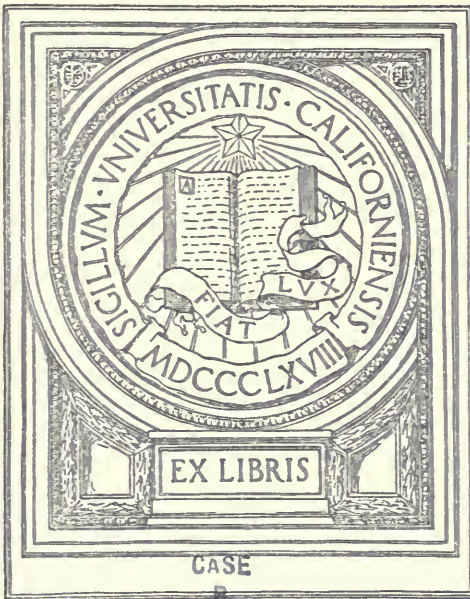


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THE AMOROSE SONGES
SONETS & ELEGIES

ALEXANDER CRAIG

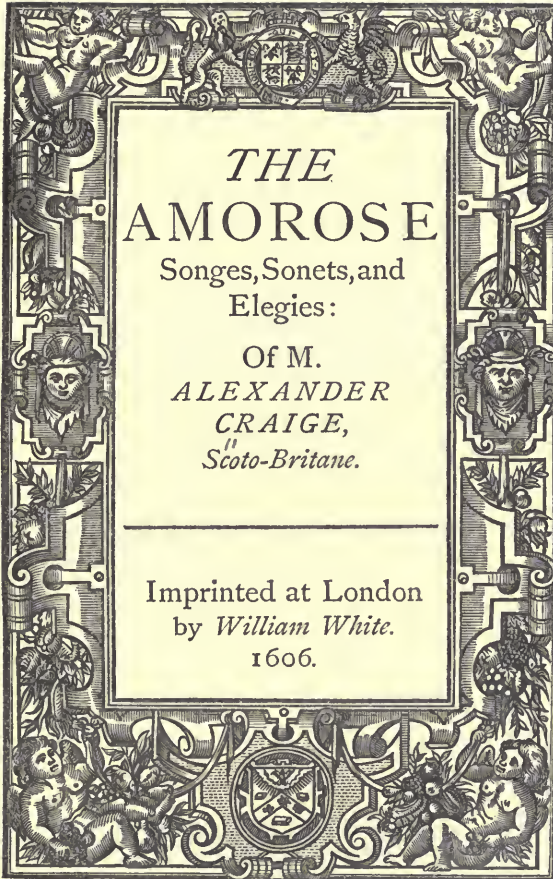
PHILADELPHIA

PRINTED AND SOLD BY
G. W. BROWN

PRINTED FOR THE QUAKERIAN CLUB

1877





THE
AMOROSE

Songes, Sonets, and
Elegies:

Of M.
ALEXANDER
CRAIGE,
*"*Scoto-Britane.

Imprinted at London
by *William White.*
1606.

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*Prima velim teneris intendat amoribus ætas,
Et canat ad Cytharam nostra camena suam.*

*Molle meum Leuibus cor est penetrabile telis,
Et semper causa est cur ego semper amo.*

*Vitantur venti, pluuiæ, vitantur, et estus,
Non vitatur amor, necum tumuletur oportet.*

TO VIRU
ABROGLAO



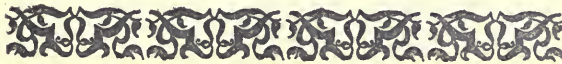
TO
THE MOST GODLY,
VERTVOVS, BEAVTIFVLL,
and accomplished *PRINCESSE*, me-
ritoriously dignified with all the Titles
Religion, Vertue, Honor, Beautie can
receiue, challenge, afforde, or deferue;
ANNA, by diuine prouidence, of
Great Britane, France, and Ireland,
Queene: ALEXANDER CRAIGE
wiseth all health, wealth,
and royall felicitie.



Reat *Tamburlan* cloa-
ked his fantastick cru-
eltie hee exercised on
Lazars and Leprous
men, with a foolishe
kind of humanity, put-
ting all he could find or heare of, to death,

A 2.

(as





Epistle to the Queene.

(as he said) to rid them from so painefull
& miserable a life: Though my Poyems
(incomparably bountifull, incomparabile
beautiful, and so peerelesse Princeffe) be
painefull to me, and vnpleafant to the de-
licat Lector; shall I with *Tamburlan* de-
stroy them? or like a cruell *Althea*, con-
sume with fire the fatall Tree, kill mine
owne *Meleager*, and so inhumanlie cut off
mine owne birth? I gaue life to my Lines,
and shall I now become their bureau?
O liue my deformed Child, some other
hand shall commit thee to *Phaeton* or
Deucalions mercie, then mine: Though
Anaxagoras resolued to die; yet for *Peri-
cles* his Maisters sake he tooke courage,
and





Epistle to the Queene.

& liued. Your royall God-mother poore
Rymes hath faued your life: yet am I not
like *Hercules*, who threw *Ionius* in the Sea,
that by the violence of wind & waue the
carkas might be caried to foraine shores,
for propagation of his fame. I hunt not
for fame; nor print I those Papers for
prayfes, but to pleafure your Princely
eyes with varietie of my vaine inuentions.
Megabyfus going to vifit *Apelles* in his
worke-houfe, ftoode ftill a long time
without fpeaking one word, and then be-
gan to cenfure of *Apelles* works; of whom
he receiued this rude & nipping checke:
So long as thou held thy peace, thou fee-
medft a wife man; but now thou haft
A iii. spoke,





Epistle to the Queene.

spoke, and the worst Boy of my shoppe
thinks thee a foole. I am bold (diuine La-
die) to borrow thy blessed name, to beau-
tifie my blotted Booke; and haue sent
those Poems, like *Apelles* Pictures through
the world: nor doe I care (since it is your
Princely pleasure to protect them) the
foolish iudgement of *Megabyfus*. *Syrannes*
the Persian Prince answered those (who
seemed to wonder why his negotiations
succeeded so ill, when his discourses were so
wise) that he was onely maister of his Dis-
courses, but Fortune mistress to the success
of his affaires. My Sonnets & Songes are
(gracious Princeesse) for the most part, full
of complaints, sorrow, and lamentations:
The





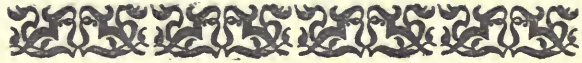
Epistle to the Queene.

The reason is, I was maister of my Ver-
fes; but Fortune Mistris of my Rewards.
When *Thetis* courted *Iupiter*, and when
the *Lacedemonians* sende Legates to the
Athenians, they put them not in minde
of the good they had done them, but of
the benefites they had receiued of them.
Your Maiesties munificens, and frequent
benefites bestowed vpon mee, haue head-
long impelled mee to propine this worth-
lesse worke to your Royall view. Happie
beyond the measure of my merit shall
I bee, if I can purchase this portion of
your Princely approbation, as to accept
and entertaine these triuiall toyes (where
your Grace shall smell Flowes to refresh,

A iiii,

Hearbes





Epistle to the Queene.

Hearbes to cure, and Weedes to be auoyded) in the lowest degree of least fauour. But howfoeuer, wishing your Highnes as many happie yeares, as there be wordes in my Verses, and Verses in my worthles Volume: I am

Your Maiesties most
obsequious Orator,


Alexander Craige,
Scoto-Britan.



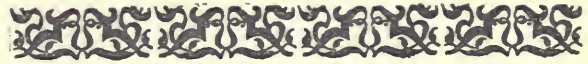


Epistle generall to

Idea, Cynthia, Lithocardia,
Kala, Erantina, Lais, Pan-
dora, Penelopæ.

 Euxis painted a Childe bearing
Vine clusters in his hand so per-
fectly, that the Fowles of the ayre
were deceined, & descended there-
to in vaine: But angric at his
worke, he cry'd out, I haue painted the Clusters
more liuely then the Child, and the burthen better
then the bearer; for had the Child seemed as viue
as the Vine Grapes, the Fowles had bin affraied at
his face. I haue in these amorous Sonets and
Songes matchles Idea, virtuous Cynthia, graue
Lithocardia, sweete Kala, louely Erantina, lasci-
uious Lais, modest Pandora, liberall Penelopæ,
painted my Loue; but haue (allasse) taken more
paines on the Passions, then the Poyems; and more
worke

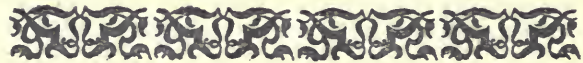




worke on my woes, then the Verses. But had my Lines been as lively as either they should, or I wish they had been. No Momus affraide at the beautie of my Verses had presum'd (to my disgrace) to gather the Grapes of my Errors. Nor had I needed (which necessarily I must doe) to employ the Patrocinie of your protections. Were I an other Hercules, I could not cut off all the hissing heads of Hydra: & were I as perfect a painter as Apelles, some sawsie Souter shall censure about the Shoo. But with Agatharchus (who did all in haste) I humbly craue at all your handes (which with all reuerence, and analogike seruice I kisse) and looke you will excuse

*Your louing, but rude
Zeuxis.*

A. C. Banfa-Britan.





TO THE READER.



Myranean Mæonides *used in his delicate Poems diuers Dialects, as Ionic, Æolic, Attic, and Doric: So haue I (O courteous Reader) in this; and but alas in this, imitate that renowned Hellenist Homer, in vsing the Scottish and English Dialectes: the one as innated, I can not forget; the other as a stranger, I can not vpon the sodaine acquire. The subtile Merchant placed Æsop in the middle betwixt Cantor and Grammaticus, that by the interposition of that deformed fabulator, the other two might appeare the fayrer. So haue I in middest of my modest Affections, committed to the Presse my vnchast Loue to Lais, that contraries by contraries, and Vertue by Vice, more cleerely may shine. To each (courteous Reader) that will both of this & that mixtture of Ditties and Dialects, courteously censure, I am but end to the fatal end,*

A most louing Friend, in all possible employment.

Craige.





To IDEA.

MAny times from the Table of my Chamber (matchlesse *Idea*) haue my dearest Friends, both by them selues, and my Seruant (whom I fometimes employed to write for mee) stole the inuentions of my wanton vaine, those amorous Ditties, such as they best liked: and for which hauing, thereby serued the humour of my passion, I cared no more; wherein their gaine and my losse were all one. But now, by printing my then scattered, and now lately collected Scrowles (the most and best part whereof, I can not finde) I haue thought good to ease my selfe, and satisfie (but with the first, your Ladiship) my friendes. The noble *Romans* were from all antiquitie, accustomed to leaue those Kinges whom they had vanquished, in the possessions of their kingdomes, that Kinges
by





TO IDEA.

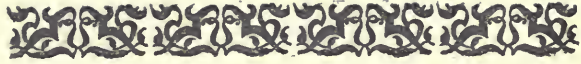
by them made slaues, might be instruments to vprayse the tropheis of their glorie. Thou knowest (Diuine *Idea*) I am thine by conquest; and yet thou allowest mee the seeming fruition of my libertie, while in deed I must pay the eternall tribute of vnfaigned Loue: Foras *Carneades* the *Cyrenean* Philosopher said of *Chrysippus*; And *Chrysippus* were not, I could not bee; my being is by thy munificence. Take this in good part: and still I rest,

Idea's euer obleged and
vnmanumisfible slaue,

Ad Ideam.

*O bona non tractanda homini bona digna rapina,
Cœlicolum, superis o bona digna locis.*





To CYNTHIA.



Ffend not, faire Dame; Though
the Lines of my Picture change
and varie. The World runnes on
Wheeles, all things therein mooue
without intermifsion: the folide
Earth, the rockes of *Caucasus*, and
the *Pyramids* of *Memphis*; both with publike, and
their owne motion. Conftancie it felfe, is nothing
but a languifhing and a wauering daunce. I am a
Pamphilus, and can not fettle my obieft. And
fince my Loue runnes staggering with a naturall
drunkennes, I pray thee (vertuous *Cynthia*) with
patience perufe thofe Poyems: And (as *Aristip-
pus* fayd to his man, who by the way was ouer bur-
dened with too much money) carry what you
may, and caft away the reft.

Your La. howfoeuer,
and wherefoeuer.

Ad Cynthiam.

*Nil formæ natura tuæ, nihil astra negarunt,
Vna fupercilij fi tibi dempta nota.*





To LITHOCARDIA. 



Feare to prefixe (Hono. Lady) to these few Poyems, a long Epistle, leaft some *Diogenes* fhould bid mee fhut the Portes of *Minda* ere the Towne runne out. Let mee this much kindly pray, & preuaile with your La. as to vouchsafe them fome place in the bench of your bibliothek. *Xerxes*, whose Armies obumbrate all *Hellefpont*, was faine in a fmall Fifh-bote for fafetie of his life, to flie from *Greece*. So may you at fome idle howers deigne, and difcende to behold my rufticke Rymes, and kindly excufe his errours, who ere long, hath purpofe to present and please you with fome better Poyem. Till when, and euer,

I am your La. owne,

Ad Lithocardiam.

*Vt nulla e cunctis formofa est fœmina tantum,
fic nulla est misero tantum adamata mihi.*





TO KALA.

THEse Poyems are, I confesse (sweete *Kala*) vnwoorthy thy presence, and so haue more neede of thy protection: But let (as *Cicero* writes in his Epistle to *Octavius*) Confession be a medicine for Errour. Twixt *Metellus Maccedonicus* and *Scipio Africanus*, were mortall Warres: but when *Scipio* dyed, *Metellus* prayed the Citie-men to concurre, least their Walles should be ouerthrowen. Many louely iarres haue been amongst vs; but in my absence, those my Papers like Citizens of a good republike, shall all concurre to please and honor thee: And I both at home, & abroad, shall continue

Thine till death: *Craige.*

*Et quanquam molli semper sis dedita amori,
Candida nulla magis, nulla proterua magis.*





TO LAIS.

E *Very man (as Pittacus affirmeth) hath some imperfection: in mee Loue is most predominant. But as Alcibiades cut off his faire Dogs eares and tayle, & so droue him in the market place, that giuing this subiect of prattle to the people, they might not meddle with his other actions. So haue I presumed to publish these my castrat Rimes vnder (ô lasciuious Lais) thy protection, that my chaster Verses may appeare lesse faulty. Antinonides the Musitian, gaue order, that before or after him some bad Musitian should cloy and fursset his auditors. So when the Lect̃or shall be weary to ouerread these lubricke Lynes, hee shall with more alacrity consider and ouerlooke the rest. And thus were not hereby I minded to beautifie my other Poyems, I could gladly consent, that all those Lynes of Lais, were ouerwhelmed in obliuion, I glory not (God knowes) in my frailty: and more for euitation, then imitation, are these Songes foorthsent to the view of the censuriug world. And thus nor crauing, nor carefull of thy acceptance, O Lais, I cease to serue, or more*

to be Thine.

*O miseri quorum gaudia crimen habent :
Dum furtiua dedit nigra munuscula nocte,
Me tenet, absentes alios suspirat amores.*

B.



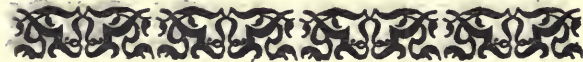


TO ERANTINA.

IT is a wounderfull delight I take to liue in Loue; it is euer at my heart, and most in my mouth: and such assistance it giueth to my life, that it seemes the best munition I haue found in this humane peregrination. The Disciples of *Hegeſias*, hunger ſtarued them ſelues to death, incensed therevnto with the perſwading diſcourſes of his leſſons, til the time King *Ptolomey* forbade him any longer to entertaine his Schoole with ſuch murderous preceptes. Though I weare the howers of the day, and waſte the dayes of my life in Loue: I muſe, I roue, and walke: I enregister my humors and my paſſions. Let none be enticed by my example: for I am borne to loue, and to die

Thy Louer.

*O quid dura tuum ſic me contemnis amantem
Neglectumq; tuas deſpicis ante fores:
Frigida ſenit Hyems, immitis et ingruit æther,
Excluſum pateris me tamen eſſe foris.*





TO PANDORA.



THE very fame Sonets, which at some time pleased you (modest *Pandora*) with much more courtiesie and honour, then they, or I, any way deserued, to receiue and reade, I haue (but without alteration or change) heere placed and reduced in a solide bodie. When *Babylon* was besidged by *Darius*, the number of Women was so great, the Captaine commaunded every man to choose one; which beeing accordingly performed, the rest were put to death, that their victuals might the longer endure. Hadst thou been there, and I Captaine of the *Babylonic*, armie, thou shouldst been first of all thy sexe selected to been faued. Pardon (peerelesse *Pandora*)

A ii. dora)





dora) the perseverance of my presumption, in still affecting thee: and for my sake peruse these Sonets, which may happily continue some dayes and yeares after mee: That since I could not be beloved being on-life, I may with desperat *Herostratus*, be famous after death: Till when (as *Socrates* sayd) as I may, I am

Thy vnalterable man,

¶ *Ah nunquam potui lachrymis, aut fletibus ullis,
Efficere ut nobis mitior ipsa fores:
Hoc nocuit misero seruisse fideliter unj,
Hoc nocuit tanta semper amasse fide.*





To PENELOPÆ.



Ntiochus in his youth, writ vehemently in prayse of the *Academie*; but beeing old, hee chaunged copie, and writ as violently against it. While I am young, I must write of, and for Loue; and

I must goe, because I cannot stande still: I am likè the rowling Stone which neuer stayes, till it come to a lying place. As Infants repose in the rocked Cradell, so my spirit findes rest in restlesse Loue. *Alexander* disdayned the *Corinthian* Ambassadors, who offered him the Freedome and Burgeoisie of their Citie: But when they tolde him that *Bacchus* and *Hercules* were likewise in their Registers, hee kindly thanked them, and accepted their offer. Doe

A iii.

not





not (O vertuous *Penelope*) disdain my small
and poore propine. O be not ashamed to see
thy name in the base Chattons of my Poetrie:
Since better then *Bacchus*, and hardier then
Hercules are in my Registers. Thus, kissing
thy liberall hand, I hartily commende both
mee and them to thy tuition.

Your La.

A. C.

*Si qua videbuntur scriptis temeraria nostris,
hoc constans veri pignus amoris erit:
Consilio regitur quisquis moderantius ardet,
quique; amor est aliis fit furor ille mihi.*





To the Queene her

moft excellent Maieftie.

A Pelles man did all his Wits imploy
To paint the shape of Lædais Daughter faire:
But when he saw his worke prou'd naught, poore Boy,
He wept for woe, and tooke exceeding care:
Then deck'd he her with Iewels rich and rare:
Which when the braue Apelles did behold,
Paint on (quoth hee) poore Boy, and haue no feare,
When Beautie fayles, well done t'enrich with Gold,
I am (faire Princeffe) like the Painters man,
As ignorant, as scant of skill as hee:
Yet will I striue and doe the best I can,
To manifest my louing minde to thee.
But to supply the weaknesse of my skill,
In place of Gold (grcat Lady) take goodwill.

Craige.



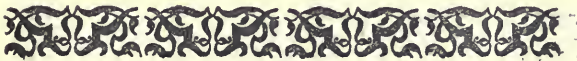


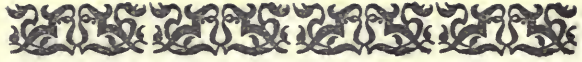
Amorous Songes and Sonets.

TO IDEA.

I N Golden world, when *Saturne* did vpgiue
To *Pluto*, *Joue*, and *Neptune*, his Empire
They cast their lots both how, & where to liue,
Because it was old *Saturnus* owne desire:
Joue ruld the Furnace farre about the Fire,
The stately Vault, beyond the starrie round:
And *Neptune* gat the glafsie Salt to hyre,
Then *Pluto* choofs'd the Hellish blacke profound:
When *Cupid* spied they gaue him but the Ground;
Impatient wagg, went out to walke abroad,
And conquering these that were but lately croud,
He made him selfe ouer all those Gods a God.
Then *Loue* to thee, as to my Lord I yeeld,
I feare to fight, where Gods haue fled the feeld.

Omnia vincit amor, et nos cedamus amorj.





TO IDEA.

Downe frō the Skies for to behold my Dame
Came Goddeffes, and all the Gods about:
Joue, Saturne, Mars, bright Phœbus, and withthame,
Rich *Juno, Minerue,* and the Queene of Loue:
Her beauties fame, their mindes did so commoue,
They run, and tooke no rest till they came thare,
Thus armies proud, approach't for to approue,
And giue their doome, that she was matchles faire:
Loue like the rest, would faine look'd on, & sweare
Vnknit (faire Dame) this Craip, quoth he, & thou
Both Bagg and Bow a bonie while shalt beare,
Shoote where thou wilt, and I shall well allow:
They change, & she shot Loue, that he was faine
To skarfe his eyes, and begge the Bow againe.

Cæcus amor superos superat, lithocardia amorem.





TO LITHOCARDIA.

OF late the blind, and naked Archer Boy,
A libertine, out through the plains would play
With ayre-deuiding wings without conuoy:
Hee vaging went, and wist not where away.
Sad *Venus* wep't, and thus to mee can say.
Didst thou behold my blind Babe any whare?
For hee is gone; O pittie strange efray:
And he is fightles, fyndonles, and bare:
In *Craigs* and *Rocks* such *Elu's* doe make repare,
And so perhaps hee harbors in thy hart.
It was too true, yet durst I not declare
His beeing there, for feare of further smart.
To want her Babe, braue *Venus* stil doth murne,
she drown's the world with teares, & yet I burne.

Hei mihi quod nullis amor est medicabilis herbis.



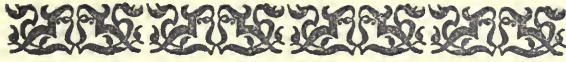


TO LITHOCARDIA.

Loue set his Bow, his Bag, and Bolts aside,
And went out through the watric vaults of ayre
Disposd to play; he goes without a guyde,
And with the Winds he wauers heere and thare:
Till at the last a fleeting Castle faire
On smooth and glafsie Seas hee doth espie:
Hee bords their Barke, the fishing craft to leare:
The poore men yeeldes, not daring to denie,
Hee hailes their Hooke, and baites them by & by.
Then *Thetis* rose, and ask'd if Loue would burne
The liquid feat wherein her Lord did ly,
Disfwading him from such a cruell turne.
Feare not sayd Loue, I came to fish, thou sees,
And left my flames in *Lithocardias* eyes.

O non humano nata puella toro.





TO CYNTHIA.

THE Hobbie Haulke can catch at all no pray,
Vnles about her ayne and marke shee flie.
The Palme doth beare the brauer boughs some say
From neighbour trees, the higher that it bee.
So far'd of those my fancies fond and mee,
In hope of hap, I cannot cease to fore.
If loued, I liue: and if disdain'd, I die.
I pray, I prayse, I pleade, and I implore:
Proud *Cytherca* loued *Adonis* poore,
And *Cynthia* seru'd *Endimion* Sheepeheard swane;
So though I be inglorious and obscure,
Yet may shee loue her Poet and her Man. (aire
Mount then braue thoughts through water, fire &
And desp'rately pursue the sweete, proud, faire.

Blanditiis amor est, et fucce mollior omni.





TO PANDORA.

SInce *Joue* him selfe was subiect vnto Loue,
And left the list to catch a mortall pray.
If *Neptune* did from glasse Seas remoue,
And would for Loue, aside the Scepter lay.
If *Pluto* loath'd his darke and pitchie Caue,
To spoyle *Proserpine Ceres* Daughter faire.
If proude *Apollo Daphni* deare to haue,
Left *Phaeton* to rule his fryrie Chaire.
If shaghaired *Satyrs* mountaine-climbing race,
Pursu'd *Ænonæ* through the *Phrygian* Woods.
If piping *Pan* from Musicke sweete did cease,
To hunt the *Naiad* Nymp's by bankes of Floods?
What can I doe (sweet haart) but loue thee still?
On whom nor Gods nor men can gaze their fill.

*Iussit amor, quis enim magno non cedat amorj,
In cignum, in pluuiam qui iubet ire Jouem.*





TO ERANTINA.

NOR there where as the yoked reftles Horfe
With *Phaeton* begins their wonted race,
and leads their Lord throughout the lift perforce
To circungire the Earth into each place.
Nor there where as the hot and fyrie face,
The burning beames of *Phæbus* bright appeare,
When hee diuyds the day in equall space
With glorious rayes in his meridian Spheare.
Nor there, whereas *Apollo* proude, for feare
Our comming night, his lingering should controle
With speedic pace from our Horizon heare,
Is headlong hurl'd to view th'antarticke Pole.
Nor no where els can any match at all
be found to her; whose vertues makes me thrall.

Tu mihi sola places.





TO ERANTINA.

O Wounder to the world, whō wounding eyne
Doe wonder still as on the rarest sight
Of Natures frame; yet come to common light,
Or Hemisphere, where our Horizon beene.
Sweete louely *Laura*, modest, chaste, and cleene.
It seemes that Poet *Petrarche* tooke delight,
Thy spotles prayse in daintie lines to dight,
By Prophecies, before thy selfe was seene.
And now faire Dame, since thou art borne to bee
That Comet strange, and that prodigious Starre,
Whence life and death, and peace & bloody warre:
And calme and storme proceed, as pleaseth thee:
Shine still, and still with sweete aspect infuse,
Eternall theame, and matter to my Muse.

*At mea cum multis placuisset musa puellis,
Huic vnj, dixj, noſter inheret amor.*





TO IDEA.

THe chastest Child will oft for mercie cry,
And bid the striker stay and hold his hand:
Yea though he weepe, his teares he will vpdry
And kisse (suppose against his will) the wand,
With chiuering chin, but sturring will he stand,
And patiently suppress his present paine:
Poore Babe he dare not but obey command,
And hold his peace, leaft he be lasht againe.
Such is my state, I faikles soule am flaine,
Nor can I get the smallest graunt of gráce,
Nor dare I now, though I haue cause, complaine:
And though I durst, my plaints wold haue no place
Thus am I faine for feare of further wrong,
Euen with the Babe to burst, and hold my tong.

*Non tamen audebæm tacitos operire dolores,
Ingenium metuens casta puella tuum.*

C.





TO CINTHIA.

I T sometime chanst, as Stories tell by chanse,
That *Hercules* and *Hylas* were alone,
And feuerally they went apart to panse:
But hee and hee, accompanied with none,
Till *Hercules* to *Hylas* made his mone,
That hee for drouth was like to giue the Ghost.
Thus *Hylas* to *Ascanius* Flood is gone,
To draw a drinke, and lowting life hath lost.
So when mine eyes had spurd a speedie post,
To set the floods of fauour to their friend,
My burning heart, which drouth of comfort crost,
They dround them felues, & nothing els obtaind:
So Destanies my dolefull death concludes,
By double force of Furious flames and floudes.

Uror, et heu nostro manat ab igne liquor.





TO IDEA.

THe Lipper man, whose voyce can not be hard,
With dolefull hoarse vnpleasant tune wil cry,
And craue for loue of Iesus Christ reward,
And alm's of such as chaunce for to passe by:
But when (allace poore soule) he doth espy
That no man heares, nor yet regards his voyce,
No longer then takes he delight to ly,
But claps his dish, and keepes his language close.
Right so as curst, and carefull is my Crosse,
Suppose the Fates haue not deform'd my shape,
No words I vse for to lament my lose,
But make my Lines to be the Lippars Clap.
Goe Sonet then and beg, I thee beseech,
Some grace to him, whom feare deterres from
(speech.

Dicere quæ puduit scribere iussit amor.

C ii.





TO IDEA.

IN stately *Troy* which was by force of fire
Subdu'd in end, and turnd in embers cold,
Apollo's Church while *Priam* did empire,
Was beautifull and braue for to behold:
In midst whereof hung in a net of gold
A Cocatrice, that Spider, Bird, nor Flie,
To enter there, nor build durst not be bold:
That famous worke from filth was kept so frie.
The like (faire Dame) may well be thought of thee
For why, before thy beauties Altar hings,
Canceld with prid, both blood and birth I fec,
With cold disdaine, which serue as certaine sings,
To warne a farre my fancie to refraine,
And rather wrake then once reueale my paine.

*Cor dolet gelidus torpet sub pectore sanguis,
Me tamen oppressum dicere velat amor.*





TO PANDORA.

I Panse not on the gold of *Tagus* sand,
Nor *Erithrean* braue and shyniug shells:
I long not for the limits large of Land,
Wherein the barbar newfound Nations dwels:
I bid not of these bounds whose boosome swells
With birth of braue and costly Iewels rare,
Which with their Muske and Siuet sweetest smels
In fairest Chattons, set perfume the ayre.
My pridles Hart subdued with Loue and feare,
Seekes that those Songes the Heralds of my hart
Might mooue the sweet and flintie harted faire
Some fauour once, and pittie to impart:
Els that vpon the Alter of her wreath,
She would accept th'oblation of my death.

At siue te regum Munera nulla volo.

C iii.





TO PENELOPE.

I Serue a Mistris infinitely faire,
And (which I more esteeme) exceeding wife,
In that, beyond the boundes of all compare:
And this in her the wondering world enuies,
Thence doth of loue my restles rage arrise,
Thence flowes the font of all the harmes I haue:
Her wit my heart, her beautie charm'd mine eyes,
To *Venus* thus and *Pallas* I am slaue:
If curious heades to know her name do craue,
Shee is a Lady *Rich*, it needes no more,
And wealthy *Iuno* wonted pride may leaue,
And gladly serue the Dame whom I adore:
Rich, wise, and faire, to thee alone as thrall,
I consecrate loue, life, lines, thoughts, and all.

*At mihi seruitium, et tristis iam vita paratur,
Illaq; libertas pristina furripitur.*





TO PENELOPE.

SHort is the day, but long (allace) to mee,
Who liue in loue, and am not loued againe:
My louely, faire, and loueles Saint I see,
Doth guild with gold her hid & coy difdaine.
thinkst thou faire dame, to buy my loue with gaine
Cause thou art rich, I pray thee thinke not fo:
I am thy slaue, and for thy sake am flaine.
Nor can my Rim's reueale my inward woe.
Put now a poynt *Pænelopæ* I pray,
vnto this web so oft retex'd by thee,
Pay loue with loue, and make no more delay:
O raine no more thy shewers of gold on mee,
One kisse of theewould breed me more content
Then make me king of *Cresus Lydian* rent.





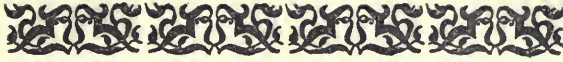
TO LITHOCARDIA.

By *Anagram.*

WHEN Churches all of *Asia* les and more,
By *Xerxes* great were burnt, & cast to ground
Of pittie hee *Dianais* Church forbore.
A peece of worke whose like could not be found:
And yet by fames report to be renound,
Herostratus did set the same on fire,
Which *Xerxes* great suppose a Monarch croud,
Did spare vnspoyld for all his proud Empire.
Right so, when as so many did conspire
To conquer mee a poore and Cuntrey Swaine,
My hardned hart withheld their hot desire,
And I till now, vnconquerd did remaine.
That by my losse, I must enlarge thy fame,
And slay my selfe to serue a *glorious Dame.*

*Non ego seruitium Dominæ tam mite recuso,
Ah pereat si quis vincula et ipse times.*





TO LITHOCARDIA.

Anagram.

AS *Marigould* did in her Garden walke,
One day, O ten times happie was that day
I thitherward to see my Saint, did stalke:
Where *Floraes* Imp's ioy'd with her feet to play,
And loe vnseene behind a Hedge I lay,
Where I beheld the Rofes blush for shame,
The Lillies were empald vpon the spray,
The Violets were staynd about my Dame:
My Mistris smild for to behold the game,
And sometimes pleas'd vpon the graffe to sport,
Which canging hew's new cullors did acclaime,
For blythnes of so sweete a Sainct's resort,
And from that walke while as away she went,
They weepe with deaw, & I in teares lament.

Sprenit nostras galatea querelas.





TO KALA.

Faire *Kala*, fairer then the Wooll most faire,
Of these my faire and siluer fleeced Sheepe
Which are committed to my careles care,
And vp and downe those daintie Dales I keepe:
Faire Sheppardesse, for thee alone I weepe.
None heares my plaints but bleating beasts and I,
And for thy sake I figh when I should sleepe,
And on thy name amid my dreames I crie.
Thē since thou know's the thraldome of my mind
And how my necke to beare thy yoke is worne:
Haue pittie once, and proue not ay vnkind,
And laugh no more thy shepheard fwaine to scorne
But if thou mind'ft for to remead my mone,
Let fanfies then, flocks, folds, and all, be one.

*Tum mistum cinerem communi onerare sepulchro,
Amborumq; vnus contegat ossa lapis.*





TO LAIS.

What euer thou be that claimes or courts my deare
And in my absence would supply my place,
If courts thou, I pray thee to forbear,
Rob not my right, and latelie granted grace:
For if it were, I friendly craue thy care,
And thou had credit as I fometime had,
Were it not wrong, if I should prouddie preafe
To raue thy right? yes I may surely faide:
Be who thou wilt, I challenge thee therefore,
That with thy Daffings deauis my *Lais* care;
Cease from thy sute, and in to time forbear,
Els we can be companions true no more.

For put the care thou speed, thou gaines these
A facill Dame, and of a friend a foe. (two,

Castra mane nec te lufus, nec munera vincant.





TO LAIS.

EVen as a venturing Merchant skant of skill,
Whom Fortunes frowne or fate hath forc'd to
To recempence his former losse hee will (fall
Within one Ship and Vessell venter all.
So haue I vsed my Stocke, though it be small:
My Hart I send halfe dround into dispaire
Vnto my Saint, whom euer serue I shall:
Shee is the Shipp, and it the ventered ware.
Oft hath my minde bin cloy'd with clouds of care
When contrar winds, with cold and stormie raine
would threat my losse; but now frō bounds of feare
My ventring thus, hath made me rich againe.
Then shal my Muse triumph & mourne no more,
Since second windes haue brought my Shipp to
shore.

*At nunc tota tua est, te solum candida fecum,
Cogita et frustra credula turba sedet.*





TO PANDORA.

O Watchfull Bird proclaymer of the day,
Withhold I pray, thy piercing notes from me:
Yet crow, and put the Pilgrime to his way,
And let the Worke-man rise to earne his fee:
Yea let the Lion fierce, be feard of thee,
To leaue his prey, and lodge him in his Caue:
And let the deepe Diuine from dreaming flie,
To looke his leaues within his close Conclau:
Each man saue I, may some remembrance haue,
That gone is night, and *Phosphor* draweth nie:
Beat not thy breast for mee poore sleepeles slaue,
To whom the Fat's alternall rest denie:
But if thou wouldst bring truce vnto my teares,
Crow still for Mercie in my Miftris cares.





TO PANDORA.

GO you o winds that blow from north to south,
Conuey my secret sighes vnto my sweet :
 Deliuer them from mine, vnto her mouth,
And make my commendations till we meet.
But if perhaps her proud aspiring sprit,
Will not accept nor yet receiue the same,
The brest and bulwarke of her bosome beit :
Knock at her hart, and tell from whence you came,
Importune her, nor cease, nor shrink, for shame :
Sport with her curl's of Amber cullour'd haire,
And when she sighs, immix your selues with thame
Giue her her owne, and thus beguile the *faire*.
Blow winds, flie sighs, where as my hart doth hant
 And secretly commend me to my sanct.





TO PANDORA.

I N *Arcadie* sometime (as *Sydne* fay's,)
Demagoras a proud Lord did remaine,
In whom no thing I marke that merits prayse,
Saue that he seru'd *Parthenia* sweet with paine:
But when he found she lou'd him not agane,
With leprocie he did infect her face,
Which cauf'd the constant knight for to complaine
But not to change his loue in any case:
Pandora faire his woofe infect'd allace
With leprocie of loathsome cold disdane,
Bred by my foe, to further my disgrace:
Yet neither fayth nor fancie shall refraine:
Yea, were her face deform'd as it is faire,
I should ay serue, though I should ay dispaire.

*Fortuna potes inuita fecisse beatum,
Quem velis.*

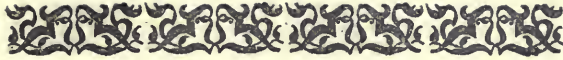




TO LITHOCARDIA.

A Very World may well be seene in mee,
My hot desires as flames of Fire do shine,
My sighes are ayre, my teares the Ocean sea
My steadfast fayth, the solid Earth, & syne,
My hope my heauen, my thoughts are stars diuine
My ielousie the very pangues of Hell,
My sweete the Sainct, to whom I do propine
For sacrifice my seruice and my fell. (dwell
That hateful Hagge, who neere my Dame doth
My riual foe, my Loue the Sommer sweet,
My Spring-time, my deserts which so excell:
And my Dispaire, the Winter cold and weet.
But (O allace) no Haruest can I see,
Which spoyle my yeares, & maks me thus to die





TO ERANTINA.

WELL may I read as on a snowie sheet
Of paper faire, my fortune in thy face,
Since at my sight thine eyes are both repleit,
With loueles looks presaging but disgrace:
And thou into my visage wann allace,
May see in sad characters of my care,
Since neither ruth nor pittie can haue place,
A boundles Booke, a volume of dispare.
Thus like a Glasse my face may well declare
My loue to thee, and with my loue my paine:
Thine show's againe (though it be matchles faire)
Thy hatefull heart and vnderferu'd disdaine.
O antipathie strange to be susteind,
I loue my foe, thou hats thy faithfull friend.

*Vidi ego que veneris fallendo iura reseruit,
Perfidiã penas sæpe luisse graues.*

D.





TO IDEA.

THE Brethren three whose hot perfit hath broght
Death to them selues, & bondage to their land,
When as their foe before them fled, they thoght
The victorie was plac'd into their hand:
And yet his flight inferd no feare they fand,
For as they came, hee slew them one and one.
A *Parthian* forme, whose fight in fight doth stand,
For while they flie, their foes are kild anone.
Euen so may I, vnhappyest I complaine:
But pittie thus to serue a *Parthian* Dame,
Who shuns my futes, and makes my fancie fane,
With hofts of harm's for to pursue the fame.
O sweet discord, O sweet concord agane,
She flies to kill, I chafe her to be tane.





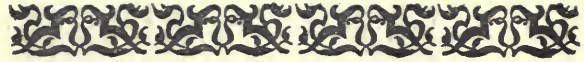
TO IDEA.

Faire louelic *Hæba* Queene of pleafant Youth,
Who bore brauc *Nectar* to the Gods aboue:
Whose glanfing beames like *Phæbus* in the fouth,
Do both bewitch and burne my brest with loue.
O thou that wars the woundring world for woorth
Whom Nature made to laugh her felfe to fcorne,
More excellent then I can fet thee foorth:
Whose like nor is, nor fhall againe be borne.
My flowing Songs I consecrate to thee,
Good reason were, that they should all be thine.
Thy prefence creates all thofe thoughts in mee,
Which mee immortal, and maks thee diuine:
 And fuch delight I haue with thee to ftay,
 As twentie Moones do feeme but halfe a day.

Et tua quod fupereft temporis effe precor.

D ii.

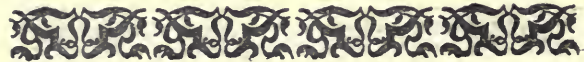




TO LITHOCARDIA.

THou who began by *Mcnalus* to mone,
And lay alone for to lament thy losse
Amid those greene and grouie shads to grone
Where *Musifidorus* knew thee by thy voyce:
Thou hast of me a comfort in thy crosse,
With Princes proud if poore men may compare,
For why my cares suppose I keepe them close,
Ouermatcheth thine, tho thy mishaps were mare:
Thy thuartring thoughts were droūd in deepe dif-
Mine haue no hope for to be brought to pas: (pare
Thy heart has hurt, and mine of blis is bare:
Thou chang'd thy shape, I am not what I was:
In end thou sped, I ware my worke in vaine,
I loue allace, and am not loued againe.

Spesq; timor dubia, spesq; timore cadis.





TO LAIS.

See *Deianira*, see how I am shent
By that same Shirt which *Nessus* to thee gaue,
And thou againe to me by *Lychas* sent,
I am inflam'd flesh, bones, and all I haue,
That *Ichthiophagic Æthiopian* slaue,
Who boyls his angled Fish by *Phæbus* beams
Vpon a Rock, no other fire may craue:
Nor Sun, nor Rocke, but these my gliding gleams.
Yet sweete thy sworne *Alcides* will not die,
There is no deadlie *Dipsas* in thy Sarke,
I languish but till *I* may meet with thee,
With quent Dialogs in the quiet darke:
And so till time such happie time afford,
My further will this bearer brings by word.

*Sæpe greges inter requieuiimus arbore terci,
Mistaq; cum folus perbuit herba torum.*

D iii.





TO PENELOPE.

THe *Persian* King in danger to be dround,
Ask'd if no helpe in humane hands did stand.
The Skipper then cast in the Salt profound,
Some *Persians* braue, & brought the King to land.
Then *Xerxes* crowns the Skipper with his hand,
Who saues the King deferu's (quoth he) a crowne:
But he atonce to kill him gaue command,
Die die, said he, who did my *Persians* drowne.
My Ladie faire, a *Xerxes* proud doth proue,
My worthles Verfe she doth reward with gold:
But (O allace) she lets me die for loue,
And now I rew that I haue bin so bold.
As *Xerxes* crownd, and kild his man; right fo
Shée seemes a frind, and proues a mortall foe.

Credula res amor est. &c.





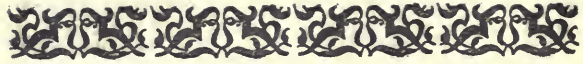
At IDEAS direction, these
two Sonets were made.

I.

MORE then I am, accursed mought I bee,
If er'e I did approach my dearest Dame:
But such a great respect was still in mee,
As ay feare was equall to my flame:
Suppose some fots spoyld of the sence of shame,
Or feeling of my honest Loue, will say,
And publiklie to my dispraise proclame
That I delight in loathsome Lust as thay.
You sacred pow'rs, I still inuoke and pray,
That all my speach turne poyson in a clap,
If either I by word or writ bewray
One lusting thought her beautie to entrap,
Let pale Enuie (faire Dame) admire and lie,
With chaste desiers I serue and honor thee.

D iiiii.





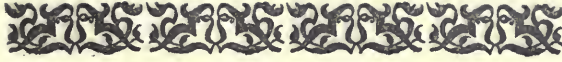
TO IDEA.

2

WITH chaste desires I serue and honor thee
Great Archi-mistris of my rauisht mind,
Most virtuous, wise, and faire, of all thy kind:
Whose least command I vow to doe or die.
Chaste was my Loue, yet is, and ay shall bee,
The praying Papers which I haue propin'd,
May well beare witness how I am inclin'd,
And can (ye know) controull mee when I lie:
Phronefis erring could espie no place,
Meete on this mould, but in thy breast to dwell,
A virtuous mind adorns a beauteous face;
And thou hast both, and in them both excell:
This maks my loue be chaste, my passions strange
And I had rather choose to die then change.

*Aspice diuinas humano in corpore dotes
Nil mortalæ tibi femina digna polo es.*



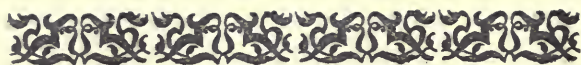


TO CYNTHIA.

HAdst thou been blacke, or yet had I been blind,
my muse had slept, & none had known my mind
Or yet couldst thou as thou art faire, be kind,
I had not thus with sighs increast the wind:
But loe these frowning fauours which I find,
To which allace thou art too much inclin'd,
By which thy poore afflicted man is pind,
Haue broke the heart, which beautie first did bind:
Smile then faire dame, & sometime cease to frown
For smiles please mee, and do become thee best:
And since thou sees how I am sworne thine owne,
Smile still on him who loues thee by the rest,
So neither shall I wish thee to be blacke,
Nor curse my eyes, the causers of my wrecke.

*Nam si quem placidis facilis dignaris ocellis,
Nectaris huic fontes, ambrosiæq; fluunt.*

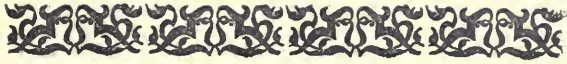




TO ERANTINA.

THE Tyrant *Nero* howering to behold
The wrack of *Rome* on top of *Tarpe* hill,
He saw the rich, the poore, the young, the old,
Amid the flams in in present poynt to spill:
Yet woondering on that woonder, stood he still,
And (cruell man) would neither mend nor meene,
But tooke his pleasure to espie their ill,
And smild to see them smart before his eyne:
But had that man, that monstuous man yet beene
Referu'd onlife by fatall Nymphs till now,
To view these flames which may in me be seene,
He would bewaile my poore estate I trow,
whose boyling breast euen like mont *Ætna* burns
When in his tomb the roaring monfter turns.





TO KALA.

THE *Persian* Kings all waters did abiure,
Sauc those which flow'd frō faire *Choaspes* flood:
From age to age this they obser'd as sure,
As though no Waters els could do them good.
This was a forme, no rather bondage strange,
which by no means these *Monarchi's* braue would
(change.

I am as constant as a *Persian* King,
And thou more deare then meat or drinke to mee:
For all th'entifments beautie bright can bring,
With lipping toong, and foull entifing eye:
In spight of all these all as I began,
I am thy true and neuer-changing man.

Thus will I surfet on thy beautie braue,
And *Lyzard*-like liue on thy looks diuine:
In preface absence I am sworne thy slaue,
And still I would (were I a King) be thine:
And for thy sake, till life and breath endure,
All other loue and seruice I abiure.

*Tu quoq; iunge fidos fido cum coniuge amores,
Ipse etenim et coniunx ipse et amator ero.*



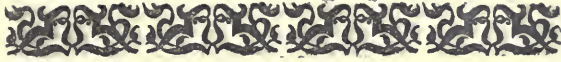


TO LAIS.

A Llace that absence hath such force to foyll,
And to procure my euer pearceing paine,
Bereft of rest I tosse, I turne, I toyle,
Halfe in dispaire that we may meet againe:
Think on my vowes (& think they were not vaine)
My countenance, and each thing els I pray,
Which then I vs'd, when our goodnight was tane,
My inward wrack and woe for to bewray:
And when allone in clasped armes we lay,
With interchange of manie soulesfooke kisses:
Thinke how we shed before the dawn of day,
With miriads of vnaccomplisht wifhes:]
Which with my selfe for lacke of presens pind,
I recommend vnto thy vertuous mind.

*Sic mecum fixis herbas nixa lacertis,
Mutua cum placido trahebamus gaudia iusis.*





TO absent ERANTINA.

EVen as a man by darke that goes astray,
Would faine behold and looke vnto the light:
Or as a Pilgrem erring from the way,
In wildsome wayes, would faine be set a right:
As Mariners in blacke and stormie night,
O'refet with Seas, strange winds, and stormie raine
Longs to behold the beames of *Phœbus* bright,
That after storme, the calme may come againe:
As he whom still the Iayler doth detaine
In bondage close, of freedome would be glade:
Right so shall I of prefence be as faine,
To see the Sainct for whom my sighs are shade,
Light, wished way, calme, freedome, should not bee
So sweete to them, as *Prefence* vnto mee.



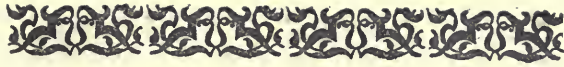


TO KALA.

Sore is my head and forie is my hart,
And yet for all th'emplasters I applie,
No helpe hath Nature, nor no ayde brings Art,
Without, within, I burne, I fret, I frie:
A childish thing when Care doth come to crie:
Yet this doth most my Feuer fell infect,
I hid my harms, and so in silence die,
And thus my head must riue, my hart must breake.
But worst of all, while visage wan bewray,
What secret site my sicke soule doth affale,
How I or'edriue in deadly dooll the day,
And how this longsome Equinoct I vale:
Shee cruell thee that should my Surgeon bee,
Allow's my losse, and laughs, and lets me die.

Nec tamen vlla mea tangit te cura salutis.



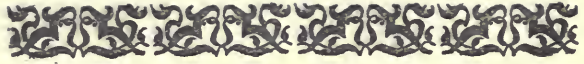


TO absent IDEA.

Faire dame, for whō my mornfull muse hath worne
To want thy sight the black & fable weede,
Whose houering haire disheued rent and torne,
May show what baill thy absence long can breed:
Looke if thou list my Rimes, and thou shalt reed
But coaleblack woes in coaleblack words brought
thy absence long, hath made my cōfort deed, (forth
And makes my Verses be so litle worth.
Shine then vpon my parched Sunburnd braine,
Chiefe stay of all my tempest-beaten state:
Leaue not thy man disconsolate againe,
Faire Goddess of my Fortune both and Fate:
All earthly hopes for thee since I refuse,
Be thou my hope, my Mistris and my Muse.

*Utq; supercilio spondes nutuq; loquaci,
Nonnihil ipsa meis mota venis precibus.*





TO ERANTINA.

O Vtthrough the faire and famous *Scythian* land,
A Riuer runs vnto the Ocean mane:
Hight *Hypanis* with cleare and cristall strand,
Borderd about with Pine, Firre, Oake, and plane:
Whose siluer streames as they delight the eye,
So none more sweet to either taft or smell.
Yet *Exampcus* erre his Lord he spies,
Maks him to stinke like *Stigian* stanks at Hell.
Eu'n fo faire Dame (whose shap doth fo excell)
Thy glorious rayes, thy shining virtues rare,
No Poets pen, nor Rhetors tong can tell
So farre beyond the bounds of all compare:
Yet are they spoyld with poyfning cold difdaine
And such as drink thy beauties floods are flaine.

*Nil nostræ mouere preces verba irrita ventis,
Fudimus et vanas scopulis impigimus vndas.*





PANDORA refufeth
his Letter,

THE faikles foule *Philoxenus* was flaine
By courtes kind *Amphialus* the Knight,
(Who for the faire *Cornithian* Queens difdaine
Borne to his foresaid friend had tane the flight :)
But when his Dog perceiu'd that forie fight,
He fawn'd vpon his maifters fatall foe:
Who then with hart and hand full of defpight,
Beats backe the Dog with manie bitter blo.
My deareft Dame and feemlie Sainct euen fo,
For whose sweet fake I daylie die and dwins,
Hath flaine her flauie with all the wounds of woe,
And loaths allace, to looke vpon my Lins:
That with the Dog my Ditties muft returne,
And helpe their martird Maifter for to murne.

Quis Deus opposuit nostris sua numina notis.

E.

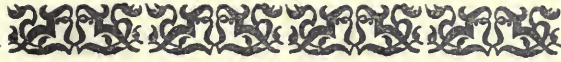




To KALA.

TWixt Fortune, Loue, and most vnhappy mee,
Behold a chafe, a fatall threesome Reelee,
Shee leads vs both, suppose shee can not see,
And spurs the Post on her vnconstant wheele:
I follow her, but while I prease to speele
My bounds about, I faile, and so I fall:
Loue lifts me vp, and faies all shall be well,
In hope of hap my comfort I recall:
We iornie on, Loue is the last of all;
Hee on his winges, I on my thoughts do fore:
I flie from him, suppose my speed be small;
Shee flies from mee, and woe is mee therefore.
Thus am I still twixt Loue and Fortune slaine,
I neither take nor tarrie to be taine.





TO LITHOCARDIA.

Good cause hadst thou *Euarchus* to repent,
The reackles rashnes of thy bad decret:
Thy crueltie did spring from good intent,
The grounds whereof were tedious to repeat:
Yet when thy Sonne fell downe before thy feet,
And made thine eyes confesse that he was thine,
Thou wept for woe, yet could thou not retreat
The sentence said, but sigh'd and forow'd fine:
So may it be that once those eyes diuine,
Which now disdaine and loath to looke so low,
As to behold these miseries of mine,
shal weepe whē they my constant trueth shal know
And thou shalt sigh (though out of time) to see,
By thy decret thine owne *Pirocles* die.

E ii.





TO LITHOCARDIA.

I Feare not *Loue* with blind and frowning face,
His Bow, his flame, nor sharpest hooked head:
A brauer Archer Death shall haue his place,
And put a poynt to all my paine with speed:
And since it is my fate to be at feed
With her whom once I duellie did adore:
Yet fatall *Atrops* now shall cut the threed,
And breake the heart which she enioy'd of yore:
For fauors floods which I did oft implore,
Of *Letheis* Lake I time by time shall teast,
Her Marbel heart shal make me moorne no more
The buriall stone my dolor shall digeast:
Then farewell *she, auth, loue, hard-heart*, each one,
Come *Atrops, Lethe, Death, and Buriall stone*.

*Nunc te tam formæ tangit decor iste superbæ,
Vt tua commorint tædia iniqua deos.*





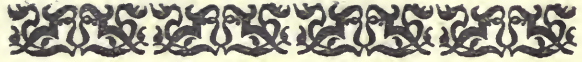
TO inconstant LAIS.

How oft hast thou with Suet smelling breath,
told how thou loud'ft me, loud'ft me best of al?
And to repay my loue, my zeale, my fayth,
Said, to thy captiue thou wast but a thrall:
And when I would for comfort on thee call,
Be true to mee deare to my soule, said I,
Then sweetly quhespering would thou say, *I shall*:
And *echo-like deare to my soule*, replie:
But breach of fayth now seemes no fault to thee,
Old promifes new periuries do proue.
Apes turfe the whelps they loue from tree to tree
And crush them to the death with too much loue.
My too much loue I see hath chang'd thee so,
That from a friend thou art become a foe.

*Carminibus celebrata meis formosa Neera,
Aterius mauult esse puella viri.*

E iii.





TO LAIS.

Sweet *Lais*, trust me, I can loue no more,
And which is worse, my Loue is turnd to hate:
Thou art vnkind, and woe is mee therefore,
Inconstant fals and to my grieffe ingrate,
It is too true *I* lou'd thee well of late,
And euen as true thou lou'dst mee well againe:
I haue allace, no pleasure to repeat
Our wishes and our voves since all are vaine:
What resolutions and what plots prophane
Wee two haue had in loue to liue and die,
The time, the place, the tokens giuen and tane;
Yf they could speake, can thy accusars bee:
But since thou still art false (I must confesse)
Thy loue was lightlie won, and lost for lesse.

Ah crudele genus nec fidum femina nomen.





TO ERANTINA.

Blind naked loue, who breeds those stormy broyls
Which from my deare me to my dole debars:
To mee the pangs, to thee pertaine the spoils:
Thou taks aduantage of our ciuill warres,
I liue exild, but thou remains too neare,
Yet like a tirant shee triumphs o're thee.
Her prefence maks thee more then blind I heare:
And abfence is farre worfe then death to mee,
Could I as thou, from ielous eyes be free,
Then fhould I be as blith as thou art blind:
I fhould not then difpaire, nor wifh to die,
Nor fhould my fighs increas the wauering wind.
O rigor ftrange fince Loue muft ftill remaine,
In prefence blind, and I in abfence flaine.

*Una dies tantum eſt, qua te non femina vidi,
Et ſine iam vidcor ſenſibus eſſis meis.*

E iiii.

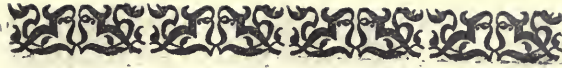




TO PENELOPE.

WHen stately *Troy* by subtile *Sinons* guile,
And *Grecian* force was brought to last decay,
Ulysses braue with faire and facund stile,
Achilles Arm's obtaind, and went away:
In *Afrike* yet he was constrained to stay:
For when his friends did taste of *Lotus* trie,
As *Homers* works do more at length bewray,
They green'd no more the *Greekish* soyle to see.
So fares with mee, O most vnhapie mee,
Since I beheld thy faire and heauenlic hew,
The glorious rayes of thy all conquering eye,
My rendering heart and soule did so subdew,
That for thy sake, whom euer serue I shall,
I haue forgot my selfe, my soyle, and all.





TO IDEA.

MY Muse shal make thy boundles fame to flie
In bounds where yet thy selfe was neuer seene:
And were not for my Songs thy name had beene
Obscurelie cast into the graue with thee:
But loe when cold and limping age shall bee,
A signe of death, and when the graue shall greene
And gape within her bosome to conteene
Her child, in spight of Death thou shalt not die:
For why, my Muse, my restles Muse shall eeke
Ten thousand wings for to enlarge thy fame,
And eu'ry quill of eu'ry wing faire Dame,
to preach thy praise ten thousand wayes shal seeke
Yet thou repayes my labors with disdaine,
Thou liues by mee, and I by thee am flaine.

*O ego non felix qui tam crudeliter amo,
Nullaq; me redamat.*





To frowning CINTHIA.

IF *Castor* shine, the Seaman hoyfeth faile, (brace
With widkafst womb the welcome winds t'em-
which gladly grafps the fare & prosperous gaile
And maks the Ship to run a fleeing race:
But if *Orion* shine, the storme is nie,
He lowes the Saile, which stood of late fo hie

Such is my state, if *Castor*-like thou smile,
I onelie liue to serue and honour thee:
But if thou frowne, allace allace the while,
As at the fight of *Gorgons* head I die,
As in thy list fo in thy looks diuine,
Orion black, and *Castor* braue do shine.

Then since thou art th' *Orizon* of my loue,
Thine eyes the fatall starres which I adore:
With gracious blinks behold me from aboue,
Let me not sinke, safe b'fing me to thy shore.
Or if thou loathst that I should liue, then frowne
For die I, liue I, I am still thine owne.

*Dicte me Fuuenem perijfse in amore maæq;
Vnita quod fuerit Cynthia causa necis.*





TO PANDORA.

Each thing allace, presents and lets mee see,
The rare *Idea* of, my rarest Dame,
 Deepe funke into my soule the verie fame,
Whose view doth still bewitch vnhappie mee,
The shining Sunne, her hart transperſing eye.
The morning red her braue and blushing shame,
Night abſence, and day preſence doth proclame,
foule wether frowns, & calme ſweet ſmil's may bee
My ſcalding ſighs tempeſtious winds, and raine:
But exhalations of my tragick teares,
In froſt allace, her cold diſdaine appeares;
In thaw, and fire, my melting heart agane:
 And thus each thing brings purpoſe to be pinde
 And to my thoughts cōmends the faire vnkind.



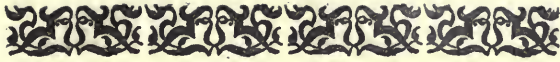


TO PANDORA.

D Eare to my soule, and wilt thou needs be gone,
And leaue thy Man behind thee but a heart?
Is this the pittie which thou dost impart,
Disconsolat to let me die alone?
Thou hast two harts; mine, thine, and I haue none:
Heere springs the surfe of my ensuing smart;
Yet play I pray the gentle Pyrats part,
And as thou lou's my life, yet leaue me one:
But brooke them both I gladlie grant and stay,
How canst thou ride in raging raine and wind?
Yet thou must goe, and woe is me away:
Then take my heart, and leaue me thine behind.
I gaue thee mine, O then giue thine to mee,
That mine and thine be one twix mee & thee.

Una fides, vnus lectus, et vnus amor.





TO LAIS.

I Haue compar'd my Mistris many time
To Angels, Sun, Moone, Stars, & things aboue:
My Conscience then condem'd me of a crime,
To things below when I conferr'd my Loue:
But when I find her actions all are vane,
I thinke my Rimes and Poyems all profane.

With perfect eyes her Pageants I espy,
To no thing now can I compare my Dame,
But *Theramenes* shoo; the reason why,
It seru'd each foote: and she can do the same:
She hears the futes of rich, poore, great, & small,
And has discretion to content vs all.

Si vitium leuitas, nulla puella bona est.





TO PANDORA.

F AINE would I goe, and faine would I abide,
Sweet *Hais agene*, and kisse me erre I go,
Denie mee not since there is none beside,
No tel tale here, though thou wouldst giue me two:
Yet giue me one, if thou wilt giue no mo;
But one is none, then giue mee two or three,
Thy Balmie breath doth still bewitch me so,
As I must haue an other kisse, or die,
Thy Rubent blush now bids take leaue of thee:
Faine would I goe, and I would kisse as faine,
Then giue me one, or change a kisse with mee:
If neither giue nor change, take all againe:
When thine & mine are thus conturb'd, I kno
Thou canst but smile, that I deceiu'd thee so.

*Mihi dulcia iunge
Oscula, et in nostro molle quiesce sinu.*





TO PENELOPE.

WHILE fierce *Achilles* at the siege of *Troy*,
(the fatal Nymphs had so decreed) was slain
A sodaine strife arose who should enjoy
The Armes of that praise-worthie *Grecian*:
Ajax alleg'd he should the Arm's obtaine,
And by the sword to win and weare them vow'd,
Ulysses said, they should be his againe:
And he them gaine, if Stories may be trow'd,
But lo the shield by Sea's was loofd, wee read,
And by a storme driu'n from *Vlysses* fight,
And rould to *Ajax* graue, though he was dead,
To show the world that he had greatest right:
So when my tombe shal end those teares of mine
there shalt thou sigh & fay, I should been thine.

Tum flebit cum mi fenerit esse fidem.





TO CINTHIA.

Oft haue I ment with Musicke, sleepe, & wine,
The foueraine cur's for superficiall cares,
For to reuiue this wounded heart of mine,
And free my felfe from sorow, sighs, and teares:
Yet neither all, nor any one of those,
Haue force to end, or cure, or change my woes:
My griefs are growne to such confused force,
No number rests for more, nor place for worse.

If I had merit to be martird still,
And with the furie of thy frowns abus'd,
I could digest thy gloomings with goodwill,
And neither looke nor craue to be excus'd:
I loue my Rod like *Moses*; but if I
Perceiue it proue a Serpent, I must flie.
If thou wilt bind me still to be thine owne,
Smile stil (faire Dame) if not, I pray thee frowne.

Vincuntur molli pectora dura prece.





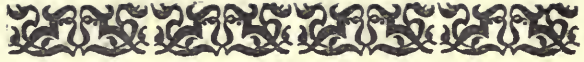
TO LITHOCARDIA.

FAlse *Eriphile* sometime did betray
Facidic wife *Amphiaraus* her spouse,
(Who willing from the *Theban* warres to stay)
To hide himselfe secure at home he trow's:
Thus while his driftes *Adrastus* difallow's,
She (knowing that her husband should be flaine
At *Thebes*) for a golden chaine auow's
To tell *Adrastus* where he did remaine;
And thus reueald, he goes against his will,
But leaues *Alcmeon* to reuenge his wrack
On *Eriphile*, which he did fulfill,
When dolefull newes of fathers death came backe
So since in loue thou art so vnloyall so long,
Some strange *Alcmeon* must reuenge my wrong.

Quæq; prius nobis intulit illa ferat.

F.





TO LAIS.

When *Cressid* went from *Troy* to *Calchs* tent,
and *Greeks* with *Troians* were at skirmidg hot
Then *Diomed* did late and aire frequent
Her companie, and *Troil* was forgot:
Thou lay alone, such was allace thy lot,
And *Paris* brookt poore *Menela* thy Dame,
Shee twind in two the matrimoniall knot,
And tooke a stranger when thou went from hame.
Such is my case, if I may say for shame,
I florisht once; once there was none but I:
I once was lou'd, and I haue lost the fame,
And as God liu's, I know not how nor why:
So that my Sainct for falshood I am sure,
May match the *Grecian* or the *Troian* whore.

*Non sum ego qui fueram, mutat via longa puellas,
Quantus in exiguo tempore fugit amor.*





TO KALA.

Oft haue I sworne; oft hast thou pray'd me too
No more to loue, nor more to looke on thee:
Since looks and loue haue made so much adoo
Twixt loueles thee, and vnbeloued mee:
Yet were I dam'd without redres to die,
I can not cease from seruing thee faire Dame:
Yea thou and all the woondering world shall see
The fayth, the force, the furie of my flame,
Most like vnto the questing Dögge am I,
Who still doth on his angry Maister fawne,
While thou corrects, I kindly quest and cry,
And more thou threats, the more I am thine owne
Thus loue or loath, or cherrish mee or chide,
Where once I bind, but any breach I bide.

Sit mihi paupertas tecum iucunda necera.

F ii.





TO KALA.

WHEN *Ædipus* did foolishly resigne
His Kingdome to his Sonnes, that he & he,
About the *Thebans* yeare about should raigne,
And that his Crowne biparted so should be.
Polinices first raignd, but faith we see,
He from the Crowne *Eteocles* debars:
Thus while they liue, they neuer can agree,
And after death, their burning bones made warrs.
My riual foe against all right enioyes
That Crowne & Kingdome which pertains to me
That proud vsurper worker of my noyes,
Shall find a foe, vnto the day I die,
And were we dead, that are too long aliue,
Our Ashes in th'exequial vrne would striue.

Riualem possum non ego ferre Fouem.



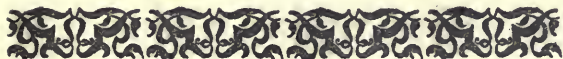


At the newes of IDEAS death,
Dialogue twixt the Poets Ghost
and Charon.

Ghost.

Come *Charon* come : (*Ch.*) Who cal's?
(*Gh.*) a wandring Ghost,
By fortune led vnto the *Stygian* shore,
(*Ch.*) What seeks thou heere? (*Gh.*) a safe transport
with post,
As thou hast done to many mo before. dore,
(*C.*) Who flew thee thus? (*G.*) euen she whom I a-
Hath rould my name in scrowls of black disgrace.
(*Ch.*) What made her thus into thy grieffe to glorie?
(*G.*) *Loue* was my foe, & chang'd in wars my peace.
(*C.*) Go then aback, this Barke shall not imbrace
The smallest one whom *Loue* at fead hath borne.
(*Gh.*) That shall I not, for lo before thy face,
I shall ou'r faile the flood and thou had sworne:
The Darts of *Loue* both Boat & Oares, shal bee,
Sighs shall be winds, and Teares a *Styx* to mee.

F iii.





An other Dialogue to the fame purpose.

Ghost.

Come *Charon* come. (*Ch.*) Who cal's? (*Gh.*) a
martyrd man,

Since Fame foorthtold the fairest faire was deid.

(*Ch.*) What seeks thou? (*Gh.*) Help to croce thy
waters wan,

And I will pay thee for thy paines with speed.

(*Ch.*) Thou seems to be a quick & liuing leid,

And not a vmber, nor a palled Ghaift.

(*Gh.*) Feare not for that, since I for passage pleid,

But let mee haue thy helping hand with haift.

(*C.*) Though sage *Æneas* did o're-faile my streame

By *Sybils* helpe, none els must goe againe.

(*G.*) Then thinks thou *Charon*, to enioy my Dame

And stay my voyage from th' *Elefian* plaine?

(*C.*) Yes surelyes. (*G.*) No *Charon* thou shalt lie

For *Loue* hath wings, and I haue learnd to flie.

Panditur ad nullas Fanua nigra preces.



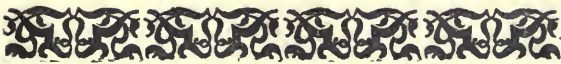


I D E A after long sicknes, becommeth
*weil; and as he wept for her, he wishes
compensation of her teares in
his distresse.*

O Beautie doomb astonish'd Maruels chyld,
The wanton obiect of my weeping eie,
Blith was my heart before I was beguyld,
And made to beare a seruile yoake by thee:
But now allace, though I by birth be free,
And not a flauē-borne *Muscovite* by kind,
My Sainct fo Lords my heart, that now I see,
There is no manumission to my mind.
Faire heauenly *Tigres*, be no more vnkind,
I wept for thee, when weerds did all conspire
Thy wrack; O then behold how I am pind:
Weepe thou for me, thy teares may quench my fire
As I did thine, so meene thou my estate,
And be not cald the worst of illis ingrate.

Sis ingrata licet si modo bella manes.

F iiii.





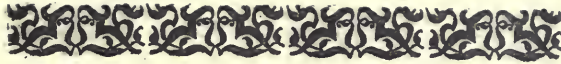
TO CYNTHIA.

Proud *Zeuxis* gaue his Pictures all for nought,
Such was the loue he to his labors bore,
That by no gold nor price they could be bought,
And thus faue thanks poore man, he gaind no more
I am as poore, and euen as proud as hee,
For Loue nor Lines I craue no price from thee.

For if thou digne but with a gracious smile,
To looke my Lines, and spie how I am pind,
And with my toyes the swift wingd time begile,
Then am I paide according to my minde:

Joues oath was *Styx*, and *Phæbus* *Daphnes* haire;
But from hencefoorth I by thy smiles wil sweare.



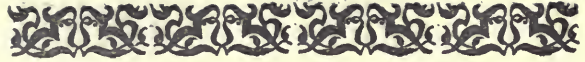


TO ERANTINA.

NO hart so hard, tho wrought of *Vulcans* steele,
Or fearely forg'd of Adamantine stone,
That doe endure or last so long so leele,
As mine, who loues thee most vnlouing one,
Whose purpose is and plot, as I suppose,
Most cruellie her captiue thrall to kill,
Who onely liues to loue but her alone:
Though she reward my true intent with ill:
Such is my state, I but abide her will,
Shee has the fatall stick into her fleeu,
And when she list her furie to fulfill,
Althea-like she may my breath bereaue:
Nor leue vnlou'd, I rather choose to die,
Then beat the fire, and burne the fatall tree.

*Nam mea crudeles tetigerunt corda sagitte,
Atq; animam petijt vulneris asperitas.*



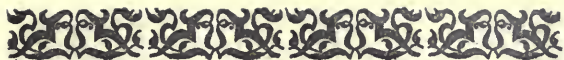


TO PANDORA.

Canst thou haue eares, & wil not heare my plaint
Canst thou haue eies, & wil not wipe my teares
Hast thou a heart, and feeles not how I faint,
Debating twixt dispairing hops and feares?
Canst thou not see those sad and ciuill weairs
Which are within the kingdome of my heart,
Where Legions of peruing pangs appears,
My vtter wrake and ruine to impart?
Heere burns the fire, there sticks the deadly dart:
Here teares me droun, there smoky sighs me smore
Here Beauty wounds, there riuals runs athwart,
And ielous eyes do pry into each pore:
When al these al and thou my wrack contriues,
I can not last, and I had twentie liues.

*Perfida sed duris genuit te montibus horrens,
Cantafus, hircaneq; admorunt vbera tigres.*





Newyeares gift to PENELOPE.

THat *Colatine* did talke in *Tarquins* tent,
His Ladie *Lucrece* was most chafte most faire,
Hee afterward had reason to repent,
Shee died a deemd adultres in dispaire.
The *Lydian* King brought naked both and bare,
His wife before his friend for to be seene,
Which brought him selfe wee fee into the snare,
For he was flaine, and *Giges* brookt his Queene.
Yet can not all these wracks forewarne my Muse,
To hold her peace, but prayse thee more & more:
I loue thee still, and I will not refuse,
Though small allace, be my reward therefore.
And so (faire Dame) for Newyeares gift receaue
My heart thine owne, my selfe to be thy slaue.





TO PENELOPE.

WHEN *Alexander* did subdue and bring
The coastly Iles of *Inde* to his Empire,
Hee captiue tooke proud *Porus Indian* King,
And bid him aske what most he did desire?
Nought said braue *Porus* do I now require,
But that thou vse me as a King should bee,
Thou shalt haue friendly hostage to thy hyre:
And for my sake I graunt thy sute (said hee.)
Long with my passions haue I borne debate,
Oft haue I fought, and now haue lost the feeld,
It is my fortune for to be defeate.
I am thy Captiue, and faire Dame I yeeld:
As *Macedo* was to the King of *Inde*,
If not mine, yet for thy cause be kinde.

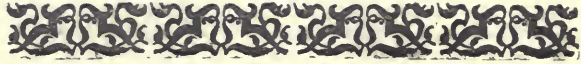




TO LAIS.

WHEN *Dionise* was shut from Regall seat,
And quite deposd from his Imperial throne
For tyrannies too tedious to repeate,
Which made oft times the *Siracusans* grone,
When he was thus disgrac'd, and left alone:
He could not cease to play the tyrant still,
He grew a pedant infants poore anone
He taught and quhipt to exercise his ill.
I with my Loue haue plaid the licher long,
And shee the loun with many moe then mee:
This custome vile, maks sinne to seeme no wrong,
And she must turne a common Whoore I see,
 Though both be bad, and each of both vnfire,
 I rather serue a tyrant then a whoore.





To absent PANDORA.

L ong since hath *Cynthia* shown her ful fac'd prid
And now compeirs with crescent horns againe
Since at the banks of *Neptuns* flowing tide,
I tooke my leaue and shew how I was flaine:
Allace allace, they haue not wept in vaine,
Who left vs annals of eternall date,
Condemning absence for a cruell paine,
A foe to fayth, a vnfriend vnto fate:
A happy life had I in loue of late,
To ioy the sweete fruition of thy face,
Now from thy sight estranged is my state.
Since all my life is darknes and disgrace:
Yet midst my woes I wish that well thou bee,
And with the winds I send those sighes to thee.

*Nulla mihi sine te ridet loca, displicet aequor,
Sordet terra, lenes ods cum retibus hamos.*



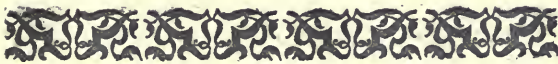


TO PENELOPE

seeke.

VVere I as skild in Medecine as hee,
Who did restore *Hippolits* health againe,
When he was torne with horfe; then shouldst thou
I should prepare emplasters for thy paine: (see
But since I am no *Æsculap* at all,
I am thy Bondman, and thy Beadman thrall.

*Phœbe faue, laus magna tibi tribuetur, in vno
Corpore seruato restituisse duos.*





Newyeares gift to I D E A.

THE *Locrian* King *Zaleucus* made a law,
That each adultrar both his eyes should lose,
But when his Sonne was faultie first he saw,
That sacred Kings haue hid and secret foes,
Incontinent vnto the stage he goes,
And from his Sonne one eye, one of his owne
He cauf'd pull out, and in the sight of those
A carefull King, a father kind was knowne.
In *Janus* Kalends faire and louely sweet,
Time out of minde hath been a custome old,
That friends their friends with mutual gifts should
To keep true kindnes from becōming cold. (greet
Zaleucus-like these Lines are sent by mee,
To keepe the law and kith my Loue to thee.

Da veniam merui nil ego, iussit amor.





TO CINTHIA.

Why loues thou more (faire dame) thy Dog then
what can he do but (as the Scholer said (mee?
At *Xanthus* feast) shake eares and tayle on thee?
And I can do much more to make thee glade,
With tedious toyle and longsome labour made.
Hee can perhaps bring thee thy Gloue, or whyls
Thy Kirchiff when t'is either left or laide
Behind thy heeles with sweet and backast smyles:
But I, whom thou disdaine fully exyles
From thy sweet bed, and thy most sweet embrace;
Which fawning Currs with filthy feet defiles,
I could doe more, but I lack leaue allace:
Fie Natures bastard, make no Dog thy Loue
Least thou a Monster, I a Martyr proue.

G.



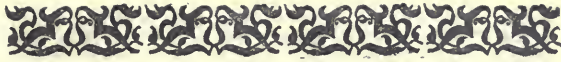


TO KALA.

I First receiud since did sweet Sainct vnfold
Thy louely Lines, the legats of thy mind,
And did with blith & ioy-fwolne breast behold
How thou continew'd constant, true, and kind.
But when I did perceiue how thou wast pind,
Pind for the absence of thy loue-sick fwaine,
My toong was doomb, my silent eyes were blind,
I read and mus'd, and mus'd and read againe:
And be thou iudge (deare heart) if I was faine
When I euolu'd from out the Paper whit,
That Symboll sweete transparent pure & plaine,
Wherein some time thou tooke so much delight:
Yea thrise each day (faire Mistris) till we meet,
I kis thy Symboll, and thy golden sheet.

*Quisquis ad hanc vertit peregrinam littora puppim,
Ille mihi de te multa rogatus abit.*





TO KALA.

I Swearc (sweet *Kala*) by my flames, thy eyes,
O eyes; no eyes, but rather starres diuine:
Sweet *Dionean* twins into their skies,
And by those kind alluring looks of thine,
I sweare by all our teares whils thine, whils mine,
Nor mine nor thine, but both combind in one:
By all the sighs blowne from the sacred shrine
Where *Craigs* true heart hath his heroick throne,
I sweare by all our secret vow's each one,
Made in the darke, and reconfirmd by day:
By all our kisses when we were allone,
And all the wishes when I went away:
Let Weerds and Fortune do the worst they can
I am in spight of *Misoes* Nose, thy man.

G ii.



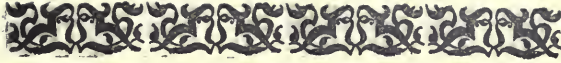


TO K A L A.

O How I long to heare from thee againe,
And vnderstand the tenor of thy state:
Thrife hath the Moone begun to wax and wane,
With spheirs and horns since I receiu'd thy wreat:
Then giue mee leaue (sweet Lady) to regrate,
Since thou may haue of traualing troups such store,
And I haue fent so many lines of late,
Thou art vnkind, and woe is mee therefore:
Each one that comes from thee, or from thy shore,
In hope of newes, I entertaine for thee:
Each Post I meet, each Horne I heare, yeelds more
Harmonious founds, then musicke sweet to mee:
But when my hopes proue naught with fory
I sigh & fay vnkind, vnkind, vnkind. (mind,

*Tempora si numeres bene quæ numeramus amantes,
Non venit ante suam nostra querela diem.*





To CYNTHIA.

WHEN those which at *Ardea* did remaine
With *Aracins* did many times contend
For Confind Lands, which neither could obtaine,
In many Battails, though much blood they spend,
Yet that sometime the strife should take good end
Both they and those referre them selu's to *Rome*,
Imperious *Romans* parties both offend,
And to them selues the questiond Lands assume.
Long warres heue been betwixt thy Maid & mee,
Yf shee or I my loueficke heart should haue;
Shee thinks it hers, it was once mine, and wee
To end this strife, thy sacred sentence craue.

Thou like these conquering *Romans* in this case
By spoyling both, possejds my heart in peace.

Cynthia prima fuit Cynthia finis erit.

G iii.



TO VIRGIL
AENEAS



TO ERANTINA.

THE ielous eyes which watch my louing Dame,
And *Argus*-like to trap mee still attend,
They with my losse allace, but seeke her flame:
Which I befeech thee louing Lord defend.
O would to God my honest course were kend,
Or that my breast were made of Cristall cleare,
That triall might be tane what I intend:
And my true part in presence might appeare.
But (O allace and weladay) I feare,
These iarres shall soone ingender such debate,
As shall but doubt debarre mee from my deare,
And enterchange my wonted good estate.
O harmonie vnhappiest of all,
Bad chance brings change, and change hath
fram'd my fall.

Res est solliciti plena timoris amor.





TO ERANTINA.

DIfordered Haires the types of my disgrace,
The testimonies of my seruile state:
Ou'ruaile my wanne and pale disfigured face,
And let my fauour answere to my fate:
For since I am th'vnhappiest hee, I waite
That Loue, or Fortunes enuie can assaile:
What resteth then? but still for to regrate,
Since word, nor writ, nor prayers can preuaile:
And since my deare disdainfullie doth deale
With hopeles mee, who was and is her owne,
My pearcing paines shall on my visage pale,
With hoarie, rough, & crumpled skin be knowne.
And such as sees my furrowed face, shall say,
The faire Vnkind is cause of my decay.

*Illa dies fatum misero mihi duxit ab illa,
Pessima mutati cepit amoris hyems.*

G iiiii.





TO ERANTINA.

Long haue I had long haire vpon my head,
Long haue I had hid harmes within my heart,
Yet none of those are powerfull for to plead
The smallest salue or softning to my smart.
Could I draw forth the sharpe and golden dart,
Wherewith allace, I secretlie am flaine:
Or put those black vnpouled locks apart,
For which the world accompts mee to be vaine:
Could I to flit as to be fast be faine,
Or thinke that foule that I haue thought too faire,
There should no harme into my heat remaine,
Nor should my head be ouerhung with haire.
Sweet, if thou loues me, powll those locks I pray
Yf not, cut life, loue, locks, and all away.





TO PANDORA.

O What a world I suffer of extreames,
Twixt hot desire and icie cold dispaire:
Most like the swift impetuous tyds of Theames,
Are those the ebs and flowings of my care:
I liue allace, a martire late and aire,
Coold with dispaire, and burnd with hot desire:
I see allace, and can not slip the snare,
In floods I frie, and freeze amid the fire:
In *Sestian* seas to *Hero* sweet I swim,
And faine would touch the fimber of her gown,
Hoyf'd with desire vnto the clouds I clim,
But by dispaire *Lcander*-like I drown:
My *Dolphin* deare, let not *Arion* dee
Saue mee vnfunke, and I shall sing to thee.

Quicquid conabor dicere uersus erit.





TO PANDORA.

Faire *Sicil* fertill first of Cruell Kings,
When *Dionise* did all thy state ouerthrow,
And wrought so many strange & monstus things
And led so long a life without all law:
Sad forrow was the *Syracusan* Song,
And all faue old *Hymera*, wish'd him dead,
Shee wish'd him weel, caufe many tyrants sprong:
And were hee gone, a worfer would succeed.
It is my weird, and woe is me therefore,
To ferue and loue where recompence is none.
Oft haue I chang'd, and now can change no more
For badder ay succeeds, when bad are gone.
And this sweet hart maks me thy beadman thral,
Leaft by thy losse, in harder haps I fall.

Quando ego non timui graniora pericula veris.





TO PANDORA.

When *Scythian* Lords long frō their lands had bein
Their slaues vsurp'd their absent Maisters place:
both wealth & wiues they brook'd before their eie
And did the same seuen yeares posses in peace:
They turning home, and seeing such disgrace,
fought with their seruants for their wealth & wiues
But by the men the maisters gat the chase,
And hardly scap'd with hazard of their liues.
Then they consult with neither swords nor glaues,
Nor open warres, to make their foes to yeeld,
with whips & wands they bat their randring slaues
And by the change of weapons wan the feeld.

Since sighs, nor teares, nor ditties can subdue thee
I must (faire sweet) with *Scythian* armes perdue thee





TO IDEA.

I Put my hand by hazard in the hat
Where many names did intermixtly lie,
With her and her were you and this and that,
A fortune blind, or niuie nake to trie:
And lo fuch was my luckie lucke that I
Among so many, found thy Noble name,
And on my head, that thou and all may spie,
I well auow the wearing of the same:
It shall inferre no foyle vnto thy fame,
That thou art borne vpon so base a head:
A Begger find's a stone of curious frame,
And yet the stone remains a stone in dead.
So thou art thou, and of more worth to mee,
Deare Valentine, then thou wast wont to bee.





TO LITHOCARDIA.

Great *Alexander* gaue a straight command,
That euery Souldier in the Camp should shaue
And that his face as haireles as his hand,
Both *Grecke* and *Persian* time of warrs should haue:
When Armes were put a part, he lent full leaue
To weare long beards; a sign of fat-fed peace:
And thus in Greece a stranger might perceiue
The Countries state into the Souldiers face.
I am content that custome to imbrace;
I haue no beard to show my peace with thee:
But thou wilt say, my hairs portend disgrace,
And discontent is in my downcast eye:
 It is too true; but let me rife or fall,
 Or sinke or swim, I am thy seruient thrall.

*Addimus his precibus lachrimas quoq; verba preantis,
Perlegis, et lachrimas finge iudere meas.*





TO LAIS.

WHY loue I her that loues not mee againe?
Why am I friendly to my fremmit foe?
Why doe I weare my wayting on in vaine,
In seruing her that hath deceiu'd mee so?
Why did I thus my freedome sweet forgo,
To pleasure her that plagu's mee with disdaine?
Or wish her weel that euer wrought my woe,
And would not sigh suppose shee saw me flaine:
O foolish I, and haples I alone.
No then, O faythlesse and disloyall shee,
Whose try'd vntrueth thus maks me to complaine
And wish before the fixed day to die:
For now tint time and trauell maks me sure,
I playd the foole, and she has playd the hoore.

*Periuria ridet amantum,
Iupiter et ventos irrita ferre iubet.*





TO LAIS.

BRAUE *Troilus* the *Troian* stout and true,
As more at length in *Chauser* wee may find,
Dreamd that a faire White Bull, as did infue,
Had spoyld his Loue, and left him hurt behind.
The *Phrygian* Nympe *Ænonæ* dround in drerd,
When *Paris* towards *Grece* made faile from *Troy*,
In dreames foresaw, as after did succeed,
Her Loue and foraine Ladie should enioy.
When *Hecuba* the Wifemen did employ,
Her dreame of flaming Fire for to expone,
They shortly shew that *Paris* should destroy
And set on fire faire *Ilion* sticke and stone.
Right so might I, if weerds had not withstand,
In dolefull dreames foreseene the fall I fand.

Quid tuncam ignoto tuncō tamen omnia demens.





TO IDEA.

L Aft yeare I drew (faire Dame) by very chance,
Thy Noble name amongst a number moe:
Glad was my foule to see the weirds aduance
The happy hazard of my fortune fo:
And proud thereof, vpon my pate I plac'd thee,
With anagram's and Sonets sweet I grac'd thee.

But now (wife Dame) behold a wonder strange,
Which both I wish thee to beleeeue and heare:
(I am so loath where once I choofe, to change)
That in my heart thou harbours all this yeare:
Then from a Hat I drew thee err I saw thee,
Now from my hart it is my doome to draw thee.

Why should I hazard what I haue fo fure,
Or scrape thy name into a scuruie Scrowle?
O thou art writ in blood's characters pure,
Within the center of my louefick foule:
Let others try a fortune blind and beare thee,
Both on my head & in my heart I'le weare thee.





TO KALA.

BLind Loue (allace) and Ielofie vndoo
That constant heart which I bequeath to thee:
I loue thee most, and am most ielous too,
By this I liue, by that vndone I die:
Not that I thinke a fickle change can bee,
Where vertue dwels, but that mine owne vnworth
Is worfe then twentie riuall foes to mee:
My base estate these bastard thoughts brings foorth
O were my moyane equall to my minde,
Or were my wealth as great as my goodwill,
Could I commaund the costlie Iles of *Inde*,
Thou shouldst be weell, and I should feare no ill.
Then Fortune, Fates, & all yee Gods aboue,
Enlarge my luck, or els make les my loue.

*Venit amor grauius quo serius vrimur intus,
Vrimur, et secum pectora vulnus habent.*

H.





TO PANDORA.

WHILE gathering in the Muses garden flowrs,
I made a Nofegay, which perfum'd the aire,
Whofe fmell fhall fauour to times lateft hours,
And fhall for ay adorne thee cruell faire.
I laide mee downe vpon the graffie greene,
Where I beheld fruit's, flowr's, and hearbs anew,
Foordhsprede by *Flora* glorious Sommers Queene,
Whereon the calme and gentle *Zephir* blew:
On haughtie hils, which Giant-like did threat
To pearce the heauens with their aspiring head,
Grew war-like Firs, ftrong Oaks, & Ceeders great,
Whofe fhaddie boughs the leaue groues ou'rsprede
Thus high and low I looked where I lay,
Yet neither fruite nor flower was like my *Hay*.





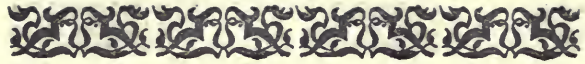
TO KALA.

WHEN silent night had spread her pitchie vaile
On all the parts of *Vestais* fruitfull face.
And horned *Luna* pensive sad and pale,
Was at thy presence darkned with disgrace;
Thinke (comely *Kala*) with what kind embrace
Wee shew the secrets of our sigh-swolne soule,
How strict a bond we ty'd in litle space:
Which none but heau'ns haue credit to controule.
Sweet Shippardes thinke on thy Loue-sick swanc,
Whose life, whose all, doth on thy loue depend:
Let nought saue death, deuide vs two againe,
And let our loues euen with our liues take end.
And when I cease for to be true to thee,
Breath vanish in the winds aud let mee die.

*Dij preter hoc iubeant vt euntibus ordine fati,
Filla meos oculos comprimat, atq; suos.*

H ii.





To his Riuall and LAIS.

AS thou art now, so was I once in grace,
And thou wast once disgrac't, as now am I.
O wonderous chaunce, o cruell contrarie case,
O strange discord, yet greeing harmonie.
I once was lou'd, thou loath'd; but now espie
How I am loath'd, and thou art lou'd alone:
In this the wheele of Fortune you may try:
I raignd, thou had no raigne; thou raignes againe,
Then happie thou, if so thou might remaine:
But fayth thou must come downe there is no dout,
And thou must be a partner of my paine,
The nixt must needs haue place his time about:
Els fortunes wheele should whirle about no more
Nor *Lais* faire be fals, as of before.

Turpius est pulchra nam meretrice nihil.





Farewell to LAIS.

Thou fawns (faire nimph) for frindship at my hand
And sayes, thou seeks no more of worldly blis:
But feid forgot that friendship true may stand,
And cryes met mercie if thou made amis.
But harke my heart, and trust mee weel in this,
I can not loue a faigned friend; no no:
Since I am so acquaint with *Judas* kis,
Shape not (my sweet) for to deceiue me so:
For *I* haue read in Stories old, of two,
Zethius and *Amphion* did discord,
Till time *Amphion* musicke did forgo,
Which by his fellow was so much abhord:
Thy fute (my sweet) is seasond with such fals,
We shall not friend so long as thou art fals.

Non amo te fateor quid enim simulare necesse est.

H iii.





A sparing farewell to K A L A.

Fond *Celuis* some time in a foolish vaine,
Would needs applie emplaisters to his foot,
And would as sick men doe, sigh, weepe, & plaine,
And make the world beleeeue he had the Gout:
And by this custome which he had, wee reed
Diffembling *Celuis* tooke the Gout in deed.

How many broyls betwixt vs two haue beene,
Which I oft times of purpose would deuise,
That in that sort our loue should scape vnseene,
And vndeulged in a darke disguise?
But fayth that custome hath deceiu'd mee so,
That in effect I am thy fremcast foe.

When first our Loue was in the pleasant prime,
Thou lou'dst mee well, I lou'd thee well againe:
But heere behold the strange effects of time,
My fire turns frost, thy loue turns cold disdain:
Yet time may friend which made vs foes; til whan,
I wish thee weell, but am no more thy man.

*Namq; vbi non amor est vbi non miscentur amoris,
Suauia nil lauti, nilq; leporis inest.*



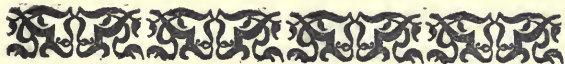


A wrathfull farewell to K A L A.

THe whitest Siluer drawes the blackest skore,
In greenest Grasse the deadly Adder lows,
The fairest Sunne doth breed the sharpest shours,
The fowlest Toads haue fairest Stons in store:
So fair'd of Loue, and woe is mee therefore.
In greenest Grasse lies hid the stinging Adder,
In fairest shining Sunne the fowlest wadder,
A precious Pearle plac'd in a poyfning Pore:
Shall I supp sweet mixt with so fowre a fals?
Or drinke the Gall out of a Siluer pot?
Or shall I cast on libertie a knot?
Als fast, als lows; als lowfe, als fast, ay fals:
No, I beseech the Gods that rule aboue,
They let me neuer leue, and euer I loue.

*Durius in terris nihil est quod uiuat amante,
Nec modo si sapias quod minus esse velis.*

H iiii.





TO PENELOPE.

When *Tyndaris* was broght from *Troy* againe
and princely *Pergam* leueld with the ground
And fatfed earth with *Phrygian* flesh was faine
Through shallow furrs faire fruit's for to refound,
The facund wife *Ulyses* most renound,
By fatall answers was foretold wee find,
That he should not in deadlie deep's be dround,
Although withheld with many contrar wind:
Yet that vnhappy and that bastard brat,
That Parricid which from a farre should come,
Telegonus whom he with *Circe* gat,
Should kill his father at his comming home:
 Though I haue past as many storm's as hee,
 The last is worst, and for thy loue I die.





Elegie to K A L A.

R Eed this, and then no more,
this shalbe laft of all,
And should been firft, if now I could,
my publiht Rymes recall,
But they are gone abrod
vpon the winges of Fame:
Na, can the glyding Ocean waues
put bounds vnto the same:
The spacious Continent,
Nor yet the bordering mane,
Can neither hold the woes nor vowes
of my vnquiet vane.
Nor prayers, nor the prayse
which I haue pend for thee,
Which makes me thus for to be pind,
and thee fo proud to bee.
This then shall be the laft,
since firft it can not bee;
For I haue waird alreadie els
a world of words on thee:
But worlds *Democrit* said,
were infinite, and so

Thou

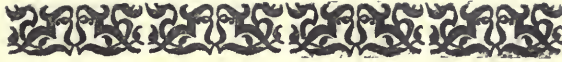




Thou looks to find infinites
of worlds of words, or moe:
No no; my Poyems haue
proclaymd thy prid, my paine,
And I am wo that I haue waird
so many words in vaine.
For I haue dryd the braine
of my inuention quit,
And neither conquered my desire,
nor purchast thy delight.
Lo then how I was led
with Loue, that Lordly elff,
That bred no pleasure vnto thee,
nor profet to my selff:
But as *Phaeneus* poore
for Phisick fought in vaine,
And by his foe was cur'd, when as
hee hop'd hee had been flaine.
So thy difdains haue cur'd
my hurt and vlcercd hart,
And I am weell against thy will,
but sence of old-felt smart.
To Sea with sweetest streams
flows *Hypanis* the flood,

But

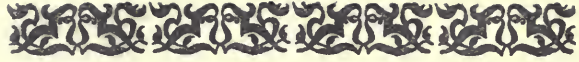




But *Exampeus* poyfning well,
maks bad which erft was good.
And thus vnlike it felfe
grow's *Hypanis*: euen fo
Thy coy difdaine hath changd a friend,
into a fremmed fo.
Thou fawft my dwining looks,
my fcaolding fighs and fobs:
Thou fawft my tearefwolne eyes were full
of liquid pearlie globs.
And yet, as *Nero* proud,
when *Rome* was burnd, did grow
As glad as at a Comick fport,
and laugh to fee the low.
So thou falfe Tyran, thou
from turret of thy prid,
Thou fmild at my mishaps as proud,
as braue as *Neptuns* brid.
But woorthy *Phocion*
a Captaine braue and ftout,
For thefe vnkind *Athenians*,
fought fourtie Batels out,
And yet was flaine by them:
and when he died, 'tis told

Hee





Hee pray'd his Sone for to forgiue
his death, for kindnes old.
So though I be in poynt
by thy disdaine to die,
My heart shall charge my houering hand,
to write no ill of thee:
For like *Themistocles*,
I rather drinke the Gall,
Then fight against my once good friend,
though now my loue be small.
Then sometime friend, farewell;
this is my most reuenge,
To thinke no good, to write no ill,
but laft of all to change.

His

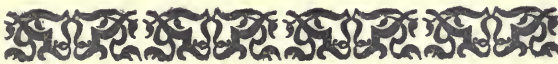


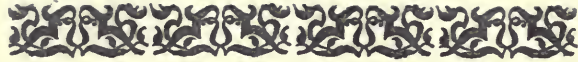


His Refolution of abſence and
farewell to *Lithocardia*.

Faire Dame adue, for whom I dayly die,
And quicke and dead a martyr ſtill remaine:
Now muſt I flit o faireſt, farre from thee,
And flie the force of vnderſer'd diſdaine,
Since I haue weard my warbling Verſe in vaine.
O Verſe to be my forows children borne,
Abortiue birth brought foorth with too much paine
And recompen'd too much with too much ſcorne:
Since Lines and I and all are all forlorne,
Faire Dame receiue this laſt enforſt adew,
For I ſhall ſee, if Fates haue not forſworne,
If change of Nations natures can renew,
If tract of time, if change of foyle or aire,
May helpe thy Loue, or hinder my diſpaire.

*Quid loquor infelix, an non per saxa per igne,
Quo me cunq; pedes ducunt mens ægra ſequetur.*





His Reconciliation to *Lithocardia*
after absence.

O *Lautia* poore was glad,
when th' *Amazon* Queene of yore
Receiu'd a Nofegay from her hand,
fuppofe fhee fmeld no more.

Cherillus heart was hoif'd
to higheft heauens hee thought,
When *Macedo* ouer lookt his Lines;
fuppofe hee lik'd them nought.
So, if thou take my Verfe,
a louing poore propine,
Which ouer-shadowed with thy fight,
throughout the world fhall fhine.
If thou the fheet receiue,
though thou vnfold no folds,
Yet fhall thofe hidden Lines be blith,
whilst thou their backs beholds:
And I poore hopeles foule,
thy weell affected man,
Shall be as blith as *Cherill* was,
or yet *Olautia* than.

Take





Take then my faultles Sheet,
 bedewd with mourning Inke,
And if thou wilt not view my Verfe,
 to know the thing I thinke;
Yet shall the Paper serue
 (O faire and matchles Dame)
To be a Bottom to thy Silke,
 or fasttie to thy Seame:
But leaft my mourning Inke
 like *Niobe's* blacke tears,
Should blacke thy braue *Mineruike* worke,
 whilst it thereto adhears,
Pine with thy snow-white hand
 the Verfe before thy view,
That they may not infect nor foyle
 the farfet Silks faire hew:
And thou shalt see no more
 set downe before thy face,
For to reueale my endles woe,
 but this one word *Allace*,
Allace, allace, allace,
 Allace, allace againe,
Ten thousand times allace allace,
 can not expres my paine.

Allace

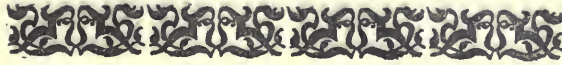




Allace I am thine owne,
na haue I hap to vew
Heraclits flood of change thereby,
my nature to renew.
None knew of *Hercules*
the poyfoning deadly shafts,
But *Philofetes*; none but I
complains conceals thy crafts.
Though thou hast faild to mee,
I am not false to thee:
I am thy Beadman day by day,
and bondman till I die.
And would to God thou hadst
rich *Amalthcas* horne,
To yeeld what fruites thou list, though I
liue lightlied and forlorne.
Aeneas loft at *Troy*,
Creufa faire his wife
And through and with ten thousand *Greeks*
hee made a desperat strife:
And rooming vp and downe,
emboldned with dispaire,
Hee cryd aloud *Creufa* come,
but could not find her there,

And



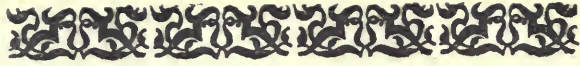


And still he crid, till time
her pallid ghost anone
Appeard, and gaue him certaine signs
that she was dead and gone.
So shall thy soule thy Ghost
begin for to remoue,
And leaue to be within thy brest,
before I leaue to loue:
And when thy Ghost is gone,
and past th' *Elifian* lake,
No *Dido* shall complaine of mee,
nor suffer for my fake.
If *Romans* did returne
in Arms of shining Steell
Our *Rubicon*, then were they deemd
foes to the common weell:
But my returns to thee,
are full of loue and peace,
As witnesseth this iterat,
and oft said word Allace.
If I haue said too much,
let mee thy peace implore,
And my Epiloge with a sigh
I feale and say no more:

I.

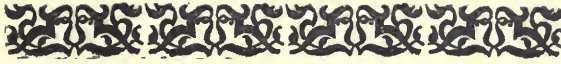
Pro-





Protesting since thou knows
 how I am sworne thine owne,
And how thy Vertues by my Verse,
 throughout the world be known:
Thou wilt haue some remorse
 vpon my carefull case,
And let thy Courtasies conlude,
 my long long-cri'd Allace.





TO LAIS.

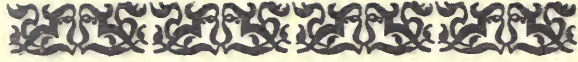
THE faire faced Woman, and deformed Ape,
Hath Nature fram'd to want a taile wee see:
The fillie beast with her vnseemelic shape,
Seems well content and pleas'd that so should bee:
And yet the Woman striueth euen and morne,
To haue a taile and still in Natur's scorne.

But let it be (for to supplie this want)
Each discontented whore should haue one taile,
What reason is't (since Nature knew them skant)
A pockie Punck with pluralties should deale?
This then is true, which I obserue as sure,
A Beast hath more discretion, then a Whore.

Hac venit in thalamos dote superba tuos.

I ii.





His constant Resolution to
ERANTINA.

SHall absence long, or distance farr of place,
With lowring looks of frem'd vnfriendly foes?
Shall tract of time for les or longer space,
Haue any force to cause mee change my choyse?
No surelie no; I am not one of those:
I shall be found no falce nor flitting friend,
My loue shall last as long as life suppose,
Luck be not such as sometime I haue seen'd:
But what remead, I may not mend, but meen'd,
And with your will I hold mee well content:
Though many thwartering things haue interueend
To interturb and stay our true intent,
Yet all those iarres shall not my minde remoue
The day of death shall be the date of loue.

*Dum paris ænone poterit spirare relicta,
Ad fontem xanthi versa recurrat aqua.*





Confirmation of his loue to

ERANTINA.

S Hall abfence long bring change,
or make my minde to moue?
Or yet fhall diftaunce farre of place,
vnlock the linke of Loue?
Shall either this or that,
yon, or the other thing,
Haue force to breake the blocke we band,
before the *Paphian* King?
Thou art mine *Hero* ftill,
and though the ftreams be ftark,
I through the waltering waues fhall fwim
to thee but Boat or Barke.
I am not *Iafons* meat,
Medea to beguile?
My fayth is firme, this the caufe
exponis mee exile.
Nor am I come by line
of traytor *Troians* race,
I neuer thought no not by dreame,
My *Dido* to difgrace.

I iii.

Nor





Nor am I hee who brought
the black fail for the white,
Leaft *Ariadne* kild his fyre,
and if their wrack was white.
A *Pyramus* I am
in deed, in thought, in word,
And should (wift I thou wert not weell)
with blood imbrew my sword :
And if by Fames report
thy pains I can perceauē
As *Hemon* did, shall I giue
the Ghost abone the graue.
No that I looke to find
such friendship on thy part,
Or promis kept which ay shall be
infrind within my hart :
Or that I greeue for grace
thy honor to degrade,
For if my Sainct be safe and found,
how can I but be glade.
In tears as *Biblus* did,
though I confume away,
Who was huerted in a Well,
as auncient Writers say.

And



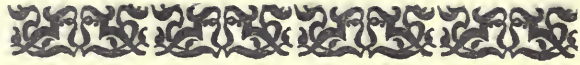


And though I be resolued
to loue thee tearme of life,
Yet must I leaue thee for a while,
Ulyses left his wife.
My word shall be my word,
my kindnes shall be knowne,
And with my oath I will no boure,
for I am sworne thine owne.
And for thy sake I vow
the Pilgrems weed to weare,
And when in wildfome wayes I walke,
the Rod and Bag to beare:
And this my hoarie head
vnrafed shall remaine;
A tipe of my continuing trueth,
till wee two meet againe.
And so with heaue hart,
adue my dearest Dame,
In happie state long mayst thou liue,
till I enuie the same:
And would to God thy wealth
were such as I would wish.
So till the Gods our meetings grant,
Thy snowie hand I kis.

I iiii.

To



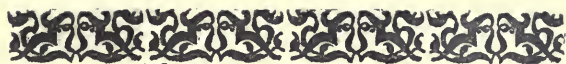


TO LAIS.

I F *Rodopæ* the loathsome Strumpet vile,
Became to be a great *Ægyptian* Queene,
Put not sweet heart thy hop's into exile,
Good luck may light vpon a life vncleene:
Shee was a Queene, thou must an Emprice bee,
For thou art thrife as great a whoore as shee.

Cui madidos minxit mentula multa finus.





His vnwilling Farewell to
PENELOPE.

A Frind some time to *Thracian Cotys* send,
In signe of loue, a vessell rich and rare:
But back againe before the bearer wend,
Hee brake the same in peeces heere and there;
Not for contempt, but to preuent my care,
I brake this gift which thou hast brought, said hee,
For if my seruants breake the same, I sweare,
They should been bate, and I incensed bee.
I *Cotys*-like (proud Dame, to ease my paine,
And that thou be not forst to heare my cries)
Must leaue to loue; nor shall my Songs againe
Thy surfet breed, nor come before thine eyes:
Not, that I loath, where I so long did loue,
Thou art vnkind, and I must needs remoue.





His louing farewell to
PANDORA.

DEare to my foule once degne,
those pafsions to perufe,
The Swan-like Dir'ges and the Songs,
of this my deeing Muse;
Which are *Minerua*-like,
by beating of my braine,
Brought foorth to shew the wondering world,
my long fuppreffed paine:
For like the doomb borne fonne
of that rich *Lydian* King,
Now at the imminent of death,
with toong vntied I fing.
Had *Atis*-like my foe
thy wedding day been flaine
By *Tydeus* fearce, then had I brook'd
faire *Ismene* allaine.
Or had thou been a man
like her whom *Phefne* bred,
Whom *Teletufa* promest with
Fanthe faire to wed.

Then





Then had my riuall been
as farr from thee as I,
Nor had he now, nor thou been iudge
to my complaint and cry.
As *Tantalus* did cut
poore *Pelops* corps a funder,
And made a banquet of his Sonne,
vnro the Gods rare woonder:
Yet did they recollect
his cutted Corps againe,
And *Tantall* they condemd to die
In hunger staruing paine.
So cruell thou hes karu'd
ten thousand wayes my hart,
And thou indures obdurat still,
and fenceles of my smart:
Yet will the Gods, I hope,
recure and purge my paine,
And punish all thy cruelties,
with cruelties againe.
Had I *Ixion*-like
made vaunt of *Iuno*s spoyle,
With patience then I should abide
thy furie and this foyle.

But





But since it must be thus,
 from *Athens* I will flie,
With wise *Demosthenes*, and then
 in *Neptuns* afill die.
Then cruell faire farewell,
 I may remaine no more,
I mind before wee meet againe,
 to see the *Celtik* shore.
But howfoeuer I err,
 or wherefoeuer I vaig,
In weell, in wo, in want, and wealth,
 thou shalt command poore *Crag*:
Yea might I make a Feast,
 As did *Democrits* fire,
To all the *Persian* troups, ou'r which
 great *Xerxes* bore empire.
Or were I begging bread
 like *Ithak Irus* poore,
Whom proud *Uliesses* with his fist
 feld dead into the floore.
Yea be I rich or poore,
 or poore and rich againe,
At hazards all I am thy man,
 and so shall ay remaine.

Faire

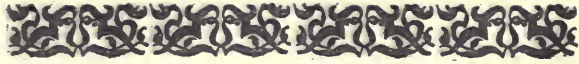




Faire Homicid farewell,
 against my heart I goe,
And that al-maker knows I make
 a voyage full of woe:
But euen as *Araris*
 with filence sweet doth slide,
And none perceiu's if vp or downe,
 or whither flows the tide.
So none saue thou shall know
 the caus of all my paine,
And none shall know wherefore I goe,
 Nor when I come againe.
And so till time wee meet,
 deare heart, whom I adore:
Farewell; yet giue me leaue to figh,
 and say, Farewell once more.

To





To his PANDORA,
from Englaud.

NOW while amid those daintie Douns & Dales
with Shepheard Swains I fit vnknown to mee
Wee sweetly sing, and tell pastorall tales:
But my discourse and Songs-theame is of thee;
For otherwayes allace, how can it be.
Let *Venus* leaue her blest abod aboute
To tempt my Loue, yet thou sweet soule shalt see
That I thy man, and thou shalt die my loue.
No tract of time, nor sad eclipse of place,
Nor absence long, which sometime were due cures
To my disease, shall make thy flauie to cease
From seruing thee till life or breath indures:
And till wee meet, my rustick mats and I,
Through woods & plains, *Pandoras* prayse shal
(cry.





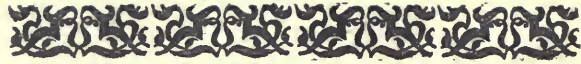
TO LAIS.

H*Arpaste* poore, was blind of either eye,
Yet would shee not beleue that it was so:
The roomes are darke wherein I dwell, sayd shee,
Take mee abrod, and but a guyd I'le go:
 The wife was led abrod into the wind,
 And yet poore foule she still continued blind.

Thinks thou that change frō this to yonder place,
Can caus thy shame and scandall to decay?
No *Lais* no, I pray thee hold thy peace,
And put these fond opinions quite away:
 For while thy life, or yet my lins endure,
 The world shall fay, thou art a shameles whore.

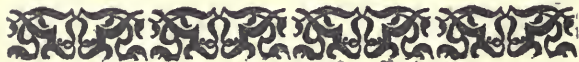
*Fœmina nulla bona est, vel si bona contigit vlla,
Nescio quo casu res mala facta bona est.*





His faythfull seruice to I D E A.

(whare
M^Y wandring Verfe hath made thee known all-
Thou known by them, & they are known by
Thou, they, and I, a true relation beare: (mee:
As but the one, an other can not bee;
For if it chance by thy difdane I die,
My Songs fhall ceafe, and thou be known no more.
Thus by experience thou mayft plainly fee,
I them, thou mee, and they do thee decore.
Thou art that Dame whom I fhall ay adore
In fpight of Fortune and the frowning Fats,
Whofe fhining beautie makes my Songs to fore
In *Hyperbolik* loftie heigh conceits:
Thou, they, & I, throughout the world be known
They mine, thou theirs, and laft I am thine own.





To my Honorable

good Lord and Maister (the
true Mæcenas of my Muse)

George Earle of *Dunbar*,
Lord Barwick, high Tre-
furar of Scotland.



L Am Noble (Mæcenas) a
spendthrift, unwisely libe-
rall; more prone to propine
Presentes, and make foo-
lish Feastes, then to pay my
Debts: All my babling
Bils are alrcadie baptized,
and nothing left, saue these
subsequent Songes; which to your Honor, in all
duetifull loue and deuotion, I dedicatc. Philopæ-
men did sometime leaue his companie, and com-
ming aloue to a house where he was exprestly looked
for; his Hostes, who knew him not, and saw him so
cuill fauored a fellow, employed him to helpe her
K. Maydes





*Maydes to draw water, and mende the fire for Philopæmen. The Gentlemen of his traine finding him busie at worke, enquired what he did? who answered, I pay the forfeiture of my vnhand-somnes. I haue thought good (my Honorable good Lord and Maister) to giue these Songs the last place in my Booke: if any demaunde the cause, I answere with Philopæmen, For their methodles and irregular vnhand-somnes. If your Honor doe not protege and defende them, some Parasiticall Abdagasis will seeke to kill Asineus and his brother vnder trust: But be you a royall and seconde Artabanus, who sayd to Abdagasis, (I can not cōsent to betray a man that trusteth to my protecti-on; and since he hath giuen mee his hand, I will keepe the oath I haue made to him by my Gods:) Doe hercin (deare Lord) as you will encourage mee hereafter to vndertake a greater taske. I haue lighly (I confesse) abused both time and talent in these amorose and idle toyes. But your Honor vpon the gracious acceptaunce hercof, may haplie cre-
long*





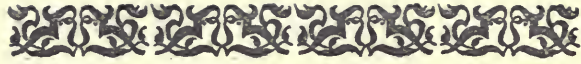
long see mee recouer my estate, and reedifie the decayed walles of my youth. What I haue heere set downe, is for your sollacc; and so I beseech your Honor to accept from the Table of my Chamber, at your liberall charge and allowance, the . 5 . day of Nouember 1606.

*Your Honors owne man to the
last article of expiration,*

Craige.

K ii.





To the Reader.



*M*arie of *Vitzokia* beyonde *Iordane*, flying to *Ierusalem* when *Titus* and his *Romans* besiedged the same, was enforced for hunger to kill her sucking Sonne, and hauing eaten the one halfe, the rest shee ferued. The Enemies smelling the sent of that ezeerable meat, threatned to kill her, vnlesse they were sharers with her. Then shee vncovered that part of her Sonne which she had left vneaten. At which sight they trembled, and horror fell vpon them. Then sayd *Marie*, this is truly my Sonne, & my doing; eate you of it, as I haue done; be you no more effeminate then a woman, nor more mercifull then a Mother. My *Poyems* and *Verses* are (beloued Lector) the birth of my braine, & the ofspring of my ill aduentured





TO THE READER.

uentured youth. I haue these yeares bygone luxuriouſly feaſted and ſurfeitèd hereon, and haue with the *Vitezokian* Woman, couered this part of my Child till now: I pray thee with patience, take a part with the Parent; next time (God willing) thou ſhalt fare better. But if any aſke (how I preſumed to inuite my noble Maiſter my Lord, my *Mecenas*, my all, to this fooliſh and filthie Feaſt of mine?) I anſwere: *The-miſtocles* was animated to noble actions by beholding *Miltiades* trophies. And *Alexander* beholding *Achilles* Tombe, did greedily ſigh with an honorable emulation. And his courteous welcomming of my vanities, will rauish braue mindes from the boundles troubles of the world, and win them to the contemplation of Vertue. And ſo his Honorable example in reading and reſpecting Learning and the Learned, ſhall pull donwe the *Babell* of ignoraunce. I confeſſe (as *Plutarch*

K iii.

ſpeaketh





TO THE READER.

speaketh of *Aristophanes* Poyems) my Ver-
fes are written for no moderat mans pleasure:
yet since by his Honor they are countenanced,
I beseech thee (good Reader) vfe mee kindly;
and for his sake, sit still with him, and take a
part of my profane Feast. My Lord payeth for
all, it costs thee nought faue thanks.

Thine as thou behaues
thy selfe,

A. Craige.





ALEXIS to LESBIA.

Come be my Loue, and liue with mee,
And thou shalt all the folace fee,
That glafsie gulfs or earth can bring,
From *Vesta's* wealth, or *Neptuns* reigne.

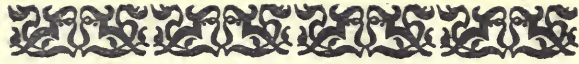
For we shall on the Mountains go,
In shaddie Vmbers too and fro:
In Vallies low, and on the Bray,
And with thy feet the flowrs shall play.

And I shall make thee pleasant Pofes,
Of Dadies Gilliflowrs and Rofes:
My Arms shalbe a Belt to thee:
Thine if thou wilt, the like to mee.

Of *Floraes* tapestrie thy Gowne,
Thy Cap shall be my Lawrell Crowne:
Which drest of *Daphne's* haire shall shine,
Whyls on my head and whyls on thine.

And





And thou vpon thy rock shalt reft,
And heare the Echoes from my brest:
For I shall sing in Sonets fhill,
the charming numbers of my quill.

Yea wee with woond'ring eyes shall gaze
On many fundrie curious maze:
And view the Architecture fare,
Of rich and statelie buddings rare.

And we shall looke about and see,
The wrack of time before our ee:
The pendul stones, their builders ban,
Imploring help at hand of man.

And wee shall see the Riuers rin,
With delicat and daintie din:
And how my *Douern* night and day,
With sweet Meanders slides away.

To pay her debts vnto the Sea,
And like a wanton *Nymph* doth flie
Through blooming banks with smiling face
Her Lord the Ocean to imbrace.

And





And wee shall see the towrs of tree,
Halfe feeme to swim, and halfe to flie:
Part in the Sea, part in the Aire,
And Eag'l heere, a *Dolphin* thaire.

Wee shall behold *Nereid* Nymphs,
Make waters welcome from their lymps:
And every houre into the day,
Fresh Floods and th' Ocean billowes play.

And we shall heare the Roches ring,
While storme-prefageing *Mermayds* sing:
And on the Rocks the law's shall roare,
Salut and refalut the Shoare.

And when *Apollo* takes his rest,
With wearie Horses in the West:
And *Cynthia* begins to shine,
Thy Poets *Tugur* shall be thine.

Then shalt thou see my homlie fare,
And what poore riches I haue thare:
And if those things can moue thy mind,
Come, come, and be no more vnkind.

Lisbia





LESBIA her answer to ALEXIS.

IF all were thine that there I see,
Thou paynts to breed content to mee:
Then those delights might moue my mind
To yeeld, and be no more vnkind.

Sith nought is thine that thou sets downe,
Saue Songs, thy selfe, thy Belt, thy Crowne,
Thy Tugure, and thy homely fare:
And that poore wealth which thou hast there.

I might be compted most accurst,
To dwell with thee, suppose I durst:
And men might thinke mee more then mad,
To leaue the better for the bad.

Yet leaft I should be deemd ingrate,
To loath thee for thy poore estate,
Though Fortune be thy fremmit foe,
No reafon were I should be fo.

Thy Lines allure mee to be thine,
And thou shalt see it soone or sine:
The christall streams shall backward moue,
Ere I forget thy faythfull loue.

A new



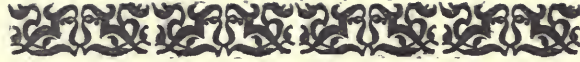


A new perfwasion to LESBIA.

O Nce more I pray thee be my Loue,
Come liue with mee, and thou shalt proue
All pleafures that a Poets vaine,
Can find on mould or in the mane.
Wilt thou vpon my *Parnas* walke,
And tread the Flowrs with leaue ftalke,
Which bud on my biforked tops:
Bedew'd with sweet *Caftalian* drops.
On *Thithorea* wilt thou go,
Or *Hyampeus* too and fro?
Or wilt thou with *Pierid* Nimphs,
Drinke of thefe euer-flowing Limphs,
From *Hyppocrene* which diuall,
Or fprings of *Aganippe* wall?
Wilt thou refofe thee in the fshade,
Which Nature hath diuinely made?
Apolloes Laurell thou fhalt fee,
And louely *Venus* Myrtle tree,
Alcides Popler full of ftate,
The Palme which thriues in fpight of hate.
Mineruaes Oliue, and the Mirr,
And of great *Mars* the warlike Firr:

Which





Which Nature hath so well despofed,
And therewithall fuch walks inclofed,
As for rich Tapeftrie fhall ferue,
From beames thy beautie to preferue:
The Gilliflowrs and Rofes fweet,
Shall ftoope their tops beneath thy feet:
The Violet and Primrofe faire,
The Marigold with yellow haire:
Both Moli and the Balme fhall fmell,
With Miriads more then I can tell:
The louely Herald of the Spring,
The *Philomel* to thee fhall fing,
Both Larke and Maues fhall abone.
Thy head their fmall recordars toone:
I'll make thee Garlands faire of Flowrs,
With Amadriads in their bowers,
With Myrtill boughs braue to behold,
And paint their leaues with fpangs of gold,
Which I will checker all with frets
Of prettie pinks and Violets:
And when *Apolloes* Coach agaue
Giues way vnto *Dianaes* Wane:
Thy Poet on his pyping Reed,
Thy fanfie with fweet Songs fhall feed.

Thon





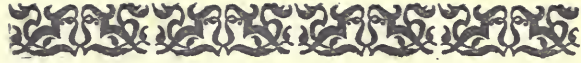
Thou shalt want no content of mind,
Saue wealth, which feldome Poets find:
If pouertie hath power to moue,
Come, come sweet heart, and be my Loue.

A Letter to LESBIA, shewing
his discontents.

Oft haue I pray'd thee be my Loue,
Come liue with mee, and thou shalt proue
All pleafures that a Poets vaine
Can find on mold, or in the mane:
Yet neither can my Loue (allace)
Nor my oblectaments haue place,
To moue thy hard and flintie hart,
Some pitie's portion to impart.
Dispeafure maks my Mufe be doomb,
And *Parnas* barren is become:
My Wels are dry, trite wayes my walks,
My Flow'rs do fade vpon their stalks:
Trees lack both leaues, and Larks to finge:
Thofe Fruits thy falset doth foorthbring,

Hadft





Hadst thou not known that I was poore,
Then Luker might thy loue allure:
Why art thou of so churlish kind,
To loue the moyan, not the mind?
Proud in her heart would *Phillis* bee,
To proue thy pedifeque, for mee:
Shee followeth mee, and yet I flie,
Pursew'd of her, and plagu'd of thee:
But wouldst thou to thy seruile slaue,
Bequeath the credit which I craue?
Muse, Birds, Hills, Wels, Trees, Flowrs, & Walks,
Would sing, flow, florish on their stalks:
And I reuiu'd by thee (faire Dame)
My wonted courage would acclame.
Then let me know thy vtter will,
Vpon this Paper good or ill:
And so till I the same receaue,
I am thy well affected slaue.

Sonet





Sonet to LESBIA.

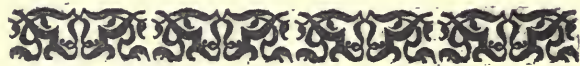
Time and my thoughts Together spurr the Post,
For once I thought to spend my time for gaine:
Yet while I thought this thought, the time was lost
And left me there, to thinke my thought was vaine
And while I pause the posting time to spend,
Time spends it selfe and mee: but how I muse?
The more I muse, the more I hast my end.
Thus Time doth mee, and I do Time abuse:
That Time once tint can not returne againe.
A secret sorrow doth posses my mind,
But least the world should know why I complaine
Deare to my soule I pray thee proue more kind.
I dreame the darke, and driue in dooll the day,
Thus wast my time, and weare my selfe away.





LESBIA her answer.

DRiue not deare hart, in dooll the day,
Waft not thy felfe nor Time away:
Doo not fo much as dreame by night,
Vnles thy Dreames be fhort and flight.
Though wauering wits in time will vaige,
Be thou thy felfe a constant *Craige*.
And for thy Loue thou bears to mee,
I am thy debtor till I die.
What I haue hight hap good or ill,
But fraud or feare I fhall fulfill,
I am not of a churlifh kind,
To loue the moyane not the mind,
No contrar chaufe, nor fortune ftrange,
Shall make my fetled mind to change:
I am thine fworne, and I fhall feale
What I haue fayd; till when fareweale.





CODRVS Complaint and
Farewell to *Ralatibia*.

A Shepheard poore with store of pains opprest
Beneath the branches of a leauie tree,
With Lute in hand deliuered his vnrest,
When none was nie but Satyrs, Fauns, and hee:
And hauing tund his base and treble string,
Hee sigh'd, hee sob'd, and thus began to sing.

Why am I banisht from those blessed bounds
Where I was wont with pleasure to repaire?
What cruell doome my comfort so confounds,
And casts mee in the confines of dispaire?
What haue I done, sayd, thought (allace the while)
that can procure proscrition and exile?

I am condem'd, and no inditment heard:
There is no grace nor mercie in her eyes.
I plead for peace, and presence is debard:
I loue, she loath's; I follow, and she flies:
All modest means that may be, I haue vs'd,
My Songs, my selfe, my friends, are all refus'd.
L. Why





Why, was I borne to be the poynt of paine,
The scorn of *Time*, the obloquie of *Fame*?
My fellow Shepherds frolicke ouer the plaine,
They feed their flocks, & court the countrie Dame
 On Holidayes their Sonets fweet thy sing,
 And to their Loues their best oblations bring.

But I exild from *Kalatibia's* eyes
By her decret, whom I shall ay adore:
Must sacrifice, sigh, tears, plaints, grons, and cries:
But all in vaine, and woe is mee therefore:
 I long, I loue, I fry, I freeze, I pine,
 No punishment can be compar'd to mine.

Allace, allace, my flocks both starue and stray,
quit macerat to want their maisters eye:
Which with *Liciscas* harmles Barke would stay,
And turne againe from neighbour corns to mee:
 My litle Lambs, my faire and fertill Ewes,
 With fad reports their plaints for mee renewes.

What madnes mooues remorseles faire, thy mind,
Since neither plaints nor prayers can haue place?
Hast thou concluded still to kythe vnkind,
 And





And day by day delight in my disgrace?
O bee it so! if needs it must be so,
For I am armd for euerie kind of woe.

Since I am thus proscrib'd, I pray thee take
(Faire *Kalatibia*) this inforc'd fareweale.
Since Fortune, Loue, and weerds, auow my wrake,
To whom shall I (despifed soule) appeale?
O loue no more, nor leue no more a thrall,
Die *Codrus* die, end loue and life and all.

But Puffillanyme poore and hartles man,
Why wouldst thou die to please so proud a Dame?
Though thou be banisht for a while, what than,
Shee's not so cruell but shee may reclame?
Yet flie, be gone; let good or bad befall thee.
And care no more, suppose she neuer recall thee.

And thus poore soule, from out the Groue he goes,
And leaues (allace) both Lines and Lute behind:
Which I (the true Secretar to his woes,
And fellow of his fortunes) did forth find:
And for his sake I sigh, sing, say, & show them
that cruel she, whō they concern may know thē.

L ii.

Codrus





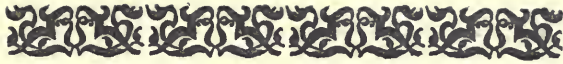
C O D R V S his reconciliation to
his heart, after he hath abiured
KALATIBIA.

P Oore wandering hart, which like the prodig child
From reasons rule hath run so long astray,
Mised by *Loue*, with fancies fond beguild:
And now returnd with torne and rent array,
my halfe and better part since thou art come,
with true remorse most kindly welcome home.

Laciuious looks of life bewitching eye,
Inconstant oath's of most vnsetled mind,
You fals inflections of a *Iudas* knee,
You worthles voves which vanish with the wind,
Dispatch your selfe, and let mee liue in peace,
Within my hart thou haue no dwelling place.

Come sit thee downe (deare hart) wee'l haue a feast
My fond Conceits I for a Calfe will kill:
I am thy Oast, and thou shalt be my guest,
Repenting Teares will furnish Wine at will:
Our Musick Sighs : and if I were more able,
Fayth thou should find a banquet for thytable.
with





With hartie draughts will wee to drinke begin,
Vnto the brim let reasonn fill each bowl:
I'll lock the gate, and *Loue* shall not looke in,
That our contract may knit without controull,
 In surest fort let vs betroth our selfe,
 And band gainst Beautie, and the blinded elfe.

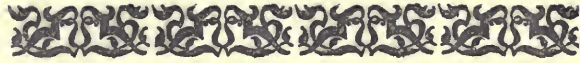
Sigh forie hart, and I will weepe with thee,
Let no eclipse diuide vs two againe:
Let Reason hencefoorth guyd and ruler bee,
And wast no more the swift wingd Time in vaine
 And while my teares can intertaine thy feast,
 Repenting heart thou art a pleasing Ghueft.

Now fetlet heart secure and free from feare,
Though all the earth should sinke in seas of Loue,
Fleet in the Arke, sit still in Reasons chare,
And to the world giue verdicts from aboue,
 The life of Wifedome in Experience lies:
 Then let thine owne misfortuns mak thee wife.

Famineos post hac disce cauere dolos.

FINIS.





To the Author.

L *Oue* now resolu'd to work so rare a wonder,
As to make *Rocks* bereauers, *Stones* a *Streame*,
Straight to a *Craig* of *Caledon* hee came:
Whose yet vndaunted prid hee gan to ponder.
Haue I (said hee) the Earth's deepe Center vnder,
Made *Phlegeton* his floods to feare my flame?
Did I the mightie *Trident* bearer tame,
And threatned too, the thrower of the thunder?
And shall one onely *Craig* withstand my dart,
With that his *Arrow* to his eare he drew,
which through the yeelding air loud whistling flew
And turnd his hardnes to a humane Hart:
From out whose wound, witnes you Nymph's but names
Great Floods gush out of sweet Castalian streames.

I. M.





Cragio suo.

*I*ngenij si verna seges primoribus annis,
in tam laudandum luxuriauit opus:
Quos fructus sperare iubes cum fortibus annis,
Iudicij accedit lima seuera tui.

Robertus Aytonus.

De Alexandro Rupœo populari,
familiari et amico suo qui supra
plebem vulgus et populum.

*T*Hreicij quisquis credit modulamine vatis
saxa, feras, scopulos ressilijse locis:
Orphea crediderit rediuuium carmine Rupis
Arctoæ tumulo ressilijse suo.

Arthurus Gordonus.





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