

# The Poetical Works of Edmund Spenser, Volume 5

Edmund Spenser

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THE

POETICAL WORKS

OF

EDMUND SPENSER.

VOLUME V.

M.DCCC.LX.

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OF THE FIFTH VOLUME.

\* \* \* \* \*

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MISCELLANIES.

COMPLAINTS.

CONTAINING SUNDRIE SMALL POEMES OF THE  
WORLDS VANITIE:

WHEREOF THE NEXT PAGE MAKETH MENTION.

BY ED. SP.

\* \* \* \* \*

LONDON:

IMPRINTED FOR WILLIAM PONSONBIE, DWELLING IN PAULES  
CHURCHYARD AT THE SIGNE OF THE BISHOPS HEAD.

1591.

\* \* \* \* \*

#### A NOTE OF THE SUNDRIE POEMES CONTAINED IN THIS VOLUME.

1. The Ruines of Time.
2. The Teares of the Muses.
3. Virgils Gnat.
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\* \* \* \* \*

#### THE PRINTER TO THE GENTLE READER.

Since my late setting foorth of the Faerie Queene, finding that it hath found a favourable passage amongst you, I have sithence endeavoured by all good meanes, (for the better encrease and accomplishment of your delights,) to get into my handes such smale poemes of the same Authors as I heard were disperst abroad in sundrie hands, and not easie to bee come by by himselfe; some of them having bene diverslie imbeziled and purloyned from him, since his departure over sea. Of the which I have by good meanes gathered together these fewe parcels present, which I have caused to bee imprinted altogether, for that they al seeme to containe like matter of argument in them, being all complaints and meditations of the worlds vanitie, verie grave and profitable. To which effect I understand that he besides wrote sundrie others, namelie: Ecclesiastes and Canticum Canticorum translated, A Senights Slumber, The Hell of Lovers, his Purgatorie, being all dedicated to ladies, so as it may seeme he ment them all to one volume: besides some other pamphlets looselie scattered abroad; as The Dying Pellican, The Howers of the Lord, The Sacrifice of a Sinner, The Seven Psalmes, &c., which, when I can either by himselfe or otherwise attaine too, I meane likewise for your favour sake to set foorth. In the meane time, praying you gentlie to accept of these, and graciouslie to entertaine the new Poet\*, I take leave.

[\* Spenser had printed nothing with his name before the Faerie Queene.--Ponsonby's account of the way in which this volume was collected is rather loose. The Ruins of Time and The Tears of the Muses were certainly written shortly before they were published, and there can be equally little doubt that Mother Hubbard's Tale was retouched about the same time. C.]



THE RUINES OF TIME.

DEDICATED

TO THE RIGHT NOBLE AND BEAUTIFULL LADIE,

THE LA: MARIE,

COUNTESSE OF PEMEBROOKE.

Most honourable and bountifull Ladie, there bee long sithens deepe sowed in my brest the seede of most entire love and humble affection unto that most brave knight, your noble brother deceased; which, taking roote, began in his life time somewhat to bud forth, and to shew themselves to him, as then in the weakenes of their first spring; and would in their riper strength (had it pleased High God till then to drawe out his daies) spired forth fruit of more perfection. But since God hath disdeigned the world of that most noble spirit which was the hope of all learned men, and the patron of my young Muses, togeather with him both their hope of anie further fruit was cut off, and also the tender delight of those their first blossoms nipped and quite dead. Yet, sithens my late cumming into England, some frends of mine, which might much prevaile with me, and indeede commaund me, knowing with howe straight bandes of duetie I was tied to him, as also bound unto that noble house, of which the chiefs hope then rested in him, have sought to revive them by upbraiding me, for that I have not shewed anie thankefull remembrance towards him or any of them, but suffer their names to sleep in silence and forgetfulnesse. Whome chieflie to satisfie, or els to avoide that fowle blot of unthankefulnesse, I have conceived this small Poeme, intituled by a generall name of \_The Worlds Ruines;\_ yet speciallie intended to the renowming of that noble race from which both you and he sprong, and to the eternizing of some of the chiefe of them late deceased. The which I dedicate unto your La. as whome it most speciallie concerneth, and to whome I acknowledge my selfe bounden by manie singular favours and great graces. I pray for your honourable happinesse, and so humblie kisse your handes.

Your Ladiships ever

humblie at commaund,

E.S.

\* \* \* \* \*

THE RUINES OF TIME.

It chaunced me on\* day beside the shore  
Of silver streaming Thamesis to bee,  
Nigh where the goodly Verlame stood of yore,  
Of which there now remains no memorie,  
Nor anie little moniment to see,  
By which the travailer that fares that way

\_This once was she\_ may warned be to say.  
[\* \_On\_, one.]

There, on the other side, I did behold  
A Woman sitting sorrowfullie wailing,  
Rending her yeolow locks, like wyrie golde 10  
About her shoulders careleslie downe trailing,  
And streames of teares from her faire eyes forth railing\*:  
In her right hand a broken rod she held,  
Which towards heaven shee seemd on high to weld,  
[\* \_Railing\_, flowing.]

Whether she were one of that rivers nymphes, 15  
Which did the losse of some dere Love lament,  
I doubt; or one of those three fatall impes  
Which draw the dayes of men forth in extent;  
Or th'auncient genius of that citie brent\*;  
But, seeing her so piteouslie perplexed, 20  
I, to her calling, askt what her so vexed.  
[\* \_Brent\_, burnt.]

"Ah! what delight," quoth she, "in earthlie thing,  
Or comfort can I, wretched creature, have?  
Whose happines the heavens envying,  
From highest staire to lowest step me drave, 25  
And have in mine owne bowels made my grave,  
That of all nations now I am forlorne\*,  
The worlds sad spectacle, and Fortunes scorne."  
[\* \_Forlorne\_, forsaken.]

Much was I mooved at her piteous plaint,  
And felt my heart nigh riven in my brest 30  
With tender ruth to see her sore constraint;  
That, shedding teares, a while I still did rest,  
And after did her name of her request.  
"Name have I none," quoth she, "nor anie being,  
Bereft of both by Fates uniuist decreeing. 35

"I was that citie which the garland wore  
Of Britaines pride, delivered unto me  
By Romane victors which it wonne of yore;  
Though nought at all but ruines now I bee, 40  
And lye in mine owne ashes, as ye see,  
VERLAME I was; what bootes it that I was,  
Sith now I am but weedes and wastfull gras?

"O vaine worlds glorie, and unstedfast state  
Of all that lives on face of sinfull earth!  
Which, from their first untill their utmost date, 45  
Tast no one hower of happines or merth;  
But like as at the ingate\* of their berth  
They crying creep out of their mothers woomb,  
So wailing backe go to their wofull toomb.  
[\* \_Ingate\_, entrance, beginning.]

"Why then dooth flesh, a bubble-glas of breath, 50  
Hunt after honour and advancement vaine,  
And reare a trophee for devouring death  
With so great labour and long-lasting paine,

As if his daies for ever should remaine?  
Sith all that in this world is great or gaie  
Doth as a vapour vanish and decaie. 55

"Looke backe, who list, unto the former ages,  
And call to count what is of them become.  
Where be those learned wits and antique sages,  
Which of all wisdom knew the perfect somme? 60  
Where those great warriors, which did overcome  
The world with conquest of their might and maine,  
And made one meare\* of th'earth and of their raine?  
[\* \_Meare\_, boundary.]

"What nowe is of th'Assyrian Lyonesse,  
Of whome no footing now on earth appeares? 65  
What of the Persian Beares outrageousnesse,  
Whose memorie is quite worne out with yeares?  
Who of the Grecian Libbard\* now ought heares,  
That over-ran the East with greedie powre,  
And left his whelps their kingdomes to devoure? 70  
[\* \_Libbard\_, leopard]

"And where is that same great seven-headed beast,  
That made all nations vassals of her pride,  
To fall before her feete at her beheast,  
And in the necke of all the world did ride? 75  
Where doth she all that wondrous welth nowe hide?  
With her own weight downe pressed now shee lies,  
And by her heaps her hugeness testifies.

"O Rome, thy ruine I lament and rue,  
And in thy fall my fatall overthrowe,  
That whilom was, whilst heavens with equall vewe 80  
Deign'd to behold me and their gifts bestowe,  
The picture of thy pride in pompous shew:  
And of the whole world as thou wast the empresse,  
So I of this small Northerne world was princesse.

"To tell the beawtie of my buildings fayre, 85  
Adorn'd with purest golde and precious stone,  
To tell my riches and endowments rare,  
That by my foes are now all spent and gone,  
To tell my forces, matchable to none, 90  
Were but lost labour that few would beleewe,  
And with rehearsing would me more agreeve.

"High towers, faire temples, goodly theaters,  
Strong walls, rich porches, princelie pallaces,  
Large streetes, brave houses, sacred sepulchers,  
Sure gates, sweete gardens, stately galleries 95  
Wrought with faire pillours and fine imageries,--  
All those, O pitie! now are turn'd to dust,  
And overgrown with blacke oblivions rust.

"Theretoo, for warlike power and peoples store  
In Britannie was none to match with mee, 100  
That manie often did abie full sore:  
Ne Troynovant\*, though elder sister shee,  
With my great forces might compared bee;

That stout Pendragon to his perill felt,  
Who in a siege seaven yeres about me dwelt. 105  
[\* \_Troynovant\_, London]

"But long ere this, Bunduca, Britonnesse,  
Her mightie hoast against my bulwarkes brought;  
Bunduca! that victorious conqueresse,  
That, lifting up her brave heroick thought 110  
Bove womens weaknes, with the Romanes fought,  
Fought, and in field against them thrice prevailed:  
Yet was she foyld, when as she me assailed.

"And though at last by force I conquered were  
Of hardie Saxons, and became their thrall,  
Yet was I with much bloodshed bought full deere, 115  
And prizde with slaughter of their generall,  
The moniment of whose sad funerall,  
For wonder of the world, long in me lasted,  
But now to nought, through spoyle of time, is wasted.

"Wasted it is, as if it never were; 120  
And all the rest that me so honord made,  
And of the world admired ev'rie where,  
Is turnd to smoake that doth to nothing fade;  
And of that brightnes now appeares no shade,  
But greislie shades, such as doo haunt in hell 125  
With fearfull fiends that in deep darknes dwell.

"Where my high steeples whilom usde to stand,  
On which the lordly faulcon wont to towre,  
There now is but an heap of lyme and sand  
For the shriche-owle to build her balefull bowre: 130  
And where the nightingale wont forth to powre  
Her restles plaints, to comfort wakefull lovers,  
There now haunt yelling mewes and whining plovers.

"And where the christall Thamis wont to slide  
In silver channell downe along the lee, 135  
About whose flowrie bankes on either side  
A thousand nymphes, with mirthfull iollitee,  
Were wont to play, from all annoyance free,  
There now no rivers course is to be seene,  
But moorish fennes, and marshes ever greene. 140

"Seemes that that gentle river, for great grieve  
Of my mishaps which oft I to him plained,  
Or for to shunne the horrible mischiefe  
With which he saw my cruell foes me pained,  
And his pure streames with guiltles blood oft stained, 145  
From my unhappie neighborhood farre fled,  
And his sweete waters away with him led.

"There also where the winged ships were seene  
In liquid waves to cut their fomie waie,  
And thousand fishers numbred to have been, 150  
In that wide lake looking for plenteous praie  
Of fish, which they with baits usde to betraie,  
Is now no lake, nor anie fishers store,  
Nor ever ship shall saile there anie more.

"They all are gone, and all with them is gone! 155  
Ne ought to me remaines, but to lament  
My long decay, which no man els doth mone,  
And mourne my fall with dolefull dreriment:  
Yet it is comfort in great languishment,  
To be bemoned with compassion kinde, 160  
And mitigates the anguish of the minde.

"But me no man bewaileth, but in game  
Ne sheddeth teares from lamentable eie;  
Nor anie lives that mentioneth my name  
To be remembred of posteritie, 165  
Save one, that maugre Fortunes iniurie,  
And Times decay, and Envies cruell tort\*,  
Hath writ my record in true-seeming sort.  
[\* \_Tort\_, wrong]

"CAMBDEN! the nourice\* of antiquitie,  
And lanterne unto late succeding age 170  
To see the light of simple veritie  
Buried in ruines, through the great outrage  
Of her owne people led with warlike rage,  
CAMBDEN! though Time all moniments obscure,  
Yet thy iust labours ever shall endure. 175  
[\* \_Nourice\_, nurse]

"But whie, unhappie wight! doo I thus crie,  
And grieve that my remembrance quite is raced\*  
Out of the knowledge of posteritie,  
And all my antique moniments defaced?  
Sith I doo dailie see things highest placed, 180  
So soone as Fates their vitall thred have shorne,  
Forgotten quite as they were never borne  
[\* \_Raced\_, razed.]

"It is not long, since these two eyes beheld  
A mightie Prince\*, of most renowned race,  
Whom England high in count of honour held, 185  
And greatest ones did sue to game his grace;  
Of greatest ones he, greatest in his place,  
Sate in the bosom of his Soveraine,  
And \_Right and Loyall\_\*\* did his word maintaine.  
[\* I. e. the Earl of Leicester.]  
[\*\* Leicester's motto.]

"I saw him die, I saw him die as one 190  
Of the meane people, and brought foorth on beare;  
I saw him die, and no man left to mone  
His dolefull fate that late him loved deare;  
Scarse anie left to close his eylids neare;  
Scarse anie left upon his lips to laie 195  
The sacred sod, or requiem to saie.

"O trustlesse state of miserable men,  
That builde your blis on hope of earthly thing,  
And vainly thinke your selves halfe happie then,  
When painted faces with smooth flattering 200  
Doo fawne on you, and your wide praises sing;

And, when the courting masker louteth\* lowe,  
Him true in heart and trustie to you trow!  
[\* \_Louteth\_, boweth.]

"All is but fained, and with oaker\* dide,  
That everie shower will wash and wipe away; 205  
All things doo change that under heaven abide,  
And after death all friendship doth decaie.  
Therefore, what ever man bearest worldlie sway,  
Living, on God and on thy selfe relie;  
For, when thou diest, all shall with thee die. 210  
[\* \_Oaker\_, ochre, paint.]

"He now is dead, and all is with him dead,  
Save what in heavens storehouse he uplaid:  
His hope is faild, and come to passe his dread,  
And evill men (now dead) his deeds upbraid:  
Spite bites the dead, that living never baid. 215  
He now is gone, the whiles the foxe is crept  
Into the hole the which the badger swept.

"He now is dead, and all his glorie gone,  
And all his greatnes vapoured to nought,  
That as a glasse upon the water shone, 220  
Which vanisht quite so soone as it was sought.  
His name is worne alreadie out of thought,  
Ne anie poet seekes him to revive;  
Yet manie poets honourd him alive.

"Ne doth his Colin, carelesse Colin Cloute, 225  
Care now his idle bagpipe up to raise,  
Ne tell his sorrow to the listning rout  
Of shepherd groomes, which wont his songs to praise:  
Praise who so list, yet I will him dispraise,  
Untill he quite\* him of this guiltie blame. 230  
Wake, shepherds boy, at length awake for shame!  
[\* \_Quite\_, acquit.]

"And who so els did goodnes by him game,  
And who so els his bounteous minde did trie\*,  
Whether he shepherd be, or shepherds swaine,  
(For manie did, which doo it now denie,) 235  
Awake, and to his song a part applie:  
And I, the whilest you mourne for his decease,  
Will with my mourning plaints your plaint increase.  
[\* \_Trie\_, experience.]

"He dyde, and after him his brother dyde,  
His brother prince, his brother noble peere, 240  
That whilste he lived was of none envyde,  
And dead is now, as living, counted deare;  
Deare unto all that true affection beare,  
But unto thee most deare, O dearest Dame,  
His noble spouse and paragon of fame. 245

"He, whilest he lived, happie was through thee,  
And, being dead, is happie now much more;  
Living, that lincked chaunst with thee to bee,  
And dead, because him dead thou dost adore

|                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                          |                            |
|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|----------------------------|
| As living, and thy lost deare love deplore.<br>So whilst that thou, faire flower of chastitie,<br>Dost live, by thee thy lord shall never die.                                                                                                                                                                                                                           | 250                        |
| <br>"Thy lord shall never die, the whiles this verse<br>Shall live, and surely it shall live for ever:<br>For ever it shall live, and shall rehearse<br>His worthie praise, and vertues dying never,<br>Though death his soule doo from his bodie sever:<br>And thou thy selfe herein shalt also live;<br>Such grace the heavens doo to my verses give.                  | 255                        |
| <br>"Ne shall his sister, ne thy father, die;<br>Thy father, that good earle of rare renowne,<br>And noble patrone of weake povertie;<br>Whose great good deeds, in countrey and in towne.<br>Have purchast him in heaven an happie crowne:<br>Where he now liveth in eternall blis,<br>And left his sonne t'ensue those steps of his.                                   | 260<br><br><br><br><br>265 |
| <br>"He, noble bud, his grandsires livelie hayre,<br>Under the shadow of thy countenance<br>Now ginnes to shoote up fast, and flourish fayre<br>In learned artes, and goodlie governaunce,<br>That him to highest honour shall advaunce.<br>Brave impe* of Bedford, grow apace in bountie,<br>And count of wisdom more than of thy countie!<br>[* _Impe_, graft, scion.] | 270                        |
| <br>"Ne may I let thy husbands sister die,<br>That goodly ladie, sith she eke did spring<br>Out of this stocke and famous familie<br>Whose praises I to future age doo sing;<br>And forth out of her happie womb did bring<br>The sacred brood of learning and all honour;<br>In whom the heavens powrde all their gifts upon her.                                       | 275                        |
| <br>"Most gentle spirite breathed from above,<br>Out of the bosome of the Makers blis,<br>In whom all bountie and all vertuous love<br>Appeared in their native propertis,<br>And did enrich that noble breast of his<br>With treasure passing all this worldes worth,<br>Worthie of heaven it selfe, which brought it forth:                                            | 281<br><br><br><br>285     |
| <br>"His blessed spirite, full of power divine<br>And influence of all celestiall grace,<br>Loathing this sinfull earth and earthlie slime,<br>Fled backe too soonc unto his native place;<br>Too soone for all that did his love embrace,<br>Too soone for all this wretched world, whom he<br>Robd of all right and true nobilitie.                                    | 290                        |
| <br>"Yet, ere his happie soule to heaven went<br>Out of this fleshlie goale, he did devise<br>Unto his heavenlie Maker to present<br>His bodie, as a spotles sacrificise,<br>And chose that guiltie hands of enemies<br>Should powre forth th'offring of his guiltles blood:                                                                                             | 295                        |

|                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                 |                |
|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|----------------|
| So life exchanging for his countries good.                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                      | 300            |
| "O noble spirite, live there ever blessed,<br>The worlds late wonder, and the heavens new ioy;<br>Live ever there, and leave me here distressed<br>With mortall cares and cumbrous worlds anoy!<br>But, where thou dost that happines enioy,<br>Bid me, O bid me quicklie come to thee,<br>That happie there I maie thee alwaies see!                           | 305            |
| "Yet, whilst the Fates affoord me vitall breath,<br>I will it spend in speaking of thy praise,<br>And sing to thee, untill that timelie death<br>By heavens doome doo ende my earthlie daies:<br>Thereto doo thou my humble spirite raise,<br>And into me that sacred breath inspire,<br>Which thou there breathest perfect and entire.                         | 310<br><br>315 |
| "Then will I sing; but who can better sing<br>Than thine owne sister, peerles ladie bright,<br>Which to thee sings with deep harts sorrowing,<br>Sorrowing tempered with deare delight,<br>That her to heare I feele my feeble spright<br>Robbed of sense, and ravished with ioy;<br>O sad ioy, made of mourning and anoy!                                      | 320            |
| "Yet will I sing; but who can better sing<br>Than thou thyselfe thine owne selves valiance,<br>That, whilst thou livedst, madest the forrests ring,<br>And fields resownd, and flockes to leap and daunce,<br>And shepherds leave their lambs unto mischaunce,<br>To runne thy shrill Arcadian pipe to heare:<br>O happie were those dayes, thrice happie were! | 325            |
| "But now more happie thou, and wretched wee,<br>Which want the wonted sweetnes of thy voice,<br>Whiles thou now in Elisian fields so free,<br>With Orpheus, and with Linus, and the choice<br>Of all that ever did in rimes reioyce,<br>Conversest, and doost heare their heavenlie layes,<br>And they heare thine, and thine doo better praise.                | 330<br><br>335 |
| "So there thou livest, singing evermore,<br>And here thou livest, being ever song<br>Of us, which living loved thee afore,<br>And now thee worship mongst that blessed throng<br>Of heavenlie poets and heroes strong.<br>So thou both here and there immortall art,<br>And everie where through excellent desart.                                              | 340            |
| "But such as neither of themselves can sing,<br>Nor yet are sung of others for reward,<br>Die in obscure oblivion, as the thing<br>Which never was; ne ever with regard<br>Their names shall of the later age be heard,<br>But shall in rustic darknes ever lie,<br>Unles they mentiond be with infamie.                                                        | 345<br><br>350 |
| "What booteth it to have been rich alive?                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                       |                |



What to be great? what to be gracious?  
When after death no token doth survive  
Of former being in this mortall hous,  
But sleepes in dust dead and inglorious, 355  
Like beast, whose breath but in his nostrils is,  
And hath no hope of happinesse or blis.

"How manie great ones may remembred be,  
Which in their daies most famouslie did florish,  
Of whome no word we heare, nor signe now see, 360  
But as things wipt out with a sponge to perishe,  
Because they living cared not to cherishe  
No gentle wits, through pride or covetize,  
Which might their names for ever memorize!

"Provide therefore, ye Princes, whilst ye live, 365  
That of the Muses ye may friended bee,  
Which unto men eternitie do give;  
For they be daughters of Dame Memorie  
And love, the father of Eternitie,  
And do those men in golden thrones repose, 370  
Whose merits they to glorifie do chose.

"The seven-fold yron gates of grislie Hell,  
And horrid house of sad Proserpina,  
They able are with power of mightie spell  
To breake, and thence the soules to bring awaie 375  
Out of dread darkenesse to eternall day,  
And them immortall make which els would die  
In foule forgetfulnesse, and nameles lie.

"So whilome raised they the puissant brood  
Of golden-girt Alcmena, for great merite, 380  
Out of the dust to which the Oetaean wood  
Had him consum'd, and spent his vitall spirite,  
To highest heaven, where now he doth inherite  
All happinesse in Hebes silver bowre,  
Chosen to be her dearest paramoure. 385

"So raisde they eke faire Ledaes warlick twinnes.  
And interchanged life unto them lent,  
That, when th'one dies, th'other then beginnes  
To shew in heaven his brightnes orient;  
And they, for pittie of the sad wayment\*, 390  
Which Orpheus for Eurydice did make,  
Her back againe to life sent for his sake.  
[\* \_Wayment\_, lament.]

"So happie are they, and so fortunate,  
Whom the Pierian sacred sisters love,  
That freed from bands of impacable\*\* fate, 395  
And power of death, they live for aye above,  
Where mortall wreakes their blis may not remove:  
But with the gods, for former verities meede,  
On nectar and ambrosia do feede.  
[\* \_Impacable\_, unappeasable.]

"For deeds doe die, how ever noblie donne, 400  
And thoughts of men do as themselves decay;

But wise wordes taught in numbers for to runne,  
Recorded by the Muses, live for ay;  
Ne may with storming showers be washt away,  
Ne bitter-breathing windes with harmfull blast, 405  
Nor age, nor envie, shall them ever wast.

"In vaine doo earthly princes then, in vaine,  
Seeke with pyramides to heaven aspired,  
Or huge colosses built with costlie paine,  
Or brasen pillours never to be fired, 410  
Or shrines made of the mettall most desired,  
To make their memories for ever live:  
For how can mortall immortalitie give?

"Such one Mausolus made, the worlds great wonder,  
But now no remnant doth thereof remaine: 415  
Such one Marcellus, but was torne with thunder:  
Such one Lisippus, but is worne with raine:  
Such one King Edmond, but was rent for gaine.  
All such vaine moniments of earthlie masse,  
Devour'd of Time, in time to nought doo passe. 420

"But Fame with golden wings aloft doth flie,  
Above the reach of ruinous decay,  
And with brave plumes doth beate the azure skie,  
Admir'd of base-borne men from farre away:  
Then who so will with vertuous deeds assay 425  
To mount to heaven, on Pegasus must ride,  
And with sweete Poets verse be glorifide.

"For not to have been dipt in Lethe lake,  
Could save the sonne of Thetis from to die;  
But that blinde bard did him immortal make 430  
With verses dipt in deaw of Castalie:  
Which made the Easterne conquerour to crie,  
O fortunate yong man! whose vertue found  
So brave a trompe thy noble acts to sound.

"Therefore in this halfe happie I doo read\* 435  
Good Melibae, that hath a poet got  
To sing his living praises being dead,  
Deserving never here to be forgot,  
In spight of envie, that his deeds would spot:  
Since whose decease, learning lies unregarded, 440  
And men of armes doo wander unrewarded.  
[\* \_Read\_, consider]

"Those two be those two great calamities,  
That long agoe did grieve the noble spright  
Of Salomon with great indignities,  
Who whilome was alive the wisest wight: 445  
But now his wisdom is disprooved quite,  
For he that now welds\* all things at his will  
Scorns th'one and th'other in his deeper skill.  
[\* \_Welds\_, wields]

"O grieve of griefes! O gall of all good heartes!  
To see that vertue should dispised bee 450  
Of him that first was raisde for vertuous parts,

And now, broad spreading like an aged tree,  
Let none shoot up that nigh him planted bee.  
O let the man of whom the Muse is scorned,  
Nor alive nor dead, be of the Muse adorned! 455

"O vile worlds trust! that with such vaine illusion  
Hath so wise men bewicht and overkest\*,  
That they see not the way of their confusion:  
O vainesse to be added to the rest  
That do my soule with inward grieffe infest! 460  
Let them behold the piteous fall of mee,  
And in my case their owne ensample see.  
[\* \_Overkest\_, overcast.]

"And who so els that sits in highest seate  
Of this worlds glorie, worshipped of all,  
Ne feareth change of time, nor fortunes threats, 465  
Let him behold the horror of my fall,  
And his owne end unto remembrance call;  
That of like ruine he may warned bee,  
And in himselfe be moov'd to pittie mee."

Thus having ended all her piteous plaint, 470  
With dolefull shrikes shee vanished away,  
That I, through inward sorrowe wexen faint,  
And all astonished with deepe dismay  
For her departure, had no word to say;  
But sate long time in sencelesse sad affright, 475  
Looking still, if I might of her have sight.

Which when I missed, having looked long,  
My thought returned greeved home againe,  
Renewing her complaint with passion strong,  
For ruth of that same womans piteous paine; 480  
Whose wordes recording in my troubled braine,  
I felt such anguish wound my feeble heart,  
That frosen horror ran through everie part.

So inlie greeving in my groning brest,  
And deepe lie musing at her doubtfull speach, 485  
Whose meaning much I labored foorth to wreste,  
Being above my slender reasons reach,  
At length, by demonstration me to teach,  
Before mine eies strange sights presented were,  
Like tragicke pageants seeming to appeare. 490

I.

I saw an Image, all of massie gold,  
Placed on high upon an altare faire,  
That all which did the same from farre beholde  
Might worship it, and fall on lowest staire.  
Not that great idoll might with this compaire, 495  
To which th'Assyrian tyrant would have made  
The holie brethren falslie to have praid.

But th'altare on the which this image staid  
Was (O great pitie!) built of bricke\* clay,

That shortly the foundation decaid, 500  
With showres of heaven and tempests worne away;  
Then downe it fell, and low in ashes lay,  
Scorned of everie one which by it went;  
That I, it seing, dearelie did lament.  
[\* \_Brickle\_, brittle.]

II.

Next unto this a statelie Towre appeared, 505  
Built all of richest stone that might bee found,  
And nigh unto the heavens in height upreared,  
But placed on a plot of sandie ground:  
Not that great towre which is so much renownd  
For tongues confusion in Holie Writ, 510  
King Ninus worke, might be compar'd to it.

But, O vaine labours of terrestriall wit,  
That buildes so stronglie on so frayle a soyle,  
As with each storme does fall away and flit,  
And gives the fruit of all your travailes toyle 515  
To be the pray of Tyme, and Fortunes spoyle,  
I saw this towre fall sodainlie to dust,  
That nigh with grieve thereof my heart was brust.

III.

Then did I see a pleasant Paradize,  
Full of sweete flowres and daintiest delights, 520  
Such as on earth man could not more devize,  
With pleasures choyce to feed his cheereful sprights:  
Not that which Merlin by his magicke slights  
Made for the gentle Squire, to entertaine  
His fayre Belphoebe, could this gardine staine. 525

But O short pleasure bought with lasting paine!  
Why will hereafter anie flesh delight  
In earthlie blis, and ioy in pleasures vaine?  
Since that I sawe this gardine wasted quite,  
That where it was scarce seemed anie sight; 530  
That I, which once that beautie did beholde,  
Could not from teares my melting eyes with-holde.

IV.

Soone after this a Giaunt came in place,  
Of wondrous power, and of exceeding stature,  
That none durst vewe the horror of his face; 535  
Yet was he milde of speach, and meeke of nature.  
Not he which in despight of his Creatour  
With railing tearmes defied the lewish hoast,  
Might with this mightie one in hugenes boast;

For from the one he could to th'other coast 540  
Stretch his strong thighes, and th'ocean overstride,  
And reatch his hand into his enemies hoast.  
But see the end of pompe and fleshlie pride!  
One of his feete unwares from him did slide,  
That downe hee fell into the deepe abisse, 545

Where drown'd with him is all his earthlie blisse.

V.

Then did I see a Bridge, made all of golde,  
Over the sea from one to other side,  
Withouten prop or pillour it t'upholde,  
But like the coloured rainbowe arch'd wide: 550  
Not that great arche which Traian edifice,  
To be a wonder to all age ensuing,  
Was matchable to this in equall vewing.

But ah! what bootes it to see earthlie thing  
In glorie or in greatnes to excell, 555  
Sith time doth greatest things to ruine bring?  
This goodlie bridge, one foote not fastned well,  
Gan faile, and all the rest downe shortlie fell,  
Ne of so brave a building ought remained,  
That grieve thereof my spirite greatly pained. 560

VI.

I saw two Beares, as white as anie milke,  
Lying together in a mightie cave,  
Of milde aspect, and haire as soft as silke,  
That salvage nature seemed not to have,  
Nor after greedie spoyle of blood to crave: 565  
Two fairer beasts might not elsewhere be found,  
Although the compast\* world were sought around.  
[\* \_Compast\_, rounded.]

But what can long abide above this ground  
In state of blis, or stedfast happinesse?  
The cave in which these beares lay sleeping sound  
Was but earth, and with her owne weightinesse 571  
Upon them fell, and did unwares oppresse;  
That, for great sorrow of their sudden fate,  
Henceforth all worlds felicitie I hate.

Much was I troubled in my heavie spright, 575  
At sight of these sad spectacles forepast,  
That all my senses were bereaved quight,  
And I in minde remained sore agast,  
Distraught twixt feare and pitie; when at last  
I heard a voyce which loudly to me called, 580  
That with the suddein shrill I was appalled.

"Behold," said it, "and by ensample see,  
That all is vanitie and grieve of minde,  
Ne other comfort in this world can be,  
But hope of heaven, and heart to God inclinde; 585  
For all the rest must needs be left behinde."  
With that it bad me to the other side  
To cast mine eye, where other sights I spide.

I.

Upon that famous rivers further shore,  
There stood a snowie Swan, of heavenly hiew 590  
And gentle kinde as ever fowle afore;

A fairer one in all the goodlie crier  
Of white Strimonian brood might no man view:  
There he most sweetly sung the prophecie  
Of his owne death in dolefull elegie. 595

At last, when all his mourning melodie  
He ended had, that both the shores resounded,  
Feeling the fit that him forewarnd to die,  
With loftie flight above the earth he bounded, 600  
And out of sight to highest heaven mounted,  
Where now he is become an heavenly signe;  
There now the ioy is his, here sorrow mine.

II.

Whilest thus I looked, loe! adowne the lee\*  
I sawe an Harpe, stroong all with silver twyne,  
And made of golde and costlie yvorie, 605  
Swimming, that whilome seemed to have been  
The harpe on which Dan Orpheus was seene  
Wylde beasts and forrests after him to lead,  
But was th'harpe of Philisides\*\* now dead.  
[\* \_Lee\_, surface of the stream.]  
[\*\* \_Phili-sid-es\_, Sir Philip Sidney]

At length out of the river it was reard, 610  
And borne above the cloudes to be divin'd,  
Whilst all the way most heavenly noyse was heard  
Of the strings, stirred with the warbling wind,  
That wrought both ioy and sorrow in my mind:  
So now in heaven a signe it doth appeare, 615  
The Harpe well knowne beside the Northern Beare.

III.

Soone after this I saw on th'other side  
A curious Coffe made of heben\* wood,  
That in it did most precious treasure hide, 620  
Exceeding all this baser worldes good:  
Yet through the overflowing of the flood  
It almost drowned was and done to nought,  
That sight thereof much griev'd my pensive thought.  
[\* \_Heben\_, ebony.]

At length, when most in perill it was brought,  
Two angels, downe descending with swift flight, 625  
Out of the swelling streame it lightly caught,  
And twixt their blessed armes it carried quight  
Above the reach of anie living sight:  
So now it is transform'd into that starre,  
In which all heavenly treasures locked are. 630

IV.

Looking aside I saw a stately Bed,  
Adorned all with costly cloth of gold,  
That might for anie princes couche be red\*,  
And deckt with daintie flowres, as if it shold 635  
Be for some bride, her ioyous night to hold:

Therein a goodly virgine sleeping lay;  
A fairer wight saw never summers day.  
[\* \_Red\_, taken.]

I heard a voyce that called farre away,  
And her awaking bad her quickly dight,  
For lo! her bridegrome was in readie ray 640  
To come to her, and seeke her loves delight:  
With that she started up with cherefull sight,  
When suddeinly both bed and all was gone,  
And I in languor left there all alone.

V.

Still as I gazed, I beheld where stood 645  
A Knight all arm'd, upon a winged steed,  
The same that was bred of Medusaes blood,  
On which Dan Perseus, borne of heavenly seed,  
The faire Andromeda from perill freed:  
Full mortally this knight ywounded was, 650  
That streames of blood forth flowed on the gras.

Yet was he deckt (small ioy to him, alas!)  
With manie garlands for his victories,  
And with rich spoyles, which late he did purchas  
Through brave atcheivements from his enemies: 655  
Fainting at last through long infirmities,  
He smote his steed, that straight to heaven him bore,  
And left me here his losse for to deplore.

VI.

Lastly, I saw an Arke of purest golde  
Upon a brazen pillour standing hie, 660  
Which th'ashes seem'd of some great prince to hold,  
Enclosde therein for endles memorie  
Of him whom all the world did glorifie:  
Seemed the heavens with the earth did disagree,  
Whether should of those ashes keeper bee. 665

At last me seem'd wing-footed Mercurie,  
From heaven descending to appease their strife,  
The arke did beare with him above the skie,  
And to those ashes gave a second life,  
To live in heaven, where happines is rife: 670  
At which the earth did grieve exceedingly,  
And I for dole was almost like to die.

\_L'Envoy.\_

Immortall spirite of Philisides,  
Which now art made the heavens ornament,  
That whilome wast the worldes chiefst riches. 675  
Give leave to him that lov'de thee to lament  
His losse by lacke of thee to heaven hent\*,  
And with last duties of this broken verse,  
Broken with sighes, to decke thy sable herse!  
[\* \_Hent\_, taken away.]

And ye, faire Ladie! th'honor of your daies 680  
 And glorie of the world, your high thoughts scorne,  
 Vouchsafe this moniment of his last praise  
 With some few silver dropping teares t'adorne;  
 And as ye be of heavenlie off-spring borne,  
 So unto heaven let your high minde aspire, 685  
 And loath this drosse of sinfull worlds desire.

\* \* \* \* \*

#### FOOTNOTES:

Ver. 8.--\_Verlame.\_ Veralam, or Verulamium, was a British and Roman town, near the present city of St. Alban's in Hertfordshire. Some remains of its walls are still perceptible. H.

Ver. 64.--\_Th'Assyrian Lyonesse.\_ These types of nations are taken from the seventh chapter of the book of Daniel. H.

Ver. 190.--\_I saw him die\_. Leicester died at Cornbury Lodge, in Oxfordshire. Todd suggests that he may have fallen sick at St. Alban's, and that Spenser, hearing the report in Ireland, may have concluded without inquiry that this was the place of his subsequent death, C.

Ver. 225.--\_Colin Cloute.\_ Spenser himself, who had been befriended by Leicester. H.

Ver. 239.--\_His brother.\_ Ambrose Dudley, Earl of Warwick.

Ver. 245.--\_His noble spouse.\_ Anne, the eldest daughter of Francis Russell, Earl of Bedford.

Ver. 260.--\_His sister\_. Lady Mary Sidney.

Ver. 261.--\_That good earle\_, &c. This Earl of Bedford died in 1585.--TODD.

Ver. 267.--\_He, noble bud\_, &c. Edward Russell, grandson of Francis Earl of Bedford, succeeded in the earldom, his father, Francis, having been slain by the Scots.--OLDYS.

Ver. 275.--\_That goodly ladie\_, &c. Lady Mary Sidney, mother of Sir Philip Sidney and the Countess of Pembroke.

Ver. 281.--\_Most gentle spirite.\_ Sir Philip Sidney.

Ver. 317.--\_Thine owne sister\_, &c. The Countess of Pembroke, to whom this poem is dedicated. "The Dolefull Lay of Clorinda" (Vol. IV. p. 426) appears to have been written by her.

Ver. 436.--\_Good Melibae\_. Sir Francis Walsingham, who died April 6, 1590. The \_poet\_ is Thomas Watson.--OLDYS.

Ver. 447-455.--These lines are aimed at Burghley, who was said to have opposed the Queen's intended bounty to the poet. C.

Ver 491.--These allegorical representations of the vanity of exalted position, stately buildings, earthly pleasures, bodily strength, and works of beauty and magnificence, admit of an easy application to the



splendid career of the Earl of Leicester,--his favor and influence with the Queen, his enlargement of Kenilworth, his princely style of living, and particularly (IV.) his military command in the Low Countries. The sixth of these "tragick pageants" strongly confirms this interpretation. The two bears are Robert and Ambrose Dudley. While Leicester was lieutenant in the Netherlands, he was in the habit of using the Warwick crest (a bear and ragged staff) instead of his own. Naunton, in his *Fragmenta Regalia*, calls him *\_Ursa Major\_*. C.

Ver. 497.--\_The holie brethren\_, &c. Shadrach, Meshach, and Abednego. Daniel, ch. iii. C.

Ver. 582-586.--A paraphrase of Sir Philip's last words to his brother. "Above all, govern your will and affection by the will and word of your Creator, in me beholding the end of this world with all her vanities." This is pointed out by Zouch, *Life of Sidney*, p. 263. C.

Ver 590.--This second series of pageants is applicable exclusively to Sir Philip Sidney. The meaning of the third and fourth is hard to make out; but the third seems to have reference to the collection of the scattered sheets of the *Arcadia*, and the publication of this work by the Countess of Pembroke, after it had been condemned to destruction by the author. The fourth may indeed signify nothing more than Lady Sidney's bereavement by her husband's death; but this interpretation seems too literal for a professed allegory. The sixth obviously alludes to the splendid obsequies to Sidney, performed at the Queen's expense, and to the competition of the States of Holland for the honor of burying his body. C.

L'ENVOY: *\_L'Envoy\_* was a sort of postscript *\_sent with\_* poetical compositions, and serving either to recommend them to the attention of some particular person, or to enforce what we call the moral of them.--TYRWHITT.

\* \* \* \* \*

THE TEARES OF THE MUSES.

BY ED. SP.

LONDON:

IMPRINTED FOR WILLIAM PONSONBIE, DWELLING IN PAULES CHURCHYARD AT THE SIGNE OF THE BISHOPS HEAD.

1591.

\* \* \* \* \*

TO THE RIGHT HONORABLE

THE LADIE STRANGE.

Most brave and noble Ladie, the things that make ye so much honored of the world as ye bee are such as (without my simple lines testimonie)

are throughlie knowne to all men; namely, your excellent beautie, your  
 vertuous behavior, and your noble match with that most honourable Lord,  
 the verie paterne of right nobilitie. But the causes for which ye have  
 thus deserved of me to be honoured, (if honour it be at all,) are, both  
 your particular bounties, and also some private bands of affinitie\*,  
 which it hath pleased your Ladiship to acknowledge. Of which whenas I  
 found my selfe in no part worthie, I devised this last slender meanes,  
 both to intimate my humble affection to your Ladiship, and also to make  
 the same universallie knowne to the world; that by honouring you they  
 might know me, and by knowing me they might honor you. Vouchsafe, noble  
 Lady, to accept this simple remembrance, though not worthy of your  
 self, yet such as perhaps by good acceptance thereof ye may hereafter  
 cull out a more meet and memorable evidence of your own excellent  
 deserts. So recommending the same to your Ladiships good liking, I  
 humbly take leave.

Your La: humbly ever.

ED. SP.

[Footnote: Lady Strange was Alice Spencer, sixth daughter of Sir John  
 Spencer of Althorpe. C.]

\* \* \* \* \*

## THE TEARES OF THE MUSES.

Rehearse to me, ye sacred Sisters nine,  
 The golden brood of great Apolloes wit,  
 Those piteous plaints and sorowfull sad tine  
 Which late ye powred forth as ye did sit  
 Beside the silver springs of Helicone, 5  
 Making your musick of hart-breaking mone!

For since the time that Phoebus foolish sonne,  
 Ythundered, through loves avengefull wrath,  
 For traversing the charret of the Sunne  
 Beyond the compasse of his pointed path, 10  
 Of you, his mournfull sisters, was lamented,  
 Such mournfull tunes were never since invented.

Nor since that faire Calliope did lose  
 Her loved twinnes, the dearlings of her ioy,  
 Her Palici, whom her unkindly foes, 15  
 The Fatall Sisters, did for spight destroy,  
 Whom all the Muses did bewaile long space,  
 Was ever heard such wayling in this place.

For all their groves, which with the heavenly noyses  
 Of their sweete instruments were wont to sound, 20  
 And th'hollow hills, from which their silver voyces  
 Were wont redoubled echoes to rebound,  
 Did now rebound with nought but rufull cries,  
 And yelling shrieks throwne up into the skies.

The trembling streames which wont in chanel cleare 25  
 To romble gently downe with murmur soft,

And were by them right tunefull taught to beare  
A bases part amongst their consorts oft;  
Now forst to overflowe with brackish teares,  
With troublous noyse did dull their daintie eares. 30

The ioyous Nymphes and lightfoote Faeries  
Which thether came to heare their musick sweet,  
And to the measure of their melodies  
Did learne to move their nimble-shifting feete,  
Now hearing them so heavily lament, 35  
Like heavily lamenting from them went.

And all that els was wont to worke delight  
Through the divine infusion of their skill,  
And all that els seemd faire and fresh in sight,  
So made by nature for to serve their will, 40  
Was turned now to dismall heavinesse,  
Was turned now to dreadfull uglinesse.

Ay me! what thing on earth, that all thing breeds,  
Might be the cause of so impatient plight?  
What furie, or what feend, with felon deeds 45  
Hath stirred up so mischievous despight?  
Can grieve then enter into heavenly harts,  
And pierce immortall breasts with mortall smarts?

Vouchsafe ye then, whom onely it concernes,  
To me those secret causes to display; 50  
For none but you, or who of you it learns,  
Can rightfully aread so dolefull lay.  
Begin, thou eldest sister of the crew,  
And let the rest in order thee ensew.

CLIO.

Heare, thou great Father of the Gods on hie, 55  
That most art dreaded for thy thunder darts;  
And thou, our Syre? that raignt in Castalie  
And Mount Parnasse, the god of goodly arts:  
Heare, and behold the miserable state  
Of us thy daughters, dolefull desolate. 60

Behold the fowle reproach and open shame  
The which is day by day unto us wrought  
By such as hate the honour of our name,  
The foes of learning and each gentle thought;  
They, not contented us themselves to scorne, 65  
Doo seeke to make us of the world forlorne\*.  
[\* Forlorne, abandoned]

Ne onely they that dwell in lowly dust,  
The sonnes of darknes and of ignoraunce;  
But they whom thou, great love, by doome uniust  
Didst to the type of honour earst advaunce; 70  
They now, puft up with sdeignfull insolence,  
Despise the brood of blessed Sapience.

The sectaries\* of my celestiall skill,  
That wont to be the worlds chiefe ornament,

And learned impes that wont to shoote up still, 75  
And grow to hight of kingdomes government,  
They underkeep, and with their spredding armes  
Doo beat their buds, that perish through their harmes.  
[\* \_Sectaries\_, followers.]

It most behoves the honorable race  
Of mightie peerers true wisdomes to sustaine, 80  
And with their noble countenance to grace  
The learned forheads, without gifts or game:  
Or rather learnd themselves behoves to bee;  
That is the girlond of nobilitie.

But ah! all otherwise they doo esteeme 85  
Of th'heavenly gift of wisdomes influence,  
And to be learned it a base thing deeme:  
Base minded they that want intelligence;  
For God himselfe for wisdomes most is praised,  
And men to God thereby are nighest raised. 90

But they doo onely strive themselves to raise  
Through pompous pride, and foolish vanitie;  
In th'eyes of people they put all their praise,  
And onely boast of armes and auncestrie:  
But vertuous deeds, which did those armes first give  
To their grandsyres, they care not to atchive. 96

So I, that doo all noble feates professe  
To register and sound in trump of gold,  
Through their bad dooings, or base slothfulnesse,  
Finde nothing worthie to be writ, or told: 100  
For better farre it were to hide their names,  
Than telling them to blazon out their blames.

So shall succeeding ages have no light  
Of things forepast, nor moniments of time;  
And all that in this world is worthie hight 105  
Shall die in darknesse, and lie hid in slime!  
Therefore I mourne with deep harts sorrowing,  
Because I nothing noble have to sing.

With that she raynd such store of streaming teares,  
That could have made a stonie heart to weep; 110  
And all her sisters rent\* their golden heares,  
And their faire faces with salt humour steep.  
So ended shee: and then the next anew  
Began her grievous plaint, as doth ensew.  
[\* \_Rent\_, rend.]

MELPOMENE.

O, who shall powre into my swollen eyes 115  
A sea of teares that never may be dryde,  
A brasen voice that may with shrilling cryes  
Pierce the dull heavens and fill the ayer wide,  
And yron sides that sighing may endure,  
To waile the wretchednes of world impure! 120

Ah, wretched world! the den of wickednesse,

Deformd with filth and fowle iniquitie;  
Ah, wretched world! the house of heavinesse,  
Fild with the wreacks of mortall miserie;  
Ah, wretched world, and all that is therein! 125  
The vassals of Gods wrath, and slaves of sin.

Most miserable creature under sky  
Man without understanding doth appeare;  
For all this worlds affliction he thereby,  
And fortunes freakes, is wisely taught to beare: 130  
Of wretched life the onely ioy shee is.  
And th'only comfort in calamities.

She armes the brest with constant patience  
Against the bitter throwes of dolours darts:  
She solaceth with rules of sapience 135  
The gentle minds, in midst of worldlie smarts:  
When he is sad, shee seeks to make him merie,  
And doth refresh his sprights when they be werie.

But he that is of reasons skill bereft,  
And wants the staffe of wisdom him to stay, 140  
Is like a ship in midst of tempest left  
Withouten helme or pilot her to sway:  
Full sad and dreadfull is that ships event;  
So is the man that wants intendiment\*.  
[\* \_Intendiment\_, understanding.]

Whie then doo foolish men so much despize 145  
The precious store of this celestially riches?  
Why doo they banish us, that patronize  
The name of learning? Most unhappie wretches!  
The which lie drowned in deep wretchednes,  
Yet doo not see their owne unhappines. 150

My part it is and my professed skill  
The stage with tragick buskin to adorne,  
And fill the scene with plaint and outcries shrill  
Of wretched persons, to misfortune borne:  
But none more tragick matter I can finde 155  
Than this, of men depriv'd of sense and minde.

For all mans life me seemes a tragedy,  
Full of sad sights and sore catastrophes;  
First comming to the world with weeping eye,  
Where all his dayes, like dolorous trophies, 160  
Are heapt with spoyle of fortune and of feare,  
And he at last laid forth on balefull beare.

So all with ruff spectacles is fild,  
Fit for Megera or Persephone;  
But I that in true tragedies am skild, 165  
The flowre of wit, finde nought to busie me:  
Therefore I mourne, and pitifully mone,  
Because that mourning matter I have none.

Then gan she wofully to waile, and wring  
Her wretched hands in lamentable wise; 170  
And all her sisters, thereto answering,

Threw forth lowd shrieks and drerie dolefull cries.  
So rested she: and then the next in rew  
Began her grievous plaint, as doth ensew.

THALIA.

Where be the sweete delights of learnings treasure, 175  
That wont with comick sock to beautefie  
The painted theaters, and fill with pleasure  
The listners eyes, and eares with melodie,  
In which I late was wont to raine as queene,  
And maske in mirth with graces well beseene? 180

O, all is gone! and all that goodly glee,  
Which wont to be the glorie of gay wits,  
Is layd abed, and no where now to see;  
And in her roome unseemly Sorrow sits,  
With hollow browes and greisly countenance 185  
Marring my ioyous gentle dalliaunce.

And him beside sits ugly Barbarisme,  
And brutish Ignorance, ycrept of late  
Out of dredd darknes of the deep abysme,  
Where being bredd, he light and heaven does hate:  
They in the mindes of men now tyrannize, 191  
And the faire scene with rudenes foule disguise.

All places they with follie have possest,  
And with vaine toyes the vulgare entertaine;  
But me have banished, with all the rest 195  
That whilome wont to wait upon my traine,  
Fine Counterfesaunce\*, and unhurtfull Sport,  
Delight, and Laughter, deckt in seemly sort.  
[\* \_Counterfesaunce\_, mimicry.]

All these, and all that els the comick stage  
With seasoned wit and goodly pleasance graced, 200  
By which mans life in his likest image  
Was limned forth, are wholly now defaced;  
And those sweete wits which wont the like to frame  
Are now despizd, and made a laughing game.

And he, the man whom Nature selfe had made 205  
To mock her selfe, and truth to imitate,  
With kindly counter\* under mimick shade,  
Our pleasant Willy, ah! is dead of late:  
With whom all ioy and iolly meriment  
Is also deaded, and in dolour dreht\*\*. 210  
[\* \_Counter\_, counterfeit.]  
[\*\* \_Dreht\_, drowned.]

In stead thereof scoffing Scurrilitie,  
And scornfull Follie with Contempt is crept,  
Rolling in rymes of shameles ribaudrie  
Without regard, or due decorum kept;  
Each idle wit at will presumes to make\*, 215  
And doth the learneds taske upon him take.  
[\* \_Make\_, write poetry.]

But that same gentle spirit, from whose pen  
Large streames of honnie and sweete nectar flowe,  
Scorning the boldnes of such base-borne men,  
Which dare their follies forth so rashlie throwe, 220  
Doth rather choose to sit in idle cell,  
Than so himselfe to mockerie to sell.

So am I made the servant of the manie,  
And laughing stocke of all that list to scorne,  
Not honored nor cared for of anie, 225  
But loath'd of losels\* as a thing forlorne:  
Therefore I mourne and sorrow with the rest,  
Untill my cause of sorrow be redrest.  
[\* \_Losels\_, worthless fellows.]

Therewith she lowdly did lament and shrike,  
Pouring forth streames of teares abundantly; 230  
And all her sisters, with compassion like,  
The breaches of her singulfs\* did supply.  
So rested shee: and then the next in rew  
Began her grievous plaint, as doth ensew.  
[\* I.e. the pauses of her sighs.]

EUTERPE.

Like as the dearling of the summers pryde, 235  
Faire Philomele, when winters stormie wrath  
The goodly fields, that earst so gay were dyde  
In colours divers, quite despoyled hath,  
All comfortlesse doth hide her chearlesse head  
During the time of that her widowhead, 240

So we, that earst were wont in sweet accord  
All places with our pleasant notes to fill,  
Whilest favourable times did us afford  
Free libertie to chaunt our charmes at will,  
All comfortlesse upon the bared bow\*, 245  
Like wofull culvers\*\*, doo sit wayling now.  
[\* \_Bow\_, bough.]  
[\*\* \_Culvers\_, doves.]

For far more bitter storme than winters stowre\*  
The beautie of the world hath lately wasted,  
And those fresh buds, which wont so faire to flowre,  
Hath marred quite, and all their blossoms blasted; 250  
And those yong plants, which wont with fruit t'abound,  
Now without fruite or leaves are to be found.  
[\* \_Stowre\_, violence.]

A stonie coldnesse hath benumbd the sence  
And livelie spirits of each living wight,  
And dimd with darknesse their intelligence, 255  
Darknesse more than Cymerians daylie night:  
And monstrous Error, flying in the ayre,  
Hath mard the face of all that semed fayre.

Image of hellish horroure, Ignorance,  
Borne in the bosome of the black abyse, 260

And fed with Furies milke for sustenance  
Of his weake infancie, begot amisse  
By yawning Sloth on his owne mother Night,--  
So hee his sonnes both syre and brother hight,--

He, armd with blindnesse and with boldnes stout, 265  
(For blind is bold,) hath our fayre light defaced;  
And, gathering unto him a ragged rout  
Of Faunes and Satyres, hath our dwellings raced\*,  
And our chaste bowers, in which all vertue rained,  
With brutishnesse and beastlie filth hath stained. 270  
[\* \_Raced\_, razed.]

The sacred springs of horsefoot Helicon,  
So oft bedeawed with our learned layes,  
And speaking streames of pure Castalion,  
The famous witsse of our wonted praise,  
They trampled have with their fowle footings trade\*,  
And like to troubled puddles have them made. 276  
[\* \_Trade\_, tread.]

Our pleasant groves, which planted were with paines,  
That with our musick wont so oft to ring,  
And arbors sweet, in which the shepherds swaines  
Were wont so oft their pastoralls to sing, 280  
They have cut downe, and all their pleasure mard,  
That now no pastorall is to bee hard.

In stead of them, fowle goblins and shriek-owles  
With fearfull howling do all places fill,  
And feeble eccho now laments and howles, 285  
The dreadfull accents of their outcries shrill.  
So all is turned into wilderness,  
Whilest Ignorance the Muses doth oppresse.

And I, whose ioy was earst with spirit full  
To teach the warbling pipe to sound aloft, 290  
My spirits now dismayd with sorrow dull,  
Doo mone my miserie in silence soft.  
Therefore I mourne and waile incessantly,  
Till please the heavens affoord me remedy.

Therewith shee wayled with exceeding woe, 295  
And pitious lamentation did make;  
And all her sisters, seeing her doo soe,  
With equall complaints her sorrowe did partake.  
So rested shee: and then the next in rew  
Began her grievous plaint, as doth ensew. 300

TERPSICHORE.

Whoso hath in the lap of soft delight  
Beene long time luld, and fed with pleasures sweet,  
Feareles through his own fault or Fortunes spight  
To tumble into sorrow and regret,  
Yf chaunce him fall into calamitie, 305  
Findes greater burthen of his miserie.



So wee, that earst in ioyance did abound,  
And in the bosome of all blis did sit,  
Like virgin queenes, with laurell garlands croud,  
For vertues meed and ornament of wit, 310  
Sith Ignorance our kingdome did confound,  
Bee now become most wretched wightes on ground.

And in our royall thrones, which lately stood  
In th'hearts of men to rule them carefully,  
He now hath placed his accursed brood, 315  
By him begotten of fowle Infamy;  
Blind Error, scornefull Follie, and base Spight,  
Who hold by wrong that wee should have by right.

They to the vulgar sort now pipe and sing,  
And make them merrie with their fooleries; 320  
They cherelie chaunt, and rymes at randon fling,  
The fruitfull spawne of their ranke fantasies;  
They feede the eares of fooles with flattery,  
And good men blame, and losels\* magnify.  
[\* \_Losels\_, worthless fellows.]

All places they doo with their toyes possesse, 325  
And raigne in liking of the multitude;  
The schooles they till with fond newfangelnesse,  
And sway in court with pride and rashnes rude;  
Mongst simple shepheards they do boast their skill,  
And say their musicke matcheth Phoebus quill. 330

The noble hearts to pleasures they allure,  
And tell their Prince that learning is but vaine;  
Faire ladies loves they spot with thoughts impure,  
And gentle mindes with lewd delights distaine;  
Clerks\* they to loathly idlenes entice, 335  
And fill their bookes with discipline of vice.  
[\* \_Clerks\_, scholars.]

So every where they rule and tyrannize,  
For their usurped kingdomes maintenaunce,  
The whiles we silly maides, whom they dispize  
And with reprochfull scorne discountenaunce, 340  
From our owne native heritage exilde,  
Walk through the world of every one revilde.

Nor anie one doth care to call us in,  
Or once vouchsafeth us to entertaine,  
Unlesse some one perhaps of gentle kin, 345  
For pitties sake, compassion our paine,  
And yeeld us some reliefe in this distresse;  
Yet to be so reliev'd is wretchednesse.

So wander we all carefull comfortlesse,  
Yet none cloth care to comfort us at all; 350  
So seeke we helpe our sorrow to redresse,  
Yet none vouchsafes to answeere to our call;  
Therefore we mourne and pittillesse complaine,  
Because none living pittietieth our paine.

With that she wept and wofullie waymented, 355

That naught on earth her griefe might pacifie;  
And all the rest her dolefull din augmented  
With shrikes, and groanes, and grievous agonie.  
So ended shee: and then the next in rew  
Began her piteous plaint, as doth ensew. 360

ERATO.

Ye gentle Spirits breathing from above,  
Where ye in Venus silver bowre were bred,  
Thoughts halfe devine, full of the fire of love,  
With beawtie kindled, and with pleasure fed,  
Which ye now in securitie possesse, 365  
Forgetfull of your former heavinesse,--

Now change the tenor of your ioyous layes,  
With which ye use your loves to deifie,  
And blazon foorth an earthlie beauties praise  
Above the compasse of the arched skie: 370  
Now change your praises into piteous cries,  
And eulogies turne into elegies.

Such as ye wont, whenas those bitter stounds\*  
Of raging love first gan you to torment,  
And launch your hearts with lamentable wounds 375  
Of secret sorrow and sad languishment,  
Before your loves did take you unto grace;  
Those now renew, as fitter for this place.  
[\* \_Stounds\_, hours.]

For I that rule in measure moderate  
The tempest of that stormie passion, 380  
And use to paint in rimes the troublous state  
Of lovers life in likest fashion,  
Am put from practise of my kindlie\*\* skill,  
Banisht by those that love with leawdnes fill.  
[\* \_Kindlie\_, natural.]

Love wont to be schoolmaster of my skill, 385  
And the devicefull matter of my song;  
Sweete love devoyd of villanie or ill,  
But pure and spotles, as at first he sprong  
Out of th'Almighties bosome, where he nests;  
From thence infused into mortall breasts. 390

Such high conceipt of that celestially fire,  
The base-borne brood of Blindnes cannot gesse,  
Ne ever dare their dunghill thoughts aspire  
Unto so loftie pitch of perfectnesse,  
But rime at riot, and doo rage in love, 395  
Yet little wote what doth thereto behove.

Faire Cytheree, the mother of delight  
And queene of beawtie, now thou maist go pack;  
For lo! thy kingdoms is defaced quight,  
Thy scepter rent, and power put to wrack; 400  
And thy gay sonne, that winged God of Love,  
May now goe prune his plumes like ruffed\* dove.  
[\* \_Ruffed\_, ruffled.]

And ye three twins, to light by Venus brought,  
The sweete companions of the Muses late,  
From whom whatever thing is goodly thought 405  
Doth borrow grace, the fancie to aggrate\*,  
Go beg with us, and be companions still,  
As heretofore of good, so now of ill.  
[\* \_Aggrate\_, please.]

For neither you nor we shall anie more  
Finde entertainment or in court or schoole: 410  
For that which was accounted heretofore  
The learneds meed is now lent to the foole;  
He sings of love and maketh loving layes,  
And they him heare, and they him highly prayse.

With that she powred foorth a brackish flood 415  
Of bitter teares, and made exceeding mone;  
And all her sisters, seeing her sad mood,  
With lowd laments her answered all at one.  
So ended she: and then the next in rew  
Began her grievous plaint, as doth ensew. 420

To whom shall I my evill case complaine,  
Or tell the anguish of my inward smart,  
Sith none is left to remedie my paine,  
Or deignes to pitie a perplexed hart;  
But rather seekes my sorrow to augment 425  
With fowle reproach, and cruell banishment?

For they to whom I used to applie  
The faithfull service of my learned skill,  
The goodly off-spring of loves progenie,  
That wont the world with famous acts to fill, 430  
Whose living praises in heroick style,  
It is my chiefe profession to compyle,--

They, all corrupted through the rust of time,  
That doth all fairest things on earth deface,  
Or through unnoble sloth, or sinfull crime, 435  
That doth degenerate the noble race,  
Have both desire of worthie deeds forlorne,  
And name of learning utterly doo scorne.

Ne doo they care to have the auncestrie  
Of th'old heroes memorizde anew; 440  
Ne doo they care that late posteritie  
Should know their names, or speak their praises dew,  
But die, forgot from whence at first they sprong,  
As they themselves shalbe forgot ere long.

What bootes it then to come from glorious 445  
Forefathers, or to have been nobly bredd?  
What oddes twixt Irus and old Inachus,  
Twixt best and worst, when both alike are dedd,  
If none of neither mention should make,  
Nor out of dust their memories awake? 450

Or who would ever care to doo brave deed,

Or strive in vertue others to excell,  
If none should yeeld him his deserved meed,  
Due praise, that is the spur of doing well?  
For if good were not praised more than ill, 455  
None would choose goodnes of his owne freewill.

Therefore the nurse of vertue I am hight,  
And golden trompet of eternitie,  
That lowly thoughts lift up to heavens hight,  
And mortall men have powre to deifie: 460  
Bacchus and Hercules I raisd to heaven,  
And Charlemaine amongst the starris seaven.

But now I will my golden clarion rend,  
And will henceforth immortalize no more,  
Sith I no more finde worthie to commend 465  
For prize of value, or for learned lore:  
For noble peeres, whom I was wont to raise,  
Now onely seeke for pleasure, nought for praise.

Their great revenues all in sumptuous pride  
They spend, that nought to learning they may spare;  
And the rich fee which poets wont divide 471  
Now parasites and sycophants doo share:  
Therefore I mourne and endlesse sorrow make,  
Both for my selfe and for my sisters sake.

With that she lowdly gan to waile and shrike, 475  
And from her eyes a sea of teares did powre;  
And all her sisters, with compassion like,  
Did more increase the sharpnes of her showre.  
So ended she: and then the next in rew  
Began her plaint, as doth herein ensew. 480

URANIA.

What wrath of gods, or wicked influence  
Of starres conspiring wretched men t'afflict,  
Hath powrd on earth this noyous pestilence,  
That mortall mindes doth inwardly infect  
With love of blindnesse and of ignorance, 485  
To dwell in darkenesse without sovenance?\*

[\* \_Sovenance\_, remembrance.]

What difference twixt man and beast is left,  
When th'heavenlie light of knowledge is put out,  
And th'ornaments of wisdom are bereft?  
Then wandreth he in error and in doubt, 490  
Unweeing\* of the danger hee is in,  
Through fleshs frailtie and deceit of sin.

[\* \_Unweeing\_, unknowing.]

In this wide world in which they wretches stray,  
It is the onelie comfort which they have,  
It is their light, their loadstarre, and their day; 495  
But hell, and darkenesse, and the grislie grave,  
Is Ignorance, the enemy of Grace,  
That mindes of men borne heavenlie doth debace.

Through knowledge we behold the worlds creation,  
How in his cradle first he fostred was; 500  
And iudge of Natures cunning operation,  
How things she formed of a formelesse mas:  
By knowledge wee do learne our selves to knowe,  
And what to man, and what to God, wee owe.

From hence wee mount aloft unto the skie, 505  
And looke into the christall firmament;  
There we behold the heavens great hierarchie,  
The starres pure light, the spheres swift movement,  
The spirites and intelligences fayre,  
And angels waighting on th'Almighties chayre. 510

And there, with humble minde and high insight,  
Th'eternall Makers maiestie wee viewe,  
His love, his truth, his glorie, and his might,  
And mercie more than mortall men can vew.  
O soveraigne Lord, O soveraigne happinesse, 515  
To see thee, and thy mercie measurelesse!

Such happines have they that doo embrace  
The precepts of my heavenlie discipline;  
But shame and sorrow and accursed case  
Have they that scorne the schoole of arts divine, 520  
And banish me, which do professe the skill  
To make men heavenly wise through humbled will.

However yet they mee despise and spight,  
I feede on sweet contentment of my thought,  
And please my selfe with mine owne self-delight, 525  
In contemplation of things heavenlie wrought:  
So, loathing earth, I looke up to the sky,  
And being driven hence, I thether fly.

Thence I behold the miserie of men,  
Which want the blis that wisdom would them breed.  
And like brute beasts doo lie in loathsome den 531  
Of ghostly darkenes and of gastlie dread:  
For whom I mourne, and for my selfe complaine,  
And for my sisters eake whom they disdaine.

With that shee wept and waild so pityouslie, 535  
As if her eyes had beene two springing wells;  
And all the rest, her sorrow to supplie,  
Did throw forth shrieks and cries and dreery yells.  
So ended shee: and then the next in rew  
Began her mournfull plaint, as doth ensew. 540

#### POLYHYMNIA.

A dolefull case desires a dolefull song,  
Without vaine art or curious complements;  
And squallid Fortune, into basenes flong,  
Doth scorne the pride of wonted ornaments.  
Then fittest are these ragged rimes for mee, 545  
To tell my sorrowes that exceeding bee.

For the sweet numbers and melodious measures

With which I wont the winged words to tie,  
And make a tunefull diapase of pleasures,  
Now being let to runne at libertie 550  
By those which have no skill to rule them right,  
Have now quite lost their naturall delight.

Heapes of huge words uphoorded hideously,  
With horrid sound, though having little sence,  
They thinke to be chiefe praise of poetry; 555  
And, thereby wanting due intelligence,  
Have mard the face of goodly poesie,  
And made a monster of their fantasie.

Whilom in ages past none might professe  
But princes and high priests that secret skill; 560  
The sacred lawes therein they wont expresse,  
And with deepe oracles their verses fill:  
Then was shee held in soveraigne dignitie,  
And made the noursling of nobilitie.

But now nor prince nor priest doth her maintayne,  
But suffer her prophaned for to bee 566  
Of the base vulgar, that with hands uncleane  
Dares to pollute her hidden mysterie;  
And treadeth under foote hir holie things,  
Which was the care of kesars\* and of kings. 570  
[\* \_Kesars\_, emperors.]

One onelie lives, her ages ornament,  
And myrrour of her Makers maiestie,  
That with rich bountie and deare cherishment  
Supports the praise of noble poesie;  
Ne onelie favours them which it professe, 575  
But is her selfe a peereles poetresse.

Most peereles Prince, most peereles Poetresse,  
The true Pandora of all heavenly graces,  
Divine Elisa, sacred Emperesse!  
Live she for ever, and her royall p'laces 580  
Be fild with praises of divinest wits,  
That her eternize with their heavenlie writs!

Some few beside this sacred skill esteme,  
Admirers of her glorious excellence;  
Which, being lightned with her beawties beme, 585  
Are thereby fild with happie influence,  
And lifted up above the worldes gaze,  
To sing with angels her immortall praize.

But all the rest, as borne of salvage brood,  
And having beene with acorns alwaies fed, 590  
Can no whit savour this celestiall food,  
But with base thoughts are into blindnesse led,  
And kept from looking on the lightsome day:  
For whome I waile and weepe all that I may.

Eftsoones\* such store of teares shee forth did powre,  
As if shee all to water would have gone; 596  
And all her sisters, seeing her sad stowre\*\*,

Did weep and waile, and made exceeding mone,  
And all their learned instruments did breake:  
The rest untold no living tongue can speake. 600  
[\* \_Eftsoones\_, forthwith.]  
[\*\* \_Stowre\_, disturbance, trouble.]

\* \* \* \* \*

#### FOOTNOTES:

Ver 15--\_Palici\_. The Palici were children of Jupiter and Thalia, not Calliope. H.

Ver. 205-210.--There are sufficient reasons for believing that these lines refer to Shakespeare. He had probably written The Two Gentlemen of Verona, and Love's Labor's Lost, before the Complaints were published (1591), and no other author had up to this time produced a comedy that would compare with these. For a discussion of this subject, see Collier's Life, Chap. VII., and Knight's Biography, pp. 344-348. C.

\* \* \* \* \*

VIRGILS GNAT.

LONG SINCE DEDICATED

TO THE MOST NOBLE AND EXCELLENT LORD,

THE EARLE OF LEICESTER,

LATE DECEASED.

Wrong'd, yet not daring to expresse my paine,  
To you, great Lord, the causer of my care,  
In clowdie teares my case I thus complaine  
Unto your selfe, that onely privie are.  
But if that any Oedipus unware  
Shall chaunce, through power of some divining spright,  
To reade the secrete of this riddle rare,  
And know the purporte of my evill plight,  
Let him rest pleased with his owne insight,  
Ne further seeke to glose upon the text:  
For grieffe enough it is to grieved wight  
To feele his fault, and not be further vext.

But what so by my selfe may not be shownen,  
May by this Gnatts complaint be easily knowen\*.

[\* This riddle has never been guessed. Upton conjectures that Leicester's displeasure was incurred for "some kind of officious sedulity in Spenser, who much desired to see his patron married to the Queen." C.]

\* \* \* \* \*

VIRGILS GNAT.

We now have playde, Augustus, wantonly,  
 Tuning our song unto a tender Muse,  
 And, like a cobweb weaving slenderly,  
 Have onely playde: let thus much then excuse  
 This Gnats small poeme, that th'whole history 5  
 Is but a iest; though envie it abuse:  
 But who such sports and sweet delights doth blame,  
 Shall lighter seeme than this Gnats idle name.

Hereafter, when as season more secure  
 Shall bring forth fruit, this Muse shall speak to thee 10  
 In bigger notes, that may thy sense allure,  
 And for thy worth frame some fit poesie:  
 The golden ofspring of Latona pure,  
 And ornament of great loves progenie,  
 Phoebus, shall be the author of my song, 15  
 Playing on yvorie harp with silver strong\*.  
 [\* \_Strong\_, strung.]

He shall inspire my verse with gentle mood,  
 Of poets prince, whether he woon\* beside  
 Faire Xanthus sprincled with Chimaeras blood,  
 Or in the woods of Astery abide, 20  
 Or whereas Mount Parnasse, the Muses brood,  
 Doth his broad forehead like two hornes divide,  
 And the sweete waves of sounding Castaly  
 With liquid foote doth slide downe easily.  
 [\* \_Woon\_, dwell.]

Wherefore ye Sisters, which the glorie bee 25  
 Of the Pierian streames, fayre Naiades,  
 Go too, and dauncing all in companie,  
 Adorne that god: and thou holie Pales,  
 To whome the honest care of husbandrie  
 Returneth by continuall successe, 30  
 Have care for to pursue his footing light  
 Through the wide woods and groves with green leaves dight.

Professing thee I lifted am aloft  
 Betwixt the Forrest wide and starrie sky:  
 And thou, most dread Octavius, which oft 35  
 To learned wits givest courage worthily,  
 O come, thou sacred childe, come sliding soft,  
 And favour my beginnings graciously:  
 For not these leaves do sing that dreadfull stound\*,  
 When giants bloud did staine Phlegraean ground; 40  
 [\* \_Stound\_, time.]

Nor how th'halfe-horsy people, Centaures hight,  
 Fought with the bloudie Lapithaes at bord;  
 Nor how the East with tyrannous despight  
 Burnt th'Attick towres, and people slew with sword;  
 Nor how Mount Athos through exceeding might 45  
 Was digged downe; nor yron bands aboard  
 The Pontick sea by their huge navy cast,  
 My volume shall renowne, so long since past.



Nor Hellespont trampled with horses feete,  
 When flocking Persians did the Greeks affray: 50  
 But my soft Muse, as for her power more meete,  
 Delights (with Phoebus friendly leave) to play  
 An easie running verse with tender feete.  
 And thou, dread sacred child, to thee alway  
 Let everlasting lightsome glory strive, 55  
 Through the worlds endles ages to survive.

And let an happie roome remaine for thee  
 Mongst heavenly ranks, where blessed soules do rest;  
 And let long lasting life with ioyous glee,  
 As thy due meede that thou deservest best, 60  
 Hereafter many yeares remembred be  
 Amongst good men, of whom thou oft are blest.  
 Live thou for ever in all happinesse!  
 But let us turne to our first businesse.

The fiery Sun was mounted now on Light 65  
 Up to the heavenly towers, and shot each where  
 Out of his golden charet glistering light;  
 And fayre Aurora, with her rosie heare,  
 The hatefull darknes now had put to flight;  
 When as the Shepheard, seeing day appeare, 70  
 His little goats gan drive out of their stalls,  
 To feede abroad, where pasture best befalls.

To an high mountaines top he with them went,  
 Where thickest grasse did cloath the open hills:  
 They, now amongst the woods and thickets ment\* 75  
 Now in the valleies wandring at their wills,  
 Spread themselves farre abroad through each descent;  
 Some on the soft greene grasse feeding their fills,  
 Some, clambring through the hollow cliffes on hy,  
 Nibble the bushie shrubs which growe thereby. 80  
 [\* \_Ment\_, mingled.]

Others the utmost boughs of trees doe crop,  
 And brouze the woodbine twigges that freshly bud;  
 This with full bit\* doth catch the utmost top  
 Of some soft willow, or new growen stud\*\*;  
 This with sharpe teeth the bramble leaves doth lop, 85  
 And chaw the tender prickles in her cud;  
 The whiles another high doth overlooke  
 Her owne like image in a christall brooke.  
 [\* \_Bit\_, bite.]  
 [\*\* \_Stud\_, stock.]

O the great happines which shepherds have,  
 Who so loathes not too much the poore estate 90  
 With minde that ill use doth before deprave,  
 Ne measures all things by the costly rate  
 Of riotise, and semblants outward brave!  
 No such sad cares, as wont to macerate  
 And rend the greedie mindes of covetous men, 95  
 Do ever creepe into the shepherds den.

Ne cares he if the fleece which him arayes  
 Be not twice steeped in Assyrian dye;

Ne glistering of golde, which underlayes\*  
 The summer beames, doe blinde his gazing eye; 100  
 Ne pictures beautie, nor the glauncing rayes  
 Of precious stones, whence no good commeth by;  
 Ne yet his cup embost with imagery  
 Of Baetus or of Alcons vanity.  
 [\* \_Underlayes\_, surpasses.]

Ne ought the whelky\* pearles esteemeth hee, 105  
 Which are from Indian seas brought far away:  
 But with pure brest, from carefull sorrow free,  
 On the soft grasse his limbs doth oft display,  
 In sweete spring time, when flowres varietie  
 With sundrie colours paints the sprinckled lay\*\*;  
 There, lying all at ease from guile or spight, 110  
 With pype of fennie reedes doth him delight.  
 [\* \_Whelky\_, shelly (\_conchea\_).]  
 [\*\* \_lay\_, lea.]

There he, lord of himselfe, with palme bedight,  
 His looser locks doth wrap in wreath of vine:  
 There his milk-dropping goats be his delight, 115  
 And fruitfull Pales, and the forrest greene,  
 And darkesome caves in pleasaunt vallies pight\*,  
 Wheras continuall shade is to be seene,  
 And where fresh springing wells, as christall neate,  
 Do alwayes flow, to quench his thirstie heate. 120  
 [\* \_Pight\_, placed.]

O! who can lead then a more happie life  
 Than he, that with cleane minde and heart sincere,  
 No greedy riches knowes nor bloudie strife,  
 No deadly fight of warlick fleete doth feare,  
 Ne runs in perill of foes cruell knife, 125  
 That in the sacred temples he may reare  
 A trophee of his glittering spoyles and treasure,  
 Or may abound in riches above measure.

Of him his God is worshipt with his sythe,  
 And not with skill of craftsman polished: 130  
 He ioyes in groves, and makes himselfe full blythe  
 With sundrie flowers in wilde fieldes gathered,  
 Ne frankincens he from Panchaea buyth:  
 Sweete Quiet harbours in his harmeles head,  
 And perfect Pleasure buildes her ioyous bowre, 135  
 Free from sad cares, that rich mens hearts devowre.

This all his care, this all his whole indeavour,  
 To this his minde and senses he doth bend,  
 How he may flow in quiets matchles treasour,  
 Content with any food that God doth send; 140  
 And how his limbs, resolv'd through idle leisour,  
 Unto sweete sleepe he may securely lend,  
 In some coole shadow from the scorching heat,  
 The whiles his flock their chawed cuds do eate.

O Flocks, O Faunes, and O ye pleasaunt Springs 145  
 Of Tempe, where the countrey nymphs are rife,  
 Through whose not costly care each shepherd sings

As merrie notes upon his rusticke fife  
 As that Ascraean bard\*, whose fame now rings  
 Through the wide world, and leads as ioyfull life; 150  
 Free from all troubles and from worldly toyle,  
 In which fond men doe all their dayes turmoyle.  
 [\* I.e. Hesiod]

In such delights whilst thus his carelesse time  
 This shepheard drives, upleaning on his batt\*,  
 And on shrill reedes chaunting his rustick rime, 155  
 Hyperion, throwing foorth his beames full hott,  
 Into the highest top of heaven gan clime,  
 And the world parting by an equall lott,  
 Did shed his whirling flames on either side,  
 As the great Ocean doth himselfe divide. 160  
 [\* \_Batt\_, stick]

Then gan the shepheard gather into one  
 His stragling goates, and drave them to a foord,  
 Whose caerule streame, rombling in pible stone,  
 Crept under mosse as greene as any goord.  
 Now had the sun halfe heaven overgone, 165  
 When he his heard back from that water foord  
 Drave, from the force of Phoebus boyling ray,  
 Into thick shadowes, there themselves to lay.

Soone as he them plac'd in thy sacred wood,  
 O Delian goddess, saw, to which of yore 170  
 Came the bad daughter of old Cadmus brood,  
 Cruell Agave, flying vengeance sore  
 Of King Nictileus for the guiltie blood  
 Which she with cursed hands had shed before;  
 There she halfe frantick, having slaine her sonne, 175  
 Did shrowd her selfe like punishment to shonne.

Here also playing on the grassy greene,  
 Woodgods, and Satyres, and swift Dryades,  
 With many Fairies oft were dauncing seene.  
 Not so much did Dan Orpheus repress 180  
 The streames of Hebrus with his songs, I weene,  
 As that faire troupe of woodie goddesses  
 Staied thee, O Peneus, powring foorth to thee,  
 From cheereful lookes, great mirth and gladsome glee.

The verie nature of the place, resounding 185  
 With gentle murmure of the breathing ayre,  
 A pleasant bowre with all delight abounding  
 In the fresh shadowe did for them prepayre,  
 To rest their limbs with wearines redounding.  
 For first the high palme-trees, with braunches faire,  
 Out of the lowly vallies did arise, 191  
 And high shoote up their heads into the skyes.

And them amongst the wicked lotos grew,  
 Wicked, for holding guilefully away  
 Ulysses men, whom rapt with sweetenes new, 195  
 Taking to hoste\*, it quite from him did stay;  
 And eke those trees, in whose transformed hew  
 The Sunnes sad daughters waylde the rash decay

Of Phaeton, whose limbs with lightening rent  
They gathering up, with sweete teares did lament. 200  
[\* \_Hoste\_, entertain.]

And that same tree\*, in which Demophoon,  
By his disloyalty lamented sore,  
Eternall hurte left unto many one:  
Whom als accompanied the oke, of yore 204  
Through fatall charmes transferred to such an one:  
The oke, whose acornes were our foode before  
That Ceres seede of mortall men were knowne,  
Which first Triptoleme taught how to be sowne.  
[\* I.e. the almond-tree.]

Here also grew the rougher-rinded pine,  
The great Argoan ships brave ornament, 210  
Whom golden fleece did make an heavenly signe;  
Which coveting, with his high tops extent,  
To make the mountaines touch the starres divine,  
Decks all the forrest with embellishment;  
And the blacke holme that loves the watrie vale; 215  
And the sweete cypresse, signe of deadly bale.

Emongst the rest the clambring yvie grew,  
Knitting his wanton armes with grasping hold,  
Least that the poplar happely should rew  
Her brothers strokes, whose boughes she doth enfold 220  
With her lythe twigs, till they the top survew,  
And paint with pallid greene her buds of gold.  
Next did the myrtle tree to her approach,  
Not yet unmindfull of her olde reproach.

But the small birds in their wide boughs embowring 225  
Chaunted their sundrie tunes with sweete consent;  
And under them a silver spring, forth powring  
His trickling streames, a gentle murmure sent;  
Thereto the frogs, bred in the slimie scowring  
Of the moist moores, their iarring voyces bent; 230  
And shrill grasshoppers chirped them around:  
All which the ayrie echo did resound.

In this so pleasant place the shepheards flocke  
Lay everie where, their wearie limbs to rest,  
On everie bush, and everie hollow rocke, 235  
Where breathe on them the whistling wind mote best;  
The whiles the shepherd self, tending his stocke,  
Sate by the fountaine side, in shade to rest,  
Where gentle slumbring sleep oppressed him  
Displaid on ground, and seized everie lim. 240

Of trecherie or traines nought tooke he keep,  
But, looslie on the grassie greene dispredd,  
His dearest life did trust to careles sleep;  
Which, weighing down his drouping drowsie hedd, 245  
In quiet rest his molten heart did steep,  
Devoid of care, and feare of all falshedd:  
Had not inconstant Fortune, bent to ill,  
Bid strange mischance his quietnes to spill.

For at his wonted time in that same place  
 An huge great Serpent, all with speckles pide, 250  
 To drench himselfe in moorish slime did trace,  
 There from the boyling heate himselfe to hide:  
 He, passing by with rolling wreathed pace,  
 With brandisht tongue the emptie aire did gride\*,  
 And wrapt his scalie boughts\*\* with fell despight, 255  
 That all things seem'd appalled at his sight.  
 [\* \_Gride\_, pierce]  
 [\*\* \_Boughts\_, knots]

Now more and more having himselfe enrolde,  
 His glittering breast he lifteth up on hie,  
 And with proud vaunt his head aloft doth holde;  
 His creste above, spotted with purple die, 260  
 On everie side did shine like scalie golde;  
 And his bright eyes, glauncing full dreadfullie,  
 Did seeme to flame out flakes of flashing fyre,  
 And with sterne lookes to threaten kindled yre.

Thus wise long time he did himselfe dispace 265  
 There round about, when as at last he spide,  
 Lying along before him in that place,  
 That flocks grand captaine and most trustie guide:  
 Eftsoones more fierce in visage and in pace,  
 Throwing his firie eyes on everie side, 270  
 He commeth on, and all things in his way  
 Full stearnly rends that might his passage stay.

Much he disdaines that anie one should dare  
 To come unto his haunt; for which intent  
 He inly burns, and gins straight to prepare 275  
 The weapons which Nature to him hath lent;  
 Fellie he hisseth, and doth fiercely stare,  
 And hath his iawes with angrie spirits rent,  
 That all his tract with bloudie drops is stained,  
 And all his foldes are now in length outstrained. 280

Whom, thus at point prepared, to prevent,  
 A litle noursling of the humid ayre,  
 A Gnat, unto the sleepe shepheard went,  
 And marking where his ey-lids twinckling rare  
 Shewd the two pearles which sight unto him lent, 285  
 Through their thin coverings appearing fayre  
 His little needle there infixing deep,  
 Warnd him awake, from death himselfe to keep.

Wherewith enrag'd, he fiercely gan upstart,  
 And with his hand him rashly bruizing slewe 290  
 As in avengement of his heedles smart,  
 That streight the spirite out of his senses flew.  
 And life out of his members did depart:  
 When, suddenly casting aside his vew,  
 He spide his foe with felonous intent, 295  
 And fervent eyes to his destruction bent.

All suddenly dismaid, and hartles quight,  
 He fled abacke, and, catching hastie holde  
 Of a yong alder hard beside him pight,

It rent, and streight about him gan beholde 300  
What god or fortune would assist his might.  
But whether god or fortune made him bold  
Its hard to read: yet hardie will he had  
To overcome, that made him lesse adrad\*.  
[\* \_Adrad\_, terrified]

The scalie backe of that most hideous snake 305  
Enwrapped round, oft faining to retire  
And oft him to assaile, he fiercely strake  
Whereas his temples did his creast front tyre\*;  
And, for he was but slowe, did slowth off shake,  
And, gazing ghastly on, (for feare and yre 310  
Had blent\*\* so much his sense, that lesse he feard,)--  
Yet, when he saw him slaine, himselfe he cheard.  
[\* \_Tyre\_, encircle]  
[\*\* \_Blent\_, blinded]

By this the Night forth from the darksome bowre  
Of Herebus her teemed\* steedes gan call,  
And laesie Vesper in his timely howre 315  
From golden Oeta gan proceede withall;  
Whenas the shepheard after this sharpe stowre\*\*,  
Seing the doubled shadowes low to fall,  
Gathering his straying flocke, does homeward fare,  
And unto rest his wearie ioynts prepare. 320  
[\* \_Teemed\_, harnessed in a team]  
[\*\* \_Stowre\_, perturbation]

Into whose sense so soone as lighter sleepe  
Was entered, and now loosing everie lim,  
Sweete slumbring deaw in carelesnesse did steepe,  
The image of that Gnat appeard to him,  
And in sad tearmes gan sorrowfully weepe, 325  
With grieslie countenaunce and visage grim,  
Wailing the wrong which he had done of late,  
In steed of good, hastning his cruell fate.

Said he, "What have I wretch deserv'd, that thus  
Into this bitter bale I am outcast, 330  
Whilest that thy life more deare and precious  
Was than mine owne, so long as it did last?  
I now, in lieu of paines so gracious,  
Am tost in th'ayre with everie windie blast:  
Thou, safe delivered from sad decay, 335  
Thy careles limbs in loose sleep dost display.

"So livest thou; but my poore wretched ghost  
Is forst to ferrie over Lethes river,  
And spoyld of Charon too and fro am tost.  
Seest thou not how all places quake and quiver, 340  
Lightned with deadly lamps on everie post?  
Tisiphone each where doth shake and shiver  
Her flaming fire-brond, encountring me,  
Whose lockes uncombed cruell adders be.

"And Cerberus, whose many mouthes doo bay, 345  
And barke out flames, as if on fire he fed,  
Adowne whose necke, in terrible array,

Ten thousand snakes, cralling about his hed,  
Doo hang in heapes, that horribly affray,  
And bloodie eyes doo glister firie red, 350  
He oftentimes me dreadfullie doth threaten  
With painfull torments to be sorely beaten.

"Ay me! that thanks so much should faile of meed,  
For that I thee restor'd to life againe,  
Even from the doore of death and deadlie dreed. 355  
Where then is now the guerdon of my paine?  
Where the reward of my so piteous deed?  
The praise of pitie vanisht is in vaine,  
And th'antique faith of iustice long agone  
Out of the land is fled away and gone. 360

"I saw anothers fate approaching fast,  
And left mine owne his safetie to tender;  
Into the same mishap I now am cast,  
And shun'd destruction doth destruction render:  
Not unto him that never hath trespass, 365  
But punishment is due to the offender:  
Yet let destruction be the punishment,  
So long as thankfull will may it relent.

"I carried am into waste wilderness,  
Waste wildernes, amongst Cymerian shades, 370  
Where endles paines and hideous heavinesse  
Is round about me heapt in darksome glades.  
For there huge Othos sits in sad distresse,  
Fast bound with serpents that him oft invades,  
Far of beholding Ephialtes tide, 375  
Which once assai'd to burne this world so wide.

"And there is mournfull Tityus, mindefull yet  
Of thy displeasure, O Latona faire;  
Displeasure too implacable was it,  
That made him meat for wild foules of the ayre: 380  
Much do I feare among such fiends to sit;  
Much do I feare back to them to repayre,  
To the black shadowes of the Stygian shore,  
Where wretched ghosts sit wailing evermore.

"There next the utmost brinck doth he abide 385  
That did the bankets of the gods bewray,  
Whose throat through thirst to nought nigh being dride,  
His sense to seeke for ease turnes every way:  
And he that in avengement of his pride,  
For scorning to the sacred gods to pray, 390  
Against a mountaine rolls a mightie stone,  
Calling in vaine for rest, and can have none.

"Go ye with them, go, cursed damosells,  
Whose bridale torches foule Erynnis tynde\*,  
And Hymen, at your spousalls sad, foretells 395  
Tydings of death and massacre unkinde\*\*:  
With them that cruell Colchid mother dwells,  
The which conceiv'd in her revengefull minde  
With bitter woundes her owne deere babes to slay,  
And muredred troupes upon great heapes to lay. 400

[\* \_Tynde\_, kindled.]  
[\*\* \_Unkinde\_, unnatural.]

"There also those two Pandionian maides,  
Calling on Itis, Itis evermore,  
Whom, wretched boy, they slew with guiltie blades;  
For whome the Thracian king lamenting sore,  
Turn'd to a lapwing, fowlie them upbraydes, 405  
And flattering round about them still does sore;  
There now they all eternally complaine  
Of others wrong, and suffer endles paine.

"But the two brethren\* borne of Cadmus blood,  
Whilst each does for the sovereignty contend, 411  
Blinde through ambition, and with vengeance wood\*\*,  
Each doth against the others bodie bend  
His cursed steele, of neither well withstood,  
And with wide wounds their carcasses doth rend;  
That yet they both doe mortall foes remaine, 415  
Sith each with brothers bloudie hand was slaine.  
[\* I.e. Eteocles and Polynices.]  
[\*\* \_Wood\_, mad.]

"Ah (waladay!) there is no end of paine,  
Nor chaunge of labour may intreated bee:  
Yet I beyond all these am carried faine,  
Where other powers farre different I see, 420  
And must passe over to th'Elisian plaine:  
There grim Persephone, encountring mee,  
Doth urge her fellow Furies earnestlie  
With their bright firebronds me to terrifie.

"There chaste Alceste lives inviolate, 425  
Free from all care, for that her husbands daies  
She did prolong by changing fate for fate:  
Lo! there lives also the immortall praise  
Of womankind, most faithfull to her mate,  
Penelope; and from her farre awayes 430  
A rulesse\* rout of yongmen which her woo'd,  
All slaine with darts, lie wallowed in their blood.  
[\* \_Rulesse\_, rule-less.]

"And sad Eurydice thence now no more  
Must turne to life, but there detained bee  
For looking back, being forbid before: 435  
Yet was the guilt thereof, Orpheus, in thee!  
Bold sure he was, and worthie spirite bore,  
That durst those lowest shadowes goe to see,  
And could beleeeve that anie thing could please  
Fell Cerberus, or Stygian powres appease. 440

"Ne feard the burning waves of Phlegeton,  
Nor those same mournfull kingdomes, compassed  
With rustle horror and fowle fashion;  
And deep digd vawtes\*; and Tartar covered 445  
With bloodie night and darke confusion;  
And iudgement seates, whose iudge is deadlie dred,  
A iudge that after death doth punish sore  
The faults which life hath trespassed before.



[\* \_Vawtes\_, vaults.]

"But valiant fortune made Dan Orpheus bolde:  
For the swift running rivers still did stand, 450  
And the wilde beasts their furie did withhold,  
To follow Orpheus musicke through the land:  
And th'okes, deep grounded in the earthly molde,  
Did move, as if they could him understand; 454  
And the shrill woods, which were of sense bereav'd,  
Through their hard barke his silver sound receav'd.

"And eke the Moone her hastie steedes did stay,  
Drawing in teemes along the starrie skie;  
And didst, O monthly Virgin, thou delay  
Thy nightly course, to heare his melodie? 460  
The same was able, with like lovely lay,  
The Queene of Hell to move as easily  
To yeeld Eurydiee unto her fere,  
Backe to be borne, though it unlawfull were.

"She, ladie, having well before approoved 465  
The feends to be too cruell and severe,  
Observ'd th'appointed way, as her behooved,  
Ne ever did her eysight turne arere,  
Ne ever spake, ne cause of speaking mooved;  
But, cruell Orpheus, thou much crueller, 470  
Seeking to kisse her, brok'st the gods decree,  
And thereby mad'st her ever damn'd to be.

"Ah! but sweete love of pardon worthie is,  
And doth deserve to have small faults remitted;  
If Hell at least things lightly done amis 475  
Knew how to pardon, when ought is omitted:  
Yet are ye both received into blis,  
And to the seates of happie soules admitted.  
And you beside the honourable band  
Of great heroes doo in order stand. 480

"There be the two stout sonnes of AEacus,  
Fierce Peleus, and the hardie Telamon,  
Both seeming now full glad and ioyeous  
Through their syres dreadfull iurisdiction, 488  
Being the iudge of all that horrid hous:  
And both of them, by strange occasion,  
Renown'd in choyce of happie marriage  
Through Venus grace, and vertues cariage.

"For th'one was ravisht of his owne bondmaide,  
The faire Ixione captiv'd from Troy: 490  
But th'other was with Thetis love assaid,  
Great Nereus his daughter and his ioy.  
On this side them there is a yongman layd,  
Their match in glorie, mightie, fierce, and coy,  
That from th'Argolick ships, with furious yre, 495  
Bett back the furie of the Troian fyre.

"O! who would not recount the strong divorces  
Of that great warre, which Troianes oft behelde,  
And oft beheld the warlike Greekish forces,

When Teucrian soyle with bloodie rivers swelde, 500  
And wide Sigraean shores were spred with corses,  
And Simois and Xanthus blood outwelde;  
Whilst Hector raged, with outrageous minde,  
Flames, weapons, wounds, in Greeks fleete to have tynde.

"For Ida selfe, in ayde of that fierce fight, 505  
Out of her mountaines ministred supplies;  
And like a kindly nourse did yeeld, for spight,  
Store of firebronds out of her nourseries  
Unto her foster children, that they might  
Inflame the navie of their enemies, 510  
And all the Rhetaean shore to ashes turne,  
Where lay the ships which they did seeke to burne.

"Gainst which the noble sonne of Telamon  
Oppos'd himselfe, and thwarting\* his huge shield,  
Them battell bad; gainst whom appeard anon 515  
Hector, the glorie of the Troian field:  
Both fierce and furious in contention  
Encountred, that their mightie strokes so shrild  
As the great clap of thunder, which doth ryve  
The railing heavens and cloudes asunder dryve. 520  
[\* \_Thwarting\_, interposing.]

"So th'one with fire and weapons did contend  
To cut the ships from turning home againe  
To Argos; th'other strove for to defend\*  
The force of Vulcane with his might and maine.  
Thus th'one Aeacide did his fame extend: 525  
But th'other ioy'd that, on the Phrygian playne  
Having the blood of vanquisht Hector shedd,  
He compast Troy thrice with his bodie dedd.  
[\* \_Defend\_, keep off.]

"Againe great dole on either partie grewe,  
That him to death unfaithfull Paris sent; 530  
And also him that false Ulysses slewe,  
Drawne into danger through close ambushment;  
Therefore from him Laertes sonne his vewe  
Doth turn aside, and boasts his good event  
In working of Strymonian Rhaesus fall, 535  
And efte\* in Dolons slye surprysall.  
[\* \_Efte\_, again.]

"Againe the dreadfull Cycones him dismay,  
And blacke Laestrigones, a people stout;  
Then greedie Scilla, under whom there bay  
Manie great bandogs, which her gird about; 540  
Then doo the AEtnean Cyclops him affray,  
And deep Charybdis gulphing in and out;  
Lastly the squalid lakes of Tartarie,  
And griesly feends of hell him terrifie.

"There also goodly Agamemnon bosts, 545  
The glorie of the stock of Tantalus,  
And famous light of all the Greekish hosts;  
Under whose conduct most victorious,  
The Dorick flames consum'd the Iliack posts.

Ah! but the Greekes themselves, more dolorous, 550  
To thee, O Troy, paid penance for thy fall,  
In th'Hellespont being nigh drowned all.

"Well may appeare by prooffe of their mischaunce  
The chaungfull turning of mens slipperie state,  
That none whom fortune freely doth aduance 555  
Himselfe therefore to heaven should elevate:  
For loftie type of honour through the glaunce  
Of envies dart is downe in dust prostrate,  
And all that vaunts in worldly vanitie  
Shall fall through fortunes mutabilitie. 560

"Th'Argolicke power returning home againe,  
Enricht with spoyles of th'Erichthionian towre,  
Did happie winde and weather entertaine,  
And with good speed the fomie billowes scowre:  
No signe of storme, no feare of future paine, 565  
Which soone ensued them with heaueie stowre\*:  
Nereis to the seas a token gave,  
The whiles their crooked keeles the surges claued.  
[\* \_Stowre\_, turmoil, uproar.]

"Suddenly, whether through the gods decree,  
Or haplesse rising of some froward starre, 570  
The heavens on everie side enclowded bee:  
Black stormes and fogs are blowen up from farre,  
That now the pylote can no loadstarre see,  
But skies and seas doo make most dreadfull warre;  
The billowes striving to the heavens to reach, 575  
And th'heavens striving them for to impeach\*.  
[\* \_Impeach\_, hinder.]

"And, in avengement of their bold attempt,  
Both sun and starres and all the heavenly powres  
Conspire in one to wreake their rash contempt, 580  
And downe on them to fall from highest towres:  
The skie, in pieces seeming to be rent,  
Throwes lightning forth, and haile, and harmful showres,  
That death on everie side to them appeares,  
In thousand formes, to worke more ghastly feares.

"Some in the greedie flouds are sunke and drent\*;  
Some on the rocks of Caphareus are throwne;  
Some on th'Euboick cliffs in pieces rent;  
Some scattred on the Hercaean\*\* shores unknowne;  
And manie lost, of whom no moniment 585  
Remaines, nor memorie is to be showne: 590  
Whilst all the purchase@ of the Phrigian pray,  
Tost on salt billowes, round about doth stray.  
[\* \_Drent\_, drowned.]  
[\*\* \_Hercaean\_ should probably be AEgean.]  
[@ \_Purchase\_, booty.]

"Here manie other like heroes bee,  
Equall in honour to the former crue,  
Whom ye in goodly seates may placed see, 595  
Descended all from Rome by linage due;  
From Rome, that holds the world in sovereigntie,

And doth all nations unto her subdue:  
Here Fabii and Decii doo dwell,  
Horatii that in vertue did excell. 600

"And here the antique fame of stout Camill  
Doth ever live; and constant Curtius,  
Who, stifly bent his vowed life to spill  
For countreyes health, a gulph most hideous  
Amidst the towne with his owne corps did fill, 605  
T'appease the Powers; and prudent Mutius,  
Who in his flesh endur'd the scorching flame,  
To daunt his foe by ensample of the same.

"And here wise Curius, companion  
Of noble vertues, lives in endles rest; 610  
And stout Flaminius, whose devotion  
Taught him the fires scorn'd furie to detest;  
And here the praise of either Scipion  
Abides in highest place above the best,  
To whom the ruin'd walls of Carthage vow'd, 615  
Trembling their forces, sound their praises lowd.

"Live they for ever through their lasting praise!  
But I, poore wretch, am forced to retourne  
To the sad lakes that Phoebus sunnie rayes  
Doo never see, where soules doo alwaies mourne; 620  
And by the wayling shores to waste my dayes,  
Where Phlegeton with quenchles flames doth burne;  
By which iust Minos righteous soules doth sever  
From wicked ones, to live in blisse for ever.

"Me therefore thus the cruell fiends of hell, 625  
Girt with long snakes and thousand yron chaynes,  
Through doome of that their cruell iudge compell,  
With bitter torture and impatient paines,  
Cause of my death and iust complaint to tell.  
For thou art he whom my poore ghost complaines 630  
To be the author of her ill unwares,  
That careles hear'st my intollerable cares.

"Them therefore as bequeathing to the winde,  
I now depart, returning to thee never,  
And leave this lamentable plaint behinde. 635  
But doo thou haunt the soft downe-rolling river,  
And wilde greene woods and fruitful pastures minde,  
And let the flitting aire my vaine words sever."  
Thus having said, he heavily departed  
With piteous crie that anie would have smarted. 640

Now, when the sloathfull fit of lifes sweete rest  
Had left the heavie Shepheard, wondrous cares  
His inly grieved minde full sore opprest;  
That balefull sorrow he no longer beares  
For that Gnats death, which deeply was imprest, 645  
But bends what ever power his aged yeares  
Him lent, yet being such as through their might  
He lately slue his dreadfull foe in fight.

By that same river lurking under greene,

Eftsoones\* he gins to fashion forth a place, 650  
 And, squaring it in compasse well beseene\*\*,  
 There plotteth out a tombe by measured space:  
 His yron-headed spade tho making cleene,  
 To dig up sods out of the flowrie grasse,  
 His worke he shortly to good purpose brought, 655  
 Like as he had conceiv'd it in his thought.  
 [\* \_Eftsoones\_, immediately.]  
 [\*\* \_Well beseene\_, seemly.]

An heape of earth he hoorded up on hie,  
 Enclosing it with banks on everie side,  
 And thereupon did raise full busily  
 A little mount, of greene turffs edifide\*; 660  
 And on the top of all, that passers by  
 Might it behold, the toomb he did provide  
 Of smoothest marble stone in order set,  
 That never might his luckie scape forget.  
 [\* \_Edifide\_, built.]

And round about he taught sweete flowres to growe; 665  
 The Rose, engrained in pure scarlet die;  
 The Lilly fresh, and Violet belowe;  
 The Marigolde, and cherefull Rosemarie;  
 The Spartan Mirtle, whence sweet gumb does flowe;  
 The purple Hyacinths, and fresh Costmarie, 670  
 And Saffron, sought for in Cilician soyle,  
 And Lawrell, th'ornament of Phoebus toyle:

Fresh Rhododaphne, and the Sabine flowre\*,  
 Matching the wealth of th'auncient Frankincence;  
 And pallid Yvie, building his owne bowre; 675  
 And Box, yet mindfull of his olde offence;  
 Red Amaranthus, lucklesse paramour;  
 Oxeye still greene, and bitter Patience;  
 Ne wants there pale Narcisse, that, in a well  
 Seeing his beautie, in love with it fell. 680  
 [\* \_Sabine flowre\_, a kind of juniper, the savine.]

And whatsoever other flowre of worth,  
 And whatso other hearb of lovely hew  
 The ioyous Spring out of the ground brings forth,  
 To cloath her selfe in colours fresh and new,  
 He planted there, and reard a mount of earth, 685  
 In whose high front was writ as doth ensue:

\_To thee, small Gnat, in lieu of his life saved,\_  
 \_The Shepheard hath thy deaths record engraved.\_

\* \* \* \* \*

#### FOOTNOTES:

VIRGILS GNAT. This is a very skilful elaboration of the Culex, a poem attributed, without reason, to Virgil. The original, which is crabbed and pedantic, where it is not unintelligible from corruption, is here rendered with sufficient fidelity to the sense, but with such perspicuity, elegance, and sweetness, as to make Spenser's performance too good a poem to be called a translation. C.

\* \* \* \* \*

PROSOPOPOIA:

OR  
MOTHER HUBBERDS TALE.

BY ED. SP.

DEDICATED TO THE RIGHT HONORABLE,  
  
THE LADIE COMPTON AND MOUNTEGLE.

\* \* \* \* \*

LONDON:

IMPRINTED FOR WILLIAM PONSONBIE, DWELLING IN PAULES  
CHURCHYARD AT THE SIGNE OF THE BISHOPS HEAD.

1591.

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE,  
  
THE LADIE COMPTON AND MOUNTEGLE.[\*]

Most faire and vertuous Ladie: having often sought opportunitie by some good meanes to make knowne to your Ladiship the humble affection and faithfull duetie which I have alwaies professed, and am bound to beare, to that house from whence yee spring, I have at length found occasion to remember the same by making a simple present to you of these my idle labours; which having long sithens composed in the raw conceipt of my youth, I lately amongst other papers lighted upon, and was by others, which liked the same, mooved to set them forth. Simple is the device, and the composition meane, yet carrieth some delight, even the rather because of the simplicitie and meannesse thus personated. The same I beseech your Ladiship take in good part, as a pledge of that profession which I have made to you, and keepe with you untill with some other more worthie labour redeeme it out of your hands, and discharge my utmost dutie. Till then, wishing your Ladiship all increase of honour and happinesse, I humbly take leave.

Your La: ever  
humbly,  
ED. SP.

[\* "This lady was Anne, the fifth daughter of Sir John Spencer, distinguished also, in the pastoral of \_Colin Clouts come Home again\_, by the name of \_Charillis\_. She was married, first to Sir William Stanley, Lord Mountegle; next to Henry Compton, Lord Compton; and lastly to Robert Sackville, Lord Buckhurst, afterwards Earl of Dorset."--TODD.]

\* \* \* \* \*

PROSOPOPOIA:

OR

MOTHER HUBBERDS TALE.

It was the month in which the righteous Maide  
That for disdain of sinfull worlds upbraide  
Fled back to heaven, whence she was first conceived,  
Into her silver bowre the Sunne received;  
And the hot Syrian Dog on him awayting, 5  
After the chafed Lyons cruell bayting,  
Corrupted had th'ayre with his noysome breath.  
And powr'd on th'earth plague, pestilence, and death.  
Emongst the rest a wicked maladie  
Raign'd emongst men, that manie did to die, 10  
Depriv'd of sense and ordinarie reason;  
That it to leaches seemed strange and geason.  
[\_Geason\_, rare.]  
My fortune was, mongst manie others moe,  
To be partaker of their common woe;  
And my weake bodie, set on fire with grieve, 15  
Was rob'd of rest and naturall reliefe.  
In this ill plight, there came to visite mee  
Some friends, who, sorie my sad case to see,  
Began to comfort me in chearfull wise,  
And meanes of gladsome solace to devise. 20  
But seeing kindly sleep refuse to doe  
His office, and my feeble eyes forgoe,  
They sought my troubled sense how to deceave  
With talke that might unquiet fancies reave;  
[\_Reave\_, take away.]  
And sitting all in seates about me round, 25  
With pleasant tales fit for that idle stound  
[\_Stound\_, time.]  
They cast in course to waste the wearie howres.  
Some tolde of ladies, and their paramoures;  
Some of brave knights, and their renowned squires;  
Some of the faeries and their strange attires; 30  
And some of giaunts hard to be beleaved;  
That the delight thereof me much releaved.  
Amongst the rest a good old woman was,  
Hight Mother Hubberd, who did farre surpass  
The rest in honest mirth, that seem'd her well. 35  
She, when her turne was come her tale to tell,  
Tolde of a strange adventure that betided  
Betwixt the Foxe and th'Ape by him misguided;  
The which, for that my sense it greatly pleased,  
All were my spirite heave and diseased, 40  
Ile write in termes, as she the same did say,  
So well as I her words remember may.  
No Muses aide me needes heretoo to call;  
Base is the style, and matter meane withall.  
[\_Base\_, humble.]

[Symbol: Paragraph mark to indicate beginning of story.]

Whilome, said she, before the world was civill,  
The Foxe and th'Ape, disliking of their evill 46  
And hard estate, determined to seeke  
Their fortunes farre abroad, lyeke with his lyeke:  
For both were craftie and unhappie witted;  
[\_Unhappie\_, mischievous.]  
Two fellows might no where be better fitted. 50  
The Foxe, that first this cause of grieve did finde,  
Gan first thus plaine his case with words unkinde:  
"Neighbour Ape, and my gossip eke beside,  
(Both two sure bands in friendship to be tide,)  
To whom may I more trustely complaine 55  
The evill plight that doth me sore constraine,  
And hope thereof to finde due remedie?  
Heare then my paine and inward agonie.  
Thus manie yeares I now have spent and worne,  
In meane regard, and basest fortunes scorne, 60  
Dooing my countrey service as I might,  
No lesse I dare saie than the prowdest wight;  
And still I hoped to be up advaunced  
For my good parts; but still it hath mischaunced.  
Now therefore that no lenger hope I see, 65  
But froward fortune still to follow mee,  
And losels lifted up on high, where I did looke,  
[\_Losels\_, worthless fellows.]  
I meane to turne the next leafe of the booke.  
Yet ere that anie way I doe betake,  
I meane my gossip privie first to make." 70  
"Ah! my deare gossip," answer'd then the Ape,  
"Deeply doo your sad words my wits awhape,  
[\_Awhape\_, astound.]  
Both for because your grieve doth great appeare,  
And eke because my selfe am touched neare:  
For I likewise have wasted much good time, 75  
Still wayting to preferment up to clime,  
Whilst others alwayes have before me stept,  
And from my beard the fat away have swept;  
That now unto despaire I gin to growe,  
And meane for better winde about to throwe. 80  
Therefore to me, my trustie friend, aread  
[\_Aread\_, declare.]  
Thy counsell: two is better than one head."  
"Certes," said he, "I meane me to disguise  
In some straunge habit, after uncouth wize,  
Or like a pilgrime, or a lymiter, 85  
[\_Lymiter\_, i.e. a friar licensed to beg within a certain  
district.]  
Or like a gipsen, or a iuggeler,  
[\_Gipsen\_, gypsy.]  
And so to wander to the worlds ende,  
To seeke my fortune, where I may it mend:  
For worse than that I have I cannot meete.  
Wide is the world I wote, and everie streete 90  
Is full of fortunes and adventures straunge,  
Continuallie subiect unto chaunge.  
Say, my faire brother now, if this device  
Doth like you, or may you to like entice."  
"Surely," said th'Ape, "it likes me wondrous well; 95



And would ye not poore fellowship expell,  
 My selfe would offer you t'accompanie  
 In this adventures chauncefull ieopardie.  
 For to wexe olde at home in idlenesse  
 Is disadventrous, and quite fortunelesse: 100  
 Abroad, where change is, good may gotten bee."  
 The Foxe was glad, and quickly did agree:  
 So both resolv'd, the morrow next ensuing,  
 So soone as day appeard to peoples vewing,  
 On their intended iourney to proceede; 105  
 And over night, whatso theretoo did neede  
 Each did prepare, in readines to bee.  
 The morrow next, so soone as one might see  
 Light out of heavens windowes forth to looke,  
 Both their habiliments unto them tooke, 110  
 And put themselves, a Gods name, on their way.  
 Whenas the Ape, beginning well to wey  
 This hard adventure, thus began t'advise:  
 "Now read, Sir Reynold, as ye be right wise,  
 What course ye weene is best for us to take, 115  
 That for our selves we may a living make.  
 Whether shall we professe some trade or skill?  
 Or shall we varie our device at will,  
 Even as new occasion appeares?  
 Or shall we tie our selves for certaine yeares 120  
 To anie service, or to anie place?  
 For it behoves, ere that into the race  
 We enter, to resolve first hereupon."  
 "Now surely, brother," said the Foxe anon,  
 "Te have this matter motioned in season: 125  
 For everie thing that is begun with reason  
 Will come by readie meanes unto his end;  
 But things miscounselled must needs miswend.  
 [Miswend\_, go wrong.]  
 Thus therefore I advize upon the case:  
 That not to anie certaine trade or place, 130  
 Nor anie man, we should our selves applie.  
 For why should he that is at libertie  
 Make himselfe bond? Sith then we are free borne.  
 Let us all servile base subiection scorne;  
 And as we bee sonnes of the world so wide, 135  
 Let us our fathers heritage divide,  
 And chalenge to our selves our portions dew  
 Of all the patrimonie, which a few  
 Now hold in hugger mugger in their hand,  
 [In hugger mugger\_, in secret]  
 And all the rest doo rob of good and land: 140  
 For now a few have all, and all have nought,  
 Yet all be brethren ylike dearly bought.  
 There is no right in this partition,  
 Ne was it so by institution  
 Ordained first, ne by the law of Nature, 145  
 But that she gave like blessing to each creture  
 As well of worldly livelode as of life,  
 That there might be no difference nor strife,  
 Nor ought cald mine or thine: thrice happie then  
 Was the condition of mortall men. 150  
 That was the golden age of Saturne old,  
 But this might better be the world of gold;

For without golde now nothing wilbe got.  
 Therefore, if please you, this shalbe our plot:  
 We will not be of anie occupation; 155  
 Let such vile vassalls, borne to base vocation,  
 Drudge in the world and for their living droyle,  
 [\_Droyle\_, moil]  
 Which have no wit to live withouten toyle.  
 But we will walke about the world at pleasure,  
 Like two free men, and make our ease our treasure.  
 Free men some beggers call; but they be free; 161  
 And they which call them so more beggers bee:  
 For they doo swinke and sweate to feed the other,  
 [\_Swinke\_, toil.]  
 Who live like lords of that which they doo gather,  
 And yet doo never thanke them for the same, 165  
 But as their due by nature doo it clame.  
 Such will we fashion both our selves to bee,  
 Lords of the world; and so will wander free  
 Where so us listeth, uncontrol'd of anie.  
 Hard is our hap, if we, emongst so manie, 170  
 Light not on some that may our state amend;  
 Sildome but some good commeth ere the end."  
 Well seemd the Ape to like this ordinaunce:  
 Yet, well considering of the circumstaunce,  
 As pausing in great doubt awhile he staid, 175  
 And afterwards with grave advizement said:  
 "I cannot, my lief brother, like but well  
 [\_Lief\_, dear.]  
 The purpose of the complot which ye tell;  
 For well I wot (compar'd to all the rest  
 Of each degree) that beggers life is best, 180  
 And they that thinke themselves the best of all  
 Off-times to begging are content to fall.  
 But this I wot withall, that we shall ronne  
 Into great daunger, like to bee undonne,  
 Thus wildly to wander in the worlds eye, 185  
 Withouten pasport or good warrantye,  
 For feare least we like rogues should be reputed,  
 And for eare-marked beasts abroad be bruted.  
 Therefore I read that we our counsells call  
 How to prevent this mischief ere it fall, 190  
 And how we may, with most securitie,  
 Beg amongst those that beggars doo defie."  
 "Right well, deere gossip, ye advized have,"  
 Said then the Foxe, "but I this doubt will save:  
 For ere we farther passe, I will devise 195  
 A pasport for us both in fittest wize,  
 And by the names of souldiers us protect,  
 That now is thought a civile begging sect.  
 Be you the souldier, for you likest are  
 For manly semblance, and small skill in warre: 200  
 I will but wayte on you, and, as occasion  
 Falls out, my selfe fit for the same will fashion."  
 The pasport ended, both they forward went;  
 The Ape clad souldierlike, fit for th'intent,  
 In a blew iacket with a crosse of redd 205  
 And manie slits, as if that he had shedd  
 Much blood throgh many wounds therein receaved,  
 Which had the use of his right arme bereaved,

Upon his head an old Scotch cap he wore,  
 With a plume feather all to peeces tore; 210  
 His breeches were made after the new cut,  
 \_Al Portugese\_, loose like an emptie gut,  
 And his hose broken high above the heeling,  
 And his shooes beaten out with traveling.  
 But neither sword nor dagger he did beare; 215  
 Seemes that no foes revengement he did feare;  
 In stead of them a handsome bat he held,  
 [\_Bat\_, stick.]  
 On which he leaned, as one farre in elde.  
 [\_Elde\_, age.]  
 Shame light on him, that through so false illusion  
 Doth turne the name of souldiers to abusion, 220  
 And that which is the noblest mysterie  
 [\_Mysterie\_, profession.]  
 Brings to reproach and common infamie!  
 Long they thus travailed, yet never met  
 Adventure which might them a working set:  
 Yet manie waies they sought, and manie tried; 225  
 Yet for their purposes none fit espyed.  
 At last they chaunst to meete upon the way  
 A simple husbandman in garments gray;  
 Yet, though his vesture were but meane and bace,  
 [\_Bace\_, humble.]  
 A good yeoman he was of honest place, 230  
 And more for thrift did care than for gay clothing:  
 Gay without good is good hearts greatest loathing.  
 The Foxe, him spying, bad the Ape him dight  
 [\_Dight\_, prepare.]  
 To play his part, for loe! he was in sight  
 That, if he er'd not, should them entertaine, 235  
 And yeeld them timely profite for their paine.  
 Eftsoones the Ape himselfe gan up to reare,  
 [\_Eftsoones\_, straightway.]  
 And on his shoulders high his bat to beare,  
 As if good service he were fit to doo,  
 But little thrift for him he did it too: 240  
 And stoutly forward he his steps did straine,  
 That like a handsome swaine it him became.  
 When as they nigh approached, that good man,  
 Seeing them wander loosly, first began  
 T'enquire, of custome, what and whence they were.  
 To whom the Ape: "I am a souldiere, 246  
 That late in warres have spent my deerest blood,  
 And in long service lost both limbs and good;  
 And now, constraint that trade to overgive,  
 I driven am to seeke some meanes to live: 250  
 Which might it you in pitie please t'afford,  
 I would be readie, both in deed and word,  
 To doo you faithfull service all my dayes.  
 This yron world" (that same he weeping sayes)  
 "Brings downe the stowtest hearts to lowest state: 255  
 For miserie doth bravest mindes abate,  
 And make them seeke for that they wont to scorne,  
 Of fortune and of hope at once forlorne."  
 [\_Forlorne\_, deserted.]  
 The honest roan that heard him thus complaine  
 Was griev'd as he had felt part of his paine; 260

And, well dispos'd him some reliefe to showe,  
 Askt if in husbandrie he ought did knowe,--  
 To plough, to plant, to reap, to rake, to sowe,  
 To hedge, to ditch, to thrash, to thetch, to mowe;  
 Or to what labour els he was prepar'd: 265  
 For husbands life is labourous and hard.  
 [\_Husbands\_, husbandman's.]  
 Whenas the Ape him hard so much to talke  
 Of labour, that did from his liking balke,  
 He would have slipt the collar handsomly,  
 And to him said: "Good Sir, full glad am I 270  
 To take what paines may anie living wight:  
 But my late maymed limbs lack wonted might  
 To doo their kindly services, as needeth:  
 [\_Kindly\_, natural.]  
 Scarce this right hand the mouth with diet feedeth;  
 So that it may no painfull worke endure, 275  
 Ne to strong labour can it selfe enure.  
 But if that anie other place you have,  
 Which asks small paines, but thriftines to save,  
 Or care to overlooke, or trust to gather,  
 Ye may me trust as your owne ghostly father." 280  
 With that the husbandman gan him avize,  
 That it for him were fittest exercise  
 Cattell to keep, or grounds to oversee;  
 And asked him, if he could willing bee  
 To keep his sheep, or to attend his swyne, 285  
 Or watch his mares, or take his charge of kyne.  
 "Gladly," said he, "what ever such like paine  
 Ye put on me, I will the same sustaine:  
 But gladliest I of your fleecie sheepe  
 (Might it you please) would take on me the keep. 290  
 For ere that unto armes I me betooke,  
 Unto my fathers sheepe I usde to looke,  
 That yet the skill thereof I have not loste:  
 Thereto right well this curdog, by my coste,  
 (Meaning the Foxe,) will serve my sheepe to gather,  
 And drive to follow after their belwether." 295  
 The husbandman was meanly well content  
 [\_Meanly\_, humbly.]  
 Triall to make of his endeavourment;  
 And, home him leading, lent to him the charge  
 Of all his flocke, with libertie full large, 300  
 Giving accompt of th'annuall increce  
 Both of their lambes, and of their woolly fleece.  
 Thus is this Ape become a shepheard swaine,  
 And the false Foxe his dog: God give them paine!  
 For ere the yeare have halfe his course out-run, 305  
 And doo returne from whence he first begun,  
 They shall him make an ill accompt of thrift.  
 Now whenas time, flying with winges swift,  
 Expired had the terme that these two iavels  
 [\_Iavels\_, worthless fellows.]  
 Should render up a reckning of their travels 310  
 Unto their master, which it of them sought,  
 Exceedingly they troubled were in thought,  
 Ne wist what answer unto him to frame,  
 Ne how to scape great punishment, or shame,  
 For their false treason and vile theeverie: 315

For not a lambe of all their flockes-supply  
 Had they to shew; but ever as they bred,  
 They slue them, and upon their fleshs fed:  
 For that disguised dog lov'd blood to spill,  
 And drew the wicked shepheard to his will. 320  
 So twixt them both they not a lambkin left;  
 And when lambes fail'd, the old sheepes lives they reft;  
 That how t'acquite themselves unto their lord  
 They were in doubt, and flatly set aboard.  
 [\_Set aboard\_, set adrift, at a loss.]  
 The Foxe then counsel'd th'Ape for to require 325  
 Respite till morrow t'answere his desire:  
 For times delay new hope of helpe still breeds.  
 The good man granted, doubting nought their deeds,  
 And bad next day that all should readie be.  
 But they more subtill meaning had than he: 330  
 For the next morrowes meed they closely ment,  
 [\_Closely\_, secretly.]  
 For feare of afterclaps, for to prevent:  
 [\_Prevent\_, anticipate.]  
 And that same evening, when all shrowded were  
 In careles sleep, they without care or feare  
 Cruelly fell upon their flock in folde, 335  
 And of them slew at pleasure what they wolde.  
 Of which whenas they feasted had their fill,  
 For a full complement of all their ill,  
 They stole away, and tooke their hastie flight,  
 Carried in clowdes of all-concealing night. 340  
 So was the husbandman left to his losse,  
 And they unto their fortunes change to tosse.  
 After which sort they wandered long while,  
 Abusing manie through their cloaked guile;  
 That at the last they gan to be descryed 345  
 Of everie one, and all their sleights espyed;  
 So as their begging now them failed quyte,  
 For none would give, but all men would them wyte.  
 [\_Wyte\_, blame.]  
 Yet would they take no paines to get their living,  
 But seeke some other way to gaine by giving, 350  
 Much like to begging, but much better named;  
 For manie beg which are thereof ashamed.  
 And now the Foxe had gotten him a gowne,  
 And th'Ape a cassocke sidelong hanging downe;  
 For they their occupation meant to change, 355  
 And now in other state abroad to range:  
 For since their souldiers pas no better spedd,  
 They forg'd another, as for clerkes booke-redd.  
 Who passing foorth, as their adventures fell,  
 Through manie haps, which needs not here to tell, 360  
 At length chaunst with a formall Priest to meete,  
 [\_Formall\_, regular.]  
 Whom they in civill manner first did greete,  
 And after askt an almes for Gods deare love.  
 The man straightway his choler up did move,  
 And with reproachfull tearmes gan them revile, 365  
 For following that trade so base and vile;  
 And askt what license or what pas they had.  
 "Ah!" said the Ape, as sighing wondrous sad,  
 "Its an hard case, when men of good deserving

Must either driven be perforce to sterving, 370  
 Or asked for their pas by everie squib,  
 [\_Squib\_, flashy, pretentious fellow]  
 That list at will them to revile or snib.  
 [\_Snib\_, snub]  
 And yet (God wote) small oddes I often see  
 Twixt them that aske, and them that asked bee.  
 Natheles because you shall not us misdeeme, 375  
 But that we are as honest as we seeme,  
 Yee shall our pasport at your pleasure see,  
 And then ye will (I hope) well mooved bee."  
 Which when the Priest beheld, he vew'd it nere,  
 As if therein some text he studying were, 380  
 But little els (God wote) could thereof skill:  
 [\_Skill\_, understand.]  
 For read he could not evidence nor will,  
 Ne tell a written word, ne write a letter,  
 Ne make one title worse, ne make one better.  
 Of such deep learning little had he neede, 385  
 Ne yet of Latine ne of Greeke, that breede  
 Doubts mongst divines, and difference of texts,  
 From whence arise diversitie of sects,  
 And hatefull heresies, of God abhor'd.  
 But this good Sir did follow the plaine word, 390  
 Ne medled with their controversies vaine;  
 All his care was his service well to saine,  
 [\_Saine\_, say.]  
 And to read homelies upon holidayes;  
 When that was done, he might attend his playes:  
 An easie life, and fit high God to please. 395  
 He, having overlookt their pas at ease,  
 Gan at the length them to rebuke againe,  
 That no good trade of life did entertaine,  
 But lost their time in wandring loose abroad;  
 Seeing the world, in which they bootles boad, 400  
 [\_Bootles boad\_, dwelt unprofitably.]  
 Had wayes enough for all therein to live;  
 Such grace did God unto his creatures give.  
 Said then the Foxe: "Who hath the world not tride  
 From the right way full eath may wander wide.  
 [\_Eath\_, easy.]  
 We are but novices, new come abroad, 405  
 We have not yet the tract of anie troad,  
 [I.e. routine of any way of life.]  
 Nor on us taken anie state of life,  
 But readie are of anie to make preife.  
 [\_Preife\_, proof.]  
 Therefore might please you, which the world have proved,  
 Us to advise, which forth but lately moved, 410  
 Of some good course that we might undertake,  
 Ye shall for ever us your bondmen make."  
 The priest gan wexe halfe proud to be so praide,  
 And thereby willing to affoord them aide,  
 "It seemes," said he, "right well that ye be clerks, 415  
 Both by your wittie words and by your works.  
 Is not that name enough to make a living  
 To him that hath a whit of Natures giving?  
 How manie honest men see ye arize  
 Daylie thereby, and grow to goodly prize; 420

To deanes, to archdeacons, to commissaries,  
 To lords, to principalls, to prebendaries?  
 All iolly prelates, worthie rule to beare,  
 Who ever them envie: yet spite bites neare.  
 Why should ye doubt, then, but that ye likewise 425  
 Might unto some of those in time arise?  
 In the meane time to live in good estate,  
 Loving that love, and hating those that hate;  
 Being some honest curate, or some vicker,  
 Content with little in condition sicker." 430  
 [\_Sicker\_, sure.]  
 "Ah! but," said th'Ape, "the charge is wondrous great,  
 To feed mens soules, and hath an heavie threat."  
 "To feede mens soules," quoth he, "is not in man:  
 For they must feed themselves, doo what we can.  
 We are but charg'd to lay the meate before: 435  
 Eate they that list, we need to doo no more.  
 But God it is that feedes them with his grace,  
 The bread of life powr'd downe from heavenly place.  
 Therefore said he that with the budding rod  
 Did rule the lewes, \_All shalbe taught of God.\_ 440  
 That same hath Iesus Christ now to him raught,  
 [\_Raught\_, reached, taken.]  
 By whom the flock is rightly fed and taught:  
 He is the shcpheard, and the priest is hee;  
 We but his shepheard swaines ordain'd to bee.  
 Therefore herewith doo not your selfe dismay; 445  
 Ne is the paines so great, but beare ye may;  
 For not so great, as it was wont of yore,  
 It's now a dayes, ne halfe so streight and sore.  
 They whilome used duly everie day  
 Their service and their holie things to say, 450  
 At morne and even, beside their anthemes sweete,  
 Their penie masses, and their complynes meete,  
 [\_Complynes\_, even-song; the last service of the day.]  
 Their diriges, their trentals, and their shrifts,  
 [\_Trentals\_, thirty masses for the dead.]  
 Their memories, their singings, and their gifts.  
 [\_Memories\_, services for the dead.]  
 Now all those needlesse works are laid away; 455  
 Now once a weeke, upon the Sabbath day,  
 It is enough to doo our small devotion,  
 And then to follow any merrie motion.  
 Ne are we tyde to fast, but when we list;  
 Ne to weare garments base of wollen twist, 460  
 But with the finest silkes us to aray,  
 That before God we may appeare more gay,  
 Resembling Aarons glorie in his place:  
 For farre unfit it is, that person bace  
 Should with vile cloaths approach Gods maiestie, 465  
 Whom no uncleannes may approachen nie;  
 Or that all men, which anie master serve,  
 Good garments for their service should deserve,  
 But he that serves the Lord of Hoasts Most High,  
 And that in highest place, t'approach him nigh, 470  
 And all the peoples prayers to present  
 Before his throne, as on ambassage sent  
 Both too and fro, should not deserve to weare  
 A garment better than of wooll or heare.

Beside, we may have lying by our sides 475  
 Our lovely lasses, or bright shining brides;  
 We be not tyde to wilfull chastitie,  
 But have the gospell of free libertie."  
 By that he ended had his ghostly sermon,  
 The Foxe was well induc'd to be a parson; 480  
 And of the priest eftsoones gan to enquire  
 How to a benefice he might aspire.  
 "Marie, there," said the priest, "is arte indeed:  
 Much good deep learning one thereout may reed;  
 For that the ground-worke is, and end of all, 485  
 How to obtaine a beneficiall.  
 First, therefore, when ye have in handsome wise  
 Your selfe attyred, as you can devise,  
 Then to some nobleman your selfe applye,  
 Or other great one in the worldes eye, 490  
 That hath a zealous disposition  
 To God, and so to his religion.  
 There must thou fashion eke a godly zeale,  
 Such as no carpers may contrayre reveale:  
 For each thing fained ought more warie bee. 495  
 There thou must walke in sober gravitee,  
 And seeme as saintlike as Saint Radegund:  
 Fast much, pray oft, looke lowly on the ground,  
 And unto everie one doo curtesie meeke:  
 These lookes (nought saying) doo a benefice seeke,  
 And be thou sure one not to lacke or long. 501  
 [Or\_, ere.]  
 But if thee list unto the Court to throng,  
 And there to hunt after the hoped pray,  
 Then must thou thee dispose another way  
 For there thou needs must learne to laugh, to lie, 505  
 To face, to forge, to scoffe, to companie,  
 To crouche, to please, to be a beetle-stock  
 Of thy great masters will, to scorne, or mock:  
 So maist thou chaunce mock out a benefice,  
 Unlesse thou canst one coniure by device, 510  
 Or cast a figure for a bishoprick:  
 And if one could, it were but a schoole trick.  
 These be the wayes by which without reward  
 Livings in court he gotten, though full hard;  
 For nothing there is done without a fee: 515  
 The courtier needes must recompenced bee  
 With a benevolence, or have in gage  
 [Gage\_, pledge.]  
 The primitias of your parsonage:  
 [Primitias\_, first-fruits.]  
 Scarse can a bishoprick forpas them by,  
 But that it must be gelt in privitie. 520  
 Doo not thou therefore seeke a living there,  
 But of more private persons seeke elsewhere,  
 Whereas thou maist compound a better penie,  
 Ne let thy learning question'd be of anie.  
 For some good gentleman, that hath the right 525  
 Unto his church for to present a wight,  
 Will cope with thee in reasonable wise,  
 [Cope\_, bargain.]  
 That if the living yerely doo arise  
 To fortie pound, that then his yongest sonne



Shall twentie have, and twentie thou hast wonne: 530  
 Thou hast it wonne, for it is of franke gift  
 And he will care for all the rest to shift;  
 Both that the bishop may admit of thee,  
 And that therein thou maist maintained bee.  
 This is the way for one that is unlern'd 535  
 Living to get, and not to be discern'd.  
 But they that are great clerkes have nearer wayes  
 For learning sake to living them to raise:  
 Yet manie eke of them (God wote) are driven  
 T'accept a benefice in peeces riven.-- 540  
 How saist thou, friend, have I not well discourst  
 Upon this common-place, though plaine, not wourst?  
 Better a short tale than a bad long shriving:  
 Needes anie more to learne to get a living?"  
 "Now sure, and by my hallidome," quoth he 545  
 "Yea great master are in your degree:  
 Great thanks I yeeld you for your discipline,  
 And doo not doubt but duly to encline  
 My wits theretoo, as ye shall shortly heare."  
 The priest him wisht good speed and well to fare: 550  
 So parted they, as eithers way them led.  
 But th'Ape and Foxe ere long so well them sped,  
 Through the priests holesome counsell lately tought,  
 And throgth their owne faire handling wisely wroght,  
 That they a benefice twixt them obtained, 555  
 And craftie Reynold was a priest ordained,  
 And th'Ape his parish clarke procur'd to bee:  
 Then made they revell route and goodly glee.  
 But, ere long time had passed, they so ill  
 Did order their affaires, that th'evill will 560  
 Of all their parishners they had constraind;  
 Who to the ordinarie of them complain'd,  
 How fowlie they their offices abusd,  
 And them of crimes and heresies accusd;  
 That pursivants he often for them sent. 565  
 But they neglected his commaundement;  
 So long persisted obstinate and bolde,  
 Till at the length he published to holde  
 A visitation, and them cyted thether.  
 Then was high time their wits about to geather; 570  
 What did they then, but made a composition  
 With their next neighbor priest for light condition,  
 To whom their living they resigned quight  
 For a few pence, and ran away by night.  
 So passing through the countrey in disguise, 575  
 They fled farre off, where none might them surprize,  
 And after that long straied here and there,  
 Through everie field and forrest farre and nere;  
 Yet never found occasion for their tourne,  
 But, almost sterv'd, did much lament and mourne. 580  
 At last they chaunst to meete upon the way  
 The Mule, all deckt in goodly rich aray,  
 With bells and bosses that full lowdly rung,  
 And costly trappings that to ground downe hung.  
 Lowly they him saluted in meeke wise; 585  
 But he through pride and fatnes gan despise  
 Their meanesse; scarce vouchsafte them to requite.  
 Whereat the Foxe deep groning in his sprite,

|                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                          |     |
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| Said: "Ah! Sir Mule, now blessed be the day<br>That I see you so goodly and so gay<br>In your attyres, and eke your silken hyde<br>Fil'd with round flesh, that everie bone doth hide.<br>Seemes that in fruitfull pastures ye doo live,<br>Or fortune doth you secret favour give."                                                                                                                                                                                                                                     | 590 |
| "Foolish Foxe!" said the Mule, "thy wretched need<br>Praiseth the thing that doth thy sorrow breed.<br>For well I weene thou canst not but envie<br>My wealth, compar'd to thine owne miserie,<br>That art so leane and meagre waxen late<br>That scarce thy legs uphold thy feeble gate."                                                                                                                                                                                                                               | 596 |
| "Ay me!" said then the Foxe, "whom evill hap<br>Unworthy in such wretchednes doth wrap,<br>And makes the scorne of other beasts to bee.<br>But read, faire Sir, of grace, from whence come yee;<br>Or what of tidings you abroad doo heare;<br>Newes may perhaps some good unweeting beare."                                                                                                                                                                                                                             | 600 |
| "From royall court I lately came," said he,<br>"Where all the braverie that eye may see,<br>And all the happinesse that heart desire,<br>Is to be found; he nothing can admire,<br>That hath not seene that heavens portrature.<br>But tidings there is none, I you assure,<br>Save that which common is, and knowne to all,<br>That courtiers as the tide doo rise and fall."                                                                                                                                           | 605 |
| "But tell us," said the Ape, "we doo you pray,<br>Who now in court doth beare the greatest sway:<br>That, if such fortune doo to us befall,<br>We may seeke favour of the best of all."                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                  | 610 |
| "Marie," said he, "the highest now in grace,<br>Be the wilde beasts, that swiftest are in chase;<br>For in their speedie course and nimble flight<br>The Lyon now doth take the most delight:<br>But chieflie ioyes on foote them to beholde,<br>Enchaste with chaine and circulet of golde:<br>[Enchaste_, adorned.]                                                                                                                                                                                                    | 615 |
| So wilde a beaste so tame ytaught to bee,<br>And buxome to his bands, is ioy to see;<br>[Buxome_, obedient.]<br>So well his golden circlet him beseemeth.<br>But his late chayne his Liege unmeete esteemeth;<br>For so brave beasts she loveth best to see<br>[She: I.e. the queen.]                                                                                                                                                                                                                                    | 620 |
| In the wilde forrest raunging fresh and free.<br>Therefore if fortune thee in court to live,<br>In case thou ever there wilt hope to thrive,<br>To some of these thou must thy selfe apply;<br>Els as a thistle-downe in th'ayre doth flie,<br>So vainly shalt thou too and fro be tost,<br>And loose thy labour and thy fruitles cost.<br>And yet full few which follow them I see<br>For vertues bare regard advaunced bee,<br>But either for some gainfull benefit,<br>Or that they may for their owne turnes be fit. | 625 |
| Nath'les, perhaps ye things may handle soe,<br>That ye may better thrive than thousands moe."<br>"But," said the Ape, "how shall we first come in,<br>That after we may favour seeke to win?"                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                            | 630 |
|                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                          | 635 |
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"How els," said he, "but with a good bold face, 645  
 And with big words, and with a stately pace,  
 That men may thinke of you in generall  
 That to be in you which is not at all:  
 For not by that which is the world now deemeth,  
 (As it was wont) but by that same that seemeth. 650  
 Ne do I doubt but that ye well can fashion  
 Your selves theretoo, according to occasion.  
 So fare ye well: good courtiers may ye bee!"  
 So, prouddie neighing, from them parted hee.  
 Then gan this craftie couple to devise, 655  
 How for the court themselves they might aguize:  
 [\_Aguize\_, decorate.]  
 For thither they themselves meant to addresse,  
 In hope to finde there happier successe.  
 So well they shifted, that the Ape anon  
 Himselfe had cloathed like a gentleman, 660  
 And the slie Foxe as like to be his groome;  
 That to the court in seemly sort they come.  
 Where the fond Ape, himselfe uprearing by  
 Upon his tiptoes, stalketh stately by,  
 As if he were some great magnifico, 665  
 And boldlie doth amongst the boldest go;  
 And his man Reynold, with fine counterfesaunce,  
 [\_Counterfesaunce\_, counterfeiting.]  
 Supports his credite and his countenaunce.  
 Then gan the courtiers gaze on everie side,  
 And stare on him with big looks basen wide, 670  
 [\_Basen\_, swelled.]  
 Wondring what mister wight he was, and whence;  
 [\_Mister wight\_, sort of creature.]  
 For he was clad in strange accoustrements,  
 Fashion'd with quaint devises never seene  
 In court before, yet there all fashions beene;  
 Yet he them in newfangelnesse did pas. 675  
 But his behaviour altogether was  
 \_Alla Turchesca\_, much the more admyr'd;  
 [\_Alla Turchesca\_, in the Turkish fashion.]  
 And his lookes loftie, as if he aspyr'd  
 To dignitie, and sdeign'd the low degree;  
 That all which did such strangenesse in him see 680  
 By secrete meanes gan of his state enquire,  
 And privily his servant thereto hire:  
 Who, throughly arm'd against such coverture,  
 [\_Coverture\_, underhand dealing.]  
 Reported unto all that he was sure  
 A noble gentleman of high regard, 685  
 Which through the world had with long travel far'd,  
 And seene the manners of all beasts on ground,  
 Now here arriv'd to see if like he found.  
 Thus did the Ape at first him credit gaine,  
 Which afterwards he wisely did maintaine 690  
 With gallant showe, and daylie more augment  
 Through his fine feates and courtly complement;  
 For he could play, and daunce, and vaute, and spring,  
 And all that els pertaines to reveling.  
 Onely through kindly aptnes of his ioynts. 695  
 [\_Kindly\_, natural.]  
 Besides he could doo manie other poynts,

The which in court him served to good stead:  
 For he mongst ladies could their fortunes read  
 Out of their hands, and merie leasings tell,  
 And iuggle finely, that became him well. 700  
 But he so light was at legierdemaine,  
 That what he toucht came not to light againe;  
 Yet would he laugh it out, and proudly looke,  
 And tell them that they greatly him mistooke.  
 So would he scoffe them out with mockcrie, 705  
 For he therein had great felicitie;  
 And with sharp quips ioy'd others to deface,  
 Thinking that their disgracing did him grace:  
 So whilst that other like vaine wits he pleased  
 And made to laugh, his heart was greatly eased. 710  
 But the right gentle minde would bite his lip,  
 To heare the iavell so good men to nip:  
 [\_Iavell\_, worthless fellow.]  
 For, though the vulgar yeeld an open eare,  
 And common courtiers love to gybe and fleare  
 At everie thing which they heare spoken ill, 715  
 And the best speaches with ill meaning spill,  
 [\_Spill\_, spoil.]  
 Yet the brave courtier, in whose beauteous thought  
 Regard of honour harbours more than ought,  
 Doth loath such base condition, to backbite  
 [\_Condition\_, quality.]  
 Anies good name for envie or despite. 720  
 He stands on tearmes of honourable minde,  
 Ne will be carried with the common winde  
 Of courts inconstant mutabilitie,  
 Ne after everie tattling fable flie;  
 But heares and sees the follies of the rest, 725  
 And thereof gathers for himselfe the best.  
 He will not creepe, nor crouche with fained face,  
 But walkes upright with comely stedfast pace,  
 And unto all doth yeeld due curtesie;  
 But not with kissed hand belowe the knee, 730  
 As that same apish crue is wont to doo:  
 For he disdaines himselfe t'embase theretoo.  
 He hates fowle leasings and vile flatterie,  
 Two filthie blots in noble gentry;  
 And lothefull idlenes he doth detest, 735  
 The canker worme of everie gentle brest;  
 The which to banish with faire exercise  
 Of knightly feates he daylie doth devise:  
 Now menaging the mouthes of stubborne steedes,  
 Now practising the prooffe of warlike deedes, 740  
 Now his bright armes assaying, now his speare,  
 Now the nigh aymed ring away to beare:  
 At other times he casts to sew the chace  
 [\_Casts\_, plans, makes arrangements.]  
 Of Swift wilde beasts, or runne on foote a race,  
 T'enlarge his breath, (large breath in armes most needfull,) 745  
 Or els by wrestling to wex strong and heedfull,  
 Or his stiffe armes to stretch with eughen bowe,  
 [\_Eughen\_, made of yew.]  
 And manly legs, still passing too and fro,  
 Without a gowned beast him fast beside;  
 A vaine ensample of the Persian pride, 750

Who after he had wonne th'Assyrian foe,  
 Did ever after scorne on foote to goe.  
 Thus when this courtly gentleman with toyle  
 Himselfe hath wearied, he doth recoyle  
 Unto his rest, and there with sweete delight 755  
 Of musicks skill revives his toyled spright;  
 Or els with loves and ladies gentle sports,  
 The ioy of youth, himselfe he recomforts:  
 Or lastly, when the bodie list to pause,  
 His minde unto the Muses he withdrawes, 760  
 Sweete Ladie Muses, ladies of delight,  
 Delights of life, and ornaments of light:  
 With whom he close confers with wise discourse,  
 Of Natures workes, of heavens continuall course,  
 Of forreine lands, of people different, 765  
 Of kingdomes change, of divers gouernment,  
 Of dreadfull battailes of renowned knights;  
 With which he kindleth his ambitious sprights  
 To like desire and praise of noble fame,  
 The onely upshot whereto he doth ayme. 770  
 For all his minde on honour fixed is,  
 To which he levels all his purposis,  
 And in his Princes service spends his dayes,  
 Not so much for to game, or for to raise  
 Himselfe to high degree, as for his grace, 775  
 And in his liking to winne worthie place,  
 Through due deserts and comely carriage,  
 In whatso please employ his personage,  
 That may be matter meete to game him praise.  
 For he is fit to use in all assayes, 780  
 Whether for armes and warlike amenaunce,  
 [\_Amenaunce\_, conduct.]  
 Or else for wise and civill governaunce;  
 For he is practiz'd well in policie,  
 And thereto doth his courting most applie:  
 [\_Courting\_, life at court.]  
 To learne the enterdeale of princes strange, 785  
 [\_Enterdeale\_, dealing together.]  
 To marke th'intent of counsells, and the change  
 Of states, and eke of private men sometime,  
 Supplanted by fine falshood and faire guile;  
 Of all the which he gathereth what is fit  
 T'enrich the storehouse of his powerfull wit, 790  
 Which through wise speaches and grave conference  
 He daylie eekes, and brings to excellence.  
 [\_Eekes\_, increases.]  
 Such is the rightfull courtier in his kinde:  
 But unto such the Ape lent not his minde;  
 Such were for him no fit companions, 795  
 Such would descrie his lewd conditions:  
 But the yong lustie gallants he did chose  
 To follow, meete to whom he might disclose  
 His witlesse pleasance and ill pleasing vaine.  
 A thousand wayes he them could entertaine, 800  
 With all the thriftles games that may be found;  
 With mumming and with masking all around,  
 With dice, with cards, with balliards farre unfit,  
 [\_Balliards\_, billiards.]  
 With shuttelcocks, misseeming manlie wit,

[\_Misseeming\_, unbecoming.]  
 With courtizans, and costly riotize, 805  
 Whereof still somewhat to his share did rize:  
 Ne, them to pleasure, would he sometimes scorne  
 A pandares coate (so basely was he borne);  
 Thereto he could fine loving verses frame,  
 And play the poet oft. But ah! for shame, 810  
 Let not sweete poets praise, whose onely pride  
 Is vertue to advaunce, and vice deride,  
 Be with the worke of losels wit defamed,  
 Ne let such verses poetrie be named!  
 Yet he the name on him would rashly take, 815  
 Maugre the sacred Muses, and it make  
 A servant to the vile affection  
 Of such as he depended most upon;  
 And with the sugrie sweete thereof allure  
 Chast ladies eares to fantasies impure. 820  
 To such delights the noble wits he led  
 Which him reliev'd, and their vaine humours fed  
 With fruitles folies and unsound delights.  
 But if perhaps into their noble sprights  
 Desire of honor or brave thought of armes 825  
 Did ever creepe, then with his wicked charmes  
 And strong conceits he would it drive away,  
 Ne suffer it to house there halfe a day.  
 And whenso love of letters did inspire  
 Their gentle wits, and kindly wise desire, 830  
 [Kindly: Qu. \_kindle?\_]

That chieflie doth each noble minde adorne,  
 Then he would scoffe at learning, and eke scorne  
 The sectaries thereof, as people base  
 [\_Sectaries\_, followers.]  
 And simple men, which never came in place  
 Of worlds affaires, but, in darke corners mewd, 835  
 Muttred of matters as their bookes them shewd,  
 Ne other knowledge ever did attaine,  
 But with their gownes their gravitie maintaine.  
 From them he would his impudent lewde speach  
 Against Gods holie ministers oft reach, 840  
 And mocke divines and their profession.  
 What else then did he by progression,  
 But mocke High God himselfe, whom they professe?  
 But what car'd he for God, or godlinesse?  
 All his care was himselfe how to advaunce, 845  
 And to uphold his courtly countenance  
 By all the cunning meanes he could devise;  
 "Were it by honest wayes, or otherwise,  
 He made small choyce: yet sure his honestie  
 Got him small gaines, but shameles flatterie, 850  
 And filthie brocage, and unseemly shifts,  
 [\_Brocage\_, pimping.]  
 And borowe base, and some good ladies gifts.  
 [\_Borowe\_, pledging.]  
 But the best helpe, which chiefly him sustain'd,  
 Was his man Raynolds purchase which he gain'd:  
 [\_Purchase\_, booty.]  
 For he was school'd by kinde in all the skill 855  
 [\_Kinde\_, nature.]  
 Of close conveyance, and each practise ill

Of coosinage and cleanly knaverie,  
 [\_Cleanly\_, neat, skillful.]  
 Which oft maintain'd his masters braverie.  
 Besides, he usde another slipprie slight,  
 In taking on himselfe, in common sight, 860  
 False personages fit for everie sted,  
 With which he thousands cleanly coosined:  
 Now like a merchant, merchants to deceave,  
 With whom his credite he did often leave  
 In gage for his gay masters hopelesse dett: 865  
 Now like a lawyer, when he land would lett,  
 Or sell fee-simples in his masters name,  
 Which he had never, nor ought like the same;  
 Then would he be a broker, and draw in  
 Both wares and money, by exchange to win: 870  
 Then would he seeme a farmer, that would sell  
 Bargaines of woods, which he did lately fell,  
 Or corne, or cattle, or such other ware,  
 Thereby to coosin men not well aware:  
 Of all the which there came a secret fee 875  
 To th'Ape, that he his countenance might bee.  
 Besides all this, he us'd oft to beguile  
 Poore suters that in court did haunt some while:  
 For he would learne their busines secretly,  
 And then informe his master hastely, 880  
 That he by meanes might cast them to prevent,  
 [\_Prevent\_, anticipate.]  
 And beg the sute the which the other ment.  
 Or otherwise false Reynold would abuse  
 The simple suter, and wish him to chuse  
 His master, being one of great regard 885  
 In court, to compas anie sute not hard,  
 In case his paines were recompenst with reason:  
 So would he worke the silly man by treason  
 To buy his masters frivolous good will,  
 That had not power to doo him good or ill. 890  
 So pitifull a thing is suters state!  
 Most miserable man, whom wicked fate  
 Hath brought to court, to sue for had-ywist,  
 That few have found, and manie one hath mist!  
 Full little knowest thou that hast not tride, 895  
 What hell it is in suing long to bide:  
 To loose good dayes, that might be better spent;  
 To wast long nights in pensive discontent;  
 To speed to day, to be put back to morrow;  
 To feed on hope, to pine with feare and sorrow; 900  
 To have thy Princes grace, yet want her Peeres;  
 To have thy asking, yet waite manie yeeres;  
 To fret thy soule with crosses and with cares;  
 To eate thy heart through comfortlesse dispaire;  
 To fawne, to crowche, to waite, to ride, to ronne, 905  
 To spend, to give, to want, to be undonne.  
 Unhappie wight, borne to desastrous end,  
 That doth his life in so long tendance spend!  
 Who ever leaves sweete home, where meane estate  
 In safe assurance, without strife or hate, 910  
 Findes all things needfull for contentment meeke,  
 And will to court for shadowes vaine to seeke,  
 Or hope to gaine, himselfe will a daw trie:

That curse God send unto mine enemy!  
 For none but such as this bold Ape unblest 915  
 Can ever thrive in that unluckie quest;  
 Or such as hath a Reynold to his man,  
 That by his shifts his master furnish can.  
 But yet this Foxe could not so closely hide  
 His craftie feates, but that they were descride 920  
 At length by such as sate in iustice seate,  
 Who for the same him fowlie did entreate;  
 And, having worthily him punished,  
 Out of the court for ever banished.  
 And now the Ape, wanting his huckster man, 925  
 That wont provide his necessaries, gan  
 To growe into great lacke, ne could upholde  
 His countenance in those his garments olde;  
 Ne new ones could he easily provide,  
 Though all men him uncased gan deride, 930  
 Like as a puppit placed in a play,  
 Whose part once past all men bid take away:  
 So that he driven was to great distresse,  
 And shortly brought to hopelesse wretchednesse.  
 Then closely as he might he cast to leave 935  
 The court, not asking any passe or leave;  
 But ran away in his rent rags by night,  
 Ne ever stayd in place, ne spake to wight,  
 Till that the Foxe, his copesmate, he had found;  
 [Copesmate\_, partner in trade.]  
 To whome complayning his unhappie stound, 940  
 [Stound\_, plight, exigency.]  
 At last againe with him in travell ioyned,  
 And with him far'd some better chaunee to fynde.  
 So in the world long time they wandered,  
 And mickle want and hardnesse suffered;  
 That them repented much so foolishly 945  
 To come so farre to seeke for misery,  
 And leave the sweetnes of contented home,  
 Though eating hipps and drinking watry fome.  
 [Hipps\_, dog-rose berries.]  
 Thus as they them complayned too and fro,  
 Whilst through the forest rechlesse they did goe, 950  
 [Rechlesse\_, reckless.]  
 Lo! where they spide how in a gloomy glade  
 The Lyon sleeping lay in secret shade,  
 His crowne and scepter lying him beside,  
 And having doft for heate his dreadfull hide:  
 Which when they saw, the Ape was sore afrayde, 955  
 And would have fled with terror all dismayde.  
 But him the Foxe with hardy words did stay,  
 And bad him put all cowardize away;  
 For now was time, if ever they would hope,  
 To ayme their counsels to the fairest scope, 960  
 And them for ever highly to advaunce,  
 In case the good which their owne happie chaunce  
 Them freely offred they would wisely take.  
 Scarse could the Ape yet speake, so did he quake;  
 Yet, as he could, he askt how good might growe 965  
 Where nought but dread and death do seeme in show.  
 "Now," sayd he, "whiles the Lyon sleepeth sound,  
 May we his crowne and mace take from the ground,



And eke his skinne, the terror of the wood,  
 Wherewith we may our selves, if we thinke good, 970  
 Make kings of beasts, and lords of forests all  
 Subiect unto that powre imperiall."  
 "Ah! but," sayd the Ape, "who is so bold a wretch,  
 That dare his hardy hand to those outstretch,  
 When as he knowes his meede, if he be spide, 975  
 To be a thousand deathes, and shame beside?"  
 "Fond Ape!" sayd then the Foxe, "into whose brest  
 Never crept thought of honor nor brave gest,  
 [\_ Gest\_, deed.]  
 Who will not venture life a king to be,  
 And rather rule and raigne in soveraign see, 980  
 Than dwell in dust inglorious and bace,  
 Where none shall name the number of his place?  
 One ioyous howre in blisfull happines,  
 I chose before a life of wretchednes.  
 Be therefore counselled herein by me, 985  
 And shake off this vile-harted cowardree.  
 If he awake, yet is not death the next,  
 For we may colour it with some pretext  
 Of this or that, that may excuse the cryme:  
 Else we may flye; thou to a tree mayst clyme, 990  
 And I creepe under ground; both from his reach:  
 Therefore be rul'd to doo as I doo teach."  
 The Ape, that earst did nought but chill and quake,  
 Now gan some courage unto him to take,  
 And was content to attempt that enterprise, 995  
 Tickled with glorie and rash covetise.  
 But first gan question, whether should assay  
 [\_ Whether\_, which of the two.]  
 Those royall ornaments to steale away?  
 "Marie, that shall your selfe," quoth he theretoo,  
 "For ye be fine and nimble it to doo; 1000  
 Of all the beasts which in the forrests bee  
 Is not a fitter for this turne than yee:  
 Therefore, mine owne deare brother, take good hart,  
 And ever thinke a kingdome is your part."  
 Loath was the Ape, though praised, to adven- 1005  
 Yet faintly gan into his worke to enter,  
 Afraid of everie leafe that stir'd him by,  
 And everie stick that underneath did ly:  
 Upon his tiptoes nicely he up went,  
 For making noyse, and still his eare he lent 1010  
 To everie sound that under heaven blew;  
 Now went, now stopt, now crept, now backward drew,  
 That it good sport had been him to have eyde.  
 Yet at the last, so well he him applyde,  
 Through his fine handling and cleanly play 1015  
 He all those royall signes had stolne away,  
 And with the Foxes helpe them borne aside  
 Into a secret corner unespide.  
 Whither whenas they came they fell at words,  
 Whether of them should be the lords of lords: 1020  
 For th'Ape was stryfull and ambicious,  
 And the Foxe guilefull and most covetous;  
 That neither pleased was to have the rayne  
 Twixt them divided into even twaine,  
 But either algates would be lords alone: 1025

[\_Algates\_, by all means.]  
 For love and lordship bide no paragone.  
 [\_Paragone\_, equal, partner.]  
 "I am most worthie," said the Ape, "sith I  
 For it did put my life in ieopardie:  
 Thereto I am in person and in stature  
 Most like a man, the lord of everie creature, 1030  
 So that it seemeth I was made to raigne,  
 And borne to be a kingly soveraigne."  
 "Nay," said the Foxe, "Sir Ape, you are astray;  
 For though to steale the diademe away  
 Were the worke of your nimble hand, yet I 1035  
 Did first devise the plot by pollicie;  
 So that it wholly springeth from my wit:  
 For which also I claime my selfe more fit  
 Than you to rule: for government of state  
 Will without wisdomes soone be ruinate. 1040  
 And where ye claime your selfe for outward shape  
 Most like a man, man is not like an ape  
 In his chiefe parts, that is, in wit and spirite;  
 But I therein most like to him doo merite,  
 For my slie wyles and subtill craftinesse, 1045  
 The title of the kingdome to possesse.  
 Nath'les, my brother, since we passed are  
 Unto this point, we will appease our iarre;  
 And I with reason meete will rest content,  
 That ye shall have both crowne and government, 1050  
 Upon condition that ye ruled bee  
 In all affaires, and counselled by mee;  
 And that ye let none other ever drawe  
 Your minde from me, but keepe this as a lawe:  
 And hereupon an oath unto me plight." 1055  
 The Ape was glad to end the strife so light,  
 And thereto swore: for who would not oft sweare,  
 And oft unsweare, a diademe to beare?  
 Then freely up those royall spoyles he tooke,  
 Yet at the Lyons skin he inly quooke; 1060  
 But it dissembled, and upon his head  
 The crowne, and on his backe the skin, he did,  
 And the false Foxe him helped to array.  
 Then when he was all dight he tooke his way  
 Into the forest, that he might be seene 1065  
 Of the wilde beasts in his new glory sheene.  
 There the two first whome he encountred were  
 The Sheepe and th'Asse, who, stricken both with feare  
 At sight of him, gan fast away to flye;  
 But unto them the Foxe alowd did cry, 1070  
 And in the kings name bad them both to stay,  
 Upon the payne that thereof follow may.  
 Hardly naythles were they restrayned so,  
 Till that the Foxe forth toward them did goe,  
 And there dissuaded them from needlease feare, 1075  
 For that the King did favour to them beare;  
 And therefore dreadles bad them come to corte;  
 For no wild beasts should do them any torte  
 [\_Torte\_, wrong.]  
 There or abroad, ne would his Maiestye  
 Use them but well, with gracious clemencye, 1080  
 As whome he knew to him both fast and true.

So he perswaded them with homage due  
 Themselves to humble to the Ape prostrate,  
 Who, gently to them bowing in his gate,  
 [ Gate\_, way.]  
 Receyved them with chearefull entertayne. 1085  
 Thenceforth proceeding with his princely trayne,  
 He shortly met the Tygre, and the Bore,  
 Which with the simple Camell raged sore  
 In bitter words, seeking to take occasion  
 Upon his fleshly corpse to make invasion: 1090  
 But soone as they this mock-king did espy,  
 Their troublous strife they stinted by and by,  
 [ Stinted by and by\_, stopped at once.]  
 Thinking indeed that it the Lyon was.  
 He then, to prove whether his powre would pas  
 As current, sent the Foxe to them streight way, 1095  
 Commaunding them their cause of strife bewray;  
 And, if that wrong on eyther side there were,  
 That he should warne the wronger to appeare  
 The morrow next at court, it to defend;  
 In the meane time upon the King t'attend. 1100  
 The subtile Foxe so well his message sayd,  
 That the proud beasts him readily obeyd:  
 Whereby the Ape in wondrous stomack woxe,  
 Strongly encorag'd by the crafty Foxe;  
 That king indeed himselfe he shortly thought, 1105  
 And all the beasts him feared as they ought,  
 And followed unto his palaice hye;  
 Where taking conge, each one by and by  
 Departed to his home in dreadfull awe,  
 Full of the feared sight which late they sawe. 1110  
 The Ape, thus seized of the regall throne,  
 Eftsones by counsell of the Foxe alone  
 Gan to provide for all things in assurance,  
 That so his rule might lenger have endurance.  
 First, to his gate be pointed a strong gard, 1115  
 That none might enter but with issue hard:  
 Then, for the safeguard of his personage,  
 He did appoint a warlike equipage  
 Of forreine beasts, not in the forest bred,  
 But part by land and part by water fed; 1120  
 For tyrannie is with strange ayde supported.  
 Then unto him all monstrous beasts resorted  
 Bred of two kindes, as Griffons, Minotaures,  
 Crocodiles, Dragons, Beavers, and Centaures:  
 With those himselfe he strengthned mightelie, 1125  
 That feare he neede no force of enemie.  
 Then gan he rule and tyrannize at will,  
 Like as the Foxe did guide his graceles skill;  
 And all wylde beasts made vassals of his pleasures,  
 And with their spoyles enlarg'd his private treasures.  
 No care of iustice, nor no rule of reason, 1131  
 No temperance, nor no regard of season,  
 Did thenceforth ever enter in his minde;  
 But crueltie, the signe of currish kinde,  
 And sdeignfull pride, and wilfull arrogaunce; 1135  
 Such followes those whom fortune doth advaunce.  
 But the false Foxe most kindly plaid his part:  
 [ Kindly\_, according to his nature.]

For whatsoever mother-wit or arte  
 Could worke, he put in prooffe: no practise slie,  
 No counterpoint of cunning policie, 1140  
 [\_Counterpoint\_, counterplot.]  
 Ne reach, no breach, that might him profit bring,  
 But he the same did to his purpose wring.  
 Nought suffered he the Ape to give or graunt,  
 But through his hand must passe the fiaunt.  
 [\_Fiaunt\_, fiat.]  
 All offices, all leases by him lept, 1145  
 And of them all whatso he likte he kept.  
 Iustice he solde iniustice for to buy,  
 And for to purchase for his progeny.  
 [\_Purchase\_, collect spoil.]  
 Ill might it prosper that ill gotten was,  
 But, so he got it, little did he pas. 1150  
 [\_Pas\_, care.]  
 He fed his cubs with fat of all the soyle,  
 And with the sweete of others sweating toyle;  
 He crammed them with crumbs of benefices,  
 And fild their mouthes with meeds of malefices;  
 [\_Malifices\_, evil deeds.]  
 He cloathed them with all colours save white, 1155  
 And loded them with lordships and with might,  
 So much as they were able well to beare,  
 That with the weight their backs nigh broken were.  
 He chaffred chayres in which churchmen were set,  
 [\_Chaffred\_, bartered.]  
 And breach of lawes to privie ferme did let. 1160  
 [\_Ferme\_, farm.]  
 No statute so established might bee,  
 Nor ordinaunce so needfull, but that hee  
 Would violate, though not with violence,  
 Yet under colour of the confidence  
 The which the Ape repos'd in him alone, 1165  
 And reckned him the kingdomes corner stone.  
 And ever, when he ought would bring to pas,  
 His long experience the platforme was:  
 And when he ought not pleasing would put by  
 The cloke was care of thrift, and husbandry, 1170  
 For to encrease the common treasures store.  
 But his owne treasure he encreased more,  
 And lifted up his loftie towres thereby,  
 That they began to threat the neighbour sky;  
 The whiles the princes pallaces fell fast 1175  
 To ruine; for what thing can ever last?  
 And whilest the other peeres for povertie  
 Were forst their auncient houses to let lie,  
 And their olde castles to the ground to fall,  
 Which their forefathers famous over-all 1180  
 [\_Over-all\_, everywhere.]  
 Had founded for the kingdomes ornament,  
 And for their memories long moniment.  
 But he no count made of nobilitie,  
 Nor the wilde beasts whom armes did glorifie, 1185  
 The realmes chiefe strength and girlond of the crowne.  
 All these through fained crimes he thrust adowne,  
 Or made them dwell in darknes of disgrace:  
 For none but whom he list might come in place.

Of men of armes he had but small regard,  
 But kept them lowe, and streigned verie hard. 1190  
 For men of learning little he esteemed;  
 His wisdom he above their learning deemed.  
 As for the rascall commons, least he cared,  
 For not so common was his bountie shared: 1194  
 "Let God," said he, "if please, care for the manie,  
 I for my selfe must care before els anie."  
 So did he good to none, to manie ill,  
 So did he all the kingdome rob and pill,  
 [\_Pill\_, plunder.]  
 Yet none durst speake, ne none durst of him plaine;  
 So great he was in grace, and rich through game.  
 Ne would he anie let to have accesse 1201  
 Unto the Prince, but by his owne addresse:  
 For all that els did come were sure to faile;  
 Yet would he further none but for availe.  
 For on a time the Sheepe, to whom of yore 1205  
 The Foxe had promised of friendship store,  
 What time the Ape the kingdome first did gaine,  
 Came to the court, her case there to complaine;  
 How that the Wolfe, her mortall enemye,  
 Had sithence slaine her lambe most cruellie; 1210  
 [\_Sithence\_, since.]  
 And therefore crav'd to come unto the King,  
 To let him knowe the order of the thing.  
 "Soft, Gooddie Sheepe!" then said the Foxe, "not soe:  
 Unto the King so rash ye may not goe;  
 He is with greater matter busied 1215  
 Than a lambe, or the lambes owne mothers hed.  
 Ne certes may I take it well in part,  
 That ye my cousin Wolfe so fowly thwart,  
 And seeke with slaunder his good name to blot:  
 For there was cause, els doo it he would not: 1220  
 Therefore surcease, good dame, and hence depart."  
 So went the Sheepe away with heavie hart;  
 So manie moe, so everie one was used,  
 That to give largely to the boxe refused.

Now when high love, in whose almightie hand 1225  
 The care of kings and power of empires stand,  
 Sitting one day within his turret hye,  
 From whence he vewes with his black-lidded eye  
 Whatso the heaven in his wide vawte containes,  
 And all that in the deepest earth remaines, 1230  
 And troubled kingdome of wilde beasts behelde,  
 Whom not their kindly sovereigne did welde,  
 [\_Welde\_, govern.]  
 But an usurping Ape, with guile suborn'd,  
 Had all subverst, he sdeignfully it scorn'd  
 In his great heart, and hardly did refraine 1235  
 But that with thunder bolts he had him slaine,  
 And driven downe to hell, his dewest meed.  
 But him avizing, he that dreadfull deed  
 Forbore, and rather chose with scornfull shame  
 Him to avenge, and blot his brutish name 1240  
 Unto the world, that never after anie  
 Should of his race be voyd of infamie;  
 And his false counsellor, the cause of all,

To damne to death, or dole perpetuall,  
 From whence he never should be quit nor stal'd.  
 [ \_Stal'd\_, forestalled (?).]  
 Forthwith he Mercurie unto him cal'd, 1246  
 And bad him flie with never-resting speed  
 Unto the forrest, where wilde beasts doo breed,  
 And, there enquiring privily, to learne  
 What did of late chaunce to the Lyon stearne, 1250  
 That he rul'd not the empire, as he ought;  
 And whence were all those plaints unto him brought  
 Of wrongs and spoyles by salvage beasts committed:  
 Which done, he bad the Lyon be remitted  
 Into his seate, and those same treachours vile 1255  
 [ \_Treachours\_, traitors.]  
 Be punished for their presumptuous guile.  
 The sonne of Maia, soone as he receiv'd  
 That word, streight with his azure wings he cleav'd  
 The liquid cloudes and lucid firmament,  
 Ne staid till that he came with steep descent 1260  
 Unto the place where his prescript did showe.  
 There stouping, like an arrowe from a bowe,  
 He soft arrived on the grassie plaine,  
 And fairly paced forth with easie paine,  
 Till that unto the pallace nigh he came. 1265  
 Then gan he to himselfe new shape to frame,  
 And that faire face, and that ambrosiall hew,  
 Which wons to decke the gods immortall crew,  
 And beautefie the shinie firmament,  
 He doft, unfit for that rude rabblement. 1270  
 So, standing by the gates in strange disguise,  
 He gan enquire of some in secret wize,  
 Both of the King, and of his government,  
 And of the Foxe, and his false blandishment:  
 And evermore he heard each one complaine 1275  
 Of foule abuses both in realme and raine:  
 Which yet to prove more true, he meant to see,  
 And an ey-witnes of each thing to bee.  
 Tho on his head his dreadfull hat he dight,  
 Which maketh him invisible in sight, 1280  
 And mocketh th'eyes of all the lookers on,  
 Making them thinke it but a vision.  
 Through power of that he runnes through enemies swerds;  
 Through power of that he passeth through the herds  
 Of ravenous wilde beasts, and doth beguile 1285  
 Their greedie mouthes of the expected spoyle;  
 Through power of that his cunning theeveries  
 He wons to worke, that none the same espies;  
 And through the power of that he putteth on  
 What shape he list in apparition. 1290  
 That on his head he wore, and in his hand  
 He tooke caduceus, his snakie wand,  
 With which the damned ghosts he governeth,  
 And furies rules, and Tartare tempereth.  
 With that he causeth sleep to seize the eyes, 1295  
 And feare the harts, of all his enemyes;  
 And when him list, an universall night  
 Throughout the world he makes on everie wight;  
 As when his syre with Alcumena lay.  
 Thus dight, into the court he tooke his way, 1300

Both through the gard, which never him descride,  
 And through the watchmen, who him never spide:  
 Thenceforth he past into each secrete part,  
 Whereas he saw, that sorely griev'd his hart,  
 Each place abounding with fowle iniuries, 1305  
 And fild with treasure rackt with robberies;  
 Each place defilde with blood of guiltles beasts  
 Which had been slaine to serve the Apes beheasts;  
 Gluttonie, malice, pride, and covetize,  
 And lawlesnes raigning with riotize; 1310  
 Besides the infinite extortions,  
 Done through the Foxes great oppressions,  
 That the complaints thereof could not be tolde.  
 Which when he did with lothfull eyes beholde,  
 He would no more endure, but came his way, 1315  
 And cast to seeke the Lion, where he may,  
 [Cast\_, projected.]  
 That he might worke the avengement for this shame  
 On those two caytives which had bred him blame  
 And seeking all the forrest busily,  
 At last he found where sleeping he did ly. 1320  
 The wicked weed which there the Foxe did lay  
 From underneath his head he tooke away,  
 And then him, waking, forced up to rize.  
 The Lion, looking up, gan him avize,  
 [Avize\_, bethink.]  
 As one late in a traunce, what had of long 1325  
 Become of him: for fantasie is strong.  
 "Arise," said Mercurie, "thou sluggish beast,  
 That here liest senseles, like the corpse deceast,  
 The whilst thy kingdome from thy head is rent,  
 And thy throne royall with dishonour blent: 1330  
 [Blent\_, stained.]  
 Arise, and doo thy selfe redeeme from shame,  
 And be aveng'd on those that breed thy blame."  
 Thereat enraged, soone he gan upstart,  
 Grinding his teeth, and grating his great hart;  
 And, rousing up himselfe, for his rough hide 1335  
 He gan to reach; but no where it espide.  
 Therewith he gan full terribly to rore,  
 And chafte at that indignitie right sore.  
 But when his crowne and sceptor both he wanted,  
 Lord! how he fum'd, and sweld, and rag'd, and panted,  
 And threatned death and thousand deadly dolours  
 To them that had purloyn'd his princely honours.  
 With that in hast, disroabed as he was,  
 He toward his owne pallace forth did pas;  
 And all the way he roared as he went, 1345  
 That all the forrest with astonishment  
 Thereof did tremble, and the beasts therein  
 Fled fast away from that so dreadfull din.  
 At last he came unto his mansion,  
 Where all the gates he found fast lockt anon 1350  
 And manie warders round about them stood:  
 With that he roar'd alowd, as he were wood,  
 [Wood\_, frantic.]  
 That all the pallace quaked at the stound,  
 [Stound\_, (time, scene) tumult.]  
 As if it quite were riven from the ground,

And all within were dead and hartles left; 1355  
 And th'Ape himselfe, as one whose wits were reft,  
 Fled here and there, and everie corner sought.  
 To hide himselfe from his owne feared thought.  
 But the false Foxe, when he the Lion heard,  
 Fled closely forth, streightway of death afeard, 1360  
 [\_Closely\_, secretly.]  
 And to the Lion came, full lowly creeping,  
 With fained face, and watrie eyne halfe weeping,  
 T'excuse his former treason and abusion,  
 And turning all unto the Apes confusion:  
 Nath'les the royall beast forbore beleaving, 1365  
 But bad him stay at ease till further preeving.  
 [\_Preeving\_, proving.]  
 Then when he saw no entrance to him graunted,  
 Roaring yet lowder that all harts it daunted,  
 Upon those gates with force he fiercely newe,  
 And, rending them in pieces, felly slewe 1370  
 Those warders strange, and all that els he met  
 But th'Ape still flying he no where might get:  
 From rowme to rowme, from beame to beame he fled,  
 All breathles, and for feare now almost ded:  
 Yet him at last the Lyon spide, and caught, 1375  
 And forth with shame unto his iudgement brought.  
 Then all the beasts he causd' assembled bee,  
 To heare their doome, and sad ensample see:  
 The Foxe, first author of that treacherie  
 He did uncase, and then away let flie. 1380  
 [\_Uncase\_, strip of his disguise.]  
 But th'Apes long taile (which then he had) he quight  
 Cut off, and both eares pared of their hight;  
 Since which, all Apes but halfe their eares have left,  
 And of their tailes are utterlie bereft.  
  
 So Mother Hubberd her discourse did end: 1385  
 Which pardon me if I amisse have pend,  
 For weake was my remembrance it to hold,  
 And bad her tongue that it so bluntly tolde.

\* \* \* \* \*

#### FOOTNOTES:

MOTHER HUBBERDS TALE. This charming little poem, Spenser's only successful effort at satire, is stated by the author to have been composed in the raw conceit of his youth. There is internal evidence, however, that some of the happiest passages were added at the date of its publication, at which time the whole was probably retouched. Although Mother Hubberds Tale is in its plan an imitation of the satires of Reynard the Fox; the treatment of the subject is quite original. For the combination of elegance with simplicity, this poem will stand a comparison with Goethe's celebrated translation of the Reineke. C.

Ver. I.--\_It was the month\_, &c. August.

Ver. 453.--\_Diriges\_, dirges. The office for the dead received this name from the antiphon with which the first nocturne in the mattens commenced, taken from Psalm v. 8, "Dirige, Domine Deus meus, in



conspectu tuo viam meam." Way's \_Promptorium Parvulorum.\_ C.

Ver. 519.--\_Scarse can a bishoprick\_, &c. This is probably an allusion to the frequent alienations of the lands and manors of bishoprics in Elizabeth's time. TODD.

Ver. 562.--\_The ordinarie.\_ An ordinary is a judge having jurisdiction in ecclesiastical matters. In England, it is usually the bishop of the diocese. H.

Ver. 623, 624.--The Queen was so much pleased with the results of the Portugal expedition of 1589, that she honored the commanders, and Sir Walter Raleigh among the rest, with a gold chain. C.

Ver. 717.--\_The brave courtier\_, &c. This description is perhaps intended for Sir Philip Sidney. C.

Ver. 893.--Had-ywist. That is, \_had I wist! had I known\_ that it would end so! a proverbial expression for late repentance consequent on disappointment. C.

Ver. 901.--\_To have thy Princes grace, yet want her Peeres.\_ Elizabeth was said to have granted Spenser a pension which Burghley intercepted, and to have ordered him a gratuity which her minister neglected to pay. C.

Ver. 913.--\_Himselfe will a daw trie.\_ So the old copy: the reading should probably be \_himselfe a daw will trie\_, prove or find himself by experience to be a daw or fool. C.

Ver. 1189.--\_Of men of armes\_, &c. This passage certainly provokes an application to Lord Burghley, and was probably intended for him. C.

\* \* \* \* \*

## RUINES OF ROME:

BY BELLAY\*

[\* Joachim du Bellay, a French poet of considerable reputation in his day, died in 1560. These sonnets are translated from \_Le Premier Livre des Antiques de Rome\_. Further on we have the Visions of Bellay, translated from the \_Songes\_ of the same author. The best that can be said of these sonnets seems to be, that they are not inferior to the original. C.]

I.

Ye heavenly spirites, whose ashie cinders lie  
Under deep ruines, with huge walls opprest,  
But not your praise, the which shall never die  
Through your faire verses, ne in ashes rest;  
If so be shrilling voyce of wight alive  
May reach from hence to depth of darkest hell,  
Then let those deep abysses open rive,  
That ye may understand my shreiking yell!  
Thrice having seene under the heavens veale

Your toombs devoted compasse over all,  
Thrice unto you with lowd voyce I appeale,  
And for your antique furie here doo call,  
The whiles that I with sacred horror sing  
Your glorie, fairest of all earthly thing!

II.

Great Babylon her haughtie walls will praise,  
And sharped steeples high shot up in ayre;  
Greece will the olde Ephesian buildings blaze,  
And Nylus nurslings their Pyramidcs faire;  
The same yet vaunting Greece will tell the storie  
Of loves great image in Olympus placed;  
Mausolus worke will be the Carians glorie,  
And Crete will boast the Labyrinth, now raced;  
The antique Rhodian will likewise set forth  
The great Colosse, erect to Memorie;  
And what els in the world is of like worth,  
Some greater learned wit will magnifie.  
But I will sing above all moniments  
Seven Romane Hils, the worlds seven wonderments.

III.

Thou stranger, which for Rome in Rome hero seekest,  
And nought of Rome in Rome perceiv'st at all,  
These same olde walls, olde arches, which thou seest,  
Olde palaces, is that which Rome men call.  
Beholde what wreake, what mine, and what wast,  
And how that she which with her mightie powre  
Tam'd all the world hath tam'd herselfe at last;  
The pray of Time, which all things doth devowre!  
Rome now of Rome is th'onely funerall,  
And onely Rome of Rome hath victorie;  
Ne ought save Tyber hastning to his fall  
Remaines of all: O worlds inconstancie!  
That which is firme doth flit and fall away,  
And that is flitting doth abide and stay.

IV.

She whose high top above the starres did sore,  
One foote on Thetis, th'other on the Morning,  
One hand on Scythia, th'other on the More,  
Both heaven and earth in roundnesse compassing;  
love fearing, least if she should greater growe,  
The old giants should once againe uprise,  
Her whelm'd with hills, these seven hils, which be nowe  
Tombes of her greatnes which did threate the skies:  
Upon her head he heapt Mount Saturnal,  
Upon her bellie th'antique Palatine,  
Upon her stomacke laid Mount Quirinal,  
On her left hand the noysome Esquiline,  
And Caelian on the right; but both her feete  
Mount Viminal and Aventine doo meete.

V.

Who lists to see what ever nature, arte,  
And heaven could doo, O Rome, thee let him see,  
In case thy greatnes he can gesse in harte  
By that which but the picture is of thee!  
Rome is no more: but if the shade of Rome  
May of the bodie yeeld a seeming sight,  
It's like a corse drawne forth out of the tombe  
By magicke skill out of eternall night:  
The corpes of Rome in ashes is entombed,  
And her great spirite, reioyned to the spirite  
Of this great masse, is in the same enwombed;  
But her brave writings, which, her famous merite  
In spight of Time out of the dust doth reare,  
Doo make her idole\* through the world appeare.  
[\* \_Idole\_, image, idea.]

VI.

Such as the Berecynthian goddesse bright,  
In her swifte charret with high turrets crownde,  
Proud that so manie gods she brought to light,  
Such was this citie in her good daies fownd:  
This citie, more than that great Phrygian mother  
Renowm'd for fruite of famous progenie,  
Whose greatnes by the greatnes of none other,  
But by her selfe, her equall match could see:  
Rome onely might to Rome compared bee,  
And onely Rome could make great Rome to tremble:  
So did the gods by heavenly doome decree,  
That other earthlie power should not resemble  
Her that did match the whole earths puissaunce,  
And did her courage to the heavens advaunce.

VII.

Ye sacred ruines, and ye tragick sights,  
Which onely doo the name of Rome retaine,  
Olde moniments, which of so famous sprights  
The honour yet in ashes doo maintaine,  
Triumphant arcks, spyres neighbours to the skie,  
That you to see doth th'heaven it selfe appall,  
Alas! by little ye to nothing flie,  
The peoples fable, and the spoyle of all!  
And though your frames do for a time make warre  
Gainst Time, yet Time in time shall ruinate  
Your workes and names, and your last reliques marre.  
My sad desires, rest therefore moderate!  
For if that Time make ende of things so sure,  
It als will end the paine which I endure.

VIII.

Through armes and vassals Rome the world subdu'd,  
That one would weene that one sole cities strength  
Both land and sea in roundnes had survev'd,  
To be the measure of her bredth and length:  
This peoples vertue yet so fruitfull was  
Of vertuous nephewes\*, that posteritie,  
Striving in power their grandfathers to passe,  
The lowest earth ioin'd to the heaven hie;  
To th'end that, having all parts in their power,  
Nought from the Romane Empire might be quight\*\*;  
And that though Time doth commonwealths devowre,  
Yet no time should so low embase their hight,  
That her head, earth'd in her foundations deep,  
Should not her name and endles honour keep.

[\* \_Nephewes\_, descendants.]

[\*\* \_Quight\_, quit, free.]

IX.

Ye cruell starres, and eke ye gods unkinde,  
Heaven envious, and bitter stepdame Nature!  
Be it by fortune, or by course of kinde\*,  
That ye doo weld th'affaires of earthlie creature;  
Why have your hands long sithence traveiled  
To frame this world, that doth endure so long?  
Or why were not these Romane palaces  
Made of some matter no lesse firme and strong?  
I say not, as the common voyce doth say,  
That all things which beneath the moone have being  
Are temporall and subiect to decay:  
But I say rather, though not all agreeing  
With some that weene the contrarie in thought,  
That all this whole shall one day come to nought.

[\* \_Kinde\_, nature.]

X.

As that brave sonne of Aeson, which by charmes  
Atcheiv'd the golden fleece in Colchid land,  
Out of the earth engendred men of armes  
Of dragons teeth, sowne in the sacred sand,  
So this brave towne, that in her youthlie daies  
An hydra was of warriours glorious,  
Did fill with her renowmed nourslings praise  
The firie sunnes both one and other hous:  
But they at last, there being then not living  
An Hercules so ranke seed to represses,  
Emongst themselves with cruell furie striving,  
Mow'd downe themselves with slaughter mercillesse;  
Renewing in themselves that rage unkinde,  
Which whilom did those earthborn brethren blinde.

XI.

Mars, shaming to have given so great head  
To his off-spring, that mortall puissaunce,

Puft up with pride of Romane hardiehead,  
Seem'd above heavens powre it selfe to advaunce,  
Cooling againe his former kindled heate  
With which he had those Romane spirits fild.  
Did blowe new fire, and with enflamed breath  
Into the Gothicke colde hot rage instil'd.  
Then gan that nation, th'earths new giant brood,  
To dart abroad the thunderbolts of warre,  
And, beating downe these walls with furious mood  
Into her mothers bosome, all did marre;  
    To th'end that none, all were it\* love his sire,  
    Should boast himselfe of the Romane empire.  
[\* \_All were it\_, although it were.]

XII.

Like as whilome the children of the earth  
Heapt hils on hils to scale the starrie skie,  
And fight against the gods of heavenly berth,  
Whiles love at them his thunderbolts let flie;  
All suddenly with lightning overthrowne,  
The furious squadrons downe to ground did fall,  
That th'earth under her childrens weight did grone,  
And th'heavens in glorie triumpht over all;  
So did that haughtie front, which heaped was  
On these seven Romane hils, it selfe upreare  
Over the world, and lift her loftie face  
Against the heaven, that gan her force to feare.  
    But now these scorned fields bemone her fall,  
    And gods secure feare not her force at all.

XIII.

Nor the swift furie of the flames aspiring,  
Nor the deep wounds of victours raging blade,  
Nor ruthlesse spoyle of souldiers blood-desiring,  
The which so oft thee, Rome, their conquest made,  
Ne stroke on stroke of fortune variable,  
Ne rust of age hating continuance,  
Nor wrath of gods, nor spight of men unstable,  
Nor thou oppos'd against thine owne puissance,  
Nor th'horrible uprore of windes high blowing,  
Nor swelling streames of that god snakie-paced\*  
Which hath so often with his overflowing  
Thee drenched, have thy pride so much abaced,  
    But that this nothing, which they have thee left,  
    Makes the world wonder what they from thee reft.  
[\* \_Snakie-paced\_, winding; or perhaps (like Ovid's \_anguipes\_) swift.]

XIV.

As men in summer fearles passe the foord  
Which is in winter lord of all the plaine,  
And with his tumbling streames doth beare aboard\*  
The ploughmans hope and shepherds labour vaine,  
And as the coward beasts use to despise

The noble lion after his lives end,  
Whetting their teeth, and with vaine foolhardise  
Daring the foe that cannot him defend,  
And as at Troy most dastards of the Greekes  
Did brave about the corpes of Hector colde,  
So those which whilome wont with pallid cheekes  
The Romane triumphs glorie to behold,  
Now on these ashie tombes shew boldnesse vaine,  
And, conquer'd, dare the conquerour disdaine.  
[\*\_Aboord\_, into the current.]

XV.

Ye pallid spirits, and ye ashie ghoasts,  
Which, ioying in the brightnes of your day,  
Brought forth those signes of your presumptuous boasts  
Which now their dusty reliques do bewray,  
Tell me, ye spirits! (sith the darksome river  
Of Styx, not passable to soules returning,  
Enclosing you in thrice three wards for ever,  
Doo not restraine your images still mourning,)  
Tell me then, (for perhaps some one of you  
Yet here above him secretly doth hide,)  
Doo ye not feelee your torments to accrewe,  
When ye sometimes behold the ruin'd pride  
Of these old Romane works, built with your hands,  
To become nought els but heaped sands?

XVI.

Like as ye see the wrathfull sea from farre  
In a great mountaine heap't with hideous noyse,  
Eftsoones of thousand billowes shouldred narre\*,  
Against a rocke to breake with dreadfull poyse;  
Like as ye see fell Boreas with sharpe blast  
Tossing huge tempests through the troubled skie,  
Eftsoones having his wide wings spent in wast,  
To stop his wearie cariere\*\* suddenly;  
And as ye see huge flames spred diverslie,  
Gathered in one up to the heavens to spyre,  
Eftsoones consum'd to fall downe feebily,  
So whilom did this monarchie aspyre  
As waves, as winde, as fire, spred over all,  
Till it by fatall doome adowne did fall.  
[\*\_Narre\_, nearer.]  
[\*\*\_Cariere\_, career.]

XVII.

So long as loves great bird did make his flight,  
Bearing the fire with which heaven doth us fray,  
Heaven had not feare of that presumptuous might,  
With which the giaunts did the gods assay:  
But all so soone as scorching sunne had brent\*  
His wings which wont the earth to overspredd,  
The earth out of her massie wombe forth sent

That antique horror which made heaven adredd.  
Then was the Germane raven in disguise  
That Romane eagle seene to cleave asunder,  
And towards heaven freshly to arise  
Out of these mountaines, now consum'd to powder.  
In which the foule that serves to beare the lightning  
Is now no more seen flying nor alighting.  
[\* \_Brent\_, burned.]

XVIII.

These heapes of stones, these old wals which ye see,  
Were first enclosures but of salvage soyle;  
And these brave pallaces, which maystred bee  
Of time, were shepherds cottages sometime.  
Then tooke the shepherds kingly ornaments  
And the stout hynde arm'd his right hand with steele:  
Eftsoones their rule of yearely presidents  
Grew great, and sixe months greater a great deele;  
Which, made perpetuall, rose to so great might,  
That thence th'imperiall eagle rooting tooke,  
Till th'heaven it selfe, opposing gainst her might,  
Her power to Peters successor betooke,  
Who, shepherdlike, (as Fates the same foreseeing,)  
Doth shew that all things turne to their first being.  
[XVIII. 8.--\_Sixe months\_, &c. The term of the dictatorship at Rome.]

XIX.

All that is perfect, which th'heaven beautefies;  
All that's imperfect, borne belowe the moone;  
All that doth feede our spirits and our eies;  
And all that doth consume our pleasures soone;  
All the mishap the which our daies outweares;  
All the good hap of th'oldest times afore,  
Rome, in the time of her great ancesters,  
Like a Pandora, locked long in store.  
But destinie this huge chaos turmoyling,  
In which all good and evill was enclosed,  
Their heavenly vertues from these woes assoyling,  
Caried to heaven, from sinfull bondage losed:  
But their great sinnes, the causers of their paine,  
Under these antique ruines yet remaine.

XX.

No otherwise than raynie cloud, first fed  
With earthly vapours gathered in the ayre,  
Eftsoones in compas arch't, to steepe his hed,  
Doth plunge himselfe in Tethys bosome faire,  
And, mounting up againe from whence he came,  
With his great bellie spreads the dimmed world,  
Till at the last, dissolving his moist frame,  
In raine, or snowe, or haile, he forth is horld,  
This citie, which was first but shepherds shade,  
Uprising by degrees, grewe to such height

That queene of land and sea her selfe she made.  
At last, not able to beare so great weight,  
Her power, disperst, through all the world did vade\*;  
To shew that all in th'end to nought shall fade.  
[\* \_Vade\_, vanish.]

XXI.

The same which Pyrrhus and the puissance  
Of Afrike could not tame, that same brave citie  
Which, with stout courage arm'd against mischaunce,  
Sustein'd the shooke of common enmitie,  
Long as her ship, tost with so manie freakes,  
Had all the world in armes against her bent,  
Was never seene that anie fortunes wreakes  
Could breake her course begun with brave intent.  
But, when the object of her vertue failed,  
Her power it selfe against it selfe did arme;  
As he that having long in tempest sailed  
Faine would arive, but cannot for the storme,  
If too great winde against the port him drive,  
Doth in the port it selfe his vessell rive.

XXII.

When that brave honour of the Latine name,  
Which mear'd\* her rule with Africa and Byze\*\*,  
With Thames inhabitants of noble fame,  
And they which see the dawning day arize,  
Her nourslings did with mutinous uprore  
Harten against her selfe, her conquer'd spoile,  
Which she had wonne from all the world afore,  
Of all the world was spoyl'd within a while:  
So, when the compast course of the universe  
In sixe and thirtie thousand yeares is ronne,  
The bands of th'elements shall backe reverse  
To their first discord, and be quite undonne;  
The seedes of which all things at first were bred  
Shall in great Chaos wombe againe be hid.  
[\* \_Mear'd\_, bounded.]  
[\*\* \_Byze\_, Byzantium.]

XXIII.

O warie wisdom of the man\* that would  
That Carthage towres from spoile should be forborne,  
To th'end that his victorious people should  
With cancring laisure not be overorne!  
He well foresaw how that the Romane courage,  
Impatient of pleasures faint desires,  
Through idlenes would turne to civill rage,  
And be her selfe the matter of her fires.  
For in a people given all to ease,  
Ambition is engendred easily;  
As, in a vicious bodie, grose disease  
Soone growes through humours superfluitie.



That came to passe, when, swolne with plenties pride,  
Nor prince, nor peere, nor kin, they would abide.  
[\* I.e. Scipio Nasica.]

XXIV.

If the blinde Furie which warres breedeth oft  
Wonts not t'enrage the hearts of equall beasts,  
Whether they fare on foote, or flie aloft,  
Or armed be with clawes, or scalie creasts,  
What fell Erynnis, with hot burning tongs,  
Did grype your hearts with noysome rage imbew'd,  
That, each to other working cruell wrongs,  
Your blades in your owne bowels you embrew'd?  
Was this, ye Romanes, your hard destinie?  
Or some old sinne, whose unappeased guilt  
Powr'd vengeance forth on you eternallie?  
Or brothers blood, the which at first was spilt  
Upon your walls, that God might not endure  
Upon the same to set foundation sure?

XXV.

O that I had the Thracian poets harpe,  
For to awake out of th'infernall shade  
Those antique Caesars, sleeping long in darke,  
The which this auncient citie whilome made!  
Or that I had Amphions instrument,  
To quicken with his vitall notes accord  
The stonie ioynts of these old walls now rent,  
By which th'Ausonian light might be restor'd!  
Or that at least I could with pencill fine  
Fashion the pourtraicts of these palacis,  
By paterne of great Virgils spirit divine!  
I would assay with that which in me is  
To builde, with leuell of my loftie style,  
That which no hands can evermore compyle.

XXVI.

Who list the Romane greatnes forth to figure,  
Him needeth not to seeke for usage right  
Of line, or lead, or rule, or squire, to measure  
Her length, her breadth, her deepnes, or her hight;  
But him behooves to vew in compasse round  
All that the ocean graspes in his long armes;  
Be it where the yerely starre doth scotch the ground,  
Or where colde Boreas blowes his bitter stormes.  
Rome was th'whole world, and al the world was Rome;  
And if things nam'd their names doo equalize,  
When land and sea ye name, then name ye Rome,  
And, naming Rome, ye land and sea comprize:  
For th'auncient plot of Rome, displayed plaine,  
The map of all the wide world doth containe.

## XXVII.

Thou that at Rome astonisht dost behold  
 The antique pride which menaced the skie,  
 These haughtie heapes, these palaces of olde,  
 These wals, these arcks, these baths, these temples his,  
 Iudge, by these ample ruines vew, the rest  
 The which iniurious time hath quite outworne,  
 Since, of all workmen helde in reckning best,  
 Yet these olde fragments are for paternes borne:  
 Then also marke how Rome, from day to day,  
 Repayring her decayed fashion,  
 Renewes herselfe with buildings rich and gay;  
 That one would iudge that the Romaine Daemon\*  
   Doth yet himselfe with fatall hand enforce  
   Again on foot to reare her pouldred\*\* corse.  
 [\* \_Romaine Daemon\_, Genius of Rome.]  
 [\*\* \_Pouldred\_, reduced to dust.]

## XXVIII.

He that hath seene a great oke drie and dead,  
 Yet clad with reliques of some trophées olde,  
 Lifting to heaven her aged hoarie head,  
 Whose foote in ground hath left but feeble holde,  
 But halfe disbowel'd lies above the ground,  
 Shewing her wreathed rootes, and naked armes,  
 And on her trunke all rotten and unsound  
 Onely supports herselfe for meate of wormes,  
 And, though she owe her fall to the first winde,  
 Yet of the devout people is ador'd,  
 And manie yong plants spring out of her rinde;  
 Who such an oke hath seene, let him record  
   That such this cities honour was of yore,  
   And mongst all cities florished much more.

## XXIX.

All that which Aegypt whilome did devise,  
 All that which Greece their temples to embrace,  
 After th'Ionicke, Atticke, Doricke guise,  
 Or Corinth skil'd in curious workes to grave,  
 All that Lysippus practike\* arte could forme,  
 Apelles wit, or Phidias his skill,  
 Was wont this auncient citie to adorne,  
 And the heaven it selfe with her wide wonders fill.  
 All that which Athens ever brought forth wise,  
 All that which Afrike ever brought forth strange,  
 All that which Asie ever had of prise,  
 Was here to see. O marvelous great change!  
   Rome, living, was the worlds sole ornament;  
   And, dead, is now the worlds sole moniment.  
 [\* \_Practike\_, cunning.]

## XXX.

Like as the seeded field greene grasse first showes,  
 Then from greene grasse into a stalke doth spring,  
 And from a stalke into an eare forth-growes,  
 Which eare the frutefull graine doth shortly bring,  
 And as in season due the husband\* mowes  
 The waving lockes of those faire yeallow heares,  
 Which, bound in sheaves, and layd in comely rowes,  
 Upon the naked fields in stalkes he reares,  
 So grew the Romane empire by degree,  
 Till that barbarian hands it quite did spill,  
 And left of it but these olde markes to see,  
 Of which all passers by doo somewhat pill\*\*,  
 As they which gleane, the reliques use to gather  
 Which th'husbandman behind him chanst to scater.

[\* \_Husband\_, husbandman.]

[\*\* \_Pill\_, plunder.]

XXXI.

That same is now nought but a champion wide,  
 Where all this worlds pride once was situate.  
 No blame to thee, whosoever dost abide  
 By Nyle, or Gange, or Tygre, or Euphrate;  
 Ne Afrike thereof guiltie is, nor Spaine,  
 Nor the bolde people by the Thamys brincks,  
 Nor the brave warlicke brood of Alemaine,  
 Nor the borne souldier which Rhine running drinks.  
 Thou onely cause, O Civill Furie, art!  
 Which, sowing in th'Aemathian fields thy spight,  
 Didst arme thy hand against thy proper hart;  
 To th'end that when thou wast in greatest hight  
 To greatnes growne, through long prosperitie,  
 Thou then adowne might'st fall more horriblie.  
 [XXXI. 10.--\_Aemathian fields\_. Thessalian fields; alluding to the  
 battle fought at Pharsalia, in Thessaly, between Caesar and Pompey. H.]

XXXII.

Hope ye, my Verses, that posteritie  
 Of age ensuing shall you ever read?  
 Hope ye that ever immortalitie  
 So meane harpes worke may chalenge for her meed?  
 If under heaven anie endurance were,  
 These moniments, which not in paper writ,  
 But in porphyre and marble doo appeare,  
 Might well have hop'd to have obtained it.  
 Nath'les, my Lute, whom Phoebus deigned to give,  
 Cease not to sound these olde antiquities:  
 For if that Time doo let thy glorie live,  
 Well maist thou boast, how ever base thou bee,  
 That thou art first which of thy nation song  
 Th'olde honour of the people gowned long.

L'ENVOY.

Bellay, first garland of free poesie

That France brought forth, though fruitfull of brave wits,  
Well worthie thou of immortalitie,  
That long hast traveld\*, by thy learned writs,  
Olde Rome out of her ashes to revive,  
And give a second life to dead decayes!  
Needes must he all eternitie survive,  
That can to other give eternall dayes.  
Thy dayes therefore are endles, and thy prayse  
Excelling all that ever went before:  
And, after thee, gins Bartas hie to rayse  
His heavenly Muse, th'Almightie to adore.  
Live happie spirits, th'honour of your name,  
And fill the world with never dying fame!  
[\* \_Traveld\_, travailed, toiled.]

L'Envoy, 11.--\_Bartas\_. Guillaume de Salluste du Bartas, a French poet of the time of Henry IV, of extraordinary popularity in his day. His poem on the Creation is said to have been reprinted more than thirty times in six years, and was translated into several languages; among others, into English by Joshua Sylvester. H.

MUIOPOTMOS:

OR

THE FATE OF THE BUTTERFLIE.

BY ED. SP.

DEDICATED TO THE MOST FAIRE AND VERTUOUS LADIE,  
THE LADIE CAREY.

LONDON:

IMPRINTED FOR WILLIAM PONSONBIE, DWELLING IN PAULES  
CHURCHYARD AT THE SIGNE OF THE BISHOPS HEAD.

1590\*

[\* This date seems to be an error for 1591; or, as Mr. Craik suggests, it may have been used designedly with reference to real events, not yet ascertained, which furnished the subject of this very pleasing allegory. The Visions of the Worlds Vanitie, which follow this piece, may be suspected of a similar application. C.]

TO THE RIGHT WORTHY AND VERTUOUS LADIE, THE LA: CAREY.

Most brave and bountifull La: for so excellent favours as I have received at your sweet handes, to offer these few leaves as in recompence, should be as to offer flowers to the gods for their divine benefites. Therefore I have determined to give my selfe wholly to you, as quite abandoned from my selfe, and absolutely vowed to your services: which in all right is ever held for full recompence of debt or damage, to have the person yeilded. My person I wot wel how little worth it is. But the faithfull minde and humble zeale which I bear unto your La: may perhaps be more of price, as may please you to account and use the poore service thereof; which taketh glory to advance your excellent partes and noble vertues, and to spend it selfe in honouring you; not so much for your great bounty to my self, which yet may not be unminded; nor for name or kindreds\* sake by you vouchsafed, beeing also regardable; as for that honorable name, which yee have by your brave deserts purchast to your self, and spread in the mouths of al men: with which I have also presumed to grace my verses, and, under your name, to commend to the world this smal poeme; the which beseeching your La: to take in worth, and of all things therein according to your wonted graciousnes to make a milde construction, I humbly pray for your happines.

Your La: ever

humbly,

E. S.

[Footnote: "This lady was Elizabeth, one of the six daughters of Sir John Spencer, of Althorpe, in Northamptonshire, and was married to Sir George Carey, who became Lord Hunsdon on the death of his father, in 1596."--TODD.]

MUIOPOTMOS:

OR

THE FATE OF THE BUTTERFLIE.

\* \* \* \* \*

I sing of deadly dolorous debate,  
Stir'd up through wrathful! Nemesis despight,  
Betwixt two mightie ones of great estate,  
Drawne into armes and prooffe of mortall fight  
Through prowde ambition and hart-swelling hate,  
Whilest neither could the others greater might

And sdeignfull scorne endure; that from small iarre  
Their wraths at length broke into open warre.

The roote whereof and tragicall effect,  
Vouchsafe, O thou the mournfulst Muse of nyne, 10  
That wontst the tragick stage for to direct,  
In funerall complaints and wayfull tyne\*  
Reveale to me, and all the meanes detect  
Through which sad Clarion did at last declyne  
To lowest wretchednes: And is there then 15  
Such rancour in the harts of mightie men?  
[\* \_Tyne\_, grief.]

Of all the race of silver-winged flies  
Which doo possesse the empire of the aire,  
Betwixt the centred earth and azure skies  
Was none more favourable nor more faire, 20  
Whilst heaven did favour his felicities,  
Then Clarion, the eldest sonne and haire  
Of Muscaroll, and in his fathers sight  
Of all alive did seeme the fairest wight.

With fruitfull hope his aged breast he fed 25  
Of future good, which his yong toward yeares,  
Full of brave courage and bold hardyhed  
Above th'ensample of his equall peares,  
Did largely promise, and to him fore-red,  
(Whilst off his heart did melt in tender teares,) 30  
That he in time would sure prove such an one,  
As should be worthie of his fathers throne.

The fresh yong flie, in whom the kindly fire  
Of lustfull yongth\* began to kindle fast,  
Did much disdaine to subiect his desire 35  
To loathsome sloth, or houres in ease to wast;  
But ioy'd to range abroad in fresh attire  
Through the wide compas of the ayrie coast,  
And with unwearied wings each part t'inquire  
Of the wide rule of his renownned sire. 40  
[\* \_Yongth\_, youth.]

For he so swift and nimble was of flight,  
That from this lower tract he dar'd to stie\*  
Up to the clowdes, and thence with pineons light  
To mount aloft unto the cristall skie,  
To vew the workmanship of heavens hight 45  
Whence down descending he along would flie  
Upon the streaming rivers, sport to finde,  
And oft would dare to tempt the troublous winde.  
[\* \_Stie\_, mount.]

So on a summers day, when season milde  
With gentle calme the world had quieted, 50  
And high in heaven Hyperions fierie childe  
Ascending did his beames abroad dispred,  
Whiles all the heavens on lower creatures smilde,  
Yong Clarion, with vauntfull lustiehead;  
After his guize did cast abroad to fare, 55  
And theretoo gan his furnitures prepare.

His breastplate first, that was of substance pure,  
 Before his noble heart he firmly bound,  
 That mought his life from yron death assure,  
 And ward his gentle corpes from cruell wound: 60  
 For it by arte was framed to endure  
 The bit\* of balefull steele and bitter stownd\*\*,  
 No lesse than that which Vulcane made to sheild  
 Achilles life from fate of Troyan field.  
 [\* \_Bit\_, bite.]  
 [\*\* \_Stownd\_, hour.]

And then about his shoulders broad he threw 65  
 An hairie hide of some wilde beast, whom hee  
 In salvage forrest by adventure slew,  
 And reft the spoyle his ornament to bee;  
 Which, spredding all his backe with dreadfull vew,  
 Made all that him so horrible did see 70  
 Thinke him Alcides with the lyons skin,  
 When the Naemean conquest he did win.

Upon his head, his glistering burganet\*,  
 The which was wrought by wonderous device  
 And curiously engraven, he did set: 75  
 The mettall was of rare and passing price;  
 Not Bilbo\*\* steele, nor brasse from Corinth fet,  
 Nor costly oricalche from strange Phoenice;  
 But such as could both Phoebus arrowes ward,  
 And th'hayling darts of heaven beating hard. 80  
 [\* \_Burganet\_, helmet.]  
 [\*\* \_Bilbo\_, Bilboa.]

Therein two deadly weapons fixt he bore,  
 Strongly outlaunched towards either side,  
 Like two sharpe speares, his enemies to gore:  
 Like as a warlike brigandine, applyde  
 To fight, layes forth her threatfull pikes afore, 85  
 The engines which in them sad death doo hyde,  
 So did this flie outstretch his fearefull hornes,  
 Yet so as him their terrour more adornes.

Lastly his shinie wings, as silver bright,  
 Painted with thousand colours passing farre 90  
 All painters skill, he did about him dight:  
 Not halfe so manie sundrie colours arre  
 In Iris bowe; ne heaven doth shine so bright,  
 Distinguished with manie a twinckling starre;  
 Nor lunoes bird, in her ey-spotted traine, 95  
 So manie goodly colours doth containe.

Ne (may it be withouten perill spoken)  
 The Archer-god, the sonne of Cytheree,  
 That ioyes on wretched lovers to be wroken\*,  
 And heaped spoyles of bleeding harts to see, 100  
 Beares in his wings so manie a changefull token.  
 Ah! my liege Lord, forgive it unto mee,  
 If ought against thine honour I have tolde;  
 Yet sure those wings were fairer manifolde.  
 [\* \_Wroken\_, avenged.]

Full many a ladie faire, in court full oft 105  
Beholding them, him secretly envie,  
And wisht that two such fannes, so silken soft  
And golden faire, her Love would her provide;  
Or that, when them the gorgeous flie had doft,  
Some one that would with grace be gratifide 110  
From him would steale them privily away,  
And bring to her so precious a pray.

Report is that Dame Venus on a day,  
In spring when flowres doo clothe the fruitful ground,  
Walking abroad with all her nymphes to play, 115  
Bad her faire damzels flocking her arownd  
To gather flowres, her forehead to array.  
Emongst the rest a gentle nymph was found,  
Hight Astery, excelling all the crewe  
In curteous usage and unstained hewe. 120

Who, being nimbler ioynted than the rest,  
And more industrious, gathered more store  
Of the fields honour than the others best;  
Which they in secret harts envying sore,  
Tolde Venus, when her as the worthiest  
She praisd', that Cupide (as they heard before)  
Did lend her secret aide in gathering  
Into her lap the children of the Spring,

Whereof the goddesse gathering ielous feare,--  
 Not yet unmindfull how not long agoe 130  
 Her sonne to Psyche secrete love did beare,  
 And long it close conceal'd, till mickle woe  
 Thereof arose, and manie a rufull teare,--  
 Reason with sudden rage did overgoe;  
 And, giving hastie credit to th'accuser, 135  
 Was led away of them that did abuse her.

Eftsoones that damzel by her heavenly might  
She turn'd into a winged butterflie,  
In the wide aire to make her wandering flight;  
And all those flowres, with which so plenteouslie  
Her lap she filled had, that bred her spight,  
She placed in her wings, for memorie  
Of her pretended crime, though crime none were:  
Since which that flie them in her wings doth beare.

Thus the fresh Clarion, being readie dight, 145  
 Unto his journey did himselfe addresse,  
 And with good speed began to take his flight:  
 Over the fields, in his franke\* lustinesse;  
 And all the champion\*\* he soared light;  
 And all the countrey wide he did possesse, 150  
 Feeding upon their pleasures bounteouslie,  
 That none gainsaid, nor none did him envie.

[\*\_Franke\_, free.]  
 [\*\* Champion , champaign.]

The woods, the rivers, and the meadows green.  
With his aire-cutting wings he measured wide,



Ne did he leave the mountaines bare unseene, 155  
 Nor the ranke grassie fennes delights untride.  
 But none of these, how ever sweete they beene,  
 Mote please his fancie nor him cause t'abide:  
 His choicefull sense with everie change doth flit;  
 No common things may please a wavering wit. 160

To the gay gardins his unstaid desire  
 Him wholly caried, to refresh his sprights:  
 There lavish Nature, in her best attire,  
 Powres forth sweete odors and alluring sights;  
 And Arte, with her contending, doth aspire 165  
 T'excell the naturall with made delights:  
 And all that faire or pleasant may be found  
 In riotous excesse doth there abound.  
 There he arriving round about doth flie,  
 From bed to bed, from one to other border; 170  
 And takes survey, with curious busie eye,  
 Of every flowre and herbe there set in order;  
 Now this, now that, he tasteth tenderly,  
 Yet none of them he rudely doth disorder,  
 Ne with his feete their silken leaves deface, 175  
 But pastures on the pleasures of each place.

And evermore with most varietie,  
 And change of sweetnesse, (for all change is sweete,)  
 He casts his glutton sense to satisfie;  
 Now sucking of the sap of herbe most meete, 180  
 Or of the deaw which yet on them does lie,  
 Now in the same bathing his tender feete:  
 And then he pearcheth on some braunch thereby,  
 To weather him, and his moyst wings to dry.

And then againe he turneth to his play, 185  
 To spoyle the pleasures of that paradise;  
 The wholesome saulge\*, and lavender still gray,  
 Ranke-smelling rue, and cummin good for eyes,  
 The roses rainging in the pride of May,  
 Sharpe isope, good for greene wounds remedies, 190  
 Faire marigoldes, and bees-alluring thime,  
 Sweete marioram, and daysies decking prime:  
 [\* \_Saulge\_, sage.]

Coole violets, and orpine growing still,  
 Embathed balme, and chearfull galingale,  
 Fresh costmarie, and breathfull camomill, 195  
 Dull poppie, and drink-quickning setuale\*,  
 Veyne-healing verven, and hed-purging dill,  
 Sound savorie, and bazil hartie-hale,  
 Fat colworts, and comforting perseline\*\*,  
 Colde lettuce, and refreshing rosmarine. 200  
 [\* \_Setuale\_, valerian.]  
 [\*\* \_Perseline\_, purslain.]

And whatso else of vertue good or ill  
 Grewe in this gardin, fetcht from farre away,  
 Of everie one he takes and tastes at will,  
 And on their pleasures greedily doth pray.  
 Then when he hath both plaid, and fed his fill, 205

In the warme sunne he doth himselfe embay\*,  
And there him rests in riotous suffisaunce  
Of all his gladfulnes and kingly ioyaunce.  
[\* \_Embay\_, bathe.]

What more felicitie can fall to creature  
Than to enioy delight with libertie, 210  
And to be lord of all the workes of Nature,  
To raine in th'aire from earth to highest skie,  
To feed on flowres and weeds of glorious feature,  
To take whatever thing doth please the eie?  
Who rests not pleased with such happines, 215  
Well worthie he to taste of wretchednes.

But what on earth can long abide in state?  
Or who can him assure of happie day?  
Sith morning faire may bring fowle evening late,  
And least mishap the most blisse alter may! 220  
For thousand perills lie in close awaite  
About us daylie, to worke our decay;  
That none, except a God, or God him guide,  
May them avoyde, or remedie provide.

And whatso heavens in their secret doome 225  
Ordained have, how can fraile fleshly wight  
Forecast, but it must needs to issue come?  
The sea, the aire, the fire, the day, the night,  
And th'armies of their creatures, all and some\*,  
Do serve to them, and with importune might 230  
Warre against us, the vassals of their will.  
Who then can save what they dispose to spill?  
[\* \_All and some\_, one and all.]

Not thou, O Clarion, though fairest thou  
Of all thy kinde, unhappie happie flie,  
Whose cruell fate is woven even now 235  
Of loves owne hand, to worke thy miserie!  
Ne may thee helpe the manie hartie vow,  
Which thy olde sire with sacred pietie  
Hath powred forth for thee, and th'altars sprent\*  
Nought may thee save from heavens avengement! 240  
[\* \_Sprent\_, sprinkled.]

It fortun'd (as heavens had behight\*)  
That in this gardin where yong Clarion  
Was wont to solace him, a wicked wight,  
The foe of faire things, th'author of confusion,  
The shame of Nature, the bondslave of spight, 245  
Had lately built his hatefull mansion;  
And, lurking closely, in awayte now lay,  
How he might anie in his trap betray.  
[\* \_Behight\_, ordained.]

But when he spide the ioyous butterflie  
In this faire plot dispacing\* too and fro, 250  
Fearles of foes and hidden ieopardie,  
Lord! how he gan for to bestirre him tho,  
And to his wicked worke each part applie!  
His heart did earne\*\* against his hated foe,

And bowels so with rankling poyson swelde, 255  
That scarce the skin the strong contagion helde.  
[\* \_Dispadding\_, ranging about.]  
[\*\* \_Earne\_, yearn.]

The cause why he this flie so maliced\*  
Was (as in stories it is written found)  
For that his mother which him bore and bred,  
The most fine-fingred workwoman on ground, 260  
Arachne, by his meanes was vanquished  
Of Pallas, and in her owne skill confound\*\*,  
When she with her for excellence contended,  
That wrought her shame, and sorrow never ended.  
[\* \_Maliced\_, bore ill-will to.]  
[\*\* \_Confound\_, confounded.]

For the Tritonian goddess, having hard 265  
Her blazed fame, which all the world had fil'd,  
Came downe to prove the truth, and due reward  
For her prais-worthie workmanship to yeild:  
But the presumptuous damzel rashly dar'd  
The goddess selfe to challenge to the field, 270  
And to compare with her in curious skill  
Of workes with loome, with needle, and with quill.

Minerva did the challenge not refuse,  
But deign'd with her the paragon\* to make:  
So to their worke they sit, and each doth chuse 275  
What storie she will for her tapet\*\* take.  
Arachne figur'd how love did abuse  
Europa like a bull, and on his backe  
Her through the sea did beare; so lively@ seene,  
That it true sea and true bull ye would weene. 280  
[\* \_Paragon\_, comparison.]  
[\*\* \_Tapet\_, tapestry.]  
[@ \_Lively\_, life-like.]

Shee seem'd still backe unto the land to looke,  
And her play-fellowes aide to call, and feare  
The dashing of the waves, that up she tooke  
Her daintie feete, and garments gathered neare:  
But Lord! how she in everie member shooke, 285  
When as the land she saw no more appeare,  
But a wilde wildernes of waters deepe:  
Then gan she greatly to lament and weepe.

Before the bull she pictur'd winged Love,  
With his yong brother Sport, light fluttering 290  
Upon the waves, as each had been a dove;  
The one his bowe and shafts, the other spring\*  
A burning teade\*\* about his head did move,  
As in their syres new love both triumphing;  
And manie Nymphes about them flocking round, 295  
And manie Tritons which their homes did sound.  
[\* \_Spring\_, springal, youth.]  
[\*\* \_Teade\_, torch.]

And round about her-worke she did empale\*  
With a faire border wrought of sundrie flowres,

Enwoven with an yviewinding trayle:  
 A goodly worke, full fit for kingly bowres, 300  
 Such as Dame Pallas, such as Envie pale,  
 That al good things with venemous tooth devowres,  
 Could not accuse. Then gan the goddesse bright  
 Her selfe likewise unto her worke to dight.  
 [\* \_Empale\_, inclose.]

She made the storie of the olde debate 305  
 Which she with Neptune did for Athens trie:  
 Twelve gods doo sit around in royall state,  
 And love in midst with awfull maiestie,  
 To iudge the strife betweene them stirred late:  
 Each of the gods by his like visnomie\* 310  
 Eathe\*\* to be knowen; but love above them all,  
 By his great lookes and power imperiall.  
 [\* \_Visnomie\_, countenance.]  
 [\*\* \_Eathe\_, easy.]

Before them stands the god of seas in place,  
 Clayming that sea-coast citie as his right,  
 And strikes the rockes with his three-forked mace;  
 Whenceforth issues a warlike steed in sight, 316  
 The signe by which he chalengeth the place;  
 That all the gods which saw his wondrous might  
 Did surely deeme the victorie his due:  
 But seldom seene, foreiudgement proveth true. 320

Then to herselfe she gives her Aegide shield,  
 And steel-hed speare, and morion \* on her hedd,  
 Such as she oft is seene in warlicke field:  
 Then sets she forth, how with her weapon dredd  
 She smote the ground, the which streight foorth did yield 325  
 A fruitfull olyve tree, with berries spredd,  
 That all the gods admir'd; then all the storie  
 She compast with a wreathe of olyves hoarie.  
 [\* \_Morion\_, steel cap.]

Emongst those leaves she made a butterflie,  
 With excellent device and wondrous slight, 330  
 Fluttring among the olives wantonly,  
 That seem'd to live, so like it was in sight:  
 The velvet nap which on his wings doth lie,  
 The silken downe with which his backe is dight,  
 His broad outstretched homes, his hayrie thies, 335  
 His glorious colours, and his glistering eies.

Which when Arachne saw, as overlaid \*  
 And mastered with workmanship so rare,  
 She stood astonied long, ne ought gainesaid;  
 And with fast fixed eyes on her did stare, 340  
 And by her silence, signe of one dismaid,  
 The victorie did yeeld her as her share;  
 Yet did she inly fret and felly burne,  
 And all her blood to poysonous rancor turne:  
 [\* \_Overlaid\_, overcome.]

That shortly from the shape of womanhed, 345  
 Such as she was when Pallas she attempted,

She grew to hideous shape of dryrihed\*,  
Pined with grieve of follie late repented:  
Eftsoones her white streight legs were altered  
To crooked crawling shankes, of marrowe emptied, 350  
And her faire face to foule and loathsome hewe,  
And her fine corpes to a bag of venim grewe.  
[\* \_Dryrihed\_, sadness, unsightliness.]

This cursed creature, mindfull of that olde  
Enfestred grudge the which his mother felt,  
So soone as Clarion he did beholde, 355  
His heart with vengefull malice inly swelt;  
And weaving straight a net with mame a folde  
About the cave in which he lurking dwelt,  
With fine small cords about it stretched wide,  
So finely sponne that scarce they could be spide, 360

Not anie damzell which her vaunteth most  
In skilfull knitting of soft silken twyne,  
Nor anie weaver, which his worke doth boast  
In dieper, in damaske, or in lyne\*, 365  
Nor anie skil'd in workmanship embost,  
Nor anie skil'd in loupes of fingring fine,  
Might in their divers cunning ever dare  
With this so curious networks to compare.  
[\* \_Lyne\_, linen.]

Ne doo I thinke that that same subtil gin  
The which the Lemnian god framde craftilie, 370  
Mars sleeping with his wife to compasse in,  
That all the gods with common mockerie  
Might laugh at them, and scorne their shamefull sin,  
Was like to this. This same he did applie  
For to entrap the careles Clarion, 375  
That rang'd each where without suspition.

Suspition of friend, nor feare of foe,  
That hazarded his health, had he at all,  
But walkt at will, and wandred too and fro,  
In the pride of his freedome principall\*: 380  
Litle wist he his fatall future woe,  
But was secure; the liker he to fall.  
He likest is to fall into mischaunce,  
That is regardles of his governaunce.  
[\* \_Principall\_, princely.]

Yet still Aragnoll (so his foe was hight) 385  
Lay lurking covertly him to surprise;  
And all his gins, that him entangle might,  
Drest in good order as he could devise.  
At length the foolish flie, without foresight,  
As he that did all daunger quite despise, 390  
Toward those parts came flying careleslie,  
Where hidden was his hatefull enemye.

Who, seeing him, with secret ioy therefore  
Did tickle inwardly in everie vaine;  
And his false hart, fraught with all treasons store, 395  
Was fil'd with hope his purpose to obtaine:

Himselfe he close upgathered more and more  
 Into his den, that his deceiptfull traine  
 By his there being might not be bewraid,  
 Ne anie noyse, ne anie motion made. 400

Like as a wily foxe, that, having spide  
 Where on a sunnie banke the lambes doo play,  
 Full closely creeping by the hinder side,  
 Lyes in ambushment of his hoped pray,  
 Ne stirreth limbe, till, seeing readie tide\*, 405  
 He rusheth forth, and snatcheth quite away  
 One of the litle yonglings unawares;  
 So to his worke Aragnoll him prepares.  
 [\* \_Tide\_, time.]

Who now shall give unto my heavie eyes  
 A well of teares, that all may overflow? 410  
 Or where shall I finde lamentable cryes,  
 And mournfull tunes enough my griefe to show?  
 Helpe, O thou Tragick Muse, me to devise  
 Notes sad enough, t'expresse this bitter throw:  
 For loe, the drerie stownd\* is now arrived, 415  
 That of all happines hath us deprived.  
 [\* \_Stownd\_, hour.]

The luckles Clarion, whether cruell Fate  
 Or wicked Fortune faultles him misled,  
 Or some ungracious blast out of the gate  
 Of Aeoles raine\* perforce him drove on hed\*\*, 420  
 Was (O sad hap and howre unfortunate!)  
 With violent swift flight forth caried  
 Into the cursed cobweb, which his foe  
 Had framed for his finall overthroe.  
 [\* \_Raine\_, kingdom.]  
 [\*\* \_On hed\_, head-foremost.]

There the fond flie, entangled, struggled long, 425  
 Himselfe to free thereout; but all in vaine.  
 For, striving more, the more in laces strong  
 Himselfe he tide, and wrapt his winges twaine  
 In lymie snares the subtill loupes among;  
 That in the ende he breathelesse did remaine, 430  
 And, all his yongthly\* forces idly spent,  
 Him to the mercie of th'avenger lent.  
 [\* \_Yongthly\_, youthful.]

Which when the greisly tyrant did espie,  
 Like a grimme lyon rushing with fierce might 435  
 Out of his den, he seized greedelie  
 On the resistles pray, and, with fell spight,  
 Under the left wing stroke his weapon slie  
 Into his heart, that his deepe-groning spright  
 In bloodie streames foorth fled into the aire,  
 His bodie left the spectacle of care. 440

\* \* \* \* \*

## FOOTNOTES

Ver. 365.--\_And Arte, with her contendIng.\_ Compare the description of Aerasia's garden, Faerie Queene, II. xii. 59; and also v. 29. TODD.

Ver. 273.--\_Minerva did\_, &c. Much of what follows is taken from the fable of Arachne in Ovid. JORTIN.

\* \* \* \* \*

## VISIONS

### OF

### THE WORLDS VANITIE.

#### I.

One day, whiles that my daylie cares did sleepe,  
My spirit, shaking off her earthly prison,  
Began to enter into meditation deepe  
Of things exceeding reach of common reason;  
Such as this age, in which all good is geason\*,  
And all that humble is and meane\*\* debaced,  
Hath brought forth in her last declining season,  
Griefe of good mindes, to see goodnesse disgraced!  
On which when as my thought was throgly@ placed,  
Unto my eyes strange shoves presented were,  
Picturing that which I in minde embraced,  
That yet those sights empassion\$ me full nere.  
Such as they were, faire Ladie%, take in worth,  
That when time serves may bring things better forth.

[\* \_Geason\_, rare.]

[\*\* \_Meane\_, lowly.]

[@ \_Throgly\_, thoroughly.]

[\$ \_Empassion\_, move.]

[% \_Faire Ladie.\_ The names of the ladies to whom these Visions and those of Petrarch (see p. 210, VII. 9) were inscribed have not been preserved. C.]

#### II.

In summers day, when Phoebus fairly shone,  
I saw a Bull as white as driven snowe,  
With gilden homes embowed like the moone,  
In a fresh flowring meadow lying lowe:  
Up to his eares the verdant grasse did growe,  
And the gay floures did offer to be eaten;  
But he with fatnes so did overflows,  
That he all wallowed in the weedes downe beaten,  
Ne car'd with them his daintie lips to sweeten:  
Till that a Brize\*, a scorned little creature,  
Through his faire hide his angrie sting did threaten,  
And vext so sore, that all his goodly feature  
And all his plenteous pasture nought him pleased:  
So by the small the great is oft diseased\*\*.

### III.

Beside the fruitfull shore of muddie Nile,  
Upon a sunnie banke outstretched lay,  
In monstrous length, a mightie Crocodile,  
That, cram'd with guiltles blood and greedie pray  
Of wretched people travailing that way,  
Thought all things lesse than his disdainfull pride.  
I saw a little Bird, cal'd Tedula,  
The least of thousands which on earth abide,  
That forst this hideous beast to open wide  
The greisly gates of his devouring hell,  
And let him feede, as Nature doth provide,  
Upon his iawes, that with blacke venime swell.  
Why then should greatest things the least disdaine,  
Sith that so small so mightie can constraine?

[\*\_Brize\_, a gadfly.]

[\*\*\_Diseased\_, deprived of ease.]

III. 7.--Tedula. Spenser appears to mean the bird Trochilos, which, according to Aristotle, enters the mouth of the crocodile, and picks her meat out of the monster's teeth. C.

### IV.

The kingly bird that beares loves thunder-clap  
One day did scorne the simple Scarabee\*,  
Proud of his highest service and good hap,  
That made all other foules his thralls to bee.  
The silly flie, that no redresse did see,  
Spide where the Eagle built his towring nest,  
And, kindling fire within the hollow tree,  
Burnt up his yong ones, and himselfe distrest;  
Ne suffred him in anie place to rest,  
But drove in loves owne lap his eggs to lay;  
Where gathering also filth him to infest,  
Forst with the filth his eggs to fling away:  
For which, when as the foule was wroth, said love,  
"Lo! how the least the greatest may reprove."

### V.

Toward the sea turning my troubled eye,  
I saw the fish (if fish I may it cleepe\*\*)  
That makes the sea before his face to flye,  
And with his flaggie finnes doth seeme to sweepe  
The fomie waves out of the dreadfull deep;  
The huge Leviathan, dame Natures wonder,  
Making his sport, that manie makes to weep.  
A Sword-fish small him from the rest did sunder  
That, in his throat him pricking softly under,  
His wide abysses him forced forth to spewe,  
That all the sea did roare like heavens thunder,  
And all the waves were stain'd with filthie hewe.  
Hereby I learned have not to despise



Whatever thing seemes small in common eyes.

[\* \_Scarabee,\_ beetle.]

[\*\* \_Cleepe,\_ call.]

VI.

An hideous Dragon, dreadfull to behold,  
Whose backe was arm'd against the dint of speare  
With shields of brasse that shone like burnisht golde,  
And forkhed sting that death in it did beare,  
Strove with a Spider, his unequall peare,  
And bad defiance to his enemie.

The subtill vermin, creeping closely\* neare,  
Did in his drinke shed poyson privilie;  
Which, through his entrailes spredding diversly,  
Made him to swell, that nigh his bowells burst,  
And him enforst to yeeld the victorie,  
That did so much in his owne greatnesse trust.

O, how great vainnesse is it then to scorne  
The weake, that hath the strong so oft forlorne!\*\*

[\* \_Closely,\_ secretly.]

[\*\* \_Forlorne,\_ ruined.]

VII.

High on a hill a goodly Cedar grewe,  
Of wondrous length and straight proportion,  
That farre abroad her daintie odours threw;  
Mongst all the daughters of proud Libanon,  
Her match in beautie was not anie one.  
Shortly within her inmost pith there bred  
A litle wicked worme, perceiv'd of none,  
That on her sap and vitall moisture fed:  
Thenceforth her garland so much honoured  
Began to die, O great ruth\* for the same!  
And her faire lockes fell from her loftie head,  
That shortly balde and bared she became.

I, which this sight beheld, was much dismayed,  
To see so goodly thing so soone decayed.

[\* \_Ruth,\_ pity.]

VIII.

Soone after this I saw an Elephant,  
Adorn'd with bells and bosses gorgeously,  
That on his backe did beare, as batteilant\*,  
A gilden towre, which shone exceedingly;  
That he himselfe through foolish vanitie,  
Both for his rich attire and goodly forme,  
Was puffed up with passing surquedrie\*\*,  
And shortly gan all other beasts to scorne,  
Till that a litle Ant, a silly worme,  
Into his nostrils creeping, so him pained,

That, casting downe his towres, he did deforme  
Both borrowed pride, and native beautie stained.  
Let therefore nought that great is therein glorie,  
Sith so small thing his happines may varie.

[\* \_As batteilant, \_ as if equipped for battle.]

[\*\* \_Surquedrie, \_ presumption.]

IX.

Looking far foorth into the ocean wide,  
A goodly Ship with banners bravely dight,  
And flag in her top-gallant, I espide  
Through the maine sea making her merry flight.  
Faile blew the wind into her bosome right,  
And th'heavens looked lovely all the while,  
That she did seeme to daunce, as in delight,  
And at her owne felicitie did smile.  
All sodainely there clove unto her keele  
A little fish that men call Remora,  
Which stopt her course, and held her by the heele,  
That winde nor tide could move her thence away.  
Straunge thing me seemeth, that so small a thing  
Should able be so great an one to wring.

X.

A mighty Lyon, lord of all the wood,  
Having his hunger throughly satisfide  
With pray of beasts and spoyle of living blood,  
Safe in his dreadles den him thought to hide:  
His sternesse was his prayse, his strength his pride,  
And all his glory in his cruell clawes.  
I saw a Wasp, that fiercely him defide,  
And bad him battaile even to his iawes;  
Sore he him stong, that it the blood forth drawes,  
And his proude heart is fild with fretting ire:  
In vaine he threats his teeth, his tayle, his pawes,  
And from his bloodie eyes doth sparkle fire;  
That dead himselfe he wisheth for despight.  
So weakest may anoy the most of might!

XI.

What time the Romaine Empire bore the raine  
Of all the world, and florisht most in might,  
The nations gan their soveraintie disdaine,  
And cast to quitt them from their bondage quight.  
So, when all shrouded were in silent night,  
The Galles were, by corrupting of a mayde,  
Possest nigh of the Capitol through slight,  
Had not a Goose the treachery bewrayde.  
If then a goose great Rome from ruine stayde,  
And love himselfe, the patron of the place,

Preservd from being to his foes betrayde,  
Why do vaine men mean things so much deface\*,  
And in their might repose their most assurance,  
Sith nought on earth can challenge long endurance?

[\* \_Deface,\_ disparage, despise.]

XII.

When these sad sights were overpast and gone,  
My spright was greatly moved in her rest,  
With inward ruth and deare affection,  
To see so great things by so small distrest.  
Thenceforth I gan in my engrieved brest  
To scorne all difference of great and small,  
Sith that the greatest often are opprest,  
And unawares doe into daunger fall.  
And ye, that read these ruines tragicall,  
Learne, by their losse, to love the low degree;  
And if that Fortune chaunce you up to call  
To honours seat, forget not what you be:  
For he that of himselfe is most secure  
Shall finde his state most fickle and unsure.

\* \* \* \* \*

THE

VISIONS OF BELLAY.\*

[\* Eleven of these Visions of Bellay (all except the 6th, 8th, 13th, and 14th) differ only by a few changes necessary for rhyme from blank-verse translations found in Van der Noodt's \_Theatre of Worldlings\_, printed in 1569; and the six first of the Visions of Petrarch (here said to have been "formerly translated") occur almost word for word in the same publication, where the authorship appears to be claimed by one Theodore Roest. The Complaints were collected, not by Spenser, but by Ponsonby, his bookseller, and he may have erred in ascribing these Visions to our poet. C.]

I.

It was the time when rest, soft sliding downe  
From heavens hight into mens heavy eyes,  
In the forgetfulnes of sleepe doth drowne  
The carefull thoughts of mortall miseries.  
Then did a ghost before mine eyes appeare,  
On that great rivers banck that runnes by Rome;  
Which, calling me by name, bad me to reare  
My lookes to heaven whence all good gifts do come,  
And crying lowd, "Loe! now beholde," quoth hee,  
"What under this great temple placed is:  
Lo, all is nought but flying vanitee!"  
So I, that know this worlds inconstancies,  
Sith onely God surmounts all times decay,

In God alone my confidence do stay.

## II.

On high hills top I saw a stately frame,  
An hundred cubits high by iust assize\*,  
With hundreth pillours fronting faire the same,  
All wrought with diamond after Dorick wize.  
Nor brick nor marble was the wall in view,  
But shining christall, which from top to base  
Out of her womb a thousand rayons\*\* threw  
On hundred steps of Afrike golds enchase.@  
Golde was the parget,\$ and the seeling bright  
Did shine all scaly with great plates of golde;  
The floore of iasp and emeraude was dight.%  
O worlds vainesse! Whiles thus I did behold,  
An earthquake shooke the hill from lowest seat,  
And overthrew this frame with ruine great.

[\* \_Assize\_, measure.]

[\*\* \_Rayons\_, beams, rays.]

[@ I.e. enchased with gold.]

[\$ \_Parget\_, varnish, plaster.]

[% \_Dight\_, composed.]

## III.

Then did a sharped spyre of diamond bright,  
Ten feete each way in square, appeare to mee,  
lustly proportion'd up unto his hight,  
So far as archer might his level see.  
The top thereof a pot did seeme to beare,  
Made of the mettall which we most do honour;  
And in this golden vessel couched weare  
The ashes of a mightie emperour:  
Upon foure corners of the base were pight\*,  
To beare the frame, foure great Lyons of gold;  
A worthy tombe for such a worthy wight.  
Alas! this world doth nought but grievance hold:  
I saw a tempest from the heaven descend,  
Which this brave monument with flash did rend.  
[\* \_Pight\_, placed.]

## IV.

I saw raysde up on yvorie pillowes tall,  
Whose bases were of richest mettalls warke,  
The chapters\* alablaster, the fryses christall,  
The double front of a triumphall arke.  
On each side purtraid was a Victorie,  
Clad like a nimph, that wings of silver weares,  
And in triumphant chayre was set on hie,  
The auncient glory of the Romaine peares.  
No worke it seem'd of earthly craftsmans wit,  
But rather wrought by his owne industry  
That thunder-dartes for love his syre doth fit.

Let me no more see faire thing under sky,  
Sith that mine eyes have seene so faire a sight  
With sodain fall to dust consumed quight.  
[\* \_Chapters\_, capitals.]

V.

Then was the faire Dodonian tree far seene  
Upon seaven hills to spread his gladsome gleame,  
And conquerours bedecked with his greene,  
Along the bancks of the Ausonian streame.  
There many an auncient trophée was addrest\*,  
And many a spoyle, and many a goodly show,  
Which that brave races greatnes did attest,  
That whilome from the Troyan blood did flow.  
Ravisht I was so rare a thing to vew;  
When lo! a barbarous troupe of clownish fone\*\*  
The honour of these noble boughs down threw:  
Under the wedge I heard the tronck to grone;  
And since, I saw the roote in great disdaine  
A twinne of forked trees send forth againe.

[\* \_Addrest\_, hung on, arranged.]  
[\*\* \_Fone\_, foes.]

VI.

I saw a wolfe under a rockie cave  
Noursing two whelpes; I saw her litle ones  
In wanton dalliance the teate to crave,  
While she her neck wreath'd from them for the nones\*.  
I saw her raunge abroad to seeke her food,  
And roming through the field with greedie rage  
T'embrew her teeth and clawes with lukewarm blood  
Of the small heards, her thirst for to assuage.  
I saw a thousand huntsmen, which descended  
Downe from the mountaines bordring Lombardie,  
That with an hundred speares her flank wide rened:  
I saw her on the plaine outstretched lie,  
Throwing out thousand throbs in her owne soyle\*\*:  
Soone on a tree uphang'd I saw her spoyle.

[\* \_Nones\_, nonce.]  
[\*\* I.e. the mire made by her blood.]

VII.

I saw the bird that can the sun endure  
With feeble wings assay to mount on hight;  
By more and more she gan her wings t'assure,  
Following th'ensample of her mothers sight.  
I saw her rise, and with a larger flight  
To pierce the cloudes, and with wide pinneons  
To measure the most haughtie\* mountaines hight,  
Untill she raught\*\* the gods owne mansions.  
There was she lost; when suddaine I behelde,

Where, tumbling through the ayre in firie fold,  
All flaming downe she on the plaine was felde,  
And soone her bodie turn'd to ashes colde.

I saw the foule that doth the light dispise

Out of her dust like to a worme arise.

[\* \_Haughtie\_, lofty.]

[\*\* \_Raught\_, reached.]

[VII. 1-14.--

"A falcon, tow'ring in her pride of place,  
Was by a mousing owl hawk'd at and kill'd." C.]

#### VIII.

I saw a river swift, whose fomy billowes  
Did wash the ground-work of an old great wall;  
I saw it cover'd all with griesly shadowes,  
That with black horror did the ayre appall:  
Thereout a strange beast with seven heads arose,  
That townes and castles under her brest did coure\*,  
And seem'd both milder beasts and fiercer foes  
Alike with equall ravine to devoure.  
Much was I mazde to see this monsters kinde  
In hundred formes to change his fearefull hew;  
When as at length I saw the wrathfull winde,  
Which blows cold storms, burst out of Scithian mew,  
That sperst these cloudes; and, in so short as thought,  
This dreadfull shape was vanished to nought.

[\* \_Coure\_, cover.]

#### IX.

Then all astonied with this mighty ghoast,  
An hideous bodie, big and strong, I sawe,  
With side\* long beard, and locks down hanging loast\*\*,  
Sterne face, and front full of Saturnlike awe;  
Who, leaning on the belly of a pot,  
Pourd forth a water, whose out gushing flood  
Ran bathing all the creakie@ shore aflot,  
Whereon the Troyan prince spilt Turnus blood;  
And at his feete a bitch wolfe suck did yeeld  
To two young babes: his left the palme tree stout,  
His right hand did the peacefull olive wield.  
And head with lawrell garnisht was about.

Sudden both palme and olive fell away,

And faire green lawrell branch did quite decay.

[\* \_Side\_, long, trailing.]

[\*\* \_Loast\_, loosed.]

[@ \_Creakie\_, indented with creeks.]

#### X.

Hard by a rivers side a virgin faire,  
Folding her armes to heaven with thousand throbs,  
And outraging her cheekes and golden haire,  
To falling rivers sound thus tun'd her sobs.  
"Where is," quoth she, "this whilom honoured face?"

Where the great glorie and the auncient praise,  
In which all worlds felicitie had place,  
When gods and men my honour up did raise?  
Suffisd' it not that civill warres me made  
The whole worlds spoile, but that this Hydra new,  
Of hundred Hercules to be assaide,  
With seven heads, budding monstrous crimes anew,  
So many Neroes and Caligulaes  
Out of these crooked shores must dayly rayse?"

XI.

Upon an hill a bright flame I did see,  
Waving aloft with triple point to skie,  
Which, like incense of precious cedar tree,  
With balmie odours fil'd th'ayre farre and nie.  
A bird all white, well feathered on each wing,  
Hereout up to the throne of gods did flie,  
And all the way most pleasant notes did sing,  
Whilst in the smoake she unto heaven did stie\*.  
Of this faire fire the scattered rayes forth threw  
On everie side a thousand shining beames:  
When sudden dropping of a silver dew  
(O grievous chance!) gan quench those precious flames;  
That it, which earst\*\* so pleasant sent did yeld,  
Of nothing now but noyous sulphure smeld.

[\*\_Stie\_, mount.]

[\*\*\_Earst\_, at first.]

XII.

I saw a spring out of a rocke forth rayle\*,  
As cleare as christall gainst the sunnie beames;  
The bottome yeallow, like the golden grayle\*  
That bright Pactolus washeth with his streames.  
It seem'd that Art and Nature had assembled  
All pleasure there for which mans hart could long;  
And there a noyse alluring sleepe soft trembled,  
Of manie accords, more sweete than mermaids song,  
The seates and benches shone as yvorie,  
And hundred nymphes sate side by side about;  
When from nigh hills, with hideous outcrie,  
A troupe of satyres in the place did rout,@  
Which with their villeine feete the streame did ray,\$  
Threw down the seats, and drove the nymphs away.

[\*\_Rayle\_, flow.]

[\*\*\_Grayle\_, gravel.]

[@\_Rout\_, burst.]

[\$\_Ray\_, defile.]

XIII.

Much richer then that vessell seem'd to bee  
Which did to that sad Florentine appeare,  
Casting mine eyes farre off, I chaunst to see  
Upon the Latine coast herselfe to reare.

But suddenly arose a tempest great,  
 Bearing close envie to these riches rare,  
 Which gan assaile this ship with dreadfull threat,  
 This ship, to which none other might compare:  
 And finally the storme impetuous  
 Sunke up these riches, second unto none,  
 Within the gulfe of greedie Nereus.  
 I saw both ship and mariners each one,  
 And all that treasure, drowned in the maine:  
 But I the ship saw after raisd' againe.  
 [XIII. 1.--\_That vessell\_. See the second canto of the Purgatorio. C.]

#### XIV.

Long having deeply gron'd these visions sad,  
 I saw a citie like unto that same  
 Which saw the messenger of tidings glad,  
 But that on sand was built the goodly frame:  
 It seem'd her top the firmament did rayse,  
 And, no lesse rich than faire, right worthie sure  
 (If ought here worthie) of immortall dayes,  
 Or if ought under heaven might firme endure.  
 Much wondred I to see so faire a wall:  
 When from the Northern coast a storme arose,  
 Which, breathing furie from his inward gall  
 On all which did against his course oppose,  
 Into a clowde of dust sperst in the aire  
 The weake foundations of this citie faire.

#### XV.

At length, even at the time when Morpheus  
 Most trulie doth unto our eyes appeare,  
 Wearie to see the heavens still wavering thus,  
 I saw Typhaeus sister\* comming neare;  
 Whose head, full bravely with a morion\*\* hidd,  
 Did seeme to match the gods in maiestie.  
 She, by a rivers bancke that swift downe slidd,  
 Over all the world did raise a trophee hie;  
 An hundred vanquisht kings under her lay,  
 With armes bound at their backs in shamefull wize.  
 Whilst I thus mazed was with great affray,  
 I saw the heavens in warre against her rize:  
 Then downe she stricken fell with clap of thonder,  
 That with great noyse I wakte in sudden wonder.  
 [\* I.e. (apparently) Change or Mutability. See the two cantos of the  
 Seventh Book of the Faerie Queene.]  
 [\*\* \_Morion\_, steel cap.]

\* \* \* \* \*

#### THE VISIONS OF PETRARCH:

##### FORMERLY TRANSLATED.

[Footnote: The first six of these sonnets are translated (not directly,



but through the French of Clement Marot) from Petrarch's third Canzone in Morte di Laura. The seventh is by the translator. The circumstance that the version is made from Marot renders it probable that these sonnets are really by Spenser. C.]

I.

Being one day at my window all alone,  
So manie strange things happened me to see,  
As much it grieveth me to thinke thereon.  
At my right hand a hynde appear'd to mee.  
So faire as mote the greatest god delite;  
Two eager dogs did her pursue in chace,  
Of which the one was blacke, the other white.  
With deadly force so in their cruell race  
They pincht the haunches of that gentle beast,  
That at the last, and in short time, I spide,  
Under a rocke, where she, alas! opprest,  
Fell to the ground, and there untimely dide.  
Cruell death vanquishing so noble beautie,  
Oft makes me wayle so hard a destenie.

II.

After, at sea a tall ship did appeare,  
Made all of heben\* and white yvorie;  
The sailes of golde, of silke the tackle were.  
Milde was the winde, calme seem'd the sea to bee,  
The skie eachwhere did show full bright and faire:  
With rich treasures this gay ship freighted was:  
But sudden storme did so turmoyle the aire,  
And tumbled up the sea, that she, alas!  
Strake on a rock, that under water lay,  
And perished past all recoverie.  
O! how great ruth, and sorrow-full assay\*\*,  
Doth vex my spirite with perplexitie,  
Thus in a moment to see lost and drown'd  
So great riches as like cannot be found.

[\* \_Heben\_, ebony.]

[\*\* \_Assay\_, trial.]

III.

The heavenly branches did I see arise  
Out of the fresh and lustie lawrell tree,  
Amidst the yong greene wood: of Paradise  
Some noble plant I thought my selfe to see.  
Such store of birds therein yshrowded were,  
Chaunting in shade their sundrie melodie,  
That with their sweetnes I was ravish't nere.  
While on this lawrell fixed was mine eie,  
The skie gan everie where to overcast,  
And darkned was the welkin all about,  
When sudden flash of heavens fire out brast\*,  
And rent this royall tree quite by the roote;  
Which makes me much and ever to complaine,

For no such shadow shalbe had againe.  
[\* \_Brast\_, burst.]

IV.

Within this wood, out of a rocke did rise  
A spring of water, mildly rumbling downe,  
Whereto approched not in anie wise  
The homely shepheard, nor the ruder clowne;  
But manie Muses, and the Nymphes withall,  
That sweetly in accord did tune their voyce  
To the soft sounding of the waters fall;  
That my glad hart thereat did much reioyce.  
But, while herein I tooke my chiefe delight,  
I saw, alas! the gaping earth devoure  
The spring, the place, and all cleane out of sight;  
Which yet aggreeves my hart even to this houre,  
And wounds my soule with rufull memorie,  
To see such pleasures gon so suddenly.

V.

I saw a Phoenix in the wood alone,  
With purple wings and crest of golden hewe;  
Strange bird he was, whereby I thought anone  
That of some heavenly wight I had the vewe;  
Untill he came unto the broken tree,  
And to the spring that late devoured was.  
What say I more? Each thing at last we see  
Doth passe away: the Phoenix there, alas!  
Spying the tree destroid, the water dride,  
Himselfe smote with his beake, as in disdaine,  
And so forthwith in great despight he dide;  
That yet my heart burnes in exceeding paine  
For ruth and pitie of so haples plight.  
O, let mine eyes no more see such a sight!

VI.

At last, so faire a ladie did I spie,  
That thinking yet on her I burne and quake:  
On hearbs and flowres she walked pensively;  
Milde, but yet love she proudly did forsake:  
White seem'd her robes, yet woven so they were  
As snow and golde together had been wrought:  
Above the wast a darke clowde shrouded her.  
A stinging serpent by the heele her caught;  
Wherewith she languisht as the gathered floure,  
And, well assur'd, she mounted up to ioy.  
Alas! on earth so nothing doth endure,  
But bitter grieve and sorrowfull annoy:  
Which make this life wretched and miserable.  
Tossed with stormes of fortune variable.

VII.

When I behold this tickle\* trustles state  
Of vaine worlds glorie, flitting too and fro,  
And mortall men tossed by troublous fate  
In restles seas of wretchednes and woe,  
I wish I might this wearie life forgoe,  
And shortly turne unto my happie rest,  
Where my free spirite might not anie moe  
Be vest with sights that doo her peace molest.  
And ye, faire Ladie, in whose bounteous brest  
All heavenly grace and vertue shrined is,  
When ye these rythmes doo read, and vew the rest,  
Loath this base world, and thinke of heavens blis:  
And though ye be the fairest of Gods creatures,  
Yet thinke that death shall spoyle your goodly features.  
[\* \_Tickle\_, uncertain.]

\* \* \* \* \*

DAPHNAIDA:

AN ELEGIE

UPON THE DEATH OF THE NOBLE AND VERTUOUS

DOUGLAS HOWARD,

DAUGHTER AND HEIRE OF HENRY LORD HOWARD, VISCOUNT  
BYNDON, AND WIFE OF ARTHUR GORGES, ESQUIER.

DEDICATED TO THE RIGHT HONORABLE

THE LADIE HELENA,

MARQUESSE OF NORTHAMPTON.

BY ED. SP.

(1591.)

TO THE RIGHT HONORABLE AND VERTUOUS LADY,

HELENA,

MARQUESSE OF NORTH HAMPTON.[\*]

I have the rather presumed humbly to offer unto your Honour the  
dedication of this little poeme, for that the noble and vertuous  
gentlewoman of whom it is written was by match neere allied, and in  
affection greatly devoted, unto your Ladiship. The occasion why I wrote  
the same was as well the great good fame which I heard of her deceassed,  
as the particular goodwill which I bear unto her husband, Master Arthur  
Gorges, a lover of learning and vertue, whose house, as your Ladiship by  
marriage hath honoured, so doe I find the name of them, by many notable  
records, to be of great antiquitie in this realme, and such as have ever  
borne themselves with honourable reputation to the world, and unspotted

loyaltie to their prince and countrey: besides, so lineally are they descended from the Howards, as that the Lady Anne Howard; eldest daughter to John Duke of Norfolke, was wife to Sir Edmund, mother to Sir Edward, and grandmother to Sir William and Sir Thomas Gorges, Knightes: and therefore I doe assure my selfe that no due honour done to the White Lyon, but will be most gratefull to your Ladiship, whose husband and children do so neerely participate with the bloud of that noble family. So in all dutie I recommend this pamphlet, and the good acceptance thereof, to your honourable favour and protection. London, this first of Ianuarie, 1591.

Your Honours humbly ever.

[\* This lady, when widow of William Parr, the only person who was ever Marquis of Northampton, had married Sir Thomas Gorges, uncle of Lady Douglas Howard, the subject of this elegy. Mr. (afterwards Sir) Arthur Gorges was himself a poet, and the author of the English translation of Bacon's tract *De Sapientia Veterum*, published in 1619. See Craik's *Spenser and his Poetry*, Vol. III. p. 187. C.]

\* \* \* \* \*

#### DAPHNAIDA.

Whatever man he be whose heavie mynd,  
With grieve of mournfull great mishap opprest,  
Fit matter for his cares increase would fynd,  
Let reade the ruffull plaint herein exprest,  
Of one, I weene, the wofulst man alive,  
Even sad Alcyon\*, whose emperierced brest  
Sharpe sorrowe did in thousand peeces rive.

[\* I.e. Sir Arthur Gorges.]

But whoso else in pleasure findeth sense,  
Or in this wretched life doeth take delight,  
Let him he banisht farre away from hence;  
Ne let the Sacred Sisters here be hight\*,  
Though they of sorrowe heavilie can sing,  
For even their heavie song would breede delight;  
But here no tunes save sobs and grones shall ring.

10

[\* \_Hight\_, summoned.]

In stead of them and their sweet harmonie,  
Let those three Fatall Sisters, whose sad hands  
Doe weave the direfull threeds of destinie,  
And in their wrath break off the vitall bands,  
Approach hereto; and let the dreadfull Queene  
Of Darknes deepe come from the Stygian strands,  
And grisly ghosts, to heare this dolefull teene\*,

15

20

[\* \_Teene\_, sorrow]

In gloomy evening, when the wearie sun  
After his dayes long labour drew to rest,  
And sweatie steedes, now having overrun  
The compast skie, gan water in the west,  
I walkt abroad to breath the freshing ayre  
In open fields, whose flowring pride, opprest  
With early frosts, had lost their beautie faire.

25

There came unto my mind a troublous thought,  
Which dayly doth my weaker wit possesse, 30  
Ne lets it rest untill it forth have brought  
Her long borne infant, fruit of heavynesse,  
Which she conceived hath through meditation  
Of this worlds vainnesse and life's wretchednesse,  
That yet my soule it deeply doth empassion\*. 35  
[\* \_Empassion\_, move]

So as I muzed on the miserie  
In which men live, and I of many most,  
Most miserable man, I did espie  
Where towards me a sory wight did cost\*,  
Clad all in black, that mourning did bewray, 40  
And Iacob staffe \*\* in hand devoutly crost,  
Like to some pilgrim come from farre away.  
[\* \_Cost\_, approach]  
[\*\* \_Iacob staffe\_, a pilgrim's staff, in the form of a cross]

His carelesse locks, uncombed and unshorne,  
Hong long adowne, and bearde all overgrowne,  
That well he seemd to be some wight forlorne: 45  
Downe to the earth his heavie eyes were throwne,  
As loathing light, and ever as he went  
He sighed soft, and inly deepe did grone,  
As if his heart in peeces would have rent.

Approaching nigh his face I vewed nere, 50  
And by the semblant of his countenaunce  
Me seemd I had his person seene elsewhere,  
Most like Alcyon seeming at a glaunce;  
Alcyon he, the iollie shepheard swaine,  
That wont full merrilie to pipe and daunce, 55  
And fill with pleasance every wood and plaine.

Yet halfe in doubt, because of his disguise,  
I softlie sayd, Alcyon! There-withall  
He lookt aside as in disdaine full wise,  
Yet stayed not, till I againe did call: 60  
Then, turning back, he saide, with hollow sound,  
"Who is it that dooth name me, wofull thrall,  
The wretchedst man that treads this day on ground?"

"One whom like wofulnesse, impressed deepe,  
Hath made fit mate thy wretched case to heare, 65  
And given like cause with thee to waile and wepe;  
Griefe finds some ease by him that like does beare.  
Then stay, Alcyon, gentle shepheard! stay,"  
Quoth I, "till thou have to my trustie eare  
Committed what thee dooth so ill apay\*." 70  
[\* \_Ill apay\_, discontent, distress.]

"Cease, foolish man!" saide he halfe wrothfully,  
"To seeke to heare that which cannot be told;  
For the huge anguish, which doeth multiply  
My dying paines, no tongue can well unfold;  
Ne doo I care that any should bemone 75  
My hard mishap, or any weepe that would,

But seeke alone to weepe, and dye alone."

"Then be it so," quoth I, "that thou are bent  
To die alone, unpitied, unplained;  
Yet, ere thou die, it were convenient 80  
To tell the cause which thee thereto constrained,  
Least that the world thee dead accuse of guilt,  
And say, when thou of none shall be maintained,  
That thou for secret crime thy blood hast spilt."

"Who life does loath, and longs to be unbound 85  
From the strong shackles of fraile flesh," quoth he,  
"Nought cares at all what they that live on ground  
Deem the occasion of his death to bee;  
Rather desires to be forgotten quight,  
Than question made of his calamitie; 90  
For harts deep sorrow hates both life and light."

"Yet since so much thou seemst to rue my grieve,  
And car'st for one that for himselfe cares nought,  
(Sign of thy love, though nought for my reliefe,  
For my reliefe exceedeth living thought,) 95  
I will to thee this heaveie case relate:  
Then harken well till it to end be brought,  
For never didst thou heare more haplesse fate."

"Whilome I usde (as thou right well doest know)  
My little flocke on westerns downes to keep, 100  
Not far from whence Sabrinaes streame doth flow,  
And flowrie bancks with silver liquor steepe;  
Nought carde I then for worldly change or chaunce,  
For all my ioy was on my gentle sheepe,  
And to my pype to caroll and to daunce. 105

"It there befell, as I the fields did range  
Fearlesse and free, a faire young Lionesse,  
White as the native rose before the chaunge  
Which Venus blood did in her leaves impresse,  
I spied playing on the grassie plaine 110  
Her youthfull sports and kindlie wantonnesse,  
That did all other beasts in beawtie staine.  
[Ver. 107.--\_A fair young Lionesse,\_ So called from the white lion in  
the arms of the Duke of Norfolk, the head of the family to which Lady  
Douglas Howard belonged. H.]

"Much was I moved at so goodly sight,  
Whose like before mine eye had seldome seene,  
And gan to cast how I her compasse might, 115  
And bring to hand that yet had never beene:  
So well I wrought with mildnes and with paine,  
That I her caught disporting on the greene,  
And brought away fast bound with silver chaine."

"And afterwarde I handled her so fayre, 120  
That though by kind shee stout and salvage were,  
For being borne an auncient lions hayre,  
And of the race that all wild beastes do feare,  
Yet I her fram'd, and wan so to my bent,  
That shee became so meeke and milde of cheare 125

As the least lamb in all my flock that went.

"For shee in field, where-ever I did wend,  
Would wend with me, and waite by me all day;  
And all the night that I in watch did spend,  
If cause requir'd, or els in sleepe, if nay, 130  
Shee would all night by me or watch or sleepe;  
And evermore when I did sleepe or play,  
She of my flock would take full warie keepe\*.  
[\* \_Keepe\_, care.]

"Safe then, and safest, were my sillie sheepe,  
Ne fear'd the wolfe, ne fear'd the wildest beast, 135  
All\* were I drown'd in carelesse quiet deepe:  
My lovely Lionesse without beheast  
So careful was for them and for my good,  
That when I waked, neither most nor least  
I found miscarried, or in plaine or wood. 140  
[\* \_All\_, although.]

"Oft did the shepheards which my hap did heare,  
And oft their lasses, which my luck envyde,  
Daylie resort to me from farre and neare,  
To see my Lyonesse, whose praises wyde  
Were spred abroad; and when her worthinesse 145  
Much greater than the rude report they tryde\*,  
They her did praise, and my good fortune blesse.  
[\* \_Tryde\_, proved, found.]

"Long thus I ioyed in my happinesse,  
And well did hope my ioy would have no end;  
But oh! fond man! that in worlds ficklenesse 150  
Reposedst hope, or weenedst Her thy frend  
That glories most in mortall miseries,  
And daylie doth her changefull counsels bend  
To make new matter fit for tragedies.

"For whilst I was thus without dread or dout, 155  
A cruel Satyre with his murderous dart,  
Greddie of mischiefe, ranging all about,  
Gave her the fatall wound of deadly smart,  
And reft from me my sweete companion,  
And reft from me my love, my life, my hart: 160  
My Lyonesse, ah woe is me! is gon!

"Out of the world thus was she reft away,  
Out of the world, unworthy such a spoyle,  
And borne to heaven, for heaven a fitter pray;  
Much fitter then the lyon which with toyle 165  
Alcides slew, and fixt in firmament;  
Her now I seeke throughout this earthly soyle,  
And seeking misse, and missing doe lament."

Therewith he gan afresh to waile and weepe,  
That I for pittie of his heavie plight 170  
Could not abstain mine eyes with teares to steepe;  
But when I saw the anguish of his spright  
Some deale alaid, I him bespake againe:  
"Certes, Alcyon, painfull is thy plight,

That it in me breeds almost equall paine, 175

"Yet doth not my dull wit well understand  
The riddle of thy loved Lionesse;  
For rare it seemes in reason to be skand,  
That man, who doth the whole worlds rule possesse,  
Should to a beast his noble hart embase, 180  
And be the vassall of his vassalesses;  
Therefore more plain areade\* this doubtfull case."  
[\* \_Areade\_, explain.]

Then sighing sore, "Daphne thou knew'st," quoth he;  
"She now is dead": no more endur'd to say,  
But fell to ground for great extremitie; 185  
That I, beholding it, with deepe dismay  
Was much apald, and, lightly him uprearing,  
Revoked life, that would have fled away,  
All were my selfe through grief in deadly drearing\*.  
[\* \_Drearing\_, sorrowing.]

Then gan I him to comfort all my best, 190  
And with milde counsaile strove to mitigate  
The stormie passion of his troubled brest;  
But he thereby was more empasseionate,  
As stubborne steed that is with curb restrained  
Becomes more fierce and fervent in his gate, 195  
And, breaking foorth at last, thus dearnely\* plained:  
[\* \_Dearnely\_, sadly.]

I.

"What man henceforth that breatheth vitall aire  
Will honour Heaven, or heavenly powers adore,  
Which so uniuersally doth their iudgements share 200  
Mongst earthly wights, as to afflict so sore  
The innocent as those which do transgresse,  
And doe not spare the best or fairest more  
Than worst or foulest, but doe both oppresse?

"If this be right, why did they then create  
The world so faire, sith fairenesse is neglected? 205  
Or why be they themselves immaculate,  
If purest things be not by them respected?  
She faire, she pure, most faire, most pure she was,  
Yet was by them as thing impure reiected;  
Yet she in purenesse heaven it self did pas. 210

"In purenesse, and in all celestiall grace  
That men admire in goodly womankind,  
She did excell, and seem'd of angels race,  
Living on earth like angell new diuinde\*, 215  
Adorn'd with wisdom and with chastitie,  
And all the dowries of a noble mind,  
Which did her beautie much more beautifie.  
[\* \_Diuinde\_, deified.]

"No age hath bred (since faire Astraea left  
The sinfull world) more vertue in a wight;



And, when she parted hence, with her she reft 220  
Great hope, and robd her race of bounty\* quight.  
Well may the shepheard lasses now lament;  
For double losse by her hath on them light,  
To loose both her and bounties ornament.  
[\* \_Bounty\_, goodness.]

"Ne let Elisa, royall shepheardesse, 225  
The praises of my parted\* love envy,  
For she hath praises in all plenteousnesse  
Powr'd upon her, like showers of Castaly,  
By her owne shepheard, Colin, her own shepheard,  
That her with heavenly hymnes doth deifie, 230  
Of rusticke Muse full hardly to be betterd.  
[\* \_Parted\_, departed.]

"She is the rose, the glory of the day,  
And mine the primrose in the lowly shade:  
Mine? ah, not mine! amisse I mine did say:  
Not mine, but His which mine awhile her made; 235  
Mine to be-his, with him to live for ay.  
O that so faire a flowre so soon should fade,  
And through untimely tempest fall away!

"She fell away in her first ages spring,  
Whilst yet her leafe was greene, and fresh her rinde;  
And whilst her braunch faire blossomes foorth did bring, 241  
She fell away against all course of kinde\*.  
For age to dye is right, but youth is wrong;  
She fell away like fruit blowne down with winde.  
Weepe, Shepheard! weepe, to make my undersong\*\*.  
[\* \_Kinde\_, nature.]  
[\*\* \_Undersong\_, accompaniment.]

## II.

"What hart so stonie hard but that would weepe.  
And poure forth fountaines of incessant teares?  
What Timon but would let compassion creepe  
Into his breast, and pierce his frozen eares? 250  
In stead of teares, whose brackish bitter well  
I wasted have, my heart bloud dropping weares,  
To think to ground how that faire blossom fell.

"Yet fell she not as one enforst to dye,  
Ne dyde with dread and grudging discontent,  
But as one toyld with travell downe doth lye, 255  
So lay she downe, as if to sleepe she went,  
And closde her eyes with carelesse quietriesse;  
The whiles soft death away her spirit hent\*,  
And soule assoyld\*\* from sinfull fleshlinesse.  
[\* \_Hent\_, took]  
[\*\* \_Assoyld\_, absolved.]

"Yet ere that life her lodging did forsake, 260  
She, all resolv'd, and readie to remove,  
Calling to me (ay me!) this wise bespake;  
'Alcyon! ah, my first and latest love!

Ah! why does my Alcyon weepe and mourne,  
And grieve my ghost, that ill mote him behove,  
As if to me had chaunst some evill tourne!

265

"I, since the messenger is come for mee  
That summons soules unto the bridale feast  
Of his great Lord, must needs depart from thee,  
And straight obey his souveraine behest;  
Why should Alcyon then so sore lament  
That I from miserie shall be releast,  
And freed from wretched long imprisonment!

270

"Our daies are full of dolour and disease.  
Our life afflicted with incessant paine,  
That nought on earth may lessen or appease;  
Why then should I desire here to remaine!  
Or why should he that loves me sorrie bee  
For my deliverance, or at all complaine  
My good to heare, and toward\* ioyes to see!  
[\* \_Toward,\_ preparing, near at hand.]

275  
280

"I goe, and long desired have to goe;  
I goe with gladnesse to my wished rest,  
Whereas\* no worlds sad care nor wasting woe  
May come, their happie quiet to molest;  
But saints and angels in celestiall thrones  
Eternally Him praise that hath them blest;  
There shall I be amongst those blessed ones.  
[\* \_Whereas,\_ where.]

285

"Yet, ere I goe, a pledge I leave with thee  
Of the late love the which betwixt us past;  
My young Ambrosia; in lieu of mee,  
Love her; so shall our love for ever last.  
Thus, deare! adieu, whom I expect ere long.'--  
So having said, away she softly past;  
Weepe, Shepheard! weepe, to make mine undersong.

290

III.

"So oft as I record those piercing words,  
Which yet are deepe engraven in my brest,  
And those last deadly accents, which like swords  
Did wound my heart and rend my bleeding chest,  
With those sweet sugred speeches doe compare  
The which my soul first conquerd and possest,  
The first beginners of my endlesse care,

295  
300

"And when those pallid cheekes and ashe hew,  
In which sad Death his pourtraiture had writ,  
And when those hollow eyes and deadly view,  
On which the cloud of ghastly night did sit,  
I match, with that sweete smile and chearful brow,  
Which all the world subdued unto it,  
How happie was I then, and wretched now!

305

"How happie was I when I saw her leade  
The shepherds daughters dauncing in a rownd!

310

How trimly would she trace\* and softly tread  
The tender grasse, with rosye garland crownd!  
And when she list advaunce her heavenly voyce,  
Both Nymphes and Muses nigh she made astownd,  
And flocks and shepherds caused to reioyce. 315  
[\* \_Trace\_, step]

"But now, ye shepherd lasses! who shall lead  
Your wandring troupes, or sing your virelayes\*?  
Or who shall dight\*\* your bowres, sith she is dead  
That was the lady of your holy-dayes?  
Let now your blisse be turned into bale, 320  
And into plaints convert your ioyous playes,  
And with the same fill every hill and dale.  
[\* \_Virelayes\_, roundelays.]  
[\*\* \_Dight\_, deck.]

"Let bagpipe never more be heard to shrill,  
That may allure the senses to delight,  
Ne ever shepherd sound his oaten quill 325  
Unto the many\*, that provoke them might  
To idle pleasance; but let ghastlinesse  
And drearie horror dim the chearfull light,  
To make the image of true heavinesse.  
[\* \_Many\_, company.]

"Let birds be silent on the naked spray, 330  
And shady woods resound with dreadfull yells;  
Let streaming floods their hastie courses stay,  
And parching drouth drie up the cristall wells;  
Let th'earth be barren, and bring foorth no flowres,  
And th'ayre be fild with noyse of dolefull knells, 335  
And wandring spirits walke untimely howres.

"And Nature, nurse of every living thing,  
Let rest her selfe from her long wearinesse,  
And cease henceforth things kindly forth to bring,  
But hideous monsters full of uglinesse; 340  
For she it is that hath me done this wrong;  
No nurse, but stepdame cruell, mercilesse.  
Weepe, Shepherd! weepe, to make my undersong.

#### IV.

"My little flock, whom earst I lov'd so well,  
And wont to feed with finest grasse that grew, 345  
Feede ye hencefoorth on bitter astrofell\*,  
And stinking smallage, and unsaverie rew;  
And when your mawes are with those weeds corrupted,  
Be ye the pray of wolves; ne will I rew  
That with your carkasses wild beasts be glutted. 350  
[\* \_Astrofell\_, (probably) starwort. See \_Astrophel\_, v. 184-196.]

"Ne worse to you, my sillie sheepe, I pray,  
Ne sorer vengeance wish on you to fall  
Than to my selfe, for whose confusde decay\*\*  
To carelesse heavens I doo daylie call;

But heavens refuse to heare a wretches cry; 355  
And cruell Death doth scorn to come at call,  
Or graunt his boone that most desires to dye.  
[\* \_Decay\_, destruction.]

"The good and righteous he away doth take,  
To plague th'unrighteous which alive remaine;  
But the ungodly ones he doth forsake, 360  
By living long to multiplie their paine;  
Else surely death should be no punishment,  
As the Great Iudge at first did it ordaine,  
But rather riddance from long languishment.

"Therefore, my Daphne they have tane away; 365  
For worthie of a better place was she:  
But me unworthie willed here to stay,  
That with her lacke I might tormented be.  
Sith then they so have ordred, I will pay  
Penance to her, according\* their decree, 370  
And to her ghost doe service day by day.  
[\* \_According\_, according to.]

"For I will walke this wandering pilgrimage,  
Throughout the world from one to other end,  
And in affliction waste my better age:  
My bread shall be the anguish of my mynd, 375  
My drink the teares which fro mine eyes do raine,  
My bed the ground that hardest I may fynd;  
So will I wilfully increase my paine.

"And she, my love that was, my saint that is,  
When she beholds from her celestiall throne 380  
(In which shee ioyeth in eternall blis)  
My bitter penance, will my case bemone,  
And pittie me that living thus doo die;  
For heavenly spirits have compassion  
On mortall men, and rue their miserie. 385

"So when I have with sorrow satisfyde  
Th'importune Fates which vengeance on me seeks,  
And th'heavens with long languor pacifyde,  
She, for pure pitie of my sufferance meeke, 390  
Will send for me; for which I daily long,  
And will till then my painfull penance eeke,  
Weepe, Shepheard! weepe, to make my undersong.

V.

"Hencefoorth I hate whatever Nature made,  
And in her workmanship no pleasure finde,  
For they be all but vaine, and quickly fade 395  
So soone as on them blowes the northern winde;  
They tarrie not, but flit and fall away,  
Leaving behind them nought but griefe of minde,  
And mocking such as thinke they long will stay.

"I hate the heaven, because it doth withould 400  
Me from my love, and eke my love from me;

I hate the earth, because it is the mould  
Of fleshly slime and fraile mortalitie;  
I hate the fire, because to nought it flies;  
I hate the ayre, because sighes of it be; 405  
I hate the sea, because it teares supplies.

"I hate the day, because it lendeth light  
To see all things, and not my love to see;  
I hate the darknesse and the dreary night,  
Because they breed sad balefulnesse in mee; 410  
I hate all times, because all times doo fly  
So fast away, and may not stayed bee,  
But as a speedie post that passeth by.

"I hate to speake, my voyce is spent with crying;  
I hate to heare, lowd plaints have duld mine eares;  
I hate to tast, for food withholds my dying; 416  
I hate to see, mine eyes are dimd with teares;  
I hate to smell, no sweet on earth is left;  
I hate to feele, my flesh is numbd with feares:  
So all my senses from me are bereft. 420

"I hate all men, and shun all womankinde;  
The one, because as I they wretched are;  
The other, for because I doo not finde  
My love with them, that wont to be their starre.  
And life I hate, because it will not last; 425  
And death I hate, because it life doth marre;  
And all I hate that is to come or past.

"So all the world, and all in it I hate,  
Because it changeth ever to and fro,  
And never standeth in one certaine state, 430  
But, still unstedfast, round about doth goe  
Like a mill-wheele in midst of miserie,  
Driven with streames of wretchednesse and woe,  
That dying lives, and living still does dye.

"So doo I live, so doo I daylie die, 435  
And pine away in selfe-consuming paine!  
Sith she that did my vitall powres supplie,  
And feeble spirits in their force maintaine,  
Is fetcht fro me, why seeke I to prolong  
My wearie daies in dolour and disdaine! 440  
Weepe, Shepheard! weepe, to make my undersong.

#### IV.

"Why doo I longer live in lifes despight,  
And doo not dye then in despight of death!  
Why doo I longer see this loathsome light,  
And doo in darknesse not abridge my breath, 445  
Sith all my sorrow should have end thereby,  
And cares finde quiet! Is it so uneath\*  
To leave this life, or dolorous to dye?  
[\* \_Uneath\_, difficult.]

"To live I finde it deadly dolorous,

For life drawes care, and care continuall woe; 450  
 Therefore to dye must needes be ioyeous,  
 And wishfull thing this sad life to forgoe.  
 But I must stay; I may it not amend;  
 My Daphne hence departing bad me so;  
 She bad me stay, till she for me did send. 455

"Yet, whilst I in this wretched vale doo stay,  
 My wearie feete shall ever wandring be,  
 That still I may be readie on my way  
 When, as her messenger doth come for me;  
 Ne will I rest my feete for feeblenesse, 460  
 Ne will I rest my limmes for frailtie,  
 Ne will I rest mine eyes for heavinesse.

"But, as the mother of the gods, that sought  
 For faire Euridyce, her daughter dere,  
 Throughout the world, with wofull heavie thought,  
 So will I travell whilst I tarrie heere, 466  
 Ne will I lodge, ne will I ever lin\*,  
 Ne, when as drouping Titan draweth nere  
 To loose his teeme, will I take up my inne\*\*.  
 [\* \_Lin\_, cease.]  
 [\*\* \_Inne\_, lodging.]

"Ne sleepe, the harbenger\* of wearie wights, 470  
 Shall ever lodge upon mine eye-lids more,  
 Ne shall with rest refresh my fainting sprights,  
 Nor failing force to former strength restore:  
 But I will wake and sorrow all the night  
 With Philumene\*, my fortune to deplore; 475  
 With Philumene, the partner of my plight.  
 [\* \_Harbenger\_, one who provides lodging or repose.]  
 [\*\* \_Philumene\_, Philomel.]

"And ever as I see the starre to fall,  
 And under ground to goe to give them light  
 Which dwell in darknesse, I to mind will call  
 How my faire starre, that shind on me so bright, 480  
 Fell sodainly and faded under ground;  
 Since whose departure, day is turnd to night,  
 And night without a Venus starre is found.

"But soon as day doth shew his deawie face,  
 And cals foorth men unto their toylsome trade, 485  
 I will withdraw me to some darkesome place,  
 Or some dere\* cave, or solitarie shade;  
 There will I sigh, and sorrow all day long,  
 And the huge burden of my cares unlade. 489  
 Weepe, Shepheard! weepe, to make my undersong.  
 [\* Qu. \_derne\_, lonely? Or, \_drere?\_]

## VII.

"Henceforth mine eyes shall never more behold  
 Faire thing on earth, ne feed on false delight

Of ought that framed is of mortall mould,  
Sith that my fairest flower is faded quight;  
For all I see is vaine and transitorie, 495  
Ne will be held in any stedfast plight,  
But in a moment loose their grace and glorie.

"And ye, fond Men! on Fortunes wheele that ride,  
Or in ought under heaven repose assurance,  
Be it riches, beautie, or honours pride, 500  
Be sure that they shall have no long endurance,  
But ere ye be aware will flit away;  
For nought of them is yours, but th'only usance  
Of a small time, which none ascertains may.

"And ye, true Lovers! whom desastrous chaunce, 505  
Hath farre exiled from your ladies grace,  
To mourne in sorrow and sad sufferauncc,  
When ye doe heare me in that desert place  
Lamenting loud my Daphnes elegie,  
Helpe me to waile my miserable case, 510  
And when life parts vouchsafe to close mine eye.

"And ye, more happie Lovers! which enioy  
The presence of your dearest loves delight,  
"When ye doe heare my sorrowfull annoy,  
Yet pittie me in your empassiond spright, 515  
And thinke that such mishap as chaunst to me  
May happen unto the most happiest wight;  
For all mens states alike unstedfast be.

"And ye, ray fellow Shepheards! which do feed  
Tour carelesse flocks on hils and open plaines, 520  
With better fortune than did me succeed,  
Remember yet my undeserved paines;  
And when ye heare that I am dead or slaine,  
Lament my lot, and tell your fellow-swaines  
That sad Aleyon dyde in lifes disdaine. 525

"And ye, faire Damsels! shepheards deare delights,  
That with your loves do their rude hearts possesse,  
When as my hearse shall happen to your sightes,  
Vouchsafe to deck the same with cyparesse;  
And ever sprinckle brackish teares among, 530  
In pitie of my undeserv'd distresse,  
The which, I, wretch, endured have thus long.

"And ye, poore Pilgrims! that with restlesse toyle  
Wearie your selves in wandring desart wayes,  
Till that you come where ye your vowes assoyle\*, 535  
When passing by ye reade these wofull layes  
On my grave written, rue my Daphnes wrong,  
And mourne for me that languish out my dayes.  
Cease, Shepheard! cease, and end thy undersong."  
[\* \_Assoyle\_, absolve, pay.]

Thus when he ended had his heavie plaint, 540  
The heaviest plaint that ever I heard sound,  
His cheekes wext pale, and sprights began to faint,  
As if againe he would have fallen to ground;

Which when I saw, I, stepping to him light,  
Amooved\* him out of his stonie swound, 545  
And gan him to recomfort as I might.  
[\* \_Amooved\_, roused.]

But he no waie recomforted would be,  
Nor suffer solace to approach him nie,  
But, casting up a sdeinfull eie at me,  
That in his traunce I would not let him lie, 550  
Did rend his haire, and beat his blubbred face,  
As one disposed wilfullie to die,  
That I sore griev'd to see his wretched case.

Tho when the pang was somewhat overpast,  
And the outrageous passion nigh appeased, 555  
I him desyrde, sith daie was overcast  
And darke night fast approached, to be pleased  
To turne aside unto my cabinet\*,  
And staie with me, till he were better eased  
Of that strong stownd\*\* which him so sore beset. 560  
[\* \_Cabinet\_, cabin.]  
[\*\* \_Stownd\_, mood, parosysm of grief.]

But by no meanes I could him win thereto,  
Ne longer him intreate with me to staie,  
But without taking leave he foorth did goe  
With staggering pace and dismall looks dismay,  
As if that Death he in the face had seene, 565  
Or hellish hags had met upon the way:  
But what of him became I cannot weene.

\* \* \* \* \*

AMORETTI

AND

EPITHALAMION.

WRITTEN NOT LONG SINCE BY

EDMUNDE SPENSER.

\* \* \* \* \*

PRINTED FOR WILLIAM POSBONBY.

1595.

G. W. SENIOR\*,  
TO THE AUTHOR.

[\* These commendatory Sonnets first appeared in the first folio edition of Spenser's entire works (1611). G. W., as Todd conjectures, may be George Whetstone. C.]

Darke is the day when Phoebus face is shrowded,



And weaker sights may wander soone astray;  
But when they see his glorious raies unclouded,  
With steddly steps they keepe the perfect way:  
So, while this Muse in forraine land doth stay,  
Invention weepes, and pennes are cast aside;  
The time, like night, deprivd of chearfull day;  
And few doe write, but ah! too soone may slide.  
Then his thee home, that art our perfect guide,  
And with thy wit illustrate Englands fame,  
Daunting therby our neighbors ancient pride,  
That do for Poesie challenge chiefest name:

So we that live, and ages that succeed,  
With great applause thy learned works shall reed.

\* \* \* \* \*

Ah! Colin, whether on the lowly plaine,  
Piping to shepheards thy sweet roundelayes,  
Or whether singing, in some loftie vaine,  
Heroicke deeds of past or present dayes,  
Or whether in thy lovely mistresse praise  
Thou list to exercise thy learned quill,  
Thy Muse hath got such grace and power to please,  
With rare invention, beautified by skill,  
As who therin can ever ioy their fill!  
O, therefore let that happy Muse proceed  
To clime the height of Vertues sacred hill,  
Where endlesse honour shall be made thy meed:  
Because no malice of succeeding dales  
Can rase those records of thy lasting praise.

G. W. I[unior].

\* \* \* \* \*

AMORETTI.[\*]

[\* These Sonnets furnish us with a circumstantial and very interesting history of Spenser's second courtship, which, after many repulses, was successfully terminated by the marriage celebrated in the Epithalamion. As these poems were entered in the Stationers' Registers on the 19th of November, 1594, we may infer that they cover a period of time extending from the end of 1592 to the summer of 1594. It is possible, however, that these last dates may be a year too late, and that Spenser was married in 1593. We cannot be sure of the year, but we know, from the 266th verse of the Epithalamion, that the day was the feast of St. Barnabas, June 11 of the Old Style. In the 74th sonnet we are directly told that the lady's name was Elizabeth. In the 61st, she is said to be of the "Brood of Angels, heavenly born." From this and many similar expressions, interpreted by the laws of Anagram, and taken in conjunction with various circumstances which do not require to be stated here, it may be inferred that her surname was Nagle. C.]

\* \* \* \* \*

I.

Happy, ye leaves! when as those lilly hands  
Which hold my life in their dead-doing might  
Shall handle you, and hold in loves soft bands,  
Lyke captives trembling at the victors sight.  
And happy lines! on which, with starry light.  
Those lamping eyes will deigne sometimes to look,  
And reade the sorrowes of my dying spright,  
And happy rymes! bath'd in the sacred brooke  
Of Helicon, whence she derived is.  
When ye behold that Angels blessed looke,  
My soules long-lacked food, my heavens blis,  
Leaves, lines, and rymes, seeke her to please alone,  
Whom if ye please, I care for other none!

II.

Unquiet thought! whom at the first I bred  
Of th'inward bale of my love-pined hart,  
And sithens have with sighes and sorrowes fed,  
Till greater then my wombe thou woxen art,  
Breake forth at length out of the inner part,  
In which thou lurkest lyke to vipers brood,  
And seeke some succour both to ease my smart,  
And also to sustayne thy selfe with food.  
But if in presence of that fayrest Proud  
Thou chance to come, fall lowly at her feet;  
And with meek humblesse and afflicted mood  
Pardon for thee, and grace for me, intreat:  
Which if she graunt, then live, and my love cherish:  
If not, die soone, and I with thee will perish.

III.

The soverayne beauty which I doo admyre,  
Witnessse the world how worthy to be prayzed!  
The light wherof hath kindled heavenly fyre  
In my fraile spirit, by her from basenesse raysed;  
That being now with her huge brightnesse dazed,  
Base thing I can no more endure to view:  
But, looking still on her, I stand amazed  
At wondrous sight of so celestiall hew.  
So when my tounge would speak her praises dew,  
It stopped is with thoughts astonishment;  
And when my pen would write her titles true,  
It ravisht is with fancies wonderment:  
Yet in my hart I then both speak and write  
The wonder that my wit cannot endite.

IV.

New yeare, forth looking out of Ianus gate,  
Doth seeme to promise hope of new delight,  
And, bidding th'old adieu, his passed date  
Bids all old thoughts to die in dumpish\* spright;  
And calling forth out of sad Winters night

Fresh Love, that long hath slept in cheerlesse bower,  
Wils him awake, and soone about him dight  
His wanton wings and darts of deadly power.  
For lusty Spring now in his timely howre  
Is ready to come forth, him to receive;  
And warns the Earth with divers colord flowre  
To decke hir selfe, and her faire mantle weave.  
Then you, faire flowre! in whom fresh youth doth raine,  
Prepare your selfe new love to entertaine.  
[I \_Dumpish\_, mournful.]

V.

Rudely thou wrongest my deare harts desire,  
In finding fault with her too portly pride:  
The thing which I doo most in her admire,  
Is of the world unworthy most envide.  
For in those lofty lookes is close implide  
Scorn of base things, and sdeigne of foul dishonor;  
Thretning rash eies which gaze on her so wide,  
That loosely they ne dare to looke upon her.  
Such pride is praise, such portlinesse is honor,  
That boldned innocence beares in hir eies,  
And her faire countenaunce, like a goodly banner,  
Spreds in defiaunce of all enemies.  
Was never in this world ought worthy tride\*,  
Without some spark of such self-pleasing pride.  
[\* \_Tride\_, found.]

VI.

Be nought dismayd that her unmoved mind  
Doth still persist in her rebellious pride:  
Such love, not lyke to lusts of baser kynd,  
The harder wonne, the firmer will abide.  
The durefull oake whose sap is not yet dride  
Is long ere it conceive the kindling fyre;  
But when it once doth burne, it doth divide  
Great heat, and makes his flames to heaven aspire.  
So hard it is to kindle new desire  
In gentle brest, that shall endure for ever:  
Deepe is the wound that dints the parts entire\*  
With chaste affects, that naught but death can sever.  
Then thinke not long in taking litle paine  
To knit the knot that ever shall remaine.  
[\* \_Entire\_, inward.]

VII.

Fayre eyes! the myrrour of my mazed hart,  
What wondrous vertue is contayn'd in you,  
The which both lyfe and death forth from you dart  
Into the obiect of your mighty view?  
For when ye mildly looke with lovely hew,  
Then is my soule with life and love inspired:  
But when ye lowre, or looke on me askew,

Then do I die, as one with lightning fyred.  
But since that lyfe is more then death desyred,  
Looke ever lovely, as becomes you best;  
That your bright beams, of my weak eies admyred,  
May kindle living fire within my brest.  
Such life should be the honor of your light,  
Such death the sad ensample of your might.

#### VIII

More then most faire, full of the living fire  
Kindled above unto the Maker nere,  
No eies, but ioyes, in which al powers conspire,  
That to the world naught else be counted deare!  
Thru your bright beams doth not the blinded guest  
Shoot out his darts to base affections wound;  
But angels come, to lead fraile mindes to rest  
In chaste desires, on heavenly beauty bound.  
You frame my thoughts, and fashion me within;  
You stop my tounge, and teach my hart to speake;  
You calme the storme that passion did begin,  
Strong thru your cause, but by your vertue weak.  
Dark is the world where your light shined never;  
Well is he borne that may behold you ever.

#### IX.

Long-while I sought to what I might compare  
Those powrefull eies which lighten my dark spright;  
Yet find I nought on earth, to which I dare  
Resemble th'ymage of their goodly light.  
Not to the sun, for they doo shine by night;  
Nor to the moone, for they are changed never;  
Nor to the starres, for they have purer sight;  
Nor to the fire, for they consume not ever;  
Nor to the lightning, for they still persever;  
Nor to the diamond, for they are more tender;  
Nor unto cristall, for nought may them sever;  
Nor unto glasse, such basenesse mought offend her.  
Then to the Maker selfe they likest be,  
Whose light doth lighten all that here we see.

#### X.

Unrighteous Lord of love, what law is this,  
That me thou makest thus tormented be,  
The whiles she lordeth in licentious blisse  
Of her freewill, scorning both thee and me?  
See! how the Tyrannesse doth ioy to see  
The hugh massacres which her eyes do make,  
And humbled harts brings captive unto thee,  
That thou of them mayst mightie vengeance take.  
But her proud hart doe thou a little shake,  
And that high look, with which she doth comptroll  
All this worlds pride, bow to a baser make\*,  
And al her faults in thy black booke enroll:

That I may laugh at her in equall sort  
As she doth laugh at me, and makes my pain her sport.  
[\* \_Make\_, mate.]

XI.

Dayly when I do seeke and sew for peace,  
And hostages doe offer for ray truth,  
She, cruell warriour, doth her selfe addresse  
To battell, and the weary war renew'th;  
Ne wilbe moov'd, with reason or with rewth\*,  
To graunt small respit to my restlesse toile;  
But greedily her fell intent poursewth,  
Of my poore life to make unpittied spoile.  
Yet my poore life, all sorrowes to assoyle,  
I would her yield, her wrath to pacify;  
But then she seeks, with torment and turmoyle,  
To force me live, and will not let me dy.  
All paine hath end, and every war hafh peace;  
But mine, no price nor prayer may surcease.  
[\* \_Rewth\_, ruth, pity.]

XII.

One day I sought with her hart-thrilling eies  
To make a truce, and termes to entertaine;  
All fearlesse then of so false enimies,  
Which sought me to entrap in treasons traine.  
So, as I then disarmed did remaine,  
A wicked ambush, which lay hidden long  
In the close covert of her guilful eyen,  
Thence breaking forth, did thicke about me throng.  
Too feeble I t'abide the brunt so strong,  
Was forst to yield my selfe into their hands;  
Who, me captiving streight with rigorous wrong,  
Have ever since kept me in cruell bands.  
So, Ladie, now to you I doo complaine  
Against your eies, that iustice I may gaine.

XIII.

In that proud port which her so goodly graceth,  
Whiles her faire face she reares up to the skie,  
And to the ground her eie-lids low embaseth,  
Most goodly temperature ye may descry;  
Myld humblesse mixt with awful! maiestie.  
For, looking on the earth whence she was borne,  
Her minde remembreth her mortalitie,  
Whatso is fayrest shall to earth returne.  
But that same lofty countenance seemes to scorne  
Base thing, and thinke how she to heaven may clime;  
Treading downe earth as lothsome and forlorne,  
That hinders heavenly thoughts with drossy slime.  
Yet lowly still vouchsafe to looke on me;  
Such lowlinesse shall make you lofty be.

XIV.

Retourne agayne, my forces late dismayd,  
Unto the siege by you abandon'd quite.  
Great shame it is to leave, like one afrayd,  
So fayre a peece\* for one repulse so light.  
'Gaynst such strong castles needeth greater might  
Then those small forts which ye were wont belay\*\*:  
Such haughty myndes, enur'd to hardy fight,  
Disdayne to yield unto the first assay.  
Bring therefore all the forces that ye may,  
And lay incessant battery to her heart;  
Playnts, prayers, vowes, ruth, sorrow, and dismay;  
Those engins can the proudest love convert:  
And, if those fayle, fall down and dy before her;  
So dying live, and living do adore her.  
[I \_Peece\_, fortress.]  
[\*\* \_Belay\_, beleaguer.]

XV.

Ye tradefull Merchants, that, with weary toyle,  
Do seeke most pretious things to make your gain,  
And both the Indias of their treasure spoile,  
What needeth you to seeke so farre in vaine?  
For loe, my Love doth in her selfe containe  
All this worlds riches that may farre be found:  
If saphyres, loe, her eies be saphyres plaine;  
If rubies, loe, hir lips be rubies sound;  
If pearles, hir teeth be pearles, both pure and round;  
If yvorie, her forehead yvory weene;  
If gold, her locks are finest gold on ground;  
If silver, her faire hands are silver sheene:  
But that which fairest is but few behold:--  
Her mind adornd with vertues manifold.

XVI.

One day as I unwarily did gaze  
On those fayre eyes, my loves immortall light,  
The whiles my stonisht hart stood in amaze,  
Through sweet illusion of her lookes delight,  
I mote perceive how, in her glauncing sight,  
Legions of Loves with little wings did fly,  
Darting their deadly arrows, fyry bright,  
At every rash beholder passing by.  
One of those archers closely I did spy,  
Ayming his arrow at my very hart:  
When suddenly, with twinkle of her eye,  
The damzell broke his misintended dart.  
Had she not so doon, sure I had bene slayne;  
Yet as it was, I hardly scap't with paine.

XVII.

The glorious pourtraict of that angels face,  
Made to amaze weake mens confused skil,  
And this worlds worthlesse glory to embase,  
What pen, what pencill!, can expresse her fill?  
For though he colours could devize at will,  
And eke his learned hand at pleasure guide,  
Least, trembling, it his workmanship should spill\*,  
Yet many wondrous things there are beside:  
The sweet eye-glaunces, that like arrowes glide,  
The charming smiles, that rob sence from the hart,  
The lovely pleasance, and the lofty pride,  
Cannot expressed be by any art.  
A greater craftsmans hand thereto doth neede,  
That can expresse the life of things indeed.  
[I \_Spill\_, spoil.]

XVIII.

The rolling wheele that runneth often round,  
The hardest steele, in tract of time doth teare:  
And drizling drops, that often doe redound\*,  
The firmest flint doth in continuance weare:  
Yet cannot I, with many a drooping teare  
And long intreaty, soften her hard hart,  
That she will once vouchsafe my plaint to heare,  
Or looke with pittie on my payneful smart.  
But when I pleade, she bids me play my part;  
And when I weep, she sayes, teares are but water;  
And when I sigh, she sayes, I know the art;  
And when I waile, she turnes hir selfe to laughter.  
So do I weepe, and wayle, and pleade in vaine,  
Whiles she as steele and flint doth still remayne.  
[\* \_Redound\_, overflow.]

XIX.

The merry cuckow, messenger of Spring,  
His trompet shrill hath thrise already sounded.  
That warnes al lovers wayte upon their king,  
Who now is coming forth with girland crowned.  
With noyse whereof the quyre of byrds resounded  
Their anthemes sweet, devized of loves prayse,  
That all the woods theyr ecchoes back rebounded,  
As if they knew the meaning of their layes.  
But mongst them all which did Loves honor rayse,  
No word was heard of her that most it ought;  
But she his precept proudly disobayes,  
And doth his ydle message set at nought.  
Therefore, O Love, unlesse she turne to thee  
Ere cuckow end, let her a rebell be!

XX.

In vaine I seeke and sew to her for grace,  
And doe myne humbled hart before her poure,  
The whiles her foot she in my necke doth place,

And tread my life downe in the lowly floure\*.  
And yet the lyon, that is lord of power,  
And reigneth over every beast in field,  
In his most pride disdeigneth to devoure  
The silly lambe that to his might doth yield.  
But she, more cruell and more salvage wyld  
Than either lyon or the lyonesse,  
Shames not to be with guiltlesse bloud defylde,  
But taketh glory in her cruelnesse.

Fayrer then fayrest! let none ever say  
That ye were blooded in a yeelded pray.  
[\* \_Floure\_, floor, ground.]

XXI.

Was it the worke of Nature or of Art,  
Which tempred so the feature of her face,  
That pride and meeknesse, mist by equall part,  
Doe both appeare t'adorne her beauties grace?  
For with mild pleasance, which doth pride displace,  
She to her love doth lookers eyes allure;  
And with stern countenance back again doth chace  
Their looser looks that stir up lustes impure.  
With such strange termes\* her eyes she doth inure,  
That with one looke she doth my life dismay,  
And with another doth it streight recure:  
Her smile me drawes; her frowne me drives away.  
Thus doth she traine and teach me with her lookes;  
Such art of eyes I never read in bookes!  
[\* \_Termes\_, extremes (?).]

XXII.

This holy season\*, fit to fast and pray,  
Men to devotion ought to be inclynd:  
Therefore, I lykewise, on so holy day,  
For my sweet saynt some service fit will find.  
Her temple fayre is built within my mind,  
In which her glorious ymage placed is;  
On which my thoughts doo day and night attend,  
Lyke sacred priests that never thinke amisse.  
There I to her, as th'author of my blisse,  
Will builde an altar to appease her yre;  
And on the same my hart will sacrificise,  
Burning in flames of pure and chaste desyre:  
The which vouchsafe, O Goddesse, to accept,  
Amongst thy deerest relicks to be kept.  
[\* I.e. Easter.]

XXIII.

Penelope, for her Ulisses sake,  
Deviz'd a web her wooers to deceave;  
In which the worke that she all day did make,  
The same at night she did againe unreaue.  
Such subtile craft my damzell doth conceave,



Th'importune suit of my desire to shonne:  
For all that I in many dayes do weave,  
In one short houre I find by her undonne.  
So when I thinke to end that I begonne,  
I must begin and never bring to end:  
For with one looke she spils that long I sponne,  
And with one word my whole years work doth rend.  
Such labour like the spyders web I fynd,  
Whose fruitlesse worke is broken with least wynd.

XXIV.

When I behold that beauties wonderment,  
And rare perfection of each goodly part,  
Of Natures skill the onely complement,  
I honor and admire the Makers art.  
But when I feele the bitter balefull smart  
Which her fayre eyes unwares doe worke in mee,  
That death out of theyr shiny beames doe dart,  
I thinke that I a new Pandora see,  
Whom all the gods in councell did agree  
Into this sinfull world from heaven to send,  
That she to wicked men a scourge should bee,  
For all their faults with which they did offend.  
But since ye are my scourge, I will intreat  
That for my faults ye will me gently beat.

XXV.

How long shall this lyke-dying lyfe endure,  
And know no end of her owne misery,  
But wast and weare away in termes unsure,  
'Twixt feare and hope depending doubtfully!  
Yet better were attonce to let me die,  
And shew the last ensample of your pride,  
Then to torment me thus with cruelty,  
To prove your powre, which I too wel have tride.  
But yet if in your hardned brest ye bide  
A close intent at last to shew me grace,  
Then all the woes and wrecks which I abide,  
As meanes of blisse I gladly wil embrace;  
And wish that more and greater they might be,  
That greater meede at last may turne to mee.

XXVI.

Sweet is the rose, but growes upon a brere;  
Sweet is the iunipeer; but sharpe his bough;  
Sweet is the eglantine, but pricketh nere;  
Sweet is the firbloome, but his braunches rough\*;  
Sweet is the cypresse, but his rynd is rough;  
Sweet is the nut, but bitter is his pill\*\*;  
Sweet is the broome-flowre, but yet sowre enough;  
And sweet is moly, but his root is ill.  
So every sweet with soure is tempred still,  
That maketh it be coveted the more:

For easie things, that may be got at will,  
Most sorts of men doe set but little store.  
Why then should I accompt of little paine,  
That endlesse pleasure shall unto me gaine!  
[\* I.e. raw, crude.]  
[\*\* \_Pill\_, peel.]

XXVII.

Faire Proud! now tell me, why should faire be proud,  
Sith all worlds glorie is but drosse uncleane,  
And in the shade of death it selfe shall shroud,  
However now thereof ye little weene!  
That goodly idoll, now so gay beseene\*,  
Shall doffe her fleshs borrowd fayre attyre,  
And be forgot as it had never beene,  
That many now much worship and admire!  
Ne any then shall after it inquire,  
Ne any mention shall thereof remaine,  
But what this verse, that never shall expyre,  
Shall to you purchas with her thankles pain!  
Faire! be no lenger proud of that shall perish,  
But that which shall you make immortall cherish.  
[\* \_Beseene\_, appearing.]

XVIII.

The laurel-leafe which you this day doe weare  
Gives me great hope of your relenting mynd:  
For since it is the badge which I doe beare\*,  
Ye, bearing it, doe seeme to me inclind.  
The powre thereof, which ofte in me I find,  
Let it likewise your gentle brest inspire  
With sweet infusion, and put you in mind  
Of that proud mayd whom now those leaves attyre:  
Proud Daphne, scorning Phrebus lovely\*\* fyre,  
On the Thessalian shore from him did flie;  
For which the gods, in theyr revengefull yre,  
Did her transforme into a laurell-tree.  
Then fly no more, fayre Love, from Phebus chace,  
But in your brest his leafe and love embrace.  
[\* I. e. as poet-laureate.]  
[\*\* \_Lovely\_, loving.]

XXIX.

See! how the stubborne damzell doth deprave  
My simple meaning with disdaynfull scorne,  
And by the bay which I unto her gave  
Accoumpts my self her captive quite forlorne.  
The bay, quoth she, is of the victours born,  
Yielded them by the vanquisht as theyr meeds,  
And they therewith doe poetes heads adorne,  
To sing the glory of their famous deeds.  
But sith she will the conquest challeng needs,  
Let her accept me as her faithfull thrall;

That her great triumph, which my skill exceeds,  
I may in trump of fame blaze over all.  
Then would I decke her head with glorious bayes,  
And fill the world with her victorious prayse.

XXX.

My Love is lyke to yse, and I to fyre:  
How comes it then that this her cold so great  
Is not dissolv'd through my so hot desyre,  
But harder growes the more I her intreat?  
Or how comes it that my exceeding heat  
Is not delayd\* by her hart-frozen cold,  
But that I burne much more in boyling sweat,  
And feele my flames augmented manifold?  
What more miraculous thing may be told,  
That fire, which all things melts, should harden yse,  
And yse, which is congeald with sencelesse cold,  
Should kindle fyre by wonderful devyse?  
Such is the powre of love in gentle mind,  
That it can alter all the course of kynd.  
[\* \_Delayd\_, tempered.]

XXXI.

Ah! why hath Nature to so hard a hart  
Given so goodly giftes of beauties grace,  
Whose pryde depraves each other better part,  
And all those pretious ornaments deface?  
Sith to all other beastes of bloody race  
A dreadfull countenance she given hath,  
That with theyr terrour all the rest may chace,  
And warne to shun the daunger of theyr wrath.  
But my proud one doth worke the greater scath\*,  
Through sweet allurement of her lovely hew,  
That she the better may in bloody bath  
Of such poore thralls her cruell hands embrew.  
But did she know how ill these two accord,  
Such cruelty she would have soone abhord.  
[\* \_Scath\_, injury.]

XXXII.

The paynefull smith with force of fervent heat  
The hardest yron soone doth mollify,  
That with his heavy sledge he can it beat,  
And fashion to what he it list apply.  
Yet cannot all these flames in which I fry  
Her hart, more hard then yron, soft a whit,  
Ne all the playnts and prayers with which I  
Doe beat on th'andvile of her stubberne wit:  
But still, the more she fervent sees my fit,  
The more she frieseth in her wilfull pryde,  
And harder growes, the harder she is smit  
With all the playnts which to her be applyde.  
What then remains but I to ashes burne,

And she to stones at length all frozen turne!

XXXIII.

Great wrong I doe, I can it not deny,  
To that most sacred empresse, my dear dred,  
Not finishing her Queene of Faery,  
That mote enlarge her living prayses, dead.  
But Lodwick\*, this of grace to me aread:  
Do ye not thinck th'accomplishment of it  
Sufficient worke for one mans simple head,  
All were it, as the rest, but rudely writ?  
How then should I, without another wit,  
Thinck ever to endure so tedious toyle,  
Sith that this one is tost with troublous fit  
Of a proud Love, that doth my spirite spoyle?  
Cease, then, till she vouchsafe to grawnt me rest,  
Or lend you me another living brest.  
[\* I.e. Lodowick Bryskett.]

XXXIV.

Lyke as a ship, that through the ocean wyde  
By conduct of some star doth make her way,  
Whenas a storm hath dimd her trusty guyde,  
Out of her course doth wander far astray,  
So I, whose star, that wont with her bright ray  
Me to direct, with cloudes is over-cast,  
Doe wander now in darknesse and dismay,  
Through hidden perils round about me plast.  
Yet hope I well that, when this storme is past,  
My Helice\*, the lodestar of ray lyfe,  
Will shine again, and looke on me at last,  
With lovely light to cleare my cloudy grief.  
Till then I wander carefull, comfortlesse,  
In secret sorrow and sad pensivenesse.  
[\* I. e. Cynosure.]

XXXV.

My hungry eyes, through greedy covetize  
Still to behold the obiect of their paine,  
With no contentment can themselves suffice;  
But having, pine, and having not, complaine.  
For lacking it, they cannot lyfe sustayne;  
And having it, they gaze on it the more,  
In their amazement lyke Narcissus vaine,  
Whose eyes him starv'd: so plenty makes me poore.  
Yet are mine eyes so filled with the store  
Of that faire sight, that nothing else they brooke,  
But lothe the things which they did like before,  
And can no more endure on them to looke.  
All this worlds glory seemeth vayne to me,  
And all their showes but shadowes, saving she.

XXXVI.

Tell me, when shall these wearie woes have end;  
Or shall their ruthlesse torment never cease,  
But al my days in pining languor spend,  
Without hope of asswagement or release?  
Is there no meanes for me to purchace peace,  
Or make agreement with her thrilling eyes;  
But that their cruelty doth still increace,  
And dayly more augment my miseryes?  
But when ye have shew'd all extremityes,  
Then think how little glory ye have gayned  
By slaying him, whose lyfe, though ye despyse,  
Mote have your life in honor long maintayned.

But by his death, which some perhaps will mone,  
Ye shall condemned be of many a one.

XXXVII.

What guyle is this, that those her golden tresses  
She doth attyre under a net of gold,  
And with sly skill so cunningly them dresses,  
That which is gold or haire may scarce be told?  
Is it that mens frayle eyes, which gaze too bold,  
She may entangle in that golden snare;  
And, being caught, may craftily enfold  
Their weaker harts, which are not wel aware?  
Take heed therefore, myne eyes, how ye doe stare  
Henceforth too rashly on that guilefull net,  
In which if ever ye entrapped are,  
Out of her bands ye by no meanes shall get.

Fondnesse it were for any, being free,  
To covet fetters, though they golden bee!

XXXVIII.

Arion, when, through tempests cruel wracke,  
He forth was thrown into the greedy seas,  
Through the sweet musick which his harp did make  
Allur'd a dolphin him from death to ease.  
But my rude musick, which was wont to please  
Some dainty eares, cannot, with any skill,  
The dreadfull tempest of her wrath appease,  
Nor move the dolphin from her stubborn will.  
But in her pride she dooth persever still,  
All carelesse how my life for her decays:  
Yet with one word she can it save or spill.  
To spill were pittie, but to save were prayse!  
Chuse rather to be praysd for doing good,  
Then to be blam'd for spilling guiltlesse blood.

XXXIX.

Sweet smile! the daughter of the Queene of Love,  
Expressing all thy mothers powrefull art,  
With which she wonts to temper angry love,

When all the gods he threats with thundring dart,  
Sweet is thy vertue, as thy selfe sweet art.  
For when on me thou shinedst late in sadnesse,  
A melting pleasance ran through every part,  
And me revived with hart-robbing gladnesse;  
Whylest rapt with ioy resembling heavenly madness,  
My soule was ravisht quite as in a traunce,  
And, feeling thence no more her sorrowes sadnesse,  
Fed on the fulnesse of that chearfull glaunce.  
More sweet than nectar, or ambrosiall meat,  
Seem'd every bit which thenceforth I did eat.

XL.

Mark when she smiles with amiable cheare,  
And tell me whereto can ye lyken it;  
When on each eyelid sweetly doe appeare  
An hundred Graces as in shade to sit.  
Lykest it seemeth, in my simple wit,  
Unto the fayre sunshine in somers day,  
That, when a dreadfull storme away is flit,  
Through the broad world doth spread his goodly ray  
At sight whereof, each bird that sits on spray.  
And every beast that to his den was fled,  
Comes forth afresh out of their late dismay,  
And to the light lift up their drouping hed.

So my storme-beaten hart likewise is cheared  
With that sunshine, when cloudy looks are cleared.

[Footnote: XL. 4.--\_An hundred Graces.\_ E.K., in his commentary on the  
Shepheards Calender, quotes a line closely resembling this from  
Spenser's Pageants:

"An hundred Graces on her eyelids sat."

The same fancy occurs in the Faerie Queene, and in the Hymn to Beauty.  
It is copied from a poem ascribed to Musaeus. C.]

XLI.

Is it her nature, or is it her will,  
To be so cruell to an humbled foe?  
If nature, then she may it mend with skill;  
If will, then she at will may will forgoe.  
But if her nature and her will be so,  
That she will plague the man that loves her most,  
And take delight t'encrease a wretches woe,  
Then all her natures goodly guifts are lost;  
And that same glorious beauties ydle boast  
Is but a bayt such wretches to beguile,  
As, being long in her loves tempest tost,  
She meanes at last to make her pitious spoyle.  
O fayrest fayre! let never it be named,  
That so fayre beauty was so fowly shamed.

XLII.

The love which me so cruelly tormenteth  
So pleasing is in my extreamest paine,  
That, all the more my sorrow it augmenteth,  
The more I love and doe embrace my bane.  
Ne do I wish (for wishing were but vaine)  
To be acquit fro my continual smart,  
But ioy her thrall for ever to remayne,  
And yield for pledge my poor and captyved hart,  
The which, that it from her may never start,  
Let her, yf please her, bynd with adamant chayne,  
And from all wandring loves, which mote pervart  
His safe assurance, strongly it restrayne.  
Onely let her abstaine from cruelty,  
And doe me not before my time to dy.

XLIII.

Shall I then silent be, or shall I speake?  
And if I speake, her wrath renew I shall;  
And if I silent be, my hart will breake,  
Or choked be with overflowing gall.  
What tyranny is this, both my hart to thrall,  
And eke my tounge with proud restraint to tie,  
That neither I may speake nor thinke at all,  
But like a stupid stock in silence die!  
Yet I my hart with silence secretly  
Will teach to speak and my just cause to plead,  
And eke mine eies, with meek humility,  
Love-learned letters to her eyes to read;  
Which her deep wit, that true harts thought can spel,  
Wil soon conceive, and learne to construe well.

XLIV.

When those renoumed noble peres of Greece  
Through stubborn pride among themselves did iar,  
Forgetfull of the famous golden fleece,  
Then Orpheus with his harp theyr strife did bar.  
But this continuall, cruell, civill warre  
The which my selfe against my selfe doe make,  
Whilest my weak powres of passions warreid arre,  
No skill can stint, nor reason can aslake.  
But when in hand my tunelesse harp I take,  
Then doe I more augment my foes despight,  
And grieve renew, and passions doe awake  
To battaile, fresh against my selfe to fight.  
Mongst whome the more I seeke to settle peace,  
The more I fynd their malice to increace.

XLV.

Leave, Lady! in your glasse of cristall clene  
Your goodly selfe for evermore to vew,  
And in my selfe, (my inward selfe I meane,)  
Most lively lyke behold your semblant trew.  
Within my hart, though hardly it can shew

Thing so divine to vew of earthly eye,  
The fayre idea of your celestiall hew  
And every part remains immortally:  
And were it not that through your cruelty  
With sorrow dimmed and deform'd it were,  
The goodly ymage of your visnomy\*,  
Clearer than cristall, would therein appere.  
But if your selfe in me ye playne will see,  
Remove the cause by which your fayre beames darkned be.  
[\* \_Visnomy\_, countenance.]

XLVI.

When my abodes prefixed time is spent,  
My cruell fayre streight bids me wend my way:  
But then from heaven most hideous stormes are sent,  
As willing me against her will to stay.  
Whom then shall I--or heaven, or her--obay?  
The heavens know best what is the best for me:  
But as she will, whose will my life doth sway,  
My lower heaven, so it perforce must be.  
But ye high heavens, that all this sorowe see,  
Sith all your tempests cannot hold me backe,  
Aswage your storms, or else both you and she  
Will both together me too sorely wrack.  
Enough it is for one man to sustaine  
The stormes which she alone on me doth raine.

XLVII.

Trust not the treason of those smyling lookes,  
Untill ye have their guylefull traynes well tryde;  
For they are lyke but unto golden hookes,  
That from the foolish fish theyr bayts do hyde:  
So she with flattring smyles weake harts doth guyde  
Unto her love, and tempte to theyr decay;  
Whome, being caught, she kills with cruell pryde,  
And feeds at pleasure on the wretched pray.  
Yet even whylst her bloody hands them slay,  
Her eyes looke lovely, and upon them smyle,  
That they take pleasure in their cruell play,  
And, dying, doe themselves of payne beguyle.  
O mighty charm! which makes men love theyr bane,  
And thinck they dy with pleasure, live with payne.

XLVIII.

Innocent paper! whom too cruell hand  
Did make the matter to avenge her yre,  
And ere she could thy cause well understand,  
Did sacrificize unto the greedy fyre,  
Well worthy thou to have found better hyre  
Then so bad end, for hereticks ordayned;  
Yet heresy nor treason didst conspire,  
But plead thy maisters cause, unjustly payned:  
Whom she, all carelesse of his grief, constrayned



To utter forth the anguish of his hart,  
And would not heare, when he to her complayned  
The piteous passion of his dying smart.  
Yet live for ever, though against her will,  
And speake her good, though she requite it ill.

XLIX.

Fayre Cruell! why are ye so fierce and cruell?  
Is it because your eyes have powre to kill?  
Then know that mercy is the Mighties iewell,  
And greater glory think to save then spill.  
But if it be your pleasure and proud will  
To shew the powre of your imperious eyes,  
Then not on him that never thought you ill,  
But bend your force against your enemyes.  
Let them feel the utmost of your cruelties,  
And kill with looks, as cockatrices do:  
But him that at your footstool humbled lies,  
With mercifull regard give mercy to.  
Such mercy shall you make admyr'd to be;  
So shall you live, by giving life to me.

L.

Long languishing in double malady  
Of my harts wound and of my bodies griefe,  
There came to me a leach, that would apply  
Fit medcines for my bodies best reliefe.  
Vayne man, quoth I, that hast but little priefe\*  
In deep discovery of the mynds disease;  
Is not the hart of all the body chiefe,  
And rules the members as it selfe doth please?  
Then with some cordials seeke for to appease  
The inward languor of my wounded hart,  
And then my body shall have shortly ease.  
But such sweet cordials passe physicians art:  
Then, my lyfes leach! doe you your skill reveale,  
And with one salve both hart and body heale.  
[\* \_Priefe\_, proof, experience.]

LI.

Doe I not see that fayrest ymages  
Of hardest marble are of purpose made,  
For that they should endure through many ages,  
Ne let theyr famous moniments to fade?  
Why then doe I, untrainde in lovers trade,  
Her hardnes blame, which I should more commend?  
Sith never ought was excellent assayde  
Which was not hard t'atchive and bring to end;  
Ne ought so hard, but he that would attend  
Mote soften it and to his will allure.  
So do I hope her stubborne hart to bend,  
And that it then more stedfast will endure:  
Only my paines wil be the more to get her;

But, having her, my ioy wil be the greater.

LII.

So oft as homeward I from her depart,  
I go lyke one that, having lost the field,  
Is prisoner led away with heavy hart,  
Despoyld of warlike armes and knowen shield.  
So doe I now my self a prisoner yield  
To sorrow and to solitary paine,  
From presence of my dearest deare exylde,  
Long-while alone in languor to remaine.  
There let no thought of ioy, or pleasure vaine,  
Dare to approch, that may my solace breed;  
Bet sudden\* dumps\*\*, and drery sad disdayne  
Of all worlds gladnesse, more my torment feed.

So I her absens will my penaunce make,  
That of her presens I my meed may take.

[\*\_Sudden\_, Qu. sullen?]

[\*\*\_Dumps\_, lamentations.]

LIII.

The panther, knowing that his spotted hyde  
Doth please all beasts, but that his looks them fray\*,  
Within a bush his dreadful head doth hide,  
To let them gaze, whylst he on them may pray.  
Right so my cruell fayre with me doth play;  
For with the goodly semblance of her hew  
She doth allure me to mine owne decay,  
And then no mercy will unto me shew.  
Great shame it is, thing so divine in view,  
Made for to be the worlds most ornament,  
To make the bayte her gazers to embrew:  
Good shames to be to ill an instrument!

But mercy doth with beautie best agree,  
As in theyr Maker ye them best may see.

[\*\_Fray\_, frighten.]

LIV.

Of this worlds theatre in which we stay,  
My Love, like the spectator, ydly sits,  
Beholding me, that all the pageants play,  
Disguysing diversly my troubled wits.  
Sometimes I ioy when glad occasion fits,  
And mask in myrth lyke to a comedy:  
Soone after, when my ioy to sorrow flits,  
I waile, and make my woes a tragedy.  
Yet she, beholding me with constant eye,  
Delights not in my merth, nor rues my smart:  
But when I laugh, she mocks; and when I cry,  
She laughs, and hardens evermore her hart.  
What then can move her? If nor merth, nor mone,  
She is no woman, but a sencelesse stone.

LV.

So oft as I her beauty doe behold,  
And therewith doe her cruelty compare,  
I marvaile of what substance was the mould  
The which her made attonce so cruell faire.  
Not earth; for her high thoughts more heavenly are:  
Not water; for her love doth burne like fyre:  
Not ayre; for she is not so light or rare;  
Not fyre; for she doth friese with faint desire.  
Then needs another element inquire,  
Whereof she mote be made; that is, the skye.  
For to the heaven her haughty looks aspire,  
And eke her love is pure immortall hye.  
Then sith to heaven ye lykened are the best,  
Be lyke in mercy as in all the rest.

LVI.

Fayre ye be sure, but cruell and unkind,  
As is a tygre, that with greedinesse  
Hunts after bloud; when he by chance doth find  
A feeble beast, doth felly him oppresse.  
Fayre be ye sure, but proud and pitillesse,  
As is a storme, that all things doth prostrate;  
Finding a tree alone all comfortlesse,  
Beats on it strongly, it to ruinate.  
Fayre be ye sure, but hard and obstinate,  
As is a rocke amidst the raging floods;  
Gaynst which a ship, of succour desolate,  
Doth suffer wreck both of her selfe and goods.  
That ship, that tree, and that same beast, am I,  
Whom ye doe wreck, doe ruine, and destroy.

LVII.

Sweet warriour! when shall I have peace with you?  
High time it is this warre now ended were,  
Which I no lenger can endure to sue,  
Ne your incessant battry more to beare.  
So weake my powres, so sore my wounds, appear,  
That wonder is how I should live a jot,  
Seeing my hart through-launched every where  
With thousand arrowes which your eies have shot.  
Yet shoot ye sharpely still, and spare me not,  
But glory thinke to make these cruel stoures\*.  
Ye cruell one! what glory can be got,  
In slaying him that would live gladly yours?  
Make peace therefore, and graunt me timely grace,  
That al my wounds will heale in little space.  
[\* \_Stoures\_, agitations.]

LVIII.

\_By her that is most assured to her selfe.\_

Weake is th'assurance that weake flesh reposeth  
 In her own powre, and scorneth others ayde;  
 That soonest fals, when as she most supposeth  
 Her selfe assur'd, and is of nought affrayd,  
 All flesh is frayle, and all her strength unstayd,  
 Like a vaine bubble blowen up with ayre:  
 Devouring tyme and changeful chance have prayd\*  
 Her glorious pride, that none may it repayre.  
 Ne none so rich or wise, so strong or fayre,  
 But fayleth, trusting on his owne assurance:  
 And he that standeth on the hyghest stayre  
 Fals lowest; for on earth nought hath endurance.  
 Why then doe ye, proud fayre, misdeeme so farre,  
 That to your selfe ye most assured arre!

[Footnote: LVIII.--\_By her\_, &c. \_By\_ is perhaps a misprint for \_to\_; or  
 this title may belong to Sonnet LIX. H.]  
 [\* \_Prayd\_, preyed upon.]

LIX.

Thrise happie she that is so well assured  
 Unto her selfe, and settled so in hart,  
 That neither will for better be allured,  
 Ne feard with worse to any chaunce to start:  
 But, like a steddy ship, doth strongly part  
 The raging waves, and kcepes her course aright,  
 Ne ought for tempest doth from it depart,  
 Ne ought for fayrer weathers false delight.  
 Such selfe-assurance need not feare the spight  
 Of grudging foes, ne favour seek of friends:  
 But in the stay of her owne stedfast might,  
 Neither to one her selfe nor other bends.  
 Most happy she that most assur'd doth rest;  
 But he most happy who such one loves best.

LX.

They that in course of heavenly spheares are skild  
 To every planet point his sundry yeare,  
 In which her circles voyage is fulfild:  
 As Mars in threescore yeares doth run his spheare.  
 So, since the winged god his planet cleare  
 Began in me to move, one yeare is spent;  
 The which doth longer unto me appeare,  
 Then al those fourty which my life out-went.  
 Then, by that count which lovers books invent,  
 The spheare of Cupid fourty yeares containes,  
 Which I have wasted in long languishment,  
 That seem'd the longer for my greater paines.  
 But let my Loves fayre planet short her wayes  
 This yeare ensuing, or else short my dayes.

[Footnote: LX. 4.--\_As Mars in three score yeares\_. I do not understand  
 Spenser's astronomy. C.]

LXI.

The glorious image of the Makers beautie,  
My soverayne saynt, the idoll of my thought,  
Dare not henceforth, above the bounds of dewtie,  
T'accuse of pride, or rashly blame for ought.  
For being, as she is, divinely wrought,  
And of the brood of angels heavenly born,  
And with the crew of blessed saynts upbrought,  
Each of which did her with theyr guifts adorne,  
The bud of ioy, the blossome of the morne,  
The beame of light, whom mortal eyes admyre,  
What reason is it then but she should scorne  
Base things, that to her love too bold aspire!  
Such heavenly formes ought rather worshipt be,  
Then dare be lov'd by men of meane degree.

LXII.

The weary yeare his race now having run,  
The new begins his compast course anew:  
With shew of morning mylde he bath begun,  
Betokening peace and plenty to ensew.  
So let us, which this chaunge of weather vew,  
Chaunge eke our myndes, and former lives amend;  
The old yeares sinnes forepast let us eschew,  
And fly the faults with which we did offend.  
Then shall the new yeares ioy forth freshly send  
Into the glooming world his gladsome ray,  
And all these stormes, which now his beauty blend\*,  
Shall turne to calmes, and tymely cleare away.  
So, likewise, Love! cheare you your heavy spright,  
And chaunge old yeares annoy to new delight.

[\* \_Blend\_, blemish.]

LXIII.

After long stormes and tempests sad assay,  
Which hardly I endured heretofore,  
In dread of death, and daungerous dismay,  
With which my silly bark was tossed sore,  
I doe at length descry the happy shore,  
In which I hope ere long for to arryve:  
Fayre soyle it seemes from far, and fraught with store  
Of all that deare and daynty is alyve.  
Most happy he that can at last atchyve  
The ioyous safety of so sweet a rest;  
Whose least delight sufficeth to deprive  
Remembrance of all paines which him opprest.  
All paines are nothing in respect of this;  
All sorrowes short that gaine eternall blisse.

LXIV.

Comming to kisse her lyps, (such grace I found,)
Me seemd I smelt a gardin of sweet flowres,
That dainty odours from them threw around,
For damzels fit to decke their lovers bowres.
Her lips did smell lyke unto gillyflowers;
Her ruddy cheekes lyke unto roses red;
Her snowy browes lyke budded bellamoures;
Her lovely eyes lyke pincks but newly spred;
Her goodly bosome lyke a strawberry bed;
Her neck lyke to a bounch of cullambynes;
Her brest lyke lillyes, ere their leaves be shed;
Her nipples lyke young blossomd jessemynes.
Such fragrant flowres doe give most odorous smell;
But her sweet odour did them all excell.

[Footnote: LXIV. 7.--\_Bellamoures\_. I have not discovered what flower is here meant. C.]

LXV.

The doubt which ye misdeeme, fayre Love, is vaine,
That fondly feare to lose your liberty,
When, losing one, two liberties ye gayne,
And make him bond that bondage earst did fly.
Sweet be the bands the which true love doth tye,
Without constraynt or dread of any ill:
The gentle birde feeles no captivity
Within her cage, but sings, and feeds her fill.
There pride dare not approch, nor discord spill
The league twixt them that loyal love hath bound,
But simple Truth and mutual Good-will
Seeks with sweet peace to salve each others wound:
There Fayth doth fearless dwell in brasen towre,
And spotlesse Pleasure builds her sacred bowre.

LXVI.

To all those happy blessings which ye have
With plenteous hand by heaven upon you thrown,
This one disparagement they to you gave,
That ye your love lent to so meane a one.
Ye, whose high worths surpassing paragon
Could not on earth have found one fit for mate,
Ne but in heaven matchable to none,
Why did ye stoup unto so lowly state?
But ye thereby much greater glory gate,
Then had ye sorted with a princes pere:
For now your light doth more it selfe dilate,
And, in my darknesse, greater doth appeare.
Yet, since your light hath once enlumind me,
With my reflex yours shall encreased be.

LXVII.

Lyke as a huntsman, after weary chace,
Seeing the game from him escapt away,

Sits downe to rest him in some shady place,  
With panting hounds, beguiled of their pray,  
So, after long pursuit and vaine assay,  
When I all weary had the chace forsooke,  
The gentle deer returnd the selfe-same way,  
Thinking to quench her thirst at the next brooke.  
There she, beholding me with mylder looke,  
Sought not to fly, but fearlesse still did bide,  
Till I in hand her yet halfe trembling tooke,  
And with her own goodwill her fymely tyde.  
Strange thing, me seemd, to see a beast so wyld  
So goodly wonne, with her owne will beguyld.

#### LXVIII

Most glorious Lord of lyfe! that on this day  
Didst make thy triumph over death and sin,  
And, having harrowd\* hell, didst bring away  
Captivity thence captive, us to win,  
This ioyous day, dear Lord, with ioy begin;  
And grant that we, for whom thou diddest dy,  
Being with thy deare blood clene washt from sin,  
May live for ever in felicity;  
And that thy love we weighing worthily,  
May likewise love thee for the same againe,  
And for thy sake, that all lyke deare didst buy.  
With love may one another entertayne!  
So let us love, deare Love, lyke as we ought:  
Love is the lesson which the Lord us taught.  
[\* \_Harrowd\_, despoiled.]

#### LXIX.

The famous warriors of the anticke world  
Us'd trophees to erect in stately wize,  
In which they would the records have enrold  
Of theyr great deeds and valorous emprise.  
What trophee then shall I most fit devize,  
In which I may record the memory  
Of my loves conquest, peerlesse beauties prise,  
Adorn'd with honour, love, and chastity!  
Even this verse, vovd to eternity,  
Shall be thereof immortall moniment,  
And tell her praise to all posterity,  
That may admire such worlds rare wonderment;  
The happy purchase of my glorious spoile,  
Gotten at last with labour and long toyle.

#### LXX.

Fresh Spring, the herald of loves mighty king,  
In whose cote-armour richly are displayd  
All sorts of flowres the which on earth do spring,  
In goodly colours gloriously arrayd,  
Goe to my Love, where she is carelesse layd,  
Yet in her winters bowre not well awake:

Tell her the ioyous time wil not be staid,  
Unlesse she doe him by the forelock take;  
Bid her therefore her selfe soone ready make,  
To wayt on Love amongst his lovely crew,  
Where every one that misseth then her make\*  
Shall be by him amearst with penance dew.  
Make haste therefore, sweet Love, while it is prime\*\*;  
For none can call againe the passed time.  
[\* \_Make\_, mate.]  
[\*\* \_Prime\_, spring.]

LXXI.

I ioy to see how, in your drawen work,  
Your selfe unto the Bee ye doe compare,  
And me unto the Spyder, that doth lurke  
In close awayt, to catch her unaware.  
Right so your selfe were caught in cunning snare  
Of a deare foe, and thralld to his love;  
In whose streight bands ye now captived are  
So firmly, that ye never may remove.  
But as your worke is woven all about  
With woodbynd flowers and fragrant eglantine,  
So sweet your prison you in time shall prove,  
With many deare delights bedecked fyne:  
And all thensforth eternall peace shall see  
Betweene the Spyder and the gentle Bee.

LXXII.

Oft when my spirit doth spred her bolder winges,  
In mind to mount up to the purest sky,  
It down is weighd with thought of earthly things,  
And clogd with burden of mortality:  
Where, when that soverayne beauty it doth spy,  
Resembling heavens glory in her light,  
Drawn with sweet pleasures bayt it back doth fly,  
And unto heaven forgets her former flight.  
There my fraile fancy, fed with full delight,  
Doth bathe in blisse, and mantlcloth most at ease;  
Ne thinks of other heaven, but how it might  
Her harts desire with most contentment please.  
Hart need not wish none other happinesse,  
But here on earth to have such hevens blisse.

LXXIII

Being my self captyved here in care,  
My hart, (whom none with servile bands can tye,  
But the fayre tresses of your golden hayre,)  
Breaking his prison, forth to you doth fly.  
Like as a byrd, that in ones hand doth spy  
Desired food, to it doth make his flight,  
Even so my hart, that wont on your fayre eye  
To feed his fill, flyes backe unto your sight.  
Doe you him take, and in your bosome bright



Gently encage, that he may be your thrall:  
Perhaps he there may learne, with rare delight,  
To sing your name and prayes over all:  
That it hereafter may you not repent,  
Him lodging in your bosome to have lent.

LXXIV

Most happy letters! fram'd by skilfull trade,  
With which that happy name was first desynd  
The which three times thrise happy hath me made,  
With guifts of body, fortune, and of mind.  
The first ray being to me gave by kind,  
From mothers womb deriv'd by dew descent:  
The second is my sovereigne Queene most kind,  
That honour and large riches to me lent:  
The third my Love, my lives last ornament,  
By whom my spirit out of dust was raysed,  
To speake her prayse and glory excellent,  
Of all alive most worthy to be prayسد.  
Ye three Elizabeths! for ever live,  
That three such graces did unto me give.

LXXV.

One day I wrote her name upon the strand,  
But came the waves and washed it away:  
Agayne I wrote it with a second hand;  
But came the tyde, and made my paynes his pray.  
"Vayne man," sayd she, "that doest in vaine assay  
A mortall thing so to immortalize;  
For I my selve shall lyke to this decay,  
And eke my name bee wyped out lykewize."  
"Not so," quod I; "let baser things devize  
To dy in dust, but you shall live by fame:  
My verse your vertues rare shall eternize,  
And in the hevens wryte your glorious name.  
Where, when as death shall all the world subdew,  
Our love shall live, and later life renew."

LXXVI

Fayre bosome! fraught with vertues richest tresure,  
The neast of love, the lodging of delight,  
The bowre of blisse, the paradise of pleasure,  
The sacred harbour of that heavenly spright,  
How was I ravisht with your lovely sight,  
And my frayle thoughts too rashly led astray,  
Whiles diving deepe through amorous insight,  
On the sweet spoyle of beautie they did pray,  
And twixt her paps, like early fruit in May,  
Whose harvest seemd to hasten now apace,  
They loosely did theyr wanton winges display,  
And there to rest themselves did boldly place.  
Sweet thoughts! I envy your so happy rest,  
Which oft I wisht, yet never was so blest.

LXXVII.

Was it a dreame, or did I see it playne?  
A goodly table of pure yvory,  
All spred with juncats fit to entertayne  
The greatest prince with pompous roialty:  
Mongst which, there in a silver dish did ly  
Two golden apples of unvalewd\* price,  
Far passing those which Hercules came by,  
Or those which Atalanta did entice;  
Exceeding sweet, yet voyd of sinfull vice;  
That many sought, yet none could ever taste;  
Sweet fruit of pleasure, brought from Paradice  
By Love himselfe, and in his garden plaste.  
Her brest that table was, so richly spredd;  
My thoughts the guests, which would thereon have fedd.  
[\* \_Unvalewd\_, invaluable]

LXXVIII

Lackyng my Love, I go from place to place,  
Lyke a young fawne that late hath lost the hynd,  
And seeke each where where last I sawe her face,  
Whose ymage yet I carry fresh in mynd.  
I seeke the fields with her late footing synd;  
I seeke her bowre with her late presence deckt;  
Yet nor in field nor bowre I can her fynd,  
Yet field and bowre are full of her aspect.  
But when myne eyes I therunto direct,  
They ydly back return to me agayne;  
And when I hope to see theyr trew obiect,  
I fynd my self but fed with fancies vayne.  
Cease then, myne eyes, to seeke her selfe to see,  
And let my thoughts behold her selfe in mee.

LXXIX

Men call you fayre, and you doe credit it,  
For that your selfe ye daily such doe see:  
But the trew fayre, that is the gentle wit  
And vertuous mind, is much more praysd of me.  
For all the rest, how ever fayre it be,  
Shall turne to nought and lose that glorious hew;  
But onely that is permanent, and free  
From frayle corruption that doth flesh ensew.  
That is true beautie: that doth argue you  
To be divine, and born of heavenly seed,  
Deriv'd from that fayre Spirit from whom all true  
And perfect beauty did at first proceed.  
He only fayre, and what he fayre hath made;  
All other fayre, lyke flowres, untymely fade.

LXXXX

After so long a race as I have run  
Through Faery land, which those six books compile,  
Give leave to rest me being half foredonne,  
And gather to my selfe new breath awhile.  
Then, as a steed refreshed after toyle,  
Out of my prison I will break anew,  
And stoutly will that second work assoyle\*,  
With strong endeavour and attention dew.  
Till then give leave to me in pleasant mew\*\*  
To sport my Muse, and sing my Loves sweet praise,  
The contemplation of whose heavenly hew  
My spirit to an higher pitch will rayse.

But let her prayes yet be low and meane,  
Fit for the handmayd of the Faery Queene.

[\* \_Assoyle\_, discharge.]

[\*\* \_Mew\_, prison, retreat.]

LXXXI.

Fayre is my Love, when her fayre golden haire  
With the loose wynd ye waving chance to marke;  
Fayre, when the rose in her red cheekes appeares,  
Or in her eyes the fyre of love does sparke;  
Fayre, when her brest, lyke a rich laden barke,  
With pretious merchandize she forth doth lay;  
Fayre, when that cloud of pryde, which oft doth dark  
Her goodly light, with smiles she drives away.  
But fayrest she, when so she doth display  
The gate with pearles and rubyes richly dight,  
Throgh which her words so wise do make their way,  
To beare the message of her gentle spright.  
The rest be works of Natures wonderment;  
But this the worke of harts astonishment.

LXXXII.

Ioy of my life! full oft for loving you  
I blesse my lot, that was so lucky placed:  
But then the more your owne mishap I rew,  
That are so much by so meane love embased.  
For had the equall heavens so much you graced  
In this as in the rest, ye mote invent\*  
Some hevenly wit, whose verse could have enchased  
Your glorious name in golden monument.  
But since ye deignd so goodly to relent  
To me your thrall, in whom is little worth,  
That little that I am shall all be spent  
In setting your immortal prayes forth:  
Whose lofty argument, uplifting me,  
Shall lift you up unto an high degree.  
[\* \_Invent\_, light upon, find.]

LXXXIII

Let not one sparke of filthy lustfull fyre  
Breake out, that may her sacred peace molest;

Ne one light glance of sensuall desyre  
Attempt to work her gentle mindes unrest:  
But pure affections bred in spotlesse brest,  
And modest thoughts breathd from well-tempred spirits,  
Goe visit her in her chaste bowre of rest,  
Accompanyde with angelick delightes.  
There fill your selfe with those most ioyous sights,  
The which my selfe could never yet attayne:  
But speake no word to her of these sad plights,  
Which her too constant stiffnesse doth constrayn.  
Onely behold her rare perfection,  
And blesse your fortunes fayre election.

LXXXIV.

The world, that cannot deeme of worthy things,  
When I doe praise her, say I doe but flatter:  
So does the cuckow, when the mavis\* sings,  
Begin his witlesse note apace to clatter.  
But they, that skill not of so heavenly matter,  
All that they know not, envy or admyre;  
Rather then envy, let them wonder at her,  
But not to deeme of her desert aspyre.  
Deepe in the closet of my parts entyre\*\*,  
Her worth is written with a golden quill,  
That me with heavenly fury doth inspire,  
And my glad mouth with her sweet prayses fill:  
Which when as Fame in her shril trump shall thunder,  
Let the world chuse to envy or to wonder.  
[\* \_Mavis\_, song-thrush.]  
[\*\* \_Entyre\_, inward.]

LXXXV.

Venemous tongue, tipt with vile adders sting,  
Of that self kynd with which the Furies fell,  
Their snaky heads doe combe, from which a spring  
Of poysoned words and spightfull speeches well,  
Let all the plagues and horrid paines of hell  
Upon thee fall for thine accursed hyre,  
That with false forged lyes, which thou didst tell.  
In my true Love did stirre up coles of yre:  
The sparkes whereof let kindle thine own fyre,  
And, catching hold on thine own wicked bed,  
Consume thee quite, that didst with guile conspire  
In my sweet peace such breaches to have bred!  
Shame be thy meed, and mischief thy reward,  
Due to thy selfe, that it for me prepard!

LXXXVI.

Since I did leave the presence of my Love,  
Many long weary dayes I have outworne,  
And many nights, that slowly seemd to move  
Theyr sad protract from evening untill morn.  
For, when as day the heaven doth adorne,

I wish that night the noyous day would end:  
And when as night hath us of light forlorne,  
I wish that day would shortly reascend.  
Thus I the time with expectation spend,  
And faine my griefe with chaunges to beguile,  
That further seemes his terme still to extend,  
And maketh every minute seem a myle.  
So sorrowe still doth seem too long to last;  
But ioyous houres do fly away too fast.

LXXXVII.

Since I have lackt the comfort of that light  
The which was wont to lead my thoughts astray,  
I wander as in darknesse of the night,  
Affrayd of every dangers least dismay.  
Ne ought I see, though in the clearest day,  
When others gaze upon theyr shadowes vayne,  
But th'only image of that heavenly ray  
Whereof some glance doth in mine eie remayne.  
Of which beholding the idaea playne,  
Through contemplation of my purest part,  
With light thereof I doe my self sustayne,  
And thereon feed my love-affamisht hart.  
But with such brightnesse whylest I fill my mind,  
I starve my body, and mine eyes doe blynd.

LXXXVIII.

Lyke as the culver\* on the bared bough  
Sits mourning for the absence of her mate,  
And in her songs sends many a wishful vow  
For his returns, that seemes to linger late,  
So I alone, how left disconsolate,  
Mourne to my selfe the absence of my Love;  
And wandring here and there all desolate,  
Seek with my playnts to match that mournful dove  
Ne ioy of ought that under heaven doth hove\*\*,  
Can comfort me, but her owne ioyous sight,  
Whose sweet aspect both God and man can move,  
In her unspotted pleasauns to delight.  
Dark is my day, whyles her fayre light I mis,  
And dead my life that wants such lively blis.  
[\*\_Culver\_, dove.]  
[\*\*\_Hove\_, hover, exist.]

\* \* \* \* \*

EPITHALAMION.

Ye learned Sisters, which have oftentimes  
Beene to me ayding, others to adorne  
Whom ye thought worthy of your gracefull rymes,  
That even the greatest did not greatly scorne

To heare theyr names sung in your simple layes, 5  
 But ioyed in theyr praise,  
 And when ye list your own mishaps to mourne,  
 Which death, or love, or fortunes wreck did rayse,  
 Your string could soone to sadder tenor turne,  
 And teach the woods and waters to lament 10  
 Your dolefull dreriment,  
 Now lay those sorrowfull complaints aside,  
 And having all your heads with girlands crownd,  
 Helpe me mine owne Loves prayes to resound:  
 Ne let the same of any be envie: 15  
 So Orpheus did for his owne bride;  
 So I unto my selfe alone will sing;  
 The woods shall to me answer, and my eccho ring.

Early, before the worlds light-giving lampe  
 His golden beame upon the hils doth spred, 20  
 Having disperst the nights unchearefull dampe,  
 Doe ye awake, and, with fresh lustyhed,  
 Go to the bowre of my beloved Love,  
 My truest turtle dove.  
 Bid her awake; for Hymen is awake, 25  
 And long since ready forth his maske to move,  
 With his bright tead\* that flames with many a flake,  
 And many a bachelor to waite on him,  
 In theyr fresh garments trim.  
 Bid her awake therefore, and soone her dight\*\*, 30  
 For loe! the wished day is come at last,  
 That shall for all the paynes and sorrowes past  
 Pay to her usury of long delight:  
 And whylest she doth her dight,  
 Doe ye to her of ioy and solace sing, 35  
 That all the woods may answer, and your eccho ring.  
 [\* \_Tead,\_ torch.]  
 [\*\* \_Dight,\_ deck.]

Bring with you all the nymphes that you can heare,  
 Both of the rivers and the forrests greene,  
 And of the sea that neighbours to her neare,  
 All with gay girlands goodly wel beseene\*. 40  
 And let them also with them bring in hand  
 Another gay girland,  
 For my fayre Love, of lillyes and of roses,  
 Bound truelove wize with a blew silke riband.  
 And let them make great store of bridale poses, 45  
 And let them eke bring store of other flowers,  
 To deck the bridale bowers:  
 And let the ground whereas her foot shall tread,  
 For feare the stones her tender foot should wrong,  
 Be strewd with fragrant flowers all along, 50  
 And diapred\*\* lyke the discolored mead.  
 Which done, doe at her chamber dore awayt,  
 For she will waken strayt;  
 The whiles do ye this song unto her sing,  
 The woods shall to you answer, and your eccho ring;.  
 [\* \_Beseene,\_ adorned.]  
 [\*\* \_Diapred,\_ variegated.]

Ye Nymphes of Mulla, which with carefull heed 56

The silver scaly trouts do tend full well,  
 And greedy pikes which use therein to feed,  
 (Those trouts and pikes all others doe excell,) 60  
 And ye likewise which keepe the rushy lake,  
 Where none doo fishes take,  
 Bynd up the locks the which hang scatterd light,  
 And in his waters, which your mirror make,  
 Behold your faces as the christall bright,  
 That when you come whereas my Love doth lie, 65  
 No blemish she may spie.  
 And eke, ye lightfoot mayds which keepe the dere  
 That on the hoary mountayne use to towre,  
 And the wylde wolves, which seeke them to devoure,  
 With your steele darts doe chace from coming neer,  
 Be also present heere, 71  
 To helpe to decke her, and to help to sing,  
 That all the woods may answer, and your eccho ring.

Wake now, my Love, awake! for it is time:  
 The rosy Morne long since left Tithons bed, 75  
 All ready to her silver coche to clyme,  
 And Phoebus gins to shew his glorious hed.  
 Hark! how the cheerefull birds do chaunt theyr laies,  
 And carroll of Loves praise:  
 The merry larke hir mattins sings aloft; 80  
 The thrush replyes; the mavis\* descant\*\* playes;  
 The ouzell@ shrills; the ruddock\$ warbles soft;  
 So goodly all agree, with sweet consent,  
 To this dayes meriment.  
 Ah! my deere Love, why doe ye sleepe thus long, 85  
 When meeter were that ye should now awake,  
 T'awayt the comming of your ioyous make,%  
 And hearken to the birds love-learned song,  
 The deawy leaves among!  
 For they of ioy and pleasance to you sing, 90  
 That all the woods them answer, and theyr eccho ring.  
 [\* \_Mavis\_, song-thrush.]  
 [\*\* \_Descant\_, variation.]  
 [@ \_Ouzell\_, blackbird.]  
 [\$ \_Ruddock\_, redbreast.]  
 [% \_Make\_, mate.]

My love is now awake out of her dreame,  
 And her fayre eyes, like stars that dimmed were  
 With darksome cloud, now shew theyr goodly beams 95  
 More bright then Hesperus his head doth rere.  
 Come now, ye damzels, daughters of delight,  
 Helpe quickly her to dight.  
 But first come, ye fayre Houres, which were begot,  
 In loves sweet paradise, of Day and Night,  
 Which doe the seasons of the year allot, 100  
 And all that ever in this world is fayre  
 Do make and still repayre:  
 And ye three handmayds of the Cyprian Queene,  
 The which doe still adorn her beauties pride,  
 Helpe to adorne my beautifullest bride: 105  
 And, as ye her array, still throw betweene  
 Some graces to be scene;  
 And, as ye use to Venus, to her sing,

The whiles the woods shal answer, and your eccho ring.

Now is my Love all ready forth to come: 110

Let all the virgins therefore well awayt,  
And ye fresh boyes, that tend upon her groome,  
Prepare your selves, for he is comming strayt.

Set all your things in seemely good aray,  
Fit for so ioyfull day, 115

The ioyfulst day that ever sunne did see.

Fair Sun! shew forth thy favourable ray,  
And let thy lifull\* heat not fervent be,  
For feare of burning her sunshyny face,  
Her beauty to disgrace. 120

O fayrest Phoebus! Father of the Muse!

If ever I did honour thee aright,

Or sing the thing that mote thy mind delight,

Doe not thy servants simple boone refuse, 125

But let this day, let this one day, be mine;

Let all the rest be thine.

Then I thy soverayne prayses loud wil sing,

That all the woods shal answer, and theyr eccho ring.

[\* \_Lifull\_, life-full.]

Harke! how the minstrils gin to shrill aloud  
Their merry musick that resounds from far, 130

The pipe, the tabor, and the trembling croud\*,

That well agree withouten breach or iar.

But most of all the damzels doe delite,

When they their tymbrels smyte,

And thereunto doe daunce and carrol sweet, 135

That all the sences they doe ravish quite;

The whyles the boyes run up and downe the street,

Crying aloud with strong confused noyce,

As if it were one voyce,

"Hymen, loe Hymen, Hymen," they do shout; 140

That even to the heavens theyr shouting shrill

Doth reach, and all the firmament doth fill;

To which the people, standing all about,

As in approvance, doe thereto applaud,

And loud advaunce her laud; 145

And evermore they "Hymen, Hymen," sing,

That all the woods them answer, and theyr eccho ring.

[\* \_Croud\_, violin]

Loe! where she comes along with portly pace,

Lyke Phoebe, from her chamber of the East,

Arysing forth to run her mighty race, 150

Clad all in white, that seems a virgin best.

So well it her beseems, that ye would weene

Some angell she had beene.

Her long loose yellow locks lyke golden wyre,

Sprinckled with perle, and perling flowres atweene,

Doe lyke a golden mantle her attyre, 156

And, being crowned with a girland greene,

Seem lyke some mayden queene.

Her modest eyes, abashed to behold

So many gazers as on her do stare, 160

Upon the lowly ground affixed are,

Ne dare lift up her countenance too bold,



But blush to heare her prayes sung so loud,--  
So farre from being proud.  
Nathlesse doe ye still loud her prayes sing, 165  
That all the woods may answer, and your eccho ring.

Tell me, ye merchants daughters, did ye see  
So fayre a creature in your towne before;  
So sweet, so lovely, and so mild as she,  
Adornd with beautyes grace and vertues store? 170  
Her goodly eyes lyke saphyres shining bright,

Her forehead yvory white,  
Her cheekes lyke apples which the sun hath rudded,  
Her lips lyke cherries, charming men to byte,  
Her brest like to a bowl of creame uncruddled\*, 175  
Her paps lyke lillies budded,

Her snowie necke lyke to a marble towre,  
And all her body like a pallace fayre,  
Ascending up, with many a stately stayre,  
To honors seat and chastities sweet bowre. 180

Why stand ye still, ye virgins, in amaze,  
Upon her so to gaze,  
Whiles ye forget your former lay to sing,  
To which the woods did answer, and your eccho ring?

[\* \_Uncruddled\_, uncurdled.]

[Ver. 168.--\_In your towne\_. The marriage seems to have taken place in  
Cork, and we might infer from this passage that the heroine of the  
song was a merchant's daughter. C.]

But if ye saw that which no eyes can see, 185  
The inward beauty of her lively spright,  
Garnisht with heavenly guifts of high degree,  
Much more then would ye wonder at that sight,  
And stand astonisht lyke to those which red\*  
Medusaes mazeful bed. 190

There dwells sweet Love, and constant Chastity,  
Unspotted Fayth, and comely Womanhood,  
Regard of Honour, and mild Modesty;  
There Vertue raynes as quecne in royal throne,  
And giveth lawes alone, 195

The which the base affections doe obay,  
And yeeld theyr services unto her will;  
Be thought of tilings uncomely ever may  
Thereto approch to tempt her mind to ill.  
Had ye once seene these her celestial treasures, 200  
And unrevealed pleasures,  
Then would ye wonder, and her prayes sing,  
That all the woods should answer, and your eccho ring.  
[\* \_Red\_, saw.]

Open the temple gates unto my Love,  
Open them wide that she may enter in, 205  
And all the postes adorne as doth behove,  
And all the pillours deck with girlands trim,  
For to receyve this saynt with honour dew,  
That commeth in to you.

With trembling steps and humble reverence, 210  
She commeth in before th'Almighties view:  
Of her, ye virgins, learne obedience,  
When so ye come into those holy places,

To humble your proud faces.  
Bring her up to th'high altar, that she may 215  
The sacred ceremonies there partake,  
The which do endlesse matrimony make;  
And let the roring organs loudly play  
The praises of the Lo'id in lively notes;  
The whiles, with hollow throates, 220  
The choristers the ioyous antheime sing,  
That all the woods may answer, and their eccho ring.

Behold, whiles she before the altar stands,  
Hearing the holy priest that to her speakes 225  
And blesseth her with his two happy hands,  
How the red roses flush up in her cheekes,  
And the pure snow with goodly vermill stayne,  
Like crimsin dyde in grayne:  
That even the angels, which continually  
About the sacred altar doe remaine, 230  
Forget their service and about her fly,  
Ofte peeping in her face, that seems more fayre  
The more they on it stare.  
But her sad\* eyes, still fastened on the ground,  
Are governed with goodly modesty, 235  
That suffers not one look to glaunce awry,  
Which may let in a little thought unsownd.  
Why blush ye, Love, to give to me your hand,  
The pledge of all our band?  
Sing, ye sweet angels, Alleluya sing, 240  
That all the woods may answer, and your eccho ring.  
[\* \_Sad\_, serious]

Now al is done; bring home the bride againe;  
Bring home the triumph of our victory;  
Bring home with you the glory of her game, 245  
With ioyance bring her and with iollity.  
Never had man more ioyfull day than this,  
Whom heaven would heape with blis.  
Make feast therefore now all this live-long day;  
This day for ever to me holy is.  
Poure out the wine without restraint or stay,  
Poure not by cups, but by the belly full,  
Poure out to all that wull\*,  
And sprinkle all the posts and wals with wine,  
That they may sweat, and drunken be withall.  
Crowne ye god Bacchus with a coronall,  
And Hymen also crowne with wreaths of vine;  
And let the Graces daunce unto the rest,  
For they can doo it best:  
The whiles the maydens doe theyr carroll sing,  
To which the woods shall answer, and theyr eccho ring.  
[\* \_Wull\_, will.]

Ring ye the bells, ye yong men of the towne,  
And leave your wonted labors for this day:  
This day is holy; doe ye write it downe,  
That ye for ever it remember may.  
This day the sunne is in his chiefest hight,  
With Barnaby the bright\*,  
From whence declining daily by degrees,

He somewhat loseth of his heat and light,  
 When once the Crab behind his back he sees.  
 But for this time it ill ordained was,  
 To choose the longest day in all the yeare,  
 And shortest night, when longest fitter weare:  
 Yet never day so long, but late would passe.  
 Ring ye the bells to make it weare away,  
 And bonefiers make all day; 275  
 And daunce about them, and about them sing,  
 That all the woods may answer, and your eccho ring.  
 [\* Ver. 266.--\_Barnaby the bright\_. The difference between the old  
 and new style at the time this poem was written was ten days. The  
 summer solstice therefore fell on St. Barnabas's day, the 11th of  
 June. C.]

Ah! when will this long weary day have end,  
 And lende me leave to come unto my Love? 280  
 How slowly do the houres theyr numbers spend?  
 How slowly does sad Time his feathers move?  
 Hast thee, O fayrest planet, to thy home,  
 Within the Westernne fome:  
 Thy tyred steedes long since have need of rest.  
 Long though it be, at last I see it gloome, 285  
 And the bright evening-star with golden creast  
 Appeare out of the East.  
 Fayre childe of beauty! glorious lampe of love!  
 That all the host of heaven in rankes doost lead,  
 And guidest lovers through the nights sad dread, 290  
 How chearefully thou lookest from above,  
 And seemst to laugh atweene thy twinkling light,  
 As ioying in the sight  
 Of these glad many, which for ioy do sing, 294  
 That all the woods them answer, and their eccho ring!

Now ceasse, ye damsels, your delights fore-past;  
 Enough it is that all the day was youres:  
 Now day is doen, and night is nighing fast;  
 Now bring the bryde into the brydall bowres.  
 The night is come; now soon her disaray, 300  
 And in her bed her lay;  
 Lay her in lillies and in violets,  
 And silken curteins over her display,  
 And odour'd sheets, and Arras coverlets.  
 Behold how goodly my faire Love does ly, 305  
 In proud humility!  
 Like unto Maia, when as love her took  
 In Tempe, lying on the flowry gras,  
 Twixt sleepe and wake, after she weary was  
 With bathing in the Acidalian brooke. 310  
 Now it is night, ye damsels may be gone,  
 And leave my Love alone,  
 And leave likewise your former lay to sing:  
 The woods no more shall answer, nor your eccho ring.

Now welcome, Night! thou night so long expected,  
 That long daies labour doest at last defray, 316  
 And all my cares, which cruell Love collected,  
 Hast sumd in one, and cancelled for aye.  
 Spread thy broad wing over my Love and me,

That no man may us see; 320  
 And in thy sable mantle us enwrap,  
 From feare of perrill and foule horror free.  
 Let no false treason seeke us to entrap,  
 Nor any dread disquiet once annoy  
 The safety of our ioy; 325  
 But let the night be calme and quiet some,  
 Without tempestuous storms or sad afray;  
 Lyke as when love with fayre Alemena lay,  
 When he begot the great Tiryinthian groome;  
 Or lyke as when he with thy selfe did lie, 330  
 And begot Maiesty:  
 And let the mayds and yongmen cease to sing;  
 Ne let the woods them answer, nor theyr eccho ring.

Let no lamenting cryes, nor dolefull teares,  
 Be heard all night within, nor yet without: 335  
 Ne let false whispers, breeding hidden feares,  
 Breake gentle sleepe with misconceived dout.  
 Let no deluding dreames, nor dreadful sights,  
 Make sudden sad affrights:  
 No let house-fyres, nor lightnings helpless harmes, 340  
 Ne let the Pouke, nor other evill sprights,  
 Ne let mischievous witches with theyr charmes,  
 Ne let hob-goblins, names whose sence we see not,  
 Fray us with things that be not:  
 Let not the shriech-owle, nor the storke, be heard, 345  
 Nor the night-raven, that still deadly yels,  
 Nor damned ghosts, cald up with mighty spels,  
 Nor griesly vultures, make us once affeard:  
 Ne let th'unpleasant quyre of frogs still croking  
 Make us to wish theyr choking. 350  
 Let none of these theyr drery accents sing;  
 Ne let the woods them answer, nor theyr eccho ring.  
 [Ver. 341.--The \_Pouke\_ (Puck is a generic term, signifying fiend, or  
 mischievous imp) is Robin Goodfellow. C.]

But let stil Silence trew night-watches keepe,  
 That sacred Peace may in assurance rayne,  
 And tymely Sleep, when it is tyme to sleepe, 355  
 May poure his limbs forth on your pleasant playne.  
 The whiles an hundred little winged Loves,  
 Like divers-fethered doves,  
 Shall fly and flutter round about the bed,  
 And in the secret darke, that none reproves, 360  
 Their prety stealthes shall worke, and snares shall spread  
 To filch away sweet snatches of delight,  
 Conceald through covert night.  
 Ye sonnes of Venus, play your sports at will!  
 For greedy Pleasure, carelesse of your toyes, 365  
 Thinks more upon her paradise of ioyes,  
 Then what ye do, albe it good or ill.  
 All night, therefore, attend your merry play,  
 For it will soone be day:  
 Now none doth hinder you, that say or sing; 370  
 Ne will the woods now answer, nor your eccho ring.

Who is the same which at my window peepes?  
 Or whose is that faire face that shines so bright?

Is it not Cinthia, she that never sleepes,  
 But walkes about high heaven al the night? 375  
 O fayrest goddesse! do thou not envy  
 My Love with me to spy:  
 For thou likewise didst love, though now unthought,  
 And for a fleece of wooll, which privily  
 The Latmian Shepherd\* once unto thee brought, 380  
 His pleasures with thee wrought.  
 Therefore to us be favorable now;  
 And sith of wemens labours thou hast charge,  
 And generation goodly dost enlarge,  
 Encline thy will t'effect our wishfull vow, 385  
 And the chast womb informe with timely seed,  
 That may our comfort breed:  
 Till which we cease our hopefull hap to sing,  
 Ne let the woods us answer, nor our eccho ring.  
 [\* I.e. Endymion.]

And thou, great Iuno! which with awful might 390  
 The lawes of wedlock still dost patronize,  
 And the religion of the faith first plight  
 With sacred rites hast taught to solemnize,  
 And eke for comfort often called art  
 Of women in their smart, 395  
 Eternally bind thou this lovely band,  
 And all thy blessings unto us impart.  
 And thou, glad Genius! in whose gentle hand  
 The bridale bowre and geniall bed remaine,  
 Without blemish or staine, 400  
 And the sweet pleasures of theyr loves delight  
 With secret ayde doost succour and supply,  
 Till they bring forth the fruitfull progeny,  
 Send us the timely fruit of this same night,  
 And thou, fayre Hebe! and thou, Hymen free! 405  
 Grant that it may so be.  
 Till which we cease your further prayse to sing,  
 Ne any woods shall answer, nor your eccho ring.

And ye high heavens, the temple of the gods,  
 In which a thousand torches flaming bright 410  
 Doe burne, that to us wretched earthly clods  
 In dreadful darknesse lend desired light,  
 And all ye powers which in the same remayne,  
 More than we men can fayne,  
 Poure out your blessing on us plentifully, 415  
 And happy influence upon us raine,  
 That we may raise a large posterity,  
 Which from the earth, which they may long possesse  
 With lasting happinesse,  
 Up to your haughty pallaces may mount, 420  
 And for the guerdon of theyr glorious merit,  
 May heavenly tabernacles there inherit,  
 Of blessed saints for to increase the count.  
 So let us rest, sweet Love, in hope of this,  
 And cease till then our tymely ioyes to sing: 425  
 The woods no more us answer, nor our eccho ring!

\_Song, made in lieu of many ornaments  
 With which my Love should duly have been dect,

Which cutting off through hasty accidents,  
Ye would not stay your dew time to expect,  
But promist both to recompens,  
Be unto her a goodly ornament,  
And for short time an endlesse moniment!\_

430

\* \* \* \* \*

PROTHALAMION:

OR,

A SPOUSALL VERSE,

MADE BY

EDM. SPENSER.

IN HONOUR OF THE DOUBLE MARRIAGE OF THE TWO HONORABLE  
AND VERTUOUS LADIES, THE LADIE ELIZABETH,  
AND THE LADIE KATHERINE SOMERSET, DAUGHTERS  
TO THE RIGHT HONORABLE THE EARLE  
OF WORCESTER, AND ESPOUSED TO THE  
TWO WORTHIE GENTLEMEN, M. HENRY  
GILFORD AND M. WILLIAM PETER,  
ESQUYERS.

(1596)

PROTHALAMION:

OR,

A SPOUSALL VERSE.

Calme was the day, and through the trembling ayre  
Sweete-breathing Zephyrus did softly play  
A gentle spirit, that lightly did delay\*  
Hot Titans beames, which then did glyster fayre;  
When I (whom sullein care,  
Through discontent of my long fruitlesse stay  
In princes court, and expectation vayne  
Of idle hopes, which still doe fly away  
Like empty shadows, did afflict my brayne,)  
Walkt forth to ease my payne  
Along the shoare of silver streaming Themmes;  
Whose rutt\*\* bank, the which his river hemmes,  
Was paynted all with variable flowers,  
And all the meades adordd with dainty gemmes,  
Fit to decke maydens bowres,  
And crowne their paramours  
Against the brydale day, which is not long@:

10

15

Sweet Themmes! runne softly, till I end my song.  
[\* \_Delay\_, allay.]  
[\*\* \_Rutty\_, rooty.]  
[@ \_Long\_, distant.]

There, in a meadow by the rivers side, 20  
A flocke of Nymphes I chaunced to espy,  
All lovely daughters of the flood thereby,  
With goodly greenish locks, all loose untyde,  
As each had bene a bryde;  
And each one had a little wicker basket, 25  
Made of fine twigs, entrayled\* curiously,  
In which they gathered flowers to fill their flasket\*\*,  
And with fine fingers cropt full feateously@  
The tender stalkes on hye.  
Of every sort which in that meadow grew 30  
They gathered some; the violet, pallid blew,  
The little dazie, that at evening closes,  
The virgin lillie, and the primrose trew,  
With store of vermeil roses,  
To deck their bridegroomes posies  
Against the brydale day, which was not long: 35  
Sweet Themmes! runne softly, till I end my song.  
[\* \_Entrayled\_, interwoven.]  
[\*\* \_Flasket\_, a long, shallow basket.]  
[@ \_Feateously\_, dexterously.]

With that I saw two Swannes of goodly hewe  
Come softly swimming downe along the lee\*: 40  
Two fairer birds I yet did never see;  
The snow which doth the top of Pindus strew  
Did never whiter shew,  
Nor Jove himselfe, when he a swan would be  
For love of Leda, whiter did appear;  
Yet Leda was, they say, as white as he, 45  
Yet not so white as these, nor nothing near:  
So purely white they were,  
That even the gentle stream, the which them bare,  
Seem'd foule to them, and bad his billowes spare  
To wet their silken feathers, least they might 50  
Soyle their fayre plumes with water not so fayre,  
And marre their beauties bright,  
That shone as heavens light,  
Against their brydale day, which was not long:  
Sweet Themmes! runne softly, till I end my song.  
[\* \_Lee\_, stream.]

Eftsoones, the Nymphes, which now had flowers their fill, 55  
Ran all in haste to see that silver brood,  
As they came floating on the cristal flood;  
Whom when they sawe, they stood amazed still,  
Their wondring eyes to fill.  
Them seem'd they never saw a sight so fayre 60  
Of fowles, so lovely, that they sure did deeme  
Them heavenly borne, or to be that same payre  
Which through the skie draw Venus stiver teeme;  
For sure they did not seeme  
To be begot of any earthly seede, 65  
But rather angels, or of angels breede;

Yet were they bred of Somers-heat, they say,  
 In sweetest season, when each flower and weede  
 The earth did fresh aray;  
 So fresh they seem'd as day, 70  
 Even as their brydale day, which was not long:  
 Sweet Themmes! runne softly, till I end my song.  
 [Ver. 67--\_Somers-heat\_. A pun on the name of the Ladies Somerset. C.]

Then forth they all out of their baskets drew  
 Great store of flowers, the honour of the field,  
 That to the sense did fragrant odours yeild, 75  
 All which upon those goodly birds they threw,  
 And all the waves did strew,  
 That like old Peneus waters they did seeme,  
 When downe along by pleasant Tempes shore,  
 Scattred with flowres, through Thessaly they streeme,  
 That they appeare, through lillies plenteous store, 81  
 Like a brydes chamber flore.  
 Two of those Nymphes, meane while, two garlands bound  
 Of freshest flowres which in that mead they found,  
 The which presenting all in trim array, 85  
 Their snowie foreheads therewithall they crownd,  
 Whilst one did sing this lay,  
 Prepar'd against that day,  
 Against their brydale day, which was not long:  
 Sweet Themmes! runne softly, till I end my song.

"Ye gentle Birdes! the worlds faire ornament, 91  
 And heavens glorie, whom this happie hower  
 Doth leade unto your lovers blissfull bower,  
 Ioy may you have, and gentle hearts content  
 Of your loves couplement; 95  
 And let faire Venus, that is Queene of Love,  
 With her heart-quelling sonne upon you smile,  
 Whose smile, they say, hath vertue to remove  
 All loves dislike, and friendships faultie guile  
 For ever to assoile\*. 100  
 Let endlesse peace your steadfast hearts accord,  
 And blessed plentie wait upon your bord;  
 And let your bed with pleasures chaste abound.  
 That fruitfull issue may to you afford,  
 Which may your foes confound, 105  
 And make your ioyes redound  
 Upon your brydale day, which is not long:  
 Sweet Themmes! runne softlie, till I end my song."  
 [\* \_Assoile\_, do away with.]

So ended she; and all the rest around  
 To her redoubled that her undersong\*, 110  
 Which said, their brydale daye should not be long:  
 And gentle Eccho from the neighbour ground  
 Their accents did resound.  
 So forth those ioyous birdes did passe along  
 Adowne the lee, that to them murmurde low, 115  
 As he would speake, but that he lackt a tong,  
 Yet did by signes his glad affection show,  
 Making his streame run slow.  
 And all the foule which in his flood did dwell  
 Gan flock about these twaine, that did excell 120



The rest so far as Cynthia doth shend\*\*  
The lesser stars. So they, enranged well,  
Did on those two attend,  
And their best service lend  
Against their wedding day, which was not long: 125  
Sweet Themmes! runne softly, till I end my song.  
[\* \_Undersong\_, burden.]  
[\*\* \_Shend\_, put to shame.]

At length they all to mery London came,  
To mery London, my most kyndly nurse,  
That to me gave this lifes first native sourse,  
Though from another place I take my name, 130  
An house of auncient fame.  
There when they came whereas those bricky towres  
The which on Themmes brode aged backe doe ryde,  
Where now the studious lawyers have their bowers.--  
There whylome wont the Templer Knights to byde,  
Till they decayd through pride,-- 136  
Next whereunto there standes a stately place,  
Where oft I gayned giftes and goodly grace  
Of that great lord which therein wont to dwell,  
Whose want too well now feels my freendles case: 140  
But ah! here fits not well  
Olde woes, but ioyes, to tell,  
Against the bridale daye, which is not long:  
Sweet Themmes! runne softly, till I end my song.  
[Ver. 137.--\_A stately place\_ Exeter House, the residence first of the  
Earl of Leicester, and afterwards of Essex. C.]

Yet therein now doth lodge a noble peer, 145  
Great Englands glory and the worlds wide wonder,  
Whose dreadfull name late through all Spaine did thunder,  
And Hercules two pillors standing neere  
Did make to quake and feare.  
Faire branch of honor, flower of chevalrie! 150  
That fillest England with thy triumphs fame,  
Ioy have thou of thy noble victorie,  
And endlesse happinesse of thine owne name,  
That promiseth the same;  
That through thy prowesse and victorious armes 155  
Thy country may be freed from forraine harmes,  
And great Elisaes glorious name may ring  
Through al the world, fil'd with thy wide alarmes.  
Which some brave Muse may sing  
To ages following, 160  
Upon the brydale day, which is not long:  
Sweet Themmes! runne softly, till I end my song.  
[Ver. 147.--\_Whose dreadfull name, &c\_. The allusion here is to the  
expedition against Cadiz, from which Essex returned in August, 1596. C.]

From those high towers this noble lord issuing,  
Like radiant Hesper, when his golden hayre  
In th'ocean billowes he hath bathed fayre, 165  
Descended to the rivers open vewing,  
With a great traine ensuing.  
Above the rest were goodly to bee scene  
Two gentle Knights of lovely face and feature,  
Beseeming well the bower of any queene, 170

With gifts of wit and ornaments of nature  
 Fit for so goodly stature,  
 That like the twins of love they seem'd in sight,  
 Which decke the bauldricke of the heavens bright.  
 They two, forth pacing to the rivers side, 175  
 Receiv'd those two faire brides, their loves delight;  
 Which, at th'appointed tyde,  
 Each one did make his bryde  
 Against their brydale day, which is not long: 179  
 Sweet Themmes! runne softly, till I end my song.

\* \* \* \* \*

## FOWRE HYMNES

MADE BY

EDM. SPENSER.

TO THE RIGHT HONORABLE AND MOST VERTUOUS LADIES,  
 THE LADIE MARGARET,  
 COUNTESSE OF CUMBERLAND;  
 AND THE LADIE MARIE\*,  
 COUNTESSE OF WARWICK.

Having, in the greener times of my youth, composed these former two  
 Hymnes in the praise of love and beautie, and finding that the same too  
 much pleased those of like age and disposition, which, being too  
 vehemently carried with that kind of affection, do rather sucke out  
 poyson to their strong passion, then honey to their honest delight, I  
 was moved, by the one of you two most excellent Ladies, to call in the  
 same; but being unable so to do, by reason that many copies thereof were  
 formerly scattered abroad, I resolved at least to amend, and, by way of  
 retraction, to reforme them, making (instead of those two Hymnes of  
 earthly or naturall love and beautie) two others of heavenly and  
 celestially; the which I doe dedicate ioynly unto you two honorable  
 sisters, as to the most excellent and rare ornaments of all true love  
 and beautie, both in the one and the other kind; humbly beseeching you  
 to vouchsafe the patronage of them, and to accept this my humble  
 service, in lieu of the great graces and honourable favours which ye  
 dayly shew unto me, until such time as I may, by better meanes, yeeld  
 you some more notable testimonie of my thankfull mind and dutifull  
 devotion. And even so I pray for your happinesse. Greenwich, this first  
 of September, 1596. Your Honors most bounden ever,

In all humble service,

ED. SP.

[\* The Countess of Warwick's name was Anne, not Mary. TODD.]

\* \* \* \* \*

## AN HYMNE

### IN HONOUR OF LOVE.

Love, that long since hast to thy mighty powre  
Perforce subdude my poor captived hart,  
And raging now therein with restlesse stowre\*,  
Doest tyrannize in everie weaker part,  
Faine would I seeke to ease my bitter smart 5  
By any service I might do to thee,  
Or ought that else might to thee pleasing bee.  
[\* \_Stowre\_, commotion.]

And now t'asswage the force of this new flame,  
And make thee more propitious in my need,  
I meane to sing the praises of thy name, 10  
And thy victorious conquests to areed\*,  
By which thou madest many harts to bleed  
Of mighty victors, with wide wounds embrewed,  
And by thy cruell darts to thee subdewed.  
[\* \_Areed\_, set forth.]

Onely I fear my wits, enfeeble late 15  
Through the sharp sorrowes which thou hast me bred,  
Should faint, and words should faile me to relate  
The wondrous triumphs of thy great god-hed:  
But, if thou wouldst vouchsafe to overspred  
Me with the shadow of thy gentle wing, 20  
I should enabled be thy actes to sing.

Come, then, O come, thou mightie God of Love!  
Out of thy silver bowres and secret blisse,  
Where thou dost sit in Venus lap above,  
Bathing thy wings in her ambrosial kisse, 25  
That sweeter farre than any nectar is,  
Come softly, and my feeble breast inspire  
With gentle furie, kindled of thy fire.

And ye, sweet Muses! which have often proved 30  
The piercing points of his avengefull darts,  
And ye, fair Nymphs! which oftentimes have loved  
The cruel worker of your kindly smarts,  
Prepare yourselves, and open wide your harts  
For to receive the triumph of your glorie,  
That made you merie oft when ye were sorrie. 35

And ye, faire blossoms of youths wanton breed!  
Which in the conquests of your beautie bost,  
Wherewith your lovers feeble eyes you feed,  
But sterve their harts, that needeth nourture most, 40  
Prepare your selves to march amongst his host,  
And all the way this sacred hymne do sing,  
Made in the honor of your soveraigne king.

Great God of Might, that reignest in the mynd,

And all the bodie to thy hest doest frame,  
Victor of gods, subduer of mankynd, 45  
That doest the lions and fell tigers tame,  
Making their cruell rage thy scornfull game,  
And in their roring taking great delight,  
Who can expresse the glorie of thy might?

Or who alive can perfectly declare 50  
The wondrous cradle of thine infancie,  
When thy great mother Venus first thee bare,  
Begot of Plenty and of Penurie,  
Though elder then thine own nativitie,  
And yet a chyld, renewing still thy yeares, 55  
And yet the eldest of the heavenly peares?

For ere this worlds still moving mightie masse  
Out of great Chaos ugly prison crept,  
In which his goodly face long hidden was  
From heavens view, and in deep darknesse kept, 60  
Love, that had now long time securely slept  
In Venus lap, unarmed then and naked,  
Gan reare his head, by Clotho being waked:

And taking to him wings of his own heat,  
Kindled at first from heavens life-giving fyre, 65  
He gan to move out of his idle seat;  
Weakly at first, but after with desyre  
Lifted aloft, he gan to mount up hyre\*,  
And, like fresh eagle, made his hardy flight  
Thro all that great wide wast, yet wanting light. 70  
[\* \_Hyre\_, higher.]

Yet wanting light to guide his wandring way,  
His own faire mother, for all creatures sake,  
Did lend him light from her owne goodly ray;  
Then through the world his way he gan to take, 75  
The world, that was not till he did it make,  
Whose sundrie parts he from themselves did sever.  
The which before had lyen confused ever.

The earth, the ayre, the water, and the fyre,  
Then gan to raunge themselves in huge array, 80  
And with contrary forces to conspyre  
Each against other by all meanes they may,  
Threatning their owne confusion and decay:  
Ayre hated earth, and water hated fyre,  
Till Love relented their rebellious yre.

He then them tooke, and, tempering goodly well 85  
Their contrary dislikes with loved meanes,  
Did place them all in order, and compell  
To keepe themselves within their sundrie raines\*,  
Together linkt with adamantine chaines;  
Yet so as that in every living wight 90  
They mix themselves, and shew their kindly might.  
[\* \_Raines\_, kingdoms.]

So ever since they firmly have remained,  
And duly well observed his beheast;

Through which now all these things that are contained  
Within this goodly cope, both most and least, 95  
Their being have, and daily are increast  
Through secret sparks of his infused fyre,  
Which in the barraine cold he doth inspyre.

Thereby they all do live, and moved are  
To multiply the likenesse of their kynd, 100  
Whilest they seeke onely, without further care,  
To quench the flame which they in burning fynd;  
But man, that breathes a more immortall mynd,  
Not for lusts sake, but for eternitie,  
Seekes to enlarge his lasting progenie. 105

For having yet in his deducted spright  
Some sparks remaining of that heavenly fyre,  
He is enlumind with that goodly light,  
Unto like goodly semblant to aspyre;  
Therefore in choice of love he doth desyre 110  
That seemes on earth most heavenly to embrace,  
That same is Beautie, borne of heavenly race.

For sure, of all that in this mortall frame  
Contained is, nought more divine doth seeme,  
Or that resembleth more th'immortall flame 115  
Of heavenly light, than Beauties glorious beam.  
What wonder then, if with such rage extreme  
Frail men, whose eyes seek heavenly things to see,  
At sight thereof so much enravisht bee?

Which well perceiving, that imperious boy 120  
Doth therewith tip his sharp empoised darts,  
Which glancing thro the eyes with\* countenance coy  
Kest not till they have pierst the trembling harts,  
And kindled flame in all their inner parts,  
Which suckes the blood, and drinketh up the lyfe, 125  
Of carefull wretches with consuming grieve.  
[\* Qu. from? WARTON.]

Thenceforth they playne, and make full piteous mone  
Unto the author of their balefull bane:  
The daies they waste, the nights they grieve and grone,  
Their lives they loath, and heavens light disdaine; 130  
No light but that whose lampe doth yet remaine  
Fresh burning in the image of their eye,  
They deigne to see, and seeing it still dye.

The whylst thou, tyrant Love, doest laugh and scorne  
At their complaints, making their paine thy play; 135  
Whylest they lye languishing like thrals forlorne,  
The whyles thou doest triumph in their decay;  
And otherwhyles, their dying to delay,  
Thou doest emmarble the proud hart of her  
Whose love before their life they doe prefer. 140

So hast thou often done (ay me the more!)  
To me thy vassall, whose yet bleeding hart  
With thousand wounds thou mangled hast so sore,  
That whole remains scarce any little part;

Yet to augment the anguish of my smart, 145  
Thou hast enfrosen her disdainfull brest,  
That no one drop of pitie there doth rest.

Why then do I this honor unto thee,  
Thus to ennoble thy victorious name,  
Sith thou doest shew no favour unto mee, 150  
Ne once move ruth in that rebellious dame,

Somewhat to slacke the rigour of my flame?  
Certes small glory doest thou winne hereby,  
To let her live thus free, and me to dy.

But if thou be indeede, as men thee call, 155  
The worlds great parent, the most kind preserver  
Of living wights, the soveraine lord of all,  
How falles it then that with thy furious fervour  
Thou doest afflict as well the not-deserver,  
As him that doeth thy lovely heasts despize, 160  
And on thy subiects most doth tyrannize?

Yet herein eke thy glory seemeth more,  
By so hard handling those which best thee serve,  
That, ere thou doest them unto grace restore,  
Thou mayest well trie if they will ever swerve, 165  
And mayest them make it better to deserve,  
And, having got it, may it more esteeme;  
For things hard gotten men more dearly deeme.

So hard those heavenly beauties be enfyred,  
As things divine least passions doe impresse; 170  
The more of stedfast myndes to be admyred,  
The more they stayed be on stedfastnesse;  
But baseborne minds such lamps regard the lesse,  
Which at first blowing take not hastie fyre;  
Such fancies feele no love, but loose desyre. 175

For Love is lord of truth and loialtie,  
Lifting himself out of the lowly dust  
On golden plumes up to the purest skie,  
Above the reach of loathly sinfull lust,  
Whose base affect\*, through cowardly distrust 180  
Of his weake wings, dare not to heaven fly,  
But like a moldwarpe\*\* in the earth doth ly.  
[\*\_Affect\_, affection, passion.]  
[\*\*\_Moldwarpe\_, mole.]

His dunghill thoughts, which do themselves enure  
To dirtie drosse, no higher dare aspyre;  
Ne can his feeble earthly eyes endure 185  
The flaming light of that celestially fyre  
Which kindleth love in generous desyre,  
And makes him mount above the native might  
Of heavie earth, up to the heavens hight.

Such is the powre of that sweet passion, 190  
That it all sordid basenesse doth expell,  
And the refyned mynd doth newly fashion  
Unto a fairer forme, which now doth dwell

In his high thought, that would it selfe excell;  
Which he beholding still with constant sight, 195  
Admires the mirrour of so heavenly light.

Whose image printing in his deepest wit,  
He thereon feeds his hungrie fantasy,  
Still full, yet never satisfyde with it;  
Like Tantale, that in store doth sterved ly, 200  
So doth he pine in most satiety;  
For nought may quench his infinite desyre,  
Once kindled through that first conceived fyre.

Thereon his mynd affixed wholly is,  
Ne thinks on ought but how it to attaine; 205  
His care, his ioy, his hope, is all on this,  
That seemes in it all blisses to containe,  
In sight whereof all other blisse seemes vaine:  
Thrice happie man, might he the same possesse,  
He faines himselfe, and doth his fortune blesse. 210

And though he do not win his wish to end,  
Yet thus farre happie he himselfe doth weene,  
That heavens such happie grace did to him lend  
As thing on earth so heavenly to have seene,  
His harts enshrined saint, his heavens queene, 215  
Fairer then fairest in his fayning eye,  
Whose sole aspect he counts felicitye.

Then forth he casts in his unquiet thought,  
What he may do her favour to obtaine;  
What brave exploit, what perill hardly wrought, 220  
What puissant conquest, what adventurous paine,  
May please her best, and grace unto him gaine;  
He dreads no danger, nor misfortune feares,  
His faith, his fortune, in his breast he beares.

Thou art his god, thou art his mightie guyde, 225  
Thou, being blind, letst him not see his feares,  
But carriest him to that which he had eyde,  
Through seas, through flames, through thousand swords and speares; \*  
Ne ought so strong that may his force withstand,  
With which thou armet his resistlesse hand. 230  
[\* The fifth verse of this stanza appears to have dropped out. C.]

Witnesse Leander in the Euxine waves,  
And stout Aeneas in the Troiane fyre,  
Achilles preassing through the Phrygian glaives\*,  
And Orpheus, daring to provoke the yre 235  
Of damned fiends, to get his love retyre;  
For both through heaven and hell thou makest way,  
To win them worship which to thee obey.  
[\* \_Glaives\_, swords.]

And if by all these perils and these paynes  
He may but purchase lyking in her eye,  
What heavens of ioy then to himselfe he faynes! 240  
Eftsoones he wypes quite out of memory  
Whatever ill before he did aby\*:  
Had it beene death, yet would he die againe,

To live thus happie as her grace to gaine.  
[\* \_Aby\_, abide.]

Yet when he hath found favour to his will, 245  
He nathemore can so contented rest,  
But forceth further on, and striveth still  
T'approch more neare, till in her inmost brest  
He may embosomd bee and loved best;  
And yet not best, but to be lov'd alone; 250  
For love cannot endure a paragone\*.  
[\* \_Paragone\_, competitor.]

The fear whereof, O how doth it torment  
His troubled mynd with more then hellish paine!  
And to his fayning fansie represent  
Sights never seene, and thousand shadowes vaine, 255  
To breake his sleepe and waste his ydle braine:  
Thou that hast never lov'd canst not beleeeve  
Least part of th'evils which poore lovers greeve.

The gnawing envie, the hart-fretting feare,  
The vaine surmizes, the distrustfull showes, 260  
The false reports that flying tales doe beare,  
The doubts, the daungers, the delayes, the woes,  
The fayned friends, the unassured foes,  
With thousands more then any tongue can tell,  
Doe make a lovers life a wretches hell. 265

Yet is there one more cursed then they all,  
That cancker-worme, that monster, Gelosie,  
Which eates the heart and feedes upon the gall,  
Turning all Loves delight to miserie,  
Through feare of losing his felicitie. 270  
Ah, gods! that ever ye that monster placed  
In gentle Love, that all his ioyes defaced!

By these, O Love! thou doest thy entrance make  
Unto thy heaven, and doest the more endeere  
Thy pleasures unto those which them partake, 275  
As after stormes, when clouds begin to cleare,  
The sunne more bright and glorious doth appeare;  
So thou thy folke, through paines of Purgatorie,  
Dost beare unto thy blisse, and heavens glorie.

There thou them placest in a paradize 280  
Of all delight and ioyous happy rest,  
Where they doe feede on nectar heavenly-wize,  
With Hercules and Hebe, and the rest  
Of Venus dearlings, through her bountie blest;  
And lie like gods in yvory beds arayd, 285  
With rose and lillies over them displayd.

There with thy daughter Pleasure they doe play  
Their hurtlesse sports, without rebuke or blame,  
And in her snowy bosome boldly lay  
Their quiet heads, devoyd of guilty shame, 290  
After full ioyance of their gentle game;  
Then her they crowne their goddessse and their queene,  
And decke with floures thy altars well beseene.



Ay me! deare Lord, that ever I might hope,  
 For all the paines and woes that I endure, 295  
 To come at length unto the wished scope  
 Of my desire, or might myselfe assure  
 That happie port for ever to recure\*!  
 Then would I thinke these paines no paines at all,  
 And all my woes to be but penance small. 300  
 [\* \_Recure\_, recover, gain.]

Then would I sing of thine immortal praise  
 An heavenly hymne such as the angels sing,  
 And thy triumphant name then would I raise  
 Bove all the gods, thee only honoring;  
 My guide, my god, my victor, and my king: 305  
 Till then, drad Lord! vouchsafe to take of me  
 This simple song, thus fram'd in praise of thee.

## AN HYMNE

### IN HONOUR OF BEAUTIE.

Ah! whither, Love! wilt thou now carry mee?  
 What wontlesse fury dost thou now inspire  
 Into my feeble breast, too full of thee?  
 Whylest seeking to aslake thy raging fyre,  
 Thou in me kindlest much more great desyre, 5  
 And up aloft above my strength doth rayse  
 The wondrous matter of my fire to praise.

That as I earst in praise of thine owne name,  
 So now in honour of thy mother deare  
 An honourable hymne I eke should frame, 10  
 And, with the brightnesse of her beautie cleare,  
 The ravisht hearts of gazefull men might reare  
 To admiration of that heavenly light,  
 From whence proceeds such soule-enchanting might.

Therto do thou, great Goddess! Queene of Beauty,  
 Mother of Love and of all worlds delight, 16  
 Without whose soverayne grace and kindly dewty  
 Nothing on earth seems fayre to fleshly sight,  
 Doe thou vouchsafe with thy love-kindling light  
 T'illuminate my dim and dulled eyne, 20  
 And beautifie this sacred hymne of thyne:

That both to thee, to whom I meane it most,  
 And eke to her whose faire immortall beame  
 Hath darted fyre into my feeble ghost,  
 That now it wasted is with woes extreame, 25  
 It may so please, that she at length will streame  
 Some deaw of grace into my withered hart,  
 After long sorrow and consuming smart.

WHAT TIME THIS WORLDS GREAT WORKMAISTER did cast  
 To make al things such as we now behold, 30  
 It seems that he before his eyes had plast

A goodly paterne, to whose perfect mould  
He fashiond them as comely as he could,  
That now so faire and seemely they appeare  
As nought may be amended any wheare. 35

That wondrous paterne, wheresoere it bee,  
Whether in earth layd up in secret store,  
Or else in heaven, that no man may it see  
With sinfull eyes, for feare it do deflore,  
Is perfect Beautie, which all men adore; 40  
Whose face and feature doth so much excell  
All mortal sence, that none the same may tell.

Thereof as every earthly thing partakes  
Or more or lesse, by influence divine,  
So it more faire accordingly it makes, 45  
And the grosse matter of this earthly myne  
Which closeth it thereafter doth refyne,  
Doing away the drosse which dims the light  
Of that faire beame which therein is empight\*.  
[\* \_Empight\_, placed.]

For, through infusion of celestiall powre, 50  
The duller earth it quickneth with delight,  
And life-full spirits privily doth powre  
Through all the parts, that to the lookers sight  
They seeme to please; that is thy souveraine might,  
O Cyprian queene! which, flowing from the beame 55  
Of thy bright starre, thou into them doest streame.

That is the thing which giveth pleasant grace  
To all things faire, that kindleth lively fyre;  
Light of thy lampe; which, shyning in the face,  
Thence to the soule darts amorous desyre, 60  
And robs the harts of those which it admyre;  
Therewith thou pointest thy sons poysned arrow,  
That wounds the life and wastes the inmost marrow.

How vainely then do ydle wits invent  
That Beautie is nought else but mixture made 65  
Of colours faire, and goodly temp'rament  
Of pure complexions, that shall quickly fade  
And passe away, like to a sommers shade;  
Or that it is but comely composition  
Of parts well measurd, with meet disposition! 70

Hath white and red in it such wondrous powre,  
That it can pierce through th'eyes unto the hart,  
And therein stirre such rage and restlesse stowre\*,  
As nought but death can stint his dolours smart?  
Or can proportion of the outward part 75  
Move such affection in the inward mynd,  
That it can rob both sense, and reason blynd?  
[\* \_Stowre\_, commotion.]

Why doe not then the blossomes of the field,  
Which are arayd with much more orient hew,  
And to the sense most daintie odours yield, 80  
Worke like impression in the lookers vew?

Or why doe not faire pictures like powre shew,  
In which oft-times we Nature see of Art  
Exceld, in perfect limming every part?

But ah! beleeeve me there is more then so, 85  
That workes such wonders in the minds of men;  
I, that have often prov'd, too well it know,  
And who so list the like assayes to ken  
Shall find by trial, and confesse it then,  
That Beautie is not, as fond men misdeeme, 90  
An outward shew of things that onely seeme.

For that same goodly hew of white and red  
With which the cheekes are sprinckled, shall decay,  
And those sweete rosy leaves, so fairly spred  
Upon the lips, shall fade and fall away 95  
To that they were, even to corrupted clay:  
That golden wyre, those sparckling stars so bright,  
Shall turne to dust, and lose their goodly light.

But that faire lampe, from whose celestially ray  
That light proceedes which kindleth lovers fire, 100  
Shall never be extinguisht nor decay;  
But, when the vitall spirits doe espyre,  
Unto her native planet shall retyre;  
For it is heavenly borne, and cannot die,  
Being a parcell of the purest skie. 105

For when the soule, the which derived was,  
At first, out of that great immortall Spright,  
By whom all live to love, whilome did pas  
Down from the top of purest heavens hight  
To be embodied here, it then tooke light 110  
And lively spirits from that fayrest starre  
Which lights the world forth from his fire carre.

Which powre retayning still, or more or lesse,  
When she in fleshly seede is eft\* enraced\*\*, 115  
Through every part she doth the same impresse,  
According as the heavens have her graced,  
And frames her house, in which she will be placed,  
Fit for her selfe, adorning it with spoyle  
Of th'heavenly riches which she robd erewhyle.  
[\* \_Eft\_, afterwards.]  
[\*\* \_Enraced\_, implanted.]

Thereof it comes that these faire soules which have  
The most resemblance of that heavenly light 121  
Frame to themselves most beautifull and brave  
Their fleshly bowre, most fit for their delight,  
And the grosse matter by a soveraine might  
Temper so trim, that it may well be seene 125  
A pallace fit for such a virgin queene.

So every spirit, as it is most pure,  
And hath in it the more of heavenly light,  
So it the fairer bodie doth procure  
To habit in, and it more fairely dight\* 130  
With chearfull grace and amiable sight:

For of the soule the bodie forme doth take;  
For soule is forme, and doth the bodie make.  
[\* \_Dight\_, adorn.]

Therefore, where-ever that thou doest behold  
A comely corpse\*, with beautie faire endewed, 135  
Know this for certaine, that the same doth hold  
A beauteous soule with fair conditions thewed\*\*,  
Fit to receive the seede of vertue strewed;  
For all that faire is, is by nature good;  
That is a sign to know the gentle blood. 140  
[\* \_Corpse\_, body.]  
[\*\* i.e. endowed with fair qualities.]

Yet oft it falles that many a gentle mynd  
Dwels in deformed tabernacle drownd,  
Either by chaunce, against the course of kynd\*,  
Or through unaptnesse in the substance fownd,  
Which it assumed of some stubborne grownd, 145  
That will not yield unto her formes direction,  
But is deform'd with some foule imperfection.  
[\* \_Kynd\_, nature.]

And oft it falles, (ay me, the more to rew!)  
That goodly Beautie, albe heavenly borne,  
Is foule abusd, and that celestiall hew, 150  
Which doth the world with her delight adorne,  
Made but the bait of sinne, and sinners scorne,  
Whilest every one doth seeke and sew to have it,  
But every one doth seeke but to deprave it.

Yet nathemore is that faire Beauties blame, 155  
But theirs that do abuse it unto ill:  
Nothing so good, but that through guilty shame  
May be corrupt\*, and wrested unto will.  
Nathelesse the soule is faire and beauteous still,  
However fleshs fault it filthy make; 160  
For things immortall no corruption take.  
[\* \_Corrupt\_, corrupted.]

But ye, faire Dames! the worlds deare ornaments,  
And lively images of heavens light,  
Let not your beames with such disparagements  
Be dimd, and your bright glorie darkned quight; 165  
But mindfull still of your first countries sight,  
Doe still preserve your first informed grace,  
Whose shadow yet shynes in your beauteous face.

Loath that foule blot, that hellish fierbrand,  
Disloiall lust, fair Beauties foulest blame, 170  
That base affections, which your eares would bland\*,  
Commend to you by loves abused name,  
But is indeede the bondslave of defame;  
Which will the garland of your glorie marre,  
And quench the light of your brightshyning starre. 175  
[\* \_Bland\_, blandish.]

But gentle Love, that loiall is and trew,  
Wil more illumine your resplendent ray,

And add more brightnesse to your goodly hew  
From light of his pure fire; which, by like way  
Kindled of yours, your likenesse doth display; 180  
Like as two mirrours, by opposd reflection,  
Doe both expresse the faces first impression.

Therefore, to make your beautie more appeare,  
It you behoves to love, and forth to lay  
That heavenly riches which in you ye beare, 185  
That men the more admyre their fountaine may;  
For else what booteth that celestially ray,  
If it in darknesse be enshrined ever,  
That it of loving eyes be vewed never?

But, in your choice of loves, this well advize, 190  
That likest to your selves ye them select,  
The which your forms first sourse may sympathize,  
And with like beauties parts be inly deckt;  
For if you loosely love without respect,  
It is not love, but a discordant warre, 195  
Whose unlike parts amongst themselves do iarre.

For love is a celestially harmonie  
Of likely\* harts composd of\*\* starres concent,  
Which ioyned together in sweete sympathie,  
To work each others ioy and true content, 200  
Which they have harbourd since their first descent  
Out of their heavenly bowres, where they did see  
And know ech other here belov'd to bee.  
[\* \_Likely\_, similar.]  
[\*\* \_Composd of\_, combined by.]

Then wrong it were that any other twaine  
Should in Loves gentle band combyned bee, 205  
But those whom Heaven did at first ordaine,  
And made out of one mould the more t'agree;  
For all that like the beautie which they see  
Straight do not love; for Love is not so light  
As straight to burne at first beholders sight. 210

But they which love indeede looke otherwise,  
With pure regard and spotlesse true intent,  
Drawing out of the object of their eyes  
A more refyned form, which they present 215  
Unto their mind, void of all blemishment;  
Which it reducing to her first perfection,  
Beholdeth free from fleshs frail infection.

And then conforming it unto the light  
Which in it selfe it hath remaining still,  
Of that first sunne, yet sparckling in his sight, 220  
Thereof he fashions in his higher skill  
An heavenly beautie to his fancies will;  
And it embracing in his mind entyre,  
The mirrour of his owne thought doth admyre.

Which seeing now so inly faire to be, 225  
As outward it appeareth to the eye,  
And with his spirits proportion to agree,

He thereon fixeth all his fantasie,  
And fully setteth his felicitie;  
Counting it fairer then it is indeede, 230  
And yet indeede her fairnesse doth exeede.

For lovers eyes more sharply sighted bee  
Then other mens, and in deare loves delight  
See more then any other eyes can see,  
Through mutuall receipt of beames bright, 235  
Which carrie privie message to the spright,  
And to their eyes that inmost faire display,  
As plaine as light discovers dawning day.

Therein they see, through amorous eye-glaunces,  
Annies of Loves still flying too and fro, 240  
Which dart at them their litle fierie launces;  
Whom having wounded, back againe they go,  
Carrying compassion to their lovely foe;  
Who, seeing her faire eyes so sharp effect,  
Cures all their sorrowes with one sweete aspect. 245

In which how many wonders doe they reede  
To their concept, that others never see!  
Now of her smiles, with which their soules they feede,  
Like gods with nectar in their bankets free;  
Now of her lookes, which like to cordials bee; 250  
But when her words embassade\* forth she sends,  
Lord, how sweete musicke that unto them lends!  
[\* \_Embassade\_, embassy.]

Sometimes upon her forehead they behold  
A thousand graces masking in delight;  
Sometimes within her eye-lids they unfold 255  
Ten thousand sweet belgards\*, which to their sight  
Doe seeme like twinckling starres in frostie night;  
But on her lips, like rosy buds in May,  
So many millions of chaste pleasures play.  
[\* \_Belgards\_, fair looks.]

All those, O Cytherea! and thousands more, 260  
Thy handmaides be, which do on thee attend,  
To decke thy beautie with their dainties store,  
That may it more to mortall eyes commend,  
And make it more admyr'd of foe and frend;  
That in mans harts thou mayst thy throne enstall, 265  
And spred thy lovely kingdome over all.

Then loe, triumph! O great Beauties Queene,  
Advance the banner of thy conquest hie,  
That all this world, the which thy vassels beene, 270  
May draw to thee, and with dew fealtie  
Adore the powre of thy great maiestie,  
Singing this hymne in honour of thy name,  
Compyld by me, which thy poor liegeman am!

In lieu whereof graunt, O great souveraine!  
That she whose conquering beauty doth captive 275  
My trembling hart in her eternall chaine,  
One drop of grace at length will to me give,

That I her bounden thrall by her may live,  
And this same life, which first fro me she reaved,  
May owe to her, of whom I it received. 280

And you, faire Venus dearling, my dear dread!  
Fresh flowre of grace, great goddesse of my life,  
When your faire eyes these fearfull lines shall read,  
Deigne to let fall one drop of dew reliefe,  
That may recure my harts long pyning grieve, 285  
And shew what wondrous powre your beauty hath,  
That can restore a damned wight from death.

## AN HYMNE

### OF HEAVENLY LOVE\*.

[\* See the sixth canto of the third book of the Faerie Queene,  
especially the second and the thirty-second stanzas; which, with his  
Hymnes of Heavenly Love and Heavenly Beauty, are evident proofs of  
Spenser's attachment to the Platonic school. WARTON.]

Love, lift me up upon thy golden wings  
From this base world unto thy heavens hight,  
Where I may see those admirable things  
Which there thou workest by thy souveraine might,  
Farre above feeble reach of earthly sight, 5  
That I thereof an heavenly hymne may sing  
Unto the God of Love, high heavens king.

Many lewd layes (ah! woe is me the more!)  
In praise of that mad fit which fooles call Love,  
I have in th'heat of youth made heretofore, 10  
That in light wits did loose affection move;  
But all those follies now I do reprove,  
And turned have the tenor of my string,  
The heavenly prayes of true Love to sing.

And ye that wont with greedy vaine desire 15  
To reade my fault, and, wondring at my flame,  
To warme your selves at my wide sparckling fire,  
Sith now that heat is quenched, quench my blame,  
And in her ashes shrowd my dying shame;  
For who my passed follies now pursewes, 20  
Beginnes his owne, and my old fault renews.

BEFORE THIS WORLDS GREAT FRAME, in which al things  
Are now containd, found any being-place,  
Ere flitting Time could wag\* his eyas\*\* wings  
About that mightie bound which doth embrace 25  
The rolling spheres, and parts their houres by space,  
That high eternall Powre, which now doth move  
In all these things, mov'd in it selfe by love.

[\* \_Wag\_, move.]

[\*\* \_Eyas\_, unfledged.]

It lov'd it selfe, because it selfe was faire;  
(For fair is lov'd;) and of it self begot 30

Like to it selfe his eldest Sonne and Heire,  
Eternall, pure, and voide of sinfull blot,  
The firstling of his ioy, in whom no iot  
Of loves dislike or pride was to be found,  
Whom he therefore with equall honour crownd. 35

With him he raignd, before all time prescribed,  
In endlesse glorie and immortall might,  
Together with that Third from them derived,  
Most wise, most holy, most almightie Spright! 39  
Whose kingdomes throne no thoughts of earthly wight  
Can comprehend, much lesse my trembling verse  
With equall words can hope it to reherse.

Yet, O most blessed Spirit! pure lampe of light,  
Eternall spring of grace and wisdom trew,  
Vouchsafe to shed into my barren spright 45  
Some little drop of thy celestiall dew,  
That may my rymes with sweet infuse\* embrew,  
And give me words equall unto my thought,  
To tell the marveiles by thy mercie wrought.  
[\* \_Infuse\_, infusion]

Yet being pregnant still with powrefull grace, 50  
And full of fruitfull Love, that loves to get  
Things like himselfe and to enlarge his race,  
His second brood, though not of powre so great,  
Yet full of beautie, next he did beget,  
An infinite increase of angels bright, 55  
All glistring glorious in their Makers light.

To them the heavens illimitable hight  
(Not this round heaven which we from hence behold,  
Adornd with thousand lamps of burning light,  
And with ten thousand gemmes of shyning gold) 60  
He gave as their inheritance to hold,  
That they might serve him in eternall blis,  
And be partakers of those ioyes of his.

There they in their trinall triplicities  
About him wait, and on his will depend, 65  
Either with nimble wings to cut the skies,  
When he them on his messages doth send,  
Or on his owne dread presence to attend,  
Where they behold the glorie of his light,  
And caroll hymnes of love both day and night. 70  
[Ver. 64.--\_Trinall triplicities\_. See the Faerie Queene, Book I.  
Canto XII. 39. H.]

Both day and night is unto them all one;  
For he his beames doth unto them extend,  
That darknesse there appeareth never none;  
Ne hath their day, ne hath their blisse, an end,  
But there their termelesse time in pleasure spend; 75  
Ne ever should their happinesse decay,  
Had not they dar'd their Lord to disobay.

But pride, impatient of long resting peace,  
Did puffe them up with greedy bold ambition,



|                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                         |                            |
|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|----------------------------|
| That they gan cast their state how to increase<br>Above the fortune of their first condition,<br>And sit in Gods own seat without commission:<br>The brightest angel, even the Child of Light*,<br>Drew millions more against their God to fight.<br>[* I.e. Lucifer.]                                                                                  | 80                         |
| Th'Almighty, seeing their so bold assay,<br>Kindled the flame of his consuming yre,<br>And with his onely breath them blew away<br>From heavens hight, to which they did aspyre,<br>To deepest hell, and lake of damned fyre,<br>Where they in darknesse and dread horror dwell,<br>Hating the happie light from which they fell.                       | 85<br><br><br><br><br>90   |
| So that next off-spring of the Makers love,<br>Next to himselfe in glorious degree,<br>Degendering* to hate, fell from above<br>Through pride; (for pride and love may ill agree;)<br>And now of sinne to all ensample bee:<br>How then can sinfull flesh it selfe assure,<br>Sith purest angels fell to be impure?<br>[* _Degendering_, degenerating.] | 95                         |
| But that Eternall Fount of love and grace,<br>Still flowing forth his goodnesse unto all,<br>Now seeing left a waste and emptie place<br>In his wyde pallace through those angels fall,<br>Cast to supply the same, and to enstall<br>A new unknown colony therein,<br>Whose root from earths base groundworke should begin.                            | 100<br><br><br><br><br>105 |
| Therefore of clay, base, vile, and nest to nought,<br>Yet form'd by wondrous skill, and by his might<br>According to an heavenly patterne wrought,<br>Which he had fashiond in his wise foresight,<br>He man did make, and breathd a living spright<br>Into his face, most beautifull and fayre,<br>Endewd with wisdomes riches, heavenly, rare.        | 110                        |
| Such he him made, that he resemble might<br>Himselfe, as mortall thing immortall could;<br>Him to be lord of every living wight<br>He made by love out of his owne like mould,<br>In whom he might his mightie selfe behould;<br>For Love doth love the thing belov'd to see,<br>That like it selfe in lovely shape may bee.                            | 115                        |
| But man, forgetfull of his Makers grace<br>No lesse than angels, whom he did ensew,<br>Fell from the hope of promist heavenly place,<br>Into the mouth of Death, to sinners dew,<br>And all his off-spring into thraldome threw,<br>Where they for ever should in bonds remaine<br>Of never-dead, yet ever-dying paine;                                 | 120<br><br><br><br><br>125 |
| Till that great Lord of Love, which him at first<br>Made of meere love, and after liked well,<br>Seeing him lie like creature long accurst                                                                                                                                                                                                              |                            |

In that deep horror of despayred hell, 130  
Him, wretch, in doole\* would let no lenger dwell,  
But cast\*\* out of that bondage to redeeme,  
And pay the price, all@ were his debt extreeme.  
[\* \_Doole\_, pain.]  
[\*\* \_Cast\_, devised.]  
[@ \_All\_, although.]

Out of the bosome of eternall blisse, 135  
In which he reigned with his glorious Syre,  
He downe descended, like a most demisse\*  
And abiect thrall, in fleshes fraile attyre,  
That he for him might pay sinnes deadly hyre,  
And him restore unto that happie state  
In which he stood before his haplesse fate. 140  
[\* \_Demisse\_, humble.]

In flesh at first the guilt committed was,  
Therefore in flesh it must be satisfyde;  
Nor spirit, nor angel, though they man surpas,  
Could make amends to God for mans misguyde,  
But onely man himselfe, who selfe did slyde: 145  
So, taking flesh of sacred virgins wombe,  
For mans deare sake he did a man become.

And that most blessed bodie, which was borne  
Without all blemish or reprochfull blame,  
He freely gave to be both rent and torne 150  
Of cruell hands, who with despightfull shame  
Revyling him, (that them most vile became,)  
At length him nayled on a gallow-tree,  
And slew the iust by most uniust decree.

O huge and most unspeakeable impression 155  
Of Loves deep wound, that pierst the piteous hart  
Of that deare Lord with so entyre affection,  
And, sharply launcing every inner part,  
Dolours of death into his soule did dart,  
Doing him die that never it deserved, 160  
To free his foes, that from his heast\* had swerved!  
[\* \_Heast\_, command.]

What hart can feel least touch of so sore launch,  
Or thought can think the depth of so deare wound?  
Whose bleeding sourse their streames yet never staunch,  
But stil do flow, and freshly still redownd\*, 165  
To heale the sores of sinfull soules unsound,  
And clense the guilt of that infected cryme,  
Which was enrooted in all fleshly slyme.  
[\* \_Redownd\_, overflow.]

O blessed Well of Love! O Floure of Grace!  
O glorious Morning-Starre! O Lampe of Light! 170  
Most lively image of thy Fathers face,  
Eternal King of Glorie, Lord of Might,  
Meeke Lambe of God, before all worlds behight\*,  
How can we thee requite for all this good?  
Or what can prize\*\* that thy most precious blood? 175  
[\* \_Behight\_, named.]

[\*\* \_Prize\_, price.]

Yet nought thou ask'st in lieu of all this love  
But love of us, for guerdon of thy paine:  
Ay me! what can us lesse than that behove?  
Had he required life for us againe,  
Had it beene wrong to ask his owne with game? 180  
He gave us life, he it restored lost;  
Then life were least, that us so little cost.

But he our life hath left unto us free,  
Free that was thrall, and blessed that was band\*;  
Ne ought demaunds but that we loving bee, 185  
As he himselfe hath lov'd us afore-hand,  
And bound therto with an eternall band;  
Him first to love that was so dearely bought,  
And next our brethren, to his image wrought.  
[\* \_Band\_, cursed.]

Him first to love great right and reason is, 190  
Who first to us our life and being gave,  
And after, when we fared\* had amisse,  
Us wretches from the second death did save;  
And last, the food of life, which now we have,  
Even he himselfe, in his dear sacrament, 195  
To feede our hungry soules, unto us lent.  
[\* \_Fared\_, gone.]

Then next, to love our brethren, that were made  
Of that selfe\* mould and that self Maker's hand  
That we, and to the same againe shall fade,  
Where they shall have like heritage of land, 200  
However here on higher steps we stand,  
Which also were with selfe-same price redeemed  
That we, however of us light esteemed.  
[\* \_Selfe\_, same.]

And were they not, yet since that loving Lord  
Commaunded us to love them for his sake, 205  
Even for his sake, and for his sacred word  
Which in his last bequest he to us spake,  
We should them love, and with their needs partake;  
Knowing that whatsoere to them we give  
We give to him by whom we all doe live. 210

Such mercy he by his most holy reede\*  
Unto us taught, and, to approve it trew,  
Ensampled it by his most righteous deede,  
Shewing us mercie, miserable crew!  
That we the like should to the wretches shew, 215  
And love our brethren; thereby to approve  
How much himselfe that loved us we love.  
[\* \_Reede\_, precept.]

Then rouze thy selfe, O Earth! out of thy soyle\*,  
In which thou wallowest like to filthy swyne,  
And doest thy mynd in durty pleasures moyle\*\*, 220  
Unmindfull of that dearest Lord of thyne;  
Lift up to him thy heavie clouded eyne,

That thou this souveraine bountie mayst behold,  
And read, through love, his mercies manifold.

[\* \_Soyle\_, mire.]

[\*\* \_Moyle\_, defile.]

Beginne from first, where he encradled was 225  
In simple cratch\*, wrapt in a wad of hay,  
Betweene the toylfull oxe and humble asse,  
And in what rags, and in how base aray,  
The glory of our heavenly riches lay,  
When him the silly shepherds came to see, 230  
Whom greatest princes sought on lowest knee.  
[\* \_Cratch\_, manger.]

From thence reade on the storie of his life,  
His humble carriage, his unfaulty wayes,  
His cancred foes, his fights, his toyle, his strife, 235  
His paines, his povertie, his sharpe assayes,  
Through which he past his miserable dayes,  
Offending none, and doing good to all,  
Yet being malist\* both by great and small.  
[\* \_Malist\_, regarded with ill-will.]

And look at last, how of most wretched wights  
He taken was, betrayd, and false accused; 240  
How with most scornfull taunts and fell despights,  
He was revyld, disgrast, and foule abused;  
How scourgd, how crownd, how buffeted, how brused;  
And, lastly, how twixt robbers crucifyde,  
With bitter wounds through hands, through feet, and syde! 245

Then let thy flinty hart, that feeles no paine,  
Empierced he with pittifull remorse,  
And let thy bowels bleede in every vaine,  
At sight of his most sacred heavenly corse, 250  
So torne and mangled with malicious forse;  
And let thy soule, whose sins his sorrows wrought,  
Melt into teares, and grone in grieved thought.

With sence whereof whilest so thy softened spirit  
Is inly toucht, and humbled with meeke zeale 255  
Through meditation of his endlesse merit,  
Lift up thy mind to th'author of thy weale,  
And to his souveraine mercie doe appeale;  
Learne him to love that loved thee so deare,  
And in thy brest his blessed image beare.

With all thy hart, with all thy soule and mind, 260  
Thou must him love, and his beheasts embrace;  
All other loves, with which the world doth blind  
Weake fancies, and stirre up affections base,  
Thou must renounce and utterly displace,  
And give thy self unto him full and free, 265  
That full and freely gave himselfe to thee.

Then shalt thou feele thy spirit so possést,  
And ravisht with devouring great desire  
Of his dear selfe, that shall thy feeble brest  
Inflame with love, and set thee all on fire 270

With burning zeale, through every part entire\*,  
That in no earthly thing thou shalt delight,  
But in his sweet and amiable sight.  
[\* \_Entire\_, inward.]

Thenceforth all worlds desire will in thee dye,  
And all earthes glorie, on which men do gaze, 275  
Seeme durt and drosse in thy pure-sighted eye,  
Compar'd to that celestiall beauties blaze,  
Whose glorious beames all fleshly sense doth daze  
With admiration of their passing light,  
Blinding the eyes, and lumining the spright. 280

Then shall thy ravisht soul inspired bee  
With heavenly thoughts, farre above humane skil,  
And thy bright radiant eyes shall plainely see  
Th'idee of his pure glorie present still  
Before thy face, that all thy spirits shall fill 285  
With sweete enragement of celestiall love,  
Kindled through sight of those faire things above.

## AN HYMNE

### OF HEAVENLY BEAUTIE.

Rapt with the rage of mine own ravisht thought,  
Through contemplation of those goodly sights  
And glorious images in heaven wrought,  
Whose wondrous beauty, breathing sweet delights,  
Do kindle love in high conceived sprights, 5  
I faine\* to tell the things that I behold,  
But feele my wits to faile and tongue to fold.  
[\* \_Faine\_, long.]

Vouchsafe then, O Thou most Almighty Spright!  
From whom all guifts of wit and knowledge flow, 10  
To shed into my breast some sparkling light  
Of thine eternall truth, that I may show  
Some little beames to mortall eyes below  
Of that immortall Beautie there with Thee,  
Which in my weake distraughted mynd I see;

That with the glorie of so goodly sight 15  
The hearts of men, which fondly here admyre  
Faire seeming shewes, and feed on vaine delight,  
Transported with celestiall desyre  
Of those faire formes, may lift themselves up hyer,  
And learne to love, with zealous humble dewty, 20  
Th'Eternall Fountaine of that heavenly Beauty.

Beginning then below, with th'easie vew  
Of this base world, subiect to fleshly eye,  
From thence to mount aloft, by order dew,  
To contemplation of th'immortall sky; 25  
Of the soare faulcon\* so I learne to flye.  
That flags a while her fluttering wings beneath,  
Till she her selfe for stronger flight can breath.

[\* \_Soare faulcon\_, a young falcon; a hawk that has not shed its first feathers, which are \_sorrel\_.]

Then looke, who list thy gazefull eyes to feed  
With sight of that is faire, looke on the frame 30  
Of this wyde universe, and therein reed  
The endlesse kinds of creatures which by name  
Thou canst not count, much less their natures aime;  
All which are made with wondrous wise respect,  
And all with admirable beautie deckt. 35

First, th'Earth, on adamantine pillers founded  
Amid the Sea, engirt with brasen bands;  
Then th'Aire, still flitting, but yet firmly bounded  
On everie side with pyles of flaming brands, 40  
Never consum'd, nor quencht with mortall hands;  
And last, that mightie shining cristall wall,  
Wherewith he hath encompassed this all.

By view whereof it plainly may appeare,  
That still as every thing doth upward tend  
And further is from earth, so still more cleare 45  
And faire it growes, till to his perfect end  
Of purest Beautie it at last ascend;  
Ayre more then water, fire much more then ayre,  
And heaven then fire, appeares more pure and fayre.

Looke thou no further, but affixe thine eye 50  
On that bright shynie round still moving masse,  
The house of blessed God, which men call Skye,  
All sowed with glistring stars more thicke then grasse,  
Whereof each other doth in brightnessse passe,  
But those two most, which, ruling night and day, 55  
As king and queene the heavens empire sway;

And tell me then, what hast thou ever seene  
That to their beautie may compared bee?  
Or can the sight that is most sharpe and keene  
Endure their captains flaming head to see? 60  
How much lesse those, much higher in degree,  
And so much fairer, and much more then these,  
As these are fairer then the land and seas?

For farre above these heavens which here we see,  
Be others farre exceeding these in light, 65  
Not bounded, not corrupt, as these same bee,  
But infinite in largenesse and in hight,  
Unmoving, uncorrupt, and spotlesse bright,  
That need no sunne t'illuminate their spheres,  
But their owne native light farre passing theirs. 70

And as these heavens still by degrees arize,  
Until they come to their first movers\* bound,  
That in his mightie compasse doth comprize  
And came all the rest with him around,  
So those likewise doe by degrees redound\*\*, 75  
And rise more faire, till they at last arive  
To the most faire, whereto they all do strive.  
[\* I.e. the \_primum mobile\_.]

[\*\* I.e. exceed the one the other.]

Faire is the heaven where happy soules have place,  
In full enioyment of felicitie,  
Whence they doe still behold the glorious face 80  
Of the Divine Eternall Maiestie;  
More faire is that where those Idees on hie  
Enraunged be, which Plato so admyred,  
And pure Intelligences from God inspyred.

Yet fairer is that heaven in which do raine 85  
The soveraigne Powres and mightie Potentates,  
Which in their high protections doe containe  
All mortall princes and imperiall states;  
And fayrer yet whereas the royall Seates  
And heavenly Dominations are set, 90  
From whom all earthly governance is fet\*.  
[\* \_Fet\_, fetched, derived.]

Yet farre more faire be those bright Cherubins,  
Which all with golden wings are overdight,  
And those eternall burning Seraphins,  
Which from their faces dart out fierie light; 95  
Yet fairer then they both, and much more bright,  
Be th'Angels and Archangels, which attend  
On Gods owne person, without rest or end.

These thus in faire each other farre excelling,  
As to the Highest they approach more near, 100  
Yet is that Highest farre beyond all telling,  
Fairer then all the rest which there appeare,  
Though all their beauties ioyn'd together were;  
How then can mortall tongue hope to expresse  
The image of such endlesse perfectnesse? 105

Cease then, my tongue! and lend unto my mynd  
Leave to bethinke how great that Beautie is,  
Whose utmost\* parts so beautifull I fynd;  
How much more those essentiall parts of His, 110  
His truth, his love, his wisdom, and his blis,  
His grace, his doome\*\*, his mercy, and his might,  
By which he lends us of himselfe a sight!  
[\* \_Utmost\_, outmost.]  
[\*\* \_Doom\_, judgment.]

Those unto all he daily doth display,  
And shew himselfe in th'image of his grace,  
As in a looking-glasse, through which he may 115  
Be seene of all his creatures vile and base,  
That are unable else to see his face;  
His glorious face! which glistereth else so bright,  
That th'angels selves can not endure his sight.

But we, fraile wights! whose sight cannot sustaine 120  
The suns bright beames when he on us doth shyne,  
But\* that their points rebutted\*\* backe againe  
Are duld, how can we see with feeble eyne  
The glorie of that Maiestie Divine,  
In sight of whom both sun and moone are darke, 125

Compared to his least resplendent sparke?

[\* \_But\_, unless.]

[\*\* \_Rebuted\_, reflected.]

The meanes, therefore, which unto us is lent  
Him to behold, is on his workes to looke.  
Which he hath made in beauty excellent,  
And in the same, as in a brasen booke, 130  
To read enregistred in every nooke  
His goodnesse, which his beautie doth declare;  
For all thats good is beautifull and faire.

Thence gathering plumes of perfect speculation  
To impe\* the wings of thy high flying mynd, 135  
Mount up aloft through heavenly contemplation  
From this darke world, whose dampes the soule do blynd,  
And, like the native brood of eagles kynd,  
On that bright Sunne of Glorie fixe thine eyes,  
Clear'd from grosse mists of fraile infirmities. 140  
[\* \_Impe\_, mend, strengthen.]

Humbled with feare and awfull reverence,  
Before the footestoole of his Maiestie  
Throw thy selfe downe, with trembling innocence,  
Ne dare looke up with corruptible eye  
On the dred face of that great Deity, 145  
For feare lest, if he chaunce to look on thee,  
Thou turne to nought, and quite confounded be.

But lowly fall before his mercie seate,  
Close covered with the Lambes integrity  
From the iust wrath of His avengefull threate 150  
That sits upon the righteous throne on hy;  
His throne is built upon Eternity,  
More firme and durable then steele or brasse,  
Or the hard diamond, which them both doth passe.

His scepter is the rod of Righteousnesse, 155  
With which he bruseth all his foes to dust,  
And the great Dragon strongly doth repress  
Under the rigour of his iudgment iust;  
His seate is Truth, to which the faithfull trust,  
From whence proceed her beames so pure and bright, 160  
That all about him sheddeth glorious light:

Light farre exceeding that bright blazing sparke  
Which darted is from Titans flaming head,  
That with his beames enlumineth the darke  
And dampish air, wherby al things are red\*; 165  
Whose nature yet so much is marvelled  
Of mortall wits, that it doth much amaze  
The greatest wisards\*\* which thereon do gaze.  
[\* \_Red\_, perceived.]  
[\*\* \_Wisards\_, wise men, \_savants\_.]

But that immortall light which there doth shine  
Is many thousand times more bright, more cleare, 170  
More excellent, more glorious, more divine;  
Through which to God all mortall actions here,



And even the thoughts of men, do plaine appeare;  
For from th'Eternall Truth it doth proceed,  
Through heavenly vertue which her beames doe breed. 175

With the great glorie of that wondrous light  
His throne is all encompassed around,  
And hid in his owne brightnesse from the sight  
Of all that looke thereon with eyes unsound;  
And underneath his feet are to be found 180  
Thunder, and lightning, and tempestuous fyre,  
The instruments of his avenging yre.

There in his bosome Sapience doth sit,  
The souveraine dearling of the Deity,  
Clad like a queene in royall robes, most fit 185  
For so great powre and peerelesse maiesty,  
And all with gemmes and iewels gorgeously  
Adornd, that brighter then the starres appeare,  
And make her native brightnes seem more cleare.

And on her head a crown of purest gold 190  
Is set, in signe of highest sovereignty;  
And in her hand a scepter she doth hold,  
With which she rules the house of God on hy,  
And menageth the ever-moving sky,  
And in the same these lower creatures all 195  
Subiected to her powre imperiall.

Both heaven and earth obey unto her will,  
And all the creatures which they both containe;  
For of her fulnesse, which the world doth fill,  
They all partake, and do in state remaine 200  
As their great Maker did at first ordaine,  
Through observation of her high beheast,  
By which they first were made, and still increast.

The fairnesse of her face no tongue can tell;  
For she the daughters of all wemens race, 205  
And angels eke, in beautie doth excell,  
Sparkled on her from Gods owne glorious face,  
And more increast by her owne goodly grace,  
That it doth farre exceed all humane thought,  
Ne can on earth compared be to ought. 210

Ne could that painter (had he lived yet)  
Which pictured Venus with so curious quill  
That all posteritie admyred it,  
Have purtray'd this, for all his maistring\* skill;  
Ne she her selfe, had she remained still, 215  
And were as faire as fabling wits do fayne,  
Could once come neare this Beauty soverayne.  
[\* \_Maistring\_, superior.]

But had those wits, the wonders of their dayes,  
Or that sweete Teian poet\*, which did spend  
His plenteous vaine in setting forth her praise, 220  
Seen but a glims of this which I pretend\*\*,  
How wondrously would he her face commend,  
Above that idole of his fayning thought,

That all the world should with his rimes be fraught!

[\* I.e. Anacreon.]

[\*\* \_Pretend\_, set forth, (or, simply) intend.]

How then dare I, the novice of his art, 225  
Presume to picture so divine a wight,  
Or hope t'expresse her least perfections part,  
Whose beautie filles the heavens with her light,  
And darkes the earth with shadow of her sight?  
Ah, gentle Muse! thou art too weake and faint 230  
The pourtraict of so heavenly hew to paint.

Let angels, which her goodly face behold,  
And see at will, her soveraigne praises sing,  
And those most sacred mysteries unfold  
Of that faire love of mightie Heavens King; 235  
Enough is me t'admyre so heavenly thing,  
And being thus with her huge love possest,  
In th'only wonder of her selfe to rest.

But whoso may, thrise happie man him hold  
Of all on earth, whom God so much doth grace, 240  
And lets his owne Beloved to behold;  
For in the view of her celestiall face  
All ioy, all blisse, all happinesse, have place;  
Ne ought on earth can want unto the wight  
Who of her selfe can win the wishfull sight. 245

For she out of her secret treasury  
Plentie of riches forth on him will powre,  
Even heavenly riches, which there hidden ly  
Within the closet of her chastest bowre,  
Th'eternall portion of her precious dowre, 250  
Which Mighty God hath given to her free,  
And to all those which thereof worthy bee.

None thereof worthy be, but those whom shee  
Vouchsafeth to her presence to receave,  
And letteth them her lovely face to see, 255  
Wherof such wondrous pleasures they conceive,  
And sweete contentment, that it doth bereave  
Their soul of sense, through infinite delight,  
And them transport from flesh into the spright.

In which they see such admirable things, 260  
As carries them into an extasy;  
And heare such heavenly notes and carolings  
Of Gods high praise, that filles the brasen sky;  
And feele such ioy and pleasure inwardly,  
That maketh them all worldly cares forget, 265  
And onely thinke on that before them set.

Ne from thenceforth doth any fleshly sense,  
Or idle thought of earthly things, remaine;  
But all that earst seemd sweet seemes now offence,  
And all that pleased earst now seemes to paine: 270  
Their ioy, their comfort, their desire, their game,  
Is fixed all on that which now they see;  
All other sights but fayned shadowes bee.

And that faire lampe which useth to enflame  
 The hearts of men with self-consuming fyre, 275  
 Thenceforth seemes fowle, and full of sinfull blame  
 And all that pompe to which proud minds aspyre  
 By name of Honor, and so much desyre,  
 Seemes to them basenesse, and all riches drosse,  
 And all mirth sadnesse, and all lucre losse. 280

So full their eyes are of that glorious sight,  
 And senses fraught with such satietie.  
 That in nought else on earth they can delight,  
 But in th'aspect of that felicitie  
 Which they have written in theyr inward ey; 285  
 On which they feed, and in theyr fastened mynd  
 All happie ioy and full contentment fynd.

Ah, then, my hungry soule! which long hast fed  
 On idle fancies of thy foolish thought,  
 And, with false Beauties flattring bait misled, 290  
 Hast after vaine deceitfull shadowes sought,  
 Which all are fled, and now have left thee nought  
 But late repentance, through thy follies prief,  
 Ah! ceasse to gaze on matter of thy grief:

And looke at last up to that Soveraine Light, 295  
 From whose pure beams al perfect Beauty springs,  
 That kindleth love in every godly spright,  
 Even the love of God; which loathing brings  
 Of this vile world and these gay-seeming things;  
 With whose sweet pleasures being so possest, 300  
 Thy straying thoughts henceforth for ever rest.

\* \* \* \* \*

## EPIGRAMS AND SONNETS.

### EPIGRAMS.

I\*.

[\* In the folio of 1611, these four short pieces are appended to the Sonnets. The second and third are translated from Marot's Epigrams, Liv. III. No. 5, \_De Diane\_, and No. 24, \_De Cupido et de sa Dame\_. C.]

In youth, before I waxed old,  
 The blynd boy, Venus baby,  
 For want of cunning, made me bold  
 In bitter hyve to grope for honny:  
 But when he saw me stung and cry,  
 He tooke his wings and away did fly.

II.

As Diane hunted on a day,  
She chaunst to come where Cupid lay,  
His quiver by his head:  
One of his shafts she stole away,  
And one of hers did close convay,  
Into the others stead:  
With that Love wounded my Loves hart,  
But Diane, beasts with Cupids dart.

III.

I saw, in secret to my dame  
How little Cupid humbly came,  
And said to her, "All hayle, my mother!"  
But when he saw me laugh, for shame  
His face with bashfull blood did flame,  
Not knowing Venus from the other.  
"Then, never blush, Cupid," quoth I,  
"For many have err'd in this beauty."

IV.

Upon a day, as Love lay sweetly slumbring  
All in his mothers lap,  
A gentle Bee, with his loud trumpet murm'ring,  
About him flew by hap.  
Whereof when he was wakened with the noyse,  
And saw the beast so small,  
"Whats this," quoth he, "that gives so great a voyce,  
That wakens men withall?"  
In angry wize he flies about,  
And threatens all with corage stout.

10

To whom his mother, closely\* smiling, sayd,  
'Twixt earnest and 'twixt game:  
"See! thou thy selfe likewise art lyttle made,  
If thou regard the same.  
And yet thou suffrest neyther gods in sky,  
Nor men in earth, to rest:  
But when thou art disposed cruelly,  
Theyr sleepe thou doost molest.  
Then eyther change thy cruelty,  
Or give lyke leave unto the fly."  
[\* \_Closely\_, secretly.]

15

20

Nathelesse, the cruell boy, not so content,  
Would needs the fly pursue,  
And in his hand, with heedlesse hardiment,  
Him caught for to subdue.  
But when on it he hasty hand did lay,  
The Bee him stung therefore.  
"Now out, alas," he cryde, "and welaway!  
I wounded am full sore.  
The fly, that I so much did scorne,  
Hath hurt me with his little horne."

25

30

Unto his mother straight he weeping came,  
 And of his grieve complained;  
 Who could not chuse but laugh at his fond game,  
 Though sad to see him pained.  
 "Think now," quoth she, "my son, how great the smart                   35  
 Of those whom thou dost wound:  
 Full many thou hast pricked to the hart,  
 That pitty never found.  
 Therefore, henceforth some pitty take,  
 When thou doest spoyle of lovers make."                               40

She tooke him streight full pitiously lamenting,  
 She wrapt him softly, all the while repenting  
 That he the fly did mock.  
 She drest his wound, and it embaulmed well                               45  
 With salve of soveraigne might;  
 And then she bath'd him in a dainty well,  
 The well of deare delight.  
 Who would not oft be stung as this,  
 To be so bath'd in Venus blis?                                               50

The wanton boy was shortly wel recured  
 Of that his malady;  
 But he soone after fresh again enured\*  
 His former cruelty.  
 And since that time he wounded hath my selfe                               55  
 With his sharpe dart of love,  
 And now forgets the cruell carelesse elfe  
 His mothers heast\*\* to prove.  
 So now I languish, till he please  
 My pining anguish to appease.                                               60  
 [\* \_Enured\_, practised.]  
 [\*\* \_Heast\_, command.]

## SONNETS

WRITTEN BY SPENSER,

COLLECTED FKOM THE ORIGINAL PUBLICATIONS IN  
WHICH THEY APPEARED.

I\*.

\_To the right worshipfull, my singular good frend,  
 M. Gabriell Harvey, Doctor of the Lawes.\_

Harvey, the happy above happiest men  
 I read\*\*; that, sitting like a looker-on  
 Of this worlde stage, doest note with critique pen  
 The sharpe dislikes of each condition:  
 And, as one carelesse of suspition,  
 Ne fawnest for the favour of the great,  
 Ne fearest foolish reprehension  
 Of faulty men, which daunger to thee threat:

But freely doest of what thee list entreat,@  
Like a great lord of peerelesse liberty,  
Lifting the good up to high Honours seat,  
And the evill damning evermore to dy:  
For life and death is in thy doomeful writing;  
So thy renowme lives ever by endighting.

Dublin, this xvij. of July, 1586.

Your devoted friend, during life,

EDMUND SPENCER.

[\* From "Foure Letters and certaine Sonnets especially touching Robert Greene, and other parties by him abused," &c. London, 1592. TODD.]

[\*\* \_Read\_, consider.]

[@ \_Entreat\_, treat.]

II\*.

Whoso wil seeke, by right deserts, t'attaine  
Unto the type of true nobility,  
And not by painted shewes, and titles vaine,  
Derived farre from famous auncestrie,  
Behold them both in their right visnomy\*\*  
Here truly pourtray'd as they ought to be,  
And striving both for termes of dignitie,  
To be advanced highest in degree.  
And when thou doost with equall insight see  
The ods twist both, of both then deem aright,  
And chuse the better of them both to thee;  
But thanks to him that it deserves behight@:  
To Nenna first, that first this worke created,  
And next to lones, that truely it translated.

ED. SPENSER.

[\* Prefixed to "Nennio, or A Treatise of Nobility, &c. Written in Italian by that famous Doctor and worthy Knight, Sir John Baptista Nenna of Bari. Done into English by William lones, Gent." 1595. TODD.]

[\*\* \_Visnomy\_, features.]

[@ \_Behight\_, accord.]

III\*.

\_Upon the Historie of George Castriot, alias Scanderbeg, King of the Epirots, translated into English.\_

Wherefore doth vaine Antiquitie so vaunt  
Her ancient monuments of mightie peeres,  
And old heroees, which their world did daunt  
With their great deedes and fild their childrens eares?  
Who, rapt with wonder of their famous praise,  
Admire their statues, their colossoes great,  
Their rich triumphall arcks which they did raise,

Their huge pyramids, which do heaven threat.  
Lo! one, whom later age hath brought to light,  
Matchable to the greatest of those great;  
Great both by name, and great in power and might,  
And meriting a meere\*\* triumphant seate.  
The scourge of Turkes, and plague of infidels,  
Thy acts, O Scanderbeg, this volume tels.

ED. SPENSER.

[\* Prefixed to the "Historie of George Castriot, alias Scanderbeg, King of Albanie: Containing his famous actes, &c. Newly translated out of French into English by Z.I. Gentleman." 1596. TODD.]  
[\*\* \_Meere\_, absolute, decided.]

IV\*.

The antique Babel, empresse of the East,  
Upreard her buildinges to the threatned skie:  
And second Babell, tyrant of the West,  
Her ayry towers upraised much more high.  
But with the weight of their own surquedry\*\*  
They both are fallen, that all the earth did feare,  
And buried now in their own ashes ly,  
Yet shewing, by their heapes, how great they were.  
But in their place doth now a third appeare,  
Fayre Venice, flower of the last worlds delight;  
And next to them in beauty draweth neare,  
But farre exceedes in policie of right.  
Yet not so fayre her buildinges to behold  
As Lewkenors stile that hath her beautie told.

EDM. SPENCER.

[\* Prefixed to "The Commonwealth and Government of Venice, Written by the Cardinall Gaspar Contareno, and translated out of Italian into English by Lewes Lewkenor, Esquire." London, 1599. TODD.]  
[\*\* \_Surquedry\_, presumption.]

\* \* \* \* \*

APPENDIX.

APPENDIX I.

VARIATIONS FROM THE ORIGINAL EDITIONS.

The Ruines of Time v. 353, covetize, Q. covertize.  
The Ruines of Time v. 541, ocean, Q. Occaeon.  
The Ruines of Time v. 551, which (ed. 1611), Q. with.  
The Ruines of Time v. 574, worlds (ed. 1611), Q. words.  
The Ruines of Time v. 675, worldes, Q. worlds.  
The Teares of the Muses v. 600, living (ed. 1611), Q. loving.  
Virgils Gnat v. 149, Ascraean, Q. Astraeon.  
Virgils Gnat v. 340, seest thou not (ed. 1611), Q. seest thou.

Virgils Gnat v. 387, throat (ed. 1611), Q. threat.  
 Virgils Gnat v. 575, billowes, Q. billowe.  
 Prosopopoeia v. 53, gossip, Q. goship.  
 Prosopopoeia v. 453, diriges, Q. dirges.  
 Prosopopoeia v. 648, at all, Q. all.  
 Prosopopoeia v. 997, whether, Q. whither.  
 Prosopopoeia v. 1012, stopt, Q. stept.  
 Prosopopoeia v. 1019, whither, Q. whether.  
 Ruines of Rome xviii. 5, ornaments, Q. ornament.  
 Muiopotmos v. 250, dispacing, Q. displacing.  
 Muiopotmos v. 431, yongthly, Q. yougthly.  
 The Visions of Bellay ii. 8, one, Q. on.  
 The Visions of Bellay ix. 1, astonied, Q. astoined.  
 The Visions of Petrarche vii. 1, behold, Q. beheld.  
 Amoretti lxxxii. 2, placed, Orig ed\*. plac'd. [\* According to Todd.]  
 Epithalmion v. 67, dere, orig. ed. dore.  
 Epithalmion v. 190, mazeful (ed. 1611), orig. ed. amazeful.  
 Epithalmion v. 290, sad dread (ed. 1611), orig. ed. dread.  
 Epithalmion v. 341, Pouke, orig. ed. ponke.  
 An Hymne in Honour of Love v. 165, they will (ed. 1611), orig. ed. thou wilt.  
 An Hymne in Honour of Love v. 169, be enfyred (ed. 1611), orig. ed. he enfyred.  
 An Hymne in Honour of Love v. 302, an (ed. 1611), orig. ed. and.  
 An Hymne in Honour of Beautie v. 147, deform'd, orig. ed. perform'd.  
 An Hymne in Honour of Beautie v. 171, affections (ed. 1611), orig. ed. affection.

## APPENDIX II.

\_To the Worshipfull, his very singular good friend,  
 Maister G. H., Fellow of Trinitie Hall in Cambridge.\_ \*  
 [\* Reprinted from "Ancient Critical Essays upon English Poets  
 and Poesy. Edited by Joseph Haslewood". Vol II]

GOOD MAISTER G.:--

I perceiue, by your most curteous and frendly letters, your good will to  
 be no lesse in deed than I alwayes esteemed. In recompence wherof,  
 think, I beseech you, that I wil spare neither speech, nor wryting, nor  
 aught else, whensoever and wheresoever occasion shal be offred me; yea,  
 I will not stay till it be offred, but will seeke it in al that possibly  
 I may. And that you may perceiue how much your counsel in al things  
 preuaileth with me, and how altogether I am ruled and ouer-ruled  
 thereby, I am now determined to alter mine owne former purpose, and to  
 subscribe to your advizement; being, notwithstanding, resolved stil to  
 abide your farther resolution. My principal doubts are these. First, I  
 was minded for a while to haue intermitted the vttering of my writings;  
 leaste by ouer-much cloying their noble eares, I should gather a  
 contempt of myself, or else seeme rather for game and commoditie to doe  
 it, for some sweetnesse that I haue already tasted. Then also me seemeth  
 the work too base for his excellent lordship, being made in honour of a  
 priuate personage vnknowne, which of some ylwillers might be vpbraided,  
 not to be so worthie as you knowe she is; or the matter not so weightie  
 that it should be offred to so weightie a personage, or the like. The  
 selfe former title still liketh me well ynough, and your fine addition  
 no lesse. If these and the like doubttes maye be of importaunce, in your



seeming, to frustrate any parte of your aduice, I beeseche you without the leaste selfe loue of your own purpose, counsell me for the beste: and the rather doe it faithfullie and carefully, for that, in all things, I attribute so much to your iudgement, that I am euer more content to adnihilate mine owne determinations in respecte thereof. And, indeede, for your selfe to, it sitteth with you now to call your wits & senses together (which are alwaies at call) when occasion is so fairely offered of estimation and preferment, For whiles the yron is hote it is good striking, and minds of nobles varie, as their estates. \_Verum ne quid durius.\_

I pray you bethinks you well hereof, good Maister G., and forth with write me those two or three special points and caueats for the nonce; \_De quibus in superioribus illis mellitissimus longissimisque litteris tuis.\_ Your desire to heare of my late beeing with hir Maiestie muste dye in it selfe. As for the twoo worthy gentle men, Master Sidney and Master Dyer, they haue me, I thanke them, in some vse of familiarity; of whom and to whome what speache passeth for youre credite and estimation I leaue your selfe to conceiue, hauing alwayes so well conceiued of my vnfaigned affection and zeale towards you. And nowe they haue proclaimed in their [Greek: hareiophaga] a generall surceasing and silence of balde rymers, and also of the verie beste to; in steade whereof they haue, by authoritie of their whole senate, prescribed certaine lawes and rules of quantities of English sillables for English verse; hauing had thereof already greate practise, and drawen mee to their faction. Newe bookes I heare of none, but only of one\* [\* Stephen Gosson.], that writing a certaine booke called \_The Schoole of Abuse\_, and dedicating it to Maister Sidney, was for hys labor scorned; if, at leaste, it be in the goodnesse of that nature to scorne. Such follie is it not to regard aforehande the inclination and qualitie of him to whome wee dedicate oure bookes. Suche mighte I happily incur, entituling \_My Slomber\_, and the other pamphlets, vnto his honor. I meant them rather to Maister Dyer. But I am of late more in loue wyth my Englishe versifying than with ryming: whyche I should haue done long since, if I would then haue followed your counsell. \_Sed te solum iam tum suspicabar cum Aschamo sapere; nunc aulam video egregios alere poetas Anglicos\_. Maister E.K. hartily desireth to be commended vnto your worshippe: of whome what accompte he maketh youre selfe shall hereafter perceiue by hys paynefull and dutifull verses of your selfe.

Thus muche was written at Westminster yesternight; but comming this morning, beeyng the sixteenth of October [1579], to Mystresse Kerkes, to haue it deliuered to the carrier, I receyued youre letter, sente me the laste weeke; whereby I perceiue you otherwhiles continue your old exercise of versifying in English,--whyche glorie I had now thought woulde haue bene onely ours heere at London and the court.

Truste me, your verses I like passingly well, and enuye your hidden paines in this kinde, or rather maligne and grudge at your selfe, that woulde not once imparte so muche to me. But once or twice you make a breache in Maister Drants rules: \_quod tamen condonabimus tanto poetae, tuaeque ipsius maximae in his rebus autoritati.\_ You shall see, when we meete in London, (whiche when it shall be, certifie vs,) howe fast I haue followed after you in that course: beware, leaste in time I ouertake you. \_Veruntamen te solum sequar, (vt saepenumero sum professus,) nunquam sane assequar dum viuam.\_ And nowe requite I you with the like, not with the verie beste, but with the verie shortest, namely, with a few \_lambickes\_. I dare warrant, they be precisely perfect for the feete, (as you can easily iudge,) and varie not one inch

from the rule. I will imparte yours to Maister Sidney and Maister Dyer,  
at my nexte going to the courte. I praye you keepe mine close to your  
selfe, or your verie entire friendes, Maister Preston, Maister Still,  
and the reste.

\_Iambicum Trimeterum\_

Vnhappie Verse, the wnesse of my vnhappie state,  
Make thy selfe fluttring wings of thy fast flying  
Thought, and fly forth vnto my love whersoever she be:

Whether lying reastlesse in heauy bedde, or else  
Sitting so cheerelesse at the cheerfull boorde, or else  
Playing alone carelesse on hir heauenlie virginals.

If in bed, tell hir, that my eyes can take no reste;  
If at boorde, tell hir, that my mouth can eate no meate;  
If at hir virginals, tel hir, I can heare no mirth.

Asked why? say, Waking loue suffereth no sleepe;  
Say, that raging loue dothe appall the weake stomacke;  
Say, that lamenting loue marreth the musicall.

Tell hir, that hir pleasures were wonte to lull me asleepe;  
Tell hir, that hir beautie was wonte to feede mine eyes;  
Tell hir, that hir sweete tongue was wonte to make me mirth.

Nowe doe I nightly waste, wanting my kindely reste;  
Nowe doe I dayly starue, wanting my liuely foode;  
Nowe doe I alwayes dye, wanting thy timely mirth.

And if I waste, who will bewaile my heauy chaunce?  
And if I starue, who will record my cursed end?  
And if I dye, who will saye, \_This was Immerito?\_

I thought once agayne here to haue made an ende, with heartie \_Vale\_, of  
the best fashion; but loe, an ylfavoured mys chaunce. My last farewell,  
whereof I made great accompt, and muche maruelled you shoulde make no  
mention thereof, I am nowe tolde, (in the diuel's name,) was thorough  
one mans negligence quite forgotten, but shoulde nowe vndoubtedly haue  
beene sent, whether I hadde come or no. Seing it can now be no  
otherwise, I pray you take all together, wyth all their faults: and nowe  
I hope you will vouchsafe mee an answeare of the largest size, or else I  
tell you true, you shall bee verie deepe in my debte; notwythstandyng  
thys other sweete but shorte letter, and fine, but fewe verses. But I  
woulde rather I might yet see youre owne good selfe, and receiue a  
reciprocally farewell from your owne sweete mouth.

\_Ad ornatissimum virum, multis iam diu nominibus clarissimum,  
G. H., Immerito sui, mox in Gallias nauigaturi, [Greek: Eutuchēin]

Sic malus egregium, sic non inimicus amicum,  
Sicque nouus veterem iubet ipse poeta poetam  
Saluere, ac caelo, post secula multa, secundo,  
Iam reducem, (caelo mage quam nunc ipse secundo)  
Vt. Ecce deus, (modo sit deus ille, renixum  
Qui vocet in scelus, et iuratos perdat amores)  
Ecce deus mihi clara dedit modo signa marinus,

Et sua veligero lenis parat aequora ligno  
Mox sulcanda; suas etiam pater AEolus iras  
Ponit, et ingentes animos Aquilonis.  
Cuncta vijs sic apta meis: ego solus ineptus.  
Nam mihi nescio quo mens saucia vulnere, dudum  
Fluctuat ancipiti pelago, dum navita proram  
Inualidam validus rapit huc Amor, et rapit illuc  
Consilijs Ratio melioribus vsa, Decusque  
Immortale leui diffissa Cupidinis arcu\*:

[\* This line appears to be corrupt.]

Angimur hoc dubio, et portu vexamur in ipso.  
Magne pharetrati nunc tu contemptor Amoris,  
(Id tibi Dij nomen precor haud impune remittant)  
Hos nodos exsolue, et eris mihi magnus Apollo!  
Spiritus ad summos, scio, te generosus honores  
Exstimulat, majusque docet spirare poetam.  
Quam levis est Amor, et tamen haud levis est Amor omnis.  
Ergo nihil laudi reputas aequale perenni,  
Praeque sacrosancta splendoris imagine tanti,  
Caetera, quae vecors, vti numina, vulgus adorat,  
Praedia, amicitias, vrbana peculia, nummos,  
Quaeque placent oculis, formas, spectacula, amores,  
Conculcare soles, vt humum, et ludibria sensus:  
Digna meo certe Haruejo sententia, digna  
Oratore amplo, et generoso pectore, quam non  
Stoica formidet veterum sapientia vinclis  
Sancire aeternis: sapor haud tamen omnibus idem.  
Dicitur effoeti proles facunda Laertae,  
Quamlibet ignoti iactata per aequora caeli,  
Inque procelloso longum exsul gurgite ponto,  
Prae tamen amplexu lachrymosae conjugis, ortus  
Caelestes, Diumque thoros spreuisse beatos.  
Tantum amor, et mulier, vel amore potetior. Ilium  
Tu tamen illudis; tua magnificentia tanta est:  
Praeque subumbrata splendoris imagine tanti,  
Praeque illo meritis famosis nomine parto,  
Caetera, quae vecors, vti numina, vulgus adorat,  
Praedia, amicitias, armenta, peculia, nummos,  
Quaeque placent oculis, formas, spectacula, amores,  
Quaeque placent ori, quaeque auribus, omnia temnis.  
Nae tu grande sapis! sapor et sapientia non est:  
Omnis et in parvis bene qui scit desipuisse,  
Saepe supercilij palmam sapientibus aufert.  
Ludit Aristippum modo tetrica turba sophorum,  
Mitia purpureo moderantem verba tyranno;  
Ludit Aristippus dictamina vana sophorum,  
Quos levis emensi male torquet Culicis vmbra:  
Et quisquis placuisse studet heroibus altis,  
Desipuisse studet; sic gratia crescit ineptis.  
Denique laurigeris quisquis sua tempora vittis  
Insignire volet, populoque placere fauenti,  
Desipere insanus discit, turpemque pudendae  
Stultitiae laudem quaerit. Pater Ennuis vnus  
Dictus in innumeris sapiens: laudatur at ipse  
Carmina vesano fudisse liquentia vino.  
Nec tu, pace tua, nostri Cato Maxime saeculi,  
Nomen honorati sacrum mereare poetae,  
Quantumvis illustre canas, et nobile carmen,  
Ni \_stultire\_ velis; sic stultorum omnia plena.

Tuta sed in medio superest via gurgite; nam qui  
 Nec reliquis nimium vult desipuisse videri,  
 Nec sapuisse nimis, sapientem dixeris vnum:  
 Hinc te merserit vnda, illine combusserit ignis.  
 Nec tu delicias nimis aspernare fluentes,  
 Nec sero dominam venientem in vota, nec aurum,  
 Si sapis, oblatum: (Curijs ea, Fabricijsque  
 Grande sui decus ij, nostri sed dedecus aevi;)  
 Nec sectare nimis: res vtraque crimine plena.  
 Hoc bene qui callet, (si quis tamen hoc bene callet,)
 Scribe vel invito sapientem hunc Socrate solum.  
 Vis facit vna pios, iustos facit altera, et alt'ra  
 Egregie cordata ac fortia pectora: verum  
 \_Omne tulit punctum, qui miscuit vtile dulci.\_  
 Dij mihi dulce diu dederant, verum vtile nunquam:  
 Vtile nunc etiam, o vtinam quoque dulce dedissent.  
 Dij mihi, (quippe Dijs aequalia maxima paruis,)
 Ni nimis inuideant mortalibus esse beatis,  
 Dulce simul tribuisse queant, simul vtile: tanta  
 Sed fortuna tua est: pariter quaeque vtile, quaeque  
 Dulce dat ad placitum: sseuo nos sydere nati  
 Quaesitum imus eam per inhospita Caucasa longe,  
 Perque Pyrenaeos montes, Babilonaque turpem.  
 Quod si quaesitum nec ibi invenerimus, ingens  
 AEquor inexhaustis permensi erroribus vltra  
 Fluctibus in medijs socij quaeremus Vlyssis:  
 Passibus inde deam fessis comitabimur aegram,  
 Nobile cui furtum quaerenti defuit orbis.  
 Namque sinu pudet in patrio tenebrisque pudendis,  
 Non nimis ingenio iuuenem infoelice virentes  
 Officijs frustra deperdere vilibus annos,  
 Frugibus et vacuas speratis cernere spicas.  
 Ibimus ergo statim, (quis eutiti fausta precetur?)  
 Et pede clivosas fesso calcabimus Alpes.  
 Quis dabit interea, conditas rore Britanno,  
 Quis tibi litterulas, quis carmen amore petulcum!  
 Musa sub Oebalij desueta cacumine mentis,  
 Flebit inexhausto tarn longa silentia planctu,  
 Lugebitque sacrum lacrymis Helicon tacentem.  
 Harueiusque bonus, (charus licet omnibus idem,)
 Idque suo merito prope suauior omnibus, vnus  
 Angelus et Gabriel, quamuis comitatus araicis  
 Innumeris, geniumque choro stipatus amaeno,  
 \_Immerito\_ tamen vnum absentem saepe requiret;  
 Optabitque, Utinam meus hic \_Edmundus\_ adesset,  
 Qui noua scripsisset, nee amores conticuisset,  
 Ipse suos; et saepe animo verbisque benignis  
 Fausta precaretur, \_Deus illum aliquando reducat\_ . &c.

Plura vellem per Charites, sed non licet per Musas.  
 Vale, Vale plurimum, Mi amabilissime Harueie, meo cordi, meorum  
 omnium longe charissime.

I was minded also to haue sent you some English verses, or rymes, for a  
 farewell; but, by my troth, I haue no spare time in the world to thinke  
 on such toyes, that, you knowe, will demaund a freer head than mine is  
 presently. I beseeche you by all your curtesies and graces, let me be  
 answered ere I goe; which will be (I hope, I feare, I thinke) the next

weeke, if I can be dispatched of my Lorde. I goe thither, as sent by him, and maintained most what of him; and there am to employ my time, my body, my minde, to his Honours seruice. Thus, with many superhartie commendations and recommendations to your selfe, and all my friendes with you, I ende my last farewell, not thinking any more to write vnto you before I goe; and withall committing to your faithfull credence the eternall memorie of our euerlasting friendship; the inuiolable memorie of our ynspotted friendshippe, the sacred memorie of our vowed friendship; which I beseech you continue with vsuall writings, as you may, and of all things let me hears some newes from you: as gentle M. Sidney, I thanke his good worship, hath required of me, and so promised to doe againe. \_Qui monet, vt facias, quod iam facis\_, you knowe the rest. You may alwayes send them most safely to me by Mistresse Kerke, and by none other. So once againe, and yet once more, farewell most hardly, mine owne good Master H., and loue me, as I loue you, and thinke vpon poore Immerito, as he thinketh vpon you.

Leyc'ester House, this 5 [16\*] of October, 1579.  
[\*: See Appendix II, para. 3:2.]

\_Per mare, per terras,  
Viuus mortuusque,  
Tuus Immerito\_.

\* \* \* \* \*

\_To my long approoued and singular good frende,  
Master G. H.\_

GOOD MASTER H.:--

I doubt not but you haue some great important matter in hande, which al this while restraineth your penne, and wonted readinesse in prouoking me vnto that wherein yourselfe nowe faulte. If there bee any such thing in hatching, I pray you hartily lette vs knowe, before al the worlds see it. But if happily you dwell altogether in Iustinians Courte, and giue your selfe to be deuoured of secreate studies, as of all likelyhood you doe, yet at least imparte some your olde or newe, Latine or Englishe, eloquent and gallant poesies to vs, from whose eues, you saye, you keepe in a manner nothing hidden. Little newes is here stirred, but that olde greate matter still depending. His Honoure neuer better. I thinke the earthquake wyth you (which I would gladly learne), as it was here with vs; ouerthrowing diuers old buildings and peeces of churches. Sure verye straunge to be hearde of in these countries, and yet I heare some saye (I knowe not howe truely) that they haue knowne the like before in their dayes. \_Sed quid vobis videtur magnis philosophis?\_ I like your late Englishe hexameters so exceedingly well, that I also enure my penne sometime in that kinde: whyche I fynd, indeede, as I haue heard you often defende in worde, neither so harde nor so harshe, that it will easily and fairely yeelde it selfe to oure moother tongue. For the onely or chieftest hardnesse whych seemeth is in the accent, whyche sometime gapeth, and as it were yawneeth ilfauouredly, comming shorte of that it should, and sometime exceeding the measure of the number; as in \_carpenter\_, the middle sillable being vsed shorte in speache, when it shall be read long in verse, seemeth like a lame gosling, that draweth one legge after hir: and \_heauen\_, beeing vsed shorte as one sillable, when it is in verse, stretched out with a \_diastole\_, is like a lame

dogge that holdes vp one legge. But it is to be wonne with custome, and rough words must be subdued with vse. For why, a God's name, may not we, as else the Greekes, haue the kingdome of oure owne language, and measure our accents by the sounde, reseruing the quantitie to the verse? Loe, here I let you see my olde vse of toying in rymes, turned into your artificiall straightnesse of verse by this \_tetrasticon\_. I beseech you tell me your fancie, without parcialitie.

See yee the blindefolded pretie god, that feathered archer,  
Of louers miseries which maketh his bloodie game?  
Wote ye why his moother with a veale hath coouered his face?  
Trust me, least he my looue happely chaunce to beholde.

Seeme they comparable to those two which I translated you \_ex tempore\_ in bed, the last time we lay together in Westminster?

That which I eate, did I ioy, and that which I greedily gorged;  
As for those many goodly matters leaft I for others.

I would hartily wish you would either send me the rules and precepts of arte which you obscrue in quantities, or else followe mine, that M. Philip Sidney gave me, being the very same which M. Drant deuised, but enlarged with M. Sidneys own iudgement, and augmented with my obseruations, that we might both accorde and agree in one; leaste we ouerthrowe one an other, and be ouerthrown of the rest. Truste me, you will hardly beleeeue what greate good liking and estimation Maister Dyer had of your \_Satyricall Verses\_, and I, since the viewe thereof, hauing before of my selfe had speciall liking of Englishe versifying, am euen nowe aboute to giue you some token what and howe well therein I am able to doe: for, to tell you trueth, I minde shortely, at conuenient leysure, to sette forth a booke in this kinde, whyche I entitle, \_Epithalamion Thamesis\_, whyche booke I dare vndertake wil be very profitable for the knowledge, and rare for the inuention and manner of handling. For in setting forth the marriage of the Thames, I shewe his first beginning, and offspring, and all the countrey that he passeth thorough, and also describe all the riuers throughout Englande, whyche came to this wedding, and their righte names and right passage, &c.; a worke, beleeeue me, of much labour, wherein notwithstanding Master Holinshed hath muche furthered and aduantaged me, who therein hath bestowed singular paines in searching oute their firste heades and sourses, and also in tracing and dogging onto all their course, til they fall into the sea.

\_O Tite, siquid ego,  
Ecquid erit pretij?\_

But of that more hereafter. Nowe, my \_Dreames\_ and \_Dying Pellicane\_ being fully finished (as I partelye signified in my laste letters) and presentlye to bee imprinted, I wil in hande forthwith with my \_Faery Queene\_, whyche I praye you hartily send me with al expedition: and your frendly letters, and long expected iudgement wythal, whyche let not be shorte, but in all pointes suche as you ordinarilye vse and I extraordinarily desire. \_Multum vale. Westminster. Quarto Nonas Aprilis, 1580. Sed, amabo te, meum Corculum tibi se ex animo commendat plurimum: iamdiu mirata, te nihil ad literas suas responsi dedisse. Vide quaeso, ne id tibi capitale sit: mihi certe quidem erit, neque tibi hercle impune, vt opinor. Iterum vale, et quam voles soepe.\_  
Yours alwayes, to commaunde,  
IMMERITO.

\_Postcripte.\_

I take best my \_Dreames\_ shoulde come forth alone, being growen, by meanes of the Glosse (running continually in maner of a paraphrase), full as great as my \_Calendar\_ Therin be some things excellently, and many things wittily, discoursed of E. K., and the pictures so singularly set forth and purtrayed, as if Michael Angelo were there, he could (I think) nor amende the beste, nor reprehende the worst. I knowe you woulde lyke them passing wel. Of my \_Stemmata Dudleiana\_, and especially of the sundry apostrophes therein, addressed you knowe to whome, muste more aduisement be had, than so lightly to sende them abroad: howbeit, trust me, (though I doe never very well,) yet, in my owne fancie, I neuer dyd better: \_Veruntamen te sequor solum; nunquam vero assequar.\_

\* \* \* \* \*

\_Extract from Harvey's Reply.\_

But Master Collin Cloute is not euery body, and albeit his olde companions, Master Cuddy & Master Hobbinoll, be as little be holding to their Mistresse Poetrie as euer you wist, yet he peradventure, by the meanes of hir speciall fauour, and some personall priuiledge, may happely line by Dying Pellicanes, and purchase great landes and lordshippes with the money which his Calendar and Dreames haue and will affourde him. \_Extra iocum\_, I like your Dreames passingly well; and the rather, bicause they sauour of that singular extraordinarie veine and inuention whiche I euer fancied moste, and in a manner admired onelye in Lucian, Petrarche, Aretine, Pasquill, and all the most delicate and fine conceited Grecians and Italians, (for the Romanes to speake of are but veye ciphars in this kinde,) whose chieftest endeuour and drifte was to haue nothing vulgare, but, in some respecte or other, and especially in liuely hyperbolically amplifications, rare, queint, and odde in euery pointe, and, as a man woulde saye, a degree or two, at the leaste, aboue the reache and compasse of a common scholars capacitie. In whiche respecte notwithstanding, as well for the singularitie of the manner as the diuinitie of the matter, I hearde once a diuine preferre Saint Iohns Reuelation before al the veriest metaphysicall visions and iolliest conceited dreames or extasies that euer were deuised by one or other, howe admirable or super excellent soeuer they seemed otherwise to the worlde. And truly I am so confirmed in this opinion, that when I bethinke me of the verie notablest and moste wonderful propheticall or poetically vision that euer I read, or hearde, meseemeth the proportion is so vnequall, that there hardly appeareth anye semblaunce of comparison: no more in a manner (specially for poets) than doth betweene the incomprehensible wisdom of God and the sensible wit of man. But what needeth this digression betweene you and me? I dare saye you wyll holde your selfe reasonably wel satisfied, if youre Dreames be but as well esteemed of in Englande as Petrarches Visions be in Italy; whiche, I assure you, is the very worst I wish you. But see how I haue the arte memoratiue at commaundement. In good faith, I had once again nigh forgotten your Faerie Queene: howbeit, by good chaunce, I haue nowe sent hir home at the laste, neither in better nor worse case than I founde hir. And must you of necessitie haue my iudgement of hir indeede? To be plaine, I am voyde of al iudgement, if your nine Comoedies, whervnto, in imitation of Herodotus, you giue the names of the nine Muses, (and in one mans fansie not vnworthily), come not neerer Ariostoes comoedies, eyther for the finesse of plausible elocution or the rarenesse of poetical inuention, than that Eluish Queene doth to his Orlando Furioso;

which, notwithstanding, you wil needes seeme to emulate, and hope to ouergo, as you flatly professed yourself in one of your last letters. Besides that, you know, it hath bene the vsual practise of the most exquisite and odde wittes in all nations, and specially in Italie, rather to shewe and aduaunce themselues that way than any other; as, namely, those three notorious dyscoursing heads, Bibiena, Machiauel, and Aretine, did, (to let Bembo and Ariosto passe,) with the great admiration and wonderment of the whole countrey: being, in deede, reputed matchable in all points, both for conceyt of witte and eloquent decyphering of matters, either with Aristophanes and Menander in Greek, or with Plautus and Terence in Latin, or with any other in any other tong. But I wil not stand greatly with you in your owne matters. If so be the Faerye Queeue be fairer in your eie than the nine Muses, and Hobgoblin runne away with the garland from Apollo, marke what I saye: and yet I will not say that I thought, but there an end for this once, and fare you well, till God or some good aungell putte you in a better minde.

### APPENDIX III.

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