were weeping,

---

<sup>a</sup> Harl. MSS. 6910, fol. 158.

I might see from high descending  
Beauty mourning for Love's ending:  
When with her hands woeful wringing,  
She entomb'd him with this singing.

"Muses, now give over writing;  
Poets all, leave off enditing;  
Nymphs, come tear your tender hairs;  
Shepherds all, come shed your tears;  
Cupid's waxen but a warling;  
Death hath wounded Honour's darling.

Cursed Death, and all too cruel,  
Hast thou stolen mine only jewel?  
Doth the heavenly Fates so spite me,  
As on earth should nought delight me;  
And of such a love bereave me,  
As no love of Life should please me?

Go, my flock; go, leave your feeding;  
And your life lies now a bleeding;  
Whiles my Shepherd did attend you,  
Wolf nor tiger might offend you.  
But now he is dead and gone,  
I shall lose you every one.<sup>a</sup>

---

<sup>b</sup> This is like Sydney's manner; perhaps it may be found among his Poems.

Sorrows, now come show your powers;  
Earth, give over bringing flowers;  
Never tree let bear more fruit;  
Let all singing birds be mute;  
And let no more of Love be spoken;  
For the heart of Love is broken."<sup>a</sup>

And with that, as in a cloud  
She did all her shining shroud;  
When sweet Phillis gave such groans,  
As did pierce the very stones;  
That all the earth with sorrow shaken;  
And then poor Coridon awaked.<sup>a</sup>

---

*THE SEA.*

**W**HO life doth loath, and longs Death to behold,  
Before he die, already dead with fear;  
And yet would live with life half-stony cold,  
Let him to sea, and he shall see it there!  
And yet as ghastly dreadful as it seems,  
Bold men, presuming life for gain to sell,  
Dare tempt that gulf, and in those winding streams  
Seek ways unknown, ways leading down to hell!<sup>b</sup>

---

<sup>a</sup> Harl. MSS. 6910, f. 146.

<sup>b</sup> *Ibid.* f. 165.

*DESPAIR.*

AMONGST the groves, the woods, and thicks,  
The bushes, brambles, and the briars,  
The stubs, the shrubs, the thorns and pricks,  
The ditches, plashes, lakes, and mires,  
Where fish nor fowl, nor bird, nor beast,  
Nor living thing may take delight;  
Nor Reason's rage may look for rest,  
Till heart be dead with hateful spite;

Within a cave of years unknown,  
Whose hope of comfort all decays,  
Let me with Sorrow sit alone,  
In doleful thoughts to end my days;  
And when I hear the storms arise,  
That troubled ghosts do leave their grave,  
With hellish sounds, and Horror's cries,  
Let me go look out of my cave!

And when I feel what storms they bide,  
Which do the greatest torments prove,  
Then let me not my sorrow hide,  
Which I do suffer for my love!<sup>a</sup>

---

<sup>a</sup> Harl. MSS. 6910, f. 163.



PSALM CXXX.<sup>a</sup>

VERSIFIED BY FRANCIS DAVISON.<sup>b</sup>

FROM deep gulf of misfortunes  
O'erwhelm'd with miseries,  
Lord, I thine aid importune  
With never-ceasing cries.

O hear my lamentation;  
O view my restless tears;  
And to my supplication  
Bow down attentive ears!

My manifold abuses  
If thou behold in ire,  
Lord, I have no excuses  
To 'scape eternal fire.

---

<sup>a</sup> Harl. MSS. 6930, p. 92.

<sup>b</sup> This was Francis Davison, the Editor of "*The Rhapsody*," a curious collection of Elizabethan Poems, which is reprinting at the Lee Priory Press. He was son of the unhappy Secretary, whose story is so well-known. There is a simple vigour and harmony in these versifications, which gives them intrinsic merit.

The sixth stanza of this psalm appears to me to convey a beautiful image in the most simple and harmonious language.

It is not among the least attractions of these productions of Davison, that they exhibit such a happy variety of metre. Davison had a nice ear for the changes and modulations of lyric rhythm.

But since with true contrition  
My sins I wail and blame,  
Lord, save me from perdition,  
To fear and praise thy name.

Lord, thou art all my comfort,  
My Soul's sure prop and shield;  
My hopes in my discomfort  
Still on thy word I build.

My soul base earth despising  
More longs with God to be,  
Than rosy Morning's rising  
Tir'd watchmen watch to see.

Lay thy Hope's sure foundation  
In God, O Israel,  
O God, in whom salvation  
And boundless mercy dwell.

The leprous spots that stain thee  
He then will purify;  
Sin's fetters, that enchain thee,  
He gently will untie.



*PSALM XIII.*

-----  
By the same.  
-----

LORD, how long, how long wilt thou  
Quite forget, and quite neglect me?  
How long with a frowning brow  
Wilt thou from thy sight reject me?

How long shall I seek a way  
Forth this maze of thoughts perplexed  
Where my griev'd mind night and day  
Is with thinking tir'd and vexed!  
How long shall my stormful foe,  
On my fall his greatness placing,  
Build upon my overthrow;  
And be grac'd by my disgracing!

Hear, O Lord and God, my cries;  
Mock my foe's unjust abusing;  
And illuminate mine eyes,  
Heavenly beams in them infusing;  
Lest my woes, too great to bear,  
And too infinite to number,  
Rock me soon, 'twixt Hope and Fear,  
Into Death's eternal slumber!

Lest my foes their boasting make,  
    "Spite of right on him we trample;"  
And a pride in mischief take,  
    Hearten'd by my sad example!

As for me, I'll ride secure  
    At thy mercy's sacred anchor,  
And undaunted will endure  
    Fiercest storms of wrong and rancour!

These black clouds will overflow;  
    Sunshine shall have his returning;  
And my grief-dull'd heart, I know,  
    Into mirth shall change his mourning.  
Therefore I'll rejoice, and sing  
    Hymns to God in sacred measure,  
Who to happy pass will bring  
    My just hopes at his good pleasure.

---

*PSALM XXIII.*

---

By the same.

---

To St. Bernard's "*Cum mundus militat*," &c.

**T**HE Lord my pastor is; he tends me heedfully;  
He still supplies my wants with all things needfully.



In fields he pastures me, clad with amenity;  
Through which a silver brook slideth with lenity.

Through bushy labyrinths roaming audaciously,  
Ready to lose myself, my Shepherd graciously  
For his name's glory's sake eftsoons reduced me  
Unto his holy fold, whence Sin seduced me.

Yea, through Death's vallies, a fruitful obscurity,  
If I should walk, I should walk in security,  
If thou dost guard me; for in tribulation  
Thy rod and sheep-hook are my consolation.

Before mine enemies, enviously vicious,  
Thou hast prepar'd my board with meats delicious;  
With sweetly-swelling balms my head thou drowned hast,  
With sweetly-tasting wines my bowls thou crowned hast.

Thy love I need not doubt, and thy gratuity  
Shall me accompany to perpetuity;  
So in this house I shall, O bless'd condition!  
Of Heaven's endless joys here taste fruition!<sup>a</sup>

---

<sup>a</sup> From the same MSS. This is a curious specimen of the Dactylic measure.



*ON AMBITION.*

**O** COULD the mighty but give bounds to pride,  
And weigh back Fortune e'er she pull them down,  
Contented with enough, with honours satisfied,  
Not striving how to make so much their own,  
As to leave nothing for the rest beside;  
Who seem by their high-spreading overgrown,  
Whilst they themselves remain in all mens' sight,  
The odious mark of hatred and despite!

Then should not, O, so many tragedies  
Burden our knowledge with their bloody end,  
Nor their disgrac'd confounded families  
From so high pride to so low shame descend;  
But planted on that ground where safety lies,  
Their branches should t' eternity extend!  
But ever those that overlook so much,  
Must oversee themselves, their state is such.<sup>a</sup>

---

*SONG.*

**DISDAIN** that so doth fill me,  
Hath surely sworn to kill me,

---

<sup>a</sup> Harl. MSS. 6910, f. 123.


And I must die.  
Desire that still doth burn me,  
To life again will turn me,  
And live must I;  
O kill me then, Disdain,  
That I may live again.

Thy looks are life unto me,  
And yet these looks undo me:  
O death and life!  
Thy smile some rest doth shew me,  
Thy frown with war o'erthrow me;  
O peace and strife!  
Nor life nor death is either,  
Then give me both, or neither!

Life only cannot please me,  
Death only cannot ease me;  
Change is Delight.  
I live, that Death may kill me,  
I die, that Life may fill me;  
Both day and night.  
If once Despair decay,  
Desire will wear away.<sup>a</sup>

---

<sup>a</sup> Harl. MSS. 6910, f. 154.



---

---

*CUPID BENIGHTED.*<sup>a</sup>

~~~~~  
From Anacreon.
~~~~~

OF late what time the Bear turn'd round  
At midnight in her wonted way,  
And men of all sorts slept full sound,  
O'ercome with labours of the day:

~~~~~  
^a The following Translation of this Ode, in the subsequent century, from the scarce "*Poems of Thomas Stanley, Esq. 1651.*" 8vo. the learned Editor of "*Æschylus,*" and Author of "*The Lives of the Philosophers,*" deserves to be subjoined, that the Reader may compare it, for the purpose of remarking the progress of our language.

ANACREON. ODE III.

◆
LOVE'S NIGHT-WALK.

DOWNWARD was the wheeling Bear
Driven by the waggoner:
Men by powerful sleep opprest
Gave their busy troubles rest:
Love in this still depth of night
Lately at my house did light;
Where perceiving all fast lock'd,
At the door he boldly knock'd.
"Who's that," said I, "that does keep
Such a noise, and breaks my sleep?"
"Ope," saith Love, "for pity hear;
'Tis a child; thou need'st not fear,
Wet and weary from his way
Led by this dark night astray."
With compassion this I heard;
Light I struck; the door unbarr'd;
Where a little boy appears,
Who wings, bow, and quiver bears.

The God of Love came to my door,
And took the ring, and knock'd it hard:
"Who's there," quoth I, "that knocks so sore?
You break my sleep; my dreams are marr'd!"
"A little Boy, forsooth," quoth he;
"Dring wet with rain this moonless night."
With that methought it pitied me;
I op'd the door, and candle light;
And straight a little boy I spied;
A winged lad with shaft and bow;
I took him to the fire-side,
And set him down to dry him so:
His little hand in mine I strain,
To rub and warm them there-withall;
Out of his locks I crush'd the rain,
From which the drops apace down fall;

Near the fire I made him stand;
With my own I chaf'd his hand;
And with kindly busy care
Wrung the chill drops from his hair.
When well-warm'd he was, and dry,
"Now," saith he, "'tis time to try
If my bow no hurt did get;
For methinks the string is wet."
With that, drawing it, a dart
He let fly that pierc'd my heart.
Leaping then, and laughing said,
"Come, my friend, with me be glad;
For my bow, thou seest, is sound,
Since thy heart hath got a wound."

At last, when he was waxen warm;
 " Now let me try my bow," quoth he;
" I fear my string hath caught some harm;
 And wet, will prove too slack for me."
He said; and bent his bow and shot;
 And rightly hit me in the heart.
The wound was sore, and raging hot;
 The heat-like fury ekes my smart.
" Mine host," quoth he, " my string is well:"
 And laugh'd so, that he leap'd again;
" Look to your wound, for fear it swell;
 Your heart may chance to feel the pain."^b

ON FORTITUDE OF MIND.

VIRTUE can bear, what can on Virtue fall;
 Who cheapeneth Honour, must not stand on price;
Who beareth Heaven, they say, can well bear all;
 A yielding mind doth argue cowardice;
Our haps do turn, as chances, on the dice.
 Nor never let him from this hope remove,
 That under him hath mould, the stars above!

^b Harl. MSS. 6910, f. 145.

^b Stanley's Translation of this Ode is very well; but I very much doubt whether this old Version is not more spirited; and on the whole still better. Such specimens of the gradual progress of language are curious and useful.

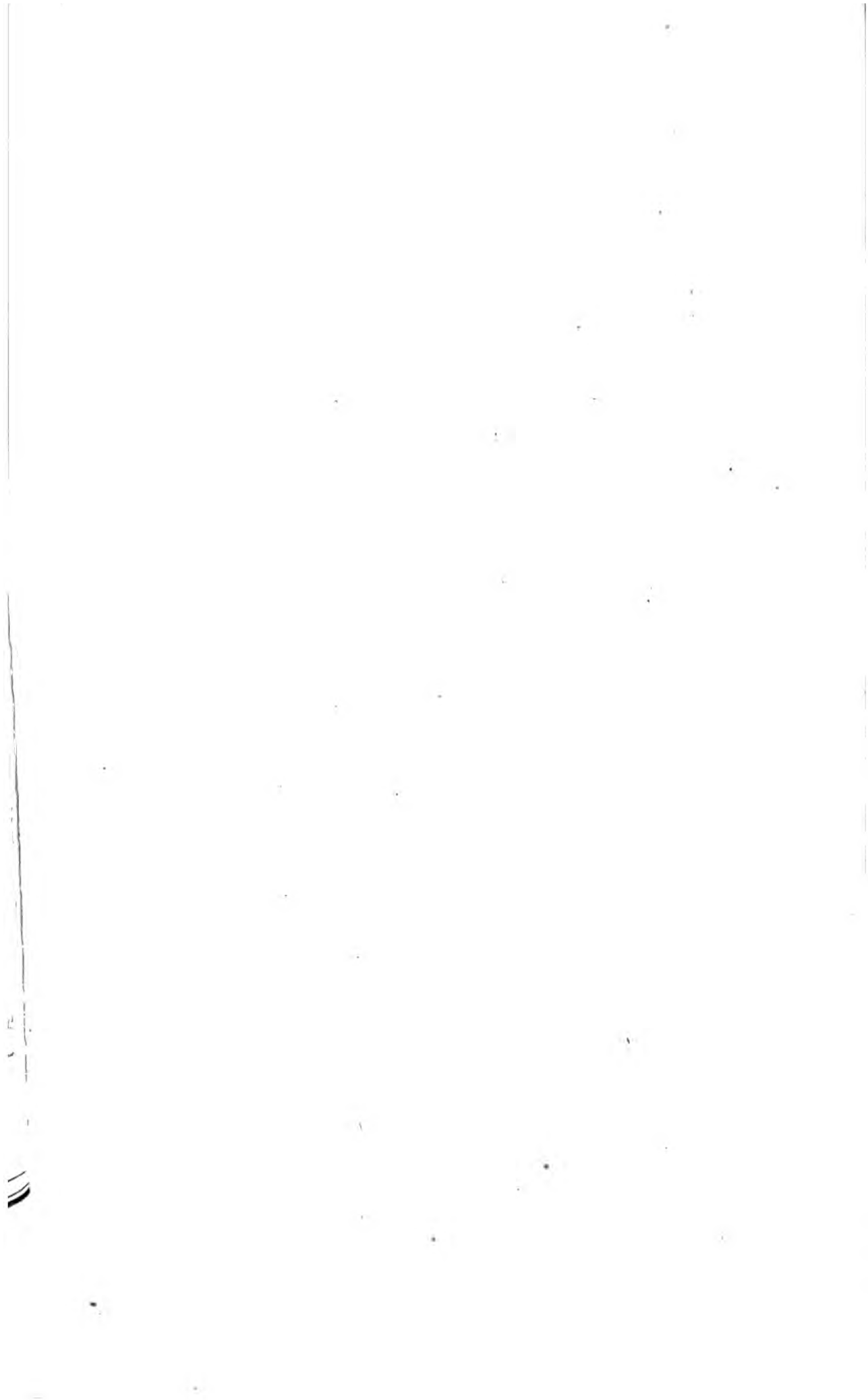
Let dull-brain'd slaves contend for mud and earth;
Let blocks and stones sweat but for blocks and stones;
Let peasants speak of plenty and of dearth;
Fame never looks so low as on those drones!
Let Courage manage empires, sit on thrones!
And he that Fortune at command will keep,
He must be sure, he never let her sleep.

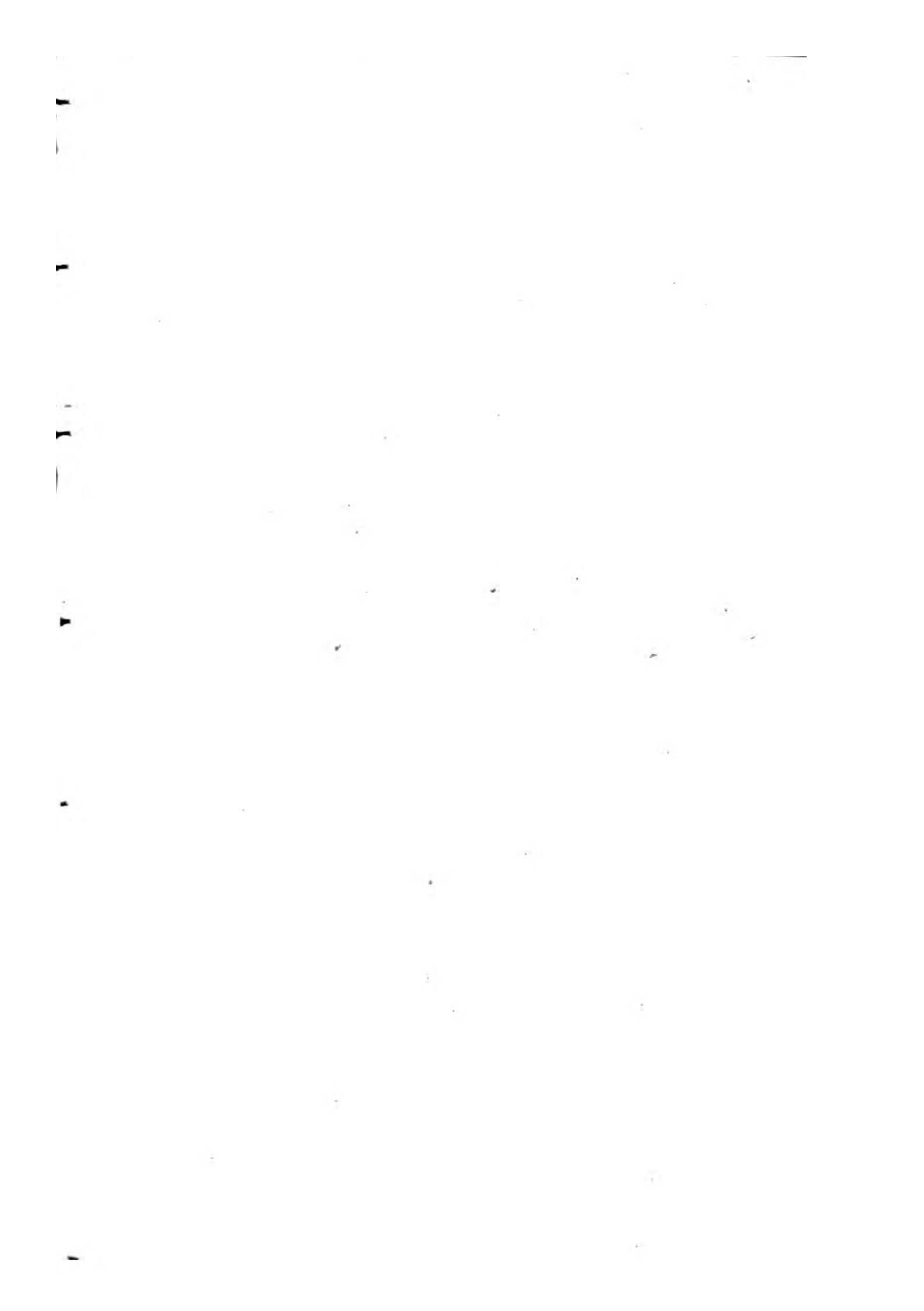
Who wins her grace, must with achievement woo her;
As she is blind, so never had she ears;
Nor must with puling eloquence go to her;
She understands not sighs; she hears not prayers;
Flatter'd she flies; controul'd she ever fears;
And though awhile she nicely do forsake it,
She is a woman, and at last will take it.

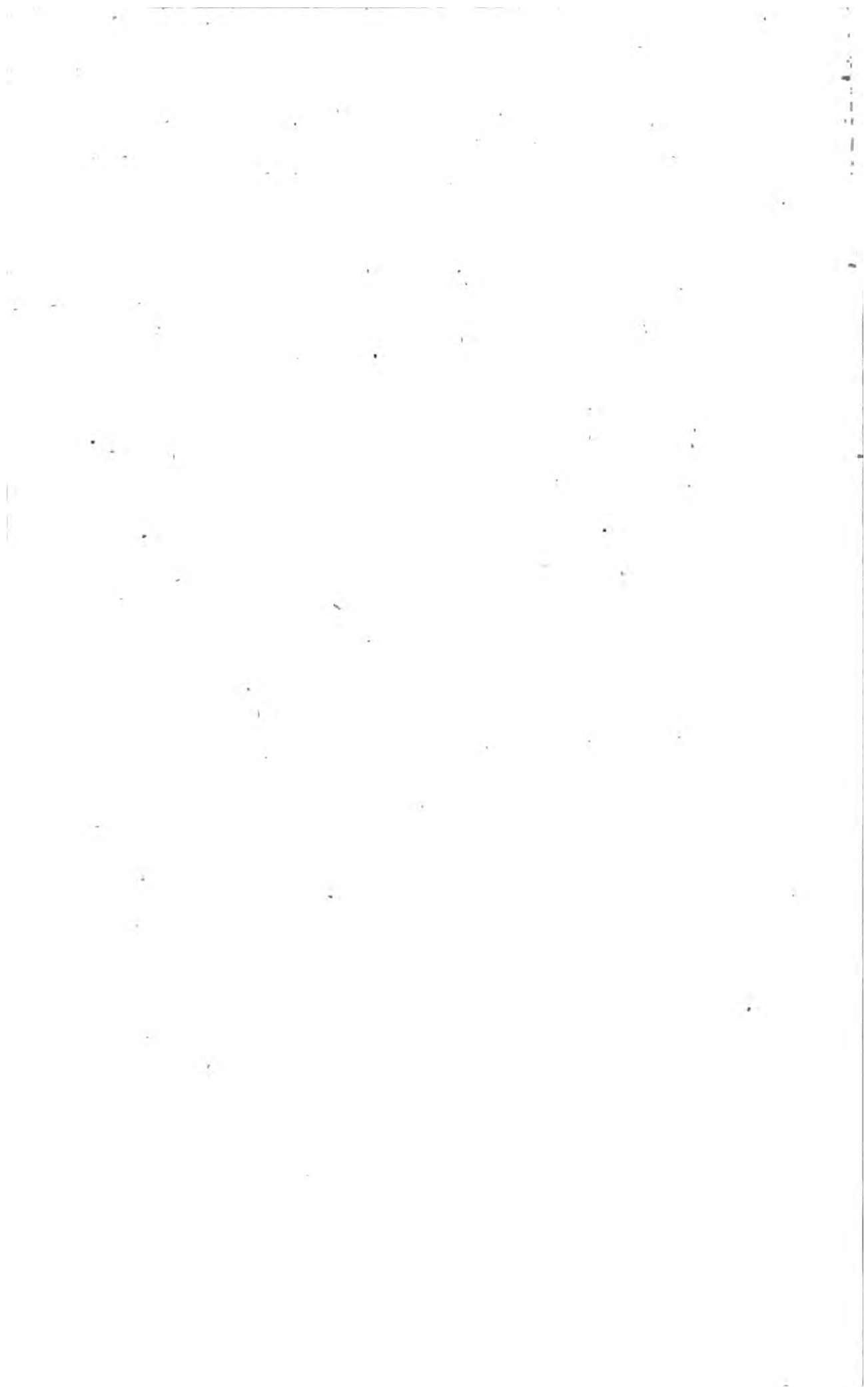
Nor never let him dream once of a crown,
For one bad cast that will give up his game;
And though by idle hap he be o'erthrown,
Yet let him manage her, till she be tame:
The path is set with danger leads to Fame.
When Minos did the Grecians' fate deny,
He made him wings, and mounted through the sky.^a

^a Harl. MSS. 6910, f. 125.









Excerpta Tudoriana.

Nº II.

JULY 11, 1814.

TO BE CONTINUED.

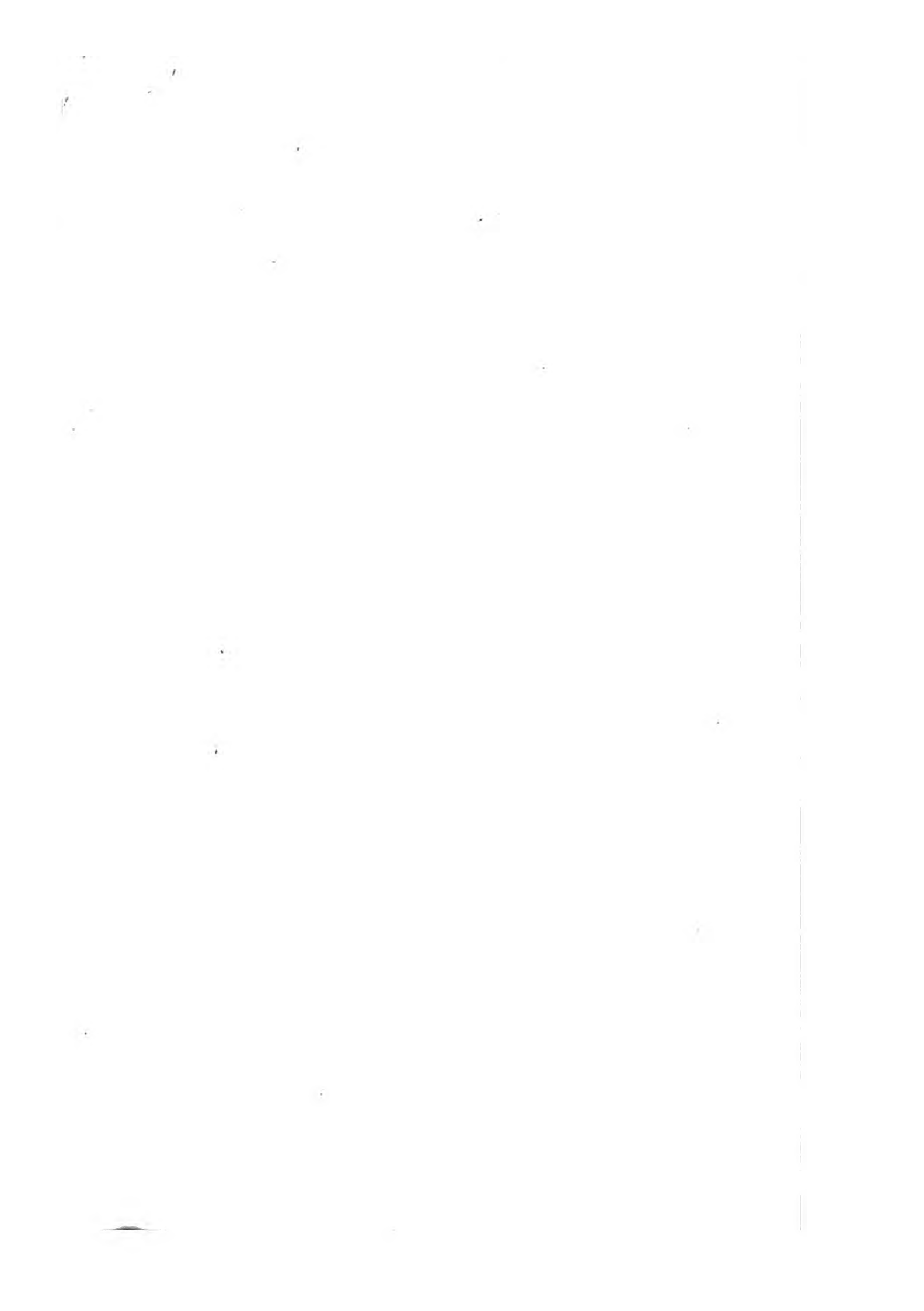
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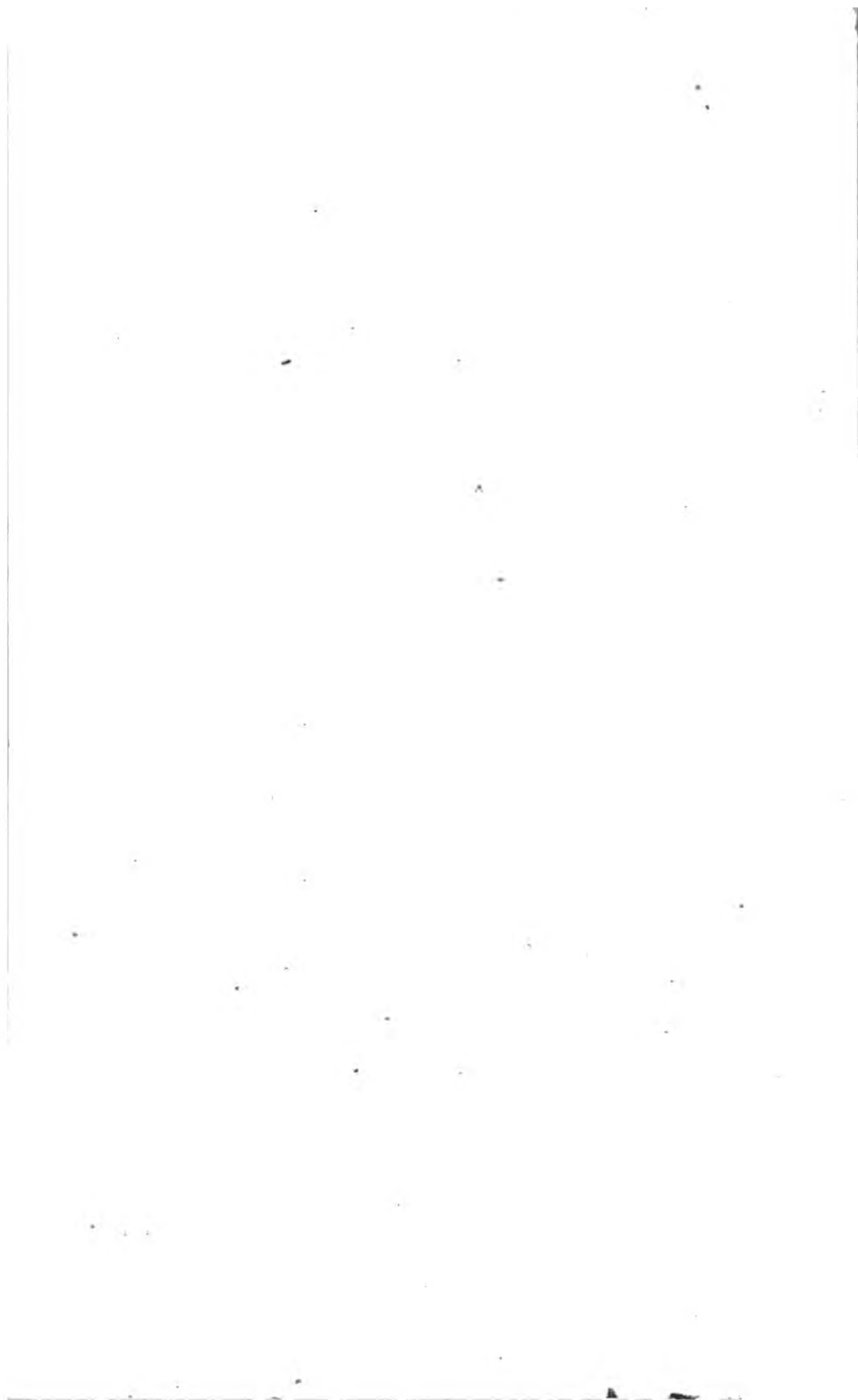
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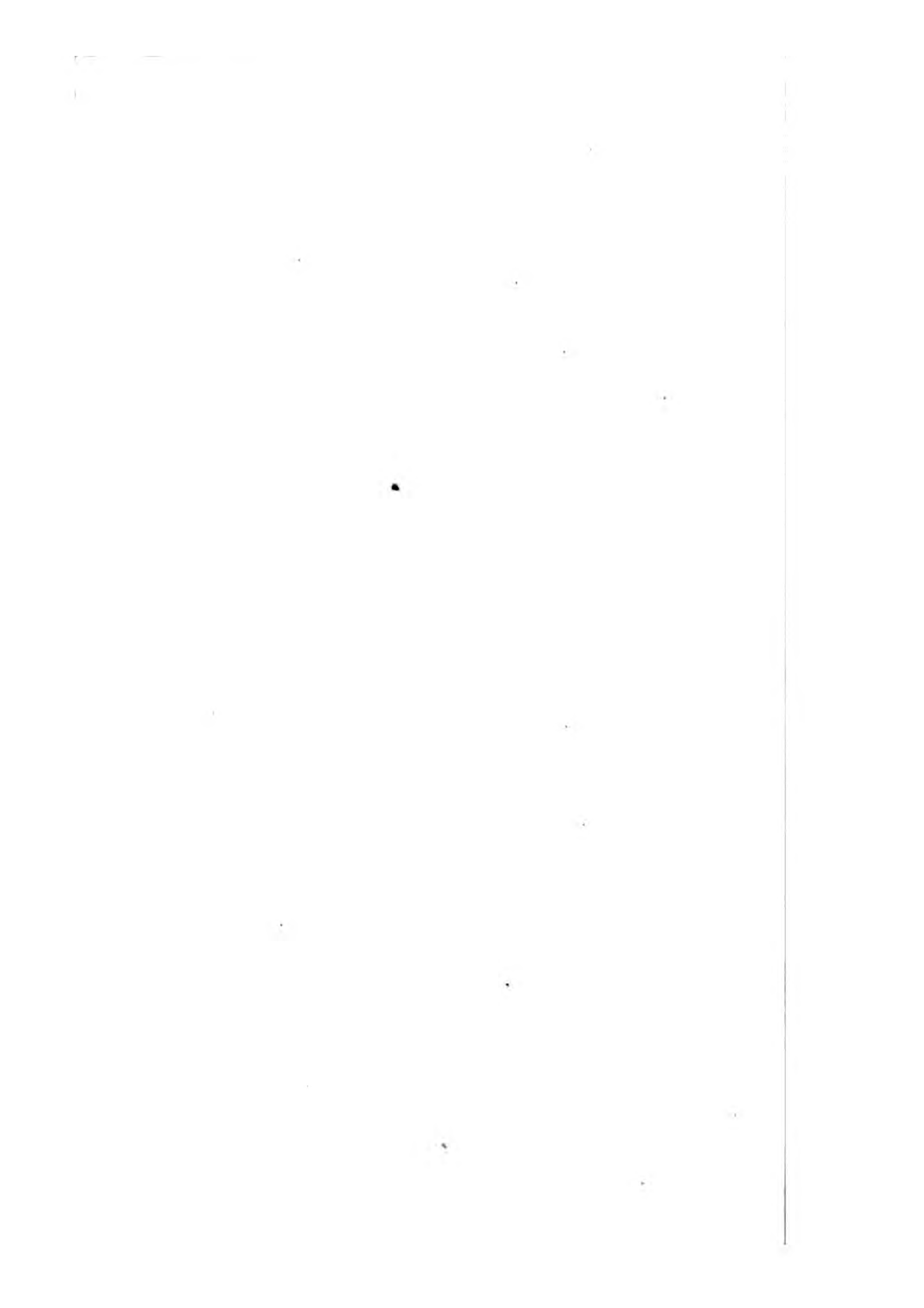
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STANZAS BY ROBERT DEVEREUX,
SECOND EARL OF ESSEX.

MUSES no more, but *Mazes* be your names,
Where Discord's sound shall mar your concords sweet!
Unkindly now your careful Fancy frames,
When Fortune treads your favour under feet:
But foul befall that cursed cuckoo's throat,
That so hath cross'd sweet Philomela's note.

And all unhappy hatched was that bird,
That parrot-like can never cease to prate;
But most untimely spoken was that word,
That brought the world in such a woeful state;
That Love and Liking quite are overthrown,
And in their place are Hate and Sorrows grown.

Is this the honour of an haughty thought,
For Lover's hap to have all spite or love?
Hath wretched skill thus blinded Reason taught
In this conceit such discontent to move,
That Beauty so is of herself bereft,
That no good hope of ought good hap is left?

O let no Phœnix look upon a crow,
Nor dainty hills bow down to dirty vales!

Let never heaven an hellish humour know,
Nor firm Affect give ear to hellish tales!
For this in fine will fall to be the troth,
That puddle water makes unwholesome broth.

Woe to the world! The sun is in a cloud,
And darksome mists doth overrun the day;
In hope Conceit is not content allow'd;
Favour must die, and Fancy wear away.
O heavens, what hell! The bands of Love are broken;
Nor must a thought of such a thing be spoken!

Mars must become a coward in his mind,
Whilst Vulcan stands to prate of Venus' toys;
Beauty must seem to go against her kind,
In crossing Nature in her sweetest joys.
But, oh! no more! It is too much to think,
So pure a mouth should puddle water drink!

But since the world is as thy woeful pass,
Let Love's submission Honour's wrath appease!
Let not an horse be matched with an ass;
Nor hateful tongue a happy heart disease!
So shall the world commend a sweet conceit,
And humble Faith on heavenly Honour wait!^a

^a Harl. MSS. 6910, f. 151.

POEM.^a

By Thomas Campion.*

THOU shalt not love me; neither shall those eyes
Shine on my soul shrowded in deadly night;
Thou shalt not breath on me thy spiceries,
Nor rock me in thy quavers of delight!
Hold off thy hands! for I had rather die,
Than have my life by thy coy touch reviv'd!
Smile not on me, but frown thou bitterly;
Slay me outright; no lovers are long-liv'd!
As for those lips reserv'd so much in store,
Their rosy verdure shall not meet with mine;
Withhold thy proud embracements evermore;
I'll not be swaddled in those arms of thine!
Now shew it, if thou be a woman right;
Embrace and kiss; and love me in despite.

* Harl. MSS. 6910, f. 150. This MS. appears to have the date of 1596.

* Thomas Campion was author of "*The Art of English Poesie*, London, 1602." 12^{mo}. "*Relation of the Entertainment made by the the Lord Knowles for Queen Anne at Cawsame House, London, 1613.*" 4^{to}. "*Masque at Whitehall, London, 1613.*" 4^{to}. "*Masque at the Marriage of the Earl of Somerset and Lady Frances Howard, London, 1614.*" 4^{to}. &c.



ANOTHER.

~~~~~  
By the same.  
~~~~~

THRI**CE** toss those oaken asks in the air;
And thrice three times tie up this true-love's-knot;
Thice sit you down in this enchanted chair;
And murmur soft, "*she will, or she will not.*"
Go, burn those poison'd weeds in that blue fire;
This cypress gather'd out a dead man's grave;
These screech-owls feathers, and the prickly brier,
That all thy thorny cares an end may have!
Then come, you Fairies, dance with me around;
Dance in a circle; let my love be centre;
Melodiously breathe an enchanted sound;
Melt her hard heart, that some remorse may enter!
In vain are all the charms I can devise;
She hath an heart to break them with her eyes.

~~~~~  
*BEAUTY WITHOUT LOVE, DEFORMITY.*

~~~~~  
By the same.
~~~~~

**T**HOU art not fair, for all thy red and white,  
For all those rosy temperatures in thee;

Thou art not sweet, though made of mere delight;  
Nor fair nor sweet unless thou pity me!  
Thine eyes are black, and yet their glittering brightness  
Can night enlumine in her darkest den;  
Thy hands and bloody thoughts contriv'd of whiteness,  
Both black and bloody, if they murder men;  
Thy brows whereon my good hap doth depend,  
Fairer than snow, or lilly in the spring,  
Thy tongue which saves at every sweet word's end,  
That hard as marble, this a mortal sting.  
I will not soothe thy follies: thou shalt prove  
That Beauty is no Beauty without Love.

---

*ANONYMOUS.*<sup>a</sup>

**L**IKE Hermit poor, in pensive place obscure,  
I mean to spend my days of endless doubt;  
To wail such woes as time cannot recure,  
Where nought but Love shall ever find me out.  
My food shall be of care and sorrow made,  
My drink nought else but tears fall'n from mine eyes;  
And for my light in such obscured shade,  
The flames may serve that from my heart arise.

---

<sup>a</sup> Harl. MSS. 6910.

A gown of grief my body shall attire,  
And broken Hope shall be my strength and stay;  
And late Repentance, link'd with long Desire,  
Shall be the couch whereon my limbs I'll lay.  
And at my gate Despair shall linger still,  
To let in Death when Love and Fortune will."

---

*MENAPHON'S SONG.*

---

From "*Robert Greene's Arcadia.*" \*

---

**SOME** say love,  
Foolish love,  
Doth rue and govern all the gods;  
I say love,  
Inconstant love,  
Sets mens' senses far at odds.  
Some swear love,  
Smooth'd face love,  
Is sweetest sweet that men can have:  
I say love,  
Sour love,  
Makes Virtue yield as Beauty's slave.  
A bitter sweet, a folly worst of all,  
That forceth Wisdom to be Folly's thrall.

---

\* Edition 1616.

Love is sweet,  
Wherein sweet,  
In fading pleasure that do fain:  
Beauty sweet,  
Is that sweet,  
That yields sorrow for a gain:  
If Love's sweet,  
Herein sweet,  
That minute's joys are monthly woes;  
'Tis not sweet,  
That is sweet,  
No where but where repentance grows;  
Then love who list, if beauties be so sour,  
Labour for me, Love rest in prince's bower!

---

*SEPHESTIA'S SONG TO HER CHILD.*

---

From the same.

---

**W**EEP not my wanton, smile upon my knee;  
When thou art old, there's grief enough for thee!  
Mother's wag, pretty boy,  
Father's sorrow, father's joy,  
When thy father first did see  
Such a boy by him and me,

He was glad, I was woe,  
Fortune's change made him so:  
When he had left his pretty boy,  
Last his sorrow, first his joy.  
Weep not my wanton, smile upon my knee;  
When thou art old, there's grief enough for thee!

Streaming tears that never stint,  
Like pearl drops from a flint,  
Fell by course from his eyes,  
That one another's place supplies:  
Thus he griev'd in every part,  
Tears of blood fell from his heart,  
When he left his pretty boy,  
Father's sorrow, father's joy.  
Weep not my wanton, smile upon my knee;  
When thou art old, there's grief enough for thee!

The wanton smil'd, father wept,  
Mother cry'd, baby leapt;  
More he crow'd, more he cry'd,  
Nature could not sorrow hide.  
He must go, he must kiss  
Child and mother, baby bliss:  
For he left his pretty boy,  
Father's sorrow, father's joy.

Weep not my wanton, smile upon my knee;  
When thou art old, there's grief enough for thee!

---

*A PLEASANT ECLOGUE BETWEEN  
MONTANUS AND CORIDON.*

---

From "*Dr. Lodge's Euphues' Golden Legacy.*"

---

CORIDON.

SAY, Shepherd's Boy, what makes thee greet so sore?  
Why leaves thy pipe his pleasure and delight?  
Young are thy years, thy cheeks with roses dight;  
Then sing for joy, sweet swain, and sigh no more.

This milk-white poppy, and this climbing pine,  
Both promise shade; then sit thee down and sing,  
And make these woods with pleasant notes to ring,  
Till Phœbus deign all westward to decline.

MONTANUS.

Ah, Coridon, unmeet is melody  
To him whom proud contempt hath overborne:  
Slain are my joys by Phebe's bitter scorn;  
Far hence my weal, and near my jeopardy.



Love's burning brand is couched in my breast,  
Making a Phœnix of my faithful heart;  
And though his fury do inforce my smart,  
Ah, blithe am I to honour his behest.

Prepar'd to woes since so my Phebe wills,  
My looks dismay'd since Phebe will disdain,  
I banish bliss and welcome home my pain;  
So streams my tears as showers from Alpine hills.

In Error's mask I blindfold Judgment's eye;  
I fetter Reason in the snares of Lust:  
I seem secure, yet know not how to trust:  
I live by that which makes me living die.

Devoid of rest, companion of distress,  
Plague to myself, consumed by my thought,  
How may my voice or pipe in tune be brought,  
Since I am reft of solace and delight?

**CORIDON.**

A laurel lad, what makes thee here to love,  
A sugar'd harm, a poison full of pleasure:  
A painted shrine full fill'd with rotten treasure,  
A heaven in shew, a hell to them that prove.

A gain in seeming, shadow'd still with want;  
A broken staff which Folly doth uphold:  
A flower that fades with every frosty cold,  
An orient rose sprung from a wither'd plant.

A minute's joy to gain a world of grief;  
A subtile net to snare the idle mind;  
A seeming scorpion, yet in seeming blind;  
A poor rejoice, a plague without relief.

For thee, Montanus, follow mine aread,  
Whom age hath taught the trains that Fancy useth;  
Leave foolish Love, for Beauty Wit abuseth,  
And drowns, by Folly, Virtue's springing seed.

MONTANUS.

So blames the child the flame because it burns,  
And bird the snare because it doth entrap;  
And fools true love because of sorry hap,  
And sailors curse the ship that overturns.

But would the child forbear to play with flame,  
And birds beware to trust the fowler's gin;  
And fools foresee before they fall in sin,  
And masters guide their ships in better frame.

The child would praise the fire because it warms,  
And birds rejoice to see the fowler fail;

And fools prevent before their plagues prevail,  
And sailors bless the barks that save from harms.

Ah, Coridon, though many be thy years,  
And crooked Eld hath some experience left,  
Yet is thy mind of judgment quite bereft,  
In view of Love, whose power in me appears.

The ploughman little wots to turn the pen,  
Or bookman skills to guide the ploughman's cart;  
Nor can the cobbler count the terms of art,  
Nor base men judge the thoughts of mighty men.

Nor wither'd Age (unmeet for Beauty's guide,  
Uncapable of Love's impression)  
Discourse of that, whose choice possession  
May never to so base a man betide.

But I (whom Nature makes of tender mould,  
And Youth most pliant yields to Fancy's fire)  
Do build my haven and heaven on sweet desire;  
On sweet desire more dear to me than gold.

Think I of Love? Oh how my lines aspire!  
Hast thou the Muses to embrace my brows,  
And hem my temples in with laurel boughs,  
And fill my brains with chaste and holy fire?

Then leave my lines their homely equipage,  
Mounted beyond the circle of the sun;  
Amaz'd I read the style when I have done,  
And her I love that sent that heavenly rage.

Of Phebe then, of Phebe then I sing,  
Drawing the purity of all the spheres,  
The pride of earth, or what in heaven appears,  
Her honour'd face, and fame to light to bring.

In fluent members, and in pleasant veins,  
I rob both sea and earth of all their state;  
To praise her parts I charm both time and fate,  
To bless the Nymph that yields me love-sick pains.

My sheep are turn'd to thoughts, whom froward will  
Guides in the labyrinth of restless Love;  
Fear lends them pasture wheresoe'er they move,  
And by their death their life renounceth still.

My sheep-hook is my pen, my oaten reed  
My paper where my many woes are written:  
Thus silly swain (with Love and Fancy bitten)  
I trace the plaints of pain in woeful weed.

Yet are my cares, my broken sleeps, my tears,  
My dreams, my doubt, for Phebe sweet to me;

Who waiteth heaven in Sorrow's vale must be,  
And glory shines where danger most appears.

Then, Coridon, although I blithe me not,  
Blame me not man, since Sorrow is my sweet:  
So willeth Love, and Phebe thinks it meet,  
And kind Montanus liketh well his lot.

CORIDON.

Oh stayless youth, by Error so misguided,  
Where Will prescribeth laws to perfect Wits,  
Where Reason mourns, and Blame in triumph sits,  
And Folly poisoneth all that Time provided.

With willful blindness blear'd, prepar'd to shame,  
Prone to neglect occasion when she smiles;  
Alas that Love by fond and froward guiles  
Should make thee track the path to endless blame.

Ah, my Montanus! cursed is the charm,  
That hath bewitched so thy youthful eyes;  
Leave off in time to like these vanities;  
Be forward to thy good, and flee thy harm.

As many bees as Hebla daily shields,  
As many fry as fleet on ocean's face,

As many herds as on the earth do trace,  
As many flowers as deck the fragrant fields,

As many stars as glorious heaven contains,  
As many storms as wayward winter weeps,  
As many plagues as hell inclosed keeps;  
So many griefs in Love, so many pains.

Suspicion, thoughts, desires, opinions, prayers,  
Mislikes, misdeeds, fond joys, and feigned peace,  
Illusions, dreams, great pains, and small increase,  
Vows, hope, acceptance, scorns, and deep despairs.

Truce, war, and woe, do wait at Beauty's gate;  
Time lost, laments, reports, and privy grudge,  
And last, fierce Love is but a partial judge,  
Who yields for service, shame: for friendship, hate.

MONTANUS.

All adder-like I stop mine ears, fond swain,  
So charm no more, for I will never change!  
Call home thy flock betime that stragling range,  
For, lo! the sun declineth hence amain.



TO HIS

*BEST COUSIN, MRS. BARBARA LOKE.*

By Michael Cosowarth.

**D**EVOTED love to God, to man, to thee,  
For hoped bliss, for kind, for kindred's sake,  
Did first inflame the frozen heart of me,  
That I this task too good should undertake.  
But do thou take it kindly at my hands,  
That I respect thy good in that I do,  
Though kind and kindness too, two mighty bands,  
Should me of duty have e'en held thereto.  
But kind and kindness in this waning age  
Are both abortive twins, both born to die;  
And slain of self-love in a bitter rage,  
With no remorse of dear affinity.  
But never shall th' injurious worldlings say,  
That I did kind or kindness cast away.<sup>a</sup>

---

<sup>a</sup> Harl. MSS. 6906. It is prefixed to Cosowarth's MS. Version of the Psalms.



TO

*MY COUSIN, MICHAEL COSOWARTH.*

~~~~~  
By Richard Carew of Anthony.
~~~~~

**T**HESSE Psalms which from their native sense exil'd,  
In soil of Barbarism long rov'd amiss,  
COSWARTH calls home with high-tun'd voice of his,  
And for such dwellers doth meet palace build.  
Divine the author was, who them compil'd;  
Divine the stuff, divine the fashion is;  
. . . . .<sup>a</sup> or divine for truth men serves to this;  
Though on thy Muse to heaven up-mounted then,  
Thy mind inspired scorn Fame's lower blast,  
Yet will she blaze thy praises unto men  
And less esteem'd, the more thee follow fast.  
Myself of thee for these, of these for thee,  
Of both for both's worth will a lover be.<sup>b</sup>

~~~~~  
^a Illegible.

^b Harl. MSS. 6906. It is prefixed to Cosowarth's MS. Version of the Psalms, of which a specimen will hereafter be given.



TO HIS

GOOD COUSIN, MR. MICHAEL COSOWARTH.

~~~~~  
By Richard Carew of Anthony.  
~~~~~

AND now I have, as 'twas thy kind desire,
Unkindly gentle censure of thy skill:
And with a rugged brow I did retire,
The love I love thee with, and will love still;
For Love is blind, and winks to see the ill,
When friends' perfections have a wandering got;
But I that love with truer faith did kill:
Faith sware I should that was amiss out-blot;
Faith sware I should, but Love sware I should not:
Thus Faith and Love each other daring bold,
When thy Muse saw, "be still," quoth she, "I wot
That to amend, which any other could."
And straight thy Muse herself did sweetly end it;
As all the world it cannot now amend it.^a

~~~~~  
<sup>a</sup> Harl. MSS. 6906. It is prefixed to Cosowarth's MS. Version of the Psalms, of which a specimen will hereafter be given.



TO HIS

*BEST COUSIN, MR. MICHAEL COSOWARTH.*

~~~~~  
By Henry Loke.
~~~~~

**I** MUSE to see the modern wanton Muse  
To glory in these borrowed fabling toys,  
Whilst they the Muse of Muses all abuse,  
Which fills the ear and heart with perfect joys.  
Such scan thy verse, but scant can scan aright  
The height of thy conceit, or depth of skill:  
In David zealous chaunts<sup>a</sup> they not delight,  
But, Micha like, perhaps controul thee will,  
Some this impeaching<sup>a</sup> seek to smother thee,  
That would no profit have but of their vein!  
But like thyself might all men prophets be,  
Say I, and with like merit honour gain,  
Then some one grateful witness of thy praise  
Would seek with lasting words thy fame to raise.<sup>b</sup>

~~~~~  
^a Query.

^b Harl. MSS. 6906. It is prefixed to Cosowarth's MS. Version of the Psalms, of which a specimen will hereafter be given.



SONNET.

~~~~~  
By H. Grey.\*  
~~~~~

FAIR crystal eye, remain still fierce and cruel!
Your wanton smiles charm, wound, and kill my heart.
Ah, no, smile still! my heart is of such fuel,
As burneth when your eyes their frowns impart!
Ah, mitigate but these fair shining rays,
So clear transparent that they dim my sight!
No: veil them not; for then my grief displays;
And Hope doth fail, when your eyes hide their light.
Sweet, cruel, mild, fierce, smiling, full with tears,
Love finds sufficient to increase my grief;
None giving hope, but all augmenting fears,
Briefly, all these do take away my life.
Sweet, hide yourself, lest your fair sight dismay me;
Nay; hide you not! your absence sure will slay me!^a

~~~~~  
\* A poet not recorded by Ritson.

<sup>a</sup> Harl. MSS. 6910, f. 152.



*ON AMBITION.*

**A**MBITION with the eagle loves to build,  
And on the mountains dreads no winter blast,  
But with self-soothing doth the humour gild,  
With arguments correcting what is past;  
Fore-casting kingdoms, dangers unforecast;  
Leaving this poor word of **CONTENT** to such,  
Whose earthly spirits have not this fiery touch.

But pleasures never dine but on excess,  
Whose diet, made to draw on all delight,  
And overcome in that sweet drunkenness,  
His appetite maintained by his sight,  
Strengtheneth Desire, but ever weakeneth Might.  
Until this ulcer ripening to an head,  
Vomits the poison which it nourished.<sup>a</sup>

---

*ON LIFE.*

**A**H, Life, sweet drop, drown'd in a sea of sours,  
A flying good, posting to doubtful end;  
Still loving months and years to gain new hours;  
Fain time to have and spare, yet forc'd to spend;

---

<sup>a</sup> Harl. MSS. 6910, f. 127.

The growth, decrease, a moment all thou hast;  
That gone, are known; the rest to come or past.

Ah, Life, the maze of countless straying ways,  
Open to erring steps, and strew'd with baits,  
To wind weak senses into endless strays,  
Aloof from Virtue's rough unbeaten straits;  
A flower, a play, a blast, a shade, a drain;  
A living death, a never-turning stream.<sup>a</sup>

---

*MELICERTUS'S MADRIGAL.*

---

From "*Robert Greene's Arcadia.*"

---

**W**HAT are my sheep without their wonted food?  
What is my life except I gain my love?  
My sheep consume and faint for want of blood;  
My life is lost unless I grace approve:  
    No flower that sapless thrives,  
    No turtle without fear,  
The day without the sun doth lour for woe.  
Then woe mine eyes, unless thy beauty see  
My sun Samela's eyes by whom I know,  
Wherein delight consists, where pleasures be!

---

<sup>a</sup> Harl. MSS. 6910, f. 127.

Nought more the heart revives,  
Than to embrace his dear.

The stars from earthly humours gain their light,  
Our humours by their light possess their power,  
Samela's eyes fed by my weeping sight,  
Infuses my pains or joys, by smile or lour:

So wends the source of Love;  
It feeds, it fails, it ends.

Kind looks clear to your joy, behold her eyes,  
Admire her heart, desire to taste her kisses.  
In them the heaven of joy and solace lies:  
Without them every hope his succour misses!

Oh, how I love to prove,  
Whereto this solace tends!

---

*CORIDON'S SONG.*

---

*From "Dr. Lodge's Euphuus' Golden Legacy."*

---

A BLITHE and bonny country lass,  
Heigh ho, bonny lass;  
Sate sighing on the tender grass,  
And weeping said: "Will none come woo me?"

A smicker boy, a lither swain :  
Heigh ho, a smicker swain,  
That in his love was wanton fain,  
With smiling looks straight come unto her.

When as the wanton wench espied,  
Heigh ho, when she espied  
The means to make herself a bride,  
She simper'd smooth like bonny bell.  
The swain that saw her squint-eyed kind,  
Heigh ho, squint-eyed kind,  
His arms about her body twin'd,  
And said, "Fair lass, how fare ye, well?"

The country kit said, "Well forsooth,  
Heigh ho, well-forsooth;  
But that I have a longing tooth,  
A longing tooth that makes me cry:"  
"Alas!" said he, "what gares thy grief,  
Heigh ho, what gares thy grief?"  
"A wound," quoth she, "without relief;  
I fear a maid that I shall die."

"If that be all," the shepherd said,  
"Heigh ho," the shepherd said:

“I'll make thee wive it, gentle maid,  
And so recure thy malady:”  
Hereon they kist with many an oath,  
Heigh ho, many an oath;  
And 'fore God Pan did plight their troth,  
So to the church apace they hie.

And God send every pretty pate,  
Heigh ho, the pretty pate,  
That fears to die of this conceit,  
So kind a friend to help at last:  
Then maids shall never long again,  
Heigh ho, to long again;  
When they find ease for such a pain.  
Thus my roundelay is past.

---

*MONTANUS'S SONNET IN THE WOODS.*

---

From the same.

---

**ALAS!** how wander I amidst these woods,  
Whereas no day bright shine doth find access!  
But where the melancholy fleeting floods,  
(Dark as the night,) my night of woes express,  
Disarm'd of Reason, spoil'd of Nature's goods,  
Without redress to salve my heaviness



I walk, whilst thought (too cruel to my harms,)  
With endless grief my heedless judgment charms.

My silent tongue assail'd by secret fear,  
My traitorous eyes imprison'd in their joy:  
My fatal peace devour'd in feigned cheer,  
My heart enforc'd to harbour in annoy:  
My Reason rob'd of power by yielding Care,  
My fond opinions slave to every toy.  
Oh, Love! thou guide in my uncertain way,  
Woe to thy bow, thy fire, the cause of my decay!

---

*SALADINE'S SONNET.*

---

From the same.

---

**I**F it be true that heaven's eternal course  
With restless sway, and ceaseless turning glides:  
If air inconstant be, and swelling source  
Turns and returns with many fluent tides:  
If Earth, in Winter, Summer's pride estrange,  
And Nature seemeth only fair in change:

If it be true that our immortal spright,  
Deriv'd from heavenly pure, in wandering still,

In novelty and strangeness doth delight,  
And by discovering power discerneth ill:  
    And if the body, for to work his best,  
    Doth with the seasons change his place of rest:

Whence comes it, that inforc'd by furious skies,  
I change both place and soil, but not my heart,  
Yet salve not in this change my maladies?  
Whence grows it that each object works my smart?  
    Alas! I see my faith procures my miss,  
    And change in Love against my nature is.

*Et florida pungunt.*

---

*MONTANUS'S PASSION.*

---

From the same.

---

**H**ADST thou been born whereas perpetual cold  
Makes Tanais hard, and mountains silver old:  
Had I complain'd unto a marble stone,  
Or to the floods bewray'd my bitter moan,  
    I then could bear the burthen of my grief:  
But even the pride of countries at thy birth,  
Whilst heaven did smile, did new array the earth,  
                    With flowers chief:

Yet thou, the flower of beauty, blessed born,  
Hast pretty looks, but all attir'd in scorn.

Had I the power to weep sweet Mirrha's tears,  
Or by my tears to pierce repining ears:  
Hadst thou the heart to smile at my complaint,  
To scorn the woes that doth my heart attain,  
I then could bear the burthen of my grief:  
But not my tears, but truth with thee prevails,  
And seeming sour thy sorrows thee assails:

Yet small relief:

For if thou wilt, thou art of marble hard;  
And if thou please, my suit shall soon be heard.

---

*CHARACTERS GRAVEN ON A BEECH TREE.*

---

From the same.

---

FIRST shall the heavens want starry light;  
The seas be robbed of their waves:  
The day want sun, and sun want bright,  
The night want shade, the dead men graves.  
The April flowers, and leaves, and tree,  
Before I false my faith to thee.

First shall the top of highest hills,  
By humble plains be overpride,  
And poets scorn the Muse's quills,  
And fish forsake the water glide:  
    And Iris lose her colour'd weed,  
    Before I fail thee at thy need.

First direful Hate shall turn to Peace,  
And Love relent in deep disdain,  
And Death his fatal stroke shall cease,  
And Envy pity every pain,  
    And Pleasure mourn, and Sorrow smile,  
    Before I talk of any guile.

First Time shall stay his stayless race,  
And Winter bless his brows with corn,  
And snow bemoisten Julia's face,  
And Winter spring and Summer mourn,  
    Before my pen, by help of Fame,  
    Cease to recite thy sacred name.

~~~~~  
ROSALIND'S DESCRIPTION.

~~~~~  
From the same.  
~~~~~

LIKE to the clear in highest sphere,
Where all imperial glory shines,

Of self-same colours is her hair,
Whether unfolded or in twines:
 Heigh ho, fair Rosalind.
Her eyes are sapphires set in snow,
Resembling heaven by every wink;
The Gods do fear when as they glow,
And I do tremble when I think.
 Heigh ho, would she were mine!

Her cheeks are like the blushing cloud,
That beautifies Aurora's face,
Or like the silver crimson shroud,
That Phœbus' smiling looks doth grace:
 Heigh ho, fair Rosalind!
Her eyes are like to budded roses,
Whom ranks of lillies neighbour nigh,
Within which bounds she balm incloses,
Apt to entice a Deity.
 Heigh ho, would she were mine!

Her neck is like a stately tower,
Where Love himself imprison'd lies,
To watch for glances every hour,
From her divine and sacred eyes;
 Heigh ho, for Rosalind.

Her paps are centers of delight,
Her breasts are robes of heavenly frame,
Where Nature moulds the dew of light,
To feed Perfection with the same.

Heigh ho, would she were mine!

With orient pearl, with ruby red,
With marble white, with sapphire blue,
Her body every way is fed,
Yet soft in touch, and sweet in view:

Heigh ho, fair Rosalind!

Nature herself her shape admires,
The Gods are wounded in her sight,
And Love forsakes his heavenly fires,
And at her eyes his brand doth light.

Heigh ho, would she were mine!

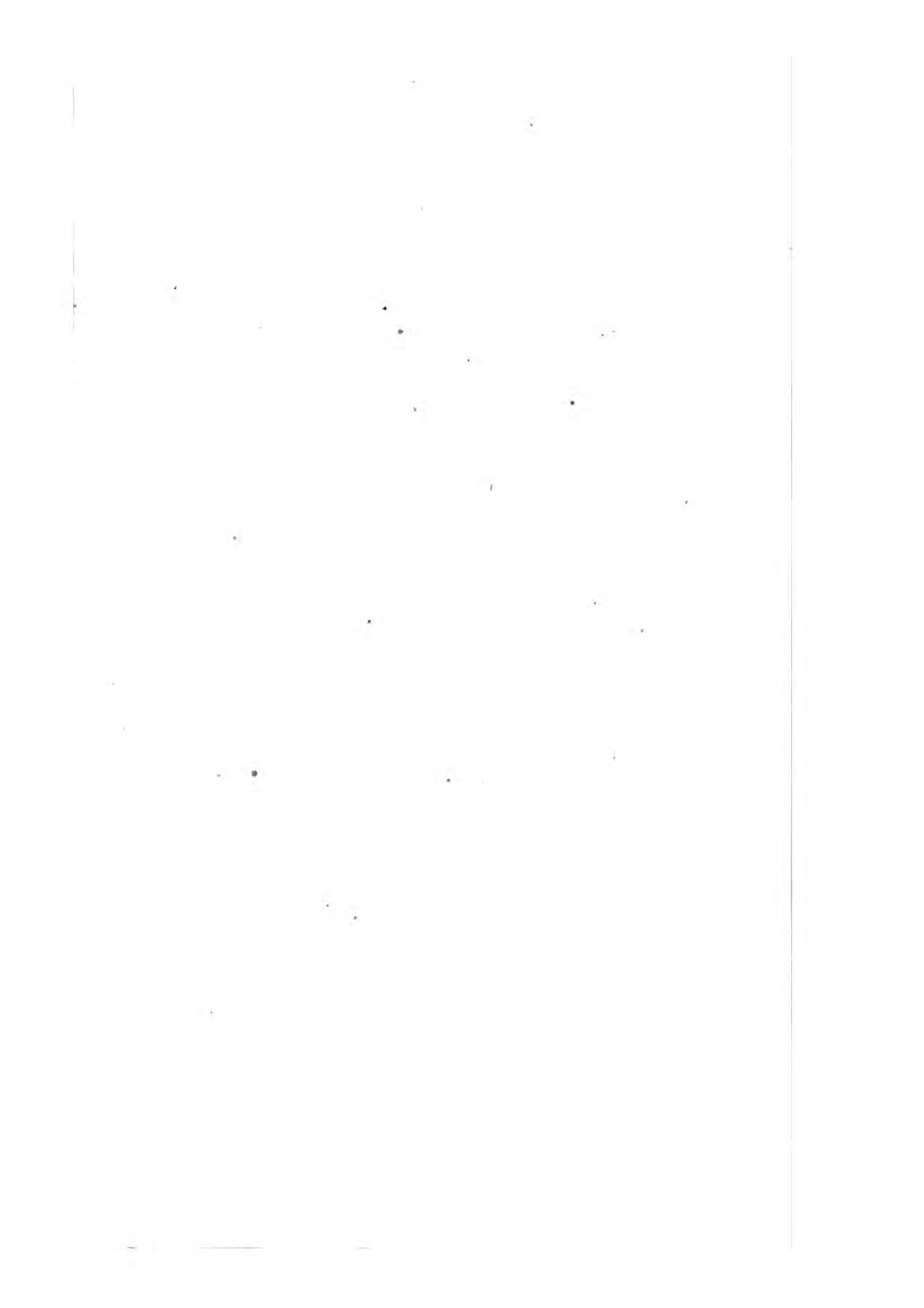
Then muse not nymphs though I bemoan
The absence of fair Rosalind,
Since for a fair there is a fairer none,
Nor for her virtues so divine;

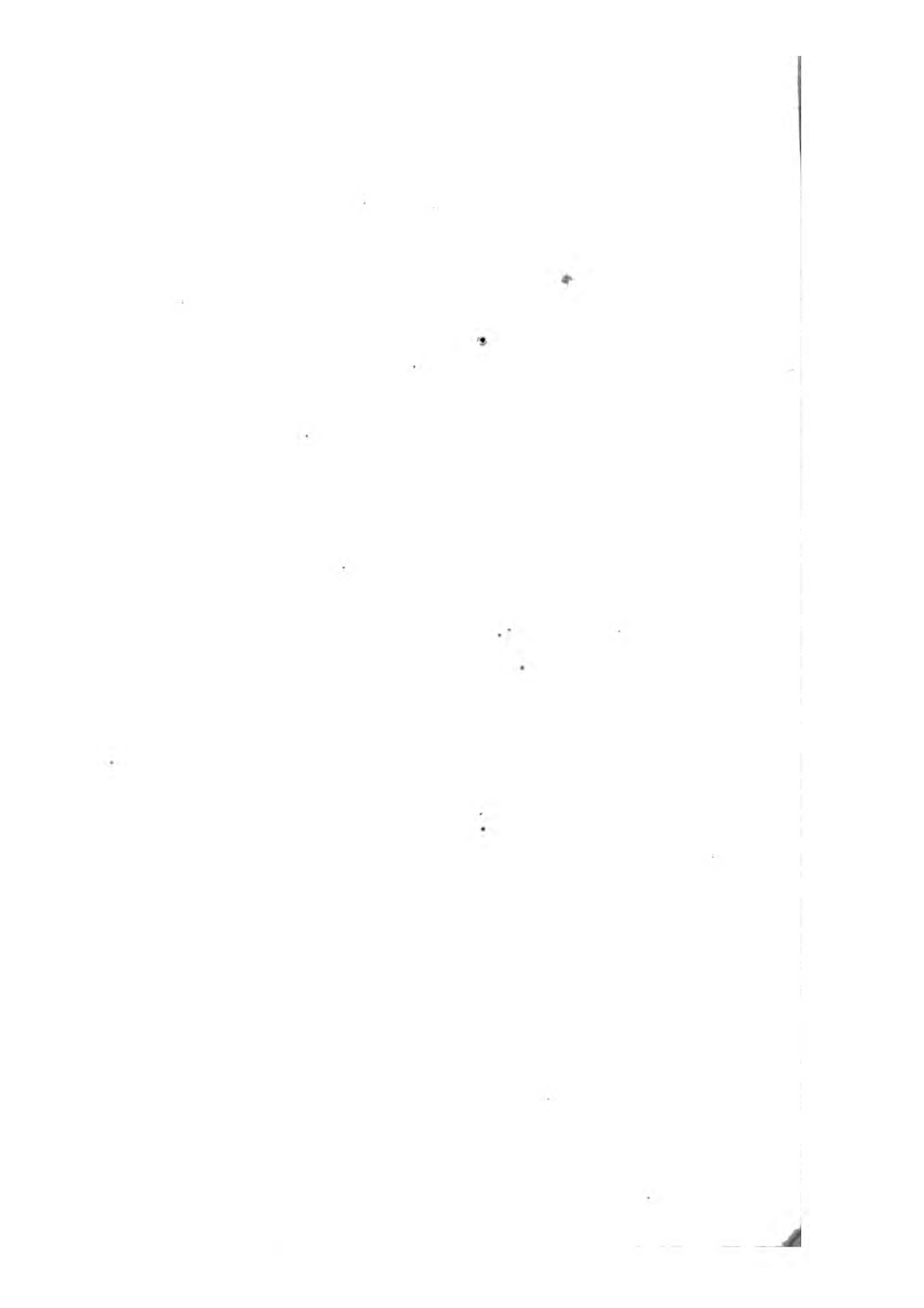
Heigh ho, fair Rosalind;

Heigh ho, my heart, would God that she were mine!

Periit quia deperibat.









Excerpta Tudoriana.

N^o III.

SEPT. 20, 1814.

TO BE CONTINUED.

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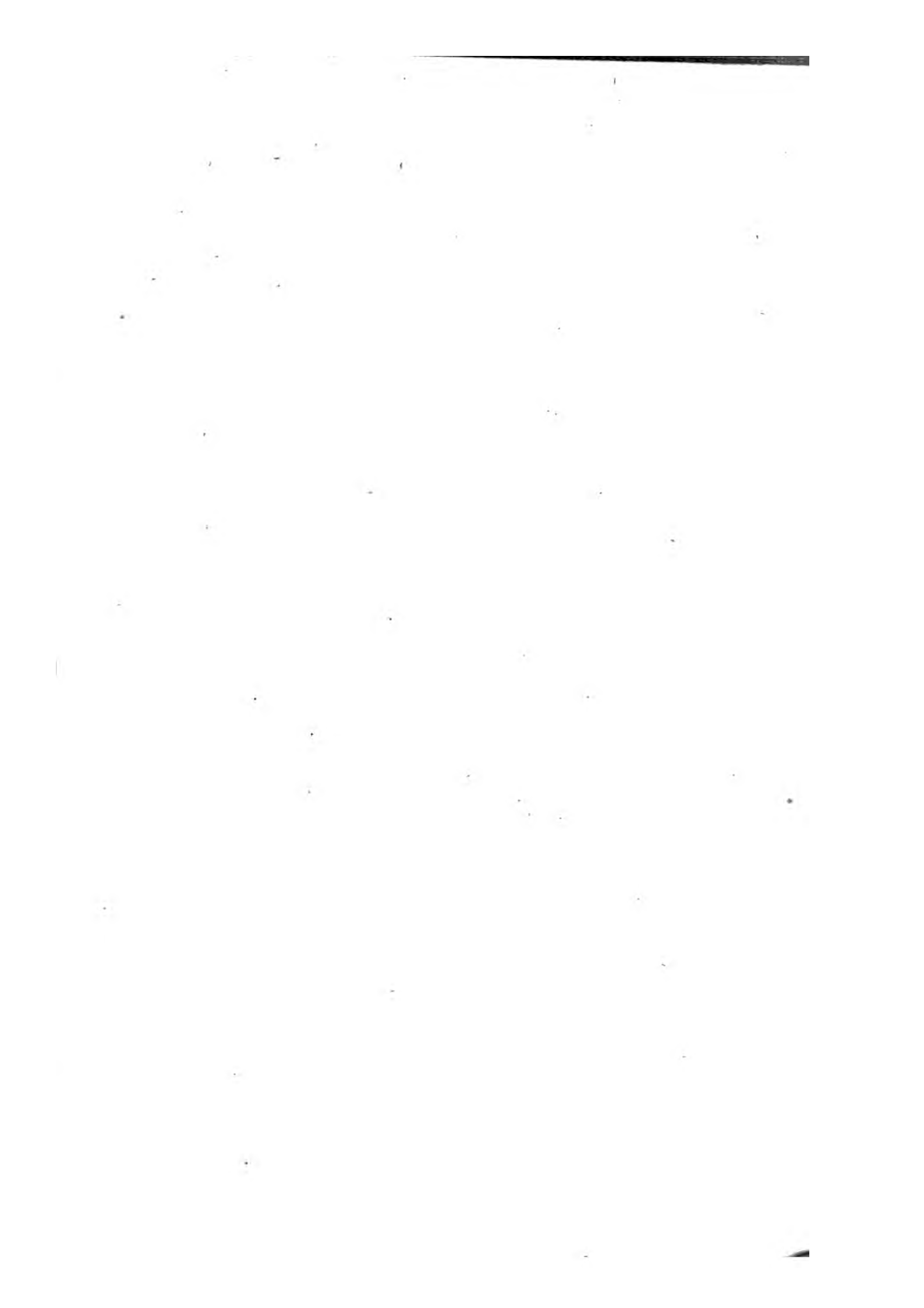
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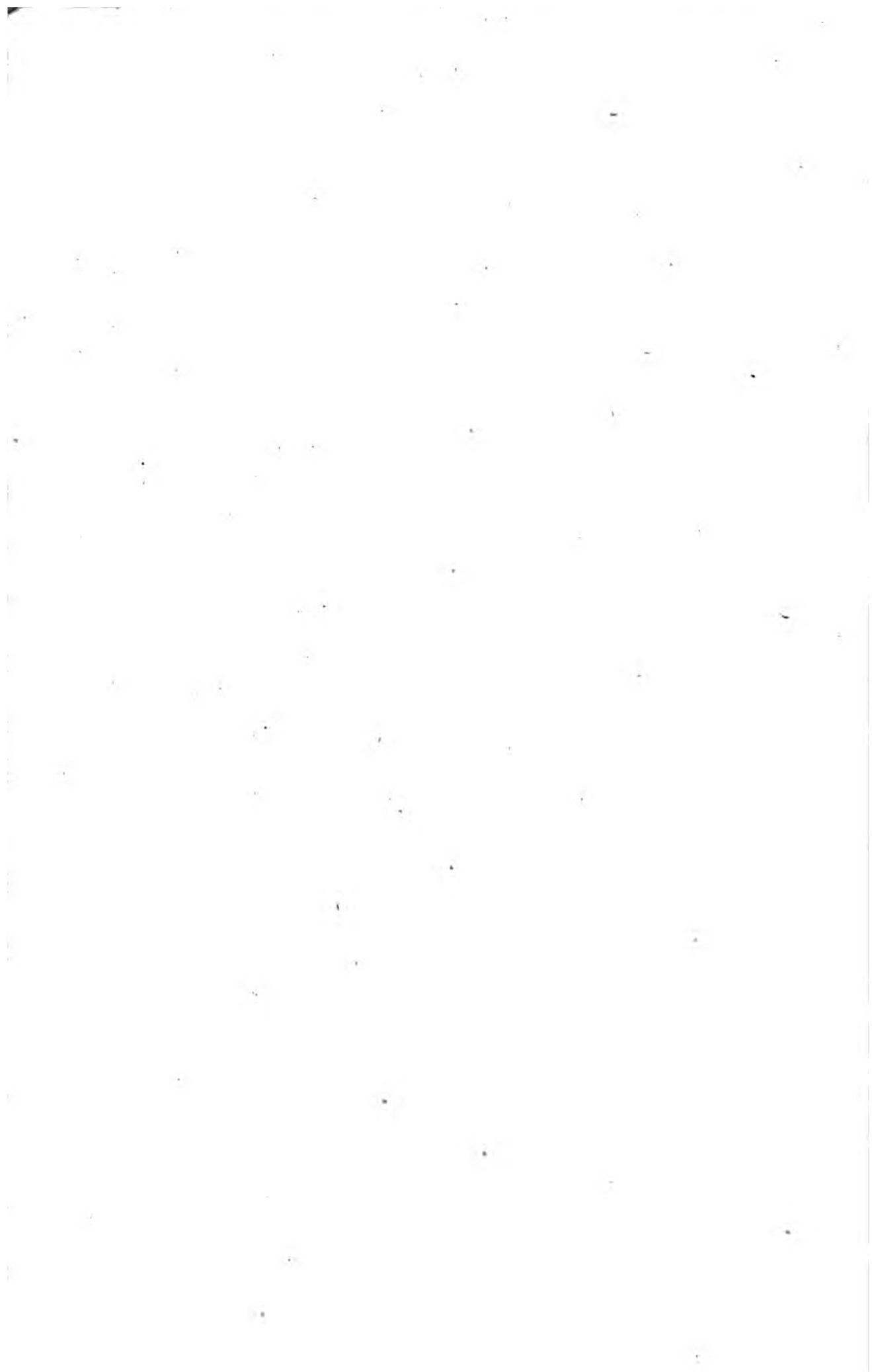
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THE CONTENTS OF THE SCHEDULE
WHICH
SIR JOHN OF BORDEUX GAVE HIS SONS.

From the same.

My sons, behold what portion I do give!
I leave you goods, but they are quickly lost;
I leave advice to school you how to live;
I leave you wit, but won with little cost:
 But keep it well, for counsel still is one,
 When father, friends, and worldly goods are gone.

In choice of thrift, let honour be your gain;
Win it by virtue and by manly might:
In doing good esteem thy trouble no pain;
Protect the fatherless and widow's right:
 Fight for thy faith, thy country, and thy king;
 For why? this thrift will prove a blessed thing.

In choice of wife prefer the modest, chaste!
Lillies are fair in shew, but foul in smell;
The sweetest looks by age are soon defac'd:
Then choose thy wife by wit, and living well.

Who brings thee wealth, and many faults withall,
Presents thee honey mix'd with bitter gall!

In choice of friends, beware of light belief;
A painted tongue may shroud a subtle heart:
The syren's tears do threaten mickle grief:
Foresee my sons, for fear of sudden smart;
Choose in your wants, and he that loves you then,
When richer grown befriend you him again.

Learn with the ant in summer to provide;
Drive with the bee the drone from out the hive;
Build like the swallow, in the summer tide:
Spare not too much, my sons, but sparing thrive.
Be poor in folly, rich in all but sin;
So by your death your glory shall begin.

MENAPHON'S ROUNDELAY.

From "*Robert Greene's Arcadia.*"

WHEN tender ewes, brought home with evening sun,
Wend to their folds,
And to their holds
The shepherds trudge, when light of day is done:

Upon a tree,
The eagle, Jove's fair bird, did perch,
There resteth he:
A little fly his harbour then did search:
And did presume, (though others laugh'd thereat)
To perch whereas the princely eagle sat.

The eagle frown'd and shook his royal wings,
And charg'd the fly
From thence to hie.

Afraid, in haste the little creature flings,
Yet seeks again,
Fearful to perk him by the eagle's side.
With moody vein

The speedy post of Ganimede replied:
"Vassel avaunt, or with my wings you die;
Is't fit an eagle seat him with a fly?"

The fly crav'd pity; still the eagle frown'd:
The silly fly,
Ready to die,
Disgrac'd, displac'd, fell groveling to the ground.

The eagle saw,
And with a royal mind said to the fly,
"Be not in awe,
I scorn by me the meanest creature die!

Then scale thee here:" the joyful fly up-flings,
And sate safe shadow'd with the eagle's wings.

*DORON'S DESCRIPTION OF HIS FAIR
SHEPHERDESS SAMELA.*

From the same.

LIKE to Diana in her summer weed,
Girt with a crimson robe of brightest dye,
Goes fair Samela.

Whiter than be the flocks that straggling feed,
When wash'd by Arethusa, faint they lie,
Is fair Samela.

As fair Aurora in her morning grey,
Deck'd with the ruddy glister of her Love,
Is fair Samela.

Like lovely Thetis on a calmed day,
When as her brightness Neptune's fancies move,
Shines fair Samela.

Her tresses gold, her eyes like glassy streams;
Her teeth are pearl; the breasts are ivory
Of fair Samela.

Her cheeks like rose and lilly yield forth gleams,
Her brows bright arches fram'd of ebony,
Thus fair Samela

Passeth fair Venus in her brightest hue,
And Juno, in the shew of majesty;
(For she's Samela,
Pallas in wit: all three if you well view,
For beauty, wit, and matchless dignity,
Yield to Samela.

PHILLIDA AND CORIDON.

By Nicholas Breton.

IN the merry month of May,
In a morn by break of day,
Forth I walk'd by the wood-side,
When as May was in his pride:
There I spyed, all alone,
Phillida and Coridon.
Much-ado there was, God wot;
He would love and she would not.
She said, "Never man was true:"
He said, "None was false to you:"
He said, "He had lov'd her long:"
She said, "Love should have no wrong."
Coridon would kiss her then;
She said, "Maids must kiss no men,

Till they did for good and all:”
Then she made the shepherd call
All the heavens to witness truth:
Never lov'd a truer youth.
Thus with many a pretty oath,
Yea and nay, and faith and troth,
Such as silly shepherds use
When they will not Love abuse,
Love which had been long deluded:
Was with kisses sweet concluded.
And Phillida with garlands gay
Was made the lady of the May.

A PASTORAL OF PHILLIS AND CORIDON.

By the same.

ON a hill there grows a flower,
Fair befall the dainty sweet:
By that flower there is a bower,
Where the heavenly Muses meet.

In that bower there is a chair,
Fringed all about with gold:
Where doth sit the fairest fair,
That ever eye did yet behold.

It is Phillis fair and bright,
She that is the shepherd's joy:
She that Venus did despight,
And did blind her little boy.

This is she, the wise, the rich,
That the world desires to see:
This is *ipsa quæ*, the which,
There is none but only she.

Who would not this face admire?
Who would not this saint adore?
Who would not this sight desire,
Though he thought to see no more?

Oh fair eyes, yet let me see
One good look, and I am gone:
Look on me, for I am he,
Thy poor silly Coridon.

Thou, that art the shepherd's queen,
Look upon thy silly swain:
By thy comfort have been seen
Dead men brought to life again!



A SWEET PASTORAL.

~~~~~  
By the same.  
~~~~~

GOOD Muse rock me a-sleep
With some sweet harmony:
The weary eye is not to keep
Thy wary company.

Sweet Love be gone a while,
Thou knowest my heaviness;
Beauty is born but to beguile
My heart of happiness.

See how my little flock,
That lov'd to feed on high,
Do headlong tumble down the rock,
And in the valley die.

The bushes and the trees
That were so fresh and green,
Do all their dainty colour lees,
And not a leaf is seen.

The blackbird and the thrush,
That made the woods to ring,

With all the rest that are now at hush,
And not a note they sing.

Sweet Philomel the bird,
That hath the heavenly throat,
Doth now, alas! not once afford
Recording of a note.

The flowers have had a frost,
Each herb hath lost her savour:
And Phillida the fair hath lost
The comfort of her favour.

Now all these careful sights
So kill me in conceit,
That how to hope upon delights,
It is but mere deceit.

And therefore, my sweet Muse,
Thou know'st what help is best:
Do now thy heavenly cunning use,
To set my heart at rest.

And in a dream bewray
What fate shall be my friend:
Whether my life shall still decay,
Or when my sorrow end.

ASTROPHELL,
HIS SONG OF PHILLIDA AND CORIDON.

~~~~~  
By the same.  
~~~~~

FAIR in a morn, O fairest Morn!
Was never morn so fair;
There shone a sun, though not the sun,
That shineth in the air.
For the earth, and from the earth,
Was never such a creature;
Did come this face; was never face,
That carried such a feature.
Upon a hill, O blessed hill!
Was never hill so blessed,
There stood a man, was never man
For woman so distressed.
This man beheld a heavenly view,
Which did such virtue give:
As clears the blind, and helps the lame,
And makes the dead man live.
This man had hap, O happy man!
More happy none than he;
For he had hap to see the hap,
That none had hap to see.

This silly swain, and silly swains
Are men of meanest grace;
Had yet the grace, O gracious guest!
To hap on such a face.
He pity cried, and Pity came;
And pitied so his pain;
As dying, would not let him die,
But gave him life again.
For joy whereof he made such mirth,
As all the woods did ring:
And Pan with all his swains came out
To hear the shepherds sing;
But such a song sung never was,
Nor shall be sung again,
Of Phillida the Shepherd's Queen,
And Coridon the swain.
Fair Phillis is the Shepherd's Queen,
Was never such a queen as she;
And Coridon her only swain,
Was never such a swain as he.
Fair Phillis hath the fairest face,
That ever eye did yet behold;
And Coridon the constant'st faith,
That ever yet kept flock in fold.
Sweet Phillis is the sweetest sweet,
That ever yet the earth did yield;

And Coridon the kindest swain,
That ever yet kept lambs in field.
Sweet Philomel is Phillis' bird,
Though Coridon be he that caught her:
And Coridon doth hear her sing,
Though Phillida be she that taught her.
Poor Coridon doth keep the fields,
Though Phillida be she that owes them:
And Phillida doth walk the meads,
Though Coridon be he that mows them.
The little lambs are Phillis' love,
Though Coridon is he that feeds them:
The gardens fair are Phillis' ground,
Though Coridon is he that weeds them.
Since then that Phillis only is
The only Shepherd's only Queen:
And Coridon the only swain,
That only hath a Shepherd been:
Though Phillis keep her bower of state,
Shall Coridon consume away?
No, Shepherd, no, work out the week,
And Sunday shall be holy-day.



CORIDON'S SUPPLICATION TO PHILLIS.

By the same.

SWEET Phillis, if a silly swain
May sue to thee for grace,
See not thy loving shepherd slain,
For looking on thy face.
But think what power thou hast got,
Upon my flock and me:
Thou seest they now regard me not;
But all do follow thee.
And if I have so far presum'd,
With prying in thine eyes,
Yet let not comfort be consum'd,
That in thy pity lies.
But as thou art that Phillis fair,
That Fortune favour gives,
So let not Love die in despair,
That in thy favour lives.
The deer do browse upon the briar;
The birds do pick the cherries:
And will not Beauty grant Desire
One handful of her berries?
If it be so that thou hast sworn,
That none shall look on thee;
Yet let me know thou dost not scorn
To cast a look on me.

But if thy beauty make thee proud,
Think then what is ordain'd:
The heavens have never yet allow'd
That Love should be disdain'd.
Then lest the fates that favour Love
Should curse thee for unkind,
Let me report, for thy behove,
The honour of thy mind.
Let Coridon, with full consent,
Set down what he hath seen:
That Phillida with Love's content,
Is sworn the Shepherd's Queen.

~~~~~  
*A SHEPHERD'S DREAM.*

By the same.

**A** SILLY Shepherd lately sate  
Among a flock of sheep:  
Where musing long on this and that,  
At last he fell asleep.  
And in the slumber as he lay,  
He gave a piteous groan:  
He thought his sheep were run away;  
And he was left alone.  
He whoopt, he whistled, and he call'd;  
But not a sheep came near him:

Which made the Shepherd sore appall'd  
To see that none would hear him.  
But as the swain amazed stood,  
In this most solemn vein,  
Came Phillida forth of the wood,  
And stood before the swain:  
Whom when the Shepherd did behold,  
He straight began to weep:  
And at the heart he grew a-cold,  
To think upon his sheep.  
For well he knew, where came the Queen,  
The Shepherd durst not stay:  
And where that he durst not be seen,  
The sheep must needs away.  
To ask her if she saw his flock,  
Might happen patience move:  
And have an answer with a mock,  
That such demanders prove.  
Yet, for because he saw her come  
Alone out of the wood,  
He thought he would not stand as dumb,  
When speech might do him good:  
And therefore falling on his knees,  
To ask but for his sheep,  
He did awake, and so did leese  
The honour of his sleep.

*A REPORT SUNG IN A DREAM, BETWEEN  
A SHEPHERD AND HIS NYMPH.*

-----  
By the same.  
-----

SHALL we go dance the hay?      *The hay?*  
Never pipe could ever play  
    Better Shepherd's roundelay.

Shall we go sing the song?      *The song?*  
Never Love did ever wrong:  
    Fair maids hold hands all along.

Shall we go learn to woo?      *To woo?*  
Never thought came ever to,  
    Better deed could better do.

Shall we go learn to kiss?      *To kiss?*  
Never heart could ever miss  
    Comfort, where true meaning is.

Thus at base they run,      *They run,*  
When the sport was scarce begun:  
    But I awak't, and all was done.



*ANOTHER OF THE SAME.*

~~~~~  
By the same.
~~~~~

SAY that I should say, I love ye?  
Would ye say, 'tis but a saying?  
But if Love in prayers move ye,  
Will ye not be mov'd with praying?

Think I think that Love should know ye?  
Will ye think 'tis but a thinking?  
But if Love the thought do show ye,  
Will ye loose your eyes with winking?

Write that I do write you blessed,  
Will you write, 'tis but a writing?  
But if Truth and Love confess it,  
Will ye doubt the true enditing?

No, I say, and think, and write it,  
Write, and think, and say your pleasure:  
Love, and Truth, and I endite it,  
You are blessed out of measure.



## CRITICISM.



NLESS the Editor labours under a long-continued error of taste, there is something in the character of the Lyric compositions of NICHOLAS BRETON, which exhibits peculiar traits of elegance and airiness. Mr. G. Ellis, in his "*Specimens of early English Poets*," has inserted eight pieces of this author in his second volume.

1. "*A Farewell to Folly*," beginning,  
" Since secret spite hath sworn my woe."
2. "*Lines abridged from Thirty-nine Stanzas*," beginning,  
" Not long ago, as I at supper sat."
3. "*A Pastoral of Phillis and Coridon*," here also printed, beginning,  
" On a hill there grows a flower."
4. "*Phillida and Coridon*," also in these pages, beginning,  
" In the merry month of May."
5. "*The Shepherd's Address to his Muse*," as here, beginning,  
" Good Muse, rock me asleep."
6. "*A Quarrel with Love*," beginning,  
" O that I could write a story."

7. "On the Death of Spenser," beginning,  
"Mournful Muses, Sorrow's minions."

8. "A sweet Contention between Love, his Mistress,  
and Beauty," beginning,  
"Love and my Mistress were at strife."

Dr. Percy has also inserted N<sup>o</sup> 4, in his  
"*Ballads*," and Mrs. Cooper has given one of  
those extracts in her "*Muses Library*."

In his "*Sir Philip Sydney's Ourania*,"<sup>a</sup>  
BRETON certainly means himself by the charac-  
ter of *Endymion*, of whom he thus speaks:

"Well could he sing divine and sacred lays,  
With blessed notes as poets did record,  
In silver'd lines painting high Jovah's praise,  
And eke the death of Christians' dying Lord.  
Such music did he oft his flock afford;  
As made them leave their food to listen well,  
As if they were enchanted with the spell.

Satyrs and Sylvans at the harmony  
Sometimes come darting from the darksome grove,<sup>b</sup>  
Approving oft the chanting melody;  
And with their harsh and rural voices strove  
To sound the praises of celestial Jove;

---

<sup>a</sup> London, printed by Ed. Alde, for Edward White, 1606. 4to.

<sup>b</sup> This reminds us of a beautiful passage in "*Collins's Ode to the Passions*."



But when their pipes and voices disagreed,  
They held their peace and cast away their reed.

Sometimes he made the rocks for to rebound,  
With echo of his notes; sometime the dales,  
And woods and springs to yield a bubbling sound,  
As beaten with reflex of madrigals;  
Sibilla's oracles, and prophets' tales:  
Which shew the way to immortality,  
In perfect hymns of true divinity.

So well he could his warbling notes divide,  
That other shepherds did his lays admire,  
And set their notes, as he their pipes did guide,  
Until they could unto the like aspire;  
Yet never took he recompence, or hire:  
But as he lay upon th' Idean Hill,  
He daily sounded loud his oaten quill.

---

But it seems by the concluding stanzas of  
the Poem, as if He, like other Bards, had fallen  
at length upon "evil days."

"He liv'd awhile in reputation,  
Expounding oracles of theology:  
His flock was had in ostentation,  
As guided well by his philosophy:  
Profoundly could he chant that mystery;  
In languages of highest poetry,  
Unfolding riddles of antiquity.

I left the shepherd in this happy state,  
Feeding his lambs in mirth and jollity:  
But it fell out when I return'd of late,  
His mirth was moan, his solace misery.  
(Lo! here world's glass of mutability!)  
He wrung his hands, and made a rueful moan,  
His drops of tears might pierce a marble stone.

I wonder'd how his blessed Comedy  
Could have so sudden alteration:  
I ask'd the cause of this his Tragedy;  
He answer'd: *Envy's Sophistication!*  
I thought to write the whole narration:  
But sith Tragedies have a bloody end,  
During his life he will not have it penn'd."

---

In one of the Dedicatory Sonnets, he speaks of being "chained in obscurity," and in another, of being "in distress, entrapped by malicious treachery, of such as glory in his misery."

In "*Censura Literaria*," ix. 159, 161, is an account of two of his poems, "*The Soul's Immortal Crown*," 1605, and "*The Ravish'd Soul, and the Blessed Weeper*," 1601, and an extract is given from an Hymn prefixed, which begins with these stanzas:

GLORIA IN EXCELSIS DEO.

“ SING, my Soul, to God thy Lord,  
All in glory's highest key!  
Lay the angels' choir aboard,  
In their highest holy day!  
Crave their helps to tune thy heart  
Unto praise's highest part.

Tell the world, no world can tell  
What the hand of Heaven deserveth;  
In whose only mercies dwell  
All that heaven and earth preserveth!  
Death's confounding, Sin's forgiving,  
Faith's relieving, Comfort's living!”

~~~~~

BRETON is mentioned in Beaumont and Fletcher's "*Scornful Lady*," 1616, in a manner from which Mr. Park infers that he was then living.^c

Perhaps specimens from one of BRETON's prose works may not be unacceptable in this place. They are from a short book of characters, entitled, "*The Good and the Badde; or Descriptions of the Worthies and Unworthies of the Age, London*," 1616, 4to.

~~~~~  
<sup>c</sup> " *Censura Literaria*," *ut supra*.

“A WORTHY GENTLEMAN.

“A WORTHY Gentleman is a branch of the tree of Honour, whose fruits are the actions of Virtue, as pleasing to the eye of Judgment, as tasteful to the spirit of Understanding: whatsoever he doth it is not forced, except it be evil, which either through ignorance unwittingly, or through compulsion unwillingly, he falls upon. He in Nature kind, in Demeanour courteous, in Allegiance loyal, and in Religion zealous; in service faithful, and in reward bountiful: he is made of no baggage stuff, nor for the wearing of base people; but is woven by the spirit of Wisdom, to adorn the court of Honour. His apparel is more comely than costly, and his diet more wholesome than excessive, his exercise more healthful than painful, and his study more for Knowledge than Pride: his Love not wanton nor common; his gifts not niggardly nor prodigal, and his carriage neither apish nor sullen. In sum, he is an approver of his pedigree, by the nobleness of his passage, and, in the course of his life, an example to his posterity.”

---

“AN UNWORTHY GENTLEMAN.

“AN Unworthy Gentleman is the scoff of Wit, and the scorn of Honour, where more wealth than wit is worshipped of simplicity; who spends more in idleness than would maintain thrift, or hides more in misery than might purchase honour: whose delights are vanities, and whose

---

pleasures fopperies, whose study fables, and whose exercise worse than follies. His conversation is base, and his conference ridiculous; his affections ungracious, and his actions ignominious. His apparel out of fashion, and his diet out of order; his carriage out of square, and his company out of request. In sum, he is like a mungrel dog with a velvet collar; a cart-horse with a golden saddle; a buzzard-kite with a falcon's bill; or a baboon with a pied jerkin."

~~~~~  
"A QUIET WOMAN.

"A QUIET Woman is like a still wind, which neither chills the body, nor blows dust in the face: her patience is a virtue that wins the heart of Love, and her wisdom makes her will well worthy regard: she fears God and fieth sin, sheweth kindness and loveth peace; her tongue is tied to discretion, and her heart is the harbour of goodness: she is a comfort of calamity, and in prosperity a companion; a physician in sickness, and a musician in help: her ways are the walk towards heaven, and her guide is the grace of the Almighty: she is her husband's down-bed, where his heart lies at rest, and her childrens' glass in the notes of her grace, her servants' honour in the keeping of her house, and her neighbours' example in the notes of good nature: she scorns Fortune and loves Virtue, and out of thrift gathereth charity: she is a Turtle in her love, a Lamb in her meekness, a Saint in her heart, and an Angel in her soul. In sum, she is a jewel un-

prizable, and a joy unspeakable, a comfort in Nature incomparable, and a Wife in the world unmatched."

~~~~~  
" AN UNQUIET WOMAN.

"AN Unquiet Woman is the misery of man, whose demeanour is not to be described, but in extremities: her voice is the shrieking of an owl, her eye the poison of a cockatrice, her hand the claw of a crocodile, and her heart a cabinet of horror: she is the grief of Nature, the wound of Wit, the trouble of Reason, and the abuse of Time: her pride is unsupportable, her anger unquenchable, her will unsatiable, and her malice unmatched: she fears no colours, she cares for no counsel, she spares no person, nor respects any time; her command is *must*, her reason *will*, her resolution *shall*, and her satisfaction *so*: she looks at no law, and thinks of no Lord; admits no command, and keeps no good order: she is a cross, but not of Christ; and a word, but not of grace; a creature, but not of wisdom; and a servant, but not of God. In sum, she is the seed of trouble, the fruit of travail, the taste of bitterness, and the digestion of death."

~~~~~  
" AN USURER.

"AN Usurer is a figure of misery, who hath made himself a slave to his money: his eye is closed from pity, and his hand from charity, his ear from compassion, and his heart from piety: while he lives he is the hate of a

Christian, and, when he dies, he goes with horror to hell: his study is sparing, and his care is getting, his fear is wanting, and his death is loosing: his diet is either fasting or poor fare, his clothing the hangman's wardrobe, his house the receptacle of thievery, and his music the chinking of his money: he is a kind of canker that, with the teeth of interest, eats the hearts of the poor, and a venomous fly, that sucks out the blood of any flesh that he lights on. In sum, he is a servant of dross, a slave to misery, an agent for hell, and a devil in the world."

"A BEGGAR.

"A BEGGAR is the child of idleness, whose life is a resolution of ease, his travel is most in the highways, and his rendezvous is commonly in an alehouse: his study is to counterfeit impotency, and his practice to couzen simplicity of charity; the juice of the malt is the liquor of his life, and at bed and board a louse is his companion: he fears no such enemy as a constable, and being acquainted with the stocks, must visit them as he goes by them: he is a drone that feeds upon the labours of the bee, and unhappily begotten, that is born for no goodness: his staff and his scrip are his walking furniture, and what he lacks in meat he will have out in drink: he is a kind of caterpillar that spoils much good fruit, and an unprofitable creature to live in a commonwealth: he is seldom handsome, and often noisome; always troublesome, and never welcome: he prays for all, and preys upon all; be-

gins with blessing, but ends often with cursing: if he have a licence he shews it with a grace, but if he have none he is submissive to the ground: sometimes he is a thief, but always a rogue, and in the nature of his profession the shame of humanity. In sum, he is commonly begot in a bush, born in a barn, lives in a highway, and dies in a ditch."

Our author had given to the world in the preceding year another Prose Tract, entitled, "*Characters upon Essays Moral and Divine*," of which a specimen is to be found in "*Censura Literaria*," v. 52. Five of his poems are inserted in "*The Phœnix Nest*," 1593, of which a reprint in "*The Heliconia*," is announced. His "*Character of Queen Elizabeth*" is revived in "*Nichols's Progresses*."

A reprint of his "*Longing of a Blessed Heart*" has been produced by the Press of LEE PRIORY.

A notice of his "*Soul's Immortal Crown*" is inserted in "*The British Bibliographer*." His "*Melancholy Humours*," and "*Ravish'd Soul*," are now printing at LEE PRIORY.

CONTENT AND RICH.

By Robert Southwell.

From his "*St. Peter's Complaint*," 1595.



DWELL in Grace's court,
Enrich'd with Virtue's rights;
Faith guides my wit; Love leads my will;
Hope all my mind delights.

In lowly vales I mount
To Pleasure's highest pitch;
My seely shroud true honour brings;
My poor estate is rich.

My conscience is my crown,
Contented thoughts my rest;
My heart is happy in itself;
My bliss is in my breast.

Enough I reckon wealth;
A mean the surest lot;
That lies too high for base contempt;
Too low for Envy's shot.

My wishes are but few,
All easy to fulfill;
I make the limits of my power
The bounds unto my will.

I have no hopes but one,
Which is of heavenly reign;
Effects attain'd, or not desir'd,
All lower hopes refrain.

I feel no care of coin;
Well-doing is my wealth;
My mind to me an empire is,
While Grace affordeth health.

I clip high climbing thoughts,
The wings of swelling pride;
Their fall is worst, that from the height
Of greatest honours slide.

Sith sails of largest size
The storm doth soonest tear,
I bear so low and small a sail,
As freeeth me from fear.

I wrestle not with Rage,
While Fury's flame doth burn;
It is in vain to stop the stream,
Until the tide doth turn.

But when the flame is out,
And ebbing wrath doth end,

I turn a late enraged foe
Into a quiet friend.

And taught with often proof,
A temper'd calm I find
To be most solace to itself,
Best cure for angry mind.

Spare diet is my fare,
My clothes more fit than fine;
I know I feed and clothe a foe,
That pamper'd would repine.

I envy not their hap,
Whom Favour doth advance;
I take no pleasure in their pain,
That have less happy chance.

To rise by others' fall
I deem a losing gain;
All states with others' ruins built,
To ruin run amain.

No change of Fortune's calms
Can cast my comforts down;
When Fortune smiles, I smile to think
How quickly she will frown.

And when in froward mood
She proves an angry foe,
Small gain I found to let her come;
Less loss to let her go.

~~~~~  
*ST. PETER'S AFFLICTED MIND.*

~~~~~  
By the same.
~~~~~

From his "*Meonice*," 1595.

**I**F that the sick man groan,  
Or orphan mourn his loss,  
If wounded wretch may rue his harms,  
Or caitiff shew his cross:

If heart consum'd with care  
May utter signs of pain,  
Then may my breast be Sorrow's home,  
And tongue with cause complain.

My malady is sin,  
And languor of the mind;  
My body but a lazar's couch,  
Wherein my soul is pin'd.

The care of heavenly kind  
Is dead to my relief;

Forlorn, and left, like orphan child,  
With sighs I feed my grief.

My wounds with mortal smart  
My dying soul torment,  
And prisoner to my own mishaps,  
My follies I repent.

My heart is but the haunt,  
Where all dislikes do keep:  
And who can blame so lost a wretch,  
Though tears of blood he weep?

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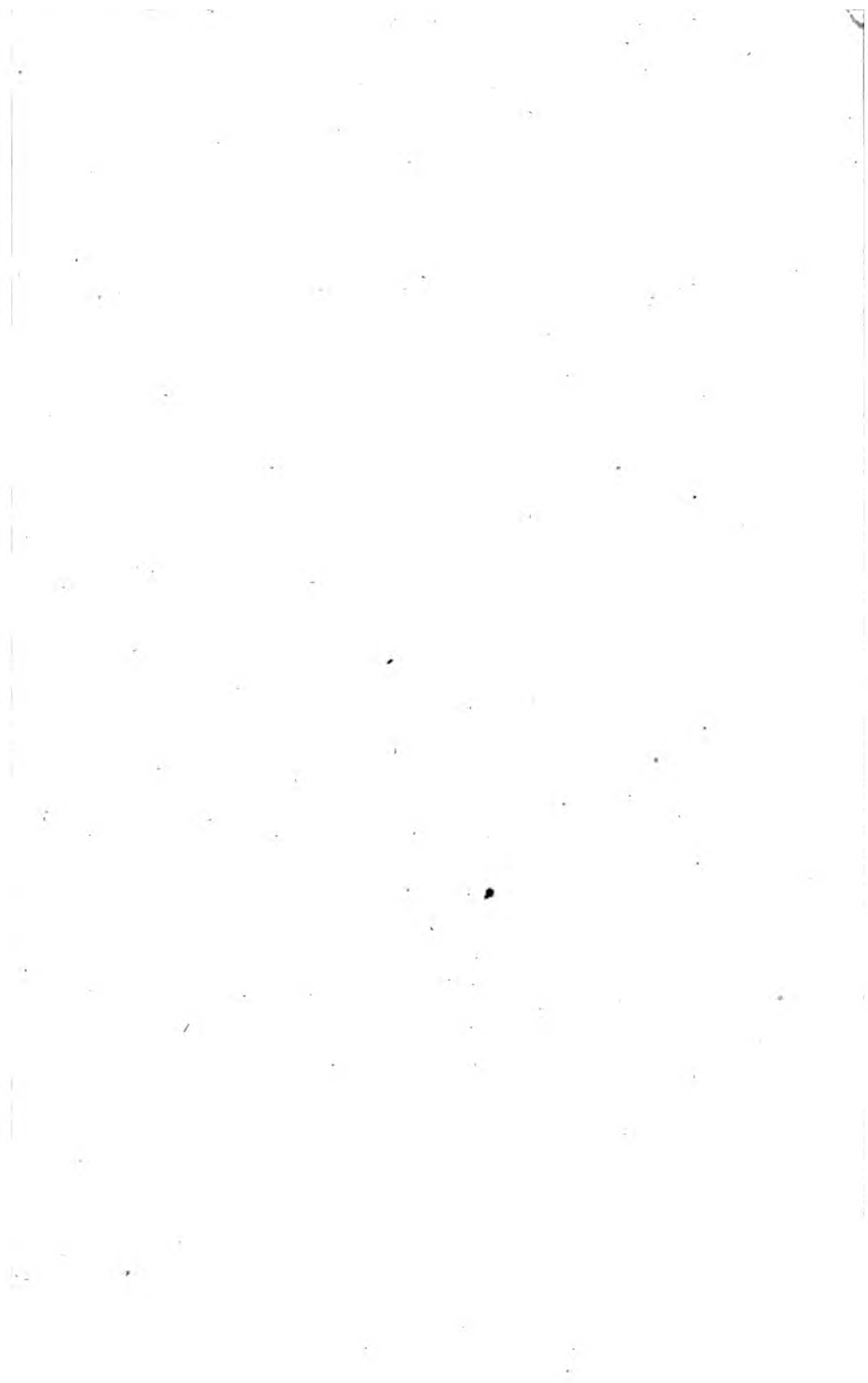
*SONG*, 1598.<sup>a</sup>

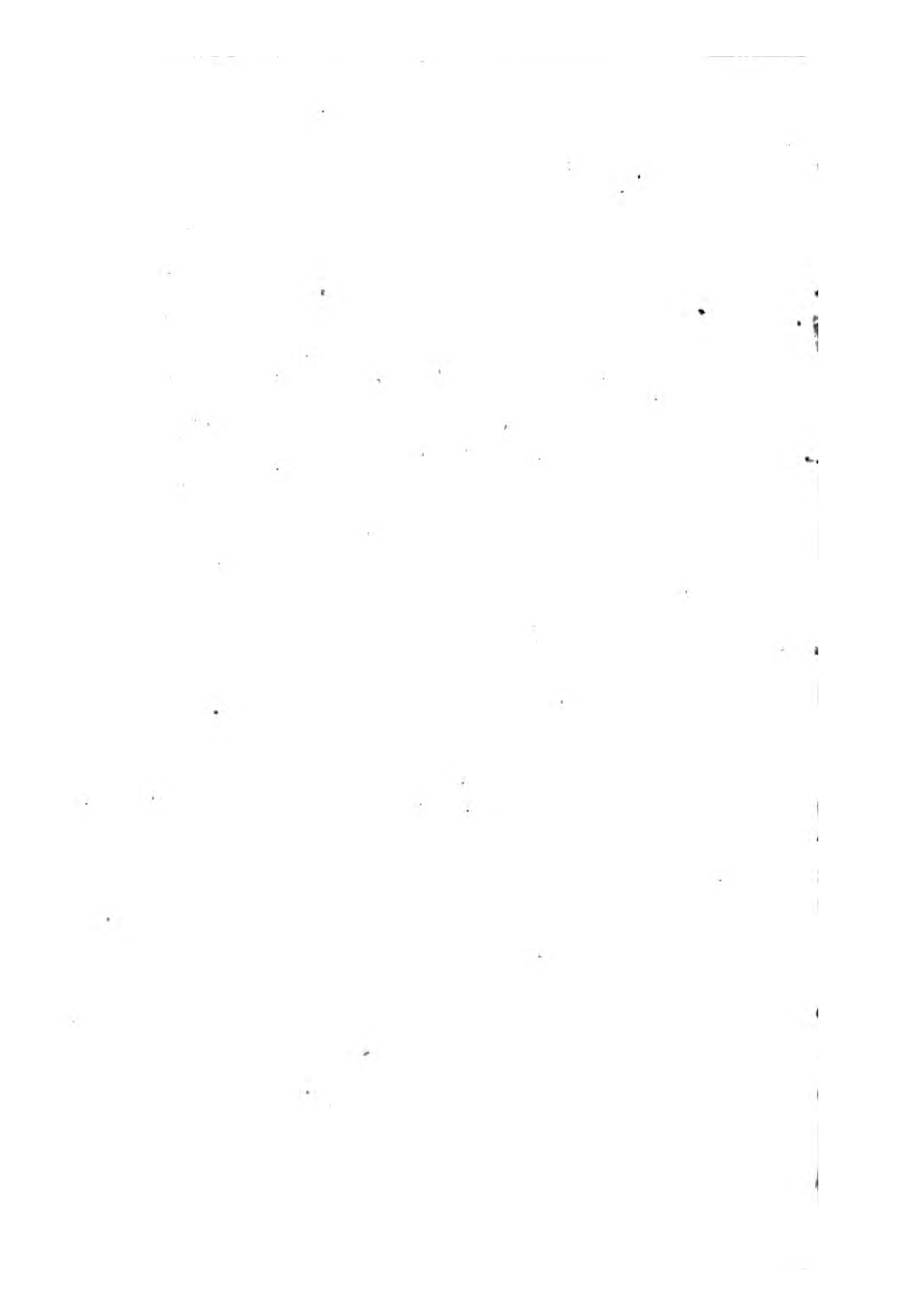
**SWEET**-heart, arise! why do you sleep,  
When lovers wanton sports do keep?  
The sun doth shine; the birds do sing,  
And May delight and joy doth bring:  
Then join we hands, and dance till night:  
'Tis pity Love should want his right.

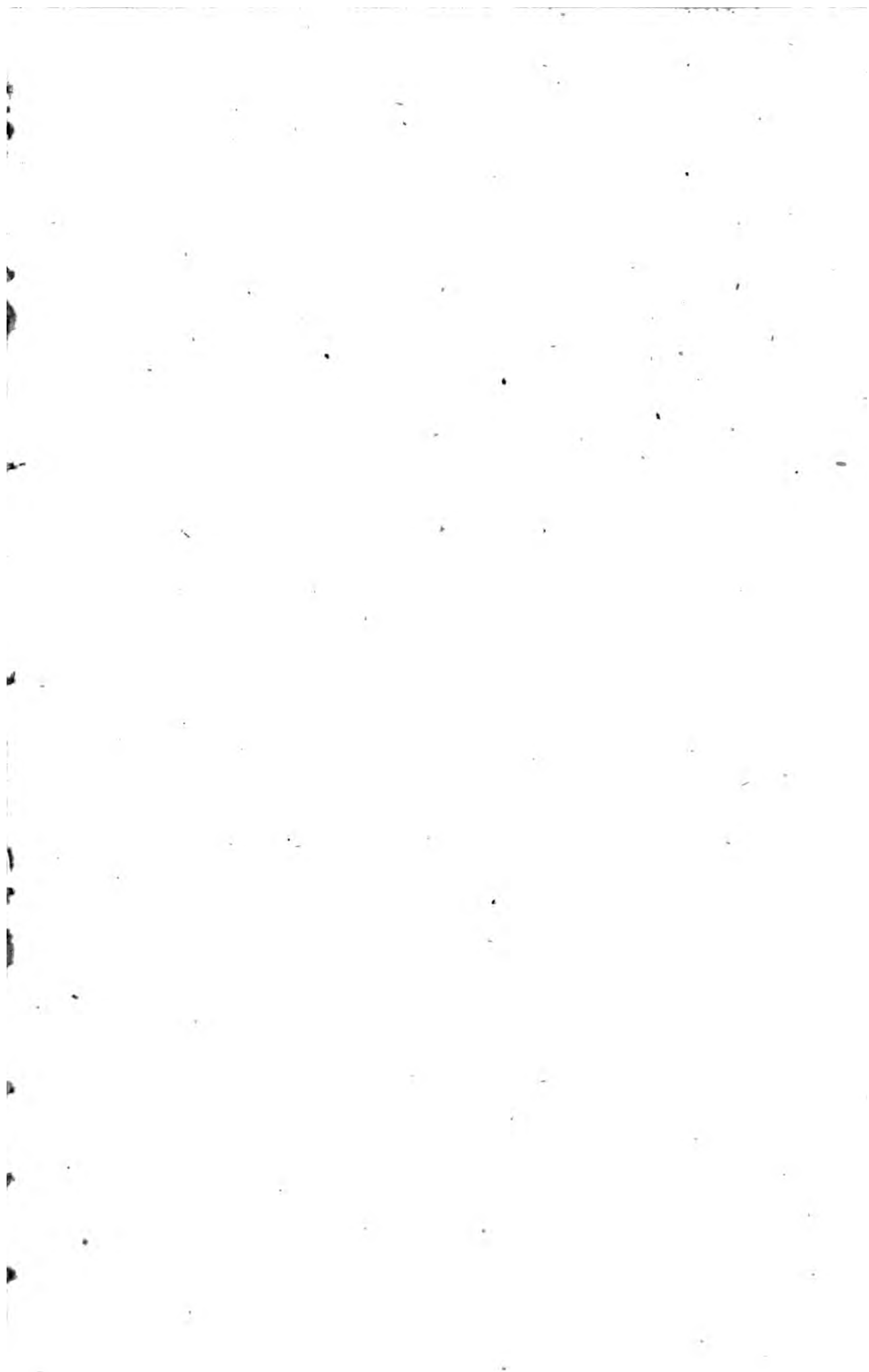
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<sup>a</sup> From "*Waelks's Ballets and Madrigals*," 1598.

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# Excerpta Tudoriana.

N<sup>o</sup> IV.

DEC. 20, 1814.

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TO BE CONTINUED.

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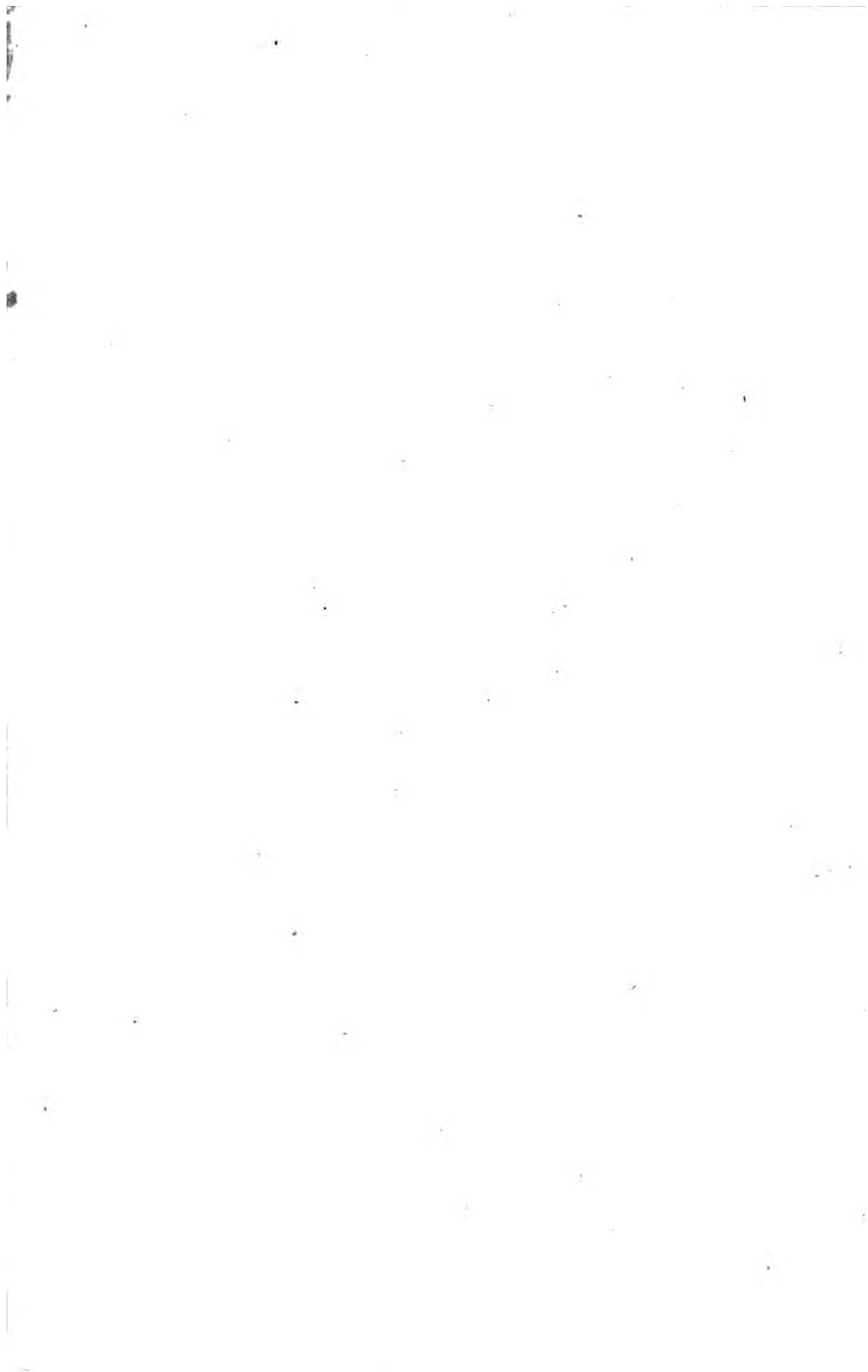
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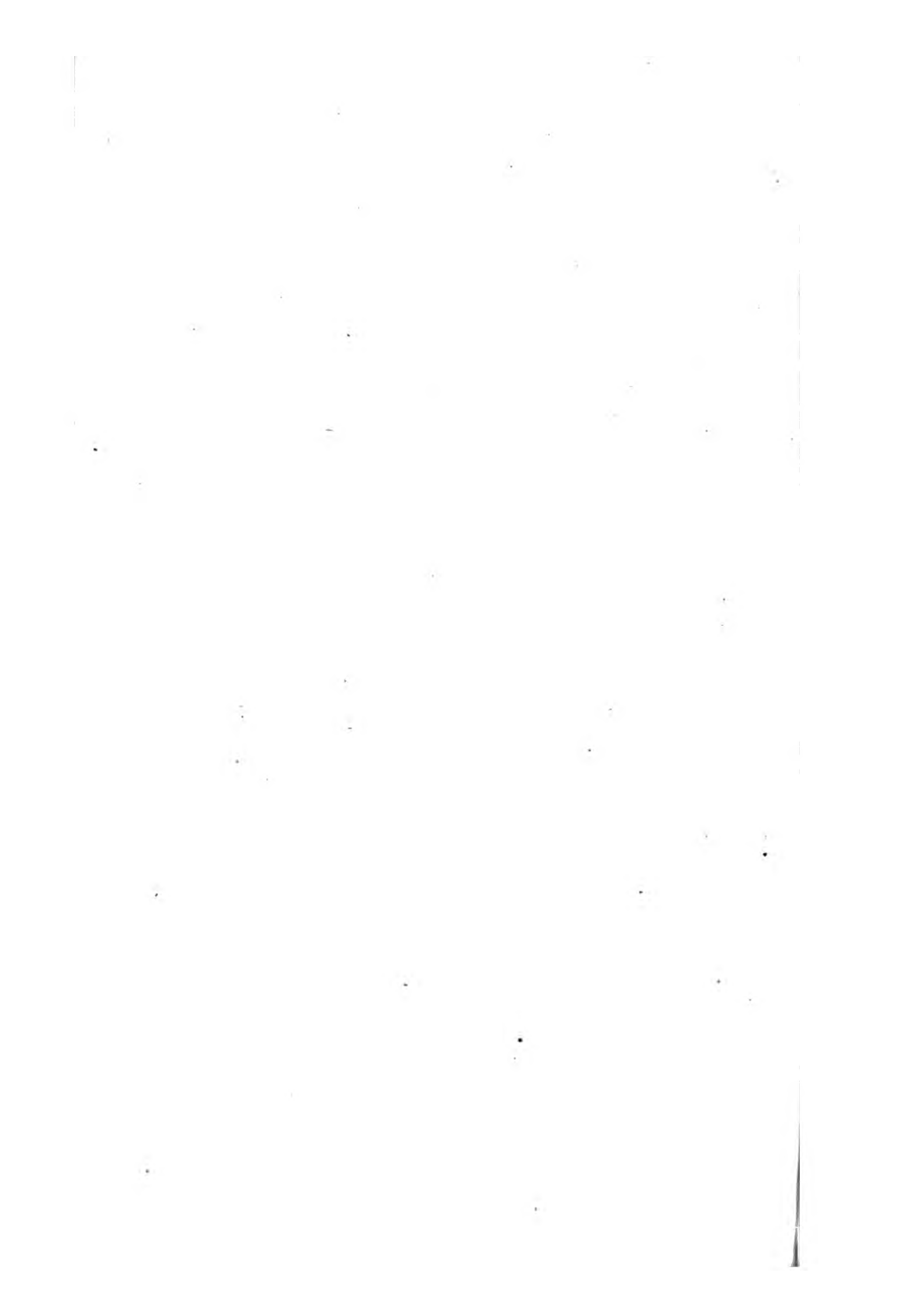
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SONG, 1598.

~~~~~  
From the same.
~~~~~

ON the plains, Fairy trains  
Were a treading measures;  
Satyrs play'd, Fairies staid,  
At the stop's set leasures:  
Nymphs began to come in quickly,  
Thick and threefold:  
Now they dance, now they prance;  
Present there to behold.

~~~~~  
SONG, 1598.

~~~~~  
From the same.  
~~~~~

SAY, dainty Dames, shall we go play,
And run among the flowers gay;
About the valleys and high hills
Which Flora with her glory fills?
The gentle heart will soon be won,
To dance and sport, till day be done.



ANOTHER.

WE Shepherds sing, we pipe, and play;
With pretty sport we pass the day:
 We care for no gold;
 But with our fold,
We dance and prance, as Pleasure would.

AN ELEGY,

IN REMEMBRANCE OF THE HONOURABLE THE
LORD BROUGH, 1598.

CEASE now, Delight! give Sorrow leave to speak;
In floods of tears bewailing his decease,
Whose timeless death a stony heart would break;
Sweet Brough's life was Music's, Life's, increase.
 Brough is dead! great Lord of greater fame,
 Live still on earth, by virtue of thy name!

SONG, 1600.

WHEN Thoralis delights to walk,
 The Fairies do attend her;
They sweetly sing and sweetly talk,
 And sweetly do commend her:

The Satyrs leap, and dance the round,
And make their congès to the ground;
And evermore their song it is,
Long may'st thou live, fair Thoralis!

SONG, 1604.

WHITHER so fast? See how the kindly flowers
Perfume the air, to make thee stay!
The climbing woodbine, clipping all these bowers,
Clips thee likewise, for fear thou pass away!
Fortune our friend, our foe will not gainsay.
Stay but awhile, Phœbe no tell-tale is:
She her Endymion, I'll my Phœbe kiss.

SONG, 1604.

SISTER, awake! The day her light discloses;
And the bright morning doth arise,
Out of her bed of roses!
See the clear Sun, the World's bright eye,
In at our windows peeping;
Lo! how he blusheth to espy
Us idle wenches sleeping.

Therefore awake, make haste, I say;
And let us, without staying,
All in our gowns of green so gay
Into the Park a Maying.

SONG, 1588.

From "Byrd's Psalms, Sonnets, and Songs."

I JOY not in no earthly bliss;
I force not Cræsus' wealth a straw;
For care I know not what it is;
I fear not Fortune's fatal law.
My mind is such as may not move
For Beauty bright, nor force of Love.

I wish but what I have at will;
I wander not to seek for more;
I like the plain; I climb no hill;
In greatest storms I sit on shore,
And laugh at them that toil in vain,
To get what must be lost again.

I kiss not where I wish to kill;
I feign not love where most I hate;
I break no sleep to win my will;
I wait not at the mighty's gate:

I scorn no poor, nor fear no rich;
I feel no want, nor have too much.

The court and cart I like, nor loath;
Extremes are counted worst of all:
The golden mean between them both
Doth surest sit, and fear no fall.
This is my choice; for why, I find
No wealth is like the quiet mind.

SONG, 1588.

From the same.

My mind to me a kingdom is;
Such perfect joy therein I find,
That it excels all other bliss,
Which God or Nature hath assign'd:
Though much I want, that most would have,
Yet still my mind forbids to crave.

No princely port, nor wealthy store;
No force to win a victory:
No wily wit to salve a sore;
No shape to win a loving eye.

To none of these I yield as thrall;
For why, my mind despise them all!

I see that plenty surfeits oft,
 And hasty climbers soonest fall:
I see that such as are aloft,
 Mishap doth threaten most of all.
These get with toil, and keep with fear;
Such cares my mind can never bear.

I press to bear no haughty sway;
 I wish no more than may suffice:
I do no more than well I may;
 Look, what I want my mind supplies.
Lo, thus I triumph like a king,
My mind content with any thing.

I laugh not at another's loss;
 Nor grudge not at another's gain:
No worldly waves my mind can toss;
 I brook that is another's bane:
I fear no foe, nor fawn on friend;
I loath not life, nor dread my end.

My wealth is health, and perfect ease;
 And conscience clear my chief defence:

I never seek by bribes to please;
Nor by desert to give offence:
Thus do I live; thus will I die;
Would all did so as well as I!

SONG, 1588.

From the same.

WHAT pleasure have great princes
More dainty to their choice,
Than herdmen wild, who careless
In quiet life rejoice:
And Fortune's fate not fearing,
Sing sweet in summer morning.

Their dealings plain and rightful
Are void of all deceit;
They never know how spiteful
It is to feel and wait
On favourite presumptuous,
Whose pride is vain and sumptuous.

All day their flocks each tendeth;
All night they take their rest,
More quiet than who sendeth
His ship into the East,

Where gold and pearl are plenty,
But getting very dainty.

For lawyers and their pleading
They' esteem it not a straw;
They think that honest meaning
Is of itself a law,
Where Conscience judgeth plainly,
They spend no money vainly.

O happy who thus liveth,
Not caring much for gold,
With clothing which sufficeth
To keep him from the cold:
Though poor and plain his diet,
Yet merry it is and quiet.

~~~~~  
*SONNET*, 1595.

---

By George Chapman, the Translator of Homer.

---

**M**USES, that sing Love's sensual emperie,  
And lovers kindling your enraged fires  
At Cupid's bonfires burning in the eye,  
Blown with the empty breath of vain desires;

You, that prefer the painted cabinet  
Before the wealthy jewels it doth store ye,  
That all your joys in dying figures set,  
And stain the living substance of your glory;  
Abjure those joys, abhor their memory;  
And let my love the honour'd subject be  
Of Love, and Honour's complete history!  
Your eyes were never yet let in to see  
The majesty and riches of the mind,  
That dwell in darkness; for your God is blind.

~~~~~

MEDITATION WHEN WE GO TO BED.

By William Hunnis.

From his "*Handful of Honisuckles*," 1585.

O LORD my God, I wandered have
As one that runs astray,
And have in thought, in word, and deed,
In idleness and play,

Offended sore thy Majesty,
In heaping sin to sin,
And yet thy mercy hath me spar'd;
So gracious hast thou been!

O Lord, my faults I now confess,
And sorry am therefore;
But not so much as fain I would:
O Lord, what wilt thou more?

It is thy grace must bring that spirit,
For which I humbly pray,
And that this night thou me defend,
As thou hast done this day.

And grant, when these mine eyes and tongue
Shall fail through Nature's might,
That then the powers of my poor soul
May praise thee day and night.

MEDITATION.

By the same.

From his "*Poor Widow's Mite*," 1585.

THOU, God, that rul'st and reign'st in light,
That flesh cannot attain;
Thou God that know'st, the thoughts of men
Are altogether vain;
Thou God, whom neither tongue of man,
Nor angel can express;

Thou God it is, that I do seek;
 Thou pity my distress!
Thy seat, O God, is every where;
 Thy power all powers transcend;
Thy wisdom cannot measur'd be,
 For that it hath no end!
Thou art the power and wisdom too,
 And sole felicity:
But I a lump of sinful flesh;
 Nurse of iniquity.
Thou art by Nature merciful,
 And Mercy is thy name;
And I by Nature miserable,
 The thrall of sin and shame:
Then let thy Nature, O good God!
 Now work his force in me;
And cleanse the nature of my sin,
 And heal my misery:
One depth, good Lord, another craves;
 My depth of sinful crime
Requires thy depth of mercy great,
 For saving health in time.
Sweet Christ, grant that thy depth of grace
 May swallow up my sin;
That I thereby may whiter be,
 Than even snow hath been.

CHRIST TO HIS SPOUSE.

By William Baldwin.*

From "*Solomon's Canticles and Ballads*," 1549.

THE TEXT.

Lo, thou art fair, my Love; lo, thou art fair;
Thou hast dove's eyes.

THE ARGUMENT.

WHEN the Church hath transcribed the glory of all her goodness to her beloved, and praised him as the author thereof, he, pleased with this her true judgment, praiseth her therefore, singing again, as followeth:

Lo, thou, my Love, art fair:
Myself have made thee so:
Yea, thou art fair indeed,
Wherefore thou shalt not need
In beauty to despair;
For I acceptthee so,
For fair.

For fair, because thine eyes
Are, like the culver's, white;

* Principal Author and Conductor of the "*Mirror for Magistrates*," 1559, &c.

Whose simpleness in deed
All others do exceed;
Thy judgment wholly lies
In true sense of sprite
Most wise.

*THE DESCRIPTION OF THE SHEPHERD
AND HIS WIFE.*

From "*Robert Greene's Mourning Garment*," 1616.

It was near a thicky shade,
That broad leaves of beech had made;
Joining all their tops so nigh,
That scarce Phœbus in could pry,
To see if Lovers in the thick,
Could dally with a wanton trick;
Where sate the Swain and his Wife,
Sporting in that pleasing life,
That Coridon commendeth so,
All other lives to over-go.
He and she did sit and keep
Flocks of kids, and folds of sheep:
He upon his pipe did play,
She tuned voice unto his lay. ●

And for you might her housewife know,
Voice did sing and fingers sow:
He was young, his coat was green,
With welts of white seam'd between,
Turned over with a flap,
That breast and bosom in did wrap,
Skirts side, and plighted free,
Seemly hanging to his knee.
A whittle with a silver chape,
Cloak was russet, and the cape
Served for a bonnet oft,
To shroud him from the wet aloft:
A leather scrip of colour red,
With a button on the head;
A bottle full of country whig,
By the Shepherd's side did lig;
And in a little bush hard by,
There the Shepherd's dog did lie,
Who while his master 'gan to sleep,
Well could watch both kids and sheep.
The Shepherd was a frolic swain,
For though his 'parel was but plain,
Yet doon the authors soothly say,
His colour was both fresh and gay;
And in their writs plain discuss,
Fairer was not Tytirus,

◊

Nor Menalcas whom they call,
The alderleefest swain of all;
Seeming him was his wife,
Both in line and in life:
Fair she was, as fair might be,
Like the roses on the tree;
Buxom, blithe, and young, I ween,
Beautious, like a Summer's Queen,
For her cheeks were ruddy hued,
As if lillies were imbrued,
With drops of blood to make thee white,
Please the eye with more delight;
Love did lie within her eyes,
In ambush for some wanton prize,
A leeper lass than this had been,
Coridon had never seen.
Nor was Phillis, that fair May,
Half so gaudy or so gay:
She wore a chaplet on her head,
Her cassock was of scarlet red,
Long and large as straight as bent,
Her middle was both small and gent.
A neck as white as whales' bone,
Compast with a lace of stone;
Fine she was, and fair she was,
Brighter than the brightest glass:

Such a Shepherd's wife as she,
Was not more in Thessaly.

PHILADOR seeing this couple sitting thus lovingly, noted the concord of country amity, and began to conjecture with himself what a sweet kind of life those men use, who were by their birth too low for dignity, and by their fortunes too simple for envy: well, he thought to fall in prattle with them, had not the Shepherd taken his pipe in hand and began to play, and his wife to sing out this Roundelay:

THE SHEPHERD'S WIFE'S SONG.

From the same.

AH! what is Love? It is a pretty thing,
As sweet unto a Shepherd as a King,
And sweeter too:
For Kings have cares that wait upon a crown,
And cares can make the sweetest love to frown:
Ah then, ah then,

If country loves such sweet desires gain,
What Lady would not love a Shepherd swain?

His flocks are folded; he comes home at night,
As merry as a king in his delight,

And merrier too:

For Kings bethink them what the state require,
Where Shepherds careless carol by the fire;

Ah then, ah then,

If country loves such sweet desires gain,
What Lady would not love a Shepherd swain?

He kisseth first, then sits as blithe to eat
His cream and curd, as doth the King his meat;

And blither too:

For Kings have often fears when they sup,
Where Shepherds dread no poison in their cup.

Ah then, ah then,

If country loves such sweet desires gain,
What Lady would not love a Shepherd swain?

To bed he goes, as wanton then I ween,
As is a King in dalliance with a Queen;

More wanton too:

For Kings have many griefs affects to move,
Where Shepherds have no greater grief than Love:

Ah then, ah then,
If country loves such sweet desires gain,
What Lady would not love a Shepherd swain?

Upon his couch of straw he sleeps as sound,
As doth the King upon his beds of down,

More sounder too:

For cares cause Kings full oft their sleep to spill,
Where weary Shepherds lie and snort their fill:

Ah then, ah then,
If country loves such sweet desires gain,
What Lady would not love a Shepherd swain?

Thus with his wife he spends the year as blithe,
As doth the King at every tide or syth;

And blither too:

For Kings have wars and broils to take in hand,
When Shepherds laugh, and love upon the land;

Ah then, ah then,
If country loves such sweet desires gain,
* What Lady would not love a Shepherd swain?



HEXAMETRA ALEXIS IN LAUDEM ROSAMUNDÆ.

~~~~~  
From the same.  
~~~~~

OFT have I heard my life, Coridon, report on a love-day,
When bonny maids do meet with the swains in the valley
by Tempe,

How bright-ey'd his Phillis was, how lovely they glanced,
When fro' th' Aarches Ebon black, flew looks as a lightning,
That set a fire with piercing flames even hearts adamantine,
Face rose-hu'd, cherry-red, with a silver taint like a lilly.
Venus' pride might abate, might abash with a blush to
behold her:

Phœbus' wires compar'd to her hairs unworthy the praising.
Juno's state, and Pallas' wit disgrac'd with the Graces,
That grac'd her, whom poor Coridon did choose for a
love-mate:

Ah! but had Coridon now seen the star that Alexis
Likes and loves so dear, that he melts to sighs when he
sees her!

Did Coridon but see those eyes, those amorous eye-lids,
From whence fly holy flames of death or life in a moment.
Ah! did he see that face, those hairs that Venus, Apollo
'Basht to behold, and both disgrac'd, did grieve that a
creature

Should exceed in hue, compare both a god and a goddess:
Ah! had he seen my sweet Paramour, the taint of Alexis,
Then had he said, Phillis, sit down surpassed in all points,
For there is one more fair than thou, beloved of Alexis!

*HEXAMETRA ROSAMUNDÆ IN DOLOREM
AMISSI ALEXIS.*

From the same.

TEMPE the grove where dark Hecate doth keep her
abiding;
Tempe the grove where poor Rosamond bewails her Alexis,
Let not a tree nor shrub be green to shew thy rejoicing;
Let not a leaf once deck thy boughs and branches, O
Tempe;
Let not a bird record her tunes, nor chant any sweet notes,
But Philomel, let her bewail the loss of her amours,
And fill all the wood with doleful tunes to bemoan her.
Parch'd leaves fill every spring, fill every fountain,
All the meads in mourning weed fit them to lamenting.
Echo sit and sing despair i' the vallies, i' the mountains;
All Thessaly help poor Rosamond mournful to bemoan
her:
For she's quite bereft of her love, and left of Alexis,

Once was she lik'd, and once was she loved of wanton
Alexis;

Now is she loath'd, and now is she left of trothless Alexis.
Here did he clip and kiss Rosamond, and vow by Diana:
None so dear to the swain as I, nor none so beloved;
Here did he deeply swear, and call great Pan for a witness,
That Rosamond was only the rose belov'd of Alexis,
That Thessaly had not such another nymph to delight him:
"None," quoth he, "but Venus fair shall have any kisses;
Not Phillis, were Phillis alive should have any favours,
Nor Galate, Galate so fair for beauteous eye-brows,
Nor Doris that lass that drew the swains to behold her:
Not one amongst all these, nor all should gain any graces,
But Rosamond alone to herself should have her Alexis."

Now to revenge the perjured vows of faithless Alexis,
Pan, great Pan, that heardst his oaths, and mighty Diana,
You Dryads and watery Nymphs that sport by the foun-
tains:

Fair Tempe the gladsome grove of greatest Apollo,
Shrubs, and dales, and neighbouring hills, that heard
when he swore him,

Witness all, and seek to revenge the wrongs of a virgin;
Had any swain been life to me but guileful Alexis;
Had Rosamond twin'd myrtle boughs, or rosemary
branches,

Sweet hollyhock, or else daffodil, or slips of a bay-tree,

And given them for a gift to any swain but Alexis:
Well had Alexis done t' have left his rose for a giglet.
But Galate ne'er lov'd more dear her lovely Menalcas,
Than Rosamond did dearly love her trothless Alexis.
Endymion was ne'er belov'd of his Citherea,
Half so dear as true Rosamond belov'd her Alexis.
Now seely lass, hie down to the lake, haste down to the
willows;
And with those forsaken twigs go make thee a chaplet,
Mournful sit, and sigh by the springs, by the brooks, by
the rivers,
Till thou turn for grief, as did Niobe to a marble;
Melt to tears, pour out thy plaints, let Echo reclaim them,
How Rosamond that loved so dear is left of Alexis,
Now die, die Rosamond, let men engrave o' thy tomb-stone:
Here she lies that loved so dear the youngster Alexis,
Once beloved, forsaken late of faithless Alexis:
Yet Rosamond did die for love, false hearted Alexis.

*PHILADOR'S ODE THAT HE LEFT WITH
THE DESPAIRING LOVER.*

From the same.

WHEN merry Autumn in her prime,
Fruitful mother of swift Time,

Had fill'd Ceres' lap with store
Of vines and corn, and mickle more,
Such needful fruits as do grow
From Terra's bosom here below;
Tityrus did sigh and see
With heart's grief and eyes gree;
Eyes and heart both full of woes,
Where Galate his lover goes;
Her mantle was vermillion red,
A gaudy chaplet on her head;
A chaplet that did shroud the beams,
That Phœbus on her beauty streams:
For sun itself desir'd to see
So fair a nymph as was she;
For, viewing from the East to West,
Fair Galate did like him best:
Her face was like to Welkin's shine;
Crystal brooks, such were his eyne;
And yet within those brooks were fires,
That scorched youth and his desires.
Galate did much impair
Venus' honour for her fair:
For stately stepping Juno's pace,
By Galate did take disgrace;
And Pallas' wisdom bear no prize,
Where Galate would shew her wise.

This gallant girl thus passeth by
Where Tityrus did sighing lie:
Sighing sore for 'Love strains
More than sighs from Lover's veins,
Tears in eye, thought in heart,
Thus his grief he did impart.
Fair Galate but glance thine eye;
Here lies he that here must die:
For Love is death, if Love not gain,
Lover's salve for Lover's pain.
Winters seven and more are past,
Since on thy face my thoughts I cast:
When Galate did haunt the plains,
And feed her sheep amongst the swains:
When every shepherd left his flocks,
To gaze on Galate's fair locks.
When every eye did stand at gaze,
When heart and thought did both amaze:
When heart from body would asunder,
On Galate's fair face to wonder:
Then amongst them all did I
Catch such a wound as I must die:
If Galate oft say not thus,
I love the shepherd Tityrus.
'Tis Love, fair Nymph, that doth pain
Tityrus thy truest swain;

True, for none more true can be,
Then still to love, and none but thee.
Say Galate, oft smile and say,
'Twere pity Love should have a nay:
But such a word of comfort give,
And Tityrus thy Love shall live:
Or with a piercing frown reply,
I cannot live, and then I die,
For Lover's nay, is Lover's death!
And heart-break frowns doth stop the breath.
Galate at this arose,
And with a smile away she goes,
As one that little car'd to ease
Tityrus, pain'd with Love's disease.
At her parting, Tityrus
Sighed amain, and said thus:
"O that women are so fair,
To trap mens' eyes in their hair,
With beauteous eyes, Love's fires,
Venus' sparks that heats desires:
But, oh! that women have such hearts,
Such thoughts, and such deep piercing darts,
As in the beauty of their eye,
Harbour nought but flattery:
Their tears are drawn that drop deceit,
Their faces calends of all sleight,

Their smiles are lures, their looks guile,
And all their love is but a wile!
Then Tityr leave, leave Tityrus
To love such as scorns you thus:
And say to Love, and women both,
What I liked, now I do loath."
With that he hied him to the flocks,
And counted Love but Venus' mocks.

*THE SONG OF A COUNTRY SWAIN AT THE
RETURN OF PHILADOR.*

From the same.

THE silent shade had shadowed every tree,
And Phœbus in the west was shrouded low:
Each hive had home her busy labouring bee,
Each bird the harbour of the night did know;
Even then,
When thus,
All things did from their weary labour lin,
Menalcas sate and thought him of his sin.

His head on hand, his elbow on his knee,
And tears, like dew, be-drencht upon his face,
His face as sad as any Swains' might be:
His thoughts and dumps befitting well the place,
Even then,
When thus,
Menalcas sate in passions all alone:
He sighed then, and thus he 'gan to moan.

"I that fed flocks upon Thessalia plains,
And bade my lambs to feed on daffodil;
That liv'd on milk and curds, poor Shepherds' gains,
And merry sate, and pip'd upon a pleasant hill:
Even then,
When thus,
I sate secure, and fear'd not Fortune's ire,
Mine eyes eclipst, fast blinded by Desire.

Then lofty thoughts began to lift my mind;
I grudg'd and thought my fortune was too low;
A Shepherd's life 'twas base and out of kind;
The tallest cedars have the fairest grow.
Even then,
When thus,
Pride did intend the sequel of my ruth,
Began the faults and follies of my youth.

I left the fields, and took me to the town;
Fold sheep who list; the hook was cast away;
Menalcas would not be a country clown,
Nor Shepherd's weeds, but garments far more gay.

Even then,

When thus,

Aspiring thoughts did follow after ruth,
Began the faults and follies of my youth.

My suits were silk, my talk was all of state;
I strecht beyond the compass of my sleeve;
The bravest courtier was Menalcas' mate;
Spend what I would, I never thought on grief.

Even then,

When thus,

I lasht out lavish, then began my ruth;
And then I felt the follies of my youth.

I cast mine eye on every wanton face,
And straight Desire did hail me on to Love;
Then, Lover-like, I pray'd for Venus' grace,
That she my mistress' deep affects might move.

Even then,

When thus,

Love trapt me in the fatal bands of ruth,
Began the faults and follies of my youth.

No cost I spar'd to please my Mistress' eye,
No time ill-spent in presence of her sight;
Yet oft we frown'd, and then her love must die;
But when she smil'd, oh, then a happy wight;
Even then,
When thus,
Desire did draw me on to deem of ruth;
Began the faults and follies of my youth.

The day in poems often did I pass,
The night in sighs and sorrows for her grace;
And she as fickle as the brittle glass,
Held sun-shine showers within her flattering face.
Even then,
When thus,
I spy'd the woes that womens' loves ensu'th;
I saw, and loath the follies of my youth.

I noted oft that Beauty was a blaze;
I saw that Love was but a heap of cares,
That such as stood as deer do at the gaze,
And sought their wealth amongst Affection's thares.
Even such,
I saw,
Which hot pursuit did follow after ruth,
And fostered up the follies of their youth.

Thus clogg'd with Love, with passions and with grief,
I saw the country life had least molest;
I felt a wound and fain would have relief,
And this resolv'd I thought would fall out best.

Even then,

When thus,

I felt my senses almost sold to ruth,
I thought to leave the follies of my youth.

To flocks again, away the wanton town,
Fond pride avaunt, give me the Shepherd's hook,
A coat of grey, I'll be a country clown;
Mine eye shall scorn on Beauty for to look:

No more

Ado:

Both Pride and Love are ever pain'd with ruth,
And therefore farewell the follies of my youth."

*The Tract, from whence these Poems are
taken, concludes thus:*

"**T**HUS, Gentlemen, have I presented you with my
'Mourning Garment:' though a rough thread, and a
coarse dye: yet the wool is good. If any Gentleman


wear it, and find it so warm, that it make him sweat out all wanton desires, then,

O me fœlicem et fortunatum.

It may be thought the shape seem bad, yet the operation may be better, and seem secret; virtue may be hidden in so ragged a garment. Diogenes' cloak would make a man a cynic, and if my robe could make a man civil, what care I, though I sat with him and delivered precepts out of a tub: scorn it not; Elias' garment was but a mantle, and yet it doubled the spirit upon Elizeus: reject not this, be it never so base; it is a mourning suit; if you make the worst of it, wear it as the Ninivites did their sackcloth, and repent with them; and I have played the good tailor. I hope there will be none so fond as to measure the matter by the man, or to proportion the contents of my Pamphlet by the former course of my fond life; that were as extreme folly as to refuse the rose because of the prickles, or to make light esteem of honey because the bee hath a sting. What? Horace writ wanton Poems, yet the gravest embraced his Odes and his Satires. Martial had many lacivious verses, yet none rejected his honest sentences. So I hope, if I have been thought as wanton as Horace, or as full of amours as Ovid: yet you will vouchsafe of my '*Mourning Garment,*' for that it is the first fruits of my new labours, and the last

farewell to my fond desires. I know Momus will look at it narrowly, and say there is too little cloth; Zoilus with his squint eyes will find fault with the shape, so shall I be bitten both for matter and method. Well, I care not though they be crabbed, if I find other Gentlemen courteous: let an ass strike me, I will never lift my heel; and if Diogenes be cynical, I will shake off his frumps with Aristippus. Because that Gentlemen have past over my works with silence, and have rid me without a spur, I have (like blind Bayard) plodded forward, and set forth many Pamphlets full of much Love, and little Scholarism: well though Hipanchian could not warble like Orpheus, yet he could pipe, and though Ennius wrote a rough style, yet he was a Poet: the flint is a stone as well as the diamond, and I may term myself a writer, though an unskilfull inditer. What? Every one dips not his finger with Homer in the bason, nor all mens' works cannot be excellent. Howsoever, I have pleased some, and so I pass it over. But henceforth I mean to offend few: for as this is the first of my reformed passions, so this is the last of my trifling Pamphlets: so farewell.

ROBERT GREENE."



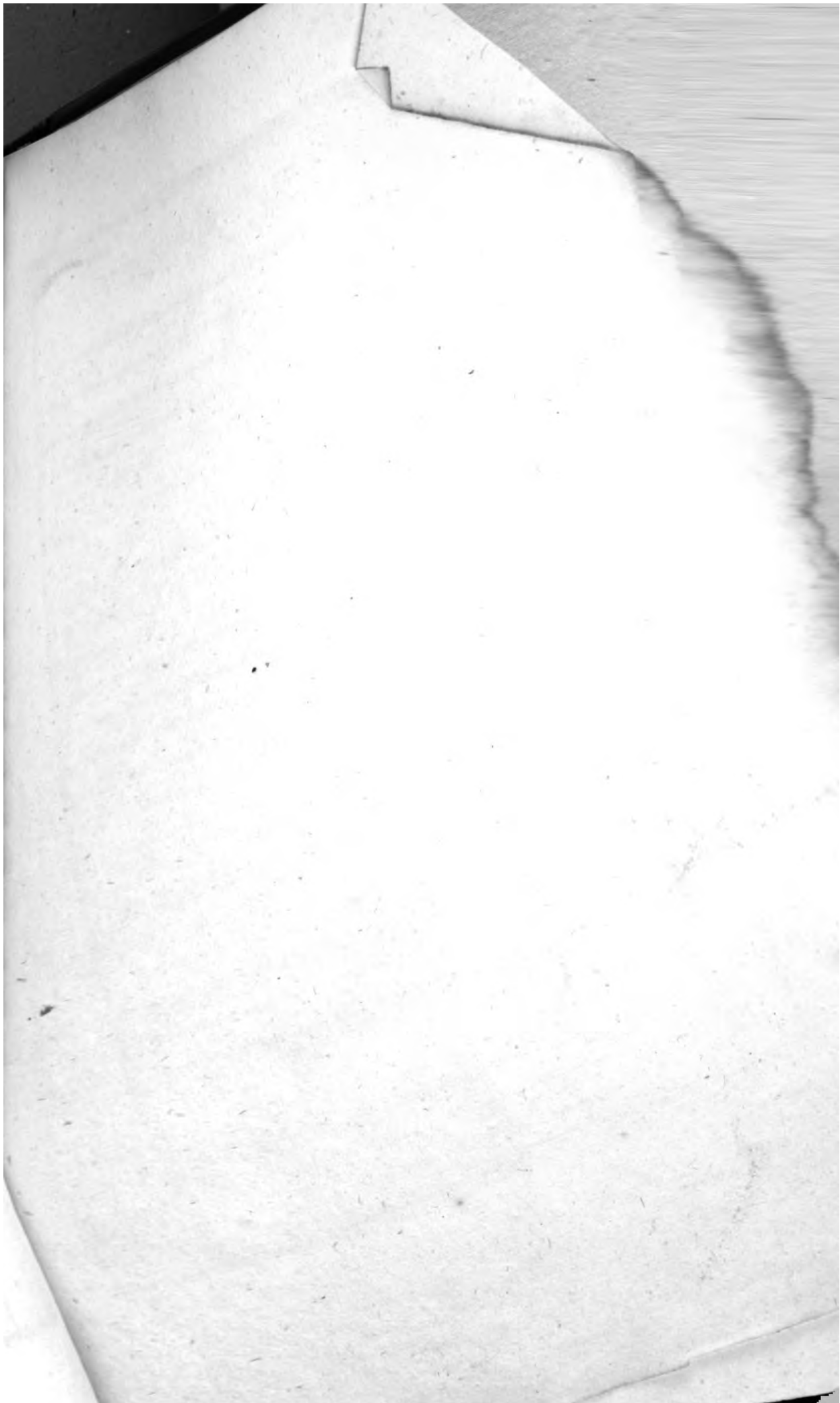
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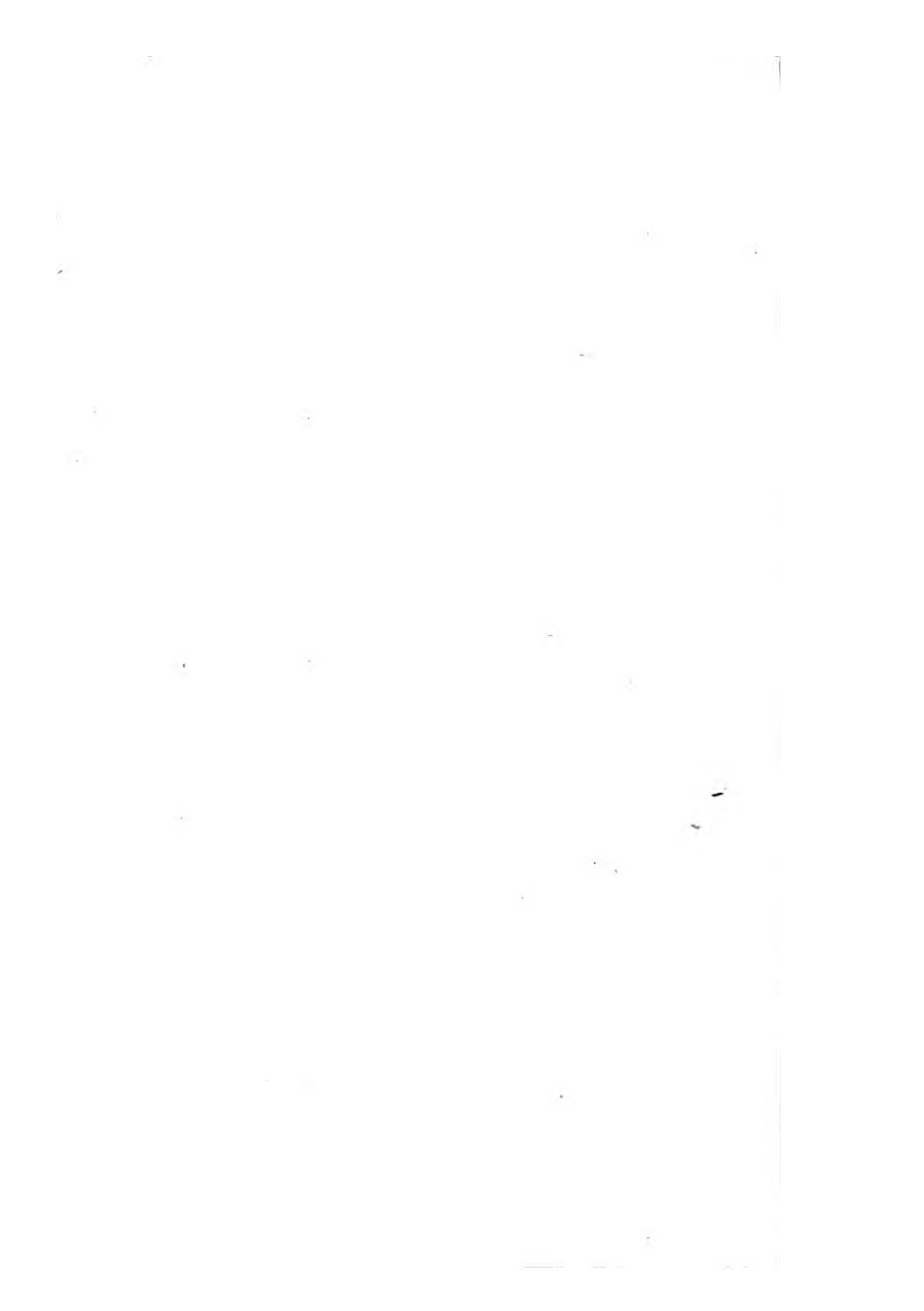
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End of the First Volume.

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VOL. II.



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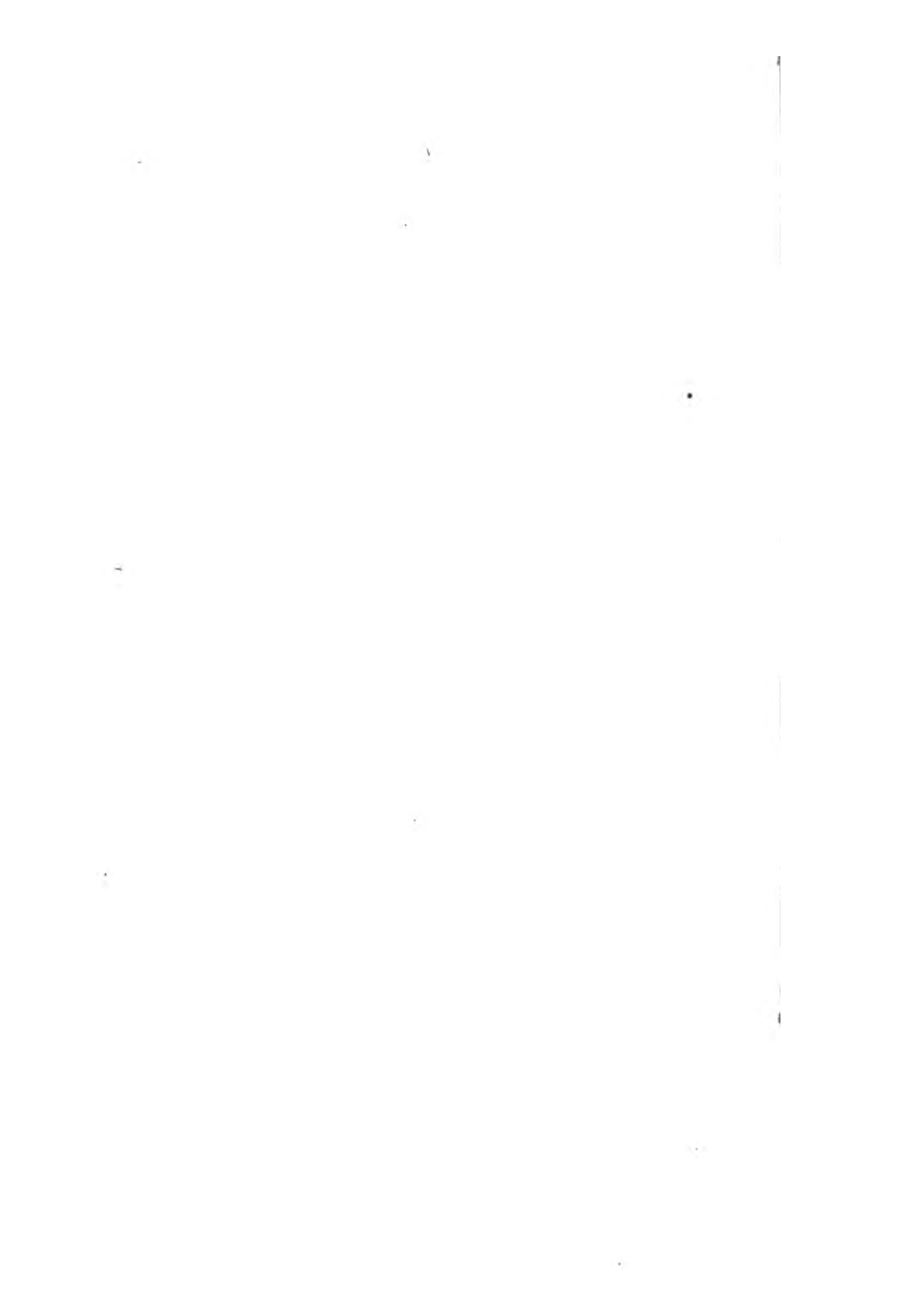
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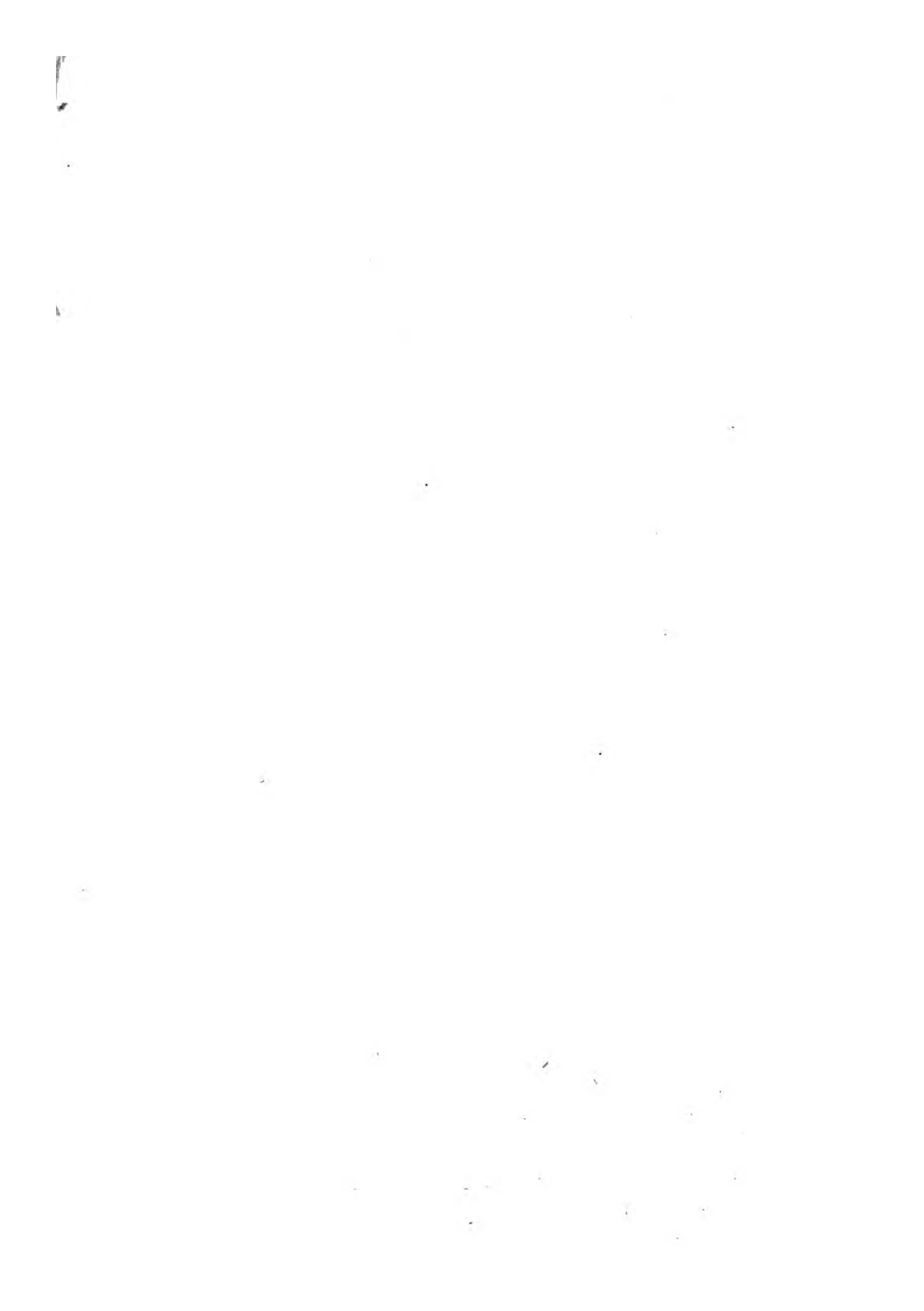
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1817.

PRICE NINE SHILLINGS.









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OR

EXTRACTS

FROM

ELIZABETHAN LITERATURE.

THE SECOND VOLUME.

EDITED BY

SIR EGERTON BRYDGES, BART.



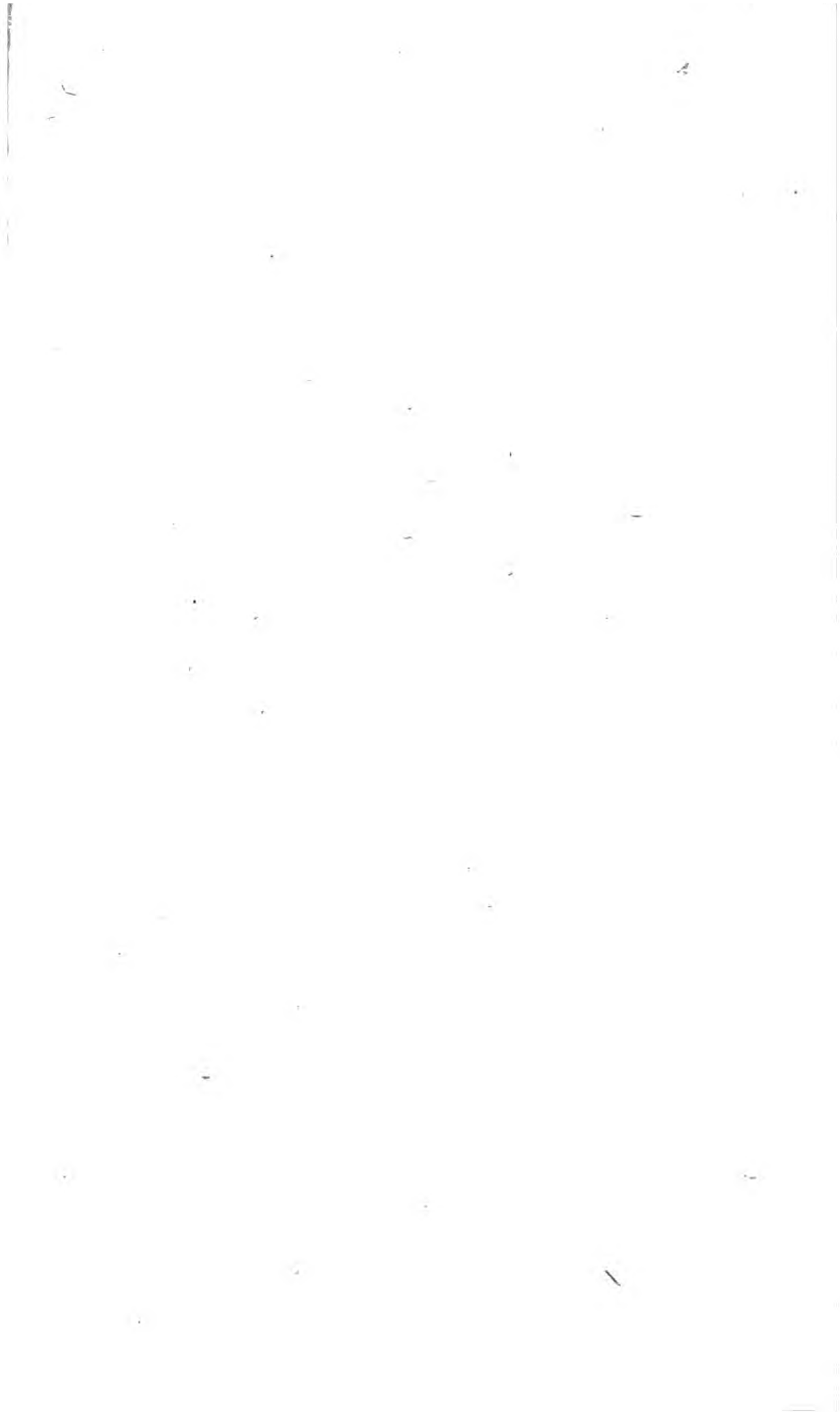
Ye children of capricious love, that pout,
And frown, and laugh, and cry, by sudden fits,
Tied by the caps of Folly to the yoke,
Burst from your bands, and rise to higher joys! *Anon.*

KENT:

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BY JOHN WARWICK.

1818.



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Excerpta Tudoriana:

OR

EXTRACTS

FROM

ELIZABETHAN LITERATURE.

VOL. II.

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EXCERPTA TUDORIANA:

OR

EXTRACTS

FROM

ELIZABETHAN LITERATURE.

CANTO XL.

From *Willobie's "Avisa."*

4to. 4th Edit. 1605.

AFTER long absence D. H. happening to come in on a time suddenly to her house, and finding her all alone amongst her maids that were spinning, said nothing, but going home wrote these verses following, which he called his *Dum Habui*, and sent them unto her.

~~~~~



W<sup>H</sup>ILST erst I had my liberty,  
To range the woods where fancy list,  
The cause of all my misery,  
By heedless haste my way I mist:

Until I found within a plain  
A crystal well, where nymphs remain.

As weary of this wild-goose race,  
That led askance, I know not where,  
I chose at length a shadow place,  
To take the cold and pleasant air;  
But from the brink of that same well  
I saw my heaven, or else my hell.

4 . . . . Excerpta Tudoriana.

---

I saw a bird from joining grove,  
That soaring came with comely grace:  
The Lily and Vermilion strove,  
In maiden-like and lovely face:  
    With seemly arms instead of wings;  
    No claws, but fingers set with rings.

And in her hand she held a dart,  
As being of Diana's train:  
O, that's the cause of all my smart,  
And breeder of this endless pain!  
    The thing I sought not there I find,  
    And lost the freedom of my mind.

While on her eyes my eyes did hang,  
From rolling eye there sprang a glance;  
And therewith heard a sudden clang,  
That struck me in a deadly trance:  
    But wak'd I saw blind Cupid's craft,  
    And in my heart the golden shaft.

I sued for grace, but she denied;  
Her lofty looks she cast awry:  
And when my folly she espied,  
She laugh'd to see my misery:

Away she soars, and from my sight  
She smiling takes her parting flight.

You are the bird that bred the bane,  
That swelleth thus in restless thought;  
You are the snare that thus hath ta'ne,  
And senses all to thraldom brought:  
    You are the jailor that do keep  
    Your friend in bonds and dungeon deep.

Renowned chaste Penelope,  
With all her words could not redrive  
Her suitors, till she set a day  
In which she would them answer give;  
    When thready spindle full was grown,  
    Then would she choose one for her own.

They daily came to see the end,  
And every man doth hope to be  
The chosen man to be her friend;  
But women's wiles here men may see;  
    Her spill was never fully spun,  
    For night undid that day had done.

I hope the like you have decreed,  
That found you spinning but of late;



Would God your spill were full of thread,  
That might relieve my wretched state:

I will forget the wrongs are past,  
So you will choose me at the last.

Choose one at length, I know you will;  
Let tried faith for ten years space,  
However that your spindle fill,  
With joy possess that empty place:

And if you will, I do protest  
My love shall far surmount the rest.

These lines that hope for better speed,  
As loving spies are sent to see;  
Where you have spun up all your thread,  
And what good hap is left for me:

Let their return yet make him glad,  
Whom love's despair hath made so sad.



SONNET III.

From "Cælica," consisting of 109 Sonnets.

Fol. 1633.

---

BY FULKE GREVILLE, LORD BROOKE.

---

**M**ORE than most fair, full of that heavenly fire,  
Kindled above to shew the Maker's glory;  
Beauty's first-born, in whom all powers conspire  
To write the Graces' life, and Muses' story;  
If in my heart all Saints else be defaced,  
Honour the Shrine where you alone are placed!

Thou window of the sky, and pride of spirits,  
True character of honour in perfection;  
Thou heavenly creature, judge of earthly merits,  
And glorious prison of man's pure affection;  
If in my heart all Nymphs else be defaced,  
Honour the Shrine where you alone are placed!

---

SONNET IV.

**Y**ou little stars that live in skies,  
And glory in Apollo's glory,  
In whose aspects conjoined lies  
The Heaven's will and Nature's story;

Joy to be liken'd to those eyes,  
Which eyes make all eyes glad or sorry;  
For when you force thoughts from above,  
These overrule your force by love.

And thou, O Love, which in these eyes  
Hast married reason with affection,  
And made them saints of Beauty's skies,  
Where joys are shadows of perfection,  
Lend me thy wings that I may rise  
Up not by worth, but thy election:  
For I have vow'd in strangest fashion  
To love, and never seek compassion.

---

*SONNET XXV.*

**C**UPID, my pretty boy, leave off thy crying;  
Thou shalt have bells or apples; be not peevish;  
Kiss me, sweet lad; beshrew her for denying;  
Such rude denials do make children thievish!

Did reason say that boys must be restrained?  
What was it? Tell: hath cruel honour chidden?  
Or would they have thee from sweet Myra weaned?  
Are her fair breasts made dainty to be hidden?

Tell me, sweet boy, doth Myra's beauty threaten?  
Must you say grace when you would be a playing?  
Does she cause thee make faults to make thee beaten?  
Is beauty's pride in innocents betraying?  
Give me a bow, let me thy quiver borrow,  
And she shall play the child with love or sorrow.

---

*SONNET XXVI.*

**W**AS ever man so over-match'd with boy?  
When I am thinking how to keep him under,  
He plays and dallies me with every toy;  
With pretty stealths he makes me laugh and wonder.

When with the child, the child-thoughts of mine own  
Do long to play and toy as well as he;  
The boy is sad and melancholy grown,  
And with one humour cannot long agree.

Straight do I scorn and bid the child away,  
The boy knows fury, and soon sheweth me  
Cælica's sweet eyes, where love and beauty play,  
Fury turns into love of that I see.

If these mad changes do make children gods,  
Women and children are not far at odds.

*SONNET XXVIII.*

**F**ACTION, that ever dwells  
In courts where wit excels,  
Hath set defiance:  
Fortune and Love have sworn  
That they were never born  
Of one alliance.

Cupid, that doth aspire  
To be God of desire,  
Swears he gives laws:  
That where his arrows hit,  
Some joy, some sorrow it,  
Fortune no cause.

Fortune swears weakest hearts,  
The books of Cupid's arts  
Turn with her wheel:  
Senses themselves shall prove,  
Venture hath place in love,  
Ask them that feel.

This discord it begot  
Atheists, that honour not  
Nature, thought good;

Fortune should ever dwell  
In courts where wits excel :  
Love keep the wood.

Thus to the wood went I,  
With Love to live and die;  
Fortune's forlorn :  
Experience of my youth  
Thus makes me think the truth,  
In desert born.

My Saint is dear to me,  
Myra herself is she,  
She fair and true :  
Myra that knows to move  
Passions of love with love :  
Fortune, Adieu.

---

*SONNET XLIV.*

**A**BSENCE, the noble truce  
Of Cupid's war :  
Where though desires want use,  
They honour'd are.  
Thou art the just protection  
Of prodigal affection,

Have thou the praise;  
When bankrupt Cupid braveth,  
Thy mines his credit saveth  
With sweet delays.

Of wounds which presence makes  
With beauty's shot,  
Absence the anguish slakes,  
But healeth not:  
Absence records the stories  
Wherein Desire glories,  
Although she burn,  
She cherisheth the spirits  
Where Constancy inherits  
And Passions mourn.

Absence, like dainty clouds,  
On glorious bright,  
Nature's weak senses shrouds  
From harming light.  
Absence maintains the treasure  
Of pleasure unto pleasure,  
Sparing with praise;  
Absence doth nurse the fire,  
Which starves and feeds desire  
With sweet delays.

Presence to every part  
Of Beauty ties,  
Where wonder rules the heart,  
There Pleasure dies:  
Presence plagues mind and senses,  
With modesty's defences,  
Absence is free:  
Thoughts do in absence venture  
On Cupid's shadow'd centre,  
They wink and see.

But thoughts be not so brave  
With absent joy;  
For you with that you have  
Yourself destroy:  
The absence which you glory,  
Is that which makes you sorry,  
And burn in vain:  
For thought is not the weapon,  
Wherewith thoughts-ease men cheapen,  
Absence is pain.





*SONNET LI.*

AWAY with these self-loving lads,  
Whom Cupid's arrow never glads;  
Away, poor souls, that sigh and weep  
In love of those that lie asleep:  
For Cupid is a meadow God,  
And forceth none to kiss the rod.

Sweet Cupid's shafts like destiny,  
Do causeless good or ill decree;  
Desert is borne out of his bow,  
Reward upon his wing doth go;  
What fools are they that have not known  
That Love likes no laws but his own.

My songs they be of Cynthia's praise,  
I wear her rings on holy days,  
In every tree I write her name,  
And every day I read the same.  
Where Honour Cupid's rival is,  
There miracles are seen of his.

If Cynthia crave her ring of me,  
I blot her name out of the tree,

If doubt do darken things held dear,  
Then well-fare nothing once a year.  
For many run, but one must win,  
Fools only hedge the Cuckoo in.

The worth that worthiness should move,  
Is Love, that is the bow of love;  
And Love as well thee foster can,  
As can the mighty nobleman.  
Sweet Saint, 'tis true you worthy be,  
Yet without Love nought worth to me.

~~~~~  
SONNET LXXXI.

UNDER a throne I saw a Virgin sit,
The red and white rose quartered in her face;
Star of the North, and for true guards to it,
Princes, Church, States, all pointing out her Grace.
The homage done her was not born of Wit,
Wisdom admir'd, Zeal took Ambition's place,
State in her eyes taught Order how to fit,
And fix confusion's unobserving race.
Fortune can here claim nothing truly great,
But that this princely creature is her seat.



SONNET LXXXII.

You that seek what life is in death,
Now find it air that once was breath.
New names unknown, old names gone:
Till time end bodies, but souls none.
Reader! then make time, while you be,
But steps to your eternity.

SONNET LXXXIV.

FAREWELL, sweet boy, complain not of my truth;
Thy mother loved thee not with more devotion;
For to thy boy's play I gave all my youth;
Young Master, I did hope for your promotion.

While some sought honours, princes thoughts observing;
Many wooed Fame, the child of pain and anguish;
Others judged inward good a chief deserving;
I in thy wanton visions joyed to languish.

I bow'd not to thy image for succession,
Nor bound thy bow to shoot reformed kindness;

Thy plays of hope and fear were my confession,
The spectacles to my life was thy blindness:
But Cupid now farewell, I will go play me
With thoughts that please me less, and less betray
me.

SONNET XCVIII.

WRAPT up, O Lord, in man's degeneration,
The glories of thy truth, thy joys eternal,
Reflect upon my soul dark desolation,
And ugly prospects o'er the sp'ri's infernal.
" Lord, I have sinned, and mine iniquity
Deserves this hell; yet, Lord, deliver me."

Thy power and mercy never comprehended,
Rest lively imaged in my conscience wounded:
Mercy to grace, and power to fear extended,
Both infinite, and I in both confounded;
" Lord, I have sinned, and mine iniquity
Deserves this hell; yet, Lord, deliver me."

If from this depth of sin, this hellish grave,
And fatal absence from my Saviour's glory,

I could implore his mercy, who can save,
And for my sins, not pains of sin, be sorry:
Lord, from this horror of iniquity,
And hellish grave, thou wouldst deliver me.

SONNET CV.

THREE things there be in Man's opinion dear,
Fame, many Friends, and Fortune's dignities:
False visions all, which in our sense appear,
To sanctify desire's idolatry.

For what is Fortune but a watery glass?
Whose crystal forehead wants a steely back,
Where rain and storms bear all away that was,
Whose ship alike both depths and shallows wreck.

Fame again, which from blinding power takes light,
Both Cæsar's shadow is, and Cato's friend;
The child of humour, not allied to right,
Living by oft exchange of winged end.

And many Friends, false strength of feeble mind,
Betraying equals, as true slaves to might;
Like echos still send voices down the wind,
But never in adversity find right.

Then Man, though virtue of extremities,
The middle be, and so hath two to one;
By place and nature constant enemies,
And against both these no strength but her own:
 Yet quit thou for her Friends, Fame, Fortune's throne;
 Devils there many be, and Gods but one.

SONNET CVIII.

WHAT is the cause why states, that war and win,
Have honour, and breed men of better fame
Than states in peace, since war and conquest sin
In blood, wrong liberty, all trades of shame?
 Force-framing instruments which it must use,
 Proud in excess, and glory to abuse.

The reason is, Peace is a quiet nurse
Of idleness, and idleness the field
Where wit and power change all seeds to the worse,
By narrow self-wit upon which they build;
 And thence bring forth captiv'd inconstant ends,
 Neither to princes nor to people friends.

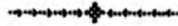
Besides, the sins of peace on subjects feed,
And thence wound power, which for it all things can;

With wrong to one despairs in many breed,
For while laws, oaths, power's creditors to man,
 Make humble subjects dream of native right,
 Man's faith abused adds courage to despite.

Where conquest works by strength, and stirs up Fame,
A glorious echo, pleasing doom of pain,
"Which in the sleep of death yet keeps a name,
And makes detracting loss speak ill in vain."

For to great actions time so friendly is,
As o'er the means (albeit the means be ill)
It casts forgetfulness, veils things amiss,
With power and honour to encourage will.

Besides things hard a reputation bear,
To die resolved though guilty wonder breeds;
Yet what strength those be which can blot out fear,
And to self-ruin joyfully proceeds;
 Ask them that from the ashes of this fire,
 With new lives still to such new flames aspire.



A
TRANSLATION OF THE PSALMS

From the MS. Collection of

FRANCIS DAVISON.

HARL. MSS. 6930.

PSALM I.

By Joseph Bryan.

Beatur Vir.

1. **H**E's blest that walks not after ill men's sway,
Nor stands in their perverse and crooked way,
Nor seats him in the chair of pestilence,
To scorn and scoff at good men's innocence.

2. But his delight and soul's content is fix'd
Still on God's law, and all his thoughts are mix'd
With sacred raptures, which both day and night
His soul revolves with comfort and delight.

3. He shall be like a tree close by the streams,
Spreading his lofty sprouts unto the beams
Of the reviving sun, which doth produce
His timely fruit, to his glad Master's use,

Whose sappy roots so bountiful to all
His laden boughs, that not a leaf doth fall;
So whatsoe'er it be this man intends,
It still is crown'd with most successful ends.

4. As for the Godless men, it fares not so
With their designs, but all doth backward go;
And as neglected chaff, whiff'd here and there
5. By a rough careless blast. When they appear
Before God's dread tribunal, he shall then
E'en with his breath confound those evil men.
6. For God doth know, and knowing doth approve
The good man's way, and his uprightness love:
But wicked men, as both their way and thought,
Shall perish utterly, and come to nought.

PSALM I. (aliter.)

By Richard Gipps.

1. **H**E's blest, that wicked counsel ne'er obeys,
Nor leads a careless life in sinner's ways;
Nor sitting in his chair full fraught with pride,
Will scornfully the righteous deride.

2. But makes God's holy laws his soul's delight,
Recording them each day and every night.

3. He shall be like the fruitful tree, which grows
Upon a bank, by which a river flows:
Whose leaf shall know no fall; whose fruit deceives
No hopeful owner; but exceeds the leaves.

4. But wicked men, as chaff from better corn
With every puff of wind away is borne.

5. So when the Judge of Heaven and Earth shall come
To sit in judgment at the day of doom,
They shall not stand before his sight, but then
Their sins shall sever them from righteous men.

6. Thus ill men perish: God them not regards;
But knows all good men's ways, and them rewards.

PSALM VI.

By Joseph Bryan.

1. **W**HILE thy rage, Lord, is enflamed,
Let not faulty me be named;

Nor yet in wrath, O God,
Betake thee to thy rod.

2. But in mercy look upon me;
For such griefs have over gone me,
That all my strength is gone,
And crush'd with pain and moan.
O infuse thy balm of pity,
Bring me heal'd into thy city;
For I am sore perplex'd;
My sapless bones are vex'd.

3. Neither is my soul protected
From her gripes, but worse affected.
But, Lord, how long shall I,
Unanswer'd, to thee cry?

4. Resume thy wonted favour,
Send my soul a healthful savour;
And for thy mercy, save
Me, not for aught I have.

5. Dust unto his dust returned,
Thinks not on thee: who enurned
In the still greedy pit,
Will give thee praises fit?

6. Griefs assail me still, so easeless,
That I faint with sorrows ceaseless;
Each night my restless bed
Swims with the tears I shed.
My couch, whereon I whilom rested,
Mine eyes bedews with sighs molested.
7. My sight to dimness grows,
Half sunk in by my foes.
8. But hence from me, ye wicked rabble,
That joy in ill, and vainly babble;
For God hath bent his ear,
My turtle's voice to hear.
9. He heard, and kindly condescended
To those poor suits my soul commended:
10. So that my foes shall fall,
And be coufounded all,
And turned back with blame,
And put to sudden shame.



PSALM VI.

By Richard Gipps.

1. **D**o not correct me in thy wrath, O God,
Nor in thy fury let me feel thy rod.

2. For I am weak; Lord, pity me therefore!
Lord, heal me, for my very bones are sore.

3. My soul is troubled, and that much dismay'd me;
But, Lord, how long wilt thou forbear to aid me?

4. O turn again, and me for pity save;
And my poor soul deliver from the grave.

5. Shall dead men's bones to future ages blaze thee?
Or hath the grave's wide mouth a tongue to praise
thee?

6. Each night with mourning I bedew my bed,
And with salt tears my couch is watered.

7. My sight grows dim: mine eyes are sunk to see
My foes rejoice, and work my misery.

8. But now ye workers of iniquity,
The Lord hath heard my cry: depart from me.

9. He hears my mournful lamentation;
And will receive my supplication.

10. He will confound my foes, and vex them all;
Shame and confusion shall them befall.

PSALM III.

By Joseph Bryan.

Domine quid?

1. **L**ORD, thou seest to what a number
They are grown, that me encumber;
And what mighty ones they be,
That rise up 'gainst poor weak me.

2. Many think my soul forsaken,
Seeing me so sorrow shaken;
And, insulting, say, In thee
There is no help, my God, for me.

3. But thou, Lord, art my defender,
My sole hope, and safety-sender;

And the lifter of my head
Far above the waves of dread.

4. When I felt myself enthralled,
Unto thee, O Lord, I called;
And thou didst hear, and cheer me still
Out of thy most holy hill.
5. Then I laid me down and rested,
And rose up still unmolested;
For thy wakeful care did keep
Me most safe, while I did sleep.
6. Though ten thousands were arrayed,
Yet I would not be dismayed,
Though they hem'd me round, and I
Saw no means to fight or fly.
7. Up, O Lord, my God, and aid me,
For thou smit'st those that dismay'd me
On their fierce and grinding jaws,
And hast broke their fangs and paws.
8. For from thee is our salvation,
All our help, and preservation;

And thy blessing, Lord, doth dwell
With thy chosen Israel.

PSALM VIII.

By Joseph Bryan.

Deus noster, &c.

1. **L**ORD, our God, how full of glory
Is thy name! how large thy story
All the earth throughout!
Thou thy glory high hast reached,
By no means to be impeached
By the hell-born rout.

2. Thou the wise ones hast refused,
And hast babes and sucklings used
To declare thy might.
Strength in them thou hast ordained,
That thy foes might be restrained,
Still subdued quite.

3. When the Heavens I do ponder,
Which thou hast stretch'd out with wonder,

Curtain-like to sight;
And that glorious eye, all seeing,
Quickning all things that have being,
Moon and stars so bright.

4. What is man, of dust composed,
That thy mind is so disposed
To him, Lord, I say?
What is man, that thou shouldst mind him,
Or man's son, to have assign'd him,
Lord, thy care alway?

5. Lord, thou art a free bestower:
Thou hast made him little lower
Than the angels were!
Thou with worship hast renown'd him,
And with might and glory crown'd him,
For thy Viceroy here.

6. Thou hast given him domination
On the works thy hands did fashion,
Even on them all.
All things under his protection
Thou hast put, and in subjection
At his feet they fall.

7. The fleecy sheep, to man so gameful,
The big-boned ox, in work so painful,
And in all the field
Not a beast so fell or raging,
But to man, his wrath assuaging,
Did obeysance yield.
8. All the winged troop swift-gliding
Through the air; the fishes sliding
Through the sea so vast;
Though the air be so unbounded,
And the sea so deep unsounded,
Yet thy doom is past:
All which pass the sea's paths, pathless
Unto man, their homage, wrathless,
Yield, though ne'er so stout.
9. Lord, our God, how full of glory
Is thy name! how large the story
All the world throughout!



PSALM XXIII.

By Joseph Bryan.

1. **G**REAT Jehovah, Jacob's keeper,
Israel's watchman, never-sleeper,
Shepherd-like, vouchsafe to feed
Me, his sheep; what can I need?
He me keeping, none can harm me,
He, the Lord of Hosts, doth arm me.
Good he sends, dispelling ill;
Kindly keeps, and feeds me still.

2. He doth feed me in a pasture
Clad with spring's rich various vesture,
Through which honey-bubbling brooks
Glide in their meandring nooks;
Pasture, to prevent my leanness,
Brooks, to wash me from uncleanness;
Pastures, brooks, to fill my joy;
Brooks in pasture, lest I cloy.

3. He doth bring me, being strayed,
Home, upon his shoulders laid;
Guides me, child-like, in his ways,
For his namesake and his praise:

Seeks me, lost; no pains he spareth;
Bears me, found, and for me careth;
Seeks me, bears me, guides my way,
Wholly lost, and gone astray.

4. Though my walk were Death's sad valley,
Whence pale-ashy-shades should sally,
Yet, my God, thou being there,
Dreadless, I no ill would fear,
For thy power o'er Death prevaieth;
At thy good all evil quaieth;
For thy staff and tut'ring rod,
Stay, and comfort me, O God.

5. Thou my table hast enlarged,
And with precious cates surcharged,
In despight and sight of those
Toad-swoln beasts that be my foes.
Balmy oil thou hast appointed,
And therewith my head anointed;
And my cup above the brim
With heart-cheering wine doth swim.

6. Doubtless, Lord, thy grace and favour
Not of end or change do savour;

So that I shall spend my days
In thy house, to blaze thy praise.

PSALM XXVI.

By Joseph Bryan.

1. **J**UDGE, O Lord, mine innocence,
And my care to shun offence.
Lord, I trust in thee for ever;
Therefore shall I still persever.
2. Prove and try me; my affections,
Known to thee, need no detections.
3. Lord, thy mercy is the stay,
That upholds me in thy way.
4. To lewd men I ne'er assented,
Nor with hollow-hearts frequented.
5. I have had in detestation
Wicked men's association.

6. In mine innocency still
Wash my guiltless hands I will;
And to thee, my safety's-sender,
Vows and offerings will I render,
7. To declare thy preservations
Of my soul to generations.
8. In thy temple, in thy sight,
Is my joy and soul's delight.
9. Lord, my soul with sinner's suit not;
It with bloody men repute not,
10. Who by fraud augment their portion,
Whose hands swell with bribes' extortion.
11. In uprightnes I'll proceed;
Save me, send me help at need.
12. By thine aid my foot is grounded
In thy paths, and not confounded.
Lord, I'll praise thee 'mongst all nations,
In the greatest congregations:
And thine altar with oblations
I will load, for oft salvations.

PSALM XXVIII.

By Joseph Bryan.

1. **To thee, O Lord, of power,**
I pray, I call, I cry;
O God, my strength and tower,
Give ear, and make reply;
Lest if my poor petition
From thee no answer have,
I be in like condition
Of them that sleep in grave.

2. **O hear my supplication,**
And in thy mercy mark
My hand's, heart's, elevation
Towards thy holy ark.

3. **Account me not in favour**
With men that joy in ill,
Whose words of friendship savour,
When hate their hearts doth fill.

4. **Reward their ill inventions**
As justly they deserve,

And guerdon their intentions
That still in mischief swerve.

5. Lord, for thy works they care not,
The great works thou hast wrought;
Destroy thou them and spare not,
And make them less than nought.

6. All praise to thee I'll render
For thy sweet mercy's sake;
Who heard'st, and heard, didst tender
The prayers I did make.

7. My strength is all reposed,
My hope, help, health, in thee;
Harp, heart, and voice exposed
To joyful songs most free.

8. Thy church is still maintained
By thy almighty hand;
Our foes are still restrained,
And we, untouched, stand.

9. Protect, O Lord, thy Sion,
Thy lot, thy flock, thy fold;

By Judah's mighty lion
Let it be still extoll'd.

PSALM XLIII.

Anonymous.

1. **I** APPEAL, O God, to thee;
O give sentence, Lord, with me,
And defend my helpless cause
'Gainst such men as hate thy laws.
O deliver me from those
That deceitfully can gloze.

2. For thou art the God of whom
All my strength and help doth come.
Why, O why, hast thou from thee
So estranged and parted me?
And why doth my pace so slow
Me dejected, heartless, show,
While insulting enemies
Press me with their injuries?

3. O send out thy truth, and light,
To instruct and lead me right;

To conduct me to thy hill,
And thy dwelling, holy still.

4. Then unto thine altar I
With oblations will hie,
Offering there to thee, who art
Joy and gladness to my heart,
And upon my harp will sing
Praise to thee, O God, my king.

5. O, my soul, O, why art thou
So cast down? so heavy now?
And why art thou in my breast
So disturbed of thy rest?
Wait on God, be patient,
And in him be confident.
Yet I will remain the same,
To give thanks to his great name;
For he is my God of Might,
Who my countenance sets right.



PSALM LIV.

By Joseph Bryan.

1. **O** GOD, from them that grudge me
Preserve me by thy name;
And by thy power judge me,
And put my foes to shame.

2. O hear my supplication,
For I am poor and weak;
Hear, hear with acceptation
The tear-dew'd words I speak.

3. For strangers have insulted
In pride, on my poor state;
Fell tyrants have consulted
My soul to ruinate.
These tyrants have not placed
Thy fear before their face,
But would have me defaced,
Me, me, that thee embrace.

4. Behold, ye godly livers,
God, help to me doth send,

And to my succour-givers
Is an assisting friend.

5. With plagues he shall repay them,
That, causeless, are my foes,
O cut them off, and slay them;
Thy truth is my repose.

6. My fatlings then I'll tender,
And offerings to thee make;
And praise to thee I'll render
For thy great mercy's sake.

7. Thou hast freed me from trouble,
And my long tear-fraught eyes
Have seen thy plagues redouble
Upon mine enemies.

PSALM LVI.

By Joseph Bryan.

1. **S**TEP to my rescue; Lord, for thou dost see
Men, all enraged, would devour me;

They never cease to fight
'Gainst me, my soul to spight.

2. My foes, their throats stretching sepulchral wide,
Would daily, whale-like, swallow me. Beside,
O thou Most High, they be
Not few that trouble me.

3. Though fear sometime my frailty may endure,
Yet trusting, Lord, in thee, I rest secure.

4. My thankful soul thy praise
Shall for thy promise raise;
And trusting in my God, I will not fear
For aught an arm of flesh can do or dare.

5. They wrest my words intent
To that I never meant;
And all their teeming brain is big withal
Is to procure my mischief and my fall.

6. They hold together still,
Like brethren in ill.
They lie in ambush close, and narrowly
Marking my steps, into mine actions pry;
Still lying wait to trap
My soul by some mishap.

7. Yet they applaud themselves, and soothing guess
That they shall 'scape, for all their wickedness;
But with an ireful frown,
Thou, Lord, shalt cast them down.

8. Lord, thou dost see, and mark, and number those
My restless flittings from my ruthless foes,
So fierce they are, that I
Still for my life must fly.
O put my tears into thy bottle, till
Thy vials, with the drops mine eyes distil,
Thou dost record my throes,
For proofs against my foes.

9. Whene'er, O Lord, I cry to thee for aid,
My foes shall fly all heartless and dismay'd;
I on this anchor ride:
Thou, Lord, art on my side.

10. I will cheer up my heart and fainting voice,
And in thy word, O Lord, will I rejoice;
And, for thy promise sake,
To comfort me betake.

11. O God, my strength, I put my trust in thee!
What shall I fear that man can do to me?

12. To thee I'll pay my vow,
And thankfully will bow.
13. For thou hast freed my soul from death, and set
My sliding feet secure from snare or net,
That I thy name may praise
In light and length of days.
-

PSALM LXV.

By Joseph Bryan.

1. PRAISE, O God, attends thy will;
In thy hill
Vows to thee shall be performed.
2. To thee, who with open ear
Prayers dost hear,
Comes all flesh which thou hast formed.
3. Wickedness hath me assailed,
And prevailed
On my soul, with wild oppressions.

But thou, O Lord, in mercy wilt
Purge our guilt,
And our numberless transgressions.

4. Bless'd is he, O Lord, whom thou
Dost allow
In thy courts to have his dwelling:
His large soul shall have her fill,
Tasting still
Joys and pleasures past all telling.

5. Dreadful signs, O Lord, we know,
Thou wilt show
For thy chosen's preservation;
O thou God of earth's whole scope,
The sole hope,
And of the yet unknown nation.

6. By thy power thou sett'st fast
Mountains vast,
Heaven-affronting cloud-surmounting:
Strength and glory thee accost.
And the host
Of thy power passeth counting.

7. Thou the raging seas dost still
At thy will
The vast swelling surges suaging.
At thy beck the headless rout
(Mad not stout)
Strait are hush'd, though ne'er so raging :
8. Dwellers beyond Thule's bands,
In fair lands
At thy signs shall be affrighted.
Morn's bright gate, and ruddy West,
By their guest
Are with light and heat delighted.
9. Thou distil'st refreshing drops,
And the chops
Of the parched earth are closed ;
Thou the mould dost much enrich,
By the which
Large increase is still exposed.
Thou prepar'st us corn, for so
Long ago
Thou, our God, hast pre-ordained.
10. Furrows else plough'd, sow'd in vain,
By thy rain

Are with blades and ears maintained.
Thou send'st rain into thy dales,
 And the vales,
Pranking them with curious flowers;
And the stiffened earth mak'st soft
 With thy oft
Sweet and soft descending showers:
Thou dost speed the seed-man's hand,
 In the land
His dead-seeming seed reviving;
And the tender bud, unless
 Thou didst bless,
Blasts and frosts would keep from thriving.

11. Thou the year with plenty's horn
 Dost adorn,
Crowning it with large increasing;
And the clouds, with timely drops,
 Yield fat crops,
Mel and manna never ceasing.

12. These thy gracious showers still
 Fall, and fill
With thy blessing barren places;
And the lesser hills are seen

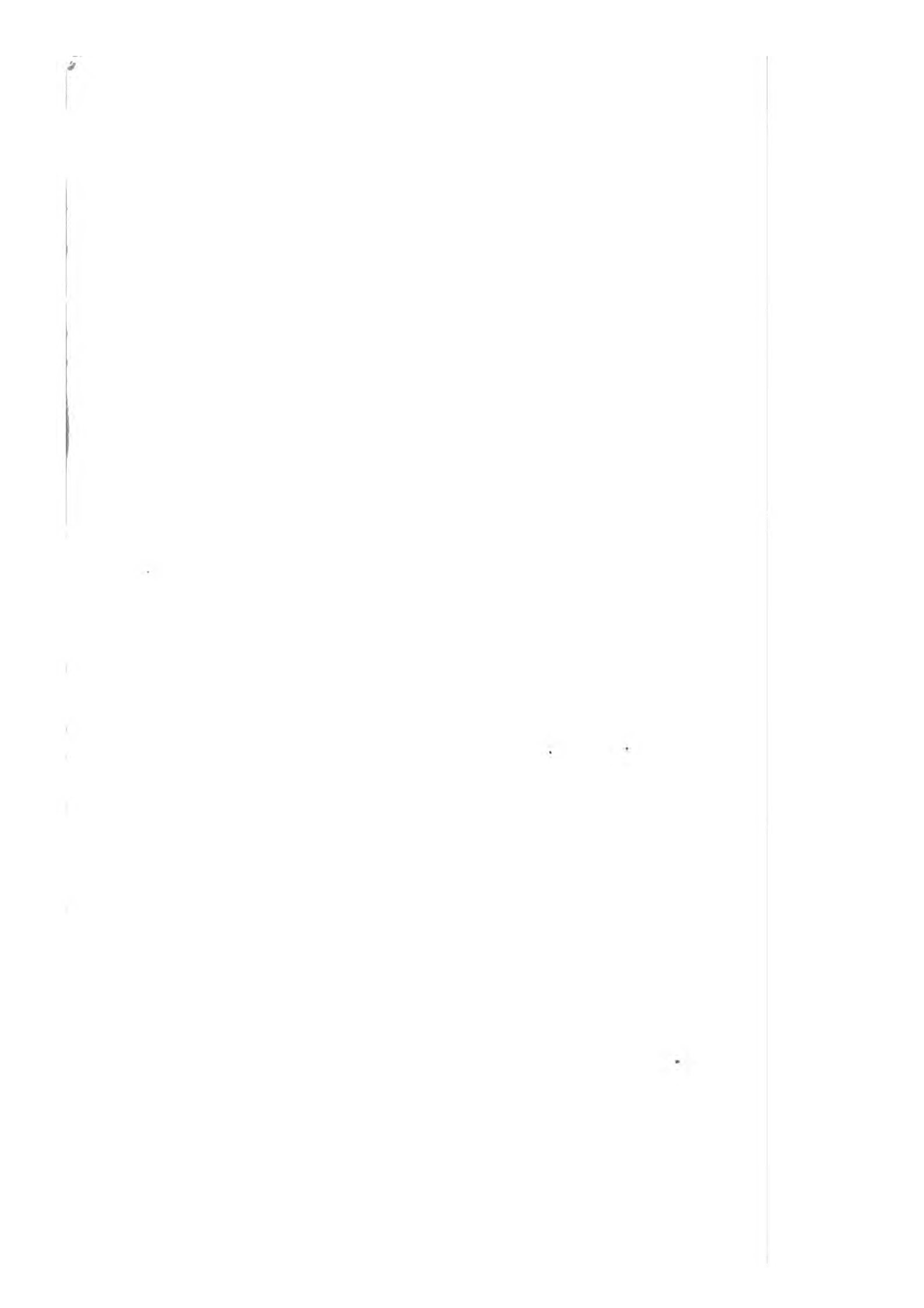
Fresh and green,
Deck'd with Flora's various graces.

13. The fat pasture's curled locks
With large flocks
Shall be poled, yet still be growing:
Plenteous crops the vale shall yield,
And the field
Bounteously shall pay for sowing.
Thus the land enjoying peace,
And increase
In so ample manner bringing,
Men for very joy shall shout
All about,
Praising thee, and to thee singing.
-

PSALM LXX.

By Joseph Bryan.

1. **H**ASTE thee, O God, to rescue me, opprest;
Make speed to help thy servant, sore distrest.
2. Let shame and swift confusion on them light,
That seek to slay and overthrow me quite.





Excerpta Tudoriana.

Nº II.

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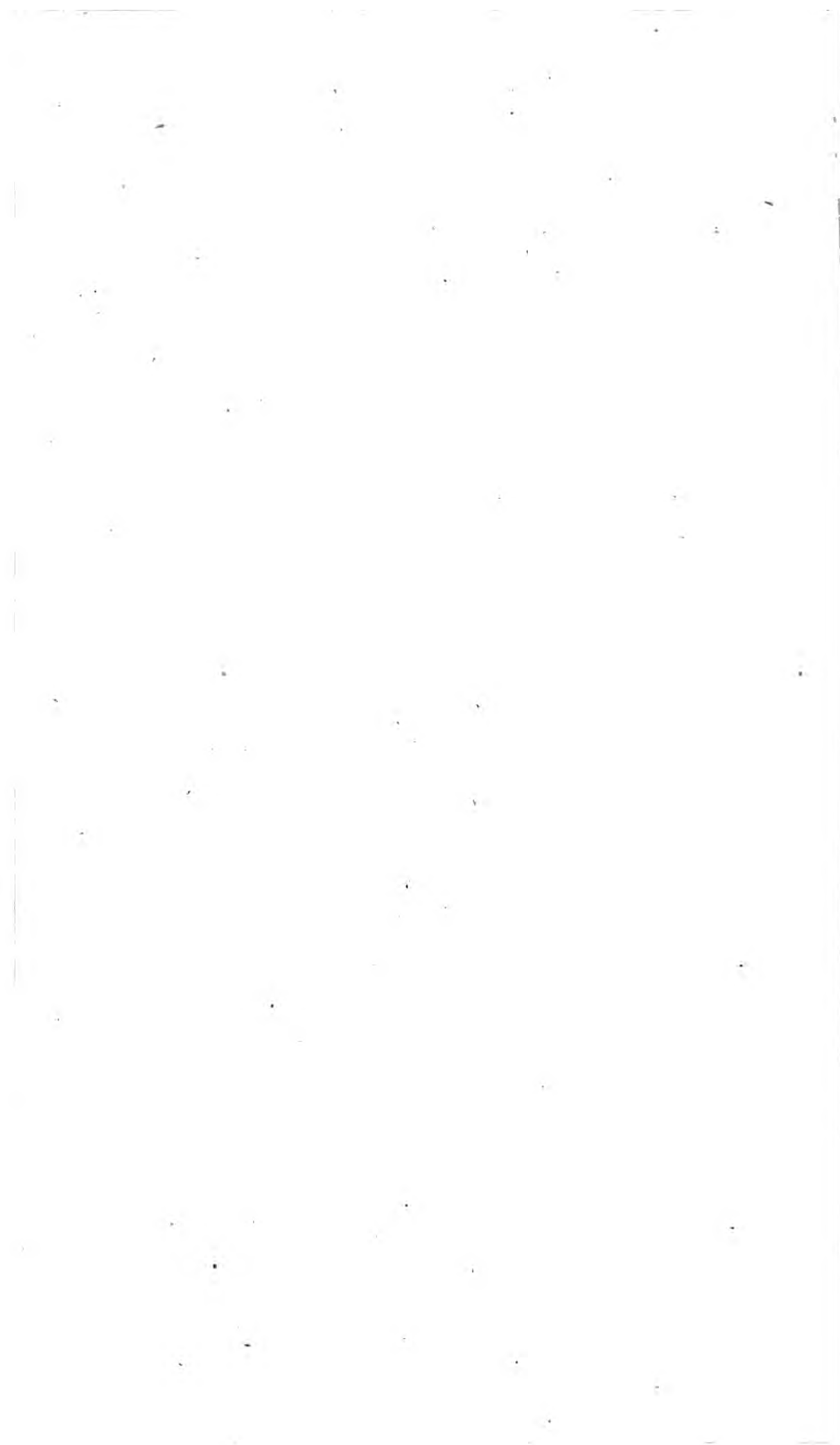
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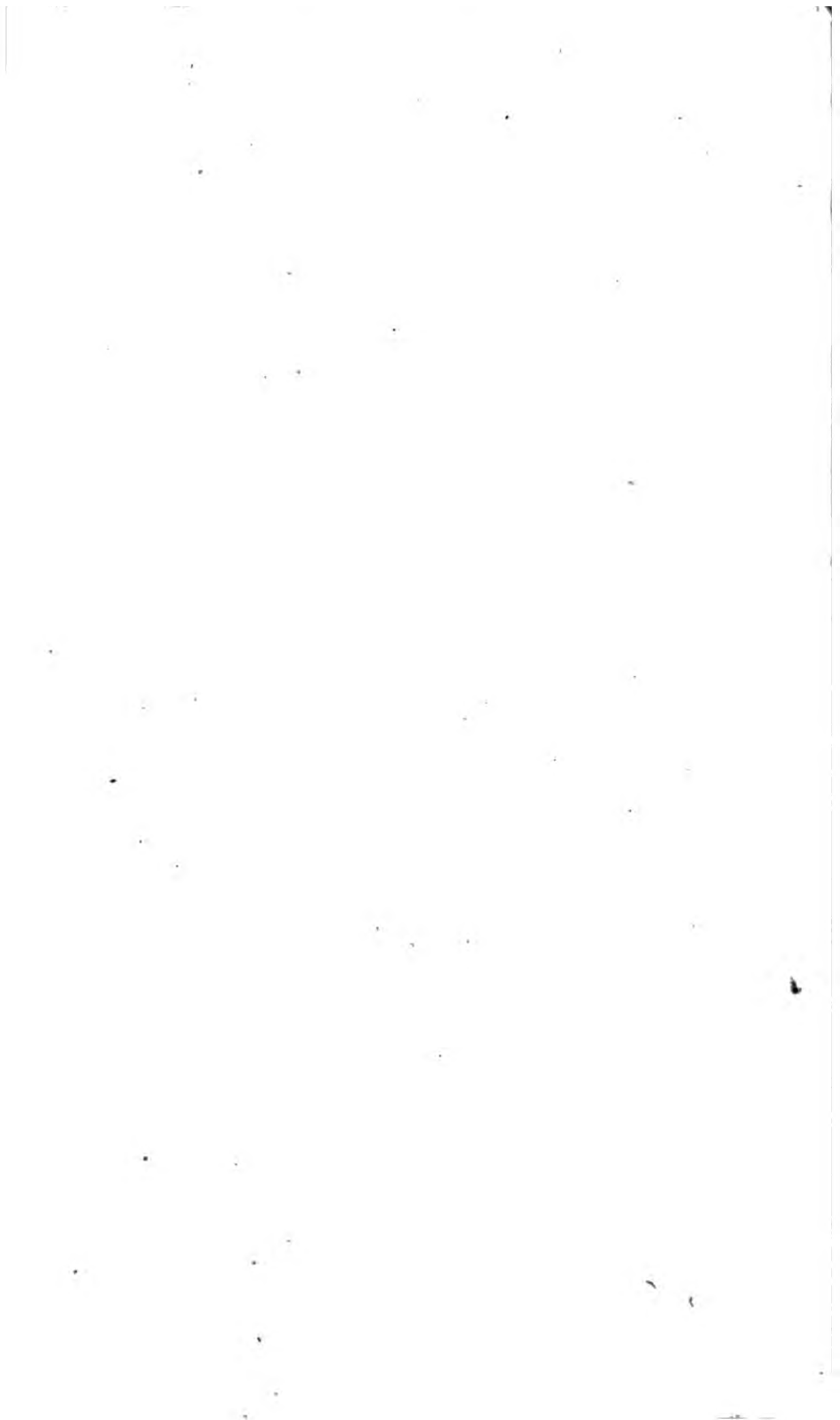
BY JOHN WARWICK.

1817.

PRICE NINE SHILLINGS.







Pervert, O Lord, and subvert them all,
That joy to see a mischief me befall.

3. Let them be soon abash'd that wish to see,
And, seeing, frolic in my misery.
4. But let them all that seek thee, still rejoice,
And to their joy tune their well pleasing voice;
Such as delight in thy salvation, Lord,
Let them still praise thy name with one accord.
5. As for thy servant, I am poor; O haste,
Haste to my succour; else my hope is past.
6. Thou art my sole Redeemer, my sole aid;
O stay not long, for I am sore dismay'd.

PSALM XCIII.

By Joseph Bryan.

To St. Bernard's Hymn of *Cur mundus militat?*

1. **G**OD, who of naught at all, this All did fashion,
'Tis he alone reigneth, and hath domination;

Eye-dazzling majesty clothes him most gloriously;
Strength, power, glory, girt him victoriously.
Earth's base is fitting, air mov'd with agility;
Yet stands it unmoved in fixed stability.

2. Lord, when thy throne was fix'd wants resolution,
Thou art beyond old Time's vast revolution.

3. The floods spew from their depths deep and unmeasured
Mountain-resembling waves, long before treasured.
The floods the winds crossings brooking injuriously,
Dash against heaven's front billows most furiously.

4. The sea bandies billows like balls light rebounding;
The waves counter-crossing like thunder resounding.
Lord, thou true Neptune, wave taming, sea-ruling
still,
At thy rebuke they droop faintly reculing still.
The sea's mounting surges are curbed supernally,
The bands that are set them, do bound them eternally.

5. Lord, thy good promise is free from mutation;
Thy house is still graced with sanctification.



Part of PSALM CVII.

By Joseph Bryan.

23. The daring offspring of mankind,
Who forreign stronds and gain to find,
 'Gainst waves and wind
Launch out in ships into the deep,
(Two inches' distance from Death's sleep,)
 And traffick in the watery regions.
24. These men, God's works and wonders see
In the huge depths, and what they be
 Apparently.
25. For at his word, if he but say
Arise; the stormy winds obey,
 Lifting up their waves in legions.
26. The whirling puff bears them so high,
That they do seem to meet the sky,
 And by and by
They tumble headlong down amain
Into the briny deeps again,
 So that their soul dissolves with anguish.

PSALM CXII.

By Joseph Bryan.

1. **T**HRICE blessed is the man that fears the Lord,
Whose soul's delight and study's in his word.

2. His seed successively
 Shall be exalted high;
And blessing after blessing shall light on,
And still attend his generation.

3. **W**ealth, with content, and plenty still shall dwell
Within his house, and crown his happy cell;
 And God shall bear in mind
 His pious deeds in kind.

4. **T**he light of comfort rising shines upon
The good, eclipsed by affliction:
For God, who is both merciful and just,
Is loving unto such as in him trust.

5. The good man of his store
 Lends part unto the poor;
Guides his affairs with such discretion,
That he may pleasure all, endamage none.

6. Therefore, though Satan and the world conspire
Against his life, God frustrates their desire,
And makes his memory
Still live, although he die.

7. No daunting news of misery at hand
Startles his settled heart, though all the land
Seem therewithal appall'd, for his defence
Is in God's power, and his providence.

8. His heart is not dismay'd,
But on God's promised aid
Is anchored sure, and will not shrink till he
Upon his foes God's hoped-for vengeance see.

9. Upon the waters hath he cast his bread;
Dispersed his goods, the needy succoured,
His God still bears in mind
His pious deeds in kind.
His horn, as was his charity, shall be
Extoll'd with glory in a high degree.

10. The wicked man shall see the godly's good,
More to enrage his soul, and vex his blood,
And sorrow at the sight,
And gnash his teeth in spite,

And gnashing, pine with envy: and his thought
Shall perish, like himself, and come to naught.

PSALM CXIII.

By Joseph Bryan.

1. **G**IVE praise to the Lord, O praise his name,
Ye saints his servants, glorify the same.

2. Blessed be his great name and majesty,
From age to age to all eternity.

3. Let him be prais'd, O let his name be blest
From th' early East, to the declining West.

4. The Lord is high, and doth alone command
The heathen, and the nations of each land.
His glory's higher, and doth far excel
The heavens which he made, where he doth dwell.

5. What, or who is, or may presume to be
Like to our God, so high in dignity?
Yet deigns to behold, and care for all
In heaven and earth that humbly on him call.

6. Dejected ones he raiseth from the dust,
And from the dunghill them that in him trust;

7. Associating them with princes, to advise
And counsel them, lest they should tyrannize;
To rule, not under Ethnic kings, but such
As rule his people, and to rule them much.

8. The barren womb, contemned as a curse,
He doth unlock, and makes her mother, nurse,
And mistress, of a copious family,
And joyfully to see her long-liv'd progeny.

PSALM CXIV.

By Joseph Bryan.

1. **W**HEN from Egypt's servile land,
(From the hand
Of proud Pharoah, flinty-hearted)
Israel, old Jacob's seed,
Being freed
From the barbarous rout, departed;

2. God in Judah shewed forth
His great worth,
And his holiness, sure grounded,

And in Israel, his own
Might was shewn,
And his power and strength unbounded.

3. The sea seeing him come nigh,
Straight did fly,
As one frighted and perplexed ;
All his surges from earth part
To his heart
Ran to succour it, so vexed.
Jordan with a liquid wing,
To his spring
Fled, as to his life's sole-giver ;
If the sea, amaz'd did flee,
Much more he,
But a brook, a petty river.

4. Mountains leap'd like frolic rams,
And like lambs
Frisking in some flowery valley :
Mountainets did trembling trip,
Dance, and skip,
Seeming sportfully to dally.

5. Say, O Sea, what ailed thee
So to flee,

And thy channel to discover?
Jordan, why hadst thou recourse
 To thy source,
And thy wonted way gav'st over?

6. Mountains, why leap'd ye like rams,
 And like lambs
Frisking in some flowery valley?
Mountainets, why did ye trip,
 Dance, and skip,
Seeming sportfully to dally?

7. The firm-founded earth did quake,
 Shrink, and shake,
At the Lord's all-daunting presence;
At his presence, whose hand wrought
 All of naught,
Jacob's God, all creature's essence.

8. Who the dry hard craggy rock
 With a knock
Makes a fountain fully flowing;
And the fire-sire flint a pool,
 So to cool
Israel, with thirst's heat glowing.



PSALM CXXIII.

Anonymous.

1. **W**ITH misery enclos'd,
By all the world oppos'd,
 To thee I lift mine eye,
 O thou that dwell'st on high,
Assur'd that thou wilt hear,
And me dejected cheer!

2. **L**o, as a servant's eye
Still looks regardfully
 Upon his master's hand
 For gift more than command;
And as a handmaid still
Attends her mistress's will:
So we, with sorrow fraught,
Near sunk, upon thee wait,
 Our hopeful eye and heart
 Fix'd on thee, never start,
Till thou, for thine own sake,
Some pity on us take.

3. **O** Lord, we do resort
 To thee, our safest port;

With help compassionate
Our healthless, helpless state;
For we, and we alone,
Are scorn'd and trampled on.

4. Our souls are fill'd with vaunts,
And with reproachful taunts,
From them that wealthy be,
And hate both us and thee,
And with derisions
From proud and mighty ones.

~~~~~  
*PSALM CXXIV.*

By Joseph Bryan.

1. **I**F the Lord, our God and Guide,  
On our side  
Had not been, and us protected,  
Israel's seed may truly say,  
By this day,  
This day, so much to be respected:
2. If the Lord, our God and Guide,  
On our side

Had not been, and us protected,  
When our foes, with malice fraught,  
Closely sought  
Their damn'd plots to have effected :

3. They had then devour'd us all,  
Great and small,  
And engulph'd us quick and quickly ;  
For so raging was the mood,  
And so wood,  
That no milder doom was likely.

4. Then the waters, hemming round,  
Had us drown'd,  
And the floods our souls had drenched.

5. Then our souls in swelling waves,  
As in graves,  
Had been swallow'd, and entrenched.

6. Prais'd be God, with all our souls,  
Who controuls  
Our proud foes, and hath not given  
Us a prey to their fell jaws  
Or fierce paws,  
But their forces back hath driven.

7. As a bird by feigned call,  
    Fallen in thrall,  
Breaks the snare and is untrapped;  
So our souls, so near betray'd,  
    By thine aid,  
As a bird un-snar'd escaped.

8. God, who earth and heaven made,  
    Doth us shade  
With the wing of his protection;  
He it is by whom we daunt  
    Foes that vaunt,  
He 'tis keeps them in subjection.

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*PSALM CXXVII.*

---

By Joseph Bryan.

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1. **EXCEPT** the Lord himself will deign  
To build the house, the work to guide,  
The builder's labour is in vain,  
Like Babel's builder's haughty pride.  
Nor watch, nor guard, nor centinel,  
Can battled, trench'd, fenc'd towns defend,



Unless the God of Israel  
Do guard, and guide, and his help lend.

2. It is not early rising up,  
Nor going very late to bed,  
Nor drinking of a strengthless cup,  
Nor sweating eating careful bread,  
That aught avails; 'tis all in vain,  
Carking is naught worth approved;  
But God gives rest, and without pain,  
All needful things to his beloved.
  
3. Children, the staff and crown of age,  
Issue to succeed their sires,  
Are th' Almighty's heritage,  
Wherewith he crowns his Saints' desires.
  
4. As shafts are in an archer's hand,  
Who draws a stiff bent sinewy bow;  
Even so are children in thy land,  
Which up in strength and virtue grow.  
Strength shaft-like sprouts in shape and mind,  
Strong but to virtue, not to vice;  
Straight bent to glorious deeds by kind,  
And to no brave achievements nice.

5. O happy sire, whose aged wings  
Are ympt with plumes of this account;  
He need not fear the face of kings;  
But eagle-like his fame shall mount.

~~~~~

PSALM CXXVIII.

1. **H**OWSOEVER the world doth deem thee,
Or thy godless rout esteem thee,
 Thou secure and sure mayst rest,
 That thou, fearing God, art blest.
2. Thou shalt eat, and be sustained
With thy food, thy hand hath gained.
 O then happy shalt thou be,
 And it shall go well with thee.
3. Thy kind wife, a chaste life leading,
Shall be like a fair vine spreading
 On thy houses southward wall,
 Fraught with fruit celestial.
And about thy heaven-stor'd table,
Shall thy children amiable,

Stand like olive plants around,
Fat and green in thriving ground.

4. Thus behold, the Lord hath spoke it,
He who never will revoke it,
Shall the man be blessed still,
That fears God, and doth his will.

5. God shall bless thee out of Sion,
And thou still shalt feast thine eye on
Salem's joy, and Salem's wealth,
Salem's good and saving health.

6. Thou shalt view, and joy in viewing,
Thy son's sons thy name renewing;
And calm peace to rest, and dwell
Still on God's own Israel.



PSALM CXXXIII.

By Joseph Bryan.

1. **O** BEHOLD with admiration
What great good and contentation,
And what joy it is to see
Brethren's love and amity.

2. It is like that balmy ointment,
Consecrate by God's appointment,
And still used to be shed
Upon Aaron's sacred head;
Which unto his beard distilling,
And along his vesture trilling,
Did embalm the very hem,
And the nether skirts of them.

3. As the dew, so fat, so pearly,
Waters Hermon late and early,
Clothing Sion's sacred hill
Like to Ver, and Flora still.

4. So, where the kind band is holden
Firmly, still the age is golden:

For God's blessings from above
Flow, to grace the knot of love.

PSALM CXXXVII.

By Joseph Bryan.

1. **B**y the still streams of Babylon
We mutely sat, and spent thereon,
And sent thereby our hapless tears
And sighs to neighbour-lands and ears;
When our afflicting enemy
Reneweth fresh our memory,
Set our sad minds to muse upon
Poor Sion's desolation.

2. Our harps neglected, stringless, mute,
(That whilom were so absolute)
Hung up on willows, gave no sound,
But echoes from our groans rebound.

3. We sitting, moaning, groaning thus,
Thus our captivers vexed us
With mocks and scorns, and laid on more,
Which was too sad a weight before.

Come (said they) dry your eyes, and cheer
Your drooping hearts: Come, let us hear
A song from you; yea one of them
So famous in Jerusalem.

4. How can our eye, alas, or heart,
Or clear, or cheer, or bear a part
In any mirth? or take in hand
A Sion's song in Babel's land?

5. No, dear Jerusalem, if I
Fail to bemoan thy misery,
Let my right hand forget to play
Any sweet touch, or heavenly lay.

6. Let my furr'd tongue cleave fast unto
My clammy roof, if any woo
My grief-betrothed heart to joy,
Till thou thy peace dost re-enjoy.

7. Remember, Lord, and Lord requite
The proud despiteful Edomite;
O bear in mind their tyranny,
Their savage facts, their butchery:
Their cry at Salem's ruining,
Sack, raze, and burn up every thing;

Make all one heap; let no eye see
One place from blood and ruin free.

8. And then, curs'd Babylon, though thou
In thy swoln pride, thus brav'st us now,
A darken'd wave, ne'er to renew
Thy glorious full, shall soon ensue.
Happy be he, and bless'd his hand,
That shall bring woe upon thy land;
And all endrench thy soil in blood,
And drink thy tears grown to a flood:
And in a brave disdainful rage,
Shall trample in thy vassalage,
And with a proud and cruel spite
Our wrongs in thee at full requite.
9. Happy be he; bliss him betide,
That laying all remorse aside,
Shall take thy sprawling viperous brood,
And dash 'gainst stones their brains and blood.



PSALM CXLII.

By Joseph Bryan.

1. **F**ROM out the depth of misery, I cry
To thee, O Lord, and that most earnestly;
Prayers intermix'd with sighs and tears,
My soul sends up into thine ears.

2. I pour out all my moan
Before thee, thee alone;
And for relief
Shew thee my grief.

3. Lord, when my troubled spirit could not rest
For anguish of my mind, thou knewest best
What way to help me, and didst see
A path through all, to set me free.
Thy foes and mine do lay
Snares for me in my way,
And privily
In ambush lie.

4. I look'd on every side, but I could see
None that would know, and much less succour me.

My friends revolted totally,
On whom I used to rely.

5. All ways to 'scape by flight
Were stopp'd, and that up quite;
And none did care
My soul to spare.

6. Thus troubled, laid in wait for, desolate,
Enclosed round, and thus disconsolate,
I cried to thee, O Lord, and said,
Thou art my hope, my help, my aid,
The rock I build upon,
My lot, my portion
In this life, and
A better land.

7. O therefore hear my prayers attentively,
For with contempt and weight of misery,
My soul doth cleave unto the dust,
Yet thou, O Lord, art all my trust.

8. O free me by thy might
From them, against whose spite
And violence
I have no fence.

9. Lord, bring my soul out of the straits and dread,
Wherein my foes have her imprisoned;
 Lord, loose her bands, that for the same
 I may give thanks to thy great name;
And that the righteous men
May flock to me again,
 And they with me
 Sing praise to thee.

PSALM CXLVI.

By Joseph Bryan.

1. O, my soul, do thou give praise,
 And sing lays
To the Lord, God ever living.
2. And my tongue, till tied by death,
 And my breath,
Praise to him shall still be giving.
3. Put no trust in potentates,
 Nor in states,
Nor in wealth, in strength, or feature,

For in them no help is found
Sure or sound,
Nor in any other creature.

4. For their staff of life is breath,
Which by death
Soon is craz'd; their corpse they cherish,
When as they, soon after birth,
Turn to earth,
All their thoughts, plots, councils perish.

5. Blest is he whose soul so learns,
And discerns
These false hopes, and them forsaketh;
Who the God of Jacob's seed,
At his need
His sure help and refuge maketh.

6. Who both heaven and earth did make,
And but spake,
And the sea, with her hid treasure.
And doth keep his word and oath
Firmly both,
And in keeping them takes pleasure.

7. Who doth justice execute,
 Ne'er being mute
For the wrongfully oppressed:
Who, with plenteous bread doth feed
 Them that need,
Loosing prisoners distressed.
8. God restores the blind to sight,
 And sets right
Limbs distorted, lameness curing;
And his love to him that still
 Doth his will,
Is for evermore enduring.
9. God relieves the fatherless,
 In distress
Widows' plaints to him are moving.
Strangers safely he protects;
 But rejects
Godless men, no good ways loving.
10. God, thy God, on Sion hill
 Reigneth still;
Still in glory higher raised,

He from age to age doth 'dure,
Holy, pure:
Let his mighty Name be praised!

~~~~~  
End of the Psalms.  
~~~~~



A
DIVINE POEM,

DIVIDED INTO TWO PARTS:

THE RAVISHED SOUL;
AND
THE BLESSED WEEPER.

COMPILED

By NICHOLAS BRETON, GENTLEMAN.



IMPRINTED AT LONDON,
FOR JOHN BROWNE AND JOHN DEANE.

1601.



TO

The Right Honourable, discreet and virtuous Lady,

THE NOURISHER OF THE LEARNED, AND FAVOURER OF THE GODLY;

MY SINGULAR GOOD LADY,

The Lady Mary, Countess of Pembroke;

NICHOLAS BRETON

WISHETH ALL THE GOOD THAT THE HEAVENS WILL,
AND THE WORLD CAN GIVE;

TO THE PLEASURE OF THE HIGHEST, AND HER WORTHY HEART'S DESIRE.

RIGHT HONOURABLE,

MATTER of most worth, to most worthy minds is most worthily presented. What matter in worth may compare with divine meditation? What mind more worthy honour, than the heavenly inclined? And whose mind more truly worthy of that blessed title, than your Ladyship's? I would there were many; but I know too few. Being then in that excellent sense truly yourself; whom, for more worth than I will speak of, the wise admire, the learned follow, the virtuous love, and the honest serve: vouchsafe me leave, among those poor people that being thrown from the world look only

Epistle Dedicatory.

towards heaven and heavenly graces, to lay before your eyes a divine humour of a ravished soul: which being above itself carried into the heavenly meditations of the mercies of the Almighty, by the blessing of his Holy Spirit, hath brought such fruits of praise, as I hope will be pleasing to your good favour. To the honour of whose commandment, avowing the duty of my heart's service, in all humble thankfulness for your bountiful undeserved goodness, praying for your eternal happiness, I take my leave.

Your Ladyship's in all humbleness,

NICHOLAS BRETON.

TO THE READER.

YOU, that with a zealous love of religion, with an indifferent regard of learning, and without disdain of poetry, will vouchsafe to bestow a little time in the perusing of this little volume of verses; it may be, you will not repent you of your labour, nor think much of your cost: but, when you have once read it over, perhaps begin it again, and end it without weariness. If you note it well, you may find matter of comfort, and nothing to the contrary: God truly glorified in his manifold blessings; and man greatly blessed, that being endued with his graces, by faith taketh hold of his mercies; the Atheists confounded in their follies, and the virtuous blessed in their election. This if you find not, blame either yourself or me. But if you note what I write, much good do you in the reading, and God increase you in his blessing. And so, in the best nature of love, leaving you to the joy of the best life, I end.

Your friend,

NICHOLAS BRETON.

IN AUCTOREM.

Two hopeful Twins, joint issues of one brain,
A ravish'd Soul, and longing Spirit sends
Into your bosom's high and heavenly train,
That are Wit's kinsmen, and the Muse's friends.
Embrace them, love them, and with Judgment's view
Eye them. Believe me, Reader, thou shalt find
Their limbs well measur'd, and proportions true;
No part dissenting from their perfect kind:
Only the fashion sits not on their clothes,
To make them sightly to fantastic eyes.
Pallas, not *Venus*, did the work dispose,
Cutting their garments from Angelic skies.
Plain is their habit, yet divine and sweet;
Fit for the wise, but for the wisest meet.

H. T. GENT.

THE
RAVISHED SOUL.

GLORIA IN EXCELSIS DEO.



ING, my Soul, to God thy Lord,
All in glory's highest key;
Lay the angels quire aboard,^a
In their highest holy day:
Crave their helps to tune thy heart
Unto praises' highest part.

Tell the world---no world can tell
What the hand of Heaven deserveth,
In whose only mercies dwell
All that heaven and earth preserveth;
Death's confounding, Sin's forgiving,
Faith's relieving, Comfort's living.

Grace and glory, life and love,
Be the sum of all thy ditty;

^a This word is spelled *abaorde* in the printed copy. Vide Johnson
in voc.

Where a sinner's tears may prove
Comfort's joy in Mercy's pity:
 Every note in love alluding,
 Endless glory in concluding.

Praise of praises, where thou dwellest,
Tell me (if the world may know thee)
In what sense thou most excellest,
When thy wonder-worth doth show thee
 In that state of honour's story,
 Where thou gain'st thy highest glory.

'Tis not earth, nor earthly wonder,
Can discern thy dearest honour:
All her praises are put under,
When thy glory looks upon her.
 No: in heaven thy glory dwelleth,
 Where thy wonder most excelleth.

Yet in heaven was never living
Virgin, saint, nor angel's spirit,
Where thy grace may have the giving
Of thy honour's highest merit.
 'Tis their glory's admiration
 That deserves thy commendation.

Since then, by all consequences,
In the notes of glory's nature,
And the grace's influences---
'Tis no earth nor heavenly creature:
 In my God alone, on high,
 Is this only mystery.

And since in his Majesty,
All and only, ever dwelleth
That most glorious Deity,
That all praises praise excelleth:
 Say, although thy soul attend him,
 It can never comprehend him.

If thou speak'st of power---all powers
To his power are in subjection:
If thou speak'st of time---all hours
Run their course by his direction:
 If of wisdom---all is vanity,
 But in his divine humanity.

If of truth---it is his trial:
If of love---it is his treasure:
If of life---it is his dial:
If of grace---it is his pleasure:

If of goodness---'tis his story:
If of mercy---'tis his glory!

If of justice---judgment showeth
His proceeding is impartial:
If of valour---all 'hell knoweth
Who is heaven's high marshal:
 If of bounty---'tis his blessing:
 If of place---'tis his possessing.

If of patience---his perfection:
If of comfort---'tis his favour:
If of virtue---his affection:
If of sweet---it his savour:
 If of triumph---'tis his merit:
 If perfection---'tis his spirit.

If above all these thou singest,
Ravish'd in thy reason's glory;
Tell the world, whate'er thou bringest,
Admiration's, wonder's story,
 To such height my Saviour raiseth,
 As above all praises praiseth.

Let all kings and princes then,
In submission fall before him,

Virgins, angels, holy men,
Both in heaven and earth adore him!
In his only mercy seeing
All, and only all your being.

Babes and children, show his glory,
In your silly souls preserving:
Men and women, note this story
Of the life of love's deserving:
Heaven and earth, be ever reading
Of this essence of exceeding.

Sun and moon, and every creature
In that shining starry sky,
All confess your brightness' feature
In the hand of mercy's eye;
And for all your blessed powers,
Show it God's, and none of yours.

And when all the world together
Join with angel's harmony,
Let my soul come singing thither,
With that blessed company,---
God, in mercy's power victorious,
Be above all glory glorious! *Amen.*

Sacred Muse, that only sittest
In the spirits of the blessed,
And the faithful only fittest
With their thoughts to heaven addressed,
Help my humble soul to sing
To my glorious heavenly King.

All abandon earth's conjecture,
Think not on so mean an instance:
Make thine honour's architecture,
But on grace's glorious substance:
There, in comfort's confirmation,
Build thy heavenly habitation.

Study not astronomy,
Lest to darkness turn thy light;
But that high divinity,
Where the day hath never night:
There find out that work of worth,
That may bring thy wonder forth.

In the tears of true contrition,
Think on mercy's blessedness,
And, in care of love's condition,
Of perfection's holiness;

Then, in notes of grace's glory,
Make the state of all thy story.



IL CHRISTIANO AL HONORE DI CRISTO.

Before there was a light, there was a light
Which saw the world, the world could never see;
From which the world receives his brightest sight,
Yet cannot see what brightness there may be.

From this fair light there came a living love,
A love, which gives the living all their seeing;
And in the life of all their seeing prove
The only essence of their only being.

From this bright love there came a living word,
A word that doth in wisdom signify
What heaven and earth in wonder can afford,
Is but in life this love to dignify.

For in this word was that almighty power,
Which was, before that power was ever named;
Begun before the first beginning hour,
Framing each substance that was ever framed.

And in that word that only wisdom dwelleth,
That only knows what only may be known;
And in that knowledge all excelleth,
Because it knows all knowledge is his own.

This worthy word of Wisdom's wonderment,
(To give some notice of his powerful nature)
In wisdom made his will an instrument,
To show himself unto his silly creature.

This holy essence of the Deity,
In virgin's womb did take the veil of flesh,
Bringing the dew of blessed charity,
Our withering spirits sweetly to refresh.

This highest height of heavenly Majesty,
This word of wisdom's gracious, glorious love,
Invested in all virtue's unity,
That perfect God and perfect man approve.

From the sweet bosom of his Father's breast,
Eternal Babe of all eternal bliss;
All blessed Babe, that made the mother blest,
By that sweet blessed holy love of his:

From the high throne of heavenly glory's seat,
Unto this world, this worthless world descended,

With their cross spirits kindly to intreat,
For their own good, that highly him offended.

This blessed Infant of eternity,
And only glorious essence of the same,
By the clear light of his all-seeing eye,
Beholding all things---all, so out of frame :

Unto his servants to make known his love,
And to redeem what lack of love had lost,
In tender age and elder years did prove
How patience, care, might be in passion's crost.

When first sweet infant in the mother's arms,
Fed with the milk of pure virginity,
How did he 'scape the tyrant Herod's harms,
That little knew of his divinity.

But oh, when first his presence sweet appear'd
Unto the silly shepherds in the field,
With how much joy were all their spirits cheer'd,
Whose humble eyes his heavenly face beheld.

While in the heavens the angels sung for joy,
That peace by him unto the world was come;
By him who should both death and hell destroy,
And be the saviour of his chosen some.

The virgin-mother joyed in her child,
And in her joy did call her son her saviour:
Whose gracious spirit in her countenance mild
Did show the blessing of her meek behaviour.

Oh, blessed Son! the Father's best beloved,
In whom he all and only did delight;
How many ways his works in wonder proved
He held the sceptre of his Father's right.

In simpleness, all harmless as the dove;
In learning, putting all the doctors down;
In power, the hand of highest heaven's behove;
In state, the king of kings in glory's crown.

In patience, the true proof of sufferance;
In truth, the touch-stone of all virtue's trial;
In love, director of life's ordinance;
In life, the hand of the eternal dial.

In charity, the giver of all good;
In bounty, the bestower of all bliss;
In mercy, faith's eternal blessed food;
In grace, the guide that cannot lead amiss.

In wisdom, founder of all wit and sense;
In will, the worker of all wonder's worth;

In essence, all the sum of excellence;
In all, that good that brings all glory forth.

This essence all incomprehensible,
Yet willing in his mercies to be known,
That glory might not be offensive,
That in a shadow only should be shown.

First, in the time of feeble infancy,
When nature's weakness fled a feared force;
Then in the years of reason's constancy,
When gracious mercy gloried in remorse.

Came to the world, to call the world to come
Unto his call, that had the heavens at call;
Healing the sick, the blind, lame, deaf and dumb,
And raised them up that ready were to fall.

Contented with the badge of poverty,
Who might command both heaven and earth at will;
Lodged in a manger in humility,
Who in himself both heaven and earth did fill.

Threaten'd with death, who was the life of life;
Sought to be slain, who was the death of death;
The ground of peace, yet with the world at strife;
And suffer'd death, yet gave the living breath.

Seek heaven and earth, and find out such another,
So might command, and so could be commanded;
Who was our king, yet would become our brother,
Might strike all dumb, and yet would be demanded:

Would leave such pleasure, and endure such pain,
And for their lives that crucified his love;
With loss of life, to make their living gain,
That proved turkeys to their turtle-dove.

Who ever craved his help, and was denied?
Who loved him so, but left him at his death?
Who ever fail'd, whose faith on him relied?
Yet who for him would spare one favour's breath?

Oh Lord! what madness could be more in men,
Than when they knew the truth, to make a doubt?
And long in darkness, having light e'en then,
To blind themselves, to put the candle out.

And blessed women that his death bewailed,
While heart's deep grief found comfort's high perfection;
When passion's tears so much with love prevailed,
As first to them reveal'd his resurrection.

The mother wept, to see her son so used;
The sinner wept, to see her Saviour dying;

The cousin wept, to see her kin abused;
All for his death fell to a deadly crying.

The sun eclipsed, the day did lose his light,
And stones did rise against their Maker's foes;
The temple rent, the people were affright,
And from the graves the troubled spirits rose.

All these were tokens of his holy truth,
To make men know how they were woe-begone them;
But graceless spirits, void of gracious ruth,
Ventured to take the guiltless blood upon them.

Here then behold the majesty of bliss,
That pray'd for them that prey'd upon him so:
Content with all might come to him amiss,
So his with him might to their comfort go.

His life, the lantern of eternal light;
His death, the passage to eternal rest;
His grace, the mark of the most blessed sight;
His love, the life of the eternal blest.

His miracles, the witness of his power;
His sacrament, remembrance of his love;
His resurrection, his triumphant hour;
And his ascension, angels' joys above.

His travail all, to bring our souls to rest;
His prayer, for our preservation;
His work, to joy the spirits of the blest;
His word, the assured truth of our salvation.

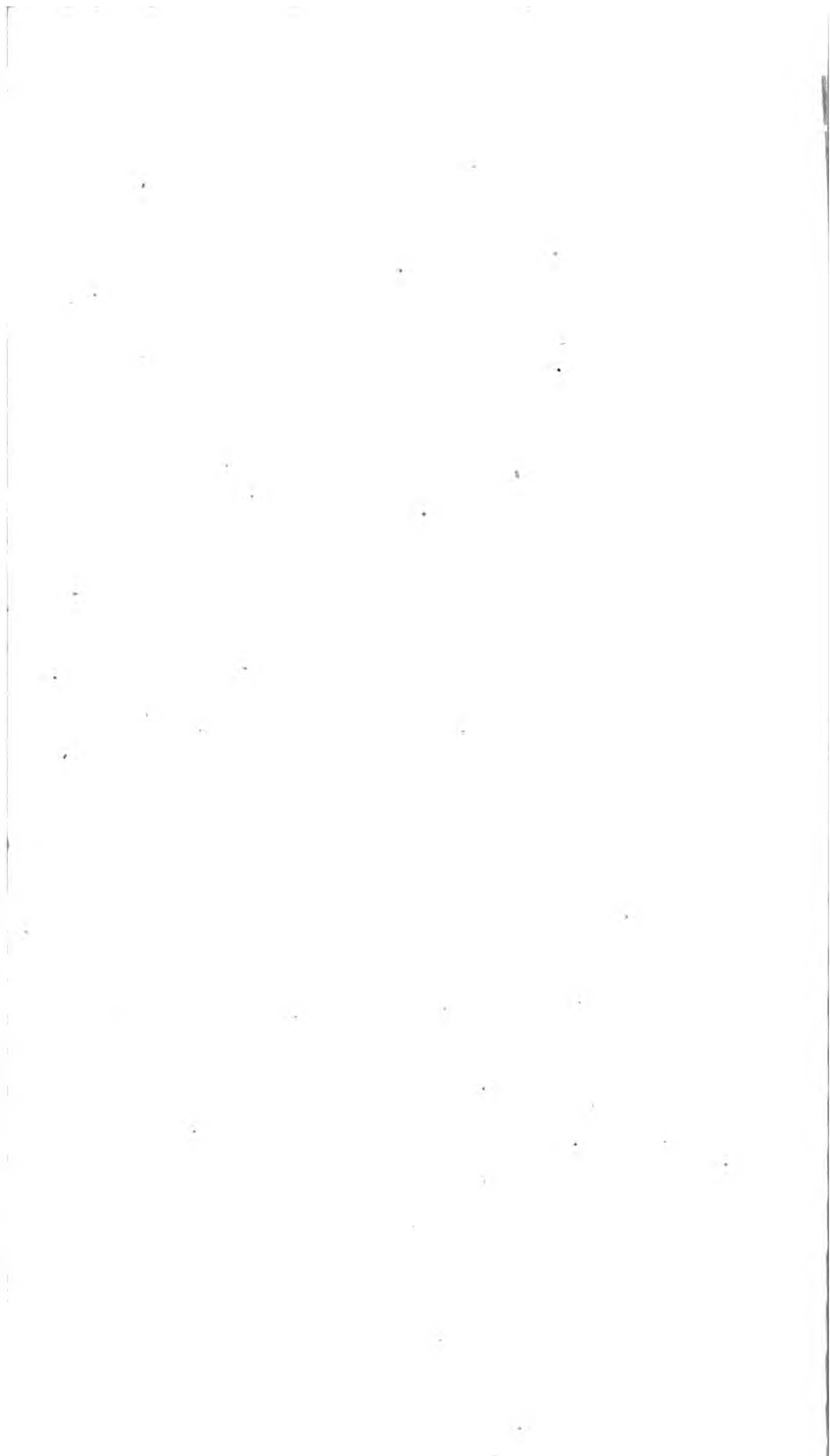
His war a fight, but only for our peace;
His peace, the joy wherein our souls do live;
His wounds, the salve that doth our woes release;
His triumph, freely of his grace to give.

Oh, should I run into that world of worth,
Wherein his glory duly doth increase,
I should more wonder of most worth bring forth,
Than thought can reach, until all thinking cease.

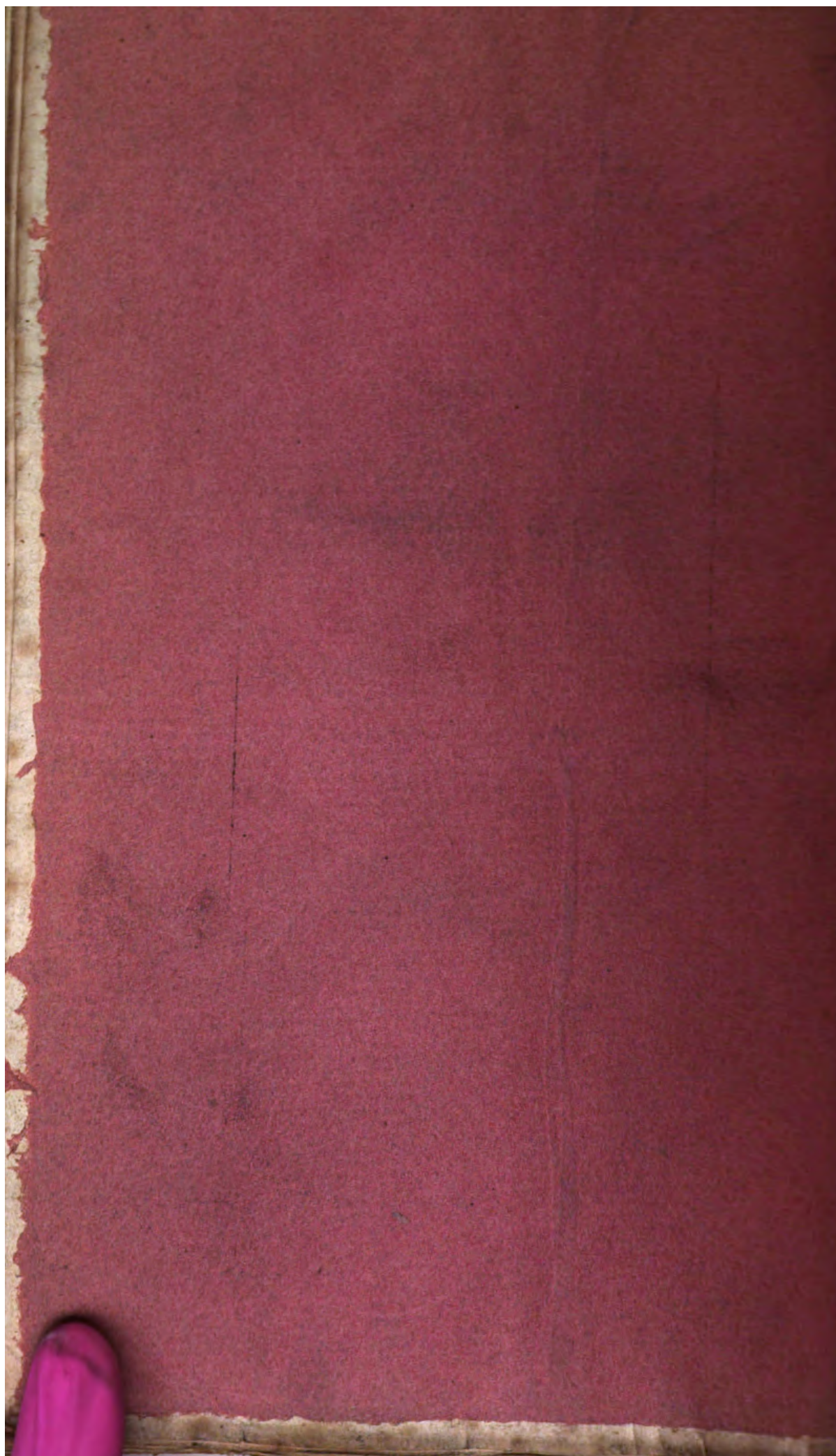
But since true love requited with unkindness,
Grace with disgrace, comfort with misery,
Wisdom with folly, truth with falsehood's blindness,
Honour with shame, and right with injury:

Since all the contraries of true content,
That wit and reason rightly may receive;
His heavenly mercy, truly patient,
All for our good, full meekly did receive.

And being gone from our ungracious hands,
Unto the right hand of his Father's rest,







Excerpta Tudoriana.

Nº III.

VOL. II.



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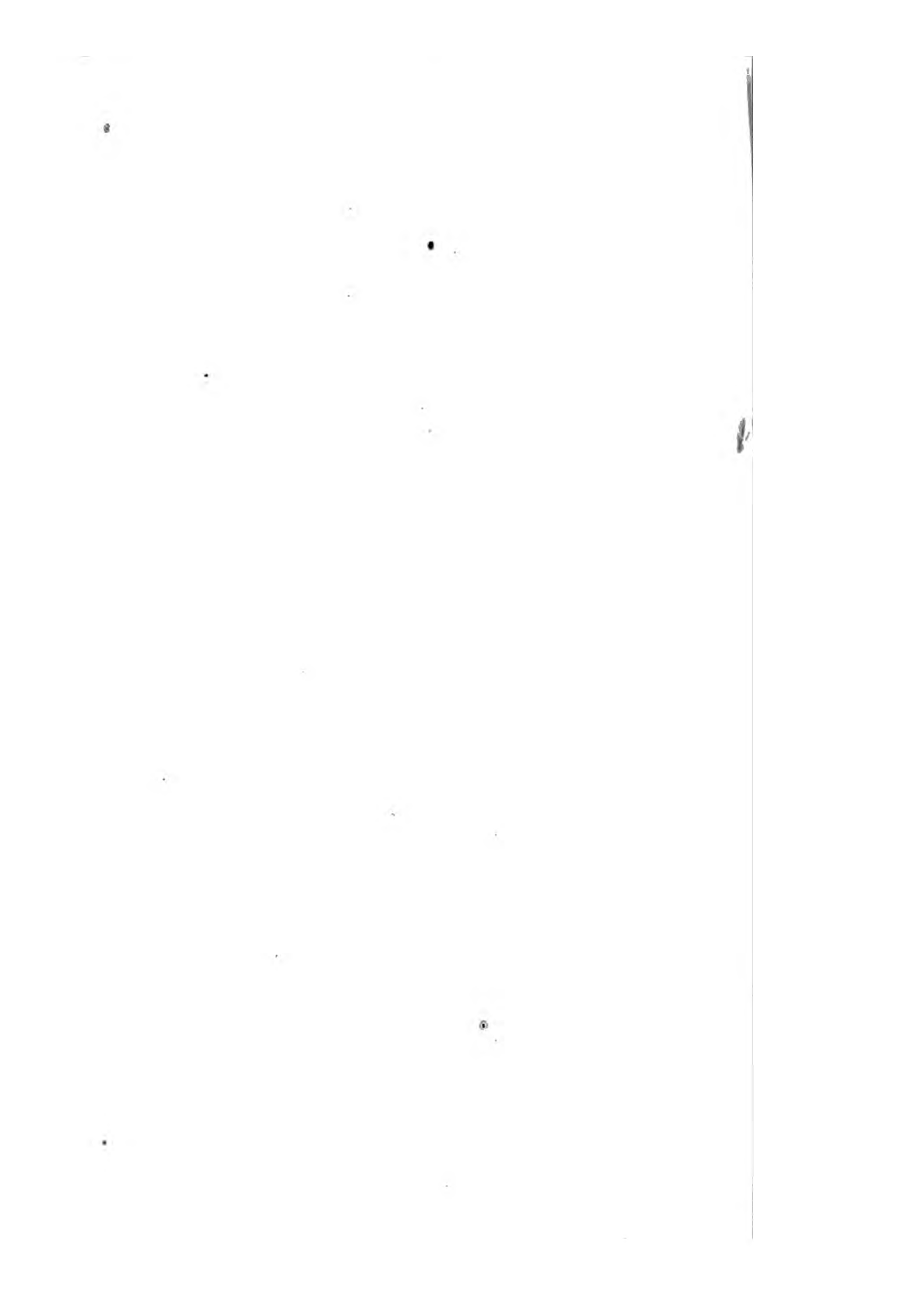
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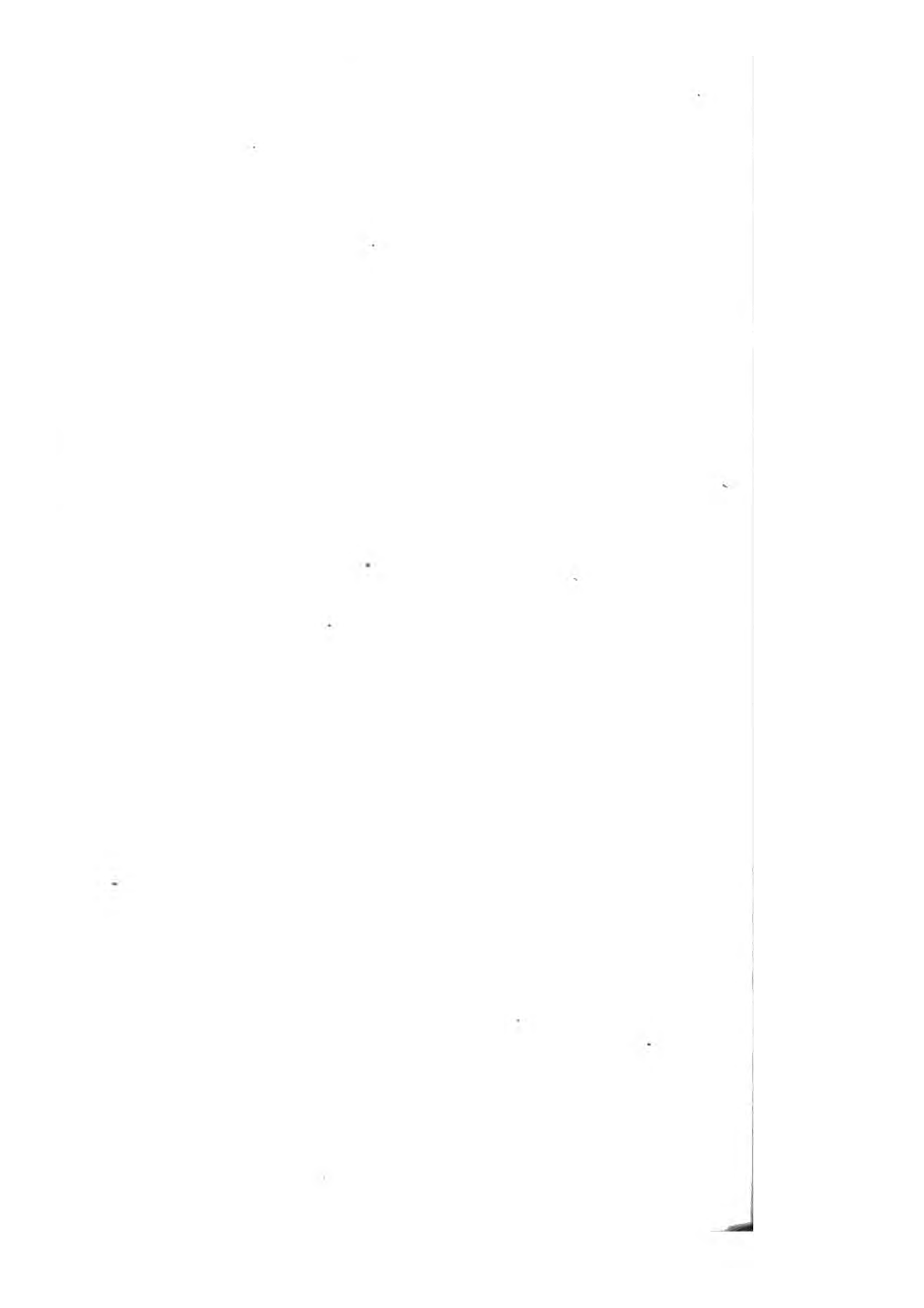
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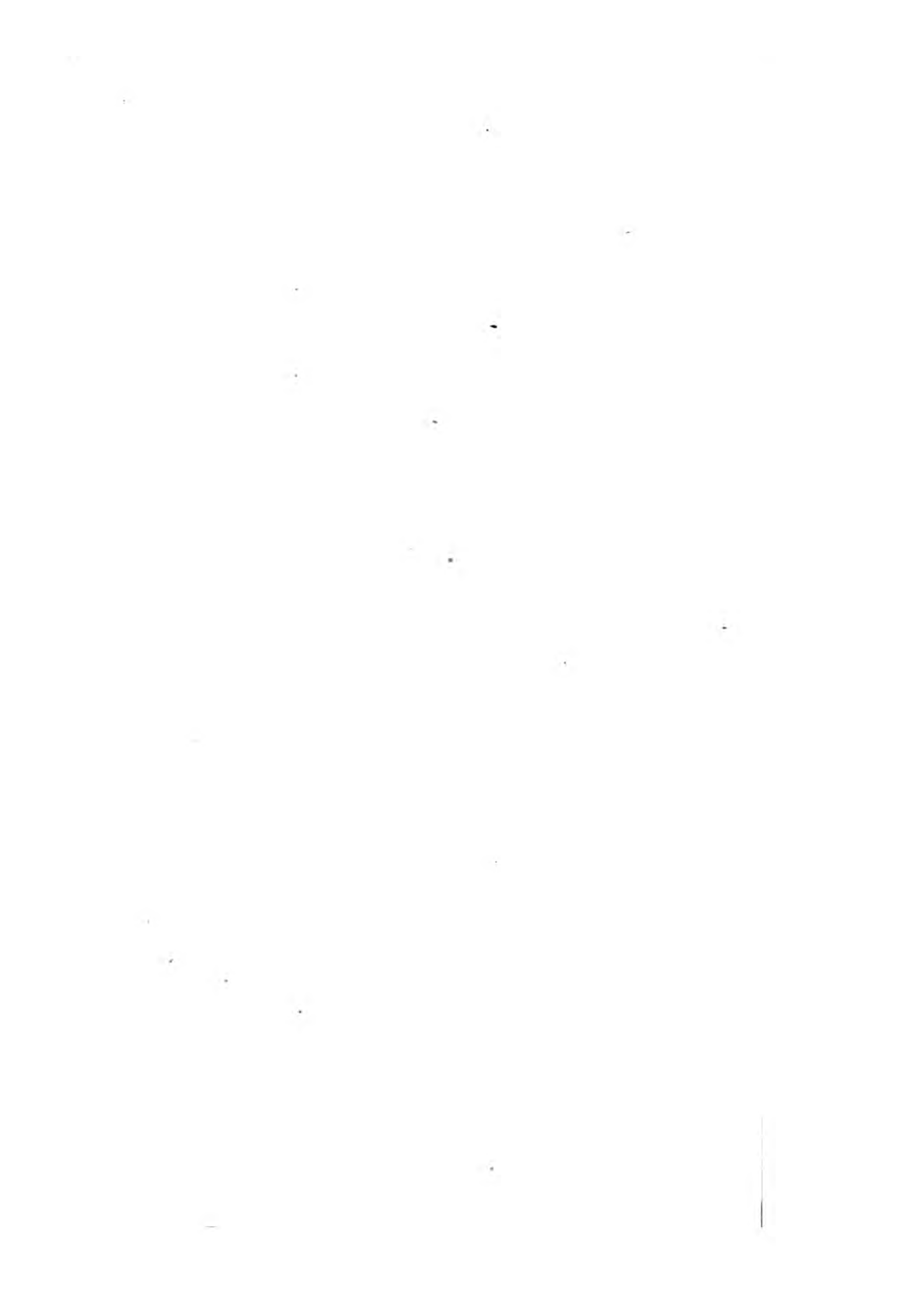
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PRICE NINE SHILLINGS.









There in his hourly intercession stands,
For our remission making love's request.

And by his word, the message of his will,
Sent by the preachers of his proved truth,
Doth call our souls from all accursed ill,
Unto the good of gracious mercy's ruth.

And bids our faith to fear no hurt of sin,
And leaves us lessons in the rules of grace,
Where true repentance doth remission win,
And humble faith doth find in heaven a place.

And let's us see, each day and every night,
A kind of figure both of heaven and hell;
And how that sins do always fly the light,
While blessed graces do in brightness dwell.

And how the virtuous in the heavens are bless'd,
And how the vicious in their horrors hated,
And how the just shall have their wrongs redress'd,
And how the proud shall have their pride abated.

How charity shall be in heaven rewarded,
How patience' care, shall richly be contented,
How bribery shall be utterly discarded,
And tyranny shall be in hell tormented.

How humble faith shall be in heaven beloved,
And gracious spirits blessedly embraced,
And faithless spirits from all grace removed,
And graceless spirits utterly disgraced.

When life shall be pronounc'd to the elected,
And love shall take the charge of the beloved,
And hell receive the souls of the rejected,
To endless pains of graceless will reproved.

When this I say, and all that can be said,
That can revive the virtuous in their death,
And justly make the reprobate afraid,
With looking down into their hell beneath,

Our Lord hath left us in those lines of love,
That heavenly wisdom wrote for our instruction ;
Yet we, all careless of our souls' behove,
Will headlong run upon our own destruction.

What shall I say?---but let the Atheist fry
Within the coals of his own conscience' fire :
Torments too true, too late will make him try ;
He cannot 'scape the fury of God's ire.

And let the faithful in their fearless hope
Assure their spirits of especial grace ;

The breadth of heaven doth bear so large a scope,
That none so poor but there shall have a place.

And let the prince not glory in his crown,
But lay it at the feet of Mercy's love;
And let the haughty pull those humours down,
That only work for wicked hell's behove.

Oh, let the fair leave painting of their faces,
And only seek the beauty of the mind:
For God alone doth love the inward graces,
And not the shadows that the eye do blind.

And let the rich not let his riches rust,
But seek the wealth but of the Spirit's worth:
For God doth know your treasure is but dust,
And ye but stewards for to let it forth.

And let the wise so well employ their wits,
They may attain the knowledge to do well;
And shun the follies of those madding fits,
That, leaving heaven, do run the way to hell.

Oh, let that queen be truly angel-like,
With grace's sceptre hold the sword of peace;
And by her faith, in Mercy's hand doth seek
A joyful kingdom, that shall never cease.

And let that lady think herself a queen,
That hath possession of her spirit so,
That she could leave all comforts she hath seen,
And her own self,---unto her God to go.

And let that soldier most that valour love,
Where God assists the faithful in their fight;
Where lack of faith in coward fear doth prove
Each shadow doth the faithless soul affright.

And let the lawyer look on justice' lines,
And know that 'God will right the poor man's wrong;
And that such lawyers as are true divines,
Do love the Muses sing of mercy's song.

And let the merchant love that traffic best
Where travail finds the treasure of God's grace,
While greedy minds, that fill the golden chest,
Shall never see their Saviour in the face.

And let the scholar that doth study most,
Find out the truth of life's eternal treasure;
And think all labour in his study lost,
Where God his grace gives not the spirit pleasure.

And let the lover leave his wanton look,
With such illusions as enchant the mind;

And only love the beauty of that book,
Where God alone is in his love to find.

Abhor the Devil, and he will depart:
Grace is as near as sin, if you will crave it;
So faith do beg it with repentant heart:
For fear, nor pride, are ever like to have it.

Cry unto Christ, whom you have crucified;
In tears of love reveal your hate of sin;
So, in your grief when grace is glorified,
Be sure, in mercy doth your bliss begin.

Believe his word, seek to obey his will,
And know the work is his, and none of yours;
Strive to do well, and fly the way to ill,
And be submissive to supernal powers.

Be patient, in the cross of any care;
Repentant, in remembrance of amiss;
Constant in faith, love God without compare,
And give all glory to that name of his.

Hate him that speaks against his majesty,
Love him in soul that will forsake him never;
And know, the scorners of the Deity
Shall all be damn'd, and fry in hell for ever.

Go to your closet; lovely there alone
Bleed forth in tears the truth of your belief:
And you shall see your smallest spirit's groan
Will find a grace to ease you of your grief.

For he that knows the secret's of your thought,
And knows the nature of your sin's disease,
Will never see your spirit over-wrought;
But in the instant give you present ease.

You shall be the dear daughter of his love,
And like a father he will look upon you,
And in his mercy so much comfort prove,
That you shall never more be woe-begone you.

Your soul in heaven shall half already be;
The angels 'gin to set your part to sing;
Your spirit's eye shall, in some graces, see
Some shadowing glory of your heavenly King.

And you, all ravish'd with your heavenly joy,
Will so his gracious, glorious name adore,
That being healed of your soul's annoy,
This hateful world shall be your love no more.

And you, of men that have been long admir'd
For many worths well worthy admiration,


Shall then of angels be as much desir'd,
For heavenly grounds of grace's confirmation.

And God himself so near himself will set you
In grace's seat, where mercy so will love you,
That faith's regard will never more forget you,
Nor sin, nor death, nor devil shall remove you.

But where the saints and angels are reciting
The heavenly truth of high Jehovah's story,
Your ravish'd soul in such divine enditing
Shall evermore be singing of his glory.

To the assured hope of which high grace,
In humble prayer let my poor humble pen
In your good favour beg that blessed place,
Where my poor heart may happily say---AMEN!

GLORIA IN EXCELSIS DEO.



THE
BLESSED WEEPER.



Y thoughts amaz'd, I know not how of late:
Half in a slumber, and more half a sleep,
My troubled senses, at a strange debate
What kind of care should most my spirit
keep;

Methought I saw a silly woman weep,
And with her weeping, as it seem'd, so pleas'd,
As if her heart had with her tears been eas'd.

The place near which she sate was like a grave,
But all uncover'd, and the body gone;
Where in her care, she nothing seem'd to crave
But that stol'n body how to look upon.
When weeping so, appear'd to her anon
Two blessed angels and one Lord of bliss,
Who came to comfort this poor wretch of his.

But ere they came, how she in bitter tears
Bewail'd the loss, or lack, of her dear love,
As to her words my vision witness bears,
And my remembrance may for truth approve,
The whole discourse her passions seem'd to move,
 In heart's deep grief and soul's high joy conceived,
Was, as I write,---were not my thoughts deceived.

If ever sorrow in a sinner's heart
Liv'd, to distil those drops of bitter tears,
That to the world in passions can impart
Part of that pain the troubled spirit bears,
Smothering the woes wherein all pleasure wears,
 Oh, let her show the deepest of her skill,
 In drawing out the essence of mine ill.

The loss of health the heart may somewhat craze,
The loss of wealth distemper may the mind,
The loss of honour is a fearful maze,
The loss of friends, a care of grievous kind;
But all these woes upon one heart to wind
 Were much to think; but much more to believe,
 How it could live, whom far more crosses grieve.

But from the brag of naked poverty,
To have more wealth than all the world can give;

And from the care of all calamity,
In all the comfort of content to live,
Where settled joy all grief away doth drive,
 And suddenly grow sick and poor again,
 Who can conceive the plague of such a pain?

I, wretched I, the outcast of all grace,
And banish'd for my sin from heavenly bliss;
I, that to hell did headlong run my race,
Not caring how my soul was led amiss,
While I was couzen'd by the serpent's hiss,
 I, caitiff wretch, of all the world the worst,
 By sin's just doom to endless sorrow curst.

I, wretched soul, whom sin had bared so,
As left me naked of all Nature's grace;
I, sink of sin, and also full of woe,
As knew not how in heaven to have a place;
And in the depth of all this desperate case,
 To be reliev'd and cloth'd, grac'd and beloved,
 And on the sudden from all these removed.

To lose the vesture of that virtue's grace,
That cloth'd my naked soul, asham'd of sin,
To lose the beauty of that blessed face,
Where Mercy's love did comfort's life begin;

To lose the joys that heavens were glad to win,
To lose the life of such a lovely friend,
Oh! let me weep, and never make an end.

The child that hath his father dearly loving,
Who sees his faults and greatly doth abhor them,
Yet so from wrath will have his thoughts removing,
As he will neither check nor chide him for them,
But puts them back, while pity stands before them,
And doth not only all his faults forgive,
But makes him kindly in his grace to live:

That happy child that in his heart hath felt
The blessed life of such a father's love;
Think how his heart must needs in sorrow melt,
That must the loss of such a father prove,
And curse the death doth such a life remove,
And, as a creature in all comforts friendless,
Bleed out his time in tears of sorrow endless.

That wicked child of too much ill am I,
That had a father held me all too dear;
Who from my sins did turn his angry eye,
And on my sorrow show'd a smiling cheer,
And to his grace did take my soul so near,

As when asham'd to come his face before,
He said but this---'Take heed thou sin no more!'

My sins forgiven, what joy my soul received
None can express but the repentant heart;
Nor can that sorrow ever be conceived,
To see that father from that child depart,
But in that soul that, in the bitter smart
Of the true feeling of that father's love,
Had rather death than his departure prove.

The careless servant that the goods misspends,
Which his kind master to his trust committeth,
And his neat house to thieves and varlets lends,
And cares for nought but what his humour fitteth;
That gracious lord that all such faults remitteth,
And in his goodness doth so dearly love him,
That from his favour nothing shall remove him.

So ill a servant, that doth find the love
Of such a lord, as never like was found;
And in the midst of all his joy must prove
The death, to see his comfort all aground:
Scoff'd, scourg'd, and beaten; sorrowing, sighing, dying;
How can that servant cease continual crying?

That wicked servant, wretched wretch, am I!
That loving master was my living Lord!
Whose gracious gifts abused ungraciously,
Whose house, my soul, foul spirits laid aboard;
Fill'd full of sins, of graces all abhor'd:
 Yet for all this, and all that I could do,
 My Lord forgave me, and did love me too.

He cleansed my soul from all my filthy sin,
And with my tears did wash it clean again;
Drove out the fiends, and kindly enter'd in,
With grace to heal, that sorrow would have slain;
And in his love did so my tears retain,
 That every drop that fell upon his feet,
 Unto my soul did give a heavenly sweet.

Now such a master as was never such,
So good unto a servant, none so ill;
So much abused abuses; oh! too much;
A cursed crew, to work their hellish will,
Like ravening wolves, a silly lamb to kill:
 Foul darkness, so to govern over light,
 Who would not weep to death at such a sight?

A sorry sister that hath such a brother,
As for her love would venture loss of life,

And her unkindness so in kindness smother,
As 'twixt their loves should kill all cause of strife,
Though her ill course were his heart's cutting knife;
 To see that brother lose his living breath,
 How can that sister choose but weep to death?

That sister I, that brother was my Lord,
Who, in his love, laid down his life for me;
Whose death (oh! cross of crosses to record)
Ah, wretch! that ever I was born to see,
Though by his death my life must only be.
 To lose a father, master, brother such,
 Child, servant, sister,---how can I weep too much?

Shame bade me weep enough, to see how sin
Besmeared had my soul with ugly spots;
And weep, to feel how I was felter'd in
The wretched snarls of wicked nature's knots;
And weep, to look upon those loathsome blots,
 That fill'd me so with grief of all disgrace,
 I durst not see my Saviour in the face.

At whose sweet feet I, kneeling, wept with fear,
I had offended to presume so near;
But sin so fled away at every tear,
That grace began my heavy heart to cheer,

When my dear Lord said not---‘What dost thou here?’
Or ‘get thee hence;’---or like a dog out spurn me;
But from my sin unto his mercy turn me.

He felt my tears, though no man heard my weeping;
And gave me grace, though no man for me moved him;
Which made me know he had my soul in keeping,
Though sin too long, too far from me removed him:
For sin once fled, how dear in soul I loved him,
His words can witness, that my soul did touch---
‘Much is forgiven her, for she loved much.’

He loved much, that me so much forgave;
(Such my forgiver---how much should I love!)
Forgave my sins, and from the fiend did save
My wounded soul, that could no comfort prove,
Till grace and mercy did my grief remove.
But when I felt my pain of sin once past,
In mercy’s grace, I wept with joy as fast.

But oh! my soul, unworthy of this sweet,
Could not enjoy these joyful tears too long:
For sin and sorrow did so soundly meet,
As made my heart to sing another song,
When I beheld the too apparent wrong

My Lord, my love, my life, my king, my God!
For my poor soul, and for my sin's abode.

To see the Lamb, that bleated but our bliss,
Brought all by wolves unto a bleeding end;
To see that cruel, shameful death of his,
Who did his course but for our comfort bend;
And held our foe, that was our dearest friend:
 Who did such good, and to receive such ill;
 Weep, heart! to death; and die in weeping still.

Ungrateful wretches! worthless of all grace;
Rebellious subjects! traitors to your king;
Could ye behold his works before your face,
What choice of good his charity did bring,
And from your hearts could so much venom spring,
 As with the Lord of Peace to stir such strife,
 To seek his death, who only gave you life.

Slaves, dogs, and devils,---worse, if I could call ye,
That so have shown the malice of your minds,
I cannot wish more ill than shall befall ye,
That are the imps of such accursed kinds,
As ugly Satan with illusion blinds:

 I weep not for your sorrow,---but to see
 That all ye did not die, to set him free.

And better had it been for ye to die,
Than have been born to bring him to his death,
And by your deeds to die eternally,
Or live in death within the hell beneath,
Where never air shall breathe you wholesome breath;
But by your choice of torments, make you know
What ye have done to breed my weeping so.

Alas! what sin but did my soul possess?
But that accursed crucifying sin,
That would not let your wicked souls confess
His glorious grace, whose grace did first begin
By true desert all glory due to win;
And by such grace did win my soul so to him,
My death were sweet, if it might service do him.

Oh! that my tears kept number with my sins;
Or that my sins were drowned in my tears:
Then should my weeping show how joy begins
In faithful heart, where fearful sorrow wears,
And comfort's bliss so much contentment bears,
That hope should show, that half a heaven doth win,
Better to weep in grace, than laugh in sin.

But what speak I of either sin or grace?
My sin's too grievous, and my grace is gone;

My life is dead, the earth is all too base
For my love's Lord to deign to look upon;
Where lives not one good creature,---no, not one:
 And what should I but weep, to live to see
 I cannot see where my sweet Lord may be.

But since mine eyes have lived to behold
The heavenly substance of my life and love,
Wherein my faith doth graciously unfold
The only blessing of my soul's behove,
All in the glory of the heavens above;
 Why should I live and look upon the light,
 Now I have lost the joy of such a sight?

No: I do hope my darkness will not hold;
The night will pass, and sun again will shine:
Although my heart in comfort be a-cold,
My soul doth tell me, that these tears of mine
Shall all be dried up by his hand divine,
 Who so will cure me of my sinful sore,
 That I shall joy in grace, and weep no more!

But he is gone---my spirit's only sweet!
And I am left, a wretched sinner, here:
Oh! that my tears could with my comfort meet,
And I might see my saving health so near,

As with his sight my heavy heart might cheer;
Then should I love mine eyes for such a seeing,
Without which sight they joy not in their being.

Let me then seek where I may hope to see
The only substance of my joying sight;
And never rest, nor ever weary be,
Until I come unto that star of light,
Which may direct my heart and spirit right,
Unto that place, where gracious love will show
My soul his presence, that it loveth so.

To climb to heaven it is too high a place;
Sin weighs me down to love, to seek him there:
For hell, it is unworthy of such grace;
And for the world, my sorrow, witness bear
It is not worthy of his name to hear:
Then since nor here nor there, without all doubt
Within the grave I must go seek him out.

Oh! ground, more gracious than the world besides,
Which dost enclose that, all the world commands:
And blessed earth, that in thy centre hides
His corpse, for whom my weeping soul demands:
Tell me, oh heavens! into what holy hands

He is convey'd, and where he now may be,
Whom thus my heart with tears desires to see?

Thus weeping still, two angels did appear,
Who, as it seem'd, desirous for to know
The mournful cause of this her mourning cheer,
Wherefore she wept, and what she sought for so?
Briefly she thus her grief began to show---
(Wringing her hands, with many a bitter tear,)
Her Lord was stol'n, and laid she knew not where.

“ O, blessed angels! blessed as ye be,
Tell me---where is my highest bliss become?
Your Lord and mine, oh! tell me, where is He
May cheer the heart that sorrow doth benumb?
Starve not my tears, vouchsafe my soul one crumb
Of comfort's care---to let me truly know
Where is my Lord, that I lament for so?

“ But do ye ask me, whom I seek for so?
Or why I weep, because I cannot find him?
O heavenly creature! help my soul to know .
But where he is, that I may come behind him,
That he may know but how my love doth mind him.
If dead---I may unto his tomb restore him;
And if alive---I may on knees adore him.

“ Oh, happy gardener of this holy ground!
Blest art thou born, if thou hast lived to see
That blessed body where it may be found,
That here lay buried:---tell me, if thou be
Sent from my Lord, to come and comfort me?
Who hence hath stol'n the substance of my bliss,
And where bestow'd that holy corps of his?

“ But do you ask me, why I weep so much?
And what I seek?---I seek my soul's delight!
And weep, because I find not any such
As can direct me to so sweet a sight:
This is the cause of my heart's heavy plight.
Oh! tell me then, and put me out of doubt,
Dead or alive, where I may find him out?”

Thus while her eyes continual weeping kept,
Came Christ himself, (although a while unknown)
Who ask'd her---‘What she sought, and why she wept?’
She, as before unto the angels shown,
Began in tears to make her piteous moan---
“ Her Lord was stol'n, and borne she knew not whither;
But, if he knew, he would direct her thither.”

But while the Lord of all her life and love
Beheld her tears, the witness of her truth,

To make her faith in heavenly favour prove
The sweet reward of mercy's sacred ruth,
And know what life of such a love ensueth,
 Spake but one word, but that word was so sweet,
 As would have made her soul to kiss his feet.

“Mary!” quoth he: “Oh, Master! blessed voice,
From which my heart receives so sweet a sound,
As makes my soul in ravish'd joy rejoice,
To think to live, that I my Lord have found:
Oh! let my sins be in my tears so drown'd,
 That in my joys my soul be ever weeping,
 To have thy presence in my comfort's keeping.

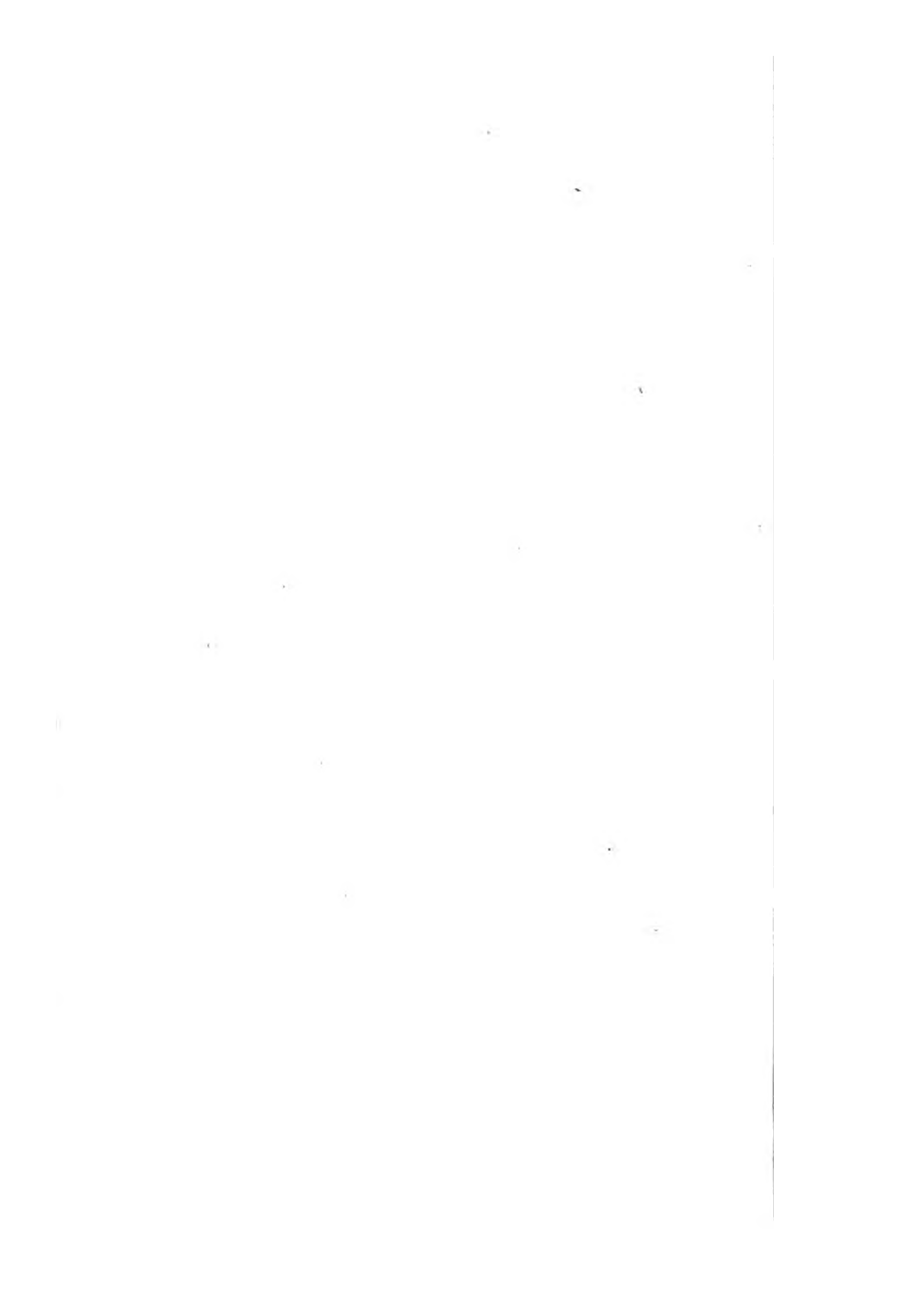
“I will not press one foot beyond the line
Of thy love's leave: vouchsafe me but a look
Of that sweet, heavenly, holy eye of thine,
Of my dear love the ever-living book,
Wherein my tears have such true comfort took,
 That, let the world torment me ne'er so sore,
 Let me see thee---and I desire no more!

“Oh, sight more precious than tongue can express!
Wherein the eye doth comfort so the heart,
The heart the soul, and all in their distress
Do find an ease and end of every smart:

When eye, and heart, and soul, and every part
Conclude in joy, that comfort did begin,---
Better to weep in grace than laugh in sin.”

And, with that word she vanish'd so away,
As if that no such woman there had been:
But yet, methought, her weeping seem'd to say,
The spirit was of Mary Magdalen;
Whose body now, although not to be seen,
Yet, by her speech it seemed, it was she
That wish'd all women might such Weepers be.





CONCLUSION OF VOL. II.



It may perhaps be thought that the foregoing Poems are not so interesting as those contained in the First Volume. Two new names are however here added to our lists of old Poets, RICHARD GIPPS, and JOSEPH BRYAN: and the Extracts from WILLOUGHBY'S "*Avisa*," and LORD BROOK'S "*Cælica*," surely deserve notice. The entire Poem by NICHOLAS BRETON, of which the original edition is exceedingly rare, is very beautiful, and very worthy the re-impression it has received. Every reader of taste must be struck with the simplicity and clearness of the language, and the flow of the versification.

The writers most eminent for the lighter Lyric, and Pastoral Song, in these days, appear to have been Christopher Marlow; Robert Greene; Nicholas Breton; Thomas Lodge; Richard Barnfield; Sir Walter Raleigh; and A. W. Of all these the original volumes have

at least for a century been singularly scarce. Marlow's beautiful translation of "*The Hero and Leander*," (a most rare little volume) is reprinted in "*Restituta*." Many extracts from the choice pieces of Robert Greene and Thomas Lodge occur in the first volume of this work. The poems of Raleigh, Breton's "*Longing*," and "*Melancholike Humours*;" and A. W.'s poems, (which form the second volume of Davison's "*Rhapsody*,") have also been given from the Lee Priory Press. Mr. James Boswell has furnished the rare pieces of Barnfield in his present to the Roxburghe Club; and Mr. Alexander Boswell has given Lodge's "*Fig for Momus*" from his private press. The cultivated reader has thus opened to him an access to treasures, which had hitherto been shut to all but two or three fortunate Collectors. Over such stores Steevens and Malone brooded with solitary complacence. Hence they generally drew their parallel passages; and often much of the subject and matter of their notes. It was a field in which it was fair and wise to glean: and the task was worthy of praise, had it not been a little too selfishly

conducted; and had they borne their heads no higher than the standard to which their abilities and acquirements would have limited them.

With Marlow's powers, from his celebrated Song, *Come, live with me, and be my love*, the modern public have long been familiar. With two or three of the shorter pieces of Breton, Bishop Percy has also long ago made them acquainted. One of Barnfield's odes has also been long in the hands of the people as a poem of Shakespeare. But A. W. as a separate poet, is now for the first time revived to fame. Let the reader turn to the elegant, highly-finished, and enchanting FICTION, *How Cupid made a Nymph wound herself with his arrows*, in the first volume of the new edition of Davison's "*Rhapsody*," p. 17. beginning,

"It chanc'd of late a shepherd's swain:"

and let him answer, if such a poet ought to have died unhonoured and unknown! I had formerly ascribed this poem to Raleigh, till new lights containing positive proof made me reluctantly withdraw it from him.

It would not have seemed very easy to have added any pieces worthy of revival to the elegant Selections of Percy and Ellis: but the two volumes of EXCERPTA TUDORIANA will, I trust, prove that the task has been accomplished. Many little flowers are now offered to the reader's notice, which those works do not contain: and the garland I here present will form a necessary Supplement to them.

So much has been said of late about the minor Elizabethan Poetry, that nothing occurs to me regarding these productions, which has not been already anticipated. A most acceptable treasure to readers of this class has just been furnished by a singularly elegant reprint from Bensley's press, of FAIRFAX'S vigorous and admirable translation of Tasso, in two vols. large 12mo. under the editorial care of Mr. Singer. The wood engravings at the head of each book, designed by Thurston, are exquisite. I cannot however agree with the accomplished Editor, with whose refined and cultivated taste I seldom find occasion to differ, in preferring Fairfax's, or rather the Italian stanza, to that which

Spenser invented as an improvement on it. The swell of the Alexandrine as adopted by the unrivalled author of "*The Fairy Queen*," seems to my ear to give to that magnificent form of stanza the greatest excellence which poetical metre has ever yet reached. Accustomed to this, the close of Fairfax's stanza sounds to me flat and impotent: it disappoints the ear, and wants that climax of thought as well as diction by which Spenser conveys such enchanting pleasure. I am aware that in ordinary hands that complicated and varied form is apt to fail. A drawling Alexandrine, which is weak in sound, and feeble in thought, is strangely disgusting.

Nervous as is the style, and striking as is the imagery of *Sackville*, I have always thought that the form of his stanza operated more than any other cause to give him an apparent inferiority to Spenser.

In a calm and comprehensive consideration of the stores of poetry, ancient and modern, it is wonderful how few writers emerge from the paths of their predecessors, and take new ground. They flutter about in beaten tracks, and strive to

draw new honey from flowers already exhausted. The materials of poetry are as wide as the creation; as the endless variety of its forms; and the endless modifications of the thoughts and passions of its intellectual beings. How narrow therefore they, who would, like Darwin, confine poetry to description; though original subjects of description yet remain in inexhaustible abundance.

The critic who argues that Pope was not a true poet, because he was deficient in descriptive powers, exhibits a very limited range of judgment. To excite a swelling emotion by magnificent thought or affecting sentiment, is among the noblest capacities of poetry. It is this which elevates the *Dedication to Lord Oxford*, and the *Elegy on an Unfortunate Lady*, as well as the *Eloisa to Abelard*, into the highest ranks of the art!

In aspiring to heighten the charms of Nature, there is a general tendency to adopt fantastical and tinsel ornaments, which, if they please in one age, are sure to disgust in the next. Simple and unadorned beauty is always the

same: the workings of the human bosom are alike in all ages.

But how few are there who dare to venture beyond their model! how few, who have courage to express a thought, or delineate an image, for which they have not an authority! Thus, while fields, which exceed calculation, lie unexplored, our versifiers pursue to nauseousness the same dull round of repeated materials, still attempting to give them a freshness by shades of disgusting artifice, by which at length the whole spirit evaporates, and nothing but the dead exterior remains.

When we observe that fame has been so generally the reward of boldness, when we see that almost every poet who has risen into fame, has succeeded by bursting and trampling down some limits which fashion had prescribed, this timidity affords a greater cause for wonder. Cowper and Burns in the last age: Lord Byron, Scott, Southey, Wordsworth, and others, in the present, are proofs of my position. I may go further back, and ascribe to this the great success which attended Hayley's "*Triumphs of*

Temper." An imitator, or echo, of a poet in full fashion, never has obtained much celebrity, and never will obtain it.

The technical rules of poetry, on which mechanical critics insist with such blind conceit, may perhaps be fairly accused as main extinguishers of genuine fruit. Laborious ambition catches at them as the sources of hope: while the free vigour of an elastic mind is discouraged and rendered impotent by this enchainment of its active sallies; and retires spirit-broken from the field.

That it has frequently happened that men who have been best known as candidates for poetical honours, have not been those whom Nature had most qualified for them, I cannot doubt: while many a great genius goes to his grave unknown; and without a suspicion that he was gifted above the common herd of mortals!

Nov. 7, 1817.

ALPHABETICAL INDEX OF FIRST LINES.

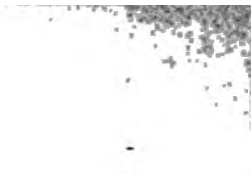
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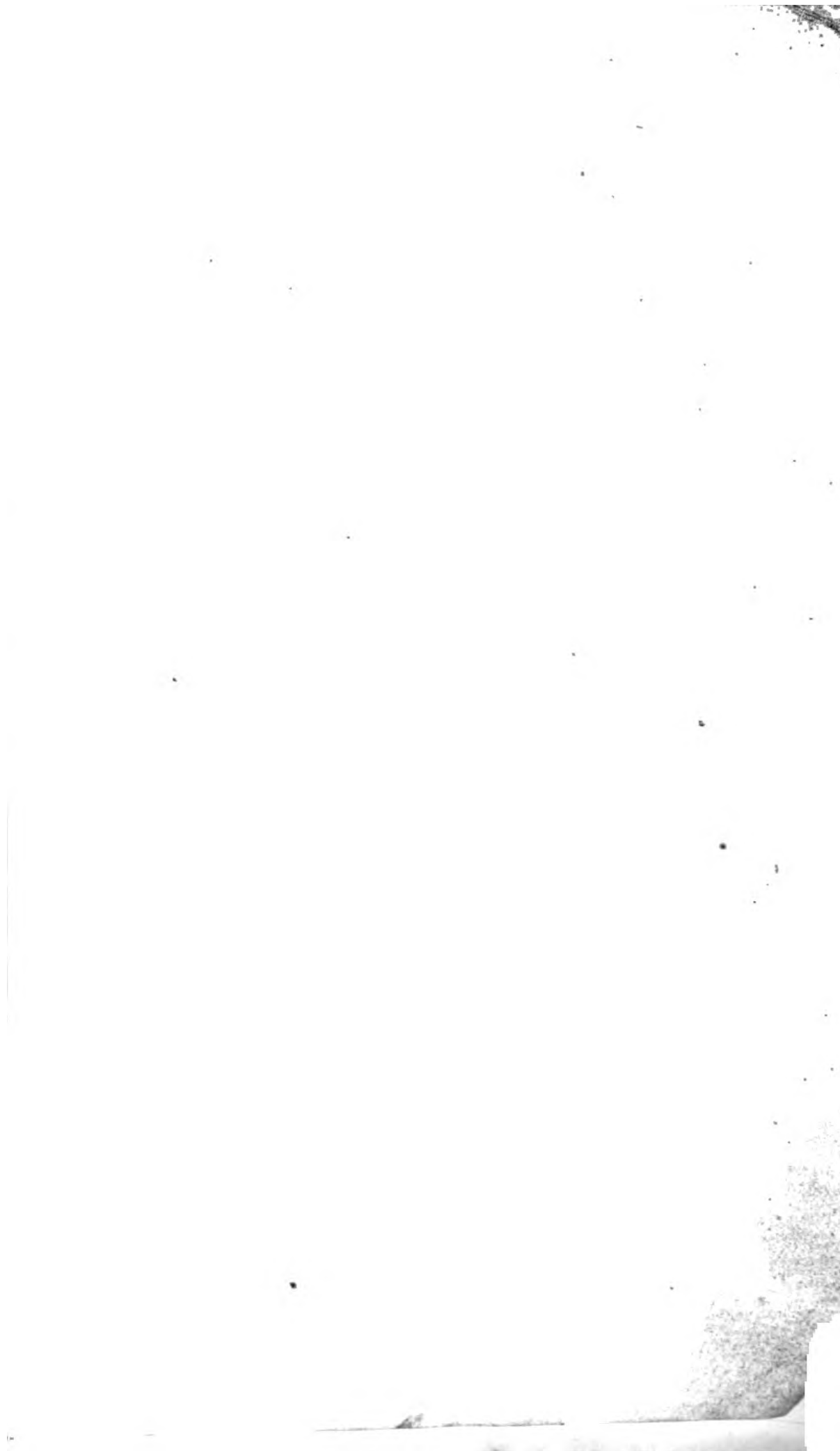
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