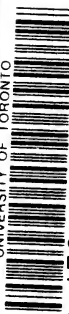


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I

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Early English Poets.

THE  
COMPLETE POEMS  
OF  
SIR PHILIP SIDNEY.

EDITED,

WITH

*Memorial-Introduction and Notes,*

BY THE

REV. ALEXANDER B. GROSART.



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FROM  
THE COUNTESSE OF PEMBROKE'S  
ARCADIA.

VOL. III.

A



THE COUNTESSE OF PEMBROKE'S  
'ARCADIA.'

LI. *Love-lines 'Engraved' on a Tree.*

DOE not disdain, O streight vp-raised pine,  
That, wounding thee, my thoughts in thee I graue,  
Since that my thoughts, as streight as streightnesse  
thine,

No smaller wound—alas, far deeper—haue :  
Deeper engrau'd, which salue nor time can saue, 5  
Giu'n to my heart by my sore-wounded eyne :  
Thus cruell to my selfe, how canst thou craue  
My inward hurt should spare thy outward rine ?  
Yet still, faire tree, lift vp thy stately line,  
Liue long, and long witness my chosen smart, 10  
Which barr'd desires (barr'd by my selfe) impart,  
And in this growing barke grow verses mine ;  
My heart my word, my word hath giu'n my hart.  
The giuer giu'n from gift shall neuer part.<sup>7</sup>

(pp. 348-9.)

<sup>7</sup> In the preceding line each giver is given, and the meaning therefore is, neither shall part from the other, neither heart from word, nor word from heart.

LII. *Love-inscription on a Tree-root.*

SWEETE roote, say thou the roote of my desire  
Was Vertue cladde in constant Loue's attire.

(p. 349.)

LIII. *Musidorus' Love-words.*

YOU goodly pines, which still with braue ascent  
In Nature's pride your heads to heav'nward  
heave;—

Though you, besides such graces earth hath lent,  
Of some late grace<sup>8</sup> a greater grace receiue,  
By her who was (O blessed you !) content 5  
With her faire hand your tender barkes to cleaue,  
And so by you (O blessed you !) hath sent  
Such piercing words as no thoughts else conceiue;—  
Yet yeeld your grant ; a baser hand may leaue [this as]  
your grant  
His thoughts in you, where so sweet thoughts were  
spent : 10  
For how would you the mistresse' thoughts bereaue

<sup>8</sup> 'Of some late grace' = Through some late vouchsafed grace of heaven receive a greater grace [than those lent by earth] by her, &c.

Of waiting thoughts, all to her seruice ment ?  
 Nay, higher thoughts (though thrallèd thoughts) I call  
 My thoughts then hers, who first your ryne did rent : than  
 Then hers, to whom my thoughts, alonely thrall, only  
 Rising from lowe, are to the highest bent ; 16  
 Where hers, whom worth makes highest ouer all while  
 Comming from her, cannot but downward fall.

(P. 349.)

LIV. *Pamela and Musidorus.*

## PAMELA.

**L**IKE diuers flowers, whose diuers beauties serue  
 To decke the earth with his well-colour'd weede,  
 Though each of them his priuate forme preserue,  
 Yet ioyning formes, one sight of beautie breede.  
 Right so my thoughts, whereon my heart I feede, 5  
 Right so my inward parts and outward glasse,  
 Though each possesse a diuers working kinde,  
 Yet all well knit to one faire end doe passe :—  
 That he to whom these sundry gifts I binde,  
 All what I am, still one, his owne, doe finde. 10

## MUSIDORUS.

All what you are, still one, his owne, to finde,  
 You that are borne to be the worlde's eye !

What were it else but to make each thing blinde,  
 And to the sunne with waxen wings to flie?  
 No, no; such force with my small force to trye      15  
 Is not my skill, or reach of mortall minde.  
 Call me but yours, my title is most hye;  
 Hold me most yours, then my long suite is sign'd.  
 You none can claime but you your selfe aright,  
 For you doe passe your selfe in vertue's might.      20  
 So both are yours: I, bound with gaged hart;  
 You onely yours, too farre beyond desart.      (p. 350.)

LV. *Sleep.*

**L**OCK vp, faire liddes, the treasure of my heart,  
 Preserue those beames, this age's onely light;  
 To her sweet sence, sweet sleepe some ease impart,—  
 Her sence, too weake to beare her spirit's might.  
 And while, O sleepe, thou closest vp her sight,—      5  
 Her sight, where Loue did forge his fairest dart,—  
 O harbour all her parts in easefull plight;  
 Let no strange dreame make her faire body start.  
 But yet, O dreame, if thou wilt not depart  
 In this rare subiect from thy common right,      10  
 But wilt thy selfe in such a seate delight,  
 Then take my shape, and play a louer's part:



Kisse her from me, and say vnto her sprite,  
Till her eyes shine I liue in darkest night. (p. 350.)

LVI. *Madrigall.*

WHY dost thou haste away,  
O Titan faire, the giuer of the day ?  
Is it to carry newes  
To westerne wights what starres in east appeare ?  
Or doest thou thinke that here 5  
Is left a sunne, whose beames thy place may vse ?  
Yet stay, and well peruse  
What be her gifts, that make her equall thee ;  
Bend all thy light to see  
In earthly clothes enclos'de a heauenly sparke. 10  
'Thy running course cannot such beauties marke.'<sup>9</sup>  
No, no ; thy motions be  
Hastened from vs, with barre of shadow darke,  
Because that thou, the author of our sight,  
Disdain'st we see thee staine with other's light. 15  
(p. 354.)

<sup>9</sup> It appears to me that this line is a repetition of the sun's supposed answer, and hence I have placed it within (' '). Then comes the reply, No, no, &c. Line 13, *i. e.* with bar of dark shadow let down between us.

LVII. *Philoclea's Passion.*

**O** STEALING time, the subiect of delaie  
 (Delay, the racke of vnrefrain'd desire),  
 What strange designe hast thou my hopes to staie,—  
 My hopes, which doe but to mine owne aspire?  
 Mine owne ! O word on whose sweet sound doth pray  
 My greedy soule with gripe of inward fire,— 6  
 Thy title great I iustly challenge may,<sup>1</sup>  
 Since in such phrase his faith he did attire.  
**O** Time, become the chariot of my ioyes ;  
 As thou drawest on, so let my blisse draw neere ; 10  
 Each moment lost, part of my hap destroyes.  
 Thou art the father of occasion deare ;  
 Ioyne with thy sonne to ease my long annoyes :  
 In speedy helpe thanke-worthy friends appeare.

(pp. 354-5.)

LVIII. *My Lute.*

**M**Y Lute, within thy selfe thy tunes enclose,  
 Thy mistresse' song is now a sorrow's crie ;  
 Her hand benumb'd with Fortune's daily blowes,  
 Her mind amaz'd can neither's helpe apply.

<sup>1</sup> The construction is—I may justly challenge [as] great.

Weare these my words as mourning weeds of woes,—5  
 Blacke inke becomes the state wherein I die ;  
 And though my mones be not in musicke bound  
 Of written griefes, yet be the silent ground.<sup>2</sup>

The world doth yeeld such ill-consorted shoves,  
 With circled course, which no-wise stay can trie, 10  
 That childish stuffe, which knowes not friends from foes  
 (Better despise), bewonder gasing eye.  
 Thus noble gold downe to the bottome goes,  
 When worthlesse corke aloft doth floting lye :  
 Thus in thy selfe least strings are loudest found, 15  
 And lowest stops doe yeeld the highest sound.

(pp. 356-7.)

LIX. *Love-signs.*

WHEN two sunnes doe appeare,  
 Some say it doth betoken wonders neare,  
 As prince's losse or change.  
 Two gleaming sunnes of splendour like I see,  
 And seeing feele in me 5

<sup>2</sup> 'ground.': an old musical term for an air or musical subject, on which variations and divisions were to be made, the variations being called the descant.

Of prince's heart quite lost the ruine strange.  
 But now each where doth range  
 With vgly cloke the darke enuious Night ;  
 Who, full of guiltie spite,  
 Such liuing beames should her blacke seate assaile, 10  
 Too weake for them our weaker sight doth vaile.<sup>3</sup>  
 No, sayes faire moone, my light  
 Shall barre that wrong; and though it not preuaile  
 Like to my brother's rayes, yet those I send  
 Hurt not the face which nothing can amend. 15

(p. 358.)

LX. *Aurora.*

**A**VRORA, now thou shewest thy blushing light,  
 Which oft to hope layes out a guilefull baite,<sup>4</sup>  
 That trusts in time to finde the way aright  
 To ease those paines which on desire doe waite ;  
 Blush on, for shame that still with thee doe light 5

<sup>3</sup> Construction is—doth vail our weaker sight, [sight] too weak for them.

<sup>4</sup> Lines 1-2. The thought perhaps suggested by the proverbial weather-saying :

‘Red in the morning  
 Is the shepherd's warning.’

On pensiue soules, in steed of restfull baite,  
 Care vpon care ; in steed of doing right,<sup>5</sup>  
 To ouer-pressèd breasts more grieuous waight :  
 As, oh my selfe, whose woes are neuer light, 9  
 Tide to the stake of doubt, strange passions baite ;  
 While thy knowne course, obseruing Nature's right,  
 Stirres me to thinke what dangers lie in waite :  
 For mischiefes great, day after day doth show, [that] day  
 Make me still feare thy faire-appearing show. (p. 359.)

LXI. *Beauty.*

**B**EAUTIE hath force to catch the humane sight ;  
 Sight doth bewitch the fancie euill-awakèd ;  
 Fancie we feele includes all passion's might ;  
 Passion rebeld oft reason's strength hath shakèd.  
 No wonder then though sight my sight did taint, that  
 And though thereby my fancie was infected ; 6  
 Though, yokèd so, my mind with sicknesse faint  
 Had reason's weight for passion's ease reiected.  
 But now the fit is past, and time hath giu'n

<sup>5</sup> The construction is, instead of doing right to our pressed breasts, [still with thee does light] more grievous weight.

Leisure to weigh what due desert requireth, 10  
 All thoughts so sprung are from their dwelling driu'n,  
 And Wisedome to his wonted seate aspireth,  
 Crying in me: Eye-hopes deceitfull proue ;  
 Things rightly priz'd, loue is the band of loue. (p. 361.)  
 [Things [being

LXII. *Lines engraved on a Gold Philtre-bottle.*

LET him drinke this whom long in armes to fold  
 Thou dost desire, and with free power to hold.  
 (p. 365.)

LXIII. *Contentment.*

GET hence, foule Griefe, the canker of the minde ;  
 Farewell, Complaint, the miser's onely pleasure ;  
 Away, vain Cares, by which few men doe finde  
 Their sought-for treasure.

Ye helpelesse sighes, blow out your breath to nought ; 5  
 Teares, drowne your selues, for woe your cause is  
 wasted ;  
 Thought, thinke to end,—too long the fruit of thought  
 My minde hath tasted.

But thou, sure Hope, tickle my leaping heart ;  
 Comfort, step thou in place of wonted sadnesse ; 10  
 Fore-felt Desire, begin to savour part  
 Of comming gladnesse.

Let voice of sighes into cleare musicke run ;  
 Eyes, let your teares with gazing now be mended ;  
 In steed of thought true pleasure be begun, 15  
 And neuer ended. (p. 366.)

LXIV. *Secret Woes.*<sup>6</sup>

<sup>1</sup>V<sup>2</sup>ERTUE, <sup>3</sup>beautie, and <sup>1</sup>speech, <sup>2</sup>did <sup>1</sup>strike, <sup>2</sup>wound,  
<sup>3</sup>charme,

<sup>1</sup>My heart, <sup>2</sup>eyes, <sup>3</sup>eares, with <sup>1</sup>wonder, <sup>2</sup>loue, <sup>3</sup>delight ;

<sup>1</sup>First, <sup>2</sup>second, <sup>3</sup>last, <sup>1</sup>did <sup>2</sup>binde, <sup>3</sup>enforce, and <sup>1</sup>arme,

<sup>1</sup>His works, <sup>2</sup>showes, <sup>3</sup>suites, with <sup>1</sup>wit, <sup>2</sup>grace, and <sup>3</sup>vow's  
 might.

<sup>1</sup>Thus honour, <sup>2</sup>liking, <sup>3</sup>trust, <sup>1</sup>much, <sup>2</sup>farre, and <sup>3</sup>deepe, 5

<sup>1</sup>Held, <sup>2</sup>pearst, <sup>3</sup>possest, <sup>1</sup>my iudgement, <sup>2</sup>sense, and <sup>3</sup>will,

<sup>1</sup>Till wrong, <sup>2</sup>contempt, <sup>3</sup>deceit, <sup>1</sup>did grow, <sup>2</sup>steale, <sup>3</sup>creepe,

<sup>6</sup> The student-reader will study the prose-context here, pp. 368-9  
*et seqq.*

<sup>1</sup>Bands, <sup>2</sup>fauour, <sup>3</sup>faith, to <sup>1</sup>breake, <sup>2</sup>defile, and <sup>3</sup>kill.  
 Then <sup>1</sup>griefe, <sup>2</sup>vnkindnesse, <sup>3</sup>prooffe, <sup>1</sup>tooke, <sup>2</sup>kindled, <sup>3</sup>thought,  
 Well-grounded, <sup>1</sup>noble, <sup>2</sup>due, <sup>3</sup>spite, <sup>1</sup>rage, <sup>2</sup>disdaine ; 10  
 But ah, <sup>1</sup>alas, <sup>2</sup>in vain my minde, <sup>3</sup>sight, <sup>1</sup>thought,  
 Doth him, <sup>1</sup>his face, <sup>2</sup>his words, <sup>3</sup>leaue, <sup>1</sup>shunne, <sup>2</sup>refraine ;  
 For no <sup>1</sup>thing, <sup>2</sup>time, nor <sup>3</sup>place, can <sup>1</sup>loose, <sup>2</sup>quench, <sup>3</sup>ease,  
 Mine owne, <sup>1</sup>embraced, <sup>2</sup>sought, <sup>3</sup>knot, <sup>1</sup>fire, <sup>2</sup>disease.

(p. 368.)

LXV. *Deaf Heauens.*

**T**HE loue which is imprinted in my soule  
 With Beautie's seale and Vertue faire disguis'de,<sup>7</sup>  
 With inward cries puts vp a bitter role  
 Of huge complaints, that now it is despis'de.  
 Thus, thus the more I loue, the wrong the more 5  
 Monstrous appears,—long truth receiuèd late ;  
 Wrong sturres remorsèd griefe, griefe's deadly sore  
 Vnkindnesse breeds, vnkindnesse fostereth hate.  
 But, ah, the more I hate, the more I thinke think [on  
 Whom I doe hate ; the more I thinke on him 10  
 The more his matchlesse giftes doe deeply sinke

<sup>7</sup> Construction is—disguisde [as] vertue faire.



Into my breast, and loues renewèd swimme.  
 What medicine, then, can such disease remoue,  
 Where loue drawes hate, and hate engendreth loue ?

(pp. 369-70.)

LXVI. *Dicus ; Epithalamium.*

LET mother Earth now decke her selfe in flowers,  
 To see her off-spring seeke a good increase,  
 Where iustest loue doth vanquish Cupid's powers,  
 And warre of thoughts is swallowed vp in peace,  
 Which neuer may decrease, 5  
 But, like the turtles faire,  
 Liue one in two, a well-vnited paire ;  
 Which that no chance may staine,  
 O Hymen, long their coupled ioyes maintaine !

O heau'n, awake, shew forth thy stately face ; 9  
 Let not these slumbring clouds thy beauties hide,  
 But with thy cheerefull presence helpe to grace  
 The honest Bridegroome and the bashfull Bride ;  
 Whose loues may euer bide,  
 Like to the elme and vine,  
 With mutuall embracements them to twyne ;  
 In which delightfull paine, 16  
 O Hymen, long their coupled ioyes maintaine !

Yee Muses all, which chaste affects allow,  
 And haue to Thyrsis shewed your secret skill,  
 To this chaste loue your sacred fauours bow,                    20  
 And so to him and her your gifts distill,  
     That they all vice may kill,  
     And, like to lillies pure,  
     May please all eyes, and spotlesse may endure,  
     Where that all blisse may raigne :                                 25  
     O Hymen, long their coupled ioyes maintaine !

Yee Nymphes which in the waters empire haue,<sup>8</sup>  
 Since Thyrsis' musicke oft doth yeeld you praise,  
 Grant to the thing which we for Thyrsis craue ; grant the  
 Let one time—but long first—close vp their daies,    30

<sup>8</sup> Lines 8-27, *et seqq.* The Nymphs of Waters presided over life, and hence I suppose over the end of life. The rest, by the simile of rivers, seems to belong to them too ; though it sounds strange to wish their lives to glide on as one stream, after the wish as to their single grave. Hence, I rather incline to think, that taking the thought from his previous mention of the Nymphs, Sidney says, And [that] like two rivers sweet, one stream of their life [may] contain both : do thou, O Hymen, &c. Yet it must be said that the construction of l. 8 rather favours the former view. Is the 'stream of life' = after the 'bodies' are laid in the 'one grave' ?

One graue their bodies seaze ;  
 And like two riuers sweet,  
 When they, though diuers, doe together meet,  
 One streame both streames containe : 34  
 O Hymen, long their coupled ioyes maintaine !

Pan, father Pan, the god of silly sheepe,  
 Whose care is cause that they in number grow,  
 Haue much more care of them that them doe keepe—  
 Since from these good the others' good doth flow—  
 And make their issue show 40  
 In number like the heard  
 Of yonglings, which thy selfe with loue hast reard ;  
 Or like the drops of raine,  
 O Hymen, long their coupled ioyes maintaine !

Vertue, if not a God, yet God's chiefe part, 45  
 Be thou the knot of this their open vow,  
 That still he be her head, she be his heart ;  
 He leane to her, she vnto him doe bow,  
 Each other still allow ;  
 Like oke and mistletoe, 50  
 Her strength from him, his praise from her doe  
 growe :

In which most louely traine,  
 O Hymen, long their coupled ioyes maintaine !

But thou, foule Cupid, sire to lawlesse lust,  
 Be thou farre hence with thy empoyson'd dart,      55  
 Which, though of glittering golde, shall here take rust,  
 Where simple loue, which chastnesse doth impart,  
   Auoides thy hurtfull art ;  
   Not needing charming skill,  
 Such mindes with sweet affections for to fill ;      60  
 Which being pure and plaine,  
 O Hymen, long their coupled ioyes maintaine !

All churlish words, shrewd answers, crabbèd lookes,  
 All priuatenesse, selfe-seeking, inward spite,  
 All waywardnesse which nothing kindly brookes,      65  
 All strife for toyes and clayming master's right,  
   Be hence aye put to flight,  
   All stirring husband's hate  
 Gainst neighbors good for womanish debate,  
 Be fled, as things most vaine :      70  
 O Hymen, long their coupled ioyes maintaine !

All peacocke pride, and fruits of peacock's pride,  
 Longing to be with losse of substance gay ;  
 With retchlessnesse what may the house betide,

So that you may on hyer slippers stay, 75  
 For euer hence away :  
 Yet let not sluttery,  
 The sinke of filth, be counted huswifery,  
 But keeping whole your meane,  
 O Hymen, long their coupled ioyes maintaine ! 80

But aboue all, away vile ieaalousie,  
 The euill of euils, iust cause to be vniust ;  
 How can he loue suspecting trechery ?  
 How can she loue where loue cannot win trust ?  
 Goe, snake, hide thee in dust,  
 Ne dare once shew thy face 85  
 Where open hearts doe hold so constant place,  
 That they thy sting restraine :  
 O Hymen, long their coupled ioyes maintaine !

The Earth is deckt with flowers, the Heau'ns displaid,  
 Muses grant gifts, Nymphes long and ioynèd life,  
 Pan store of babes, vertue their thoughts well staid ; 91  
 Cupid's lust gone, and gone is bitter strife.  
 Happy man, happy wife !  
 No pride shall them oppresse,  
 Nor yet shall yeeld to lothsome sluttishnesse, 95  
 And ieaalousie is slaine ;  
 For Hymen will their coupled ioyes maintaine.

LXVII. *Nico*.<sup>9</sup>

A NEIGHBOUR mine not long ago there was  
 (But namelesse he, for blamelesse he shall be),  
 That married had a tricke and bonny lasse      neat = trig  
 As in a sommer-day a man might see;  
 But he himselfe a foule vnhandsome groome,      5  
 And farre vnfit to hold so good a roome.

Now, whether moou'd with selfe-vnworthinesse,  
 Or with her beauty, fit to make a pray,  
 Fell iealousie did so his braine oppresse,  
 That if he absent were but halfe a day,      10  
 He ghest the worst (you wot what is the worst),  
 And in himselfe new doubting causes nurst.

While thus he fear'd the silly<sup>10</sup> innocent,  
 Who yet was good, because shee knew none ill;

<sup>9</sup> This is like, and one would say is modelled on, a tale by Boccaccio, and yet there are touches of circumstance and of individuality in the description of the courtier, as to lead to the supposition that it may have been based on some scandalous story of those times.

<sup>10</sup> 'silly' may here be a kind of reduplication of innocent in sense of simple (*sine plica*), simple innocent, innocent unknowing of ill. Cf. 'silly garment' and note in our *Southwell*, p. 174.

Vnto his house a iollie shepheard went, 15  
 To whom our prince did beare a great good will,  
 Because in wrestling <sup>1</sup> and in pastorall tilting?  
 He farre did passe the rest of shepheards all.

And therefore he a courtier was benamed,  
 And as a courtier was with cheere receiued; 20  
 For they haue tongues to make a poore man blamed,  
 If he to them his dutie misconceiued :  
 And for this courtier should well like his table,  
 The good man bade his wife be seruiceable.

And so she was, and all with good intent; 25  
 But few dayes past, while she good maner vsde,  
 But that her husband thought her seruice bent  
 To such an end as he might be abusde :  
 Yet, like a coward, fearing strangers pride,  
 He made the simple wench his wrath abide.<sup>2</sup> 30

<sup>1</sup> I put 'wrestling' = tilting, in the margin, as the rank of the person forbids the 'wrestling' of the 'common people.'

<sup>2</sup> 'abide' seems right at first sight, but the true construction of next stanza is, He for'st her, with chumpish looks, &c. to think. There are some touches of humour in this piece, which I have endeavoured to mark by an occasional (—).

With chumpish lookes, hard words, and secret nips,  
 Grumbling at her when she his kindnesse sought,  
 Asking her how she tasted courtier's lips,  
 He forst her thinke that which she neuer thought ;  
     In fine, he made her ghesse there was some sweet  
     In that which he so fear'd that she should meet. 36

When once this entred was in woman's hart,  
 And that it had enflam'd a new desire,  
 There rested then to play a woman's part,  
 Fuell to seeke, and not to quench the fire : 40  
     But for his iealous eye she well did finde,  
     She studied cunning how the same to blinde.

And thus she did : one day to him she came,  
 And, though against his will, on him she leand,  
 And out gan cry : Ah, well-away for shame, 45  
 If you helpe not, our wedlock will be staind !  
     The goodman, starting, askt what her did moue ;  
     She sigh'd and said : The bad guest sought her loue.

He, little looking that she should complaine  
 Of that whereto he fear'd she was enclinde, 50  
 Bussing her oft, and in his heart full faine, glad  
 He did demaund what remedie to finde ;



How they might get that guest from them to wend,  
And yet the Prince, that lou'd him, not offend.

Husband, quoth she, goe to him by and by,                   55  
And tell him you doe finde I doe him loue ;  
And therefore pray him that of curtesie  
He will absent himselfe, lest he should moue  
    A yong girle's heart to that were shame for both ;  
    Whereto, you know, his honest heart were loath. 60

Thus shall you shew that him you doe not doubt,  
And as for me, sweet husband, I must beare.  
Glad was the man when he had heard her out,  
And did the same, although with mickle feare ;  
    For feare he did, lest he the yong man might           65  
    In choller put, with whom he would not fight.

The courtly shepheard, much agast at this,  
Not seeing earst such token in the wife,  
Though full of scorne, would not his dutie misse,  
Knowing that ill becomes a household strife,—           70  
    Did goe his way, but soiourn'd neare thereby,  
    That yet the ground hereof he might espie.

The wife thus hauing settled husband's braine,—  
Who would haue sworne his spouse Diana was,—

Watchèd when she a further point might gaine, 75  
 Which little time did fitly bring to passe :  
 For to the Court her man was call'd by name,  
 Whither he needs must goe for feare of blame.

Three dayes before that he must sure depart  
 She written had, but in a hand disguisde, 80  
 A letter such, which might from either part,  
 Seeme to proceed, so well it was deuisde.  
 She seald it first, then she the sealing brake,  
 And to her iealous husband did it take.

With weeping eyes (her eyes she taught to weep) 85  
 She told him that the Courtier had it sent :  
 Alas, quoth she,—thus women's shame doth creepe !  
 The goodman read on both sides the content ;  
 It title had, Vnto my onely Loue : 89  
 Subscription was, Yours most, if you will proue.

The pistle' selfe such kind of words it had :—  
 ' My sweetest ioy, the comfort of my spirite,  
 So may thy flockes' increase, thy deare heart glad ;  
 So may each thing, euen as thou wishest light, 94  
 As thou wilt deigne to reade, and gently reed judge  
 This mourning inke, in which my heart doth bleed.

Long haue I lou'd (alas thou worthy art) ;  
 Long haue I lou'd (alas loue craueth loue) ;  
 Long haue I lou'd thy selfe, alas my heart 99  
 Doth breake, now tongue vnto thy name doth moue :  
     And thinke not that thy answer answer is,  
     But that it is my doome of bale or blisse.

The iealous wretch must now to Court be gone ;  
 Ne can he faile, for Prince hath for him sent :  
 Now is the time we may be here alone, 105  
 And giue a long desire a sweet content.  
     Thus shall you both reward a louer true,  
     And eke reuenge his wrong-suspecting you.'<sup>3</sup>

And this was all, and this the husband read  
 With chafe enough, till she him pacified ; 110  
 Desiring that no grieffe in him be bread,  
 Now that he had her words so truely tried,  
     But that he would to him the letter show,  
     That with his fault he might her goodnesse know.

<sup>3</sup> Query—his wrong, *i.e.* the wrong he does in suspecting you, or wrong-suspecting?

That straight was done with many a boystrous threat,  
 That to the King he would his sinne declare : 116  
 But now the Courtier 'gan to smell the feat,  
 And with some words which shewèd little care,  
     He staid vntill the goodman was departed, 119  
     Then gaue he him the blow which neuer smarted.

Thus may you see the iealous wretch was made  
 The pandar of the thing he most did feare.  
 Take heed, therefore, how you ensue that trade, follow  
 Lest the same markes of iealousie you beare :  
     For sure no iealousie can that preuent, 125  
     Whereto two parties once be full content.

(pp. 377-80.)

LXVIII. *A Wife.*

WHO doth desire that chaste his wife should be,  
     First, be he true, for truth doth truth deserue :  
 Then such be he as she his worth may see,  
 And one man still credite with her preserue.  
 Not toying kind, nor causelesly vnkind ; 5  
 Not stirring thoughts, nor yet denying right ;  
 Not spying faults, nor in plaine errors blind ;  
 Neuer hard hand, nor euer raines too light.  
 As farre from want, as farre from vaine expence

(The one doth force, the latter doth entice); 10  
 Allow good company, but keepe from thence  
 All filthy mouthes that glory in their vice.

This done, thou hast no more, but leaue the rest  
 To vertue, fortune, time, and woman's brest.

(pp. 380-1.)

LXIX. *A Countrie Song.*

THE lad Philisides	3	<i>iamb.</i>
Lay by a riuer side,	3	
In flowry field a gladder eye to please :	5	
His pipe was at his foot,	3	
His lambs were him beside,	3 5	
A widdow turtle neare on barèd root	5	
Sate wayling without boot.		
Each thing both sweet and sad		
Did draw his boyling braine		
To thinke, and thinke with paine	10	
Of Mira's beames, eclipst by absence bad.		
And thus, with eyes made dimme		
With teares, he said, or Sorrow said for him :		
O Earth, once answer giue,		
So may thy stately grace	15	
By North or South still rich adornèd liue ;		

So Mira long may be  
 On thy then blessed face,  
 Whose foot doth set a heau'n on cursed thee ;  
 I aske, now answer me, 20  
 If th' author of thy blisse,  
 Phœbus, that shepheard high,  
 Doe turne from thee his eye,  
 Doth not thy selfe, when he long absent is,  
 Like rogue, all ragged goe,  
 And pine away with daily wasting woe ? 25  
 Tell me, you wanton brooke ;—  
 So may your sliding race <sup>4</sup>  
 Shun loathèd-louing bankes with cunning crooke ;  
 So in you euer new  
 Mira may looke her face, 30  
 And make you faire with shadow of her hue ;  
 So when you pay your due  
 To mother sea<sup>5</sup> you come,  
 She chide you not for stay,  
 Nor beat you for your play,— 35

<sup>4</sup> See note on *Astrophel and Stella* : Glossarial Index under 'race.'

<sup>5</sup> =the Sea, which in the then philosophy, by secret ways in the earth, fed all the springs. See our note in *Southwell*, p. 47.

Tell me, if your diuerted springs become  
 Absented quite from you,  
 Are you not dried? Can you your selues renew?  
 Tell me, you flowers faire,  
 Cowslop and Columbine ;— 40  
 So may your Make this wholesome spring time ayre mate  
 With you embracèd lie,  
 And lately thence vntwine : at a late date  
 But with dew drops engender children hie ;  
 So may you neuer die, 45  
 But, pull'd by Mira's hand,  
 Dresse bosome hers, or head,  
 Or scatter on her bed ;—  
 Tell me, if husband spring time leaue your land,  
 When he from you is sent, 50  
 Wither not you, languisht with discontent?  
 Tell me, my silly pipe ;—  
 So may thee still betide  
 A cleanly cloth thy moistnesse for to wipe ;  
 So may the cherries red 55  
 Of Mira's lips diuide  
 Their sugred selues to kisse thy happy head ;  
 So may her eares be led—  
 Her eares where Musicke liues—  
 To heare and not despise 60

Thy lyribliring<sup>6</sup> cryes ;—  
 Tell if that breath, which thee thy sounding giues,  
 Be absent farre from thee,  
 Absent alone canst thou, then, piping be?  
 Tell me, my lambe of gold ;— 65  
 So maist thou long abide  
 The day well fed, the night in faithfull folde ;  
 So grow thy wooll of note  
 In time, that, richly dy'd,  
 It may be part of Mira's petticote,— 70  
 Tell me, if wolues the throte  
 Haue caught of thy deare damme,  
 Or she from thee be stayd,  
 Or thou from her be strayd,  
 Canst thou, poore lambe, become another's lamme? 75  
 Or rather, till thou die,  
 Still for thy dam with bea-waymenting crie ?  
 Tell me, O turtle true ;—  
 So may no fortune breed  
 To make thee nor thy better-louèd rue ; 80

<sup>6</sup> Nares says, a sort of cant or fictitious word, signifying warbling or singing. He gives no other example than this. It is plainly imitative.



So may thy blessings swarme,  
 That Mira may thee feede  
 With hand and mouth, with lap and breast keepe  
     warme,—  
 Tell me if greedie arme  
 Doe fondly take away, 85  
 With traytor lime, the one, bird-lime  
 The other left alone,—  
 Tell me, poore wretch, parted from wretched pray,<sup>7</sup> prey  
 Disdaine not you the greene,  
 Wayling till death shun you not to be seene? 90  
 Earth, brooke, flowrs, pipe, lambe, doue  
 Say all, and I with them,  
 Absence is death, or worse, to them that loue.  
 So I, vnluckie lad,  
 Whom hilles from her doe hemme, 95  
 What fits me now but teares and sighings sad !  
 O fortune, too too bad !  
 I rather would my sheepe  
 Tha'dst killèd with a stroke,  
 Burnt cabin, lost my cloke, 100

<sup>7</sup> I presume 'from the wretched one that has become the prey of the fowler.'

Than want one howre those eyes which my ioyes keepe.  
O, what doth wailing winne?

Speech without end were better not beginne.

My song, climbe thou the wind, 104

Which Cyprus<sup>8</sup> sweet now gently sendeth in,

That on his wings the leauell thou maist find

To hit, but kissing hit

Her ears the weights of wit. the things that weigh

If thou know not for whom thy Master dies,

These markes shall make thee wise : 110

She is the heardesse faire that shines in darke,

And giues her kids no food, but willow's barke.

This said, at length he ended

His oft sigh-broken dittie, 114

Then raise, but raise on legs with faintnesse bended,

With skinne in sorow died, [rose, rose

With face the plot of pitie,

With thoughts, which thoughts, their owne tormentors,  
tried.

He rose, and streight espied

His ramme, who to recouer 120

The ewe another loued,

<sup>8</sup> In 1605 'Holland.'

With him proud battell proued.  
 He enuied such a death in sight of loue,  
 And alwaies westward eying,  
 More enuied Phœbus for his westerne flying. 125  
 (pp. 381-4.)

LXX. *Shepherd-Lay.*

AS I my little flocke on Ister banke  
 (A little flocke, but well my pipe they couth)  
 Did piping leade, the sunne alreadie sanke [knew  
 Beyond our world ; and ere I got my booth, [cover up]  
 Each thing with mantle black the night doth scoth ; 5  
 Sailing the glow-worme, which would courteous be  
 Of that small light oft watching shepherds see.

The welkin had full niggardly enclosed  
 In coffer of dimme clouds his siluer groates, 9  
 Iclepèd starres ; each thing to rest disposed, [was]  
 The caues were full, the mountaines voide of goates ;  
 The birds' eye clos'd, closèd their chirping notes :  
 As for the nightingale, wood-musicke's king,  
 It August was, he daign'd not then to sing.

Amid my sheepe, though I saw nought to feare, 15  
 Yet (for I nothing saw) I fearèd sore ;

Then found I which thing is a charge to beare :  
 As for my sheepe I dradded mickle more  
 Than euer for my selfe since I was bore.

I sate me downe, for see to goe ne could,           20  
 And sang vnto my sheepe lest stray they should.

The song I sang old Lanquet had me taught—  
 Lanquet, the shepheard best swift Ister knew  
 For clearly reed, and hating what is naught ;           24  
 For faithfull heart, cleane hands, and mouth as true ;  
 With his sweet skill my skillesse youth he drew  
 To haue a feeling taste of Him that sits  
 Beyond the heauen, farre more beyond our wits.

He said, the musicke best thilke powers pleas'd  
 Was iump<sup>9</sup> concord betweene our wit and will,           30

<sup>9</sup> 'iump' = equal, exactly together, all of a piece. It is said by some to be from 'jump together'; but this phrase is probably secondary, derived from the similarity of two really different words. More likely it is a variant of the root *imp*. An *imp* is an addition of like to like, or offspring like the parent, and hence would come to mean a thing equal to or of a piece with another. It favours this derivation that Shakespeare uses it much in the sense of *imp*, when he says, 'to jump a body with a dangerous physic' (*Coriolanus*, act iii. sc. 1). Other passages support the same view.

Where highest notes to godlinesse are rais'd,  
 And lowest sinke not downe to iote of ill ;  
 With old true tales he wont <sup>1</sup> mine eares to fill,  
     How shepherds did of yore, how now they thriue,  
     Spoyling their flocke, or while, twixt them, they  
         striue. [themselves

He likèd me, but pittied lustfull youth, 36  
 His good strong staffe my slipperie yeares vp bore ;  
 He still hop'd well because I louèd truth ;  
 Till forc't to part, with heart and eyes euen sore,  
 To worthy Coridon he gaue me ore. 40  
     But thus in okes' true shade recounted be,  
     Which now, in night's deepe shade, sheepe heard of  
         me.

Such manner time <sup>2</sup> there was (what time I n'ot)  
 When all this earth, this damme or mould of ours,  
 Was only won'd with such as beasts begot ;   dwelt [in]  
 Vnknowne as then were they that builded towers ; 46  
 The cattell wilde or tame, in Nature's bowers

<sup>1</sup> Used as by Donne without the substantive verb [was].

<sup>2</sup> See note on *Astrophel and Stella*: Glossarial Index s. v.:  
 'n'ot' = knew not, i. e. ne wot.

Might freely come, or rest, as seemèd them ; [best to]  
 Man was not made their dwellings in to hem.

The beasts had sure some beastly policie,— 50  
 For nothing can indure where order n'is,—  
 For once, the lion by the lambe did lie,  
 The fearefull hinde the leopard did kisse, le-o-pard  
 Hurtlesse was tyger's pawe and serpent's hisse :  
 This thinke I well, the beasts with courage clad, 55  
 Like senators a harmelesse empire had :

At which whether the others did repine  
 (For enuie harbreth most in feeblest hearts),  
 Or that they all to changing did incline  
 (As euen in beasts their dammes love changing parts),  
 The multitude to Ioue a suit imparts, [to bleat as lamb  
 With neighing, blaying, braying, and barking,  
 Roring and howling for to haue a king.

A king, in language theirs, they said they would,  
 For then their language was a perfect speech ; 65  
 The birds likewise with chirps and puing<sup>3</sup> could,

<sup>3</sup> = making a noise as does the puet, pewit, or lapwing.

Cackling and chattering, that of Ioue beseech ;  
 Onely the owle still warn'd them not to 'seech      beseech  
     So hastily that which they would repent,  
     But saw they would, and he to deserts went.      70

Ioue wisely said (for wisdom wisely sayes),  
 O beasts, take heede what you of mee desire :  
 Rulers will thinke all things made them to please,  
 And soone forget the swinke due to their hire ;      labour  
 But since you will, part of my heav'nly fire      75  
     I will you lend ; the rest yourselues must giue,  
     That it both seene and felt may with you liue.

Full glad they were, and tooke the naked sprite,  
 Which straight the earth ycloathèd in his clay ;  
 The lyon heart, the ounce gaue actiue might,      80  
 The horse good shape, the sparrow<sup>4</sup> lust to play,  
 Nightingale voyce, entising songs to say ;  
     Elephant gaue a perfect memory,<sup>5</sup>  
     And parrot readie tongue, that to apply.

<sup>4</sup> See Pliny, N. H. and Donne's *Metemp.* and our relative note, Vol. i. p. 77 (F. W. L., ed.)

<sup>5</sup> '*elephant a perfect memory.*' 'But no maruel it is that they should loue who are so good of memorie. For the same Juba

The foxe gaue craft, the dogge gaue flatterie, 85  
 Asse patience, the mole a working thought,  
 Eagle high looke, wolfe secret crueltie,  
 Monkie sweet breath, the cow her faire eyes brought,  
 The ermion whitest skin, spotted with nought ; ermine  
 The sheepe mild-seeming face, climbing the beare,  
 The stagge did giue the harme-eschuing feare. 91

The hare her sleights, the cat his melancholy,  
 Ant industry, and conny skill to build ;  
 Cranes order, storkes to be appearing holy ; 94  
 Chamelion ease to change, ducke<sup>6</sup> ease to yeeld, easy  
 Crocodile teares, which might be falsely spild ;  
 Ape great thing gaue, though he did mowing stand,  
 The instrument of instruments, the hand.

Each other beast likewise his present brings,  
 And but they drad their Prince they ought should  
 want, only

saith, that an elephant tooke knowledge and acquaintance of one man in his old age, and after many a yere, who in his youth had been his ruler and gouernor' (Holland's Pliny, N. H. l. viii. c. 5).

<sup>6</sup> 'ducke, ease to yeeld' = a bird easily driven and managed. Hence, perhaps, the endearing use of the word, as well as from its soft yielding plumage.



They all consented were to giue him wings; 101  
And ay more awe towards him for to plant,  
To their owne worke this priuiledge they grant,  
That from thenceforth to all eternitie  
No beast should freely speake, but onely he. 105

Thus Man was made, thus Man their lorde became ;  
Who at the first wanting or hiding pride,  
He did to beasts best vse his cunning frame,  
With water drinke, hearbs meat, and naked hide,  
And fellow-like, let his dominion slide, 110  
Not in his sayings saying I, but we,  
As if he meant his lordship common be.

But when his seate so rooted he had found  
That they now skild not how from him to wend,  
Then 'gan in guiltlesse earth full many a wound, 115  
Iron to seeke, which 'gainst it selfe should bend,  
To teare the bowels that good corne should send ;  
But yet the common damme none did bemone,  
Because, though hurt, they neuer heard her grone.

Then 'gan he factions in the beasts to breed ; 120  
Where helping weaker sort, the nobler beasts,  
As tygers, leopards, beares, and lions seed,

Disdain'd with this, in desarts sought their rests ;  
 Where famine rauine taught their hungry chests :  
 Thus craftily he forc't them to doe ill, 125  
 Which being done, he afterwards would kill.

For murther done,—which neuer earst was seene,—  
 By those great beasts, as for the weaker's good,  
 He chose themselues his guarders for to been 129  
 'Gainst those of might, of whom in feare they stood,  
 As horse and dogge, not great but gentle bloud :  
 Blithe were the commons' cattell of the field,  
 The when they saw their foen of greatnesse kild.

[the foe of greatness

But they or spent or made of slender might,  
 Then quickly did the meaner cattell finde, 135  
 The great beames gone, the house on shoulders light ;  
 For by and by the horse faire bitts did binde,  
 The dogge was in a collar taught his kinde ;  
 As for the gentle birds, like case may rewe, [they] like  
 When falcon they and gosse-hawke saw in mew.

Worst fell to smallest birds and meanest heard, 141  
 Whom now his owne, full like his owne he vs'd.  
 Yet first but wooll or feathers off he tear'd :

And when they were well vs'd to be abus'd,  
 For hungry teeth their flesh with teeth he brus'd. 145  
 At length for glutton taste he did them kill,  
 At last for sport their silly liues did spill.

But yet, O man, rage not beyond thy neede,  
 Deeme it no glory to swell in tyrannie ;  
 Thou art of bloud, ioy not to see things bleede ; 150  
 Thou fearest death, thinke they are lothe to die ;  
 A plaint of guiltlesse hurt doth pierce the skie :  
 And you, poore beasts, in patience bide your hell,  
 Or know your strengths, and then you shall doe  
 well.

Thus will I sing and pipe eight sullen houres 155  
 To sheepe, whom loue not knowledge made to heare,  
 Now fancie's fits, now fortune's balefull flowers :  
 But then I homewards call'd my lambkins deare,  
 For to my dimmèd eyes began t' appeare 159  
 The night growne old, her blacke head waxen gray,  
 Sure shepheard's signe that Morne should soonne  
 fetch Day. (pp. 384-7.)

LXXI. *Geron and Histor.*

GERON.

I N faith, good Histor, long is your delay  
 From holy marriage, sweet and surest meane,  
 Our foolish lust in honest rules to stay.

I pray thee doe to Lalus' sample leane ;                    example  
 Thou seest how friske and iolly now he is,                    5  
 That last day seem'd he could not chew a beane.  
 Beleeue me, man, there is no greater blisse  
 Than is the quiet ioy of louing wife,  
 Which whoso wants, halfe of himselfe doth misse.  
 Friend without change, play-fellow without strife,  
 Food without fullnesse, counsaile without pride,            11  
 Is this sweet doubling of our single life.

HISTOR.

No doubt, to whom so good chance did betide,  
 As for to finde a pasture strewed with gold,  
 He were a foole if there he did not bide :                    15  
 Who would not haue a Phœnix if he could ?  
 The humming waspe, if it had not a sting,  
 Before all flies the waspe accept I would.  
 But this bad world few golden fields doth bring—  
 Phœnix but one, of crowes we millions haue ;            20

The waspe seemes gay, but is a combrous thing.

If many Kalaes our Arcadia gaue,  
 Lalus' example I would soon ensue, follow  
 And thinke I did my selfe from sorrow saue.

But of such wiues we finde a slender crew, 25

Shrewdnesse so stirres, pride so puffes vp the heart ;  
 They seldome ponder what to them is due :

With meager lookes, as if they still did smart,  
 Puiling or whimpring, or else scoulding flat, 29  
 Make home more paine than following of the cart.

Eyther dull silence, or eternall chat,  
 Still contrary to what her husband saies ;  
 If he doe praise the dog, she likes the cat.

Austere she is when he would honest playes, wishes  
 And gamesome then when he thinkes on his sheep ; 35

Shee bids him goe, and yet from iourney staves :  
 Shee warre doth euer with his kinsfolke keepe,  
 And makes them fremb'd who friends by nature  
 are, strangers

Envyng shallow toyes with malice deepe. 39

And if, forsooth, there come some new found ware,  
 The little coyne his sweating brows haue got  
 Must goe for that, if for her lowres he care ;  
 Or else,—Nay, faith, mine is the lucklest lot  
 That euer fell to honest woman yet ;

No wife but I hath such a man, God wot! 45  
 Such is their speech, who be of sober wit ;  
 But who doe let their tongues shew well their rage,  
 Lord, what by-words they speake, what spite theyspit!  
 The house is made a very lothsome cage,  
 Wherein the bird doth neuer sing, but cry, 50  
 With such a will as nothing can asswage.  
 Dearely the seruants doe their wages buy,  
 Reuil'd for each small fault, sometimes for none ;  
 They better liue that in a gaile doe lie.  
 Let other fowler spots away be blowne, 55  
 For I seeke not their shame ; but still me thinkes  
 A better life it is to lie alone.

## GERON.

Who, for each fickle feare, from vertue shrinkes  
 Shall in this life embrace no worthy thing ;  
 No mortall man the cup of suretie drinks. 60  
 The heav'ns doe not good haps in handfulls bring,  
 But let vs pike our good from out much bad,  
 That still our little world may know his king.  
 But certainly so long we may be glad,  
 While that we doe what Nature doth require ; 65  
 And for th' euent we neuer ought be sad.  
 Man oft is plagu'd with ayre, is burnt with fire,

In water drown'd, in earth his buriall is ;  
And shall we not, therefore, their vse desire ?  
Nature about all things requireth this, 70  
That we our kinde doe labour to maintaine,  
Which drawne-out line doth hold all humane blisse.  
The father iustly may of thee complaine,  
If thou doe not repay his deeds for thee,  
In granting vnto him a grandsire's gaine. 75  
Thy common-wealth may rightly grieuèd be,  
Which must by this immortall be preserued,  
If thus thou murther thy posteritie.  
His very being he hath not deserued,  
Who for a selfe-conceit will that forbear, 80  
Whereby that being aye must be conserued.  
And God forbid women such cattell were  
As you paint them ; but well in you I finde  
No man doth speake aright who speakes in feare.  
Who onely sees the ill is worse than blind ; 85  
These fifty winters married haue I beene,  
And yet finde no such fault in womankind.  
I haue a wife worthy to be a queene,  
So well she can command, and yet obey ;  
In ruling of a house so well shee's seene : 90  
And yet, in all this time betwixt vs tway  
We beare our double yoke with such consent,

That neuer past foule word, I dare well say.

But these are your loue-toyes, which still are spent  
In lawlesse games, and loue not as you should, 95

But with much studie learne late to repent.  
How well last day before our Prince you could

Blinde Cupid's workes with wonder testifie,  
Yet now the roote of him abase you would !

Goe to, goe to, and Cupid now apply 100  
To that where thou thy Cupid maist auow,

And thou shalt finde in women vertues lie :  
Sweete supple mindes which soone to wisdomes bow

Where they by wisdomes rule directed are,  
And are not forc'd fond thraldome to allow. 105

As we to get are fram'd, so they to spare ;<sup>7</sup>  
We made for paine, our paines they made to cherish ;  
We care abroad, and they of home haue care.

O Histor, seeke within thy selfe to flourish ;

Thy house by thee must liue, or else be gone, 110  
And then who shall the name of Histor nourish ?

Riches of children passe a prince's throne,  
Which touch the father's heart with secret ioy,

<sup>7</sup> This may mean to preserve, but more probably to employ or use with frugality, good domestic economists.



When without shame he saith, these be mine owne.  
 Marry, therefore ; for marriage will destroy 115  
 Those passions which to youthfull head do clime—  
 Mothers and nurses of all vaine annoy.

## HISTOR.

Perchance I will, but now me thinkes it time  
 To goe vnto the bride, and vse this day 119  
 To speake with her while freely speake we may.  
 (pp. 388-90.)

LXXII. *Earth to Earth.*

WHO hath his hire hath well his labour plast :<sup>8</sup>  
 Earth thou didst seeke, and store of earth thou  
 hast. (p. 391.)

LXXIII. *Night.*

O NIGHT, the ease of care, the pledge of pleasure,  
 Desire's best meane, haruest of hearts affected,  
 The seate of peace, the throne which is erected  
 Of humane life to be the quiet measure ;  
 Be victor still of Phœbus' golden treasure, 5  
 Who hath our sight with too much sight infected ;

<sup>8</sup> Later editions misprint 'past.'

Whose light is cause we haue our liues neglected,  
 Turning all Nature's course to selfe displeasure.  
 These stately starres in their now shining faces,  
 With sinlesse sleepe, and silence wisdomes mother, 10  
 Witnesse his wrong which by thy helpe is eased :  
 Thou art, therefore, of these our desart places  
 The sure refuge ; by thee and by no other  
 My soule is blist,<sup>9</sup> sense ioy'd, and fortune raysed.

(pp. 396-7.)

LXXIV. *Adgelastus' Sestine.*<sup>1</sup>

SINCE wayling is a bud of causefull sorrow,  
 Since sorrow is the follower of euill fortune,  
 Since no euill fortune equals publike damage ;  
 Now Prince's losse hath made our damage publike,  
 Sorrow, pay we to thee the rights of Nature, 5  
 And inward grieffe seale vp with outward wayling.

Why should we spare our voice from endlesse wayling,  
 Who iustly make our hearts the seate of sorrow,  
 In such a case, where it appears that Nature

<sup>9</sup> = blessed—unusual spelling.<sup>1</sup> See note on Sestines, *ante*. The art of these sestines is akin to that of bout-rimes.

Doth adde her force vnto the sting of Fortune ! 10  
Choosing, alas, this our théâtre publike,  
Where they would leaue trophees of cruell damage.

Then since such pow'rs conspir'd vnto our damage  
(Which may be knowne, but neuer helpt with wayling),  
Yet let vs leaue a monument in publike, 15  
Of willing teares, torne haire, and cries of sorrowe ;  
For lost, lost is, by blow of cruell fortune,  
Arcadia's gemme, the noblest childe of Nature.

O Nature doting-old, O blinded Nature, 19  
How hast thou torne thyselfe, sought thine owne danger,  
In granting such a scope to filthy Fortune,  
By thy impe's losse to fill the world with wayling !  
Cast thy stepmother eyes vpon our sorrow ;  
Publike our losse ; so, see, thy shame is publike.

O that we had, to make our woes more publike, 25  
Seas in our eyes, and brasen tongues by nature,  
A yelling voice, and hearts compos'd of sorrow,  
Breath made of flames, wits knowing nought but damage ;  
Our sports, murdring our selues ; our musiques, wayling ;  
Our studies, fixt vpon the falls of fortune. 30

No, no ; our mischiefe growes in this vile fortune,—  
 That priuate paines can not breathe out in publique  
 The furious inward griefes with hellish wayling ;  
 But forcèd are to burthen feeble nature  
 With secret sense of our eternall damage, 35  
 And sorrow feed, feeding our soules with sorrow.

Since sorrow, then, concludeth all our fortune,  
 With all our deaths shew we this damage publique :  
 His nature feares to dye, who liues still wayling.  
 (pp. 426-7.)

LXXV. *Song of Lamentation.*

SINCE that to death is gone the shepheard hie,  
 Who most the silly shepheard's pipe did prise,  
 Your dolefull tunes, sweet Muses, now applie.  
 And you, O trees (if any life there lies  
 In trees), now through your porous barkes receiue 5  
 The strange resound of these my causefull cries,  
 And let my breath vpon your branches cleaue,  
 My breath distinguish'd into words of woe,  
 That so I may signes of my sorrow leaue.  
 But if among your selues some one tree grow 10  
 That aptest is to figure miserie,

Let it embassage beare your grifes to show :  
 The weeping myrrhe I thinke will not denie  
 Her help to this, this iustest cause of plaint.  
 Your dolefull tunes, sweet Muses, now applie. 15

And thou, poore Earth, whom Fortune doth attaint  
 In Nature's name to suffer such a harme,  
 As for to lose thy gemme, and such a saint,  
 Vpon thy face let coaly rauens swarme ;  
 Let all the sea thy teares accounted be ; 20  
 Thy bowels with all killing metall arme.

Let gold now rust, let diamonds waste in thee,  
 Let pearles be wan, with woe their damme doth beare ;  
 Thy selfe henceforth the light doe neuer see. 24

And you, O flowers, which sometimes princes were,  
 Till these strange altrings you did hap to trie,  
 Of princes' losse your selues for tokens reare.  
 Lilly, in mourning blacke thy whitenesse die :  
 O hyacinthe, let Ai be on thee still.  
 Your dolefull tunes, sweet Muses, now apply. 30

O Echo, all these woods with roaring fill,  
 And doe not onely marke the accents last,  
 But all, for all reach out my wailefull will :  
 One Echo to another Echo cast

Sound of my griefes, and let it neuer end, 35  
 Till that it hath all woods and waters past.  
 Nay, to the heav'ns your iust complaining send,  
 And stay the stars' inconstant-constant race,  
 Till that they doe vnto our dolors bend ;  
 And aske the reason of that speciall grace, 40  
 That they, which haue no liues, should liue so long,  
 And vertuous soules so soone should lose their place ?  
 Aske if in great men good men do so throng,  
 That he, for want of elbow room, must die ?  
 Or if that they be skant, if this be wrong ? 45  
 Did wisdome this, our wretched time, espie  
 In one true chest to rob all Vertue's treasure ?  
 Your dolefull tunes, sweet Muses, now applie.

And if that any counsell you to measure  
 Your dolefull tunes, to them still playning say, 50  
 To well felt grieffe, plaint is the onely pleasure.  
 O light of Sunne, which is entit'led day,  
 O, well thou doest that thou no longer bidest,  
 For mourning Night her blacke weedes may display.  
 O Phœbus, with good cause thy face thou hidest, 55  
 Rather than haue thy all-beholding eye  
 Fowl'd with this sight, while thou thy chariot guidest ;  
 And well, me thinkes, becomes this vaultie skie

A stately tombe to couer him deceased.  
 Your dolefull tunes, sweet Muses, now applie. 60

O Philomela, with thy breast oppressèd  
 By shamé and grieffe, helpe, helpe me to lament  
 Such cursed harmes as cannot be redressèd.  
 Or if thy mourning notes be fully spent,  
 Then giue a quiet eare vnto my plaining, 65  
 For I to teach the world complaint am bent.  
 You dimmie clouds, which well employ your staining  
 This chearfull ayre with your obscurèd cheare,  
 Witnesse your wofull teares with daily raining.  
 And if, O sinne,<sup>2</sup> thou euer didst appeare 70  
 In shape which by man's eye might be perceiuèd,  
 Vertue is dead, now set thy triumph here ;  
 Now set thy triumph in this world, bereaued  
 Of what was good, where now no good doth lie,  
 And by thy pompe our losse will be conceiued. 75  
 O notes of mine, your selues together tie,  
 With too much grieffe me thinkes you are dissolved.  
 Your dolefull tunes, sweet Muses, now applie.

<sup>2</sup> Throughout there is the most unfortunate misprint of 'Sunne' in early *e. g.* 1590 and 1598, and in later editions, *e. g.* 1605 and 1655. It is 'sinne' correctly in our text (1613).

Time, euer old and young, is still reuolued  
 Within it selfe, and neuer tasteth end ; 80  
 But mankind is for aye to nought resolued.  
 The filthy snake her agèd coate can mend,  
 And, getting youth againe, in youth doth flourish ;  
 But vnto man age euer death doth send.  
 The very trees with grafting we can cherish, 85  
 So that we can long time produce their time ; extend  
 But man, which helpeth them, helplesse must perish.  
 Thus, thus the mindes which ouer all doe clime,  
 When they by yeares' experience get best graces,  
 Must finish then by death's detested crime. 90  
 We last short while, and build long lasting places ;  
 Ah, let vs all against foule Nature cry,  
 We Nature's workes do helpe, she vs defaces :  
 For how can Nature vnto this reply ? 94  
 That she her childe, I say, her best childe killeth ?  
 Your dolefull tunes, sweet Muses, now apply.  
  
 Alas, me thinkes my weakned voice but spilleth  
 The vehement course of his iust lamentation,  
 Me thinkes my sound no place with sorrow filleth :  
 I know not, I, but once in detestation 100  
 I haue my selfe, and all that life containeth,  
 Since death on Vertue's fort hath made inuasion.



One word of woe another after traineth :

Ne doe I care how rude be my inuention,  
So it be seene what sorrow in me raigneth. 105

O Elements, by whose (men say) contention  
Our bodies be in liuing power maintained,  
Was this man's death the fruit of your dissension ?  
O Physicke's power, which (some say) hath restrained  
Approach of death, alas, thou helpst meagerly,  
When once one is for Atropos distrained. 111

Great be Physitians' brags, but aide is beggerly ;  
When rooted moisture failes or groweth drie,  
They leaue off all, and say, death comes too eagerly :  
They are but words, therefore, that men doe buy 115  
Of any, since god Aesculapius ceased :  
Your dolefull tunes, sweet Muses, now apply.

Iustice, iustice is now, alas, oppressed ;  
Bountifulnesse hath made his last conclusion ;  
Goodnesse for best attire in dust is dressed. 120  
Shepherds bewaile your vttermost confusion,  
And see by this picture to you presented  
Death is our home, life is but a delusion.

For see, alas, who is from you absented—  
Absented? nay, I say, for euer banishèd 125  
From such as were to dye for him contented.

Out of our sight, in turne of hand, is vanishèd  
 Shepheard of shepherds, whose well settled order  
 Priuate with wealth, publike with quiet garnishèd.

While he did liue, farre, farre was all disorder ;  
 Example more preuailing than direction, 131

Far was home-strife, and far was foe from border,  
 His life a law, his looke a full correction ;

As in his health we healthfull were preseruèd,  
 So in his sicknesse grew our sure infection : 135

His death our death. But, ah, my Muse hath  
 swaruèd

Fro such deepe plaint as should such woes descrie,<sup>3</sup>

[point out

Which he of vs for euer hath deseruèd :

The stile of heauie heart can neuer flie 139

So high as should make such a paine notorious.

Cease, Muse, therefore ; thy dart, O Death, applie ;

And farewell, Prince, whom goodnesse hath made  
 glorious. (pp. 427-30.)

<sup>3</sup> See note on *Astrophel and Stella* : Glossarial Index *s. v.*

LXXVI. *Farewell.*

**F**AREWELL, O Sunne, Arcadia's clearest light ;  
 Farewell, O pearle, the poore man's plenteous  
     treasure ;  
 Farewell, O golden staffe, the weake man's might ;  
 Farewell, O Ioy, the ioyfull's onely pleasure ;  
 Wisdome, farewell, the skillesse man's direction ;     5  
 Farewell, with thee farewell, all our affection.

For what place now is left for our affection,  
 Now that of purest lamp is quench'd the light  
 Which to our darkned mindes was best direction ?  
 Now that the mine is lost of all our treasure ;     10  
 Now death hath swallow'd vp our worldly pleasure,  
 We orphans made, voide of all publique might !

Orphans indeed, depriu'd of father's might,  
 For he our father was in all affection,  
 In our well-doing placing all his pleasure,     15  
 Still studying how to vs to be a light ;  
 As well he was in peace a safest treasure,  
 In warre his wit and word was our direction.

Whence, whence, alas, shall we seeke our direction,  
 When that we feare our hatefull neighbour's might,

Who long haue gap't to get Arcadians' treasure? 21  
 Shall we now finde a guide of such affection,  
 Who for our sakes will thinke all trauaile light,  
 And make his paine to keepe vs safe his pleasure?

No, no ; for euer gone is all our pleasure, 25  
 For euer wandring from all good direction,  
 For euer blinded of our clearest light,  
 For euer lamèd of our surèd might,  
 For euer banish'd from well plac'd affection,  
 For euer robd of all our royall treasure. 30

Let teares for him therefore be all our treasure,  
 And in our wailfull naming him our pleasure ;  
 Let hating of our selues be our affection,  
 And vnto death bend still our thoughts' direction :  
 Let vs against our selues employ our might, 35  
 And putting out our eyes seeke we our light.

Farewell, our light ; farewell, our spoyled treasure ;  
 Farewell, our might ; farewell, our daunted pleasure ;  
 Farewell, direction ; farewell, all affection. (pp. 430-1.)

LXXVII. *Musidorus' Song.*

SINCE Nature's workes be good, and death doth  
serue

As Nature's worke, why should we feare to die?

Since feare is vaine but when it may preserue,

Why should we feare that which we cannot flie?

Feare is more paine than is the paine it feares,

Disarming humane mindes of natiue might ;

While each conceit an ougly figure beares,

Which were not euill, well view'd in reason's light.

Our only eyes, which dimm'd with passions be,

And scarce discern the dawne of comming day,

Let them be clear'd, and now begin to see

Our life is but a step in dustie way :

Then let vs hold the blisse of peacefull minde,

Since this we feele, great losse we cannot finde.

(p. 445.)

LXXVIII. *A remedie for Love.*<sup>4</sup>

PHILOCLEA and Pamela sweete,

By chance in one greate house did meete ;

<sup>4</sup> Our text of this humorously-satiric poem is from Harleian MS. 6057, p. 10 B, where it is entitled 'An old dittie of Sir Phillipp

And, meeteinge, did soe ioyne in hart,                    heart  
 That th' one from th' other could not part :  
 And whoe, indeed, not made of stones,                    5  
 Would seperate such lovely ones ?  
 The one is beautifull and faire  
 As lillies and white roses are,  
 And sweete as, after gentle showers,  
 The breath is of some thousand flowers :                    10

Sidneye's, omitted in the printed *Arcadia*. It appeared in 1655 edition of *Arcadia*, &c. at end (3 pages), but is there incomplete. These variations in 1655 may be recorded : l. 8, 'As orient pearls and rubies are'; l. 10, 'som[e] thousand'; l. 11, 'For due proportion such an air': MS. 'a sweete': the former adopted; l. 12, 'and so fair'; l. 13, 'browness'; l. 14, 'And doth inchant'; l. 15, 'great day'; l. 22, 'sick with love of'; l. 25, 'young Cupid'; ll. 27-8, 'pretious poet, Whose lips of marble, teeth of jet'; ll. 27-34 not in 1655; ll. 35-6, 'of strong defence, To conjure down concupiscence'; l. 39, 'But' for 'Till'; l. 41, 'Been heal'd and'; l. 42, 'I nere had had'; l. 44, 'wrought'; l. 45, 'Mopsa would come'; l. 59, 'No . . . if'; l. 60, 'By the Stocks or Cornhill's square'; l. 61, 'There'; l. 64, 'young canarie'; l. 75, 'Ho-boy'; l. 77, 'pretious'; l. 82, 'And Ovid'; ll. 83-6 not in 1655; ll. 87-90,

'Mopsa is Love's best medicine,  
 True water to a lover's wine :  
 Nay, shee's the yellow antidote  
 Both bred and born to cut Love's throat.'

For due proportion, such an ayre  
 Circles the other, not soe faire,  
 Which soe her brownness beautifies,  
 That itt inchaunts the wisest eyes.  
 Haue you not seene, on some great day,           15  
 Two goodly horses, white and baye,

Line 92, '(Mopsa) and I'll them both defie'; l. 93, 'gallant';  
 ll. 95-6,

'For thy face (that Medusa's shield)  
 Will bring mee safe out of the field.'

Line 12, 'not soe faire.' One lady is a blonde, the other a brunette. This is clear from the description and from the simile of the two horses. The former has been described; now he turns to the other, and says '*For*,' in order that there may be a due proportion between the two, such an air circles the other that it beautifies her 'brownness.' 'Browes' of the Harleian MS. for 'brownness' of 1655 is very harsh. I adopt '*For*' of 1655, and also 'brownness.' I have preferred too the indefinite 'some' of 1655 to 'ten' of MS. (l. 10); and as here again the vision of Stella is before us, one is inclined for that reason to accept the 'orient pearls and rubies' of 1655 (l. 8) rather than the MS. 'As lillies and white roses are,' as being more expressive of her glittering star-like beauty. On the other hand, the text of 1655 tends to say that the other's 'brownness' without that air would not have been beautiful. This is avoided in the MS. reading, where the thought conveyed is, that the sweet air adds to, or intensifies, her brunette beauty. Hence the 'lillies and roses' was in all probability the later reading, and is therefore adopted by us. The longer description of Mopsa confirms

Which were so beautiful in their pride,  
 You know not which to choose or ride ?  
 Such are those two ; you scarce can tell  
 Which is the daintier bonni-bell ; 20  
 And they are such as, by my troth,  
 I had ben dead in loue with both,  
 And might haue sadly said, ' Good-night,  
 Discretion and good fortune quite' ;  
 But that young Cupid, my old master, 25  
 Presented mee a soveraign plaister :  
 Mopsa, even Mopsa, pretty mouse,  
 Best peice of wainscott in the house ;  
 Whose saffron teeth and lipps of leekes,  
 Whose curall nose and parchment cheekes, 30  
 Whose pastboard forehead, eyes of fferett,  
 Brest of browne paper, neck of carrett,

this, though neither agree with the description in Mopsa (i. of this Series) ; yet I have preferred ' great' in l. 15 of 1655 to ' bright' of MS., and retain ' young' in l. 25, as running better with the scansion of next line, as well as introducing that favourite conceit of young, old, or senior-junior, Dan Cupid. Gray and the Boston reprint place the present poem as the first of *Miscellaneous Poems*. It seemed well to put it among the Arcadia pieces, as so evidently belonging to it in relation to Mopsa.



And other parts not evident  
 For which Dame Nature should be shent,  
 Are spells and charmes of greate renowne, 35  
 Concupiscence to coniure downe.

Howe oft haue I been reft of sence,  
 By gazing on their excellence,  
 Till, meeteing Mopsa in my way,  
 And looking on her face of clay, 40  
 I soone was cur'd, and made as sound  
 As though I never had a wound ?  
 And when, in tables of my hart, heart  
 Love writt such thinges as bred my smartt,  
 My Mopsa, with her face of clout, 45  
 Would in an instant wipe them out.  
 And when their faces made me sicke,  
 Mopsa would come, with hers of bricke,  
 A little heated in the fire,  
 And breake the necke of my desire. 50  
 Nowe from their face I turne my eyes,  
 But, cruel panthers, they surprize  
 Me with their breath, that incense sweete,  
 Which only for the godds is meete ;  
 And ioyntly from them doth respire, 55  
 Like both the Indies sett on fire :

Which so ore-comes man's ravisht sence,  
That soules to followe itt flie hence ;  
Nor such like smell you, as you range  
By the Stockes or old or Newe Exchange. 60  
Then stood I still as any stocke,  
Till Mopsa, with her puddle docke,—  
Her compound, or electuary,  
Made of olde linge or caviarie,  
Blote herringe, cheese, or voyded phisicke, 65  
Being sometime troubl'd with the tytsicke,—  
Did coughe and fetch a sighe soe deepe  
As did her very bottome sweepe,  
Whereby to all shee did imparte  
Howe love lay rancklinge at her harte ; 70  
Which when I smelt, desire was slaine.  
And they breathd forth purfumes in vayne.  
Their angell voice surprizd me nowe,  
But Mopsa's shrill ' too whitt too whoo,'  
Descendinge through her holby nose, 75  
Did that distemper soone compose ;  
And therefore, O you virtuous owle,  
The wise Minerva's only fowle,  
What at thy shrine shall I devise  
To offer upp for sacrafice? 80  
Hange Esculapius and Apollo,

Hange Ovid with his precepts shallowe ;  
 With patience who will nowe indure  
 Yo<sup>r</sup> slowe and yo<sup>r</sup> vncertaine cure,  
 Seeing Mopsa's found for man and beast      85  
 To be the sure *probatum est* ?  
 O you Loue's chiefest medicine,  
 True water to dame Venus' wine,  
 Best cordiall, soundest antidote  
 To conquer loue and cutt his throate ;      90  
 Be but my second, and stand by,  
 And I their beauties both defye,  
 And all ells of those fairey races  
 That weare infection in their faces ;  
 For Ile come safe out of the feild      95  
 With thy face thy Medusa's sheild.

LXXIX. *Love.*<sup>5</sup>

**I**N a field full fayer of flowers,  
 Where the Muses made their bowers,  
 And more sweeter hony grew  
 Then the sence of Nature knew,

<sup>5</sup> I take this from Harleian MS. 6910, fol. 169 *verso*. The MS. is a letter-paper sized quarto, with ruled marginal lines and the

Preevie sweete with hartsease springing,   privet   5  
 While sweete Philomel was singing,  
 Coridon and Phillis fayer  
 Went abroad to take the ayer—  
 Each in absence long diseasèd,

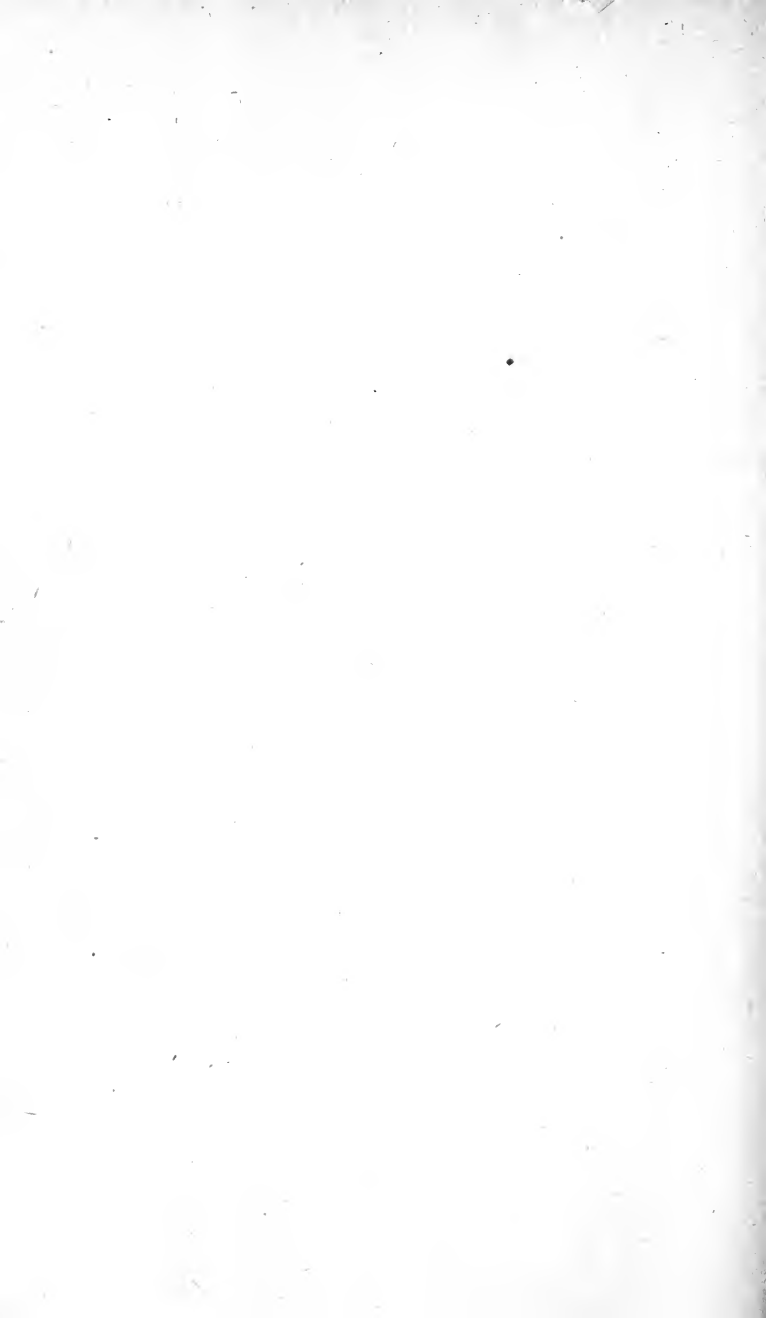
writing careful throughout, as of an amanuensis, with various words in a different and enlarged form. In it are a number of poems of value and interest. The last is especially carefully written, being a rather long poem on the supposed loss of Essex, ending fol. 190. The MS. also contains *Mother Hubbard's Tale*, Virgil's *Gnat*, and the *Ruins of Time*, at and towards the commencement. None of the contents have their authors' names, except three short pieces, one following the other, by Th. Camp[ion], and three pieces within a page or two of one another, signed P. S. Hence the MS. is probably of Elizabethan date. Besides the three signed as by Sidney, there are no others by him. One is Song viii. of *Astrophel and Stella*; another, No. lxvii. of *Arcadia* (b. iii.), 'A neighbour mine . . .'; the third is the present poem, which somehow has never before been printed. It is signed 'finis P. S.' It has the rhythm and flow of Sidney; but has equivocal touches that make it scarcely worthy of him, or of preservation. Having come on it (through a literary friend), I could hardly withhold it. Against l. 5, 'preeve,' I have placed 'privet' = privet-hedge. Line 16 was omitted and interlined. One of the MS. keepers read it 'Well, I hope shal beloued.' I have ventured to insert 'I,' and to separate 'beloued.' But the meaning remains obscure, especially in relation to 'proued' (l. 15). In l. 42 'deffences,' except as a rhyme-word, holds no meaning to me.

But in presence either pleasèd— 10  
 Where begun their prittle prattle,  
 Ther was prety title tattle.  
 'Coridon,' quoth she, 'a tryall  
 Must, in truth, haue no deniall,'  
 'True,' quoth he ; and then he proued, 15  
 'Well, I hope [I] shall be loued.'  
 'Yea,' quoth shee, 'but where is true loue ?'  
 'Where,' quoth hee, 'both I and you loue.'  
 'Yea,' quoth shee, 'but truly tell me,  
 And in these few letters spell me 20  
 C O R I D O N,  
 Where was I when these were gon ?'  
 'Sweet,' quoth hee, 'how to devise the,  
 And by letters to suffice the, thee  
 P H I L L I S 25  
 All my ioye both was and is ?  
 In my hart thou art inclosèd,  
 Where thy loue cannot be losèd.  
 Trust me, Phillis, in good sadnes,  
 Is it not a very madnes 30  
 To refuse a good thing offered  
 When it was of good will proffered ?  
 And what better thing to prooue try

Then how good a thing is loue? than  
Many a wench, and if shee knew it, 35  
What it were and how to vse it,  
In her hart full soone would rue it,  
When shee thought shee did refuse it.  
It is a humoure that doth tickle,  
And like thistle downe doth prickle 40  
Veines and sinnewes, witts and senses,  
With the sweete of such deffenses  
Which dame Nature gaue to me  
Onely to bestowe on thee.  
Take it duly, euen and morrowe, 45  
It will driue out care and sorrowe ;  
Vse it kindly, sweetly trie it,  
Then vnto thine hart applye it.'

v.

PSALMES.





## NOTE.

The 'Psalmes' of Sidney and his Sister, though known and named repeatedly in various places and noticeably celebrated by DR. DONNE (our edition, vol. ii. pp. 313-15), were not printed until 1823, as follows :

THE  
PSALMES OF DAVID

TRANSLATED INTO  
DIVERS AND SUNDRY KINDES OF VERSE,  
MORE RARE AND EXCELLENT

FOR THE  
*Method and Varietie*  
THAN EVER YET HATH BEEN DONE IN ENGLISH.

BEGUN BY  
THE NOBLE AND LEARNED GENT.  
SIR PHILIP SIDNEY, KNT.

AND FINISHED BY  
THE RIGHT HONORABLE  
THE COUNTESS OF PEMBROKE,  
HIS SISTER.

NOW FIRST PRINTED FROM  
A Copy of the Original Manuscript,  
TRANSCRIBED BY JOHN DAVIES, OF HEREFORD,  
IN THE REIGN OF JAMES THE FIRST.

[ 1823. ]

The MS. of John Davies passed from the Bright Sale to Penshurst. It is mainly interesting as a specimen of fine penmanship. A very slight examination revealed errors and obscurities.

My own text is based on a MS. (Rawlinson, Poet. 25) in the Bodleian, written by Dr. Samuel Woodford. It was taken from a MS. of a scribe who copied under the superintendence of Sir Philip Sidney himself. In certain places—as recorded in our Notes—Sir Philip writes, ‘Leave a space here,’ for a variant stanza, and there are occasionally alterations in his own autograph. In two places the Scribe has made an error and corrected it; but there still remain seventeen mistakes, besides several more or less probable, which may be sometimes due to clerical errors in Sir Philip’s own manuscript, but which in most cases must be errors of the Scribe. They are as follows :

Ps. v. st. v. l. 5, ‘*they blessed*’ for ‘thou blessest,’ or ‘blessedst them.’

Ps. xiv. st. i. l. 2, ‘*His heart*’ for ‘his guilty heart,’ as required by metre.

Ps. xviii. st. i. l. 5, ‘*My refuge then*’ for ‘My refuge, refuge then,’ as *ib.*

Ps. xviii. st. xi. l. 7, ‘*they clay*’ for ‘the’—former nonsense.

Ps. xviii. st. xii. l. 2, ‘*thou dost make*’ for ‘thou mak’st,’ destroying metre.

Ps. xx. st. v. l. 1, ‘*my*’ for ‘me’—giving no sense nor any nominative.

Ps. xxii. st. iii. l. 2, ‘*lawes*’ for ‘lawdes’; and probably ‘are’ for ‘is.’

Ps. xxiv. st. ii. l. 2, '*And who shall stand,*' where the 'And' adds a syllable and changes the metre (˘˘to˘˘).

Ps. xxviii. st. i. l. 1, '*To thee, O Lord, my cry I send.*' *Ib.*

Ps. xxxi. st. ix. l. 2, '*drunck*' for '*dumb*'—a gross mistake.

Ps. xxxi. st. xi. l. 1, '*time*' for '*hast[e]*'—wrong both by rhyme and original.

Ps. xxxiv. st. ix. l. 3, '*And will saue whom his true sight cleare,*' where '*true*' is required by metre.

Ps. xl. st. vi. l. 4, '*curst,*' and so Trinity College MS., for '*cast.*' But the '*away*' plainly shows that '*cast*' is right, and so the original.

Ps. xli. st. vi. l. 3, '*Whence*' for '*whom.*' With '*whence*' there is no accusative to '*place,*' nor does it agree with the original. '*O place of places all,*' is an apostrophe to the noun implied in the phrase '*dost place me [in a place] before thy face.*'

Ps. xliii. st. v. l. 1, '*Then loe, then will I,*' destroying rhyme.

In Psalm xxxiv. also (as noted) two verses were placed before instead of other two, and in two cases '*Deus*' has been miswritten in the headings instead of the contraction of *Dominus* (Ps. xxiv. and xxvi.).

The following are probably errors :

Ps. iv. st. vii. l. 4, '*By power of whose own onely brest.*' This may be right, because Sidney may have chosen to read '*power*' as dissyllabic, and the change seems to show that this was so. But the addition of '*own*' (in another hand) is important, as showing that it was corrected, and probably by the Countess or some friend, from another copy.

Ps. vii. st. xiii. l. 3, 'out' for 'forth,' which, as 'bring forth' is the idiomatic phrase, seems a Scribe's substitution—of which we have an example in *Astrophel and Stella* sonnets.

Ps. xxii. st. xiv. l. 4, '*wch foule*' for 'with foule.' Ps. xxvii. st. v. l. 2, 'I,' for 'He will.' Ps. xxxv. st. v. l. 3, leaves out 'this': Davies leaves out 'with': Trinity College rightly keeps both, 'with this (*i. e.* next line) euill (monosyll.) case.'

Ps. xxxvi. st. ii. l. 4, '*thoughts all good forget*'—where, partly from verbs—though we sometimes have 'do' understood—and partly from 'wordes,' 'deedes,' I take 'thoughts' to be right.

Ps. xxxviii. st. xiv. l. 3. 'To' is not English: 'Loe' (Trinity College) is better, but Davies here seems best of all. Again, in Ps. xlii. l. 1, in British Museum MS. 12,048, the reading is 'chased,' not 'chafed,' as in Woodford, Trinity College, and Davies.

In Ps. xxvi. both MSS. in British Museum, 12,047 and 12,048, give 'blood-seekers,' not 'suckers,' as in Woodford. The original is 'bloody men'—*cum viris sanguinum* (Vulg.); and probably this is another instance of error in Sidney's Scribe.

While, accordingly, I have made the Bodleian Woodford MS. my basis-text, rather than simply reproduce the Davies from the 1823 edition, our Notes will show occasional acceptance of readings from a MS. in Trinity College, Cambridge. I owe hearty thanks to W. Aldis Wright, Esq. for a most careful collation of the entire forty-three Psalms by Sidney with this MS. It undoubt-

edly represents later readings, and almost throughout confirms the Woodford MS. as against the Davies MS. I have not thought it necessary to record all the Trinity College readings where these agreed with the Woodford; but otherwise none of interest has been over-passed.

Returning now upon the Woodford and other MSS. I have some additional remarks to make. Four of the Psalms—xxiii. xxvi. xxix. and xxxi.—originally ended as short poems were occasionally made to end contemporaneously, with a tag of the length of half a stanza or verse. Sidney, however, whether to assimilate these to the rest or to adapt them for singing, decided on altering this form. Accordingly, after each of these Psalms had been written, in three there is in Sidney's own hand, as already noticed, 'Leave space here,' &c., and then follows, in the Scribe's writing, a stanza in which are compressed the thoughts of the original stanza and a half, while this stanza and a half are crossed out. Hence, as Sidney's directions are written on each occasion, two things follow: (*a*) that the transcript was made under Sidney's supervision, and looking to the seventeen distinct transcript errors, that his revision or supervision was made before the insertion of each Psalm, rather than after; (*b*) that these changes now spoken of were not finally decided on, but tentative. Had Sidney finally decided, he would probably have struck out the original endings at once and together; but he did less, and did not even strike them out one by one as he came to them, but allowed each to be written in, and then wrote—and this is a proof that he had been revising them one by one and giving them to be copied—

‘Leave a space,’ &c. The crossing out of the original stanza and a half may show that he then or afterwards rejected them, or it may have been done to prevent confusion, and also to prevent both versions from being used—read, sung, or copied together. These views will be found, too, to agree with the conclusions from the Trinity College and Davies and British Museum MSS., which go to show that the Woodford MS. new stanzas were on reconsideration rejected.

The Trinity College MS., as *supra*, agrees extensively with the very best readings of the Woodford, but it also varies in different places, and, errors of transcription set aside, the impression given by these variations collectively is that they are changes or revisions, not earlier readings, even though some of them (*meo iudicio*) are for the worse. Of the two or three alterations in Woodford MS. in Sidney’s own hand, and which are revised readings, not corrections, of clerical errors, not one of the original readings occur in this MS. It is true that in Ps. xxii. the last verse of the Woodford MS. is omitted, and in Ps. xxix. the crossed-out six lines, or stanza and a half, are given instead of the newer stanza of four lines; and therefore these two instances seem to show, contrary to the other evidence, that this Trinity College MS. is of earlier date. But when we look to other instances, and take into consideration what has already been said as to the manner in which Sidney kept and preserved these original forms, the case is altered. In each of the Psalms xxvi. and xxxi. the single stanza of Woodford is also wanting, and the stanza of the original stanza and a half is given, and the half stanza developed

into a new one. These two stanzas being in each case a development of the one and a half, had they been earlier than the Woodford MS. single stanza, would have appeared therein rather than the stanza and a half. Otherwise we must believe what is improbable, that the two stanzas were the originals, were then contracted into the unusual form of a stanza and a half, and then these again brought into the old form by a further construction into one. Again, in Ps. xxiii. two lines in each stanza of Woodford are of two feet each, but in the Trinity College MS. they are three feet, and it is impossible not to see that the change has been made by adding to the original, and not by subtracting; and therefore the probability is—though, as will be seen from other MSS. which agree with Woodford in having shortened lines, it is only a probability—that the Trinity College version is the later. Now here again the Woodford single stanza is wanting, and the stanza and a half given with the shortened lines altered to correspond with the rest. Lastly, in Psalm xlii. the last four lines, or half of the last stanza, are in two MSS. altogether different, and it is tolerably plain that the Trinity College form is the later and better. The balance of evidence therefore stands thus: *First*, that the Trinity College MS. is the later; *secondly*, that Sidney intended to reduce all the Psalms to the full-stanza form, but at a later date rejected his attempts in the Woodford MS., and only succeeded in altering two to his satisfaction; and *thirdly*, that dissatisfied with the endings of Psalms xxii. and xlii. he altered xxii., but had not succeeded in Ps. xlii.

A comparison on these points of the British Museum

MSS. 12,048 and 12,047 tends to confirm these statements, for though different from the others and between themselves, and therefore independent authorities, they differ in all these points from the Woodford MS. and agree substantially with Trinity College. 12,048 is a small 4to, in a most clear, pains-taking, long-italic-looking writing, within faint red marginal lines, and in the inner margin is written Ps. i. &c., and the P and first word of each Psalm is also written in red ink. 12,047, from which Bp. Butler published his *Sidneiana*, in part, is also a well and carefully-written quarto. The writing is of the angular character between red marginal lines. It is remarkable in this respect that it is only a selection of the Psalms, and those selected are not taken in order, but variously transposed, giving the idea that they had been selected and arranged for some special use. In another hand there is an attempt to divide them into portions [qy.—for singing ?] at morning and evening prayer throughout the month ; but the attempt is irregular and partial. Of Sidney's it only contains from Psalm i. to xxvi. inclusive. Both end Ps. xxii. as does Trinity College, without the original stanza of Woodford and Davies. In Ps. xxiii. both give the stanza and a half of Trinity College as crossed out in Woodford, but they agree with Woodford in having the two-feet, not the three-feet lines. In Ps. xxvi. 12,048 gives the fully-developed two stanzas, but 12,047 the crossed-out stanza and a half of Woodford. In the rest 12,048 gives, like Trinity College, the crossed-out stanza and a half of Woodford in Ps. xxix., and the stanza and a half, and not the developed two stanzas of Ps. xxxi. in Trinity College, and



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it agrees with Trinity College in the version of the last four lines of Ps. xlii. Bp. Butler's *Sidneiana* (Roxburgh Club) is a most uncritical and errorful book.

Finally : it has hitherto been thought (*e. g.* Dr. Macdonald in *Antiphon*) that it was impossible to determine which Psalms belonged to Sidney and which to the Countess of Pembroke. But the evidence is multiplied that to Sidney belong only the first xliii., *e. g.* Lord Brooke's Letter given in our Essay (vol. i.) names 'about forty psalms' : Woodford, at end of Ps. xliii., notes from the autograph-corrected Sidney MS. 'Thus far Sir Philip Sidney': British Museum MS. 12,048 writes there, 'Hactenus Sir Philip Sidney'; and so elsewhere. I should gladly have welcomed more as Sir Philip's, for there can be no question that the Countess's portion is infinitely in advance of her brother's in thought, epithet, and melody. Her most remarkable poetry is found in these Psalms. G.



## THE PSALMES OF DAVID.

PSALM I.<sup>1</sup>*Beatus vir.*

1. **H**E blessed is who neither loosely treads  
 The straying stepps as wicked counsaile leades;  
 Ne for badd mates in waie of sinning wayteth,  
 Nor yet himself with idle scorner seateth ;  
 But on God's lawe his harte's delight doth binde,  
 Which, night and daie, he calls to marking minde.
2. He shall be lyke a freshly planted tree,  
 To which sweet springs of waters neighbours be ;  
 Whose braunches faile not timelie fruite to  
 nourish,  
 Nor with'red leafe shall make it faile to flourish :  
 So all the things whereto that man doth bend  
 Shall prosper still with well-succeeding end.

<sup>1</sup> Ps. i. st. i. l. 3, 'sinners' for 'sinning': l. 5, 'whole' for 'hartes' in Davies MS. Trinity College as our text. St. iv. l. 4, 'their' for 'the.' Trinity College, *ibid.*

3. Such blessings shall not wycked wretches see,  
 But lyke vyle chaffe with wind shall scatted be ;  
 For neither shall the men in sin delighted  
 Consist, when they to highest doome are cited,  
 Ne yet shall suff' red be a place to take [stand  
 Where godly men do their assembly make.
4. For God doth know, and knowing doth approue,  
 The trade of them that iust proceedings loue ;  
 But they that sinne in sinnfull breast do cherish,  
 The way they go shalbe their waie to perish.

PSALM II.<sup>2</sup>*Quare fremuerunt gentes ?*

WHAT ayles this Heathenish rage ? what do theis  
 people meane,  
 To mutter murmurs vaine ?  
 Why do these earthly kings and lords such meeting  
 And counsel jointly take [make,

<sup>2</sup> Ps. ii. l. 11, for 'And after speake' Woodford has this side-note, 'twas brauely, but y<sup>t</sup> is blotted out.' So in ll. 18 and 20, in margin 'y<sup>t</sup> blotted out' and 'another word bl.' In l. 19 Trinity College reads 'birth-right' for 'child's-right' (the hyphen ours).

Against the Lord of lords, the Lord of ev'ry thing,  
     And His anoynted king ?  
 Come, let us break their bonds, say they,—and fondly  
     And cast their yoakes away.      [say,—  
 But He shall them deride who by the Heav'n's is borne,  
     He shall laugh them to scorn,  
 And after speake to them with breath of wrathful fire,  
     And vex them in His ire ;  
 And say, O Kings, yet have I set My King vpon  
     My holy hill Syon ;  
 And I will (sayeth his king) the Lord's decree display,  
     And say,—that He did say,—  
 Thou art My Son indeed, this day begott by Me :  
     Ask, I will giue to Thee  
 The heathen for Thy child's-right, and will Thy realme  
     Farr as world's farthest end.      [extend  
 With iron scepter bruse Thou shalt and peecemeale  
     These men like potshards weake.      [breake  
 Therefore, O kings, be wise ; O rulers, rule your mind,  
     That knowledg you may find.

The meaning is the same in either word—the latter probably a subsequent variant. In l. 15 I accept 'his' for 'this' from Trin. Col.

Serue God, serue Him with feare, rejoyce in Him, but so  
 That joy with trembling go ;  
 With loving homage kisse that only Son He hath,  
 Least you enflame His wrath,  
 Whereof if but a sparke once kindled be, you all  
 From yor way perish shall ;  
 And then they that in Him their only trust do rest,  
 O, they be rightly blest !

PSALM III.<sup>3</sup>*Domine, quid multiplici ?*

1. **L**ORD, how do they encrease,  
 That hatefull never cease  
 To breed my grievous trouble ?  
 How many ones there be,  
 That all against poor me  
 Their numbrous strength redouble ?

<sup>3</sup> Ps. iii. st. i. l. 6, in Trin. Col. spelled as in our text, 'numbrous.' Davies MS. has 'numerous.' In st. iii. l. 5, margin-note 'For,' bl.: *i. e.* for 'While': l. 6, 'again He,' bl. *i. e.* for 'from sleep.' In st. v. l. 2, I adopt 'jaw-bone' for 'jaw-bones' from Trin. Col. In l. 5, Trin. Col. reads 'And' for 'Thou.' In st. vi. l. 3, I adopt 'For He alone' from Trin. Col. for 'He is He that' of our text, and 'He it is that' of Davies MS.

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2. Even multitudes be they  
That to my soul do say,  
    No help for you remaineth  
In God, on whom you build.  
Yet, Lord, Thou art my shield,  
    In Thee my glory raigneth.
3. The Lord lifts vp my head,  
To Him my voyce I spread ;  
    From holy hill He heard me :  
I layd me down and slept,  
While He me safely kept,  
    And safe from sleep I rear'd me.
4. I will not be afraid  
Though legions round be layd,  
    Which all against me gather :  
I say no more but this,  
Vp, Lord, now time it is ;  
    Help me, my God and Father !
5. For Thou, with cruel blowes  
On jaw-bone of my foes,  
    My causeless wrongs hast wroken ;  
Thou, those men's teeth which byte,

Venom'd with godless spight,  
Hast in their malice broken.

6. Salvation doth belong  
Unto the Lord most strong ;  
For He alone defendeth :  
And on those blessèd same  
Which beare His people's name  
His blessing He extendeth.

PSALM IV.<sup>4</sup>

*Cum invocarem.*

- I. **H**EARE me, O, heare me when I call,  
O God, God of my equity !  
Thou setd'st me free when I was thrall,

<sup>4</sup> Ps. iv. st. ii. l. 5, 'hunt' is also in Trin. Col. Davies MS. has 'haunt.' 'Hunt' seems preferable in relation to the 'pleasure in vanity' referred to. In st. iv. l. 3, I accept 'heart' of Trin. Col. for 'hearts.' In Trin. Col. st. v. reads, ll. 1 and 3 :

'Sacrificers, Sacrifice

. . . . .  
Trust in that Lord that hateth lies.'

In st. vii. l. 5, I adopt 'Safetie's' for 'safest' of our text and Davies MS.



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Haue mercy therfore still on me,  
And hearken how I pray to Thee.

2. O men, whose fathers were but men,  
Till when will ye My honour high  
Staine with your blasphemys ; till when  
Such pleasure take in vanity,  
And only hunt where lyes do ly ?
3. Yet know this too that God did take,  
When He chose me, a godly one ;  
Such one, I say, that when I make  
My crying plaints to Him alone,  
He will giue good eare to my moane.
4. O, tremble then with awfull will,  
Sinne from all rule in you depose,  
Talk with yor heart and yet be still ;  
And when your chamber you do close  
Your selues, yet to your selues disclose.
5. The sacrifices sacrify  
Of just desires, on justice stayd ;  
Trust in the Lord that cannot ly.  
Indeed full many folk haue said,  
From whence shall come to us such ayd ?

6. But, Lord, lift thou vpon our sight  
 The shining clearness of Thy face,  
 Where I haue found more heart's delight  
 Than they whose stoare in harvest space  
 Of grain and wine fills stoaring-place.
7. So I in peace and peacefull blisse  
 Will lay me down and take my rest ;  
 For it is Thou, Lord, Thou it is,  
 By power of whose owne only brest  
 I dwell, layd vp in Safetie's neast.

PSALM V.<sup>5</sup>*Verba mea auribus.*

1. **P**ONDER the words, O Lord, that I do say,  
 Consider what I meditate in me :  
 O, hearken to my voice, which calls on Thee,  
 My King, my God, for I to Thee will pray.

<sup>5</sup> Ps. v. st. i. l. 8, margin-note 'wayling, bl.[otted]' *i. e.* for 'waiting.' In st. iv. l. 2, I adopt 'being' from Trin. Col. for 'lyning' of our text and Davies MS. In margin-note 'Their soules fowle sinns, but altered as here.' In st. v. l. 1, margin-note, 'in, bl.[otted].' In st. iv. l. 6, I accept 'theire' for 'the' from Trin. Col. In st. v. l. 5, I adopt 'Thou blesset' from Trin. Col. for 'they blessed' of our text and 'thou blessedst' of Davies MS.

So shall my voice clime to Thyne eares betime,  
For unto Thee I will my prayer send

With earlyest entry of the morning prime,  
And will my waiting eyes to Thee-ward bend.

2. For Thou art that same God, far from delight *a*  
 In that which of fowle wickedness doth smel; *b*  
 No, nor with Thee the naughty ones shall dwel, *b*  
 Nor glorious fooles stand in Thy awfull sight. *a*  
 Thou hatest all whose works in evil are plac't, *c*  
 And shalt root out the tongues to lying bent; *d*  
 For Thou, the Lord, in endless hatred hast *c*  
 The murd'rous man, and so the fraudulent. *d*
3. But I my self will to Thy house addresse  
 With passe-port of Thy graces manyfold;  
 And in Thy feare, knees of my heart will fold,  
 Towards the temple of Thy holyness.  
 Thou Lord, Thou Lord, the saver of Thyne owne,  
 Guide me, O, in Thy justice be my guide,  
 And make Thy wayes to me more plainly known,  
 For all I neede, that with such foes do byde.
4. For in their mouth not one cleere word is spent,  
 Their soules' fowl sinns for inmost lieing haue;  
 Their throat it is an open swallowing graue,

Wherto their tongue is flattring instrument.

Giue them their due unto their guiltiness,  
Let their vile thoughts theire thinkers ruin be :

With heapèd weights of their own sinns, oppresse  
These most ungratefull rebels unto Thee.

5. So shall all they that trust on Thee do bend,  
And loue the sweet sound of Thy name, rejoyce ;  
They ever shall send Thee their praying voyce,  
Since ever Thou to them wilt succour send.  
Thy work it is to blesse, Thou blessest them  
The just in Thee, on Thee and justice build :  
Thy work it is such men safe in to hemm  
With kindest care, as with a certain shield.

PSALM VI.<sup>6</sup>

*Domine, ne in furore.*

1. **L**ORD, let not me, a worme, by Thee be shent,  
While Thou art in the heat of Thy displeasure ;  
Ne let Thy rage of my due punishment  
Become the measure.

<sup>6</sup> Ps. vi. st. ii. l. 3. Trin. Col. has 'Lord help me for my . . .'  
=for as to me: no improvement. Trin. Col. in st. iii. l. 2 reads

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2. But mercy, Lord, let mercy Thyne descend,  
For I am weake, and in my weakness languish :  
Lord, help, for even my bones their marrow spend  
With cruel anguish.
3. Nay, ev'n my soul fell troubles do appall :  
Alas ! how long, my God, wilt Thou delay me ?  
Turn Thee, sweet Lord, and from this ougly fall,  
My deare God, stay me.
4. Mercy, O mercy, Lord, for mercy's sake,  
For death dos kill the witness of Thy glory ;  
Can of Thy prayse the tongues entombèd make  
A heavnly story ?
5. Lo, I am tir'd, while still I sigh and groane :  
My moystned bed proofes of my sorrow showeth,  
My bed, while I with black Night mourn alone,  
With my teares floweth.

' my God, how long '—perhaps more rhythmical. In st. vii. l. 1, the Davies MS. has 'ill,' which reminds us that 'evil,' as 'devil,' was pronounced as a monosyllable. See note in our *Southwell*, s.v.

6. Woe, lyke a moth, my face's beauty eates,  
 And age, pul'd on with paines, all freshness fret-  
 teth,  
 The while a swarm of foes with vexing feates  
 My life besetteth.
7. Get hence, you evill, who in my evill rejoyce,  
 In all whose workes vainness is ever raigning,  
 For God hath heard the weeping sobbing voice  
 Of my complaining.
8. The Lord my suite did heare, and gently heare ;  
 They shall be sham'd and vext that breed my  
 crying,  
 And turn their backs, and strait on backs appeare  
 Their shamefull flying.

PSALM VII.<sup>7</sup>*Domine, Deus meus.*

1. ○ LORD, my God, Thou art my trustfull stay ;  
 O, saue me from this persecution's showre,  
 Deliver me in my endangerd way.

<sup>7</sup> Ps. vii. st. vii. l. 2, Trin. Col. and Davies MS. 'throne': l. 3,

2. Least lion like he do my soule devoure,  
And cruely in many peices teare,  
While I am voyd of any helping power.
3. O Lord, my God, if I did not forbear  
Ever from deed of any such desart ;  
If ought my hands of wyckednes do beare ;
4. If I have been unkynd for friendly part ;  
Nay, if I wrought not for his freedome's sake,  
Who causeless now yeelds me a hatefull heart,—
5. Then let my foe chase me, and chasing take,  
Then let his foot vpon my neck be set,  
Then in the dust let him my honour rake.
6. Arise, O Lord, in wrath Thy self vp sett  
Against such rage of foes ; awake for me  
To that high doome which I by Thee must get.

Trin. Col 'workes' for 'acts.' In st. ix, l, 2, I for the third time adopt 'theire' for 'the' from Trin. Col., but this time our text reads 'the' as in Davies MS. In st. xii. l. 1, a second amendment is 'Then dost Thou' for 'For hym Thou' of Davies MS.

7. So shall all men with laudes inviron Thee ;  
Therefore, O Lord, lift vp Thy self on high,  
That evry folk Thy wondrous acts may see.
8. Thou, Lord, the people shalt in judgment try ;  
Then, Lord, my Lord, giue sentence on my side,  
After my clearness and my equity.
9. O, let their wickedness no longer bide  
From coming to their well-deservèd end ;  
But still be Thou to just men justest guide.
10. Thou righteous proofes to hearts and reines dost  
send,  
All, all my help from none but Thee is sent,  
Who dost Thy saving-health to true men bend.
11. Thou righteous art, Thou strong, Thou patient,  
Yet each day art provoakt Thyne ire to show :  
For this same man will not learn to repent.
12. Therefore Thou whet'st Thy sword and bend'st Thy  
bow,  
And hast Thy deadly armes in order brought,  
And ready art to let Thyne arrowes go.



13. Lo, he that first conceiv'd a wretched thought,  
 And great with child of mischeif travaild long,  
 Now brought a-bed, hath brought nought out but  
 nought.
14. A pitt was digg'd by this man vainly strong ;  
 But in the pitt he ruind first did fall,  
 Which fall he made to do his neighbor wrong.
15. He against me doth throw ; but down it shall  
 Vpon his pate, his pain employèd thus,  
 And his own evill his own head shall appall.
16. I will giue thanks unto the Lord of vs,  
 According to His heavnly equity,  
 And will to highest name yeild prayses high.

PSALM VIII.<sup>8</sup>*Domine, Dominus noster.*

1. O LORD, that rul'st our mortall lyne,  
 How through the world Thy name doth  
 That hast of Thy unmatched glory [shine ;  
 Vpon the heavns engrav'd Thy story.

<sup>8</sup> Ps. viii. st. ii. l. 2. I adopt 'infants' from Trin. Col. for

2. From sucklings hath Thy honour sproong,  
 Thy force hath flow'd from infant's tongue,  
 Whereby Thou stop'st Thyne enemy's prating,  
 Bent to revenge and ever háting.
3. When I vpon the heavns do look,  
 Which all from Thee their essence took ;  
 When moone and starrs my thought behóldeth,  
 Whose light no light but of Thee hóldeth :
4. Then think I,—ah, what is this man,  
 Whom that great God remember can?  
 And what the race of him descended,  
 It should be ought of God attended. [That] it
5. For though in lesse than angel's state  
 Thou planted hast this earthly mate,  
 Yet hast Thou made even him an owner  
 Of glorious croune and crowning honour.

'babies' of our text and Davies MS. In st. iii. l. 4, a margin-note against the line 'Qu. if not Light.' The Trin. Col. MS. reads for 'life' twice over 'light,' which I adopt, albeit, looking to the philosophy which gave an angelic 'Intelligence' to each heavenly body, the reading 'life, no life,' may be defended.

6. Thou placest him vpon all lands m  
 To rule the works of Thyne own hands ; m  
 And so Thou hast all things ordainèd, f  
 That even his feet haue on them raig'nèd. f
7. Thou under his dominion plac't m  
 Both sheep and oxen wholly hast, m  
 And all the beasts for ever breeding, f  
 Which in the fertile fields be feeding. f
8. The bird, free burgess of the ayre, m  
 The fish of seas the natiue heire, m  
 And what thing els of waters traceth f  
 The unworn paths, his rule embraceth. f  
 O Lord, that rulest our mortall lyne, m  
 How through the world Thy name doth shine ! )

PSALM IX.<sup>9</sup>*Confitebor tibi.*

1. **W**ITH all my heart, O Lord, I will prayse Thee,  
 My speeches all Thy mervailes shall descry ;

<sup>9</sup> Ps. ix. st. iii. l. 3. I accept 'long' from Trin. Col. for 'like' of our text and Davies MS.: neither in the Hebrew. In st. viii.

In Thee my joyes and comforts ever be,  
 Yea, ev'n my songs Thy name shall magnify,  
 O Lord most high !

2. Because my foes to fly are now constrained,  
 And they are faln, nay, perisht at Thy sight ;  
 For Thou my cause, my right Thou hast maintaind,  
 Setting Thy self in throne, which shinèd bright,  
 Of judging right.

3. The Gentiles Thou rebukèd sorely hast,  
 And wyked folk from Thee to wrack do wend,  
 And their renoune, which seemd so long to last,  
 Thou dost put out, and quite consuming send  
 To endles end.

4. O bragging foe, where is the endles wast  
 Of conquerd states, wherby such fame you gott ?  
 What ! doth their memory no longer last—  
 Both ruines, ruiners, and ruin'd plott  
 Be quite forgott ?

l. 2, Davies MS. has 'stray' ; our text and Trin. Col. 'stay.' So in st. ix. l. 2, 'sound' for 'sing.' In st. xii. l. 2, I follow here Trin. Col. in preference to our text 'from out of heav'nly.'

- 
5. But God shall sit in His eternal chaire,  
Which He prepar'd to giue His judgments high ;  
Thither the world for justice shall repare,  
Thence He to all His judgments shall apply  
Perpetually.
6. Thou, Lord, also th' oppressèd wilt defend,  
That they to Thee in troublous time may flee ;  
They that know Thee on Thee their trust will bend,  
For Thou, Lord, found by them wilt ever be  
That seek to Thee.
7. O prayse the Lord, this Syon-dweller good,  
Shew forth His acts, and this as act most high,  
That He, inquiring, doth require just blood,  
Which He forgetteth not, nor letteth dy  
Th' afflicted cry.
8. Haue mercy, mercy, Lord, I once did say ;  
Ponder the paines which on me loaden be  
By them whose minds on hatefull thoughts do stay :  
Thou, Lord, that from death gates hast lifted me,  
I call to Thee,
9. That I within the ports most beautyfull gates  
Of Syon's daughter may sing fourth Thy prayse ;

That I, even I, of heavnly comfort full,  
May only joy in all Thy saving wayes  
Throughout my days.

10. No sooner said, but lo, myne enemyes sink  
Down in the pitt which they themselues had  
wrought ;  
And in that nett, which they well hidden think,  
Is their own foot, ledd by their own ill thought,  
Most surely caught.
11. For then the Lord in judgment shewes to raigne,  
When godless men be snar'd in their own snares ;  
When wycked soules be turn'd to hellish paine,  
And that forgetfull sort which never cares  
What God prepares.
12. But, of the other side, the poore in sprite  
Shall not be scrap'd out of the heavnly scoare,  
Nor meek abiding of the pacient wight  
Yet perish shall, although his paine be sore,  
For ever more.
13. Vp, Lord, and judg the Gentyls in Thy right,  
And let not man haue vpper hand of Thee :

With terrors great, O Lord, do Thou them fright,  
 That by sharp proofes the heathen them selues  
 may se  
 But men to be.

PSALM X.<sup>1</sup>*Ut quid, Domine?*

- I. **W**HY standest Thou so farr,  
 O God, our only starr,  
 In time most fitt for Thee  
 To help who vexèd be?  
 For lo, with pride the wicked man  
 Still plagues the poore the most he can;  
 O, let proud him be throughly caught  
 In craft of his own crafty thought.

<sup>1</sup> Ps. x. st. ii. l. 2. I adopt Trin. Col. 'raise' for 'ease' of our text and Davies MS.: neither is good, but 'raise' agrees better with 'extolling' and context. Opposite st. ii. at end is a margin-note: 'hee is [i. e. l. 5 for 'is his'] but blotted out and put as in the text, being a fault of the scribe.' On this see note to these Psalms, *ante*. In st. iii. l. 8, Trin. Col. reads 'ne're depart' for 'never part' of our text and Davies MS., and I adopt it. So in st. vi. l. 5 I adopt 'Then' for 'Thus.' In st. vii. l. 4, 'silly,' which embraces poor, weakly, innocent. See our note in *Southwell*, *s.v.* In l. 5 Trin. Col. reads 'much' for second 'evill'=ill. In st. ix. l. 1 I adopt 'that' for 'the,' and l. 3, 'him' for 'them' from Trin. Col.

2. For he himself doth prayse,  
When he his lust doth raise ;  
Extolling ravenous gain,  
But doth God self disdain.  
Nay, so proud is his puffèd thought,  
That after God he never sought,  
But rather much he fancys this,—  
That name of God a fable is.
3. For while his wayes do proue  
On them he sets his loue,  
Thy judgments are too high,  
He cannot them espy.  
Therefore he doth defy all those  
That dare themselues to him oppose,  
And sayeth in his bragging heart,  
This gotten blisse shall ne're depart.
4. Nor he removed be,  
Nor danger ever see ;  
Yet from his mouth doth spring  
Cursing and cosening ;  
Vnder his tongue do harbour'd ly  
Both mischeif and iniquity.  
For proof, oft lain in wait he is,  
In secret by-way villages,



- 
5. In such a place vnknown  
To slay the hurtless one :  
With winking eyes aye bent  
Against the innocent,  
Like lurking lion in his denn,  
He waites to spoyle the simple men :  
Whom to their losse he still dos get,  
When once he draw'th his wily nett.
6. O, with how simple look  
He oft layeth out his hook !  
And with how humble showes  
To trapp poore soules he goes !  
Then freely, saith he in his sprite,  
God sleeps, or hath forgotten quite ;  
His farr off sight now hood winkt is,  
He leasure wants to mark all this.
7. Then rise, and come abroad,  
O Lord, our only God ;  
Lift up Thy heavnly hand,  
And by the sylly stand. simple-hearted (selig)  
Why should the evill so evill despise  
The power of Thy through-seeing eyes?  
And why should he in heart so hard  
Say Thou dost not Thyn own regard ?

8. But naked, before Thine eyes,  
All wrong and mischeife lyes,  
For of them in Thy hands  
The ballance evnly stands.  
But who aright poor-minded be,  
Commit their cause, themselues to Thee,  
The succour of the succourless,  
The Father of the fatherlesse.
9. Breake Thou that wyked arm,  
Whose fury bends to harme ;  
Search him, and wyked he  
Will straight-way nothing be.  
So, Lord, we shall Thy title sing,  
Ever and ever to be King,  
Who hast the heath'ney folk destroy'd  
From out Thy land, by them anoy'd.
10. Thou openest heavnly doore  
To prayers of the poore ;  
Thou first preparèdst their mind,  
Then eare to them enclin'd :  
O, be Thou still the orphan's aide,  
That poore from ruine may be stayd,  
Least we should ever feare the lust  
Of earthly man, a lord of dust.

PSALM XI.<sup>2</sup>*In Domino confido.*

1. SINCE I do trust Iehova still,  
     Your fearfull words why do you spill ? fear-making  
     That like a byrd to some strong hill  
         I now should fall a flying.
2. Behold the evill haue bent their bow,  
     And set their arrows in a rowe,  
     To giue unwares a mortall blow  
         To hearts that hate all lying.
3. But that in building they began,  
     With ground plots fall shall be undone  
     For what, alas, haue just men done  
         In them no cause is growing.
4. God in His holy temple is ;  
     The throne of heav'n is only His ;  
     Naught His all-seing sight can miss,  
         His eyelidds peyse our going.

<sup>2</sup> Ps. xi. st. ii. l. 1, margin-note, 'Perhaps, bl.[otted] i. e. for Behold.' In st. v. l. 4, I accept 'This' for 'That' from Trin. Col.

5. The Lord doth search the just man's reines,  
 But hates, abhorrs the wyked braines ;  
 On them storms, brimstone, coales He raines,  
 This is their share assignèd.
6. But of so happy other-side,  
 His louely face 'on them doth bide,  
 In race of life their feet to guide,  
 Who be to God enclinèd.

PSALM XII.<sup>3</sup>*Salvum me fac.*

1. **L**ORD, help, it is high time for me to call,  
 No men are left that charity do loue ;  
 Nay, even the race of good men are decay'd.
2. Of things vain they with vaine mates bable all ;  
 Their abiect lips no breath but flattery moue,  
 Sent from false heart, on double meaning stay'd.
3. But Thou, O Lord, giue them a thorough fall ;  
 Those lying lipps from cousening head remoue,  
 In falsehood wrapt, but in their pride display'd.

<sup>3</sup> Ps. xii. st. vii. l. 2. I accept 'Yea' for 'Pure' from Trin. Col.

- 
4. Our tongues, say they, beyond them all shall go ;  
Wee both haue power, and will our tales too tell :  
For what lord rules our braue emboldned breast ?
  5. Ah ! now even for their sakes that taste of woe,  
Whom troubles tosse, whose natures need doth quell ;  
Even for their sighs, true sighs, of man distrest,
  6. I will get vp, saith God, and My help show  
Against all them that against him do swell ;  
Maugre his foes, I will set him at rest.
  7. These are God's words, God's words are ever pure ;  
Yea, purer than the silver throughly try'd,  
When fire seven times hath spent his earthy parts.
  8. Then thou, O Lord, shalt keep the good stil sure,  
By Thee preserv'd, in Thee they shall abide :  
Yea, in no age Thy blisse from them departs.
  9. Thou seest each side the walking doth endure  
Of these bad folk, more lifted vp with pride,  
Which if it last, woe to all simple hearts.

PSALM XIII.<sup>4</sup>*Usque quo, Domine ?*

1. **H**OW long, O Lord, shall I forgotten be ?  
     What, ever ?  
 How long wilt Thou Thy hidden face from me  
     Dissever ?
2. How long shall I consult with carefull sprite  
     In anguish ?  
 How long shall I with foes' triumphant might  
     Thus languish ?
3. Behold me, Lord, let to Thy hearing creep  
     My crying ;  
 Nay, giue me eyes and light, least that I sleep  
     In dying :
4. Least my foe bragg, that in my ruin hee  
     Prevailed,  
 And at my fall they joy that trouble me  
     Assailed.

<sup>4</sup> Ps. xiii. st. iii. l. 3, Trin. Col. 'O' for 'Nay.' In st. v. l. 3, I accept 'mercies' for 'graces' of our text and Davies MS.

5. No, no ! I trust on Thee, and joy in Thy  
Great pity ;  
Still, therefore, of Thy mercies shall be my  
Song's ditty.

PSALM XIV.<sup>5</sup>*Dixit insipiens.*

1. **T**HE foolish man by fleshe and fancy led,  
His guilty heart with this fond thought hath fed ;  
There is no God y<sup>t</sup> raigneth.
2. And so thereafter he and all his mates  
Do works which earth corrupts and Heaven hates :  
Not one that good remaineth.
3. Even God Himself sent down His peircing ey,  
If of this clayey race He could espy  
One that His wisdom learneth.
4. And lo, He finds that all a straying went ;  
All plung'd in stinking filth, not one well bent,  
Not one that God discerneth.

<sup>5</sup> Ps. xiv. Note, 'This Psalm has a crosse (mark of expunction) set over against its title. Quære.'

5. O madness of these folks, thus loosely led !  
These canibals, who, as if they were bread,  
God's people do devouere,
6. Nor ever call on God ; but they shall quake  
More than they now do bragg, when He shall take  
The just into His power.
7. Indeed, the poore, opprest by you, you mock,  
Their counsells are your common jesting stock ;  
But God is their recomfort.
8. Ah, when from Syon shall the Saver come,  
That Jacob, freed by Thee, may glad become,  
And Israel full of comfort ?

PSALM XV.<sup>6</sup>*Domine, quis habitabit.*

I N tabernacle Thyne, O Lord, who shall remayne ?  
Lord, of Thy holy hill who shall the rest obtayne ?  
Even he that leads of life an uncorrupted traine,

<sup>6</sup> Ps. xv. l. 3. Trin. Col. reads 'of life an' for 'a life of': adopted. So in l. 7, 'high' for 'vile': adopted.



Whose deeds of righteous heart, whose hearty words  
 be plain ;  
 Who with deceitfull tongue hath never usd to faine,  
 Nor neighbour hurts by deed, nor doth wth slaunder  
 staine ;  
 Whose eyes a person vile do hold in high disdain,  
 But doth, with honour great, the godly entertaine ;  
 Who oath and promise given doth faithfully maintain,  
 Although some worldly losse therby he may sustaine ;  
 From biting vsury who ever doth refrain ;  
 Who sells not guiltlesse cause for filthy loue of gain :  
 Who thus proceeds, for aye in sacred mount shall raign.

PSALM XVI.<sup>7</sup>*Conserua me.*

- i. SAUE mee, Lord, for why, Thou art  
 All the hope of all my heart :  
 Witness thou, my soule, with me,  
 That to God, my God, I say,—  
 Thou, my Lord, Thou art my stay,  
 Though my works reach not to Thee.

<sup>7</sup> Ps. xvi. st. iv. l. 6. I adopt Trin Col. 'a' for 'and.' So in st. v. l. 5, for 'So in joy my' of our text and Davies MS. In st.

2. This is all the best I proue,  
 God and godly men I loue,  
 And foresee their wretched paine  
 Who to other gods do run ;  
 Their blood offrings I do shun ;  
 Nay, to name their names disdain.
3. God my only portion is,  
 And of my child's-part the blisse ;  
 He then shall maintayn my lott.  
 Say then, is not my lot found  
 In a goodly pleasant ground ?  
 Haue not I fair partage gott ?

vii. l. 5, Trin. Col. reads 'working' for 'making.' Woodford adds here: 'The last sta'ss of this Psalm is put by the Author, and as I judge under his own hand as in y<sup>e</sup> text, instead of the following w<sup>ch</sup> is expung'd, and where in the margin leaues room for this sta'ss, viz. y<sup>t</sup> in y<sup>e</sup> text sett:

"Thou the path wilt make me tread  
 Whilste life, true life doth lead.  
 Where who may contemplate Thee  
 Shall feel in Thy face's light  
 All the fulnes of delight:  
 And whose bodys placèd be  
 On thy blessed-making hand  
 Shall in endlesse pleasures stand."

Expung'd: possibly it was because two verses [=lines] longer than the rest.'

- 
4. Ever, Lord, I will blesse Thee,  
Who dost ever counsell mee ;  
    Ev'n when Night with his black wing,  
Sleepy Darkness dos orecast,  
In my inward reynes I taste  
    Of my faults a chastening.
5. My eyes still my God regard,  
And He my right hand doth guard ;  
    So can I not be opprest,  
So my heart is fully glad,  
So my ioye in glory clad,  
    Yea, my flesh in hope shall rest.
6. For I know the deadly graue  
On my soul no power shall haue ;  
    For I know Thou wilt defend  
Even the body of Thyne own  
Deare belovèd holy one,  
    From a foule corrupting end.
7. Thou life's path wilt make me know,  
In whose vieu with plenty grow  
    All delights that soules can craue ;

And whose bodys placèd stand  
 On Thy blessed-making hand,  
 They all joyes like endless haue.

PSALM XVII.<sup>8</sup>*Exaudi, Domine, justitiam.*

1. **M**Y suite is just, just Lord, to my suite hark ;  
 I plain, sweete Lord, my plaint for pittie mark ;  
 And since my lipps feign not with Thee,  
 Thyne eares vouchsafe to bend to me.

<sup>8</sup> Ps. xvii. st. i. l. 1-2. Trin. Col. reads

‘ My . . . just Lord thereto give eare  
 . . . . . pittie heare.’

In st. iii. l. 1, I adopt ‘ When ’ for ‘ Where ’ from Trin. Col. In st. iii. l. 2, Trin. Col. has the odd misreading of ‘ inside.’ See Astrophel and Stella, note on Sonnet x. l. 5. In st. iv. l. 4, Trin. Col. has ‘ that ’ for ‘ yet ’: the latter is deeper and more pathetic. In st. v. l. 3, I adopt ‘ Then ’ for ‘ And ’ from Trin. Col. So in st. vi. l. 1, ‘ Thou ’ for ‘ me ’ of our text and ‘ then ’ of Davies MS. With reference to ‘ me ’ of our text, cf. ‘ us ’ of next line. In st. viii. l. 4, I adopt ‘ my ’ for ‘ our ’ from Trin. Col. Cf. previous stanza. In st. ix. l. 1, I adopt ‘ for his ’ from Trin. Col. for ‘ to make.’ In one sense a lion does not gape ‘ to make ’ a prey. Line 3, I adopt ‘ their ’ for ‘ those,’ and have made ‘ those ’ of next line the same. In st. x. l. 3, I accept from Trin. Col. ‘ state ’ for ‘ life ’ and ‘ highly ’ for ‘ greatly ’ of our text and Davies MS.

- 
2. O, let my sentence passe from Thyne own face,  
Show that Thy eyes respect a faithfull case,  
Thou that by prooffe acquainted art  
With inward secrets of my heart.
  3. When silent Night might seeme all faults to hide,  
Then was I by Thy searching insight try'd,  
And then by Thee was guiltless found  
From ill word and ill-meaning sound.
  4. Not weighing ought how fleshly fancys run,  
Led by Thy word, the rav'ners' steps I shun,  
And pray that still Thou guide my way,  
Least yet I slip or goe astray.
  5. I say again that I haue call'd on Thee,  
And boldly say Thou wilt giue eare to me ;  
Then let my words, my crys ascend,  
Which to Thy self my soul will send.
  6. Shew Thou, O Lord, Thy wondrous kindness show,  
Make us in mervailles of Thy mercy know  
That Thou by faithfull men wilt stand,  
And saue them from rebellious hand.
  7. Then keep me as the apple of an eye,  
In Thy wings' shade then let me hidden ly

From my destroying wicked foes,  
Who for my death still me enclose.

8. Their eyes doe swim, their face doth shine in fatt,  
And cruel words their swelling tongues do chatt ;  
And yet their high hearts look so low,  
As how to watch my overthrow ;

9. Now like a lion gaping for his preyes,  
Now like his whelp in den that lurking staves :  
Up, Lord, prevent their gaping jawes,  
And bring to naught their watching pawes.

10. Saue me from them Thou usest as Thy blade,  
From men, I say, and from men's worldly trade,  
Whose state doth seeme most highly blest,  
And count this life their portion best.

11. Whose bellyes so with daintys Thou dost fill,  
And soe with hidden treasure grant their will,  
That they in riches flourish do,  
And children haue to leaue it to.

12. What would they more? And I, would not their case :  
My joy shall be pure, to enjoy Thy face,  
When waking of this sleep of mine,  
I shall see Thee in likeness Thine.

PSALM XVIII.<sup>9</sup>*Diligam te.*

1. **T**HEE will I loue, O Lord, with all my heart's  
delight,  
My strength, my strongest rock, which my de-  
fence hast been ;  
My God and helping God, my might and trustfull  
might,  
My never piercèd shield, my ever-saving horn,  
My refuge, refuge then when I am most forlorn :  
Whom then shall I invoke but Thee, most worthy  
prayse,  
On Whom against my foes my only safty staves ?
2. On me the paines of death already gan to prey,  
The floods of wickedness on me did horrors  
throw ;  
Like in a winding-sheet, wretch, I already lay,  
All-ready, ready to my snaring graue to go ;

<sup>9</sup> Ps. xviii. st. iv. l. 3, margin-note, 'high, exp.[unged] and error,' *i. e.* for 'hee.' Trin. Col. in l. 5 has 'his' for 'this': inferior. In st. ix. l. 6, 'hills' for 'hill,' and l. 7, 'I' for 'they' from Trin. Col.: also in st. xii. l. 1, 'envious' for 'mutinous' of our text and 'troublous' of Davies MS.

- This my distresse to God with wailfull cries I  
show,  
My cries clim'd vp; and He bent down from sacred  
throne  
His eyes unto my case, His eares unto my moane.
3. And so the earth did fall to tremble and to quake,  
The mountains proudly high, and their founda-  
tions, bent  
With motion of His rage, did to the bottom shake.  
He came, but came with smoake, from out His  
nostrills sent,  
Flames issued from His mouth, and burning  
coales out went :  
He bow'd the heav'ns, and from the bow'd heav'ns  
did descend  
With hugy darknes, which about his feet did  
wend.
4. The cherubym's their backs, the winds did yeild their  
wings  
To beare His sacred flight, in secret place then  
clos'd ;  
About which Hee dimme clouds like a pavilion  
brings,



Cloudes even of waters dark and thickest ayre  
compos'd :

But streight His shining eyes this misty masse  
disclos'd ;

Then hayle, then fire coales, then thundred heavnly  
Sire,

Then spake He His lowd voyce, then hailestones  
coales, and fire.

5. Then out His arrowes fly, and streight they scatterd  
been,

Lightning on lightning He did for their wrack  
augment ;

The gulfs of water then were through their chanel  
seen,

The world's foundations then lay bare, because  
He shent

With blasting breath, O Lord, that in Thy chid-  
ing went.

Then sent He from aboue, and took me from below,  
Ev'n from the waters' depth my God preservd me so.

6. So did He saue me from my mighty furious foe,  
So did He saue me from their then prevailing  
hate ;

For they had caught me vp when I was weake in woe,  
 But He, staffe of my age, He staid my stumbling  
 state :

This much ; yet more, when I by Him this free-  
 dom gate,— this [was]  
 By Him, because I did find in His eyesight grace,—  
 He lifted me unto a largely noble place.

7. My justice, my just hands, thus did the Lord reward,  
 Because I walk'd His wayes, nor gainst Him  
 evely went ;

Still to His judgments lookt, still for His statutes  
 car'd ;

Sound and vpright with Him, to wyckedness not  
 bent.

Therefore, I say again, this goodnes He me sent,  
 As He before his eyes did see my justice stand,  
 According as He saw the pureness of my hand.

8. Meeke to the meek Thou art, the good Thy good-  
 ness taste ;

Pure to the pure, Thou dealst with crooked  
 crookedly.

Vp then Thou listst the poore, and down the proud  
 will cast ;

Vp Thou dost light my light and cleare my  
darkned eye ;

I hosts o'recome by Thee, by Thee ore walls I fly :  
Thy way is soundly sure, Thy word is purely tryd ;  
To them that trust in Thee Thou dost a sheild abide.

9. For who is God beside this great Iehova ours ?

And so, beside our God, who is indued with  
might ?

This God then girded me in His almighty powers,  
He made my combrous way to me most plainly  
right ;

To match with lightfoot staggs He made my  
foot so light

That I climb'd highest hills ; He me warr points  
did show,

Strengthening mine arms, that I could break an iron  
bow.

10. Thou gavest me saving shield, Thy right hand was  
my stay ;

Me in encreasing still Thy kindness did main-  
taine ;

Unto my strengthned steps Thou didst enlardge  
the way,

My heeles and plants Thou didst from stum-  
 bling slip sustaine ; steps  
 What foes I did persue, my force did them  
 attaine,  
 That I ere I return'd destroy'd them utterly  
 With such braue wounds, that they under my feet  
 did ly.

11. For why? my fighting strength by Thy strength  
 strengthned was,  
 Not I but Thou throw'st down those who 'gainst  
 me do rise ;  
 Thou gavest me their necks, on them Thou madest  
 me passe ;  
 Behold they cry, but who to them his help  
 applys?  
 Nay, unto Thee they cryd, but Thou heard'st  
 not their cryes :  
 I bett these folks as small as dust which wind dos  
 rayse, beat  
 I bett them as the clay is bett in beaten wayes.

12. Thus freed from envious men, Thou makest me to  
 raign,  
 Yea, Thou make me be serv'd by folks I never  
 knew ;

---

My name their eares, their eares, their hearts to me  
enchaine :

Even feare makes strangers shew much loue,  
though much untrue ;

But they do faile, and in their mazèd corners  
rew..

Then liue Iehova still, my rock still blessèd be ;

Let Him be lifted vp that hath preservèd me.

13. He that is my revenge, in Whom I realms subdue,

Who freed me from my foes, from rebels  
guarded me,

And rid me from the wrongs which cruel witts did  
brew :

Among the Gentiles then, I, Lord, yeeld thanks  
to Thee ;

I to Thy name will sing, and this my song shall  
be :

He nobly saues His king, and kindness keeps in  
store

For David His anyont' and his seed evermore.

PSALM XIX.<sup>1</sup>*Cœli enarrant.*

1. **T**HE heavnly frame sets forth the fame  
 Of Him that only thunders ;  
 The firmament, so strangely bent,  
 Shewes His hand-working wonders.
2. Day unto day doth it display,  
 Their course doth it acknowledg,  
 And night to night succeeding right  
 In darkness teach cleere knowledg.
3. There is no speech nor language which  
 Is so of skill bereavèd,  
 But of the skyes the teaching cryes  
 They haue heard and conceivèd.
4. There be no eyn but reade the line  
 From so fair book proceeding ;  
 Their words be set in letters great,  
 For ev'ry body's reading.

<sup>1</sup> Ps. xix. st. ix. l. 3, margin-note, '*it gives, exp.[unged].*' In st. xvi. l. 3, 'My saving might,' as an apostrophe to, and title of, our Lord, answering to 'O Lord, my strength and my Redeemer.' Hence I have printed with capitals.

- 
5. Is not he blind that doth not find  
The tabernacle builded ?  
There by His grace, for sun's fair face,  
In beames of beauty gilded.
6. Who forth doth come, like a bridegrome,  
From out his veiling places ;  
As glad is he as giants be  
To runn their mighty races.
7. His race is even from ends of heaven,  
About that vault he goeth ;  
There be no rea'ms hidd from his beames,  
His heat to all he throweth.
8. O law of his, how perfect 'tis !  
The very soul amending ;  
God's witness sure for aye doth dure,  
To simplest, wisdom lending.
9. God's doomes be right, and cheere the sprite,  
All His commandments being  
So purely wise, as giue the eyes  
Both light and force of seing.
10. Of Him the feare doth cleanness beare,  
And so endures for ever ;

His judgments be self verity,  
They are unrighteous never.

11. Then what man would so soon seek gold,  
Or glittering golden mony?  
By them is past, in sweetest taste,  
Hony, or comb of hony.

12. By them is made Thy servant's trade  
Most circumspectly guarded,  
And who doth frame to keep the same  
Shall fully be rewarded.

13. Who is the man that ever can  
His faults know and acknowledg?  
O Lord, cleanse me from faults that be  
Most secret from all knowledg.

14. Thy servant keepe, lest in him creep  
Presumptuous sins' offences;  
Let them not haue me for their slaue,  
Nor reign vpon my senses.

15. Soe shall my spryte be still vpright  
In thought and conversation;  
Soe shall I bide, well purify'd,  
From much abomination.



16. So let words sprung from my weake tongue,  
 And my heart's meditation,  
 My Saving Might, Lord, in Thy sight  
 Receiue good acceptation.

PSALM XX.<sup>2</sup>*Exaudiat te Dominus.*

1. **L**ET God the Lord heare thee,  
 Ev'n in the day when most thy troubles be ;  
 Let name of Jacob's God,  
 When thou on it dost cry,  
 Defend thee still from all thy foes abroad.
2. From sanctuary high  
 Let Him come down, and help to thee apply ;  
 From Syon's holy topp  
 Thence let Him undertake,  
 With heavnly strength, thy early strength to prop.

<sup>2</sup> Ps. xx. st. vi. l. 2. I prefer Trin. Col. text to 'in chariots arm'd, others' of Davies MS. and our text: 'arm'd' is not in the Hebrew. So in st. vii. I prefer Trin. Col. to 'When as to Him our praiers do appeare' of our text and Davies MS. It will be observed that as l. 4 of the other stanzas rhymed with the first of the

3. Let Him notorious make  
 That in good part He did thy offerings take ;  
 Let fyre for triall burne—  
 Yea, fire from Himself sent—  
 Thy offerings, so that they to ashes turn.
4. And soe let Him consent  
 To grant thy will and perfect thy entent ;  
 That in thy saving we  
 May ioy, and banners raise  
 Vp to our God, when thy suites granted be.
5. Now in mee knowledg sayes  
 That God from fall His own anoynted staves :  
 From heavnly holy land  
 I know that He heares mee,  
 Yea, heares with powers and helps of helpfull hand.
6. Let trust of some men be  
 In chariots, and some in chivalry ;      riders of horses  
 But let all our conceit  
 Vpon God's holy name,  
 Who is our Lord, with due remembrance wayte.

next, a thing which cannot be here, it was made to rhyme with the preceding. Hence Sidney would have the license of making this rhyme either with 3 and 4 or with 1 and 3.

7. Behold their broken shame !  
 Wee stand vpright while they their fall did frame.  
 Assist us, Saviour deare ;  
 Let that King deine to heare  
 When wee doe praie and call vpon His name.

PSALM XXI.<sup>3</sup>*Domine, in virtute tua.*

1. NEW joy, new joy unto our king,  
 Lord, from Thy strength is growing ;  
 Lord, what delight to him doth bring  
 His safety, from Thee flowing !
2. Thou hast given what his heart woulde haue,  
 Nay, soon as he but movèd  
 His lips to craue what he should craue,  
 He had as him behovèd.

<sup>3</sup> Ps. xxi. st. ii. l. 3. I accept Trin. Col. 'should' for 'would': st. vi. l. 2, 'for' instead of 'of.' In st. viii. l. 2, 'evill' is as usual monosyllabic. St. ii. l. 3, in British Museum MS. 12,048 rightly 'craue': 12,047 'haue,' wrongly.

3. Yea, Thou prevent'st ere ask he could,  
    With many liberall blessing,  
Croune of his head with croune of gold  
    Of purest metal dressing.
4. He did but ask a life of Thee,  
    Thou him a long life gavest ;  
Lo, even unto eternity  
    The life of him Thou savest.
5. Wee may well call his glory great  
    That springs from Thy salvation :  
Thou, Thou it is that has him set  
    In so high estimation.
6. Like storehouse Thou of blessings mad'st  
    This man of everlasting ;  
Unspeakably his heart Thou glad'st,  
    On him Thy count'nance casting.
7. And why all this? Because our king  
    In heaven his trust hath layèd ;  
He only leanes on highest thing,  
    Soe from base slip is stayèd.
8. Thy hand Thy foes shall overtake,  
    That Thee so evill haue hated ;

Thou as in fiery oven shalt make

These mates to be amated.

made foolish

9. The Lord on them with causefull ire  
Shall use destroying power :  
All flames of never-quenched fire  
Shall these bad wights devour.
10. Their fruit shalt Thou from earthly face  
Send unto desolation ;  
And from among the humane race  
Root out their generation.
11. For they to overthrow Thy will  
Full wilily intended :  
But all their bad mischeivous skill  
Shall fruitlesly be ended.
12. For like a marke Thou shalt a-row  
Set them in pointed places,  
And ready make Thy vengefull bow  
Against their guilty faces.
13. Lord, in Thy strength, Lord, in Thy might,  
Thy honour high be raised ;  
And so shall in our song's delight  
Thy power still be praised.

PSALM. XXII.<sup>4</sup>*Deus, Deus, meus.*

1. **M**Y God, my God, why hast Thou me forsaken?  
     Woe me, from me why is Thy presence taken,  
     So farr from seing myne unhealthfull eyes;  
     So farr from hearing to my roaring cryes?
2. O God, my God, I cry while day appeareth,  
     But, God, Thy eare my crying never heareth:  
     O God, the night in moane to Thee I spend,  
     Yet to my plaint Thou dost no audience lend.
3. But Thou art holy, and dost hold Thy dwelling  
     Where Israel Thy lawdes are ever telling;  
     Our fathers still to Thee their trust did beare,     in  
     They trusted, and by Thee deliver'd were.

<sup>4</sup> Ps. xxii. st. ii. ll. 3-4, from Trin. Col. in preference to our text and Davies MS. as follows:

‘ . . . . is privy to my plaint  
 . . . . hast not . . . . lent.’

So too st. iv. l. 3, for ‘not I.’ In st. vi. Trin. Col. marks ‘then’ of Davies MS. as=‘Than’ of our text, by reading ‘But.’ I accept in l. 4 Trin. Col. ‘my Lord’ for ‘Thou wert’; also in st. vii. l. 2, for ‘And since there is not one who it redresseth.’ In st. xi. l. 2, Trin. Col. reads ‘look’t’ and ‘gaz’d’: and in st. xii. ‘farr of’ for

4. They were set free when they vpon Thee callèd ;  
 They hop'd on Thee, and they were not appallèd.  
 But I a worm, and not of mankind am ;  
 Nay, shame of men, the people's scorning game.
5. The lookers now at me, poore wretch, be mocking,  
 With mowes and nodd's they stand about me flocking :  
 Let God help him, say they, whom He did trust ;  
 Let God saue him in whom was all his lust.

'farr O.' In st. xiii. l. 4, a long *s* in the Trin. Col. MS., but not crossed=sowle, *i. e.* soule. On st. vi. l. 2, 'betake' suggests a reference to 'betear'd': see Glossarial Index, *s. v.* :=didst betake good hope to me, or me to good hope [Thou gavest me hope,' Hebr.]; an example of the be- form as intensitive. St. xix. omitted in Trin. Col. In our text Woodford has the following important margin-note: 'Instead of the four last verses [=lines] it stood thus:

"To him shall kneel who to the dust be stricken,  
 Even he whose life no help of man can quicken,  
 As they, so theirs, Him shall their ofspring serue,  
 And God shall them in his own count reserue  
 They shall to childrens children make notorious  
 His righteousness, and this his doing glorious."

But these six verses [=lines] are scratched out as being two super-numerary, and in the margin is written, as I conceiue under S<sup>r</sup> Philip's own hand, *Leaue space for this stass*, viz. *y<sup>e</sup> stasse w<sup>ch</sup> I haue set in y<sup>e</sup> text.* Woodford writes as if above were 'staff,' and so elsewhere.

6. And yet even from the womb Thy self did take me:  
At mother's breasts Thou didst good hope betake me:  
No sooner my child eyes could look abroad  
Than I was given to Thee, my Lord, my God.
7. O, be not farr, since pain so nearly presseth,  
Since there is none, O God, who it redresseth :  
I am enclos'd with yong bulls' madded route,  
Nay, Basan-mighty bulls close me about.
8. With gaping mouth these folks on me haue chargèd,  
Like lions fierce, with roaring jawes enlargèd :  
On me all this, who do like water slide,  
Whose loosèd bones quite out of joint be wryde ;  
[writhed
9. Whose heart, with these huge flames, like wax ore-  
heated,  
Doth melt away, though it be inmost seated :  
My moystning strength is like a potsherd dride,  
My cleaving tongue close to my roofe doth bide.
10. And now am brought, alas, brought by Thy power  
Vnto the dust of my death's running hower ;  
For bawling doggs haue compast me about,  
Yea, worse than doggs, a naughty wicked rout.



- 
11. My humble hands, my fainting feet they peircèd ;  
They look, they gaze, my boanes might be rehearsèd.  
Of my poor weedes they do partition make,  
And do cast lots who should my vesture take.
12. But be not farr, O Lord, my strength, my comfort,  
Hasten to help me in this deep discomfort ;  
Ah, from the sword yet saue my vital sprite,  
My desolated life from doggèd might.
13. From lions' mouths, O help, and shew to heare me,  
By aiding, when fierce vnicorns come neare me :  
To brethren then I will declare Thy fame,  
And with these words, when they meet, prayse Thy  
name.
14. Who feare the Lord, all prayse and glory beare Him,  
You Israel's seed, you come of Jacob, fear Him ;  
For He hath not abhorr'd nor yet disdain'd  
The seely wretch which foule affliction stain'd ;
15. Nor hidd from him His face's faire appearing,  
But when he calld this Lord did giue him hearing.  
In congregation great I will prayse Thee ;  
Who feare Thee shall my vowes performèd see.

16. The afflicted then shall eat, and be well pleasèd ;  
And God shall be by those His seekers prayse ;  
Indeed, O you, you that be such of mind,  
You shall the life that ever liveth find.
17. But what? I say, from earth's remotest border,  
Vnto due thoughts, mankind his thoughts shall  
order,  
And turn to God, and all the nations be  
Made worshipers before almighty Thee.
- [reasonably, i.e. reason it is]
18. And reason, since the crowne to God pertaineth,  
And that by right vpon all realmes He raigneth,  
They that be made even fatt with earth's fatt good  
Shall feed, and laud the giver of their food.
19. To Him shall kneel even who to dust be stricken,  
Even he whose life no help of man can quicken ;  
His service shall from child to child descend,  
His doomes one age shall to another send.

PSALM XXIII. <sup>5</sup>*Dominus regit me.*

- I. **T**HE Lord, the Lord my shepherd is,  
 And so can never I  
 Tast misery.  
 He rests me in green pastures His ;  
 By waters still and sweet  
 He guides my feet.

<sup>5</sup> Ps. xxiii. st. i. l. 3. 'Trin. Col. reads 'Taste want or miserie,' and l. 6, 'He onely': in st. ii. l. 3, 'Ev'n for his owne name's sake,' and l. 6, 'any ill.' In st. iii. l. 3, 'allwaie to comfort me': l. 5, 'When foes most,' and l. 6, 'With grieffe doth.' Then closes, as does our text, in margin-note thus :

'With Oile thou do'st annoint my head  
 and so my Cupp do'st fill  
 that it (or'eflowd) doth spill.  
 Thus thus shall all my daies be fedd,  
 thy mercie is so sure  
 it euer shall indure.  
 And longe, (yea longe) abide I shall  
 there where the Lord of all  
 doth buyld his heavenly hall.'

Our text in l. 3 omits 'oreflow'd': l. 6, 'euer': l. 9, 'heavenly.' Woodford notes: 'the last staff [as *supra*] before the Author's correction stood thus . . . . . But these nine verses [=lines] are expung'd, and in y<sup>e</sup> margin under the Author's hand, '*Leaue space for six lines, viz. these in y<sup>e</sup> text.*'

2. Hee me revives, leads me the way  
Which righteousness doth take,  
For His name's sake :  
Yea, tho I should thro vallys stray  
Of death's dark shade, I will  
No whit feare ill.
  
3. For Thou, deare Lord, Thou me besetst,  
Thy rodd and Thy staffe be  
To comfort me :  
Before me Thou a table setst,  
Even when foes' envious ey  
Doth it espy.
  
4. Thou oylst my head, Thou filst my cup ;  
Nay, more, Thou endlesse good,  
Shalt giue me food :  
To Thee, I say, ascended vp,  
Where Thou, the Lord of all,  
Dost hold Thy hall.

PSALM XXIV.<sup>6</sup>*Domini est terra.*

1. **T**HE earth is God's, and what the globe of earth  
containeth,  
And all that in that globe doth dwell,  
For by His power the land vpon the ocean raigneth,  
Through Him the floods to their beds fell.
  
2. Who shall climb to the hill which God's own hill is  
namèd?  
Who shall stand in His holy place?  
He that hath hurtless hands, whose inward heart is  
framèd  
All pureness ever to embrace;
  
3. Who, shunning vanity and works of vaineess  
leaving,  
Vainly doth not puff vp his mind;  
Who never doth deceiue, and much lesse his de-  
ceaving  
With periury doth falsly bind.

<sup>6</sup> Ps. xxiv. l. 2. I prefer Trin. Col. to 'who . . . do.' In st. iv. l. 4, margin-note, 'safely exp.[unged].' Trin. Col. in st. v. l. 1 and st. vi. l. 1, reads 'yo' for 'you,' and in st. vi. l. 4, 'bright' for 'hight.'

4. A blessing from the Lord, from God of his salvation,  
Sweet righteousness shall he receiue ;  
Jacob, this is thy seed, God-seeking generation,  
Who search of God's face never leaue.
5. Lift vp yor heads, you gates, and you, doores ever  
biding,  
In comes the King of Glory bright :  
Who is this glorious King, in might and power  
riding ?  
The Lord, whose strength makes battails fight.
6. Lift vp yor heads, you gates, and you, doores ever  
biding,  
In comes the King of Glory bright :  
Who is this glorious King, the Lord of armyes guid-  
ing ?  
Even He, the King of Glory hight.

PSALM XXV.<sup>7</sup>*Ad, te, Domine.*

1.       **T**O Thee, O Lord most just,  
               I lift my inward sight ;  
 My God, in Thee I trust,  
               Let me not ruin quite :  
 Let not those foes that me annoy  
 On my complaint build vp their joy.
2.        Sure, Lord, who hope in Thee  
               Shall never suffer shame ;  
 Lett them confounded be  
               That causless wrongs do frame.  
 Lord, vnto me Thy wayes now show,  
 Teach me, thus vext, what path to go.

<sup>7</sup> Ps. xxv. st. ii. l. 1. I prefer Trin. Col. to 'Sure, sure,' and l. 5 to 'Yea, Lord, to . . . do': also st. vi. l. 4 to 'sinning.' In st. x. Trin. Col. reads, l. 4, 'snaring.' I adopt Trin. Col. in st. xi. l. 6, for 'Who hate, yea hate me cruelly': in st. xii. ll. 5-6, for

              ' For thou the Lord, Thou only art  
               Of whom the trust lives in my hart.'

In st. xiii. ll. 5-6, for

              ' In fine, deliuer Israel,  
               O Lord, from all his troubles fell.'

Trin. Col. erroneously puts (?) between (still . . . . troubles) = and live in peace from all his troubles.

3.           Guide me as Thy truth guides ;  
              Teach me for why Thou art  
              The God in whom abides  
                  The saving me from smart ;  
For never day such changing wrought  
That I from trust in Thee was brought.
4.           Remember, only King,  
              Thy mercy's tenderness ;  
              To Thy remembrance bring  
              Thy kindnes, lovingnes :  
Let those things Thy remembrance graue,  
Since they eternal essence haue.
5.           But, Lord, remember not  
              Sins brew'd in youthfull glasse,  
              Nor my rebellious spot,  
              Since youth and they do pass ;  
But in Thy kindness me record,  
Even for Thy mercy's sake, O Lord.
6.           Of grace and righteousness  
              The Lord such plenty hath,  
              That He deigns to express  
              To sinnefull men His path :



The meek He doth in judgment lead,  
And teach the humble how to tread.

7.       And what, think you, may be  
          The paths of my great God ?  
          Even spotless verity  
          And mercy spredd abroad,  
To such as keep His covenaut,  
And on His testimonys plant.
8.       O Lord, for Thy name's sake,  
          Let my iniquity  
          Of Thee some mercy take,  
          Though it be great in me.  
Oh, is there one with His feare fraught ?  
He shall be by best teacher taught.
9.       Lo, how His blessing buds,  
          Inward, an inward rest ;  
          Outward, all outward goods  
          By His seed eke possesst :  
For such He makes His secret know,  
To such He dos His cov'nant show.
10.       Where, then, should my eyes be  
          But still on this Lord set ?

Who doth and will set free  
My feet from tangling net.  
O look, O help ; let mercy fall,  
For I am poore and lest of all.

11. My woes are still encreast ;  
Shield me from these assaults ;  
See how I am opprest,  
And pardon all my faults :  
Behold my foes, what store they be,  
Who deadly hatred beare to me.

12. My soul which Thou didst make,  
Now made, O Lord, maintain,  
And me from these ills take,  
Least I rebuke sustain :  
Lord, let not mee confusion see,  
Because my trust is all in Thee.

13. Let my vprightness gaine  
Some safty unto me ;  
I say, and say again,  
My hope is all in Thee ;  
And let Thy Israell still increase,  
From all his troubles live in peace.

PSALM, XXVI.<sup>8</sup>*Judica me, Domine.*

1.     **L**ORD, judg me and my case,  
           For I haue made my race  
 Within the bounds of innocence to byde ;  
 And setting Thee for scope  
 Of all my trustfull hope,  
 I held for sure that I should never slyde.
2.     Proue me, O Lord most high,  
           Me with thy touch-stone try ;  
 Yea, sound my reines, and in most of my heart ;

<sup>8</sup> Ps. xxvi. st. ii. l. 4, Trin. Col. reads 'heavie.' Again Woodford has here an important note, as follows: 'The last staff [as before=stanza] ere altered by the Author ran thus :

“ Whose hands do handle nought,  
       But led by wicked thought  
 That hand whose strength should help of bribes be full,  
       But in integrity  
       My stepps guided be,  
 Then me redeem Lord, then be mercifull.  
       Even truth thus for me sayes  
       My foot on justice stayes,  
 And tongue is prest to publish out thy prayse.”

For so Thy loving hand  
 Before my eyes did stand,  
 That from Thy truth I will not depart.

3. I did not them frequent  
 Who be to vainer bent,  
 Nor kept with base dissemblers company ;  
 Nay, I did even detest  
 Of wicked wights the nest,  
 And from the haunts of such bad folks did fly.

4. In th' innocence of me  
 My hands shall washèd be,  
 And with those hands about Thy altar waite ;  
 That I may still expresse  
 With voyce of thankfulness  
 The works perform'd by Thee, most wondrous  
 great.

but these verses [=lines] are expung'd, and in y<sup>e</sup> margin under his hand, *Leaue space* (viz.) for it as it is putt.' Trin. Col. in l. 3 reads 'hands': l. 5, 'shall guided,' and after l. 6 adds,

'Now firme my foote doth stand,  
 Supported by Thy hand,  
 in course of iustice, truth and righteousnes :  
 My tongue shall daie by daie  
 thy wondrous workes displaie,  
 Where congregations meete with thankfulnes.'

5. Lord, I haue lovèd well  
 The house where Thou dost dwell,  
 Ev'n where Thou makest Thy honour's biding-  
 place :  
 Sweet Lord, write not my soul  
 Within the sinners' roll,  
 Nor my life's cause match with blood-sucker's case ;
6. With hands of wicked shifts,  
 With right hands staind with gifts.  
 But while I walk in my unspotted ways,  
 Redeem and shew me grace,  
 So I in public place,  
 Set on plain ground, will Thee Jehova prayse.

## PSALM. XXVII. 9

*Dominus illuminatio.*

- i. **T**HE shining Lord He is my light,  
 The strong God my salvation is,  
 Who shall be able me to fright ?

<sup>9</sup> Ps. xxvii. st. v. Trin. Col. reads,  
 'For when greate griefes are meant to mee  
 In tabernacle his, he will  
 In Tent of his presence mee free

This Lord with strength my life doth blisse ;  
 And shall I then  
 Feare might of men ?

2. When wicked folk, even they that be  
 My foes, to utmost of their pow'r,  
 With rageing jawes environ me,  
 My very flesh for to devoure,  
 They stumble so,  
 That down they go.

3. Then though against me armys were,  
 My courage should not be dismaid ;  
 Though battaile's brunt I needs must beare,  
 While battaile's brunt on me were laid,  
 In this I would  
 My trust still hold.

On height of rocky safest hill,  
 In secret place  
 Kept by his grace.'

In st. vi. ll. 3-4, Davies MS. reads,

' So I in temple his shall spread  
 Offerings of joy and sacrifice.'

In l. 5 I accept Trin. Col. 'songes' for 'song,' and st. vii. l. 2,  
 'on' for 'of.' In st. x. l. 2, Trin. Col. reads 'O leave'; but  
 'give' agrees with Hebrew.

- 
4. One thing in deed I did, and will  
For euer craue : that dwell I may  
In house of high Jehova still,  
On beauty His my eyes to stay,  
And look into  
His temple too.
5. For when great griefes to me be ment,  
In tabernacle His I will  
Hide me, ev'n closely in His tent ;  
Yea, noble hight of rocky hill  
He makes to be  
A seat for me.
6. Now, now shall He lift vp my head  
On my beseiging enemyes ;  
So shall I sacrifices spred,  
Offerings of joy in Temple His,  
And songes accord,  
To prayse the Lord.
7. Heare, Lord, when I my voice display,  
Heare to haue mercy eke on me ;  
'Seek ye My face,' when Thou didst say,

In truth of heart I answerd Thee :  
O Lord, I will  
Seek Thy face still.

8. Hide not therefore from me that face,  
Since all my ayd in Thee I got ;  
In rage Thy servant do not chase,  
Forsake not me, O, leaue me not,  
O God of my  
Saluation high.

9. Though father's care and mother's loue  
Abandond me, yet my decay  
Should be restor'd by Him aboue :  
Teach, Lord, Lord, lead me Thy right way,  
Because of those  
That be my foes.

10. Vnto whose ever hating lust,  
Oh, giue me not, for there are sproong  
Against me witnesses unjust,  
Ev'n such, I say, whose lying tongue  
Fiercly affords  
Most cruel words.



11. What had I been, except I had  
 Beleivd God's goodness for to see,  
 In land with living creatures clad?  
 Hope, trust in God, bee strong, and He  
 Unto thy hart  
 Shall joy impart.

PSALM XXVIII.<sup>1</sup>*Ad te, Domine clamabo.*

1. **T**O Thee, O Lord, my cry I send;  
 O my strength, stop not Thine eare,  
 Least if answer Thou forbear,  
 I be like them that descend  
 To the pitt, where flesh doth end.
2. Therefore while that I may cry,  
 While I that way hold my hands,  
 Where Thy sanctuary stands,  
 To Thy self those words apply,  
 Which from suing voice do fly.

<sup>1</sup> Ps. xxviii. st. iii. l. 5. Trin. Col. reads 'faine'—a better rhyme, but inferior otherwise.

3. Link not me in self same chain  
    With the wicked-working folk,  
    Who their spotted thoughts do cloak.  
Neighbors friendly entertain,  
When in hearts they malice meane.
  
4. Spare not them, giue them reward,  
    As their deeds haue purchas'd it,  
    As deserues their wicked witt ;  
Fare they as their hands haue far'd,  
Even so be their guerdon shar'd.
  
5. To Thy works they giue no ey ;  
    Let them be thrown down by Thee,  
    Let them not restorèd be ;  
But let me giue prayes high  
To the Lord that heares my cry.
  
6. That God is my strength, my shield,  
    All my trust on Him was sett,  
    And so I did safety gett ;  
So shall I with joy be filld,  
So my songs His lauds shall yeeld.

7. God on them His strength doth lay  
 Who His anoynted helpèd haue ;  
 Lord, then still Thy people saue,  
 Blesse Thyne heritage, I say,  
 Feed and lift them vp for aye.

PSALM XXIX.<sup>2</sup>*Afferte Domino.*

1. **A**SCRIBE unto the Lord of light,  
 Ye men of power by birth-right,  
 Ascribe all glory and all might.
2. Ascribe due glory to His name,  
 And in His ever glorious frame  
 Of sanctuary, do the same.

<sup>2</sup> Ps. xxix. st. i. l. 2, with Trin. Col. I delete 'even.' Woodford has this note here: 'The 10 v. before correction stood thus :

" His justice seat the world sustains,  
 Of furious floods he holds the reines,  
 And this his rule for aye remains.

God to his people strength shall giue,  
 That they in peace shall blessed liue."

But s'wing two supernumerary verses [=lines] is expunged and y<sup>e</sup> other putt in its place.' So also Trin. Col. MS.

3. His voice is on the waters found,  
His voyce doth threatning thunders sound,  
Yea, through the waters doth resound.
4. The voice of that Lord ruling us  
Is strong, though He be gracious,  
And ever, ever glorious.
5. By voice of high Jehova we  
The highest cedars broken see,  
Even cedars which on Liban be.
6. Nay, like young calues in leapes are born, borne  
And Liban's self with nature's skorn,  
And Shirion, like young vnicorn.
7. His voice doth flashing flames divide,  
His voice haue trembling deserts tryd,  
Even deserts where the Arabs byde.
8. His voice makes hundes their calues to cast,  
His voice makes bald the forest wast ;  
But in His church His fame is plac't.
9. He sitts on seas, He endlesse raigns,  
His strength His people's strength maintains,  
Which blest by Him in peace remains.

## PSALM XXX.

*Exaltabo te, Domine.*

1. **O** LORD, Thou hast exalted me,  
And sav'd me from foes' laughing scorn ;  
I owe Thee prayse, I will prayse Thee.
2. For when my heart with woes was torn,  
In cryes to Thee I shewd my cause,  
And was from evill by Thee vpborn ;
3. Yea, from the graue's most hungry jawes  
Thou would'st not set me on their score,  
Whom death to his cold bosom drawes.
4. Prayse, prayse this Lord then evermore,  
Ye saints of His, remembring still  
With thanks His holyness therfore.
5. For quickly ends His wrathfull will,  
But His deare favour, where it lyes,  
From age to age life joyes doth fill.
6. Well may the evening cloath the eyes  
In clouds of teares ; but soon as sun  
Doth rise again, new joyes shall rise.

7. For proof, while I my race did run,  
Full of successe, fond I did say  
That I should never be undone ;
8. For then my hill, good God, did stay ;  
But O, He strait His face did hide,  
And what was I, but wretched clay ?
9. Then thus to Thee I praying cry'd,  
What serues, alas, the blood of me,  
When I within the pitt do bide ?
10. Shall ever earth giue thanks to Thee ?  
Or shall Thy truth on mankind layd  
In deadly dust declarèd be ?
11. Lord, heare ; let mercy Thine be stay'd  
On me, from me help this annoy.  
Thus much I said ; this being said,
12. Lo, I that waild now daunce for joy ;  
Thou didst ungird my dolefull sack, sackcloth  
And madest me gladsom weeds enjoy.
13. Therefore my tongue shall never lack  
Thy endless prayse : O God, my King,  
I will Thee thanks for ever sing.

PSALM XXXI.<sup>3</sup>*In te, Domine, speravi.*

1. **A**LL, all my trust, Lord, haue I put in Thee,  
 Never, therefore, let me confounded be,  
 But saue me, saue me in Thy righteousness :  
 Bow down Thy eare to heare how much I need ;  
 Deliver me, deliver me in speed ;  
 Be my strong rock, be Thou my forteress.

<sup>3</sup> Ps. xxxi. st. i. l. 1. Trin. Col. reads 'All, all my whole trust depends alone in thee': scansion wrong by not deleting one 'all': l. 3, 'save, O save' and l. 5, 'O Lord, and that with speed.' The Davies MS. in l. 3 is 'But gentlie save.' In st. ii. l. 1, with Trin. Col. I delete 'and' before 'my,' and read far trisyllabic. Davies MS. in st. iv. l. 3 reads 'plague': Trin. Col. 'plung,' as in our text. In st. iv. l. 2, I adopt Trin. Col. 'sore' for 'so': and in st. vi. l. 4, 'therefore' for 'now I' (repeated). In st. vii. l. 6, I adopt Davies for 'seek my bane to take.' See l. 3, 'take.' In st. ix. l. 1, I adopt Trin. Col. and Davies MS. 'dumb' for 'drunck' of our text, but not 'vse' for 'loue.' In st. x. l. 1, I accept Trin. Col. 'prowde' for 'pride.' Trin. Col. in l. 4 reads 'for aye my soule . . . who thus.' In st. xi. l. 5, I adopt Davies and Trin. Col. for 'Who pares the proud preserues.' Woodford has again a note here, as follows: 'The three last verses [=lines] of the Psalm (before correction under the Author's hand) stood thus:

" did moane

Then loue him ye all ye that f. h. g.

For this Our Lord pr. t. f. r.

2. In deed Thou art my rock, my forteress ;  
 Then since my tongue delights that Name to blesse,  
     Direct me how to go, and guide me right ;  
 Preserue me from the wyly trapping net  
 Which they for me with privy craft haue set,  
     For still I say Thou art my only might.
3. Into Thy hands I do commend my sprite,  
 For it is Thou that hast restord my light,  
     O Lord, that art the God of verity.  
 I hated haue those men whose thoughts do cleaue  
 To vanitys, which most trust most deceaue,  
     For all my hope fixt vpon God doth ly.

And to the proud in deeds pays home their own.  
 Bee strong, I say, his strength confirm in you,  
 You that do trust in him who still is true,  
     And he shall your establishment renew.'"

Trin. Col. thus ends :

' All you therefore, that in the lord alone  
 your trust repose doe, and in others none,  
     Confirme with strength this confidence in you :  
 And this our God, on whome you so depend  
 Shall you in all your waies still so defend  
     that he your hearts establish shall renewe.'



- 
4. Thy mercy shall fill me with jollity,  
For my annoyes haue come before Thyne eye ;  
    Thou well hast known what plung my soul was in,  
And Thou hast not for aye enclosed me  
Within the hand of hatefull enmity,  
    But hast enlargd my feet from mortall ginn.
5. O Lord, of Thee let me still mercy winn,  
For troubles of all sides haue me within ;  
    My eye, my gutts, yea my soul, grief doth wast ;  
My life with heavyness, my yeares with moane,  
Do pine ; my strength with pain is wholly gon,  
    And even my bones consume where they be plac't.
6. All my fierce foes on me reproach did cast,  
Yea, neighbors ; more, my mates were sore agast,  
    That in the streets from sight of me they fled :  
Now I, now I my self forgotten find,  
Ev'n like a dead man dreamèd out of mind,  
    Or like a broken pott in myer tredd.
7. I understand what rayling great men spred ;  
Feare was each where, while they their counsells led  
    All to this point, how my poore life to take ;  
But I did trust in Thee. Lord, I did say,

‘Thou art my God, on Thee my time doth stay ;’  
Saue me from foes who for my bane do seake.

8. Thy face to shine vpon Thy servant make,  
And saue me in and for Thy mercy’s sake ;  
Let me not tast of shame, O Lord most high ;  
For I haue call’d on Thee ; let wicked folk  
Confounded be, and pass away like smoake ;  
Let them in bedd of endless silence dy.

9. Let those lips be made dumb which loue to ly,  
Which, full of spight, of pride, and cruelty,  
Do throw their words against the most vpright.  
Oh, of thy grace what endlesse pleasure flowes  
To whom feare Thee ! what Thou hast done for those  
That trust in Thee, ev’n in most open sight !

10. And when neede were, from prowde in privy plight  
Thou hast hid them, yet leaving them Thy light,  
From strife of tongues, in Thy pavilions plac’t.  
Then prayse, then prayse I do the Lord of vs,  
Who was to me more than most gracious,  
Farr, farr more sure then walls most firmly fast.

11. Yet I confess in that tempestuous hast  
I said that I from out Thy sight was cast ;

But Thou didst heare when I to Thee did cry.  
 Then loue the Lord, all ye that feel His grace,  
 For this our Lord preserues the faithfull race ;  
 Be strong in hope, His strength shall you supply.

PSALM XXXII.<sup>4</sup>*Beati, quorum remissa sunt.*

1. **B**LESSED is he whose filthy stain  
 The Lord with pardon dos make cleane,  
 Whose fault well hidden lyeth ;  
 Blessed indeed to whom the Lord  
 Imputes not sins to be abhord,  
 Whose spirit falshood flyeth.
2. Thus I, prest down with weight of pain,  
 Whether I silent did remain  
 Or roar'd, my bones still wasted ;  
 For so both day and night did stand  
 On wretched me Thy heavy hand,  
 My life hott torments tasted.

<sup>4</sup> Ps. xxxii. st. i. l. 1, in margin '*Blessed is the man, expunged.*' Trin. Col. in st. ii. ll. 4-5, reads

3. Till my self did my faults confess,  
And open'd mine own wickedness  
    Wherto my heart did giue me :  
So I my self accus'd to God,  
And His sweet grace streight eas'd the rod,  
    And did due pain forgiue me.
4. Therefore shall evry godly one  
In fitt time make to Thee his moane,  
    When Thou wilt deign to heare him ;  
Sure, sure the floods of straying streames,  
How ever they putt in their claimes,  
    Shall never dare come neare him.
5. Thou art my safe and secret place,  
Who savest me from troblous case,  
    To songs aud joyfull byding ;  
But whoso will instructed be,  
Come, come, I will the way teach thee,  
    Guide thee, by my eyes guiding.

'On wretched me, thy heavie hand  
Both daie and night did sorelie stand.'

Our text miswrites ' my ' for ' me.'

6. Oh, be not like a horse or mule,  
 Wholy devoyd of reason's rule,  
 Whose mouths thy self dost bridle,  
 Knowing full well that beasts they be,  
 And therefore soon would mischeif thee,  
 If thou remainest idle.
7. Woes, woes shall come to wicked folks,  
 But who on God his trust invokes  
 All mercys shall be swarmèd.  
 Be glad, you good, in God haue joy,  
 Joy be to you who do enjoy  
 Yor heartes with clearness armed.

PSALM XXXIII.<sup>5</sup>*Exultate, justi.*

- I. **R**EJOYCE in God, O ye  
 That righteous be ;  
 For cherfull thankfulness,

<sup>5</sup> Ps. xxxiii. st. iii. l. 1. Trin. Col. reads 'Sing (a newe).' In st. vi. l. 4, Trin. Col. erroneously reads 'Heauen': in st. viii. l. 4, 'Such people euen are.' In st. ix. l. 6, 'duskie' in Davies MS. In st. xiv. l. 6, Trin. Col. reads 'its wee in thee doe trust.' So Hebrew, but our text and Davies is tenderer.

It is a comely part  
In them whose heart  
Doth cherish rightfulness.

2. O, prayse with heart the Lord ;  
O, now accord  
Viols with singing voice ;  
Let ten-stringd instrument,  
O, now be bent  
To witness you rejoyce.
3. A new, sing a new song  
To Him most strong,  
Sing lowd and merrily :  
Because that word of His  
Most righteous is,  
And His deeds faithfull bee.
4. Hee righteousness approues,  
And judgment loues ;  
God's goodness fills all lands :  
His word made heavnly coast,  
And all that host  
By breath of His mouth stands.

- 
5. The waters of the seas  
    In heapes He layes,  
And depths in treasure His ;  
Let all the earth feare God,  
    And who abroad  
Of world a dweller is.
6. For He spake not more soone  
    Than it was done ;  
He badd, and it did stand.  
He doth heath'n counsell breake,  
    And maketh weak  
The might of peoples hand.
7. But ever, ever shall  
    His counsells all  
Throughout all ages last ;  
The thinking of that mind  
    No end shall find  
When time's time shall be past.
8. That realm indeed hath blisse  
    Whose God He is,  
Who Him for their Lord take :

Ev'n people that, ev'n those  
Whom this Lord chose  
His heritage to make.

9. The Lord looks from the sky,  
Full well His ey  
Beholds our mortall race ;  
Ev'n where He dwelleth, Hee  
Throughout doth see  
Who dwell in dusty place.

10. Since He their hearts doth frame,  
He knowes the same,  
Their works He understands.  
Hosts do y<sup>e</sup> king not saue,  
Nor strong men haue  
Their help from mighty hands.

11. Of quick holp is an horse,  
And yet his force  
Is but a succour vaine ;  
Who trusts him sooner shall  
Catch harmfull fall  
Than true deliverance gain.



12. But lo, Jehova's sight  
    On them doth light  
Who Him do truly feare,  
And them who do the scope  
    Of all their hope  
Vpon His mercy beare.
13. His sight is them to saue,  
    Even from the graue,  
And keep from famin's paine.  
Then on that Lord most kind  
    Fix we our mind,  
Whose shield shall us maintaine.
14. Our hearts sure shall enjoy  
    In Him much joy,  
Whose hope on His name just :  
O, let Thy mercy great  
    On us be set ;  
We haue no plea but trust.

PSALM XXXIV.<sup>6</sup>*Benedicam Domino.*

1. **I**, EV'N I, will always  
 Giue hearty thanks to Him on high,  
 And in my mouth continually  
 Inhabit shall His prayse :  
 My soul shall glory still  
 In that deare Lord with true delight ;  
 That, hearing it, the hearts contrite  
 May learn their joyes to fill.
2. Come, then, and join with me  
 Some worth to speake of His due praise ;

<sup>6</sup> Ps. xxxiv. st. ii. I adopt Trin. Col. in l. 2, for 'Some what,' and l. 3 for 'worthy': l. 6, 'The' for 'This.' At st. v. Woodford notes, 'In the originall Copy the 11<sup>th</sup> and 12<sup>th</sup> verses [=lines] were set before the 9<sup>th</sup> and 10<sup>th</sup>, so y<sup>t</sup> against the staffe [=stanza] is written as I judge by S<sup>r</sup> Philip Sydney himselfe, *These verses must be transplac'd* (as here I have put them) according to y<sup>r</sup> Ciphars (viz. 9 and 10 where they stand before 11 and 12), namely the former following.' He here calls those verses, which are in text printed (wrongly) as half-verses or half-stanzas. He says the eight lines beginning 'Come, children,' were, by error of scribe, put before the eight, 'Fear God.' In st. vi. l. 8, I adopt Trin. Col. 'length' for 'life.' In l. 4, Davies and Trin. Col. read corruptly 'hateth God,' which is not in Hebrew.

Striue we, that in some thankfull phrase  
His Name may honourd be.  
Thus I begin ; I sought  
The Lord, and He did heare my cry,  
Yea, and from dreadfull misery  
He me, He only brought.

3. This shall men's fancys frame  
To look and run to Him for aid ;  
Whose faces on His comfort staid  
Shall never blush for shame.  
For lo, this wretch did call,  
And lo, his call the skyes did clime ;  
And God freed him in his worst time  
From out his troubles all.

4. His angels, armys round  
About them pitch who Him do feare ;  
And watch and ward for such do beare,  
To keep them safe and sounde.  
I say, but tast and see  
How sweet, how gracious is His grace ;  
Lord, he is in thrice blessed case  
Whose trust is all on Thee.

5. Feare God, ye saints of His,  
For nothing they can ever want  
Who faithfull feares in Hym do plant ;  
They haue, and shall haue, blisse.  
The lions oft lack food,  
Those raveners' whelps oft starvèd be ;  
But who seek God with constancy  
Shall need nought that is good.
6. Come, children, lend yor eare  
To me, and mark what I do say ;  
For I will teach to you the way  
How this our Lord to feare.  
Among you, who is here,  
That life and length of life requires,  
And blessing such, with length desires,  
As length may good appeare.
7. Keep well thy lipps and tongue,  
Least inward evils doe them defile,      ills  
Or that by words enwrapt in guile  
Another man be strong :  
Do good, from faults decline,  
Seek peace, and follow after it ;  
For God's own eyes on good men sit,  
His eares to them encline.

- 
8. So His high heavnly face  
Is bent, but bent against those same  
That wicked be, their very name  
From earth quite to displace.  
The just, when harms approach,  
Do cry ; their cry of Him is heard ;  
And by His care from them is barr'd  
All trouble, all reproach.
9. To humble broken minds,  
This Lord is ever, ever neare,  
And will saue whom His sight cleere  
In sprite afflicted finds.  
Indeed the very best  
Most great and grievous paines doth beare ;  
But God shall him to safety reare,  
When most he seemes opprest.
10. His bones He keepeth all,  
So that not one of them is broke ;  
But malice shall the wicked choake,  
Who hate the good shall fall.  
God doth all soules redeeme  
Who weare His blessed livery :  
None, I say still, shall ruind be  
Who Him their trust esteeme.

PSALM XXXV.<sup>7</sup>*Judica, Domine.*

1. **S**PEAKE Thou for me against wrong-speaking  
foes,  
Thy force, O Lord, against their force oppose ;  
Take vp Thy shield, and for my succour stand,  
Yea, take Thy lance, and stop the way of those  
That seek my bane ; O, make me understand  
In sprite that I shall haue Thy helping hand.
2. Confound those folks, thrust them in shamefull hole  
That hunt so poore a prey as is my soule ;  
Rebuke and wreck on those wrong doers throw,  
Who for my hurt each way their thoughts doe roll,  
And as vile chaff away the wind doth blow,  
Let angel Thine a-scattrring make them go.
3. Let angel Thine persue them as they fly,  
But let their flight be dark and slippery ;  
For causeless they both pitt and net did sett,

<sup>7</sup> Ps. xxxv. st. i. l. 5. Trin. Col. has 'wrack' for 'bane.' In st. ii. l. 4, I accept Trin. Col. 'doe' for 'did': and st. v. l. 4, 'wordes' for 'mindes.' In st. viii. l. 4, Trin. Col. reads 'give thanks.' In st. x. l. 4, nothing of this in Hebrew.

- For causeles they did seek to make me dy:  
Let their sly witts unware destruction get,  
Fall in self pitt, be caught in their own nett.
4. Then shall I joy in Thee, then sav'd by Thee,  
I both in mind and bones shall gladdened be ;  
Even bones shall say, O God, who is Thy peere,  
Who poore and weake from rich and strong dost  
free ?  
Who helpst those whose ruin was so neere,  
From him whose force did in their spoiles ap-  
peere ?
5. Who did me wrong, against me witness beare,  
Laying such things as in me never were :  
So my good deeds they pay this evill share,  
With cruel wordes my very soul to teare.  
And whose ? ev'n his, who when they sickness  
bare  
With inward wo, an outward sackcloth weare.
6. I did pull down my self, fasting for such,  
I prayd with prayers which my breast did touch ;  
In summe I shew'd that I to them was bent  
As brothers, or as friendes belovèd much.

Still, still for them I humbly mourning went,  
Like one that should his mother's death lament.

7. But lo, soon as they did me staggering see,  
Who joy but they when they assembled bee !  
Then abjects, when I was unwitting quite,  
Against me swarm, ceaseless to raile at me  
With scoffers false ; I was their feasts' delight,  
Ev'n gnashing teeth to witness more their sight.
8. Lord, wilt Thou se, and wilt Thou suffer it ?  
Oh ! on my soul let not these tumults hitt ;  
Saue me, distrest, from lion's cruel kind :  
I will thank Thee where congregations sitt,  
Even where I do most store of people find,  
Most to Thy lawes will I my speeches bind.
9. Then, then let not my foes unjustly joy ;  
Let them not fleere who me would causless 'stroy,  
Who never word of peace yet utter would,  
But hunt with craft the quiet man's annoy,  
And said to me, wide mowing, as they could :  
Aha, Sir, now we see you where we should.
10. This Thou hast seen : and wilt Thou silent be ?  
O Lord, do not absent Thy self from me,



But rise, but wake, that I may judgment gett.  
My Lord, my God, even to my equity,  
Judg, Lord, judg, God, even in Thy justice great,  
Let not their joyes vpon my woes be sett.

11. Let them not, Lord, within their hearts thus say :—

‘ O soule, rejoyce, we made this wretch our prey.’

But throw them down, put them to endlesse  
blame,

Who make a cause to joy of my decay ;

Let them be cloath'd in most confounding shame  
That lift themselues my ruin for to frame.

12. But make such glad and full of joyfulness

That yet beare loue unto my righteousness ;

Yea, let them say, Laud be to God alwayes,

Who loues with good His servants good to blesse.

As for my tongue, while I haue any dayes,

Thy justice witness shall, and speake Thy prayse.

PSALM XXXVI.<sup>8</sup>*Dixit injustus.*

1. **M**E thinks amid my heart I heare  
 What guilty wickedness doth say,  
 Which wicked folks do hold so deare :  
 Ev'n thus it self it doth display,  
 No feare of God doth once appeare  
 Before his eyes that doth so stray.
2. For those same eyes his flatterers be,  
 Till his known evill do hatred get :                    ill  
 His words deceit, iniquity  
 His deeds ; yea, thought all good forgett ;  
 A-bed, on mischief museth he ;  
 Abroad his steps be wrongly sett.
3. Lord, how the heavn's Thy mercy fills,  
 Thy truth about the clouds most high,  
 Thy righteousness like hugest hills,  
 Thy judgments like the depths do ly ;  
 Thy grace with safety man fullfills,  
 Yea, beasts made safe Thy goodness try.

<sup>8</sup> Ps. xxxvi. st. iii. l. 4, '*depth*' : so Trin. Col. : Davies 'deepes = the deep, the abyssus in mediæval philosophy, concerning which see Batman on Bartholomew.

- 
4. O Lord, how excellent a thing  
Thy mercy is, which makes mankind  
Trust in the shadow of Thy wing !  
Who shall in Thy house fatness find,  
And drink from out Thy pleasures' spring  
Of pleasures, past the reach of mind.
5. For why? the well of life Thou art,  
And in Thy light shall we see light.  
O, then extend Thy loving heart  
To them that know Thee and Thy might ;  
O, then Thy righteousnes impart  
To them that be in soules vpright.
6. Let not proud feet make me their thrall,  
Let not evill hands discomfit me ;  
Lo, there I now foresee their fall  
Who do evill works ; lo, there I see      ill  
They are cast down, and never shall  
Haue power again raysèd to be.

## PSALM XXXVII. 9

*Noli æmulari.*

1. **F**RETE not thy self if thou do see  
 That wicked men do seeme to flourish ;  
 Nor envy in thy bosome nourish,  
 Though ill deeds well-succeeding be.
  
2. They soone shall be cutt down like grasse,  
 And wither like green herb or flower ;  
 Do well, and trust on heavnly power,  
 Thou shalt haue both good food and place.
  
3. Delight in God, and He shall breed  
 The fulness of thy own hearts lusting ;  
 Guide thee by Him, lay all thy trusting  
 On Him, and He will make it speed.
  
4. For, like the light, He shall display  
 Thy justice in most shining luster,  
 And of thy judgments make a muster  
 Like to the glory of noone day.

<sup>9</sup> Ps. xxxvii. st. iv. l. 3. I accept Trin. Col. for 'judgment,' and st. vi. l. 2, for 'thy self.' In st. ix. l. 3, Trin. Col. reads 'wicked' for 'moody': in st. x. l. 2, Davies, very badly, 'heat' for 'hate' of our text and Trin. Col. In st. xii. l. 4, Trin. Col. reads 'raise.'

- 
5. Wait on the Lord with patient hope,  
Chafe not at some man's great good fortune,  
Though all his plotts, without misfortune,  
Attain unto their wishèd scope.
  6. Fume not, rage not, frett not, I say,  
Least such things sin in thee doe cherish,  
For those badd folks at last shall perish :  
Who stay for God, in blisse shall stay.
  7. Watch but a while, and thou shalt see  
The wicked by his own pride bannisht;  
Look after him, he shall be vannisht,  
And never found again shal be.
  8. But meek men shall the earth possesse,  
In quiet home they shall be planted,  
And this delight to them is granted,  
They shall haue peace in plenteousness.
  9. Evill men work ill to utmost right,  
Gnashing their teeth full of disdeigning ;  
But God shall scorn their moody meaning,  
For their short time is in His sight.
  10. The ev'll bent bowes and swords they drew,  
To haue their hate on good soules wroken ;

But lo, their bowes they shall be broken,  
Their swords shall their own hearts embrew.

11. Small good in good men better is  
Then of bad folks the wealthy wonder ;  
For wycked arms shall breake asunder,  
But God vpholds the just in blisse.
12. God keeps account of good men's dayes,  
Their heritage shall last for ever ;  
In perill they shall perish never,  
Nor want in dearth their want to ease.
13. Badd folks shall fall, and fall for aye ;  
Who to make warr with God presumed,  
Like fatt of lambs shall be consumed,  
Even with the smoake shall wast away.
14. The naughty borrowes, paying not,  
The good is kind and freely giveth :  
Whom God doth blesse, he blessed liveth ;  
Whom He doth curse, to nought shall rott.
15. The man whom God directs doth stand  
Firm in his way, his way God loveth ;  
Though he do fall, no wreck he proveth,  
He is vpheld by heavnly hand.

- 
16. I haue been young, now old I am,  
Yet I the man that was betaken  
To justice, never saw forsaken,  
Nor that his seed to begging came.
17. He lends, he giues ; more he dos spend,  
The more his seed in blessing flourish ;  
Then fly all evill, and goodness nourish,  
And thy good state shall never end.
18. God, loving right, doth not forsake  
His holy ones, they are preservèd  
From time to time ; but who be swervèd  
To evill, both they and theirs shall rack.
19. I say, I say the righteous minds  
Shall haue the land in their possessing,  
Shall dwell therin, and this their blessing  
No time within his limites binds.
20. The good mouth will in wisdom bide,  
His tongue of heavnly judgments telleth,  
For God's high law in his heart dwelleth :  
What comes thereof ? he shall not slide.
21. The wicked watch the righteous much,  
And seek of life for to bereaue him ;

But in their hand God will not leaue him,  
Nor let him be condemn'd by such.

22. Wait, then, on God, and keep His way,  
He will exalt thee unto honour,  
And of the earth make thee an owner ;  
Yea, thou shalt see the evill decay.
23. I haue the wicked seen full sound,  
Like laurell fresh him self out spreading ;  
Lo, he was gon ; print of his treading,  
Though I did seek, I never found.
24. Mark the vpright, the just attend,  
His end shall be in peace enjoyèd ;  
But strayers vile shall be destroyèd,  
And quite cutt off with helpless end.
25. Still, still the godly shall be stay'd  
By God's most sure and sweet salvation ;  
In time of greatest tribulation  
He shall be their true strength and aid.
26. He shall be their true strength and aid,  
He shall saue them from all the fetches  
Against them usd by wicked wretches,  
Because on Him their trust is laid.



PSALM XXXVIII.<sup>1</sup>*Domine, ne in furore.*

1. **L**ORD, while that Thy wrath doth bide,  
Do not chide,  
Nor in anger chastise me ;  
For Thy shafts haue pierc't me sore,  
And yet more  
Still Thy hands vpon me be.
2. No sound part causd by Thy wrath  
My flesh hath,  
Nor my sins let my bones rest ;  
For my faults are highly spred  
On my head,  
Whose foule weights haue me opprest.
3. My wounds putrify and stink,  
In the sinck  
Of my filthy folly laid :  
Earthly I do bow and crooke,  
With a look  
Still in mourning cheare arayd.

<sup>1</sup> Ps. xxxviii. st. i. l. 1. I adopt Trin. Col. 'wrath' for 'rage.'

4. In my reines hot torment raignes,  
    There remains  
Nothing in my body sound ;  
I am weake and broken sore,  
    Yea, I roare,  
In my heart such grief is found.
5. Lord, before Thee I do lay  
    What I pray,  
My sighs are not hid from Thee ;  
My heart pants, gon is my might,  
    Even the light  
Of mine eyes abandons me.
6. From my plague, kinn, neighbour, friend,  
    Farr of wend ;  
But who for my life do waite,  
They lay snares, they nimble be  
    Who hunt me,  
Speaking evill, thinking deceit.
7. But I, like a man become  
    Deaf and dumb,  
Little hearing, speaking lesse,—

- 
- I, ev'n as such kind of wight,  
Senseles quite,  
Word with word do not repress.
8. For on Thee, Lord, without end,  
I attend ;  
My God, Thou wilt heare my voice,  
For I sayd, heare, least they be  
Glad on me,  
Whom my fall doth make rejoyce.
9. Sure I do but halting go,  
And my woe  
Still my orethwart neighbor is.      opposite  
Lo, I now to mourn begin  
For my sin,  
Telling mine iniquities.
10. But the while they liue and grow  
In great show,  
Many mighty wrongfull foes,  
Who do evill for good, to me  
Enemys be ;  
Why? because I virtue chose.

11. Do not, Lord, then me forsake,  
 Do not take  
 Thy deare presence farr from me :  
 Hast, O Lord, that I be stayd  
 By Thy aid ;  
 My salvation is in Thee.

PSALM XXXIX.<sup>2</sup>*Dixi, custodiam.*

1. **T**HUS did I think, I well will mark my way,  
 Least by my tongue I hap to stray ;  
 I muzzle will my mouth while in the sight  
 I do abide of wicked wight.  
 And so I nothing said, I muet stood,                   mute  
 I silence kept, ev'n in the good.
2. But still the more that I did hold my peace,  
 The more my sorrow did encrease ;

<sup>2</sup> Ps. xxxix. st. ii. l. 4. I adopt Trin. Col. 'such' for 'this.' In st. v. l. 5, Trin Col. reads 'But I am silent (saie I)': st. vi. l. 5, 'makst his beautie moath like' for 'Thou moth-like makst his bewty': accepted. In st. iii. l. 5, 'state' in Davies and Trin. Col. for 'that' of our text. Hebrew is 'every man in his best estate,' and so allows of both ; but perhaps 'state' agrees better with 'seek.'

The more me thought my heart was hott in me,  
And as I mus'd such world to see,  
The fire took fire, and forcibly out breake ;  
My tongue would needs, and thus I spake :

3. Lord, unto me my times just measure giue,  
Shew me how long I haue to liue.  
Lo, Thou a span's length madest my living line ;  
A span ? nay, nothing in Thyne eyne.  
What do we seeke ? the greatest that I see,  
At best, is merely vanity.
4. They are but shades, not true things where we liue ;  
Vain shades and vain, in vain to grieue.  
Look but on this ; man still doth riches heape,  
And knowes not who the fruits shall reap.  
This being thus, for what, O Lord, wait I ?  
I wait on Thee with hopefull ey.
5. O, help me, help me, this farr yet I craue,  
From my transgressions me to saue ;  
Let me not be thrown down to so base shame,  
That fooles of me may make their game.  
But I do hush, why do I say thus much ?  
Since it is Thou that makest me such.

6. Ah ! yet from me let Thy plagues be displac't,  
 For with Thy handy stroakes I wast.  
 I know that man's foule sin doth cause Thy wrath,  
 For when his sin Thy scourging hath,  
 Thou mak'st his beauty moth-like fading be ;  
 So what is man but vanity ?
7. Heare, Lord, my suits and cryes : stop not Thyn  
 eares  
 At these my words all cloath'd in teares,  
 For I with Thee on earth a stranger am,  
 But baiting, as my fathers came.  
 Stay then Thy wrath, that I may strength receiue,  
 Ere I my earthly being leaue.

PLALM XL.<sup>3</sup>*Expectans expectavi.*

1. **W**HILE long I did, with patient constancy,  
 The pleasure of my God attend,  
 He did Himself to me-ward bend,  
 And harkned how and why that I did cry.

<sup>3</sup> Ps. xl. st. iv. l. 7. I adopt Trin. Col. 'Thy' for 'this.'

And me from pitt bemir'd,  
From dungeon He retir'd,  
Where I in horrors lay ;  
Setting my feet vpon  
A steadfast rocky stone,  
And my weake step did stay.

2. So in my mouth He did a song afford,  
New song unto our God of prayse,  
Which many seeing hearts shall rayse  
To feare with trust, and trust with feare the Lord.  
Oh, He indeed is blessed  
Whose trust is so addressed ;  
Who bends not wand'ring eyes  
To great men's peacock pride,  
Nor ever turns aside  
To follow after lyes.
3. My God, Thy wondrous works how manifold !  
What man Thy thoughts can count to Thee ?  
I fain of them would speaking be,  
But they are more then can by me be told.  
Thou sacrifice nor offering,  
Burnt offering nor sin offering,  
Didst like, much lesse didst craue :

But Thou didst peirce my eare,  
Which should Thy lessons beare,  
And witness me Thy slaue.

4. Thus bound, I said, lo, Lord, I am at hand,  
For in Thy book's roll I am writt,  
And sought with deeds Thy will to hitt ;  
Yea, Lord, Thy law within my heart doth stand.  
I to great congregation,  
Thou know'st, made declaration  
Of Thy sweet righteousness ;  
My lipps shall still reveale,  
My heart shall not conceale  
Thy truth, health, graciousness.
5. Then, Lord, from me draw not Thy tender grace,  
Me still in truth and mercy saue ;  
For endless woes me compast haue,  
So prest with sins I cannot see my case.  
But tryall well doth teach me,  
Foul faults, sore pains, do reach me,  
More than my head hath haire ;  
So that my surest part,  
My life-maintaining heart,  
Failes me with ugly feares.



6. Vouchsafe me help, O Lord, and help with hast :

Let them haue shame, yea, blush with shame,

Who jointly sought my bale to frame ;

Let them be cast away that would me wast.

Let them with shame be cloyed,

Yea, let them be destroyed,

For guerdon of their shame,

Who so unpitteous be,

As now to say to me,

Aha ! this is good game.

7. But fill their hearts with joy who bend their wayes

To seek Thy beauty past conceit ;

Let them that loue Thy saving seat,

Still gladly say, vnto our God bee prayse !

Tho I in want be shrinking,

Yet God on me is thinking :

Thou art my help for aye,

Thou, only Thou, art Hee

That dost deliver me ;

My God, O make no stay.

PSALM XLI.<sup>4</sup>*Beatus qui intelligit.*

1. **H**E blessed is who with wise temper can  
 Judg of th' afflicted man,  
 For God shall him deliver in the time  
 When most his troubles clime.  
 The Lord will keep his life yet safe and sound,  
 With blessings of the ground ;  
 And will not him unto the will expose  
 Of them that be his foes.
2. When bedd, from rest, becomes his seat of woe,  
 In God his strength shall grow,  
 And turn his couch, where sick he couchèd late,  
 To well recoverd state ;  
 Therefore I said, in most infirmity,  
 Haue mercy, Lord, on me ;  
 O, heale my soule ; let there Thy care begin  
 Where 'gainst Thee lay my sin.

<sup>4</sup> Ps. xli. st. vi. ll. 7-8, reads in Trin. Col.

' his blessings flow

So Lord, oh be it so.'

This so entirely departs from the Hebrew that I am at a loss to understand the alteration.

- 
3. My foes' evill words their hate of me display,  
While thus, alas, they say,—  
When, when will death o'rtake this wretched  
wight,  
And his name perish quite?  
Their courteous visitings are courting lyes,  
They inward evils disguise,  
Even heapes of wicked thoughts, which streight  
they show,  
As soon as out they go.
4. For then their hatefull heads close whispring be,  
With hurtfull thoughts to me :  
Now is he wrackt, they say ; lo, there he lyes  
Who never more must rise.  
O, yee, my friend, to whom I did impart  
The secrets of my heart,—  
My friend, I say, who at my table sate,  
Did kick against my state.
5. Therefore, O Lord, abandon'd thus of all,  
On me let mercy fall,  
And rayse me vp, that I may once haue might  
Their merits to requite.

But what? this doth already well appeare  
 That I to Thee am deare,  
 Since foes, nor haue, nor shall haue cause to be  
 Triumphant over me.

6. But triumph well may I, whom Thou dost stay  
 In my sound rightfull way :  
 Whom Thou, O place of places, all dost place,  
 For aye, before Thy face.  
 So then be blest now, then, at home, abroad,  
 Of Israel the God :  
 World without end, let still this blessing flow ;  
 Oh so, oh be it so.

PSALM XLII. <sup>5</sup>*Quemadmodum.*

- i. **A**S the chased hart, which brayeth  
 Seeking some refreshing brook,  
 So my soul in panting playeth,  
 Thirsting on my God to look.

<sup>5</sup> Ps. xlii. st. i. l. i. I read 'chased,' though it be 'chafed' in our text, Trin. Col. and Davies. The end of this Psalm I adopt from Trin. Col. in preference to our text and Davies :

My soul thirsts indeed in mee  
 After ever living Thee ;  
 Ah, when comes my blessed being,  
 Of Thy face to haue a seing.

2. Daye and night my teares out flowing  
 Haue been my ill-feeding food,  
 With their dayly questions throwing,  
 Where is now thy God so good ?  
 My heart melts remembreing so,  
 How in troops I wont to go :     [was] wont  
 Leading them, His prayses singing,  
 Holy daunce to God's house bringing.

3. Why art thou, my soul, so sorry,  
 And in me so much dismaid ?  
 Wait on God, for yet His glory  
 In my song shall be display'd.  
 When but with one look of His  
 He shall me restore to blisse :

' To him my thancks shall be said  
 Who is still my present aid,  
 And in fine my soul be raised,  
 God is my God, by me praised.'

Ah, my soul it self appaleth,  
In such longing thoughts it falleth.

4. For my mind on my God bideth,  
    Ev'n from Hermon's dwelling led,  
From the grounds where Jordan slideth,  
    And from Mizzar's hilly head.  
    One deep with noyse of his fall  
    Other deeps of woe doth call :  
While my God, with wasting wonders,  
On me, wretch, His tempest thunders,
5. All Thy floods on me abounded,  
    Over me all Thy waues went :  
Yet thus still my hope is grounded  
    That, Thy anger being spent,  
    I by day Thy loue shall tast,  
    I by night shall singing last,  
Praying, prayers still bequeathing,  
To my God that gaue me breathing.
6. I will say, O Lord, my tower,  
    Why am I forgott by Thee ?  
Why should grief my heart devower,  
    While the foe oppreseth me ?

Those vile scoffes of naughty ones  
 Wound and rent me to the bones,  
 When foes ask, with foule deriding,  
 Where hath now yor God His bidding?

7. Why art thou, my soul, so sorry,  
 And in me so much dismaid?  
 Wait on God, for yet His glory  
 In my song shall be displayd.  
 Vnto Him a songe of praise  
 Still my thankfull heart shall raise ;  
 He who helpes my case distressèd,  
 Even my God for ever blessèd.

PSALM XLIII.<sup>6</sup>*Judica me, Deus.*

1. **J**UDG of all, judg me,  
 And protector bee  
 Of my cause, oppressed  
 Of most cruel sprites ;  
 Saue me from bad wights  
 In false colours dressed.

<sup>6</sup> Ps. xliii. st. vi. l. 6. I adopt Trin. Col. for 'Sure aid, present.'

2. For, my God, Thy sight  
Giveth me my might ;  
Why then hast Thou left me ?  
Why walk I in woes,  
While prevaying foes  
Hav' of joyes bereft me ?

3. Send Thy truth and light,  
Let them guide me right  
From the paths of folly ;  
Bringing me to Thy  
Tabernacles high,  
In Thy hill most holy.

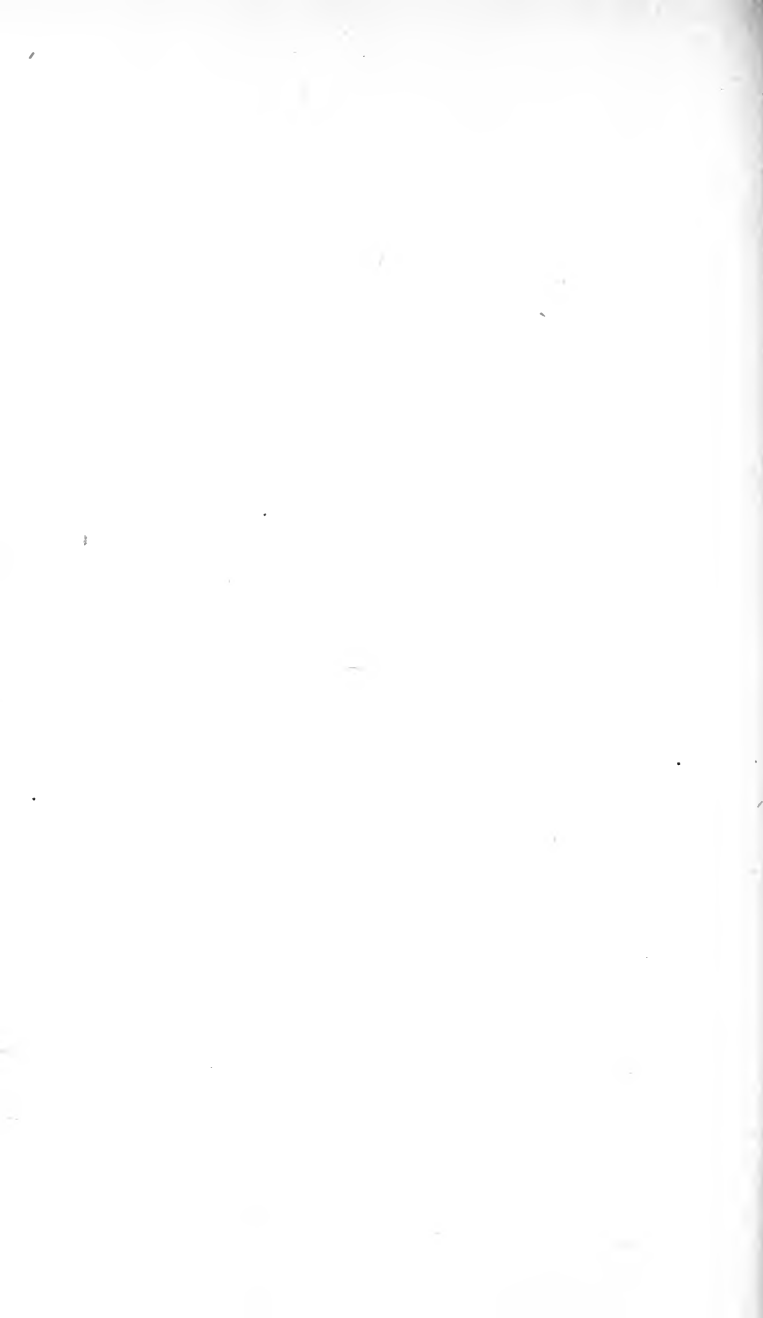
4. To God's altars tho then  
I will boldly go,  
Shaking off all sadnes ;  
To that God that is  
God of all my blisse,  
God of all my gladness.

5. Then lo, then I will,  
With sweet musick's skill,  
Gratefull meaning show Thee :  
Then, God, yea, my God,



I will sing abroad  
What great thanks I ow Thee.

6. Why art thou, my soul,  
Cast down in such dole?  
What ayles thy discomfort?  
Wait on God, for still  
Thank my God I will,  
My onely aide and comfort.



LONGER NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS.



## LONGER NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

(a) Vol. I., page 20, *Sonnet xi. Various Readings.*

In this sonnet nearly every alteration in A from the quartos is for the better, beginning with l. 1, 'O' for 'oh': l. 7, the child has a 'faire,' *i.e.* excellently got-up book; but it is not so much a 'faire' (2 qu.) or beautifully limned picture that he would dwell on as on a 'fine' or gaudy one. Cf. 'gilded leaves,' &c.: l. 4, 'For' (A) is better than 'that' (2 qu.), because the answering clause begins 'So' (l. 9), and because 'that' seems to make the clause correlative with 'that' of l. 3, whereas it is not: l. 10. 'Lok'st,' present, requires to be 'lookd'st' (A). Cf. 'saw'st' (l. 9) and 'did'st set' (l. 11): l. 12, Cupid could hardly be in her breast without 'touching' (Q 2), and Sidney would hardly alter 'lowting' = bowing, or making obeisance, to 'touching.' I take it therefore to be an error for 'crouching' (A). For an example of 'lout,' used in this sense, see last line of Song xi., where it marks the obeisance on leaving; also our Fraunce in Psalm xxix.:

'Kneele to the King of Kings, and bring your dutiful  
offerings

*Lowt* to the luying Lord.'

So too in the 'Return from Pernassus' (1606):

‘his starres hath fauor’d him so ill  
As to debarre him by his dunghill thoughts  
Iustly to esteeme my verses *lowting* pitch.’ Act ii. sc. 4.

It is in every-day use in Scotland still. Line 11, ‘pitfall’ and ‘pitfould.’ Both meant not only what we call a pitfall, but also a gin or snare for small birds. See Halliwell *s. v.*, Cooper &c. *s. Decipulum*, Ryder *s. pitfall=avicipula*, Cotgrave *s. Trebuchet*. Our view therefore is, that as Cupids are little toying snares (cf. day-nets, Son. xii.), and as ‘pitfall’ (2 qu.) is suggestive of the true pitfall for wild-beasts, Sidney altered it to ‘pitfold’ (A). That ‘pitfall’ did mean sometimes a snare for birds is sufficiently evidenced by the following from Lod. Barrey’s ‘Ram Alley’ (1636):

‘like a bird in bird-lime or a *pit-fall*,  
The more a [=it] labours, still the deeper in.’ Act i. sc. 1.

On ‘babies’ in her eyes (l. 10) see our MARVELL, vol. i. p. 114. In l. 12, ‘has’ for ‘hast’ metri gratia.

(b) *Ibid*, pages 37-38. *Sonnet xxv. Virtue incarnate.*

The reference to Plato’s saying concerning Virtue recalls an anecdote concerning Dr. Hugh Blair and his colleague Dr. Robert Walker. The former was what the Evangelicals regarded as a mere Moralist, and grew eloquent after his prim sort on ‘virtue’ rather than on ‘grace.’ One forenoon, having discoursed on Virtue, he

paraphrased Plato's saying to the effect that if She [Virtue] were now to appear on earth, all men would fall down and worship her. Dr. Walker, who was a thorough Evangelical, in the afternoon took up his colleague's words of the morning, and, with crushing effect and a rush of eloquence born of profoundest conviction, exclaimed, 'Virtue did appear on the earth, and they—crucified her!' and then went on to expatiate on the 'enmity' of the unrenewed heart to what is good. The anecdote seems to be well authenticated, although, for Walker, other names are sometimes given.

(c) *Ibid*, pages 105-6. *Sonnet lxxx., l. 8.* 'Grain.'

As there has been a good deal of confusion, from which Richardson is by no means free, as to the two words 'grain,' it may not be amiss to say here that there is, 1. Grain, a scarlet, and not a gray or other coloured dye, and which is so called, according to Du Cange, *s.v.* Grana, because there is 'Italis Bacca cujusdam arboris similis hederæ, cujus usus est ad tincturam ejus panni quem vocant *Scarlatum*.' Whether Du Cange be right in his natural history, and whether it be a berry or the insect cochineal, or both, does not just now matter. What does matter is that it was a scarlet dye. 2. Grain, the word which, whatever may be its root, signifies the fabric-arrangement or the fabric itself. Thus it is the grain of wood, that peculiarity of structure which goes through and through it, and is its characteristic and make, and of which

graining in wood-painting is an imitation (of the surface). So a rogue in grain is a rogue in every fibre; and though a robe of grain would be (1) a scarlet robe, and though (2) dyed in grain might in a particular case mean dyed in scarlet, the phrase in its idiomatic signification is a thing not superficially or partially dyed, but dyed through and through—a dye that, as Shakespeare says, will endure wind and weather (*Twelfth Night*, act i. sc. 5). In the present passage, though Sidney may have had a conceit, and made use of the double word to convey a fullest sense, it is obvious that the primary sense is the second, 'Beautie's blush dyed in Honour's web and woof.'

(d) *Ibid*, pages 109-10. *Sonnet lxxxiii. l. 3. 'Cut.'*

To 'cut,' in the Caveat for Cursitors, is cant for 'to speak,' and 'cutted' is given by Kersey as scolding, brawling, quarrelsome, and is so used in Middleton's 'Women beware Women,' act iii. sc. 1. The same author also uses 'cut' as a noun or adjective in the same sense in the punning phrase, 'You'd both need wear *cut* [paned or slashed] clothes, you are so choleric' (*The Mayor of Queensborough*, act v. sc. i). Hence, in all probability, the term 'cutter' for a swaggerer or swashbuckler, rather than for the cutting with their weapons. At least this reconciles all the meanings of cut, cutted, and cutter, and agrees best with its usages. See Greene's *Friar Bacon and Friar Bungay*, *ad init.*; Beaumont and Fletcher, *The Scornful Lady*, act v. sc. 4; and in especial, *Wit at several*



Weapons, act iii. sc. 1 (vol. iv. p. 54, ed. Dyce,) although the sameness of the sound would lead to the stronger use of the word, and the adoption of the etymology given by Baily and Nares. Cowley re-christened his surreptitiously published comedy of 'The Guardian' as 'The *Cutter* of Coleman Street.' Here 'cut'—the only substantival use of the word known to me—means quarrelling, swaggering, or rather discontented or quarrelsome, huffing (huff=to swell out one's feathers, &c.).

(e) *Ibid*, pages 114-5. *Sonnet lxxxvii. Sidney and Stella.*

At first sight it would seem that Sidney, either from other duty or from the sense of honour spoken of in Sonnet xci. l. 1, had forced himself away from Stella, and the latter of these views has been adopted by Bourne in his *Life of Sidney* (see our Essay, as before). It is, however, to Stella's honour that she forced herself to leave him. The words, 'From Stella . . . to depart,' seem to contradict this; but they do not necessarily do so, for 'depart,' in those days, was often a mere equivalent of 'part,' and to 'depart from' is merely a Latinate construction. For an example of 'depart' in this sense, see Song x. vii. 5, a song written about the same time with this sonnet. That it was she who left, and that the above phrase must be construed in agreement thereto, is shown, (a) by the Q 1 reading of l. 4, 'By Stellae's lawes of duetie to impart' (but 'impart' a misprint for 'depart'), which shows that the parting was by Stella's will; (b) by Sonnet lxxxix. l. 4,

where it is said, not that he left Stella, but that Stella had left his hemisphere; (*c*) by Sonnet xci. ll. 3-5, where he says, 'if *this* place in thy absence *yet* shew like candle-light'; (*d*) by Song x. st. i. where he makes her wished sight depend on her will; and (*e*) by the 2 qu. readings of st. ii. l. 2 of the same song, 'By thine absence,' for had these words not been dictated by remembrance of the fact that she had left him, and not he her, he would have written, in natural accord with the question he asks, 'By mine absence.' Hence I intended to have adopted in our text the reading of 'By thine absence,' as I do the Q 1 reading of l. 4 of this sonnet. To us who can only learn the circumstances from Sidney's verse, his poetical changes must be less considered than a fair lady's fame—on all which see our Essay for much more. -In some of the 'Certaine Sonnets' which follow 'Astrophel and Stella' in the present volume, there is (as pointed out in its place) a notice of Sidney's own absence in the country; and from the later sonnets of 'Astrophel and Stella,' perhaps from Sonnet xciii. onwards, Stella, though in London with him, seems to have desired that they should not meet. See note on Sonnet civ.

(*f*) *Ibid*, pages 115-6. Sonnet lxxxviii. *Various Readings*.

There are variations in the 2 qu., but all earlier readings than A and A 1613. We obey a captain wholly and from the heart, but obedience to a 'conqueror' is different. Hence 'captainesse' is better than 'conqueror.' I would have preferred the reading of l. 4 in Q 1 :

‘That to entice mee proffers present paye,’

but that I respect the thought or feeling which made Sidney soften down the words ‘entice’ and ‘proffer’ to ‘win’ and ‘show.’ In l. 13 the variations are probably author’s, and I prefer A and A 1613 because, as in this and previous line, the heart and eyes are evidently his, ‘my’ (for ‘both’) is not required, and its absence agrees better with its absence throughout. 2 qu. have ‘my,’ and ‘now’ is again ‘both’ in Q 1. In l. 9 Q 1 reads ‘When absence with her mistes obscures her light’: Q 2 as A and A 1613. In some editions of *Arcadia*, &c. ‘mistes’ is misprinted ‘mistresse.’ For note on this sonnet see on Sonnet xci.

(g) *Ibid*, page 119. *Sonnet xci. l. 8. ‘seeing gets.’*

‘*seeing gets*’: ‘seeming jet.’ If 2 qu. be correct (‘seeming jet’), as Mr. Collier (*Bibl. Catal. s. n.*) supposes, then we have two beauties spoken of—the first a blonde, the second a brunette. But if these particulars be compared with Sidney’s other descriptions of Stella, it will be seen that in their totality they describe her, and that what he says is ‘if some beauty’s piece’ have amber hair, another milk hands, another rose cheeks, and so on, I like them because each is a poor model of some piece of your perfections. But ‘seeming jet’ was no part of Stella’s general appearance; and on the first supposition that some different and dark Beauty is spoken of, who can conceive a brunette praised as ‘seeming jet black’? Part, how-

ever, of Stella's strange beauty consisted in her amber hair, fair complexion, and black eyes (see former Note on Sonnet ix.), and I make no doubt but that this, after lips, was the other piece of beauty that he particularised. If so, both readings are wrong and both partly right, and we should read 'Or seeing' or 'Or seeings' (=eyes) jet black. I say 'seeing' or 'seeings,' because the latter might account for the 's' of 'gets,' and because the plural more definitely substantizes the word, and because, the first excepted, all the other nouns are plurals—hands, cheeks, and lips. The use of the participial form as=the organ of seeing or the seeing parts, is so intelligible and so idiomatic (cf. for instance 'understanding'), that no other alteration seems needed or called for. I therefore read 'seeings jet-blacke.' So in my Fuller Worthies' Library' edition; but my friend Mr. Thomson of Edinburgh has suggested such a reading as removes the entire difficulty. I have adopted it, and do not doubt it will henceforward be accepted: jet-black eyes=jets that see.

(h) *Ibid*, page 133. *Sonnet ci. l. 9. 'Paine.'*

'*Loue moues thy paine*': so all editions, and were there not other examples to prove such persistence in error in these Sonnets, one would be unable to understand how so palpable a blunder for 'mone' (=moan) escaped correction. Besides these errors, the very same occurs in the last of the four Sonnets on his Lady's sickness, as printed with Constable's Diana in 1594. There,

by a curious error, some transcriber wrote 'mone' for 'plaïne,' and an after error-maker changed it to 'moue.' These four Sonnets, it may be remarked, cannot, as witnessed in especial by this fourth, refer to Sidney's wife, and must therefore, according to Spenser's account of his constancy, refer to Stella. If so, then there seems every probability that they refer to the illness spoken of in this and the next Sonnet; for this Astrophel and Stella series, which is the diary of his love, makes mention of no other sickness. Other arguments are, that the Sonnets are the same in substance and tone. In the most plaining of all there is no fear expressed, not even such fear as an anxious lover finds in ailments which may or may not be serious. In agreement with this, the four Sonnets dwell on pain and pain only, and so this speaks of weakness—a probably febrile breathing and perspiration, and pain that causes weeping—but of nothing that interferes with her sweetness, grace, or beauty, or with the brightness of her eyes, or with the willingness of all to tend her. Should this view be accepted—and surely it must be? and *en passant* I remark that cii. speaks only of her pallor during convalescence, and says nothing of her escape from danger, or even disfigurement, and thus sets aside the A 1613 and Bodleian MS. statement that she had small-pox—it is inconceivable that Sidney should write in such a strain, and dwell on pain only, and not at all on his own fears, when Stella or any one he cared for was attacked with so loathsome a disease—one which especially attacks the face and destroys its beauty, and which is often virulent and dangerous, and at that time disfiguring in its results, if not fatal.

- (i) *The Epistle to Nash's edition of Astrophel and Stella.*

### THE EPISTLE

*To the worshipfull and his very good Freende, MA.*

FRAUNCIS FLOWER *Esquire, increase of all content.*

It was my fortune, right worshipfull, not many daies since, to light vpon the famous deuice of *Astrophel and Stella*, which carrying the generall commendation of all men of iudgment, and being reported to be one of the rarest things that euer any Englishman set abroach, I haue thought good to publish it vnder your name, both for I know the excellencie of your worships conceipt, aboue all other to be such as is onely fit to discerne of all matters of wit, as also for the credite and countenance your patronage may giue to such a worke. Accept of it, I beseech you, as the first fruites of my affection, which desires to approoue it selfe in all dutie vnto you : and though the Argument perhaps may seeme too light for your graue viewe, yet considering the worthines of the Author, I hope you will entertaine it accordingly. For my part, I haue beene very carefull in the Printing of it, and where as being spred abroad in written Coppies, it had gathered much corruption by ill Writers : I haue vsed their helpe and aduice in correcting and restoring it to his first dignitie, that I knowe were of skill and experience in those matters. And the rather was I moued to sette it forth, because I thought it pittie anie thing proceeding from so rare a man shoulde bee obscured, or that his fame should not still be

nourisht in his works, whom the works [qy. world?] with one vnited grieffe bewailed. Thus crauing pardon for my bold attempt, and desiring the continuance of your worshippes fauour vnto mee, I ende. Yours alwaies to be commaunded,

THO. NEWMAN.

(j) *The Epistle to the Reader.* (*Ibid.*)

### SOMEWHAT TO READ FOR THEM THAT LIST.

*Tempus adus* [sic] *plausus aurea pompa venit*, so endes the Sceane of Idiots, and enter *Astrophel* in pompe. Gentlemen that haue seene a thousand lines of folly, drawn forth *ex vno puncto impudentiæ*, and two famous mountains to goe to the conception of one Mouse, that haue had your eares defned with the eccho of Fame's brasen towres, when only they haue been toucht with a leaden pen, that haue seene *Pan* sitting in his bower of delights, and a number of *Midasses* to admire his miserable hornepipes, let not your surfeted sight, new come frō such puppet play, think scorne to turn aside into this Theater of pleasure, for here you shal find a paper stage streud with pearle, an artificial heau'n to ouershadow the fair frame, and christal wals to encounter your curious eyes, while the tragicommodity of loue is performed by starlight. The chiefe Actor here is *Melpomene*, whose dusky robes dipt in the ynke of teares, as yet seeme to drop when I view them neere. The Argument cruell chastitie, the Prologue hope, the Epilogue dispaire, *videte quæso, et linguis animisque favete.* And here peradventure, my witles youth may be taxt with a

margent note of presumption, for offering to put vp any motion of applause in the behalfe of so excellent a Poet (the least sillable of whose name sounded in the eares of iudgement, is able to giue the meanest line he writes a dowry of immortality), yet those that obserue how iewels oftentimes com to their hands that know not their value, and that the cockscombes of our days, like *Esop's* Cock, had rather haue a Barly kernell wrapt vp in a Ballet, then they wil dig for the welth of wit in any ground that they know not, I hope wil also hold me excused though I open the gate to his glory and inuite idle eares to the admiration of his melancholy.

‘*Quid petitur sacris nisi tantum fama poetis ?*’

Which although it be oftentimes imprisoned in Ladyes casks, and the president bookes of such as cannot see without another man's spectacles, yet at length it breakes foorth in spight of his keepers, and vseth some priuate penne (in steed of a picklock) to procure his violent enlargement. The Sunne, for a time, may maske his golden head in a cloud ; yet in the end the thicke vaile doth vanish, and his embellished blandishment appears. Long hath *Astrophel* (England's Sunne) withheld the beames of his spirite from the common veiw of our darke sence, and night hath houered oure the gardens of the nine Sisters, while *ignis fatuus* and grosse fatty flames (such as commonly arise out of dunghilles) haue tooke occasion, in the midst eclipse of his shining perfections, to wander a broade with a wispe of paper at their tailes like Hobgoblins, and leade men vp and downe in a circle of absurditie



a whole weeke, and neuer know where they are. But now that cloude of sorrow is dissolued, which fierie Loue exhaled from his dewie haire, and affection hath vnburthened the labouring streames of her wombe, in the lowe cesterne of his Graue: the night hath resigned her iettie throne vnto *Lucifer*, and cleere daylight possesseth the skie that was dimmed; wherfore breake of your daunce, you Fayries and Elues, and from the fieldes with the torne carcasses of your Timbrils, for your kingdome is expired. Put out your rush candles, you Poets and Rimers, and bequeath your crazed quaterzayns to the Chaundlers; for loe, here he cometh that hath broek your legs. *Apollo* hath resigned his Iuory Harp vnto *Astrophel*, and he, like *Mercury*, must lull you a sleep with his musicke. Sleepe *Argus*, sleep Ignorance, sleep Impudence, for *Mercury* hath *Io*, and onely *Io Pæan* belongeth to *Astrophel*. Deare *Astrophel*, that in the ashes of thy Loue, liuest againe like the *Phœnix*; O might thy bodie (as thy name) liue againe likewise here amongst vs: but the earth, the mother of mortalitie, hath snacht thee too soone into her chilled colde armes, and will not let thee by any meanes be drawne from her deadly imbrace; and thy diuine Soule, carried on an Angel's wings to heauen, is installed in *Hermes'* place, sole *prolocutor* to the Gods. Therefore mayest thou neuer returne from the Elisian fieldes like *Orpheus*; therefore must we euer mourne for our *Orpheus*.

Fayne would a seconde spring of passion heere spend it selfe on his sweet remembrance: but Religion, that rebuketh prophane lamentation, drinks in the riuers of those dispaireful teares, which languorous ruth hath out-

welled, and bids me looke back to the house of honor, where frō one and the selfe same root of renowne, I shal find many goodly branches deriued, and such as, with the spreading increase of their vertues, may somewhat ouershow the Griefe of his los. Amongst the which fayre sister of *Phæbus*, and eloquent secretary to the Muses, most rare Countesse of *Pembroke*, thou art not to be omitted, whom *Artes* doe adore as a second *Minerua*, and our Poets extoll as the Patronesse of their inuention; for in thee the *Lesbian Sappho* with her lirick Harpe is disgraced, and the Laurel Garlande which thy Brother so brauely aduunst on his Launce, is still kept greene in the Temple of *Pallas*. Thou only sacrificest thy soule to contemplation, thou only entertainest emptie-handed *Homer*, and keepest the springs of *Castalia* from being dried vp. Learning, wisdom, beautie, and all other ornaments of Nobilitie whatsoever, seeke to approue themselues in thy sight, and get a further seale of felicity from the smiles of thy fauour :

‘O Joue digna viro ni Joue nata fores.’ [sic.]

I feare I shall be counted a mercenary flatterer, for mixing my thoughts with such figuratiue admiration, but generall report that surpasseth my praise, condemne my rhetoricke of dulnesse for so colde a commendation. Indeede, to say the truth, my stile is somewhat heauie-gated, and cannot daunce, trip, and goe so liuely, with oh my loue, ah my loue, all my loues gone, as other Shepheards that haue beene fooles in the Morris time out of minde; nor hath my prose any skill to imitate the Almond leape

verse, or sit tabring fīue yeres together nothing but to bee, to hee, on a paper drum. Onely I can keepe pace with Grauesend barge, and care not if I haue water enough, to lande my ship of fooles with the Tearme (the tyde I shoulde say). Now euery man is not of that minde; for some, to goe the lighter away, will take in their fraught of spangled feathers, golden Peebles, Straw, Reedes, Bulrushes, or anything, and then they beare out their sayles as proudly, as if they were balisted with Bulbiefē. Others are so hardly bested for loading that they are faine to re-taile the cinders of *Troy*, and the shiuers of broken trunchions, to fill vp their boate that else should goe empty: and if they haue but a pound weight of good Merchandise, it shall be placed at the poepe, or pluckt in a thousand peeces to credit their carriage. For my part, euery man as he likes, *meus cuiusque is est quisque*. 'Tis as good to goe in cut-fingred pumps as corke shooes, if one wore Cornish diamonds on his toes. To explain it by a more familiar example, an Asse is no great statesman in the beastes commonwealth, though he weare his eares *vpseuant muffe*, after the Muscouy fashion, and hange the lip like a Capcase halfe open, or looke as demurely as a sixpenny browne loafer, for he hath some imperfections that do keepe him frō the cōmon Councel: yet of many he is deemed a very vertuous mēber, and one of the honestest sort of men that are; So that our opinion (as *Sextus Empedocus* affirmeth) giues the name of good or ill to euery thing. Out of whose works (latelie translated into English, for the benefit of vnlearned writers) a man might collect a whole booke of this argument, which no doubt woulde proue a

worthy commonwealth matter, and far better than wit's waxe karnell : much good worship haue the Author.

Such is this golden age wherein we liue, and so replenisht with golden asses of all sortes, that if learning had lost it selfe in a Groue of Genealogies, wee neede doe no more but sette an olde Goose ouer halfe a dozen pottle pots (which are as it were the eggs of inuention), and wee shall haue such a breede of bookes within a little while after, as will fill all the world with the wilde fowle of good wits; I can tell you this is a harder thing then making golde of quick siluer, and will trouble you more then the morrall of *Æsop's* Glow-worme hath troubled our English Apes, who striuing to warme themselues with the flame of the philosopher's stone, haue spent all their wealth in buying bellowes to blowe this false fyre. Gentlemen, I feare I haue too much presumed on your idle leysure, and beene too bold, to stand talking all this while in an other man's doore; but now I will leaue you to suruey the pleasures of *Paphos*, and offer your smiles on the Aulters of *Venus*.

Yours in all desire to please,      THO. NASHE.

(k) EPISTLE TO THE READER OF  
ARCADIA, 1593.

*To the Reader.*

The disfigured face, gentle Reader, wherewith this Worke not long since appeared to the common view, moued that noble Lady, to whose Honour consecrated, to whose protection it was committed, to take in hand the

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wiping away those spotted wherewith the beauties thereof were unworthely blemished. • But as often in repairing a ruinous house, the mending of some olde part occasioneth the making of some new : so here her honourable labour, begonne in correcting the faults, ended in supplying the defectes ; by the view of what was ill done guided to the consideration of what was not done. Which part, with what aduise entred into, with what successe it hath beene passed through, most by her doing, all by her directing, if they may be entreated not to define, which are unfurnisht of meanes to discern, the rest (it is hoped) will fauourably censure. But this they shall, for theyr better satisfaction, vnderstand, that though they finde not here what might be expected, they may finde neuerthelesse as much as was intended, the conclusion, not the perfection of Arcadia : and that no further then the Authour's own writings, or knowne determinations could direct. Whereof who sees not the reason, must consider there may be reason which hee sees not. Albeit I dare affirme hee either sees, or from wiser iudgements then his owne may heare, that Sir Philip Sidneie's writings can no more be perfected without Sir Philip Sidney, then Apelles' pictures without Apelles. There are that thinke the contrary : and no wonder. Neuer was Arcadia free from the comber of such Cattell. To vs, say they, the pastures are not pleasaunt : and as for the flowers, such as we light on we take no delight in, but the greater part growe not within our reach. Poore soules ! what talke they of flowers ? They are Roses, not flowers, must doe them good, which if they finde not here, they shall doe well to go feed elsewhere : any place will better like them. For

without Arcadia nothing growes in more plenty then Lettuce, sutable to their Lippes. If it be true that likenes is a great cause of liking, and that contraries inferre contrary consequences, then is it true that the wortheles Reader can neuer worthely esteeme of so worthye a writing: and as true that the noble, the wise, the vertuous, the curteous, as many as haue had any acquaintance with true learning and knowledge, will with all loue and dearenesse entertaine it, as well for affinity with themselves, as being child to such a father; whom albeit they do not exactly and in euery lineament represent, yet considering the father's untimely death preuented the timely birth of the childe, it may happily seeme a thanke-worthy labour, that the defects being so few, so small, and in no principall part, yet the greatest vnlikenes is rather in defect then in deformity. But howsoeuer it is, it is now, by more then one interest, the Countesse of Pembroke's Arcadia: done, as it was, for her; as it is, by her. Neither shall these pains be the last (if no vnexpected accident cut off her determination) which the euerlasting loue of her excellent brother will make her consecrate to his memory.

H. S.

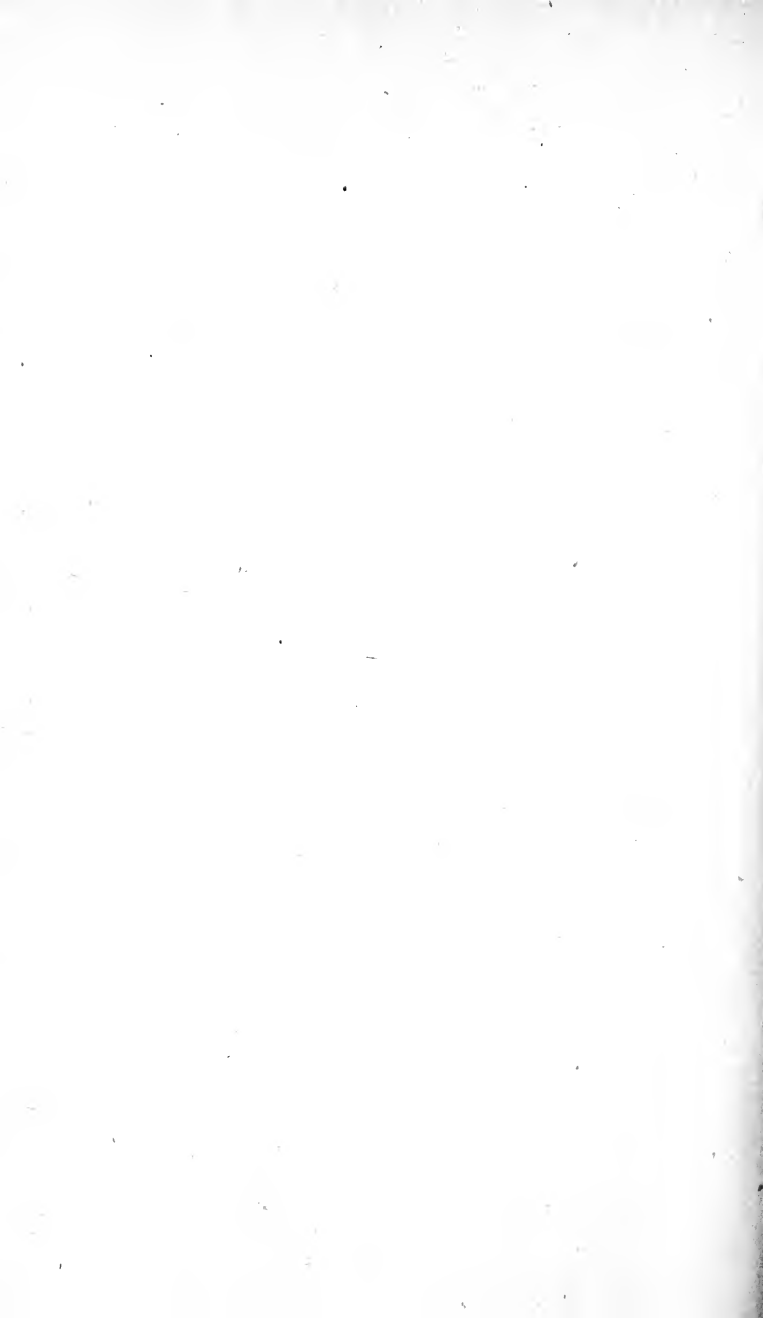
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On Newman and Nash's edition of *Astrophel and Stella*, see our Essay. Of Francis Flower, to whom it was dedicated, I have only been able to recover these slight details from my friend Colonel Chester's MSS., viz. that he was of Gray's Inn, and assisted Bacon, Hughes, and others, in the production, before Queen Elizabeth, at Greenwich, in 1587, of the tragedy of *The Misfortunes of Arthur*. Further,

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on 30th December, 1591, he occurs in an entry in the Stationers Company's Books as having some privilege concerning licensing; and Mr. Collier says in a note: 'We have already met with Flower's name in connection with the licensing of books for the press, but what was his particular office, and what the privilege he at this time enjoyed, we are without information' (Notes and Queries, 3d Series, i. 143).

G.





ALPHABETICAL INDEX OF  
FIRST LINES.



## ALPHABETICAL INDEX OF FIRST LINES.

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GLOSSARIAL INDEX.



## GLOSSARIAL INDEX.

THE references point to more or less full explanations, in the places, of nearly all the words in this Index. A few are simply recorded herein as being used by Sidney. Sometimes nouns and verbs, &c. are placed under one form.

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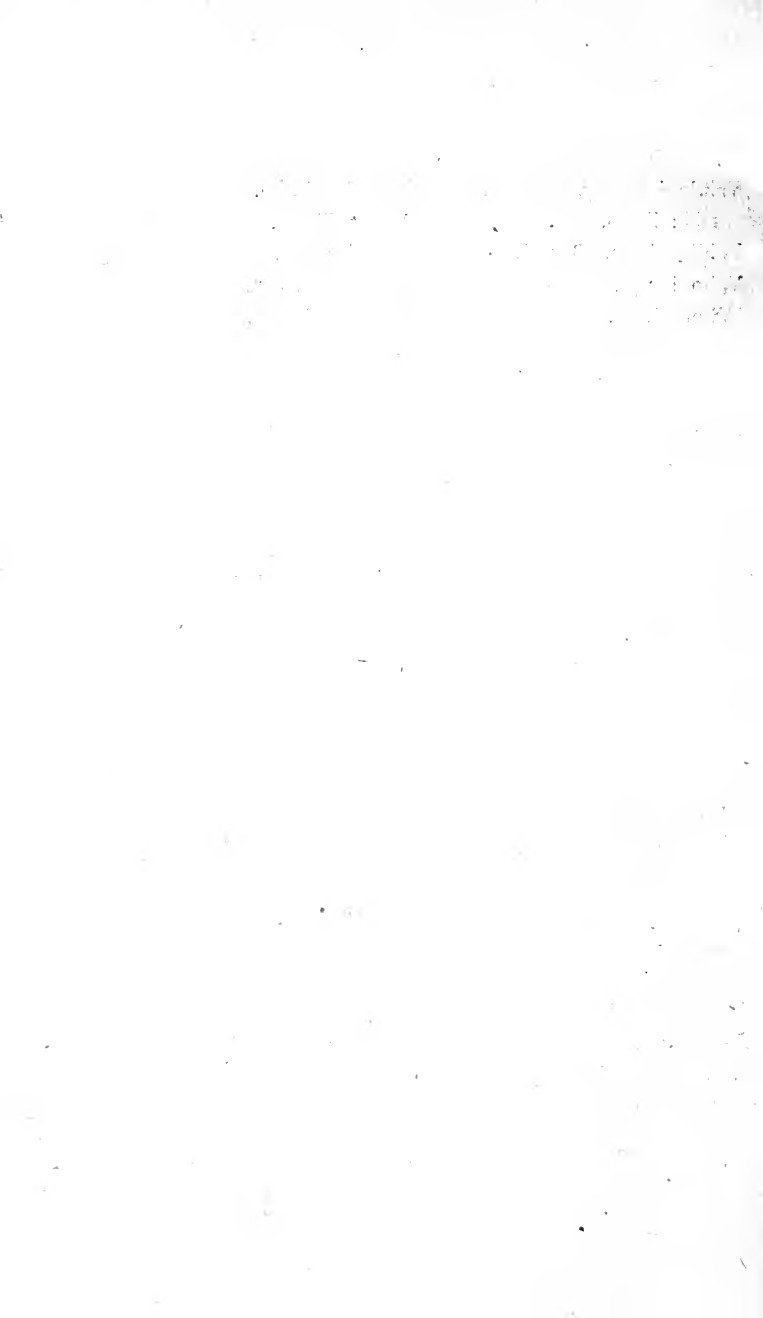
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