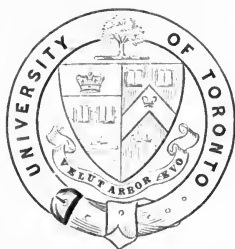


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THE  
COMPLETE WORKS  
IN  
VERSE AND PROSE  
OF  
SAMUEL DANIEL.  
VOL. I.





11



*Samuel Daniel*

*Engraved by W. J. Alais from the original by Cookson.*

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THE  
COMPLETE WORKS

IN  
VERSE AND PROSE  
OF  
SAMUEL DANIEL.

EDITED, WITH MEMORIAL-INTRODUCTION AND A GLOSSARIAL  
INDEX EMBRACING NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

BY THE  
REV. ALEXANDER B. GROSART,  
D.D., LL D. (EDIN.), F.S.A. (SCOT.),  
*St. George's, Blackburn, Lancashire;*

IN FOUR VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

MEMORIAL-INTRODUCTION I.—BIOGRAPHICAL.

- I. INEDITED INTRODUCTORY POEMS. 1595—1623.  
II. SONNETS TO DELIA. 1592. ✓  
III. THE COMPLAINT OF ROSAMOND. 1592. ✓  
IV. A LETTER FROM OCTAVIA TO MARCUS ANTONIUS. 1599. ✓  
V. A PANEGYRIKE CONGRATVLATORIE TO JAMES I. 1603. ✓  
VI. A FVNERALL POEME VPON THE DEATH OF THE  
EARLE OF DEUONSHIRE. 1606.  
VII. CERTAINE EPISTLES. 1601-3. ✓  
VIII. MUSOPHILUS, OR DEFENCE OF ALL LEARNING. 1603. ✓  
IX. OCCASIONAL POEMS, FROM VARIOUS SOURCES, 1593—1607

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1885.

[150 copies only.]

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TO  
LEWIS MORRIS, Esq.,

*The Poet of*

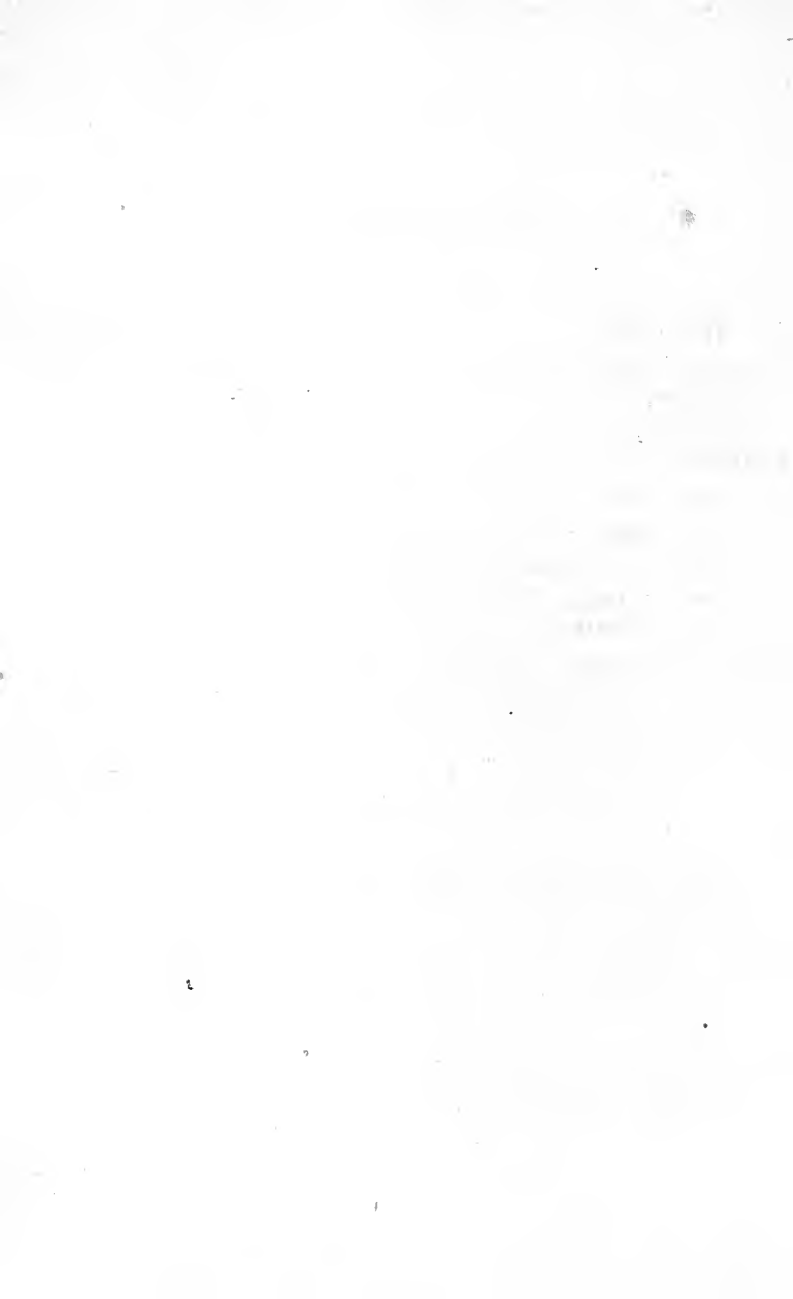
"SONGS OF TWO WORLDS," "EPIC OF HADES," "SONGS UNSUNG,"  
ETC., ETC., ETC.

I dedicate this first collective and critical edition of the Works of  
Samuel Daniel.

SEER AND SAGE—SAMUEL AND DANIEL—

UNITED IN HIS NAME WHOSE WORKS I BRING,  
MORRIS, TO THEE. SO WITS OF OLD WOULD RING  
QUAINT CHANGES ON A NAME THEY LOVED FULL WELL.  
NOR LESS OWN WE TO-DAY THE DULCET SPELL  
LAID ON US BY HIS OLD-WORLD CAROLLING:  
THOUGHT-LADEN, YET OF SINGER THAT DOES SING;  
HALF O' THE EARTH, HALF O' THE SKY,—AS BELL  
IN CHURCH-TOWER HEARD FAINT ACROSS MOOR OR MERE.  
I LOVE THIS GENTLE SPIRIT, MAN AND BARD;  
I WOULD NOT HAVE HIS WREATH GROW DIM OR SERE:  
TRUE POET OF OUR AGE, LET THY REGARD  
SANCTION MY WORK OF LOVE, AS WITH STOOP'D KNEE  
I HONOUR HIM, AND SEEK TO HONOUR THEE.

*ALEXANDER B. GROSART.*



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## ILLUSTRATIONS IN VOL. I.

- Portrait by Alais after the Original Engraving in the Quarto of 1623,  
with Autograph from Letter in H.M. Public Record Office.  
[Face Title-page.]
- Facsimile of Letter to the Earl of Devonshire in H.M. Public Record  
Office (in post 4to only), by Waterlow & Sons (Limited), slightly  
diminished, as witness the full-sized autograph under portrait.  
[Face page xxii.]





## PREFATORY NOTE.

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MY rule in reproducing the WORKS of SAMUEL DANIEL has been, as throughout, to furnish the unmutilated, untampered-with text of the Author. I hold with deepened conviction that modernisations, improvements (so called), and arbitrary accommodation to modern syntax, orthography, punctuation, and the like, vitiate any classic, and render it impossible to trace the growth and gradual enrichment of our national Literature. I simply correct self-evidencing misprints—*e.g.*, p. 264, st. 3, l. 7, 'sparkling' for 'sprakling'; p. 265, st. 7, l. 4, 'veines' for 'weaues'; st. 8, l. 7, 'ouer-sowne' for 'ouer-swone'; and occasionally (,) comma for (.) period in middle of an unfinished sentence, and (;) semicolon for (,) comma—nothing more. Prefixed or affixed in their several places, the sources of the successive poems, etc., will be found recorded. I have also taken pains in noting 'various readings' wherever they occur. The value and interest of these are specially illustrated in the 'Delia' Sonnets.

As with SPENSER, 'Notes and Illustrations' are reserved for the Glossarial-Index in the

closing volume. Toward them I have the pleasure and satisfaction of promised aid from various capable and sympathetic fellow-workers on our elder Poets and Dramatists. In the same volume, the 'Memorial-Introduction II.—Critical' will be given, with the completed text before the reader for reference. Therein tributes paid to "well-languaged Daniel," earlier and recent, may be looked for; also evidence of his influence from SHAKESPEARE to WORDSWORTH and COLERIDGE. Meantime, if the 'Memorial-Introduction I.—Biographical'—though fuller than any hitherto—is far from being so matterful as I should have wished, it has not been from lack of search or research, or willing helpers. It is infinitely pathetic to find how very little the world knows of its most elect spirits.

It is with no ordinary satisfaction I furnish a dainty reproduction (by Alais) of the portrait of our Worthy—after that in the quarto of 1623—in all the four forms; and underneath it a fac-simile of his autograph from the Letter given in fac-simile (in the largest paper only) from H.M. Public Record Office. I owe thanks to the authorities there for facilitating the fac-simile being taken.

I am not without a hope of adding to our knowledge of Daniel as the Works proceed, as various friends are following up lines of inquiry.

ALEXANDER B. GROSART.

ST. GEORGE'S VESTRY, BLACKBURN, LANCASHIRE,  
26th March, 1885.

## MEMORIAL-INTRODUCTION I.— BIOGRAPHICAL.

DANIEL and Daniell, Danyel and Danyell (and other variants) is a not infrequent surname in England, earlier and later. But there is a tantalizing absence of connecting links, as of anything in any way notable: *e.g.*, the Calendars of State Papers, somewhat preceding and contemporary with our “sweet Singer,” bring up a contentious John Daniel and his wife in weary iteration of complaint and appeal\*—all long since passed into silence—together with others of the name, but without recognisable relationship between them. Certain Cornwall Daniels appear to have migrated from the “Low Countries,” albeit it is just possible that originally they had passed as Merchant-adventurers to ‘Middleburg’ from Cornwall.† Others are met with in Cheshire and several southern English counties.

The various authorities—Anthony à-Wood to Nightingale and Collinson—unite in describing our Poet as

\* ‘Calendars,’ 1566 to 1618, *et alibi*.

† In *Gentleman’s Magazine*, 1826 (vol. xcvi., P. i., pp. 130-2), is an interesting account of Daniels at Penzance in the reign of James I. His father was ‘Depute-Governor’ at Middleborough (Brabant) in 1613, and the Diarist of this paper notifies that he himself had been born there in 1599.

son of a JOHN DANIEL, a 'music-master'; and upon this Thomas Fuller writes—"his harmonious mind made an impression on his son's genius, who proved an exquisite poet," and again characteristically on Christian and surname—"He carried in his Christian and surname two holy prophets, his monitors, so to qualify his raptures that he abhorred all profaneness" (*Worthies*: by Nuttall [1840], iii. 104). No one appears to have traced a 'musical' John Daniel, except the brother of the name. I am inclined to query whether the fraternal John Daniel has not been split into two John Daniels. *Certes*, the brother, has left tangible evidence that he was a 'music-master,'\* whilst of the father as such nothing has been transmitted. Anthony à-Wood (*Athenæ Oxoniensis*, by Bliss, *s.n.*) has designated Samuel as sprung of "a wealthy family." 'Wealth' was unlikely to belong to a 'music-master.' Unfortunately the County Historians in all their big books yield no speck of light on this or aught else—merely perfunctorily repeating after Wood, Fuller, *Biographia Britannica* (Kippis), *Chalmers' Biographical Dictionary*, etc., etc.

There is a shadow of uncertainty on his birth-place. According to Anthony à-Wood he was born at Beckington, near Philip's Norton (Somerset); but the historian apparently confused his burial-place with his birth-place. The Parish Register of Beckington goes back to 1559; but there is no recorded baptism of any Daniel there until 1567 (as onward). This is decisive on Wood's

\* Dr. Rimbault, in *Notes and Queries* (1853), No. 179, records John Daniel's *Songs for the Lute, Viol, and Voice*, 1606, and that his name occurs among the Musicians for the Lutes and Voices in a Privy Seal of Dec. 20, 1625.

mistake (Rev. J. L. Sainsbury, M.A., rector of Beckington, to me). Le Neve\* assigns it to "Wilmington, in Wiltshire, neare the Plaine of Salisburie." Unfortunately the earliest-dated Parish-register entry at Wilmington is 1688. Dr. Thomas Fuller, with an express note that he had been 'certified' of this by "some of his acquaintance," states that he was born "not far from Taunton (Somersetshire)." The 'acquaintance' cannot have been very intimate, as they were unable to inform him of either the date or place of his death. Again, unluckily, the Parish Registers of St. James's, Taunton (which at the period might have been accurately described as 'near' or 'nigh' Taunton), commence only in 1610. That of St. Mary's, Taunton, commencing before our Daniel's period, has no Daniel entry whatever.†

As his contemporaries have celebrated him as a 'Somerset' man,‡ we may safely assume that Le Neve was misinformed about Wilmington having been his birth-place, and that Fuller was correct in assigning it to "not far from Taunton." Surely some Somerset antiquary will 'take trouble' and elucidate the point. *Ad interim*, I judge not Taunton itself but (probably) some near-adjoining hamlet was the birth-place; perchance in Taunton Dean, "a parcel of ground round about Taunton," renowned in a still current proverb.§

\* Lansdowne MSS. 983 f. 343.

† The Rev. Samuel Wilkinson, and Arthur Kinglake, Esq., J.P., Taunton, did their utmost to get at *data*; in vain thus far, save above.

‡ See 'Memorial-Introduction II. — Critical' for various notices.

§ "Where should I be born else than in Taunton Dean—with soil so rich that zun (= sun) and zoil (= soil) are all needed?"—*i.e.* no manure.

Somewhat somnolent Somerset has the distinction of having produced earlier, Hooper the martyr-bishop and Sir James Dyer, Lord Chief Justice, Sir John Harington and Blake and Pym; and later, Bishop Bull, Ralph Cudworth, John Locke, and Henry Fielding; but no recognised Poet except Samuel Daniel (Thomas Coryat not in the running). It is about time Somerset erected some memorial of "well-languaged Daniel"?

The year birth-date was 1562 or 1563. This is arrived at from his entry as 'commoner' in Magdalen Hall, Oxford. This was in 1579, when he was in his seventeenth year; which carries us back to 1562-3. He was thus about a decade of years younger than Spenser (1553) and Sir Philip Sidney (1554), two or three years or thereby younger than Robert Greene ('about 1560'), and a little older than Shakespeare (1564), and Thomas Nashe (1564), and nearly contemporaneous with Michael Drayton (1563).

Of his preparatory education nothing whatever is known. He is alleged to have had an 'excellent tutor' at famous Magdalen. But according to Anthony à-Wood his 'geny' having inclined him rather to lighter studies, he remained under academic training for only "three years," and finally left the University—as did Philip Massinger—"without a degree" (Wood, as before). This brings us to 1582 or 1583. Wood's full account is:—

"He continued about three years, and improved himself much in academical learning, by the benefit of an excellent tutor. But his geny being more prone to easier and smoother studies, than in pecking and hewing at logic, he left the university without the honour of a degree, and exercised it much in English history and poetry, of which he then gave several ingenious specimens" (*Ath. Oxon.*, by Bliss, ii. 268).

But though he thus left Oxford, he must have continued his scholarly studies and bookish habits, seeing that in 1584-5 there was published the following considerable book:—

The  
Worthy tract of  
Paulus Iouius, contayning a  
Discourfe of rare inuentions, both  
Militarie and Amorous  
*called Imprefe.*

*Whereunto is added a Preface contay-*  
ning the Arte of compofing them, with  
*many other notable deuifes.*

*By Samuel Daniell, late Student*  
in Oxenforde.

At London,  
Printed for Simon Waterfon.  
1585.

In fucceffion to the Translator's own Epiftle-dedicatory of the 'Worthy Tract' to "The right worfhipful, Sir Edward Dimmock, Champion to her Maieftie," is a lengthy Epiftle "To his good friend Samvel Daniel" by an (unknown) N. W. from 'Oxenforde,' wherein many well-turned compliments are paid to the young fcholar, closing thus:—

"Thus am I bold to animate and encourage you to your credite, which if I haue done to long, fo vppon occafion did Tullio, Plato, Seneca: if rudely, ascribe it to fimplicite: if flightly, to the rarenes of your arte: if to copioufly, to too feruent desire: for feeing that *in verbis est aliquod præmium*, I had rather shewe myfelf to prodigall to my friends then a fitude: which when you haue read, fier it."

In his "Defence of Rhyme," which was addreffed to Philip Herbert, Earl of Pembroke, we get a pleafant glimpse of his pofition from (probably) 1585 onward.

He is defending his love of 'rhyme' in verse against Campion's heresy of hexameters, and thus acknowledges his obligations to his patron's mother—

“Sidney's sister, Pembroke's mother” :—

“Having been first encouraged and framed thereunto by your most worthy and honourable mother, and receiued the first notion for the formal ordering of these compositions, at Wilton, which I must euer acknowledge to haue been my best school, and thereof always am to hold a feeling and a grateful memory. Afterwards, drawn farther on by the well-liking and approbation of my worthy lord, the fosterer of me and my muse, I adventured to bestow all my powers therein, perceiuing it agreed so well both with the complexion of the times, and my own constitution, as I found not wherein I might better employ me.”

This seems to warrant us in concluding that upon leaving Oxford he was introduced to the 'charmed circle' of Wilton; albeit John Morris (in his Biographical Introduction to his "Selections" from Daniel) thus put it :—

“This may have been the case; but a closer examination will perhaps show his meaning to be, that in the first place he felt a grateful obligation to the Countess of Pembroke, for his having, through her kindness and encouragement, gained his earliest acquaintance with the delights of literature at Wilton, *his best school*; and that, in the next place, under the patronage of the Earl, he was *drawn further on*, or enabled to prosecute higher studies at the University. If this be his meaning, then it will appear that, while yet *young*, he had obtained the notice, and was favoured with the patronage, of Sidney's sister, the excellent Countess of Pembroke” (p. xiv).

The thing cannot be dogmatically pronounced upon under our dim light, but in my judgment he is contrasting the after-delights at Wilton as his 'best school'



with the (to him) dry-as-dust studies of Oxford that he had escaped from. This later date of residence at Wilton seems further strengthened by the headings of two of the 'Delia' Sonnets which inform us that he went to Italy; and it has been the unvarying tradition that he went thither with a Herbert. Besides, it is in relation to the same Sonnets and kindred poems—from 1590-1 onward—that he pays glowing homage to the illustrious Mary, Countess of Pembroke.\* It is pleasant even at this late day to indulge the Pleasures of Imagination in a vision of young Samuel Daniel pursuing his poetical and other cultured studies at Wilton, while Sir Philip Sidney's death was still a recent memory (1586).

It was in 1591 that Samuel Daniel first came before the world as a Poet. This he did by the semi-furtive publication of twenty-seven of his Love-sonnets by Thomas Nashe in his famous edition of Sidney's *Astrophel and Stella*, 'edited' by this fiery Free-lance of our Literature (see 'Note' before 'Delia'). This led to his own publication of the series of Sonnets addressed (mainly) to 'Delia' in 1592. This first (authoritative) edition was followed by a second in the same year. A third appeared in 1594.

I do not suppose it is likely now that we shall ever know who 'Delia' was. But I for one recognize in these Sonnets a human passion, and not mere 'sportive wit' or 'idle play.' The grief grows o'times monotonous and even grotesque, but ever and anon there comes the genuine 'cry' of a man's heart in suspensive anguish. He is by no means a strong man—contrariwise reveals

\* See Glossarial-Index, *s.n.*, for full notices of all the 'fair women' and 'brave men' celebrated by Daniel.

a good deal of valetudinarian sentimentalism; yet is there reality of 'love,' and not simply rhyme-craft.

Elsewhere (viz., in Note before 'Delia' and beneath the successive Sonnets) I record the variations of the several editions of 'Delia.' *At this point* it seems expedient to notice one Sonnet that is found in the first edition alone of 1592. It opens the series. It is headed simply 'To M. P.' John Morris (as before), as have others, explains, "the initials evidently stand for *Mary*, Countess of *Pembroke*" (p. 1). But this cannot be. For (a) How should he have used initials only in 1592, and given the name in full in 1594 ('Delia')? (b) Can we conceive such a liberty as a dependant thus using the simple initials M. P.? (c) It has been overlooked that in N. W.'s Epistle before 'Paulus Jovius' (1585) an unmistakable reference is made to 'M. P.' as a common friend and a MAN, thus:—

"A friend of mine whom you know, M. P., climbing for an *Egles* nest but defeated by the mallalent of fortune, limned in *his* studie a *Pine* tree stricken with lightning, carying this mot, *Il mio sperar . . . .* Yet in despiht of fortune *he* deuised a Pinnacle or small Barke, tossed with tempestuous stormes, and on the saile was written *expectanda dies*, hoping as I think for one sunne shine day to recompence so many gloomy and winter monethes."

Who this M. P. was it is vain to conjecture; but the tone of the opening Sonnet of the 1592 volume utters personal disappointment and "want" and "care."

His 'journeying' to Italy being celebrated in the 'Delia' of 1592 dates it prior to that year. We know not how long or short before. The 47th Sonnet of 1594 is headed "At the Authors going into Italie," and the 48th "This Sonnet was made at the Authors being in

Italy"\* (see present vol., pp. 71, 72). More interesting still—and hitherto strangely overlooked—his Verses on the translation of 'Pastor Fido' (see 'Occasional Poems' in the present volume) seem to make a personal reference to a conversation with Guarini, wherein the Italian depreciated the "English tongue." 'Pastor Fido' first appeared in 1590. This fact will require fuller after-notice (in 'Memorial-Introduction II.—Critical'). The publication of the Sonnets to 'Delia' made him 'famous' at a bound. He was in all men's mouths. He was a new voice in the heaven of English Song. Surrey and Wyatt had now an 'heir.' If thinner in substance, these Sonnets have finer literary form than theirs. His 'Verses commendatory'—as given in 'IX. Occasional Poems' in the present volume—testify that speedily his word went a long way to win public notice.

His 'Complaint of Rosamond' accompanied the 'Delia' Sonnets from the outset, and contained a memorable reference to his 'lady-love.' Between 1591-2 and 1600—wherever located—he must have burned the midnight oil over his Verse. The 1594 'Delia' was accompanied by 'Cleopatra,' a tragedy. In 1595 appeared the 'First Foure Bookes of the Ciuill Wars.' In 1599 was issued 'The Poeticall Essayes of Sam. Danyell, newly corrected and augmented.' This added a fifth Book to the 'Ciuil Wars.' In 1600-1 he prepared his folio of the 'Works of Samuel Daniel, newly augmented.' This fine volume was primarily printed for gift-copies or private circulation. Some copies have special dedicatory poems prefixed (see pp. 4-9 of the

\* To Mr. J. Payne Collier belongs the praise of having first observed these headings.

present volume). In 1600 he was engaged as tutor to the (afterwards) renowned Lady Ann Clifford, then in her eleventh year. Dr. Whitaker in his 'Craven' (by Morant, vol. i., pp. 386-7), thus writes:—

"Among the papers at Skipton Castle I met with an original book of accounts, filled with memoranda, relating to this lady's education from 1600 to 1602. In the beginning is the following prayer, intended, I suppose, to be used on entering the church—

'O Lord, increase o'r fayth, and make us euermore attentive hearers, true conceiuers, and diligent fulfillers, of thy heauenly will.'

And after—

'To wish and will it is my part,  
To you, good lady, from my hart,  
The yeares of Nestor God you send,  
With hapynes to your life's end!'

These lines are, I think, in the handwriting of Samuel Daniel, her tutor; and when compared with the future history and long life of this young lady, then only eleven years old, it cannot be denied that their prayer was heard. She actually saw ninety years wanting only three, and the 'happiness' of the last thirty had no abatement to her 'life's end.'"

A still more noteworthy memorial of this tutorship is extant in his verse-address to his fair and precocious pupil. It is after the type of his friend Fulk Greville, Lord Brooke's philosophic poetry, more thought-laden than wrought. He must have had a prescient discernment of the strength and intellectual capacity of young 'Lady Anne' (see present vol., p. 213). Doubtless his post at Appleby and Skipton had its pleasantnesses, and the Lady through life held her tutor in grateful memory—as witness his being introduced into a great family picture (still preserved), and his 'Whole Works in Verse' being placed along with Spenser's on

bookshelves introduced into the background, and his monument at Beckington. None the less his Letter to the Lord Chancellor Egerton has these unsatisfied words—

“Such hath been my misery, that whilst I should have written the actions of *men*, I haue been constraigned to liue with *children*, and contrary to myne owne spirit, putt out of that scene which nature had made my parte” (the present vol., p. 10).

From this memorandum it would seem that Daniel relinquished his tutorship in 1602, in which year first appeared Book VI. of the ‘Civil Wars.’ He had been ‘at Court’ toward the close of the foregoing century. There is a kind of vague tradition that Elizabeth appointed him ‘Laureate’ on the death of Spenser (in 1599). I find no evidence of this. But his ‘Panegyrike’ to King James must have been composed off-hand and as speedily printed (privately)—seeing that copies are found bound up in the folio of 1601—though it does not appear to have been formally or publicly delivered until 1603 in Rutlandshire, as the heading bears (present vol., p. 141). He is most uncourtly plain-spoken in his ‘Panegyrike’; and the King and Queen (Ann) deserve all credit for not taking offence. With all his faults and failings, the new king was in sympathy (in the beginning at any rate), with learning and genius. Equally manly was his splendid verse-epistle to Henry, Earl of Southampton. The Queen must have ‘taken’ to him right cordially. Whether his office was ‘at pleasure’ or by a verbal understanding, he was called upon from time to time to prepare ‘Masks’ and quasi-theatrical entertainments—as his ‘Dramatic’ productions show, *e.g.*, “Tethys’ Festival” and the “Vision of the Twelve

Goddesses," and "Hymen's Triumph" and "Queen's Arcadia." He must have been frequently at Court, and in intimate association with the royal family and nobility. Latterly he was eclipsed by "rare Ben" (who was surly and malignant toward him), and in his melancholy wrote "bitter things" against himself. His self-depreciation, if it be painful, is not without touch of grotesquerie. He grew weary of 'high life,' and secluded himself. Thomas Fuller quaintly describes his periodic retreats thus :—

"As the tortoise burieth himself all the winter in the ground, so Mr. Daniel would be hid at his garden house in Old Street, near London, for some months together (the more retiredly to enjoy the company of the Muses); and then would appear in public to converse with his friends, whereof Dr. Cowel and Mr. Camden were principal" (*Worthies*, as before).

Spite of these retirements, he was a keen observer from his "loophole of retreat," and could express himself incisively. Thus his Tragedy of "Philotas" had been misapplied to the brilliant but unfortunate Earl of Essex. Thereupon the Author added a spirited 'Vindication' to the play—'spirited,' yet after all we had rather have had it unwritten. And not only so, but it having reached him that his patron-friend, the Earl of Devonshire ('Stella's' lord), was displeased with his use of his name, he addressed to this nobleman (in 1604) a striking Letter, as follows : \*—

"My Lorde,

"Vnderstanding yo<sup>r</sup> lo: is displeas'd w<sup>t</sup> mee, it hath more shaken my harte then I did thinke any fortune could

---

\* See fac-simile from the original in H.M. Public Record Office, in post 4to copies of the present volume, in this place.

have donne in respect I have not deservd it, nor donne or spoken any thing in this matter of Philotas vnworthy of yo<sup>u</sup> or mee. And now having fully satisfyde my L. of Cranborne, I crave to vnburthen me of this imputation w<sup>t</sup> yo<sup>r</sup> ho: and it is the last suite I will euer make. And therefore I beseach yo<sup>u</sup> to vnderstand all this great erro<sup>r</sup> I have cōmitted.

“first I tolde the Lordes I had written 3 Acts of this tragedie the Christmas before my L. of Essex troubles, as diuers in the cittie could witnes. I saide the maister of the Revells had p<sup>v</sup>sed it. I said I had read some parte of it to yo<sup>r</sup> ho: and this I said having none els of powre to grace mee now in Corte & hoping y<sup>t</sup> yo<sup>u</sup> out of yo<sup>r</sup> knowledg of bookes, or fauo<sup>r</sup> of letters & mee, might answere that there is nothing in it disagreeing nor any thing, as I protest there is not, but out of the vniuersall notions of ambition and envie, the p<sup>p</sup>etuell argum<sup>ts</sup> of bookes or tragedies. I did not say yo<sup>u</sup> encouraged me vnto the p<sup>s</sup>enting of it; yf I should I had bene a villayne, for y<sup>t</sup> when I shewd it to yo<sup>r</sup> hono<sup>r</sup> I was not resolud to haue had it acted, nor should it haue bene had not my necessities ouermaistred mee. And therefore I beseach yo<sup>u</sup> let not now an Earle of Devonsh<sup>r</sup> ouerthrow what a L. Mountioy hath donne, who hath donne me good and I haue donne him hono<sup>r</sup>: the world must, or shall know myne innocencie whilst I haue a pen to shew it, and for y<sup>t</sup> I know I shall liue inter historiam temporis as well as greater men, I must not be such an abiect vnto my self as to neglect my reputation, and having bene knowne throughout all England for my virtue, I will not leave a stayne of villanie vppon my name whatsoeuer erro<sup>r</sup> els might skape me vnfortunately thorow myne indiscretion, & misvnderstanding the tyme: wherein good my L. mistake not my harte that hath bene & is a syncere honorer of yo<sup>u</sup> and seekes yo<sup>u</sup> now for no other end but to cleare it self, and to be held as I ame (though I neuer more come nere yo<sup>u</sup>)

“Yo<sup>r</sup> hono<sup>rs</sup>

“pore follower & faithfull Servant,

“SAMUEL DANYEL.”

He was early in 1603-4 given charge in some way of the Theatre in connection with the licensing of ‘Plays’:

e.g., in the Calendars of State Papers under "January 31, 1604," we read:—

"Grant to Edward Kirkham, Alexander Hawkins, Thos. Kendall and Robert Payne, of license to train up children, to be called 'Children of the Reuels to the Queen,' and to exercise them in playing within the Blackfriars in London, or elsewhere; *all plays to be allowed by Sam. Danyell*" (p. 72).

This must have been a permanent function and post, for under "July 10, 1615," we find the following:—

"Sir Geo. Buck to John Packer, Secretary to the Lord Chamberlain Somerset. The King has been pleased at the mediation of the Queen *on behalf of Sam. Danyell*, to appoint a company of youths to perform comedies and tragedies at Bristol, under the name of the Youths of Her Majesty's Royal Chamber of Bristol. Has consented to it as being without prejudice to the rights of his office" (p. 294).

The late Mr. J. Payne Collier and Peter Cunningham have other entries and notes; but the forgeries of the former, and the unreliableness of the latter, compel me to leave them unutilized. The biographic fact to be accentuated is that he had (in Fuller's words) "a fair salary" from Queen Ann as "servant in ordinary." His own language is unmistakable in his verse-address "To her sacred Maiestie"—

" I who by that most blessed hand sustain'd,  
In quietnes, do eate the bread of rest :  
And by that all-reuiuing powre obtain'd  
That comfort which my Muse and me hath blest."

(Present vol., p. 9.)

Later (1618) his theatrical office must have passed to his brother, John Daniel (Calendars, *s.n.*).

When he was married, and to whom, still remain unknown. It has been stated—on the usual loose



acceptance of inferential statements—that JOHN FLORIO married a sister of Daniel. But he had no sister, so far as appears.\* The Poet's use of 'brother' in his Verses to him was as 'brother' scholar or writer, not as relative. Only the Christian name—a foreign-like one, as if brought from Italy—Justina, has come down to us. They had no issue.

Equally untraced has been the date of his withdrawal from town to the country. The fact of such withdrawal is thus put by Fuller:—

“In his old age he turned husbandman, and rented a farm in Wiltshire near to Devizes. I can give no account how he thrived thereupon; for though he was well versed in Virgil, his fellow-husbandman-poet, yet there is more required to make a good farmer than only to say the Georgics by heart; and I question whether his Italian will fit on English husbandry. Besides, I suspect that Mr. Daniel's fancy was too fine and sublimated to be wrought down to his private profit. However, he had neither a *bank of wealth* nor a *bank of want*; being in a competent condition” (*Worthies*, as before).

Up to 1618—and so probably to the end—he was designated a Groom of the Privy Chamber to the Queen, as is seen in the royal licence then issued, which granted him the privilege of printing for his personal benefit his 'History of England.' In this licence he is described as “our well-beloued seruant Samuel Daniell, one of the Groomes of the Priuy Chamber, to our

\* See our edition of Spenser, vol. iii., pp. lxxxviii—cii, “Who were Rosalinde and Menalcas?”: also Bolton Corney's paper in *Notes and Queries*, 3rd S., viii., pp. 4, 35, etc. Though mistaken as to Bacon, Corney is certainly right as to Florio and Daniel. I am not aware that Florio had a sister whom Daniel might have married. In his Will there is no mention of a 'Justina' by Florio.

deerest wife the Queen" (Rymer's *Fœdera*, vol. xvii., p. 22).

His 'farm' was near Beckington (Somerset)—where Daniels are found to have been resident\*—and was named 'Ridge.' It is within hail of Bath—on the highway from Bath to Salisbury—and is still in a pleasant country. Here most probably he wrote his 'History.' Our final glimpse of him is in his Will, as follows: †—

"WILL OF SAMUEL DANIEL, THE POET.

"From the original in the Will Office of the Prerogative Court of Canterbury.

"I, Samuelis } In the name of God, Amen. I, Samuel Danyel,  
Danyell } sick in bodie but well in mynde, make heer  
my last will and testament.

"First, I comitt my soule unto God, trusting to be saved by the pretious blood and deathe of my Redeemer, Jesus Christe; and my body to the earth, to be interred in the parish church where I dye.

"Item, I bequeathe to my sister, Susan Bowre, one feather bed, and w<sup>th</sup> the furniture thearto belonging, and such lynnens as I shall leave at my house at Ridge.

"Item, I bequeathe to Samuel Bowre x<sup>li</sup>.

"Item, to Joane Bowre x<sup>li</sup>.

"Item, to Susan Bowre x<sup>li</sup>.

"Item, to Mary Bowre x<sup>li</sup>.

"For the disposing of all other things, I referre them to my faithfull brother, John Danyel, whome I here ordaine my sole executor, to whose care and conscience I comitt the performance thereof.

"And I likewise appoynt and ordayne my loving friend Mr. Simon Waterson, and my brother in lawe John Phillipps, to be

\* The Parish Register, which begins in 1559, has a Thomas Daniell baptized in 1567, and an Editha Daniell in 1574.

† Shakspeare Society Papers, iv., 156-8.

overseers of this my last will and testament, whereunto I have set my hand and seal. Dated the 4<sup>th</sup> daye of September 1619.

“SAMUEL DANYEL.

“Witnesses of this my last will and testament.”

Umphery X Aldenes mark.

William X Wheatlyes mark.

The Will is written on one side of a sheet of foolscap paper, and signed by the poet himself in a neat but rather tremulous hand. The words “Witnesses of this my last will and testament,” are also autograph.

He ‘sleeps well’ at Beckington. His ‘pupil,’ the Lady Anne, years after placed a mural monument within the Church. It still bears the following inscription:—

HERE LYES' EXPECTINGE THE SECOND COMMING OF  
OUR LORD & SAUIOUR JESUS CHRIST YE DEAD BODY  
OF SAMUELL DANYELL ESQ THAT EXCELLENT POETT AND  
HISTORIAN WHO WAS TUTOR TO THE LADY ANNE  
CLIFFORD IN HER YOUTH SHE THAT WAS SOLE DAUGHTER  
AND HEIRE TO GEORGE CLIFFORD ÆARLE OF CÛBERLAND  
WHO IN GRATITUDE TO HIM ERECTED THIS MONUMENT  
IN HIS MEMORY A LONG TIME AFTER WHEN SHE  
WAS COUNTESSE DOWAGER OF PEMBROKE DORSETT  
& MOÛTGOMERY. HE DYED IN OCTOBER 1619.

Such is the brief story of Samuel Daniel's ‘Life.’\* The impression left on one, after pondering the facts, is that he was an infirm, over-sensitive man, physically

\* Langbaine, *s.n.*, in his ‘Lives and Characters of the *English Dramatick* Poets . . . . (1691)’ blunders throughout in his account of Daniel—*e.g.*, he represents him as “weary of the world” and as “living . . . till he was near eighty years old”!! (really 57). Wood's Ashmolean MSS. (quoted in Bliss's edition

and intellectually, though (as to Spenser) he led observers to conclude that he was capable of far greater things than ever he wrote. But for a 'Critical' estimate of his work the Reader is respectfully asked to wait until our closing volume.

ALEXANDER B. GROSART.

of *Ath. Oxon.*, ii. 26) furnishes this singular note—"Sam. Daniel being for the most part *in animo* Catholicus, was at length desired to be openly a Roman Catholic; but he denied, because that when he died he should not be buried in Westminster Abbey, and lie interred there like a Roman Catholic"—oracular and improbable. See 'Memorial-Introduction II.—Critical,' in our closing volume.

1

INEDITED POEMS, ETC.

INTRODUCTORY TO THE

WORKS OF SAMUEL DANIEL.

*FROM VARIOUS SOURCES.*

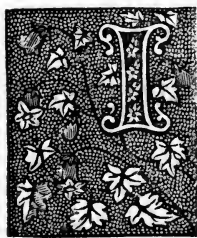
1595—1623.

## NOTE.

Examination of the successive issues (private or semi-private and published) of his Poems, reveals that Samuel Daniel was wont to insert special Dedications and Addresses in gift-copies of his books; none of which are found in the Quarto of 1623, or known to Bibliographers or Editors: e.g., in the 'Poeticall Essayes' of 1599 (but incorporating the first 'Foure Bookes' of the 'Ciuill Wars,' dated on title-page 1595) there is an overlooked Sonnet to Lord Mountjoy; and again in successive exemplars of the 1601 folio of his 'Works' as 'newly augmented' there occur the following: (a) In the beautiful presentation-copy in the Bodleian there is prefixed a long and characteristic poem on its being deposited in the renowned library. (b) In the British Museum copy (C. 39, h. 23) there is a verse-dedication 'to her sacred Majestie' (= Anne, consort of James I.), which takes the place of the one in the Bodleian, neither having the other. (c) In the Bridgewater copy is an autograph letter to the 'Lord Keeper Egerton,' first published in *Censura Literaria* (vol. vi. 291-3) and later by the late Mr. J. Payne Collier. On this and another Letter printed by the latter, see our Memorial-Introduction. Further, in the little volume of 'Certaine Small Workes' of 1607 (not of 1611, as stated by the late Rev. Thomas Corser, M.A., 'Anglo-Poetica,' s.n.) is an extremely noticeable verse-address 'To the Reader,' which was revised for the re-issue of the same volume in 1611—the latter supplying a line that had been inadvertently dropped in 1607. Finally, John Daniel introduces the Quarto of 1623 with an Epistle-dedicatory to Charles I. Though some of these have mainly reference to the 'Ciuill Wars' poems, yet as being so placed as to be introductory to the Works, it has been deemed expedient to bring them together here. Accordingly the whole will be found in their places. Other inserted and withdrawn Poems—equally unknown with these—are also given in their places, and indicated in relative footnotes (IX. Occasional Poems in the present volume). It is just possible that other gift-copies, more especially of the 1601 folio, may yield other special Poems.

A. B. G.

I. TO THE RIGHT HONORABLE, SIR  
*Charles Blunt* Knight, Lord *Mountioy*,  
and Knight of the most Noble  
order of the Garter, and his  
most worthy Lord.<sup>1</sup>



DO not plant thy great respected name  
Here in this front, to th' end thou  
shouldst protect  
These my endeours from contempt  
or blame,  
Which none but their owne forces  
must effect :

Nor do I seeke to win thy more respect, 10  
Most learned Lord, by these Effaies of mine,  
Since that cleere iudgement that did first elect  
To fauor me, will alwaies keepe me thine :  
Nor do I this more honour to assigne,  
Vnto thy worth, that is not more hereby,  
Since th' offrings made vnto the powers deuine,  
Enrich not them, but shew mens pietie:  
But this I do to th' end if destinie  
Shall any monument referue of me,  
Those times should see my loue, how willing I 20  
That liu'd by thee, would haue thee liue with me.

S. D.

<sup>1</sup> From "The Poeticall Essayes of Sam. Danyel. Newly corrected and augmented. Aetas prima canat veneres, postrema tumultus. At London. Printed by P. Short for Simon Waterson, 1599" (4°). "First Foure Bookes of the Ciuill Wars," title-page 1595.

II.

S. D.

TO HIS BOOKE,  
In the Dedicating thereof to the Li-  
brarie in Oxford, erected by  
Sir Thomas Bodley  
Knight.<sup>1</sup>



Here in this goodly Magazine of  
witte,  
This Storehouse of the choicest  
furniture  
The world doth yeelde, heer in this  
exquisite,  
And most rare monument, that  
dooth immure

10

The glorious reliques of the best of men ;  
Thou part imperfect worke, voutfaded art  
A little roome, by him whose care hath bene  
To gather all what euer might impart  
Delight or Profite to Posteritie ;  
Whose hospitable bountie heere receiues  
Vnder this roofe powers of Diuinitie,  
Inlodg'd in these transformed shape of leaues.  
For which good Worke his Memorie heere liues,  
As th' holy guardian of this reuerent place, 20  
Sacred to Woorth, being fit that hee which giues  
Honour to others, should himselfe haue grace.

<sup>1</sup> From the 'Works of Samuel Daniel newly augmented,' 1601 (folio), in the Bodleian.



And charitable BODLEY that hath thus  
 Done for the good of these, and other times,  
 Must liue with them, and haue his fame with vs.  
 For well wee see our groueling fortune climes  
 Vp to that sphere of glory, to be seene  
 From farre, by no course else, but by this way  
 Of dooing publique good ; this is the meane  
 To shew we were, how fram'd, of what good clay. 30  
 For well we see how priuate heapes (which care  
 And / greedy toyle prouides for her owne ends)  
 Doe speede with her succeeders, and what share  
 Is left of all that store, for which it spendes  
 It selfe, not hauing what it hath in vse,  
 And no good t' others nor it selfe conferres :  
 As if that Fortune mocking our abuse  
 Would teach vs that it is not ours, but hers  
 That which we leaue : and if we make it not  
 The good of many, she will take that paine, 40  
 And re-dispers th' inclosed parcelles got  
 From many hands, t' in-common them againe.  
 Which might aduise vs, that our selues should doe  
 That worke with iudgement, which her blindnesse will,  
 And passe a State which she cannot vndoe,  
 And haue th' assurance in our owne name still.

For this is to communicate with men  
 That good the world gaue by societie,  
 And not like beasts of prey, draw all to' our Den  
 T'inglut our selues, and our owne progenie. 50  
 This is to make our giftes immortall giftes,  
 And thanks to last, whilst men, and bookes shall last ;  
 This heritage of glory neuer shiftes  
 Nor changes Maisters ; what thou leau'st thou hast.

The grounds, the lands, which now thou callest  
thine,

Haue had a thousand lords that term'd them  
theirs,

And will be soone againe pent from thy line,  
By some concussion, change, or wastefull heires.

We can no perpetuities collate

Vpon our race that euer will endure ;

60

It is the worlds demaines, whereof no state

Can be by any cunning made so sure,

But at the change of Lordes for all our paine,

It will returne vnto the world againe.

And therefore did discreet Antiquitie,

Heere / (seeing how ill mens priuate cares did  
speede),

Erect an euerlast[ing] Granery

Of Artes, the vniuersall State to feede,

And made the worlde their heire, whereby their  
name

Holdes still a firme possession in the fame.

70

O well giuen landes, wherein all the whole land

Hath an eternall share ! where euery childe

Borne vnto Letters, may be bolde to stand

And claime his portion, and not be beguilde.

Happy erected walles whose reuerent piles

Harbour all commers, feede the multitude :

Not like the proud-built pallace that beguiles

The hungry soule with empty solitude ;

Or onely raised for priuate luxurie

Stands as an open marke for Enuies view,

80

And being the purchase of felicitie

Is Fortunes in remainder, as her due.

But you, blest you, the happy monuments  
Of Charitie and Zeale, stand and beholde  
Those vaine expences, and are documents  
To shew what glory hath the surest holde.  
You tell these times, wherein kind Pietie  
Is dead intestate, and true noble Worth  
Hath left no heire, that all things with vs die, 89  
Saue what is for the common good brought forth.

Which this iudicious Knight did truely note,  
And therefore heere hath happily begunne  
To shew this age, that had almost forgot  
This way of glory, and thereby hath wonne  
So much of Time, as that his memorie  
Will get beyond it, and will neuer die. 96

### III. To her sacred Maiestie.<sup>1</sup>



H EERE sacred Soueraigne, glorious  
Queen of Peace,  
The tumults of disordred times I  
sing,  
To glorifie thy Raigne, and to in-  
crease  
The wonder of those blessings thou  
doost bring

Vpon thy land, which ioyes th' intire release  
From bloud and sorrowes by thy gouerning,  
That through affliction we may see our ioyes  
And blesse the glorie of Elizaes dayes.

Happier then all thy great Progenitors 10  
That euer sate vpon that powrefull Throne ;  
Or all thy mightiest neighbour-Gouernors,  
Which wonder at the blessings of thy Crowne,  
Whose Peace more glorious farre than all their  
warres,  
Haue greater powres of admiration showne ;  
Receiue these humble fruites of mine increase,  
Offered on th' Altare of thy sacred Peace.

<sup>1</sup> From 1601 folio in British Museum.

I, who by that most blessed hand sustain'd,  
 In quietnes, do eate the bread of rest :  
 And by that all-reuiuing powre obtain'd 20  
 That comfort which my Muse and me hath blest,  
 Bring here this worke of Warre, whereby was gain'd  
 This blessed Vnion which these wounds redrest,  
 That sacred Concord which prepar'd the way  
 Of glory for thee onely to enioy.

Whereto if these my Labors shall attaine,  
 And which, if Fortune giue me leaue to end,  
 It will not be the least worke of thy Raigne,  
 Nor that which least thy glory shall commend,  
 Nor shall I hereby vainely entertaine 30  
 Thy Land, with ydle shadowes to no end,  
 But by thy Peace, teach what thy blessings are,  
 The more t' abhorre this execrable warre.

#### IV. AN ORIGINAL LETTER OF SAMUEL

Danyel sent to Lord Keeper Egerton with  
a present of his Works newly aug-  
mented, 1601, extant in the  
Bridgewater Library.<sup>1</sup>



RIGHT HONOURABLE,

Amongst all the great workes  
of your Worthynes, it will not be the  
least that you haue done for me in  
the preferment of my brother, with 10  
whome yet now sometimes I may  
eat, whilst I write, and so go on with  
the worke I haue in hand which God knowes had long  
since been ended, and your Honour had had that  
which in my haste I haue prepared for you, could I  
haue but sustayned myself, and made truce within, and  
peace with the world.

But such hath been my misery, that whilst I should  
haue written the actions of *men*, I haue been con-  
strayned to liue with *children*, and contrary to myne 20  
owne spirit, putt out of that scene, which nature had  
made my parte; for could I but liue to bring this  
labour of mine to the Union of Henry, I should haue  
the end of all my ambition in this life, and the utmost  
of my desires; for therein, if wordes can work any

<sup>1</sup> From 'Censura Literaria,' vi., 291-3.

thing vpon the affections of men, I will labour to giue the best hand I can to the perpetuall closing vp of these woundes, and to my keeping them so, that our land may lothe to look ouer those blessed boundes, which the prouidence of God hath set us, into the 30 horror and confusion of further and former clymes: and though I know the greatnes of the worke require a greater spirit than myne, yet we see that in theas frames of motions, little wheels moue the greater, and so by degrees turne about the whole; and God knowes what so poore a muse as myne may worke upon the affections of men.

But howeuer I shall herein shew my zeal to my country, and to do that which my soule tells me is fit; and to this end do I propose to retyre me to my pore 40 home, and not again to see you till I haue paid your Honor my voues; and will only pray that England, which so much needes you, may long enjoy the treasure of your counsell, and that it be not driuen to complayne with that good Roman: *Videmus quibus extinctis jurisperitis, quam in paucis nunc spes, quam in paucioribus facultas, quam in multis audacia.*

And for this comfort I haue receiued from your goodness, I must and euer will remayne your Honour's in all &c.

50

I am, &c.,

SAMUEL DANYEL.

To the Rt. Hon. Sir Thomas Egerton,  
Knt., Lord Keeper of the Great  
Seale of England.

V. *To the Reaer.*<sup>1</sup>



BEHOLD once more with ferious labor  
here  
Haue I refurnisht out this little  
frame,  
Repaird some parts defectiue here  
and there,  
And passages new added to the  
same :

Some rooms inlargd, made some les thē they were  
Like to the curious builder who this yeare  
Puls downe, and alters what he did the last,  
As if the thing in doing were more deere  
Then being done, & nothing likes thats past. 10

For that we euer make the latter day  
The scholler of the former, and we find  
Something is still amisse that must delay  
Our busines, and leaue worke for vs behinde,  
As if there were no sabaoth of the minde.  
And howsoever be it, well or ill  
What I haue done, it is mine owne, I may  
Do whatfoeuer therewithall I will.

<sup>1</sup> From "Certaine Small Workes Heretofore Divulged by *Samuel Daniel*, one of the Groomes of the *Queenes Maiesties Priuie Cham-ber*, & now againe by him *corrected and augmented*. *Ætas prima canat vneres postrema tumultus*. At London. Printed by I. W. for *Simon Waterfon*. 1607." (12<sup>o</sup>).



I may pull downe, raife, and reedifie :  
It is the building of my life, the-fee 20  
Of Nature, all th' inheritance that I  
Shall leaue to those which must come after me ;  
And all the care I haue is but to see  
Those lodgings of m' affections neatly drest,  
Wherein so many noble friends there be  
Whose memories with mine must therein rest.  
And glad I am that I haue liud to see  
This edifice renewd, who doo but long  
To liue t' amend. For man is a tree  
That hath his fruite late ripe, and it is long 30  
Before he come t' his taste ; there doth belong  
So much t' experience, and so infinite  
The faces of things are, as hardly we  
Discerne which lookes the likest vnto right.

Besides these curious times, stuf'd with the store  
Of cōpositions in this kind, to driue  
Me to examine my defects the more,  
And oft would make me not my self belieue,  
Did I not know the world wherein I liue :  
Which neither is so wise, as that would seeme 40  
Nor certaine iudgement of those things doth giue  
That it disliks, nor that it doth esteeme.

I know no work from man yet euer came  
But had his marke, and by some error shewd  
That it was his, and yet what in the same  
Was rare, and worthy, euermore allowd  
Safe cōuoy for the rest : the good thats sow'd  
Though rarely paies our cost, & who so lookt  
T' haue all thinges in perfection, & in frame  
In mens inuentions, neuer must read books. 50

And howsoever here detraction may  
 Disvallow this my labour, yet I know  
 There will be found therein, that which will pay  
 The reckning for the errors which I owe,  
 And likewise will sufficiently allow  
 T' an undistasted iudgement fit delight,  
 And let presumptuous selfe-opinion say  
 The worst it can, I know I shall have right.

I know I shall be read among the rest 60  
 So long as men speak english, and so long  
 As verse and vertue shall be in request,  
 Or grace to honest industry belong :  
 And England since I use thy present tongue,  
 Thy forme of speech, thou must be my defence  
 If to new eares it seemes not well expressed ;  
 (For though I hold not accent I hold sense.

And since the measures of our tongue we see  
 Confirmed, by no edict of power doth rest 70  
 But onely vnderneath the regencie  
 Of use and fashion, which may be the best  
 Is not for my poore forces to contest :  
 But as the Peacock, seeing himselfe to weake,  
 Confest the Eagle fairer farre to be,  
 And yet not in his feathers but his beake ;  
 Authoritie of powerfull censure may  
 Preiudicate the forme wherein we mould  
 This matter of our spirite, but if it pay  
 The eare with substance, we have what wee would,  
 For that is all which must our credit hold. 80  
 The rest (how euer gay, or seeming rich  
 It be in fashion wise men will not wey),  
 The stamp will not allowe it but the touch.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> This line only in 1611 edition—dropped inadvertently in 1607.

And would to God that nothing faulty were  
 But only that poore accent in my verse,  
 Or that I could all other recknings cleere  
 Wherwith my heart stands charg'd, or might  
 reverse

The errors of my iudgmēt passed here,  
 Or els where, in my bookes, and vnrehearce  
 What I haue vainely said, or haue addrest 90  
 Vnto neglect, mistaken in the rest.

Which I do hope to liue yet to retract  
 And craue that England neuer will take note  
 That it was mine. Ile disauow mine act,  
 And wish it may for euer be forgot.  
 I trust the world will not of me exact  
 Against my will, that hath all els I wrote.  
 I will aske nothing therein for my paine  
 But onely to haue in mine owne againe. 99

 TO THE HIGH AND MOST IL-  
lustrious Prince CHARLES. *His Excellence.*<sup>1</sup>

SIR :



*Resents to gods were offered by the hands of graces ; and why not those of great Princes, by those of the Muses ? To you therefore Great Prince of Honor, and Honor of Princes ; I ioynly present Poesie and Musicke : in the one the seruice* 10

*of my defunct Brother, in the other, the duty of my selfe liuing, in both the deuotion of two Brothers, your Highnes Humble seruants. Your Excellence then who is of such recommendable fame, with all Nations, for the curiosity of your rare Spirit to vnderstand, and ability of Knowledge to iudge of all things, I humbly inuite ; leauing the Songs of his Muse, who liuing so sweetly chanted the glory of your High Name : Sacred is the fame of Poets, Sacred the name of Princes ; To which*

Humbly bowes, and vowes

Himself, euer your

Highnesse Seruant,

John Daniel.

20

<sup>1</sup> From the 'Works' of 1623 (4°).

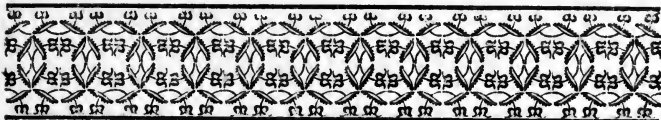



THE  
WHOLE  
VVORKES OF

SAMVEL DANIEL Esquire  
*in Poetrie.*



LONDON,  
Printed by NICHOLAS OKES, for  
SIMON WATERSON, and are to be  
fold at his shoppe in *Paules Church-*  
*yard*, at the Signe of the Crowne.  
1623.



 The title-page of the Quarto of 1623 is given on other side, as it is our foundation-text. See Prefatory Note and Memorial-Introduction.—G.

II.

SONNETS TO DELIA.

1592.

## NOTE.

The 'Sonnets to Delia' and 'Complaint of Rosamond,' as having been the Poet's first verse-publication, as well as perhaps his most abiding proofs of his faculty, take inevitably the foremost places in any critical reproduction of his Poems. The publication of the Sonnets was in a manner forced, if we are to credit the Author's statement in his preface to the first edition (1592). The reference is to the quasi-surreptitious edition of Sir Philip Sidney's 'Astrophel and Stella' of 1591, the "rascally bookseller" being Thomas Newman, and the editor no less than Thomas Nashe. To this now very rare volume were "added sundry other rare Sonnets of diuers Noblemen and Gentlemen." The larger proportion consists of twenty-seven of Daniel's Sonnets to Delia. Full details of these in the sequel of this Note.

The following is the original title-page, which is within a pretty wood-cut border :—

### *Delia.*

Contayning certayne  
Sonnets: with the  
complaint of  
*Rosamond.*

(. .)

So *Aetas prima canat veneres  
postrema tumultus.*



AT LONDON.

Printed by I. C. for Si-  
mon Waterfon, dwelling in  
Paules Church-yard at  
*the signe of the Crowne.*

1592.



On verso is this Note :—

To the Reader.

Gentle Reader, I pray thee correct these faultes  
escaped in the printing, finding them as they  
are noted heere following.

Sonnet 5. most unkindest, read sweete unkindest.

Sonnet 14. Yer leaft, read Yet leaft.

Sonnet 20. defires, read defiers.

Sonnet 36. yee, read yce

Sonnet 41. her brow, read her troubled brow.

Sonnet 44. tunres, read turnes.

The second edition was issued in the same year, though not so marked. As the above errata are found corrected in it, we are guided to distinguish it from the other, as second, not first. The following is its title-page, which is within a somewhat poor architectural design, with two tiny miniatures in top corners (a man and a woman), and flowers in the bottom corners. The dove, = Holy Spirit, is above in arch, and the legend Διος, etc. :—

ΔΙΟΣ ΑΙΓΙΟΧΙΟΝ  
DELIA.

Containing  
certaine Son-  
nets : with the  
complaynt of Ro-  
*samond.*

*Ætas prima ca-  
nat veneres postre-  
ma tumultus.*

1592

AT LONDON

Printed by J. C. for S.

*Waterfonne.*

Mr. W. Carew Hazlitt, in his "Bibliography of Old English Literature" (*s. n.*), describes a third edition, also of 1592. There was none such. He has confounded the actual first edition with the second, and mis-entered the first, and made a third out of the second. He and others also prove to be mistaken in asserting that an exemplar of the first edition (entered by Hazlitt as second) is at Chatsworth. His Grace the Duke of Devonshire

informs me that no such book appears ever to have been in his library. Fortunately a perfect copy of the first and an only slightly imperfect copy of the second edition, exist in the Bodleian (Malone and Tanner books). A third edition, in a very charming little volume (18mo), was published in 1594. Its title-page, within a miniature copy of the title-page of 1592, second edition, is as follows :

DELIA  
and  
ROSAMOND  
augmented.  
CLEOPATRA.

By  
*Samuel Daniel.*

*Ætas prima canat  
veneres postrema  
tumultus.*

1594.

Printed at London for *Simon Waterfon*, and  
are to be sold in Paules Church-yard at the  
figne of the Crowne.

On verso of Sonnet to Countess of Pembroke :—

Gentle Reader correct these  
faultes escaped in the  
printing.

Sonnet 18. lyne 3. for error, reade terror.

G 1. page 2. for Condemning, read Conducting,

In L. page 16. Marke the Speaker, and read thus

The iustice of the heauens reuenging thus,

Doth onely satiffie it felfe, not vs.

In the last chorus, for care, reade cure.

A careful collation shows that these three editions were all Daniel himself supervised throughout. Later texts give a few isolated and verbal changes, but the little volume of 1594 was evidently meant to be the ultimate text. Accordingly, at the bottom of each page of our edition of the 'Sonnets to Delia,' there are furnished the various readings and other alterations of these three editions, respectively designated <sup>1</sup>, <sup>2</sup>, <sup>3</sup>;

and also such as occur in the folios of the 'Works' of 1601 and 1602 (quite distinct), these again being designated respectively <sup>4</sup>, <sup>5</sup>. It is to be understood that wherever <sup>4</sup>, <sup>5</sup> are not adduced they agree with our own foundation-text of 1623. It has been my anxious endeavour to record everything in any way noticeable, not however noting all mere orthographic changes or minor punctuations. The following table gives the contents and varying arrangement of the five editions named :—

1592—FIRST EDITION.

I. Title and errata (verso).			
II. Prose-epistle to Countess of Pembroke. .			
Sonnet 1. Vnto...	so 1594, 1601, and 1602.		
2. Goe...	”	”	
3. If...	”	”	
4. These...	”	”	
5. Whilst...	”	”	
6. Faire...	”	”	
7. O had she...	”	”	
8. Thou poore...	”	”	
9. If thus...	”	”	
10. O then...	”	”	
11. Teares...	”	”	
12. My spottes...	”	”	
13. Behold...	”	”	
14. Those amber...	”	”	
15. If that...	”	”	
16. Happie...	”	”	[and 17 is 18.
17. Since...	in 1594 and 1601-2, 17 Why should I fing,		
18. Restore...	in 1594 is 19 19 and 20 in <sup>4</sup> , <sup>5</sup> What, etc.		
19. If Beautie...	”	20 21	in <sup>4</sup> , <sup>5</sup> .
20. Come death...	”	21 22	”
21. Those sorrowing...	”	22 24	”
22. Falso hope...	”	23 25	”
23. Looke...	”	24 26	”
24. If I in vaine...	”	28	—not in <sup>4</sup> , <sup>5</sup> .
25. Raigne...	”	25 27	in <sup>4</sup> , <sup>5</sup> .
26. Whilst...	”	26 27	is 27 of <sup>2</sup> , and 28 in <sup>4</sup> , <sup>5</sup> .
27. The starre...	”	29 31	in <sup>4</sup> , <sup>5</sup> .
28. Rayfing...	”	30	And yet... 28 is 31, and in <sup>4</sup> , <sup>5</sup>
29. O why...	”	32 34	in <sup>4</sup> , <sup>5</sup> . [is 33.
30. I once...	”	33 35	”

Sonnet 31. Looke...	in 1594 is 34	36 in <sup>4</sup> , <sup>5</sup> .	
32. But loue...	„ 35	37 „	[xxxiii.]
33. When...	„ 36	38 „	(but misprinted
34. When Winter...	„ 37	38 [ <i>sic</i> ].	
35. Thou canst...	„ 38	39 is 40 in <sup>5</sup> .	
36. O be not...	„ 39	41 in <sup>4</sup> , <sup>5</sup> .	
37. Delia...	„ 40	42 „	
38. Faire...	„ 41	43 „	
39. Reade...	„ 42	44 „	
40. My Cynthia...	„ 43	45 „	
41. How long...	„ 44	46 „	
42. Beautie...	„ 45	47 „	
43. I muft...	„ 46	48 „	
44. Drawne...	„ 47	O whether, etc., and 44 is 48 in '94, and so <sup>4</sup> , <sup>5</sup> , and 50 is 51 in <sup>4</sup> , <sup>5</sup> .	
45. Care-charmer...	„ 49	51 in <sup>4</sup> , <sup>5</sup> .	
46. Set...	„ 50	As to the Roman in 51, and	
47. Like as...	„ 52	54 in <sup>4</sup> , <sup>5</sup> .	[53 in <sup>4</sup> , <sup>5</sup> .
48. None...	„ 53	55 „	
49. Vnhappy...	„ 54	56 „	
50. Loe here...	„ 55	57 „	
An Ode...	<i>ibid.</i>	<i>ibid.</i>	
The Complaint of Rosamond...	„	„	
A Paftorall...	„	„	

## 1592—SECOND EDITION.

Title, etc., and Sonnets 1 to 26 same as 1st edition.

27 Still in the trace...

28 Oft doe I mufe...

29—30 as in 1st ed.

31 To M. P., and 27 of <sup>1</sup>, again marked 31.

32 (numbered xxx.), My cares...

33 misprinted xxii. is 28 of <sup>1</sup>.

34 is 30 of <sup>1</sup>.

33 (2nd) is 29 of <sup>1</sup>.

35 is 31 of <sup>1</sup>.

36 is 32 of <sup>1</sup>.

37 is 33 of <sup>1</sup>.

38 is 34 of <sup>1</sup>.

- Sonnet 39 is 35 of <sup>1</sup>.  
 40 is 36 of <sup>1</sup>.  
 41 is 37 of <sup>1</sup>.  
 42 is 38 of <sup>1</sup>.  
 43—46 lacking in Bodleian copy.  
 47 is 43 of <sup>1</sup>.  
 48 is 44 of <sup>1</sup>.  
 49 is 45 of <sup>1</sup>.  
 50 is 46 of <sup>1</sup>.  
 51 is 47 of <sup>1</sup>.  
 52 is 48 of <sup>1</sup>.  
 An Ode...  
 The Complaint...

Summarily, the first edition contained 50 Sonnets, the second 52, the third 55, the fourth and fifth 57, and following the third (substantially) —ours 60, exclusive of additions in the sequel of this Note from volume of 1591. In the Memorial-Introduction I make remarks on certain of the various readings and alterations and additions and withdrawals.

I would now submit the result of a collation of Thomas Newman's or Thomas Nashe's pre-publication of a considerable proportion of these Sonnets. The selection is headed as though it made a single continuous Poem thus—"The Author of this Poeme, S. D.," and commences with "Goe wayling," etc., for introduction (our Sonnet 2); and here in the outset a better reading than the Author's presents itself, viz.—'Goe wayling verfe the infant of my loue' for 'infants'; and in l. 12, 'crueltie' for 'pitty' [badly], and ll. 13, 14 run—

'Knock at her hard heart : say, I perish for her,  
 And feare this deed will make the world abhor her.'

Then comes as Sonnet 1 our 1st ; Sonnet 2 our 24th. Sonnet 3 was not reprinted by Daniel, but asserts its authorship. It is as follows :—

'The onely birde alone that Nature frames,  
 When weary of the tedious life shee liues,  
 By fier dies, yet finds new life in flames :  
 Her ashes to her shape new effence giues.  
 For haplesse loe euen with mine owne desires  
 I figured on the table of my hart,  
 The goodliest shape that the worlds eye admires,  
 And so did perish by my proper arte.

And still I toyle to change the Marble brest  
 Of her whose fweete *Idea* I adore,  
 Yet cannot finde her breath vnto my rest ;  
 Hard is her heart, and woe is me therefore.  
 O bleffed he that ioyes his stone and arte,  
 Vnhappie I to loue a stonie harte.'

Sonnet 4 is our 3rd, and offers these variations :—

- l. 2, ' . . . and afflicted fongs ' for ' lamentable fongs.'  
 ll. 4, 5, ' . . . who like to me doe fare  
 May moue them, sigh theate and mone my wrongs.'  
 l. 6, ' . . . my foules distresse.'  
 ll. 7, 8, ' . . . you will note what is awry,  
 Whilft blind ones see no error in my verse.'  
 l. 9, ' . . . hap and errorr leades.'  
 l. 10, ' the ' for ' your.'  
 l. 11, ' . . . forrow reads.'

Sonnet 5 is our 11th. In l. 1, for ' winne ' it reads ' gaines,' and ll. 9-10 read—

' Though frozen will may not be thawed with teares,  
 Though my foules Idoll skorneth all my vowes.'

l. 11, ' to deafned eares.' Sonnet 6 is our 37th, and opens, ' Why doth my Miftres,' and l. 10 reads ' the power of your face ' ; l. 11, ' To admire ' ; l. 12 (badly) ' caufe ' for ' cafe,' and closes—

' I feare your change not flower nor *Hyacinth*,  
 Medufa's eye may turne . . . '

Sonnet 7 is our 14th : l. 4 reads ' these ' for ' those ' ; l. 6, ' ftroke ' for ' wound ' ; l. 8, ' that ' for ' this fort ' ; l. 9, ' I lift ' for ' And lift ' ; l. 10, ' this ' for ' the ' repeated ; and l. 14, ' Ladie ' for ' Delia '—showing delicacy on Nashe's part. Sonnet 8 is our 13th, and reads l. 7, ' goodliest ' for ' fairest ' ; l. 10, ' fweete *Idea* ' for ' sweetest grace ' ; and l. 13, ' O bleffed he that ioyes ' for ' But happy,' etc. Sonnet 9 is our 27th, and yields these variations—l. 3, ' And clofe the way ' ; l. 4, ' bitter ' for ' better ' [very doubtful] ; ll. 5-6—

' Whilest garding thus the windowes of my thought  
 My freedomes tyrant glorying in hir art ' :

l. 11, ' But (ah) fweete ' for ' Small is the victorie.'

Sonnet 10 is our 28th, and blunders in reading ' yeelds . . . who gaines, and ' and figh ' (l. 14). Sonnet 11, again, was not accepted by Daniel, but equally again reveals its authorship. It is as follows :—

' The slie Inchanter when to worke his will  
 And secreet wrong on some forspoken wight,  
 Frames waxe, in forme to represent aright  
 The poore vnwitting wretch he meanes to kill,  
 And prickes the image fram'd by Magicks skill,  
 Whereby to vexe the partie day and night :  
 Like hath she done, whose shew bewicht my fight,  
 To beauties charmes, her Louers bloud to spil.  
 For first, like waxe she fram'd me by her eyes,  
 Whose rayes sharp poynted fet vpon my brest,  
 Martyres my life, and plagues me on this wise,  
 With lingring paine to perish in vnrest.  
 Nought could (faue this) my sweetest faire suffice,  
 To trie her arte on him that loues her best.'

Sonnet 12 is our 19th, and has only slight variations, *e.g.*, l. 1, 'treasure' for 'tresses,' and l. 10, 'voyce yeeld to *Hermonius* spheares.' Sonnet 13 is another that only appears in 1591 volume, but once more is self-authenticating. It is as follows :—

' The tablet of my heauie fortunes heere,  
 Vpon thine Altare (*Paphian* power) I place ;  
 The greenous shipwracke of my trauels deere,  
 In bulged barke, all perisht in disgrace.  
 That traitor Loue, was Pilot to my woe,  
 My Sailes were loofe, spread with my fighs of grieffe,  
 The twine lights which my haples course did show,  
 Hard by th' inconstant fands of false relieffe,  
 Where two bright starres which led my view apart,  
 A Syrens voice allur'd me come so neare,  
 To perish on the marble of her hart,  
 A danger which my foule did neuer feare :  
 Lo thus he fares that trusts a calme too much ;  
 And thus fare I whose credit hath beene such.'

Sonnet 14 is our 48th, and presents these various readings :—

- l. 3, ' . . . dies' for 'dries.'
- l. 6, ' . . . the night wandring.'
- l. 7, 'Nor euer hath his impost paid more . . .'
- l. 8, ' . . . my foules Queene hath euer beene.'
- ll. 9-11, 'Yet her hard rocke firme fixt for ay removing  
 No comfort to my cares she euer giueth  
 Yet had I . . . . . louing.'

l. 12, 'Than to imbrace . . . .'

l. 13, 'I feare . . . . raining.'

Sonnet 15 is our 15th, and has these readings :—

l. 1, 'If a true . . . .'

l. 3, 'Steruen.'

ll. 9-12, 'If I haue wept the day and fighd the night,  
 Whilst thrice the Sun approcht his northern bound :  
 If fuch a faith hath euer wrought aright,  
 And well deferud, and yet no fauor found.'

ll. 13-14, '. . . . . the whole world it may see  
 . . . . . the most hurt be.'

Sonnet 16 is our 18th, and only these variations occur : l. 6, 'exact's' for 'exact,' and l. 7, 'So long and pure a faith no fauour.'

Sonnet 17 is the fourth and last of the Sonnets given by Newman and Nashe, but not reprinted by Daniel, albeit as certainly his. It is as follows :—

'Way but the caufe, and giue me leauē to plaine me,  
 For all my hurt, that my harts Queene hath wrought it ;  
 Shee whom I loue fo deare, the more to paine me,  
 Withholds my right, where I haue dearely bought it.  
 Dearly I bought that was fo highly rated,  
 Euen with the price of bloud and bodies wafing,  
 Shee would not yeeld that ought might be abated,  
 For all shee faw my Loue was pure and lafting,  
 And yet now fcornes performance of the paffion,  
 And with her prefence Iuftice ouer ruleth,  
 Shee tels me flat her beauty beares no action,  
 And fo my plea and proces ſhe excludeth :  
 What wrong ſhee doth, the world may well perceiue it,  
 To accept of faith at firft, and then to leauē it.'

Sonnet 18 is our 29th, and gives these various readings :—

ll. 4-5, 'When it had hop'd . . . . .'

My faith of priuiledge could no whit . . . . .'

l. 7, 'Whereby ſhe had no caufe once to . . . . .'

l. 10, 'No comforts liue, w[h]ich falling ſpirits erecteth' ;

l. 14, 'And by her hand that . . . where I had hope to . . . . .'

Sonnet 19 is our 26th, and presents these :—

l. 2, '. . . . thought to thought . . . . leade . . . .'

l. 3, 'Fortunes Orphan, hers and the worlds'



- l. 4. 'bad' for 'fad' [very poor]
- l. 6. ' . . . . . neuer funne yet.'
- l. 7. 'A pleafing griefe impreffed hath . . . .'
- ll. 9-10, 'Yet . . . . . muft not.'

Sonnet 20 is our 16th, but after the version in Nashes beneath *in loco*. It badly reads in l. 2 'hart' for 'hurt' and 'mooued' for 'inur'd'; in l. 6 of our 16th reads ' . . . . . mercy (mercie yet my merit)' which is better; l. 9, 'Yet fince'; l. 10, 'Still forrowes'; and ll. 12-14 run:—

'And nothing but her loue and my harts payning:  
Weep howrs, grieue daies, figh months, and still mourn yeerly,  
Thus muft I doe becaufe I loue her dearlie.'

Sonnet 21 is also our 21st, and has these variations:—

- l. 1, ' . . . . . bright be doubled . . . . . ' [bad]
- ll. 2, 5, ' . . . . . cannot shine through . . . . .  
And Difdaines vapors are thus . . . . .  
. . . . . to me quite darkened is,  
Why trouble I the world then with my . . . . .
- l. 7, ' . . . . . 'ruthfull' for 'ruthleffe' . . . . . [bad].
- l. 8, ' . . . . . my vntuned . . . . . '
- l. 11, ' . . . . . still hold her moft deare vntill my . . . . . '

Our Sonnet 22 in Nashe's text opens—

'Come Death the Anchor hold of al my thoughts,  
My laft refort whereto my foule appealeth:  
For all too long on earth my fancie dotes,  
Whiles deareft blood my fierie paffions fealeth.'

Sonnet 22 is our 24th, and gives these various readings:—

- l. 1, 'fire' for 'fmoake . . . . . '
- l. 2, 'Thefe are the . . . . . '
- l. 3, 'And thefe my tyrants cruell minde fulfilts.'
- ll. 6-8, ' . . . . . that yet respects no whit  
My youth, vntimely withered with my teares  
By winter woes . . . . . '
- l. 11, ' . . . . . the bliffe . . . . . '

Sonnet 23 is our 9th, and offers in l. 1 a much better reading, which we accept in text—'To paint on fluds,' on which see various readings *in loco*. Most of these also excellent:—

- ll. 3-4, 'With prone aspect still tending . . . . .  
Sad horror, pale greefe, prostrate defpaire.'

## PREFATORY NOTE.

- ll. 6-8, 'Rife vp to waile, lie down to figh, to . . .  
 With ceafeles toyle Cares reftleffe ftones . . . .  
 . . . . and mone . . . . whilst . . . .'  
 l. 9, ' . . . . to languifh in fuch care . . . .'  
 ll. 10-12, 'Loathing the light, the world, my felfe, and all,  
 With interrupted fleepes, freſhe grefes repaire  
 And breathe out horror in perplexed thrall.'  
 l. 14, 'Loe then . . . .'

Sonnet 24 is our 30th (from 1592<sup>2</sup>), and gives these variations :—

- ll. 2-5, 'My cares draws on my euerlaſting night  
 And horrors fable cloudſ dims my liues funne ;  
 That my liues funne, and thou my worldly light,  
 Shall rife no more to me : my daies are donne.'

And theſe—

- ll. 7-8, ' . . . . I'll goe,  
 And dreffe a bed of flowers.'  
 l. 9, 'why that.'  
 l. 10, ' . . . . fault . . . . and . . . .'  
 l. 13, 'Although the world this deed of hirs may . . . .'

Sonnet 25 is our 32nd, and thus variantly reads—

- l. 1, 'my' for 'this.'  
 ll. 2-3, ' . . . . . crying  
 . . . bloud and bloudie trying.'  
 ll. 12-13, 'My Ocean teares drowne me and quench my . . .  
 Whiles faith doth bid my cruell Faire adieu.'—[bad].

Sonnet 26 is our 59th, and thus opens, 'To' being a ſelf-correcting misprint for 'Lo,' and 'impreſt' for 'impreſſe' :—

- 'To heare the impreſt of a faith not faining,  
 That dutie paies and her diſdaine extorteth :  
 Theſe beare the meſſage of my wofull paining,  
 Theſe oliue branches mercie ſtill exorteth.'

And there are further theſe :—

- l. 5, ' . . . . plaints with chaſte defires . . . .'  
 l. 9, ' . . . . poore foule) I liue exild from . . . .'  
 l. 11, ' . . . . liberties . . . .'  
 ll. 13-14, 'What ſhall I doo but figh and waile the while,  
 My martyrdome exceedes the higheſt ſtile.'

Sonnet 27 is our 38th, and gives these slight verbal various readings :—

1. 1, ' may ' for ' shall.'
1. 2, ' And . . . . may . . . . '
1. 4, ' . . . . power not . . . . '
1. 6, ' . . . . the worlds eie doth . . . . '
1. 7, ' . . . . her praife to . . . . '
1. 8, ' . . . . fades the flowers . . . . fed . . . . '

Sonnet 28 (including the Introductory one as 1) is our 36th, and finally presents these variations :—

1. 1, ' hope for ' hopes.'
1. 3, ' meane' for ' meanes,' and ' prefumes' for ' prefum'd.'
1. 4, ' For difdaines thunderbolt made me retire.'

At the close is added, instead of the simple ' S. D.' of the commencement, these words—' Finis, Daniell.'

It may be helpful to add here, collectively, the succession of the 1591 Sonnets, together with the first lines :—

Goe wayling verfe the infant of my loue,

- Sonnet 1. If fo it hap the Off spring of my care,
2. Thefe forrowing fighs, the smokes of mine annoy ;
  3. The onely birde alone that Nature frames,
  4. Teares, voves and prayers gaines the hardest hearts,
  5. Why doth my Miftres credit fo her glaffe,
  6. Thefe amber locks are thofe fame nets (my Deare)
  7. Behold what hap *Pigmalion* had to frame,
  8. Oft and in vaine my rebels thoughts haue ventred,
  9. Raigne in my thoughts, faire hand, sweete eye, rare voice,
  10. The flie Inchanter, when to worke his will,
  11. Reftore thy treasure to the golden ore,
  12. The tablet of my heauie fortunes heere
  13. My *Cinthia* hath the waters of mine eies,
  14. If a true heart and faith vnfained,
  15. Since the first looke that led me to this error,
  16. Way but the caufe, and giue me leaue to plaine me,
  17. Whilst by her eies perfude, my poore heart flue it
  18. Looke in my griefes, and blame me not to mourne,
  19. Happie in sleepe, waking content to languish,
  20. If Beautie bright be doubled with a frowne,
  21. Come Death the anchor hold of al my thoughts,
  22. If this be Loue to drawe a wearie breath,
  23. My cares drawes on my euerlasting night,
  24. The Starre of my mifhape impofde my paining

- Sonnet 25. To heare the impost of a faith not faining,  
 26. I once may fee when yeares may wrecke my wrong,  
 27. Raifing my hope on hills of high defire,

The critical student will perceive that saving four or five bad readings, probably from misreading the MS., the text of these twenty-seven Daniel Sonnets as printed by Newman and Nashe can hold their own against the Author's, and gives no sanction to his condemnation of the 1591 text, albeit his wrath may have been justified by the surreptitious way in which the transcript had been secured. It is well for us that these twenty-seven Sonnets were thus prematurely published. We are (so to say) admitted by them to the Poet's study, and get a vision of him at work and of the processes of his thought and emotion. The four rejected Sonnets are of special biographic interest. But the reader will find more in our 'Memorial-Introduction II.—Critical,' on the various readings, etc., of the "Delian sonnetry."

It only remains to add here the line-arrangements of the three editions:—

## 1592—FIRST AND SECOND.

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## 1594.

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In 1594 edition, the prose-epistle to the Countess of Pembroke is cancelled, and a fresh Sonnet-dedication substituted. I place it after the Prose Epistle and separate from the 'Sonnets to Delia.' On the 'M. P.' and neighbour sonnet of 1592 (2nd ed.)—assigned by various to the Countess of Pembroke in flagrant error—see our 'Memorial-Introduction I.—Biographical.' In the various readings and notes beneath each Sonnet *a* stands for the Quarto of 1623, and, as before noted, <sup>1</sup>, <sup>2</sup>, <sup>3</sup>, <sup>4</sup>, <sup>5</sup> for 1592 1st and 2nd, 1594 3rd, 1601 4th, and 1602 5th edition.

A. B. G.

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE THE  
Ladie *Mary* Countesse of Pembroke.



**R**IGHT Honorable, although I rather desired to keep in the private passions of my youth, from the multitude, as things utterd to my selfe, and consecrated to silence: yet seeing I was betraide by the indiscretion of a greedie Printer, and had some of my secrets

bewraide to the world, uncorrected: doubting the like of <sup>10</sup> the rest, I am forced to publish that which I neuer ment. But this wrong was not onely doone to mee, but to him whose vnmatchable lines haue indured the like misfortune; Ignorance sparing not to commit sacriledge vpon so holy reliques. Yet Astrophel flying with the wings of his own fame, a higher pitch then the gros-sighted can discern, hath registred his owne name in the Annals | of eternitie, and cannot be disgraced, howsoeuer disguised. And for my selfe, seeing I am thrust out into the worlde, and that <sup>20</sup> my vnboldned Muse, is forced to appeare so rarely in publique; I desire onely to bee graced by the countenance of your protection: whome the fortune of our time hath made the happie and iudiciall Patronesse of the Muses (a glory hereditary to your house) to preferue them from those hidious Beestes, Oblivion and Barbarisme. Wherby

*you doe not onely possesse the honour of the present, but also do bind posterity to an euer gratefull memorie of your vertues, wherein you must survive your selfe. And if my times heereafter better laboured, shall purchase grace in the world, they must remaine the monuments of your 30  
honourable favour, and recorde the zealous duetie of mee, who am vowed to your honour in all obseruancy for euer,*

Samuel Danyell.

TO THE RIGHT HONORABLE, THE  
Lady Mary, Countesse of *Pembrooke*.<sup>1</sup>



WONDER of these, glory of other times,  
O thou whom Enuy eu'n is forst t'  
admyre :

Great Patroness of these my humble  
Rymes,

Which thou from out thy greatnes  
dooft inspire :

Sith onely thou hast deign'd to rayse them higher,  
Vouchsafe now to accept them as thine owne,  
Begotten by thy hand, and my desire,  
Wherein my Zeale, and thy great might is showne. 10  
And seeing this vnto the world is knowne,  
O leaue not, still to grace thy worke in mee :  
Let not the quickning feede be ouer-throwne,  
Of that which may be borne to honour thee.  
Whereof, the trauaile I may challenge mine,  
But yet the glory, (Madam) must be thine. 16

<sup>1</sup> 1594 A 1, instead of the Prose Epistle-dedicatory of 1592<sup>1</sup>, <sup>2</sup>—as on pp. 33—34.

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 TO DELIA.

SONNET. I.

V Nto the boundlesse Ocean of thy beautie,  
Runnes this poore Riuer, charg'd with streames  
of zeale :

Returning thee the tribute of my dutie,  
Which here my loue, my youth, my plaints reueale.  
Here I vnclafpe the Booke of my charg'd foule,  
Where I haue cast th'accounts of all my care :  
Here haue I summ'd my fighs, here I inrole  
How they were spent for thee; looke what they are :  
Looke on the deere expences of my youth,  
And see how iust I reckon with thine eies :  
Examine well thy beautie with my truth,  
And croffe my cares ere greater summes arife.  
Reade it (sweet maide) though it be done but sleightly;  
Who can shew all his loue, doth loue but lightly.

 accepted from heading 'To Delia.'

Sonnet 1. 1. 1, 'boundles' <sup>1, 2, 3, 4, 5</sup>; not in <sup>1</sup>; 1. 2, 'Runs' <sup>1, 3, 4, 5</sup>:  
*ibid.*, 'riuer' <sup>1, 3, 4, 5</sup>; 'Ryuer' <sup>2</sup>: *ibid.*, 'zeale:' <sup>1, 2</sup>; , <sup>3</sup>; nothing <sup>4, 5</sup>—  
the colon accepted: 1. 3, 'duetie' <sup>2</sup>; 'duty' <sup>3</sup>: 1. 4, 'heere' <sup>1, 2</sup>, and so  
throughout: *ibid.*, 'playnts' <sup>1</sup>; 'reueale.'—period for *nil* accepted from  
<sup>1, 2, 3, 4, 5</sup>: 1. 5, 'booke' <sup>1, 2, 3, 4, 5</sup>: 1. 7, 'fighes' <sup>1, 2, 3, 4, 5</sup>: *ibid.*, 'enroule'  
<sup>1, 2</sup>; 'enrole' <sup>3</sup>; 'inrole' <sup>4, 5</sup>: 1. 8, 'Howe' <sup>1, 2</sup>: 1. 8, 'thee; Looke' <sup>2</sup>;  
same in <sup>3, 4, 5</sup>, but small '1'—; for , accepted: *ibid.*, 'are.' <sup>1, 2, 3</sup>;  
: <sup>4, 5</sup>: 1. 10, 'thyne eyes' <sup>1</sup>; 'thine eyes' <sup>2, 3</sup>; 'thine eies' <sup>4, 5</sup>: 1. 11,  
'trueth' <sup>1</sup>: 1. 13, no ( ) in <sup>1, 2</sup>: *ibid.*, 'maid' <sup>3, 4, 5</sup>: *ibid.*, 'doone . . .'  
sleightly' <sup>1, 2, 3</sup>; 'sleightly' <sup>4, 5</sup>: 1. 14, 'shewe' <sup>1, 2</sup>.

## SONNET. II.

**G**Oe wailing Verfe, the Infants of my loue,  
*Mine. ua*-like, brought foorth without a mother :  
 Prefent the Image of the cares I proue,  
 Witneffe your Fathers grieffe exceeds all other.  
 Sigh out a Storie of her cruell deedes,  
 With interrupted accents of defpaire :  
 A Monument that whosoeuer reedes,  
 May iuftly praife, and blame my loueeffe Faire.  
 Say her difdaine hath dryed vp my blood,  
 And ftarued you, in fuccours ftill denying :  
 Preffe to her eyes, importune me fome good.  
 Waken her fleeping pittty with your crying,  
 Knocke at that hard hart, begge till you haue mou'd  
 her,  
 And tell th'vnkinde, how dearely I haue lou'd her.

Sonnet 2. l. 2, 'Mother' <sup>1, 2</sup>: l. 3, 'image' <sup>1, 2</sup>: l. 6, 'difpayre' <sup>1</sup>;  
 'difpaire' <sup>2, 3</sup>: l. 12, . for , after 'crying' <sup>1</sup>: l. 12, 'that' accepted for  
 'her' of <sup>2, 3, 4, 5</sup>: *ibid.*, 'you' <sup>1, 2, 3</sup> accepted for 'ye' of <sup>4, 5</sup>, and 'yee' of *a*:  
 l. 14, , after 'vnkinde' accepted from <sup>1, 2, 3, 4, 5</sup> ('vnkind').

## SONNET. III.

**I**F fo it hap, this of-fpring of my care,  
 Thefe fatall Anthemes, fad and mornefull Songs:  
 Come to their view, who like afflicted are ;  
 Let them yet figh their owne, and mone my wrongs.  
 But vntoucht hearts, with vnaffected eie,  
 Approach not to behold fo great diftreffe :  
 Cleere-fighted you, foone note what is awrie,  
 Whilft blinded ones mine errors neuer geffe.

You blinded foules whom youth and errour leade,  
 You out-cast Eaglets, dazeled with your Sunne :  
 Ah you, and none but you my forrowes reade,  
 You best can iudge the wrongs that she hath done.  
 That she hath done, the motiue of my paine,  
 Who whilst I loue, doth kill me with disdaine.

Sonnet 3. l. 2, 'fad and mornefull' <sup>1, 2, 3</sup>, accepted for 'lamentable' of <sup>4, 5</sup> and *a*: l. 4, 'yet figh their' <sup>1, 2</sup>, accepted for 'Let them figh for their' of <sup>4, 5</sup>, and 'Ah let them figh theyr' of <sup>3</sup>: l. 6, 'so great distresse' <sup>1, 2, 3</sup>, accepted for 'my heauinesse' of <sup>4, 5</sup>, and *a*: l. 7, *qy.*, after 'Cleere-fighted'? but as in text in <sup>1, 2, 3, 4, 5</sup>: l. 8, 'ones' <sup>1, 2, 3</sup>, accepted for 'foules' of <sup>4, 5</sup>, and *a*: l. 9, 'errours' <sup>1, 2, 3</sup>: l. 11, 'Ah' <sup>1, 2, 3</sup>, accepted for 'Do' of <sup>4, 5</sup>, and *a*: l. 12, 'dunne' <sup>1, 2</sup>: l. 13, 'doone' <sup>1, 2</sup>.

## SONNET. IIII.

**T**Hese plaintiue Verse, the Postes of my desire,  
 Which haste for succour to her flow regard :  
 Beare not report of any slender fire,  
 Forging a grieffe to winne a fames reward.  
 Nor are my passions ~~himnd~~ for outward hew,  
 For that no colours can depaint my forrowes :  
*Delia* her selfe, and all the world may view  
 Best in my face, how cares haue tild deepe forrowes.  
 No Bayes I seeke to decke my mourning brow,  
 O cleere-eyde Rector of the holy Hill :  
 My humble accents beare the Oliue bough,  
 Of intercession but to moue her will.  
 These lines I vse, t'vnburthen mine owne hart ;  
 My loue affects no fame, nor steemes of Art.

Sonnet 4. l. 2, : accepted from <sup>1, 2, 3</sup> for , of <sup>4, 5</sup>, and *a*: l. 8, 'how' <sup>1, 2</sup>, accepted for 'where' of <sup>3, 4, 5</sup> and *a*, but not 'hath' of <sup>1, 3</sup>: l. 11, 'craue . . . bow' <sup>1, 2</sup>: l. 12, 'Of her milde pittie and relenting will' <sup>1, 2</sup>; 'Of intercession to a Tyrants will' <sup>3</sup>; 'Of intercession but to moue her will' <sup>4, 5</sup>, as in *a*. See errata of <sup>1</sup> in Note before these Sonnets.

## SONNET. V.

**V**Hilft youth and error led my wandring  
 minde,  
 And fet my thoughts in heedleffe wayes to range :  
 All vnawares, a Goddesse chaste I finde,  
 (*Diana-like*) to worke my sudder change.  
 For her no sooner had mine eyes bewraid,  
 But with disdaine to see me in that place ;  
 With fairest hand, the sweet vnkindest Maid,  
 Cast water-cold Disdaine vpon my face.  
 Which turn'd my sport into a Harts dispaire,  
 Which still is chac'd, while I haue any breath,  
 By mine owne thoughts, set on me by my Faire :  
 My thoughts (like Houndes) pursue me to my death.  
 Those that I fostred of mine owne accord,  
 Are made by her to murder thus their Lord.

Sonnet 5. l. 4, no ( ) in <sup>1</sup>, <sup>2</sup>: l. 5, 'my view' <sup>1</sup>, <sup>2</sup>; 'mine eye' <sup>4</sup>, <sup>5</sup>:  
 l. 7, 'most vnkindest' <sup>1</sup>: l. 8, 'Castes' <sup>1</sup>, <sup>2</sup>, <sup>3</sup>: l. 12, no ( ) in <sup>1</sup>, <sup>2</sup>.

## SONNET. VI.

**F**Aire is my Loue, and cruell as she's faire ;  
 Her brow shades frownes, although her eyes  
 are funny,  
 Her smiles are lightning, though her pride despaire ;  
 And her disdaines are Gall, her fauours Hunny.  
 A modest Maide, deckt with a blush of honor, <sup>39</sup>  
 Whose feete doe tread greene paths of youth and loue,  
 The wonder of all eyes that looke vpon her :  
 Sacred on earth, design'd a Saint aboue.

Chastitie and Beautie, which were deadly foes,  
 Liue reconciled friends within her brow :  
 And had she pittie to conioyne with those,  
 Then who had heard the plaints I vtter now ?  
 For had she not beene faire and thus vnkinde,  
My Muse had slept, and none had knowne my minde.

Sonnet 6. l. 1, 'as sh'is' <sup>1</sup>, <sup>2</sup>, <sup>3</sup>: l. 2, - (hyphen) removed from 'brow shades' of *a*, not in <sup>1</sup>, <sup>2</sup>, <sup>3</sup>, <sup>4</sup>, <sup>5</sup>.

SONNET. VII.

**F**Or had she not beene faire and thus vnkinde,  
Then had no finger pointed at my lightnesse :  
 The world had neuer knowne what I doe finde,  
 And cloudes obscure had shaded still her brightnesse.  
Then had no Censors eye these lines suruaid,  
Nor grauer browes haue iudg'd my Muse so vaine  
 No Sunne my blush and error had bewraid,  
 Nor yet the world haue heard of such disdain.  
 Then had I walkt with bold erected face,  
 No downe-cast looke had signified my misse :  
 But my degraded hopes, with such disgrace  
 Did force me grone out griefes, and vtter this.  
 For being full, should I not then haue spoken,  
 My sence oppress'd, had faild, and heart had broken.

Sonnet 7. l. 1, 'For' <sup>1</sup>, <sup>4</sup>, <sup>5</sup>, but in <sup>2</sup>, <sup>3</sup> 'O'—perhaps preferable, albeit the 'For' catches up l. 13 of Sonnet VI.

## SONNET. VIII.

**T**Hou poore heart sacrific'd vnto the fairest,  
 Hast sent the incense of thy sighs to heauen :  
 And still against her frownes fresh vowes repairest,  
 And made thy passions with her beautie euen.  
 And you mine eyes, the agents of my hart  
 Tolde the dumbe message of my hidden grieffe :  
 And oft with carefull turnes, with silent Art,  
 Did treat the cruell faire to yeeld reliefe.  
 And you my Verse, the Aduocates of Loue,  
 Haue followed hard the Processe of my case :  
 And vrg'd that title which doth plainly proue,  
 My faith should win, if Iustice might haue place.  
 Yet though I see, that nought we doe, can moue,  
 Tis not disdaine must make me leaue to loue.

Sonnet 8. l. 8, 'dread' MS. : l. 14, 'leaue'—accepted for 'cease' of  
 2, 3, 4, 5 and a.

## SONNET. IX.

**I**F this be loue, to draw a wearie breath,  
 To paint on floods, till the shore crie to th'aire :  
 With downward lookes, still reading on the earth, 50  
 These sad memorials of my louses dispaire :  
 If this be loue, to warre against my soule,  
 Lie downe to waile, rise vp to sigh and grieue,  
 The neuer-resting stone of Care to roule,  
 Still to complaine my griefes, whilst none relieue.

If this be loue, to cloathe me with darke thoughts,  
 Haunting vntrodden paths to waile apart ;  
 My pleasures horror, Musicke tragicke notes,  
 Teares in mine eyes, and forrow at my hart.  
 If this be loue, to liue a liuing death,  
 Then doe I loue and draw this wearie breath.

Sonnet 9. l. 1, <sup>4</sup>, <sup>5</sup> drop 'to' inadvertently : l. 12, 'my' <sup>1</sup> : l. 14, 'O then loue I' <sup>1</sup>, <sup>2</sup>, <sup>3</sup> : in l. 2, Tieck stupidly proposed 'Pant' (his annotated copy of Daniel in B. Museum). 'My name is writ on water' catches up the 'cry' better. I accept 'To paint' of Newman and Nashe text of 1591 : l. 6, 'me' and l. 8, 'me' at close in <sup>1</sup>, <sup>2</sup> ; ll. 5, 9, , inserted after 'loue.'

## SONNET. X.

**T**hen doe I loue, and draw this wearie breath,  
 For her the cruell Faire, within whose brow  
 I written finde the sentence of my death,  
 In vnkinde Letters ; wrote the cares not how.  
 Thou powre that rul'ft the confines of the night,  
 Laughter louing Goddesse, worldly pleasures Queene,  
 Intenerat that heart that sets so light,  
 The trueft loue that euer yet was seene.  
 And caufe her leaue to triumph in this wife,  
 Vpon the prostrate spoyle of that poore hart <sup>45</sup> c + 2  
 That serues a Trophey to her conquering eies,  
 And must their glory to the world impart.  
 Once let her know, sh'hath done enough to proue me,  
 And let her pitte if she cannot loue me.

Sonnet 10. l. 1, 'O then I loue' <sup>1</sup> ; 'O then loue I' <sup>2</sup>, <sup>3</sup> ; l. 4, 'wrought' <sup>1</sup>, <sup>2</sup>, <sup>3</sup>—perhaps preferable : l. 5, 'O thou' <sup>1</sup>, <sup>2</sup>, <sup>3</sup> : l. 7, 'Gods' : in l. 11 period.

## SONNET. XI.

**T**Eares, vowes, and prayers, winne the hardest hart,  
 Teares, vowes, and prayers haue I spent in vaine;  
 Teares cannot soften flint, nor vowes conuart,  
 Prayers preuaile not with a quaint disdaine.  
 I lose my teares where I haue lost my loue,  
 I vow my faith, where faith is not regarded;  
 I pray in vaine, a mercilesse to moue:  
 So rare a faith ought better be rewarded.  
 Yet, though I cannot winne her will with teares,  
 Though my foules Idoll scorneth all my vowes;  
 Though all my prayers be to so deafe eares,  
 No fauour though, the cruell faire allowes,  
 Yet will I weepe, vow, pray to cruell shee:  
 Flint, frost, disdaine, weares, meltes, and yeeldes we  
 fee.

Sonnet 11. In l. 11 the : in <sup>1</sup>, <sup>2</sup> obscures the continuous thought, but perhaps a , after 'though' in l. 12 is better. It is so in Nashe's text of 1591 (*in loco*)—accepted.

## SONNET. XII.

**M**Y spotlesse loue houers with purest wings,  
 About the Temple of the proudest frame:  
 Where blaze those lights fairest of earthly things,  
 Which cleere our clouded world with brightest flame.  
 M'ambitious thoughts confined in her face,  
 Affect no honor but what she can giue:  
 My hopes doe rest in limits of her grace,  
 I weigh no comfort vnlesse she relieue.



For she that can my heart imparadize,  
 Holdes in her fairest hand what dearest is,  
My fortunes wheelles the circle of her eies,  
Whose rowling grace deigne once a turne of blis.  
 All my liues sweet confists in her alone,  
 So much I loue the most vnlouing one.

Sonnet 12. l. 1, 'houuers with white' <sup>1, 2</sup>: ll. 6, 8, 'me' at close in <sup>1, 2</sup>; cf. Sonnet IX., ll. 6, 8 : l. 11, 'wheele' <sup>1</sup>; 'wheele's' <sup>2, 3, 4, 5</sup>.

## SONNET. XIII. ✓

**B**Ehold what hap *Pigmalion* had to frame  
And carue his proper grieffe vpon a stone;  
 My heauy fortune is much like the same,  
 I worke on flint, and thats the cause I mone.  
 For haplesse loe euen with mine owne desires,  
 I figurde on the table of mine hart,  
 The fairest forme, that all the world admires,  
 And so did perish by my proper art.  
 And still I toyle, to change the Marble brest  
 Of her, whose sweetest grace I do adore,  
 Yet cannot finde her breathe vnto my rest,  
 Hard is her hart, and woe is me therefore.  
 But happy he that ioy'd his stone and art,  
 Vnhappy I, to loue a stony hart.

Sonnet 13. l. 6, 'my' <sup>1, 2</sup>: l. 7, 'forme, the worldes eye' <sup>1, 2</sup>—perhaps preferable, but occurs elsewhere in these Sonnets (see Glossarial-Index *s.v.*).

## SONNET. XIII.

**T**Hose fnary locks, are those same nets (my Deere)  
Wherewith my liberty thou didst surprize;  
 Loue was the flame that fired me so neere,  
 The Dart transpearfing, were those Christall eies.

Strong is the net, and feruent is the flame ;  
 Deepe is the wound my fighes can well report :  
 Yet do I loue, adore, and prayfe the fame,  
 That holds, that burnes, that wounds me in this fort.  
 And lift not feeke to breake, to quench, to heale,  
 The bond, the flame, the wound that feftreth fo,  
 By knife, by liquor, or by falue to deale :  
 So much I please to perih in my woe.  
 Yet leaft long trauailes be aboue my ftrength,  
 Good DELIA lofe, quench, heale me now at length.

Sonnet 14. l. 1, 'amber' <sup>1, 2</sup>: *ibid.*, no ( ) in <sup>1, 2</sup>: l. 6, 'do' <sup>1</sup>; 'doe' <sup>2, 3</sup>: l. 13, 'Yer' <sup>1</sup>—put in errata.

SONNET. XV.

IF that a loyall hart and faith vnfained,  
 If a fweet languifh with a chaft defire,  
 If hunger-ftaruen thoughts fo long retained,  
Fed but with fmoke, and cherifht but with fire :  
 And if a brow with cares characters painted,  
 Bewraies my loue, with broken words halfe fspoken  
To her that fits in my thoughts Temple fainted,  
And laies to view my Vultur-gnawne hart open :  
 If I haue done due homage to her eyes,  
 And had my fighes ftill tending on her name ;  
 If on her loue my life and honour lyes,  
 And fhe (th'vnkindeft maid) ftill fcorns the fame :  
 Let this fuffice, that all the world may fee  
The fault is hers, though mine the hurt muft be.

Sonnet 15. l. 5, 'characters' <sup>1</sup>: l. 8, a misprints 'Vultar': l. 13, 'the world yet may fee' <sup>1, 2</sup>.

## SONNET. XVI.

**H** Appy in sleepe, waking content to languish,  
 Imbracing clouds by night, in day time  
 mourne,  
 My ioyes but shadowes, touch of truth, my anguish,  
 Griefes euer springing, comforts neuer borne.  
 And still expecting when she will relent,  
 Growne hoarce with crying mercy, mercy giue,  
 So many vowes, and praiers hauing spent,  
 That weary of my life, I loath to liue.  
 And yet the *Hydra* of my cares renews  
 Still new borne forrowes of her fresh disdaine :  
 And still my hope the Sommer windes pursues,  
 Finding no end nor period of my paine.  
 This is my state, my griefes do touch so neerly,  
 And thus I liue because I loue her deerly.

Sonnet 16. l. 2, 'morne' <sup>1</sup>, <sup>2</sup>:

' All things I loath saue her and mine owne anguish,  
 Pleas'd in my hurt, inur'd to liue forlorne.  
 Nought doe I craue, but loue, death, or my Lady,  
 Hoarce with crying mercy, mercy yet my merit ;  
 So many vowes and prayers euer made I,  
 That now at length t' yeelde, meere pittie were it.  
 But still the *Hydra* of my cares reuuing,  
 Reuiues new forrowes of her fresh disdayning ;  
 Still must I goe the Summer windes pursuing :  
 Finding no ende nor Period of my payning.  
 Waile all my life, my griefes do touch so neerely,  
 And thus I liue, because I loue her deerly.'

So in <sup>1</sup>, <sup>2</sup>, but <sup>2</sup> in last l. reads 'thus' for 'this' of <sup>1</sup> (error) : 'myselfe' in l. 8 in <sup>2</sup>.

## SONNET. XVII.

**W**hy should I sing in verse, why should I  
frame  
These sad neglected notes for her deare sake ?  
 Why should I offer vp vnto her name,  
 The sweetest sacrifice my youth can make ?  
 Why should I strive to make her liue for euer,  
 That neuer deignes to giue me ioy to liue ?  
 Why should m'afflicted Muse so much endeuour,  
 Such honour vnto cruelty to giue ?  
 If her defects haue purchast her this fame,  
 What should her vertues do, her smiles, her loue ?  
 If this her worst, how should her best inflame ?  
 What passions would her milder fauours moue ?  
Fauours (I thinke) would fence quite ouercome,  
And that makes happy Louers euer dombe.

Sonnet 17. First appeared in <sup>3</sup>, and is in <sup>4</sup>, <sup>5</sup>, and *a*.

## SONNET. XVIII.

**S**ince the first looke that led me to this error,  
 To this thoughts-maze, to my confusion tending :  
 Still haue I liu'd in grieffe, in hope, in terror,  
The circle of my sorrowes neuer ending.  
 Yet cannot leaue her loue that holds me hatefull,  
 Her eyes exact it, though her hart disdaines me ;  
 See what reward he hath that serues the vngratefull,  
 So true and loyall loue no fauour gaines me.

Still muſt I whet my yong defires abated,  
 Vpon the flint of ſuch a hart rebelling ;  
 And all in vaine, her pride is ſo innated,  
 She yeelds no place at all for pitties dwelling.  
 Oft haue I told her that my ſoule did loue her,  
 (And that with teares) yet all this will not moue her.

Sonnet 18. l. 7, 'th' <sup>1, 2, 3</sup>: l. 4, no ( ) in <sup>1, 2</sup>, and ſo throughout in them—this is xvii. in 1592.

## SONNET. XIX.

**R** Eſtore thy treſſes to the golden Ore,  
 Yeeld *Cithereas* ſonne thoſe Arkes of loue ;  
 Bequeath the heauens the ſtarres that I adore,  
 And to th'Orient do thy Pearles remoue,  
 Yeeld thy hands pride vnto th'Iuory white,  
 T' *Arabian* odors giue thy breathing ſweete :  
 Reſtore thy bluſh vnto *Aurora* bright,  
 To *Thetis* giue the honour of thy feete.  
 Let *Venus* haue thy graces, her reſign'd,  
 And thy ſweet voice giue back vnto the Spheares :  
 But yet reſtore thy fierce and cruell mind,  
 To *Hyrca*n Tygres, and to ruthles Beares.  
 Yeeld to the Marble thy hard hart againe ;  
 So ſhalt thou ceaſe to plague, and I to paine.

Sonnet 19. See variations in introductory Note to theſe Delian Sonnets.

## SONNET. XX.

**V** V Hat it is to breathe and liue without life :  
 How to be pale with anguiſh, red with feare,  
 T'haue peace abroad, and nought within but ſtrife :  
 Wiſh to be preſent, and yet ſhun t'appeare :

How to be bold far off, and bashfull neare :

How to thinke much, and haue no words to speake :

To craue redresse, yet hold affliction deare :

To haue affection strong, a body weake,

Neuer to finde, and euermore to seeke :

And seeke that which I dare not hope to finde :

T'affect this life, and yet this life disleeke :

Gratefull t'another, to my selfe vnkinde.

This cruell knowledge of these contraries,

DELIA my hart hath learnd out of those eyes.

Sonnet 20. First appeared in <sup>4</sup>, and reprinted in <sup>5</sup>.

### SONNET. XXI.

**I**F beauty thus be clouded with a frowne,  
That pittie shines no comfort to my blis,  
And vapours of disdaine so ouergrowne  
That my liues light wholly in-darkned is.

Why should I more molest the world with cries ?

The ayre with fighes, the earth below with teares ?

Sith I liue hatefull to those ruthlesse eies,

Vexing with vntun'd moane her dainty eares.

If I haue lou'd her dearer then my breath,

My breath that calls the heauens to witnes it :

And still must hold her deare till after death,

And that all this mooues not her thoughts a whit,

Yet sure she cannot but must thinke a part,

She doth me wrong, to grieue so true a heart.

Sonnet 21 is XIX. in <sup>1</sup>, <sup>2</sup>: l. 4, 'thus wholly darkned' <sup>1</sup>, <sup>2</sup>, <sup>3</sup>: l. 7, 'Since' <sup>1</sup>, <sup>2</sup>: l. 12, 'And if that all this cannot moue' <sup>1</sup>, <sup>2</sup>, <sup>3</sup>; ll. 13, 14—

'Yet let her say that she hath doone me wrong,

To vse me thus and knowe I lou'd so long' (<sup>1</sup>, <sup>2</sup>, <sup>3</sup>).

## SONNET. XXII.

C Ome Time the anchor-hold of my desire,  
 My last Refort whereto my hopes appeale,  
 Cause once the date of her disdaine t'expire :  
 Make her the sentence of her wrath repeale.  
 Rob her faire Brow, breake in on Beauty, steale  
 Powre from those eyes, which pittie cannot spare :  
 Deale with those dainty cheekes as she doth deale  
 With this poore heart consumed with dispaire.  
 This heart made now the prospectiue of care,  
 By louing her, the cruellst Faire that liues,  
 The cruellst Fayre that sees I pine for her,  
 And neuer mercy to thy merit giues.  
Let her not still triumph ouer the prize  
Of mine affections taken by her eies.

Sonnet 22. l. 1, 'death . . . . of all my thoughtes' <sup>1, 2, 3</sup>; l. 2, 'foule  
 appealeth' <sup>1, 2</sup>; 'appeales' <sup>3</sup>; l. 3, 'For all too long on earth my fancy  
 dotes' <sup>1, 2, 3</sup>; l. 4, 'Whilst my best blood my younge desires fealeth' <sup>1, 2</sup>;  
 'Whilst age vpon my wasted body steales' <sup>3</sup>: ll. 5—14—

'That hart is now the prospectiue of horror,  
 That honored hath the cruellst faire that lyueth :  
 The cruellst faire, that sees I languish for her,  
 Yet neuer mercy to my merit giueth.  
 This is her Lawrell and her triumphes prize,  
 To tread me downe with foote of her disgrace :  
 Whilst I did builde my fortune in her eyes,  
 And laide my liues rest in so faire a face ;  
 That rest I lost, my loue, my life and all,  
 So high attempts to lowe disgraces fall' (<sup>1, 2</sup>):

in <sup>3</sup> l. 4 is 'That hart being made the prospectiue': 'Tyme' and text of  
 a, first in <sup>4</sup> and reprinted in <sup>5</sup>.

## SONNET. XXIII.

**T**ime, cruell time, come and subdue that Brow  
 Which conquers all but thee, and thee too staies  
 As if she were exempt from Syeth or Bow,  
 From loue or yeares vnsubiect to decaies.  
 Or art thou growne in league with those faire eies  
 That they may helpe thee to consume our daies ?  
 Or dost thou spare her for her cruelties,  
 Being merciles like thee that no man weies ?  
 And yet thou see'st thy powre she disobayes,  
 Cares not for thee, but lets thee waste in vaine,  
 And prodigall of howers and yeares betraies  
 Beauty and youth t'opinion and disdaine.  
 Yet spare her Time, let her exempted be,  
 She may become more kinde to thee or me.

Sonnet 23. First in <sup>4</sup> and reprinted in <sup>5</sup>: l. 13, cap. T accepted from  
<sup>4, 5.</sup>

## SONNET. XXIIII.

**T**hese forrowing fighes, the smoake of mine annoy,  
 These teares, which heate of sacred flame distils,  
 Are those due tributes that my faith doth pay  
 Vnto the tyrant, whose vnkindnes kils.  
 I sacrifice my youth, and blooming yeares  
 At her proud feete, and she respects not it ;  
 My flower vntimely's withred with my teares :  
 And Winter woes, for spring of youth vnfit. 39  
 She thinkes a looke may recompence my care,  
 And so with lookes, prolongs my long-lookt ease,  
 As short that blisse, so is the comfort rare,  
 Yet must that blisse my hungry thoughts appease.



Thus she returnes my hopes fo fruitlesse euer,  
Once let her loue indeed, or els eye me neuer.

Sonnet 24. l. 1, 'fmoakes' <sup>1, 2, 3</sup>: l. 2, , after 'teares' accepted from <sup>1, 2, 3</sup>: l. 3, 'these' <sup>1, 2</sup>; l. 10, 'ease' <sup>1, 2, 3</sup>, accepted for 'case' of <sup>4, 5</sup>, and *a*; also the hyphen 'long-lookt': l. 14, 'eye me' <sup>1, 2, 3</sup>—more quaint and strong—accepted. This is Sonnet XXI. in 1592, and XXII. in <sup>3</sup>.

## SONNET. XXV.

**F**alse Hope prolongs my euer certaine grieffe,  
Traitor to me, and faithfull to my Loue:  
A thousand times it promis'd me reliefe,  
Yet neuer any true effect I proue.  
Oft when I finde in her no truth at all,  
I banish her, and blame her trechery,  
Yet soone againe I must her backe recall,  
As one that dies without her company.  
Thus often as I chase my hope from me,  
Straight-way she hafts her vnto DELIAS eies:  
Fed with some pleasing looke there shall she be,  
And so sent backe, and thus my fortune lies.  
Lookes feed my Hope, Hope fosters me in vaine,  
Hopes are vnfire, when certaine is my paine.

Sonnet 25. l. 2, 'Traytrous' <sup>1</sup>; 'Traytours' <sup>2</sup>.

## SONNET. XXVI.

**L**ooke in my griefes, and blame me not to mourne,  
From care to care that leades a life so bad;  
Th'Orphan of Fortune, borne to be her scorne,  
Whose clouded brow doth make my daies so fad.  
Long are their nights whose cares do neuer sleepe,  
Lothsome their daies, whom no sun euer ioyd,  
Th'impression of her eyes do pearce so deepe,  
That thus I liue both day and night annoyd.

But since the sweetest roote yeelds fruite so fowre,  
 Her praise from my complaint I may not part :  
 I loue th'effect the cause being of this powre,  
 Ile praise her face, and blame her flinty heart.  
 Whilst we both make the world admire at vs,  
 Her for disdaine, and me for louing thus.

Sonnet 26. l. 1, 'morne' <sup>1, 2</sup>—cf. Sonnet XVI., l. 2 : l. 7, 'Her fairest eyes doe penetrate' <sup>1, 2, 3</sup>; l. 9, 'doth yeeld thus much' <sup>1, 2, 3</sup>; *ibid.*, 'Sith' <sup>3</sup> : l. 11, 'for that . . . fuch' <sup>1, 2, 3</sup>; l. 13, 'that we make' <sup>1, 2, 3</sup>.

SONNET. XXVII.

O Ft and in vaine my rebel thoughts haue ventred,  
 To stop the passage of my vanquisht hart :  
 And shut those waies my friendly foe first entred,  
 Hoping thereby to free my better part.  
 And whilst I garde these windowes of this forte,  
 Where my harts theefe to vex me made her choice :  
 And thether all my forces doe transporte,  
 An other passage opens at her voice.  
 Her voyce betraies me to her hand and eye :  
 My freedoms tyrants conquering all by arte.  
 But ah, what glorie can she get thereby,  
 With thee such powers to plague one silly harte.  
 Yet my foules soueraigne, since I must resigne,  
Reigne in my thoughts, my loue and life are thine.

Sonnet 27. From <sup>1</sup> and reprinted in <sup>2</sup>, but not in <sup>3, 4, 5</sup>, or *a*.

## SONNET. XXVIII.

R Aigne in my thoughts faire hand, sweete eye, rare  
voice,

Poffesse me whole, my hearts triumvirate :  
Yet heauy heart to make fo hard a choife,  
Of fuch as spoile thy poore afflicted state.

For whilst they striue which shall be Lord of all,  
All my poore life by them is troden downe ;  
They all erect their Trophies on my fall,  
And yeeld me nought that giues them their renowne.

When backe I looke, I sigh my freedome past,  
And waile the state wherein I present stand :  
And see my fortune euer like to last,  
Finding me rain'd with fuch a heauy hand.

What can I do but yeeld? and yeeld I doo,  
And serue all three, and yet they spoile me too.

Sonnet 28. No variations.

## SONNET. XXIX.

To M. P.

L Ike as the spotlesse *Ermelin* distrest,  
Circumpast'd round with filth and lothsome mud :  
Pines in her grieve, imprisoned in her nest,  
And cannot issue forth to seeke her good.

So I inuiron'd with a hatefull want,  
Looke to the heauens ; the heauens yeelde forth no  
grace :

I search the earth, the earth I finde as skant,  
I view my selfe, my selfe in wofull case.

Heauen nor earth will not, my felfe cannot wake  
 A way through want to free my foule from care :  
But I muft pine, and in my pining lurke,  
Leaft my fad lookes bewray me how I fare.  
 My fortune mantled with a clowde l'obfcure ;  
 Thus fhades my life fo long as wants endure.

Sonnets 29 and 30 appeared only in 1592<sup>2</sup> (E 3 and E 3 verso)—former misnumbered xxxi. as it follows xxviii., folio 29 after folio 28. They are accepted and re-inserted. See our Memorial-Introduction on them, and specially on the 'M. P.' of Sonnet 29.

SONNET. XXX.

**M**Y cares draw on mine euerlaſting night,  
 In horrors fable clowdes fets my liues funne :  
 My liues fweet funne, my deareſt comforts light,  
 Will riſe no more to me, whoſe day is dunne.  
 I goe before vnto the Mirtle ſhades.  
 To attend the preſence of my worlds Deere ;  
 And there prepare her flowres that neuer fades,  
 And all things fit againſt her comming there.  
 If any aſke me why ſo ſoone I came,  
 Ile hide her finne and ſay it was my lot :  
 In life and death Ile tender her good name,  
 My life nor death ſhal neuer be her blot.  
 Although this world may ſeeme her deede to blame,  
 Th' *Elifian* ghoſts ſhal neuer know the ſame.

## SONNET. XXXI.

*Alluding to the Sparrow pursued by a Hawke, that  
flew into the bosome of Zenocrates.*

**W**Hilst by thy eies purfu'd, my poore heart  
flew  
Into the sacred Refuge of thy brest :  
Thy rigor in that Sanctuary flew  
That which thy succring mercy should haue blest.  
No priuiledge of faith could it protect,  
Faith being with blood, and fūe yeares witnes sign'd,  
Wherein no shew gaue cause of least suspect,  
For well thou saw'st my loue and how I pin'd  
Yet no mild comfort would thy Brow reueale,  
No lightning lookes which falling hopes erect :  
What bootes to lawes of Succor to appeale ?  
Ladies and Tyrants, neuer lawes respect.  
Then there I die from whence my life should come,  
And by that hand whom such deeds ill become.

Sonnet 31. The heading first in <sup>3</sup>: ll. 1, 3, 'it' at close in <sup>1, 2, 3</sup>; *ibid.*,  
'her' for 'thy': l. 2, 'bosome of my deereft' <sup>1, 2, 3</sup>: ll. 3-14—

'She there in that sweete sanctuary flew it,  
Where it presum'd his safetie to be nereft.

My priuiledge of faith could not protect it,  
That was with blood and three yeeres witnes signed:  
In all which time she neuer could suspect it,  
For well she sawe my loue, and how I pined.

And yet no comfort would her brow reueale mee,  
No lightning looke, which falling hopes erecteth :  
What bootes to lawes of succour to appeale mee ?  
Ladies and tyrants neuer lawes respecteth.

Then there I dye, where hop'd I to haue liuen ;  
And by that hand, which better might haue given' (<sup>1, 2, 3</sup>).

## SONNET. XXXII.

The Starre of my mishap impof'd this paine  
To spend the Aprill of my yeares in grieffe:  
 Finding my fortune euer in the waine  
 With still fresh cares, supplide with no reliefe.  
Yet thee I blame not, though for thee tis done,  
 But these weake whings presuming to aspire,  
Which now are melted by thine eyes bright sun,  
That makes me fall from off my hie desire.  
 And in my fall I crye for helpe with speede,  
 No pittying eye lookes backe vpon my feares:  
 No succour finde I now when most I neede,  
My heates must drowne in th'Ocean of my teares.  
 Which still must beare the title of my wrong,  
Cauf'd by those cruell beames that were so strong.

Sonnet 32 is xxvii. of <sup>1</sup>, xxxi. of <sup>2</sup>, xxix. of <sup>3</sup>, xxxi. of <sup>4</sup>, <sup>5</sup> and *a*: l. 1, 'payning' <sup>1</sup>, <sup>2</sup>: l. 2, 'wayling' <sup>1</sup>, <sup>2</sup>: l. 3, 'That neuer found my fortune but in wayning' <sup>1</sup>, <sup>2</sup>: l. 4, 'my present woes affayling' <sup>1</sup>, <sup>2</sup>: l. 5, 'her . . . she might haue blest mee' <sup>1</sup>, <sup>2</sup>: l. 6, 'But my desires wings so high aspiring' <sup>1</sup>, <sup>2</sup>: l. 7, 'Now melted with the funne that hath posselt mee' <sup>1</sup>, <sup>2</sup>: l. 8, 'Downe now I fall from off my high desiring' <sup>1</sup>, <sup>2</sup>: l. 9, 'doe cry for mercy speedy' <sup>1</sup>, <sup>2</sup>: l. 10, 'mourning' <sup>1</sup>, <sup>2</sup>: l. 11, 'helpe I . . . when now most fauour neede I' <sup>1</sup>, <sup>2</sup>: l. 12, 'Th' Ocean of my teares must drowne me burning' <sup>1</sup>, <sup>2</sup>: l. 13, 'And this my death christen her anew' <sup>1</sup>, <sup>2</sup>: l. 14, 'And giue the cruell Faire her tytle dew.'

## SONNET. XXXIII.

S Till in the trace of one perplexed thought,  
My ceasles cares continually run on:  
 Seeking in vaine what I haue euer fought,  
One in my loue, and her hard hart still one.

I who did neuer ioy in other Sun,  
And haue no stars but those, that must fulfill  
The worke of rigor, fatally begun  
Vpon this heart, whom cruelty will kill.  
 Iniurious DELIA yet I loue thee still,  
 And will whilst I shall draw this breath of mine,  
 Ile tell the world that I deseru'd but ill,  
 And blame my selfe t'excuse that heart of thine.  
See then who finnes the greater of vs twaine,  
I in my loue, or thou in thy disdaine.

Sonnet 33. Not in <sup>1, 2</sup>: first in <sup>3</sup> and reprinted in <sup>4, 5</sup> and *a*: <sup>3</sup> is so different that it must be reproduced here—

' Still in the trace of my tormented thought,  
 My ceaselesse cares must march on to my death:  
 Thy least regard too deerlie haue I bought,  
 Who to my comfort neuer deign'ft a breath.  
 Why should'ft thou stop thine eares now to my cries,  
 Whose eyes were open, ready to oppresse me?  
 Why shutt'ft thou not the cause whence al did rise,  
 Or heare me now, and seeke how to redresse me?  
 Iniurious DELIA, yet Ile loue thee still,  
 Whilst that I breathe in sorrow of my smart:  
 Ile tell the world that I deseru'd but ill,  
 And blame my selfe for to excuse thy hart.  
 Then iudge who finnes the greater of vs twaine,  
 I in my loue, or thou in thy disdaine.'

SONNET. XXXIII.

O Ft do I maruell, whether DELIAS eies,  
 Are eyes, or els two radiant starres that shine  
 For how could Nature euer thus deuise,  
 Of earth on earth a substance so diuine.

Starres sure they are, whose motions rule defires,  
 And calme and tempest follow their aspects :  
 Their sweet appearing still such power inspires,  
 That makes the world admire so strange effects,  
 Yet whether fixt or wandring starres are they,  
 Whose influence rule the Orbe of my poore hart ?  
 Fixt sure they are, but wandring make me stray,  
In endles errors, whence I cannot part.  
 Starres then, not eyes, moue you with a milder view,  
Your sweet aspect on him that honours you.

Sonnet 34. Not in <sup>1, 2</sup> : first in <sup>3</sup>, and reprinted in <sup>4, 5</sup>. and *a*.

SONNET. XXXV.

**A** Nd yet I cannot reprehend the flight,  
 Or blame th'attempt presuming so to fore ;  
 The mounting venter for a high delight,  
 Did make the honour of the fall the more.  
 For who gets wealth that puts not from the shore ?  
 Danger hath honor, great designs their fame,  
 Glory doth follow, courage goes before.  
 And though th'euent oft answers not the same,  
 Suffice that high attempts haue neuer shame.  
 The meane obseruer (whom bale safety keeps)  
 Liues without honour, dies without a name,  
 And in eternall darknesse euer sleeps.  
 And therefore DELIA, tis to me no blot,  
To haue attempted, though attained thee not.

Sonnet 35. Not in <sup>1, 2</sup> : first in <sup>3</sup> (xxx.), and reprinted in <sup>4, 5</sup> and *a*.



## SONNET. XXXVI. 33

**R**aising my hopes on hills of high desire,  
 Thinking to scale the heauen of her hart,  
 My slender meanes presum'd too high a part ;  
 Her thunder of disdain forst me retire,  
 And threw me downe to paine in all this fire,  
 Where loe I languish in so heauy smart,  
 Because th'attempt was farre aboue my art :  
 Her pride brook'd not poore soules should so aspire.  
 Yet I protest my high desiring will  
 Was not to dispossesse her of her right :  
 Her soueraignty should haue remained still,  
 I onely fought the blisse to haue her fight.  
 Her fight contented thus to see me spill,  
 Fram'd my desires fit for her eyes to kill.

Sonnet 36. l. 4, *a* badly inserts 'to' before 'retire': l. 8, 'should come so nye her' <sup>1, 2, 3</sup>: l. 9, 'aspuring' <sup>1, 2, 3</sup>.

## SONNET. XXXVII.

**VV**hy doost thou DELIA credit so thy glasse,  
 Gazing thy beauty deign'd thee by the  
 skies :  
 And doest not rather looke on him (alas)  
 Whose state best shewes the force of murdering eies ?  
 The broken tops of lofty trees declare  
 The fury of a mercy-wanting storme ;  
 And of what force thy wounding graces are,  
 Vpon my selfe thou best mayst finde the forme :

Then leaue thy glasse, and gaze thy selfe on me,  
 That Mirror shewes what power is in thy face :  
 To view your forme too much, may danger bee,  
*Narcissus* chang'd t'a flower in such a case.  
 And you are chang'd, but not t'a Hiacint ;  
 I feare your eye hath turnd your heart to flint.

Sonnet 37. l. 1, 'O why dooth Delia . . . her' <sup>1, 2, 3</sup>: l. 2, 'her' for  
 'thy' and 'thee' <sup>1, 2, 3</sup>: l. 3, 'dooth' <sup>1, 2, 3</sup>: l. 8, 'you . . . may'  
<sup>1, 2, 3</sup>: ll. 7, 9, 10, 'your.'

SONNET. XXXVIII.

I Once may see when yeares shall wreck my wrong,  
 When golden haire shall change to siluer wier :  
 And those bright raies that kindle all this fire,  
 Shall faile in force, their working not so strong :  
 Then beauty (now the burthen of my song)  
 Whose glorious blaze the world doth so admire,  
 Must yeeld vp all to tyrant Times desire ;  
 Then fade those flowers that deckt her pride so long.  
 When, if she grieue to gaze her in her glasse,  
 Which, then presents her winter-withered hew,  
 Goe you my verse, go tell her what she was ;  
 For what she was, she best shall find in you.  
 Your firy heate lets not her glory passe,  
 But (Phænix-like) shall make her liue anew. 16

Sonnet 38. l. 8, 'which' <sup>1, 2</sup>.

## SONNET. XXXIX.

**L**ooke DELIA how w'esteeme the halfe blowne  
Rofe,  
 The image of thy blufh and Sommers honor : 6  
 Whilft yet her tender bud doth vndifclofe  
 That full of beauty, time beftowes vpon her.  
 No fooner fpreads her glory in the ayre,  
 But ftraight her wide blowne pomp comes to decline :  
 She then is fcornd that late adord the Fayre ;  
 So fade the Rofes of thofe cheeks of thine.  
 No Aprill can reuiue thy withered flowres, 24, 32  
Whofe fpringing grace adorns thy glory now :  
Swift speedy Time, feathred with flying houres,  
 Diffolues the beauty of the faireft brow.  
 Then do not thou fuch treasure waft in vaine,  
 But loue now whilft thou maift be lou'd againe.

Sonnet 39. l. 1, 'wee fteeme' <sup>1, 2, 3</sup>: l. 3—

'in . . . greene she doth inclofe.

That pure sweete beautie, Time' (<sup>1, 2, 3</sup>):

l. 6, 'ful-blowne pride is in declyning' <sup>1, 2, 3</sup>: l. 8, 'So clowdes thy beautie, after fayrest fhining' <sup>1, 2, 3</sup>: l. 10, 'blooming' <sup>1, 2, 3</sup>: *ibid.*, 'thy' for 'the' misprint of *a*—accepted: l. 13, 'O let not their . . . riches' <sup>1, 2, 3</sup>: l. 14, 'loue whilft that thou' <sup>1, 2, 3</sup>.

## SONNET. XL.

**B**Vt loue whilft that thou maift be lou'd againe,  
 Now whilft thy May hath fild thy lap with  
 flowers,  
 Now whilft thy beauty beares without a ftaine ;  
 Now vfe the Sommer fmiles, ere Winter lowers.  
 And whilft thou fpreadft vnto the rifing funne,

The fairest flowre that euer saw the light,  
 Now ioy thy time before thy sweet be done.  
 And (DELIA) thinke thy morning must haue night,  
 And that thy brightnes sets at length to West,  
 When thou wilt close vp that which now thou show'ft,  
 And thinke the same becomes thy fading best,  
 Which then shall most inuaile and shadow most.  
Men do not wey the stalke for that it was,  
When once they find her flowre her glory pas.

Sonnet 40. l. 7, 'thy' twice inserted in *a* before sweet': in <sup>1, 2</sup>, spelt 'dunne'—so frequently: l. 12, 'hide it most, and couer lowest' <sup>1, 2, 3</sup>.

## SONNET. XLI.

**W**hen men shall find thy flower, thy glory  
 passe,  
 And thou with carefull brow sitting alone :  
 Receiued hast this message from thy glasse,  
 That tells the truth, and sayes that all is gone ;  
Fresh shalt thou see in me the wounds thou madst,  
Though spent thy flame, in me the heat remaining,  
I that haue lou'd thee thus before thou fadst,  
My faith shall waxe, when thou are in thy waining.  
 The world shall finde this myracle in me,  
 That fire can burne when all the matter's spent :  
 Then what my faith hath bene thy selfe shall see,  
 And that thou wast vnkinde, thou mayst repent.  
 Thou maist repent that thou hast scornd my teares,  
 When winter snowes vpon thy sable haire.

Sonnet 41. l. 4, 'thee' <sup>1</sup>: l. 11, 'shalt' <sup>1, 2, 3</sup>: l. 14, 'golden heares' <sup>1, 2, 3</sup>.

## SONNET. XLII.

When winter snowes vpon thy fable haire,  
 And frost of age hath nipt thy beauties  
 neere,

When darke shall seeme thy day that neuer cleares,  
 And all lies withred that was held so deere.

Then take this picture which I here present thee,

Limmed with a Penfill not all vnworthy :

Here see the gifts that God and nature lent thee,

Here read thy selfe, and what I suffred for thee.

This may remaine thy lasting monument,

Which happily posterity may cherrish,

These colours with thy fading are not spent, 4

These may remaine when thou and I shall perish.

If they remaine, then thou shalt liue thereby,

They will remaine, and so thou canst not die.

Sonnet 42. l. 1, 'golden' <sup>1, 2, 3</sup>: l. 2, 'flowers' <sup>1, 2, 3</sup>.

## SONNET. XLIII.

Thou canst not die whilst any zeale abound  
 In feeling hearts that can conceiue these lines ;  
 Though thou a Laura hast no Petrarch found,  
 In base attire, yet cleerly Beauty shines.

And I (though borne within a colder clime,)

Do feele mine inward heat as great (I know it :)  
 He neuer had more faith, although more rime,

I loue as well, though he could better show it.

But I may adde one feather to thy fame,  
To helpe her flight throughout the fairest Ile,

And if my pen could more enlarge thy name,

Then shouldst thou liue in an immortall stile.

For though that *Laura* better limned be,  
Suffice, thou shalt be lou'd as well as shee.

Sonnet 43. l. 4, , accepted after 'attire' <sup>1, 2, 3</sup>.

SONNET. XLIIII.

**B**E not displeas'd that these my papers should  
Bewray vnto the world how faire thou art :  
Or that my wits haue shewed the best they could.  
(The chafteft flame that euer warmed hart)  
Thinke not (sweet DELIA) this shall be thy shame,  
My Muse should found thy praise with mournfull warble :  
How many liue, the glory of whose name  
Shall rest in Ise, when thine is grau'd in Marble.  
Thou maist in after ages liue esteem'd,  
Vnburied in these lines referu'd in purenes ;  
These shall intombe those eies, that haue redeem'd  
Me from the vulgar, thee from all obscurenes.  
Although my carefull accents neuer moou'd thee,  
Yet count it no disgrace that I haue lou'd thee.

Sonnet 44. l. 1, 'O be not grieu'd' <sup>1, 2, 3</sup>; <sup>4, 5</sup> and a badly 'displead' :  
l. 7, 'liues' <sup>1, 2, 3</sup>; l. 8, <sup>1</sup> misprinted 'yee.'

SONNET. XLV.

**D**ELIA, these eyes that so admireth thine,  
Haue seene those walls which proud ambition  
rear'd  
To check the world, how they intomb'd haue lien  
Within themselues, and on them ploughs haue ear'd.  
Yet neuer found that barbarous hand attaind  
The spoyle of fame deseru'd by vertuous men :  
Whose glorious actions luckily had gaind  
Th'eternall Annals of a happy pen.

And therefore grieue not if thy beauties die,  
 Though time do spoyle thee of the fairest vaile <sup>10, 12, 14</sup>  
 That euer yet couered mortality,  
 And must instarre the Needle, and the Raile.  
 That Grace which doth more then in woman thee,  
 Liues in my lines, and must eternall bee.

Sonnet 45. l. 2, 'the which ambition' <sup>1, 2, 3</sup>: l. 5, 'for all that no' <sup>1, 2, 3</sup>: l. 8, 'Annals' <sup>1</sup>: l. 9, 'Why then though Delia fade, let that not moue her' <sup>1, 2, 3</sup>: l. 11, 'mortallitie did couer' <sup>1, 2, 3</sup>: l. 12, 'which shall . . . trayle' <sup>1, 2, 3</sup>: l. 13, 'grace, that vertue, all that seru'd t' in woman' <sup>1, 2, 3</sup>: l. 14, 'Dooth her vnto eternitie affommon' <sup>1, 2, 3</sup>.

## SONNET. XLVI.

**M** Oft faire and louely Maide, looke from the shore,  
 See thy *Leander* striuing in these waues:  
 Poore soule quite spent, whose force can do no more,  
 Now fend forth hope, for now calme pittie faues.  
 And waft him to thee with those louely eies,  
 A happy conuoy to a holy Land:  
 Now shew thy power, and where thy vertue lies,  
 To faue thine owne, stretch out the fairest hand.  
 Stretch out the fairest hand, a pledge of peace;  
 That hand that darts so right and neuer misses:  
 I shall forget old wrongs, my griefes shall cease;  
 And that which gaue me wounds, Ile giue it kisses.  
 Once let the Ocean of my cares finde shore,  
 That thou be pleas'd, and I may figh no more.

Sonnet 46. l. 1, 'Faire and louely' <sup>1, 2, 3</sup>: l. 3, 'fore-spent' <sup>1</sup>: l. 5, a badly misprints 'waft': l. 11, 'Ile not reuenge . . . wrath' <sup>1, 2, 3</sup>: l. 12, 'For' <sup>1, 2, 3</sup>: <sup>4, 5</sup> print 'gius.'

## SONNET. XLVII.

**R**ead in my face, a volume of dispaire,  
 The wailing Iliads of my tragicke woe :  
 Drawne with my blood, and painted with my cares,  
Wrought by her hand that I haue honour'd so.  
 Who whilst I burne, she sings at my foules wrack,  
Looking aloft from turret of her pride :  
There my foules tyrant ioyes her, in the sack  
Of her owne seate, whereof I made her guide.  
 There do these sinoakes that from affliction rise,  
 Serue as an incense to a cruell Dame :  
 A sacrifice thrice-gratefull to her eies,  
 Because their power serue to exact the same.  
 Thus ruines she (to fatisfie her will,)  
The temple, where her name was honour'd still.

Sonnet 47. l. 1, , after 'face' accepted <sup>1, 2, 3</sup>: l. 3, 'printed' <sup>1, 2, 3</sup>:  
 last l., , after 'Temple' accepted <sup>1, 2, 3</sup>.

## SONNET. XLVIII.

**M**Y DELIA hath the waters of mine eies,  
 The ready handmayds on her grace t'attend :  
 That neuer fall to ebbe, but euer rise,  
 For to their flow she neuer grants an end.  
Th' Ocean neuer did attend more dully  
Vpon his souereignes course, the nights pale Queene,  
 Nor payd the impost of his waues more truly,  
 Then mine vnto her cruelty hath beene.



Yet nought the rocke of that hard heart can moue,  
 Where beat these teares with zeale, and fury driues :  
 And yet I'd rather languish for her loue,  
 Then I would ioy the fairest she that liues.  
And if I finde such pleasure to complaine,  
What should I do then, if I should obtaine ?

¶ Sonnet 48. l. 1, 'Cynthia' <sup>1, 2</sup>: l. 2, 'attending' <sup>1, 2, 3</sup>: a badly 'but neuer dries' from <sup>4, 5</sup>; <sup>3</sup> giues the true reading 'but euer rife'—accepted: l. 4, 'ending' <sup>1, 2, 3</sup>: l. 8, 'to her in truth haue euer beene' <sup>1, 2, 3</sup>: *ibid.*, 'Deitie become' <sup>3</sup>: l. 10, 'these' accepted <sup>1, 2, 3</sup>: a badly 'their' from <sup>4, 5</sup>: *ibid.*, 'driueth' <sup>1, 2, 3</sup>: l. 11, 'for' <sup>1, 2, 3</sup>: 'I'd' for 'I': l. 12, 'liueth' <sup>1, 2, 3</sup>: ll. 13, 14—

'I doubt to finde such pleasure in my gayning,  
 As now I taste in compas of complaining' (<sup>1, 2, 3</sup>).

## SONNET. XLIX.

**H**ow long shall I in mine affliction mourne? 45, 50  
A burden to my selfe, distrest in minde:  
 When shall my interdicted hopes returne,  
 From out dispaire, wherein they liue confinde?  
When shal her troubled brow charg'd with disdaine  
Reueale the treasure which her smiles impart?  
 When shall my faith the happines attaine,  
 To breake the Ice that hath congeald her heart?  
Vnto her selfe, her selfe my loue doth sommon,  
 (If loue in her hath any power to moue,)  
 And let her tell me as she is a woman,  
 Whether my faith hath not deseru'd her loue?  
I know her heart cannot but iudge with me,  
Although her eyes my aduerfaries be.

Sonnet 49. l. 1, 'morne' <sup>1, 2</sup>—cf. Sonnet xvi., l. 2: l. 5, 'troubled' in errata <sup>1</sup>, as dropped: ll. 13, 14—

'I knowe she cannot but must needs confesse it,  
 Yet deignes not with one simple signe t'expresse it' (<sup>1, 2, 3</sup>).

## SONNET. L.

**B**eautie (sweet Loue) is like the morning dew,  
 Whose short refresh vpon the tender greene :  
 Cheeres for a time, but till the Sunne doth shew,  
 And straight tis gone as it had neuer beene.  
 Soone doth it fade that makes the fairest florish,  
 Short is the glory of the blushing Rose :  
The hew which thou so carefully dost norish,  
Yet which at length thou must be forc'd to lose.  
When thou furcharg'd with burthen of thy yeeres,  
Shalt bend thy wrinckles homeward to the earth, <sup>a</sup>  
 And that in Beauties lease expir'd, appears  
 The date of Age, the Kalends of our death.  
 But ah ! no more, this must not be foretold,  
For women grieue to thinke they must be old.

Sonnet 50. ll. 11, 12—

‘ When tyme hath made a passport for thy feares,

Dated in age . . . ’ (1, 2, 3) :

l. 13, ‘ hath beene often tolde ’ 1, 2, 3 : l. 14, ‘ And.’

## SONNET. LI.

**I**Must not grieue my Loue, whose eies would reede  
Lines of delight, whereon her youth might smile :  
 Flowers haue a time before they come to feede,  
And she is yong, and now must sport the while.  
 Ah sport (sweet Maide) in season of these yeares,  
 And learne to gather flowers before they wither :  
 And where the sweetest blossomes first appears,  
 Let loue and youth conduct thy pleasures thither.

Lighten fourth smiles to cleere the clouded aire,  
 And calme the tempest which my sighs doo raise :  
 Pitty and smiles doe best become the faire,  
 Pitty and smiles must onely yeeld thee praise.  
 Make me to say, when all my griefes are gone,  
 Happy the heart that sigh'd for such a one.

Sonnet 51. l. 3, 'a' dropped by *a* inadvertently; l. 5, 'Ah,' <sup>1, 2, 3</sup> accepted for 'And' of *a* and <sup>1, 2</sup>; l. 12, 'shall yeeld thee lasting' <sup>1, 2, 3</sup>; l. 13, 'I hope' <sup>1, 2, 3</sup>.

## SONNET. LII.

*At the Authors going into Italie.*

**A** Nd ~~whither (poore forsaken) wilt thou goe,~~  
~~To goe from sorrow, and thine owne distresse ?~~  
 When eury place presents like face of woe,  
 And no remoue can make thy sorrowes lesse ?  
 Yet goe (forsaken) leaue these Woods, these plaines,  
 Leaue her and all, and all for her that leaues  
 Thee and thy Loue forlorne, and both disdaines :  
 And of both, wrongfull deemes, and ill conceiues.  
 Seeke out some place, and see if any place  
 Can giue the least release vnto thy griefe :  
 Conuay thee from the thought of thy disgrace,  
 Steale from thy selfe, and be thy cares owne thiefe,  
 But yet, what comforts shall I hereby gaine ?  
 Bearing the wound, I needes must feele the paine.

Sonnet 52. Not in <sup>1, 2</sup>; heading accepted from <sup>3</sup>: l. 1, 'O Whether' <sup>3</sup>.

## SONNET. LIII.

¶ *This Sonnet was made at the Author's beeing in  
Italie.*

**D**Rawne with th'attractive vertue of her eyes,  
 My toucht heart turnes it to that happy coast :  
 My ioyfull North, where all my fortune lies,  
 The leuell of my hopes defired most,  
 There where my *Delia* fairer then the Sunne,  
 Deckt with her youth whereon the world doth smile,  
 Ioyes in that honor which her eyes haue wonne,  
 Th'eternall wonder of our happy Ile.  
 Florish faire *Albion*, glory of the North,  
*Neptunes* best darling, held betweene his armes :  
 Diuided from the world, as better worth,  
 Kept for himselfe, defended from all harmes.  
 Still let disarmed peace decke her and thee :  
 And Muse-foe *Mars*, abroad farre fostred bee.

Sonnet 53. Heading from <sup>3</sup> accepted : l. 5, *a* badly misprints 'were' :  
 l. 6, 'fmyleth' <sup>1, 2, 3</sup> : l. 7, 'beautie wonne' <sup>1, 2, 3</sup> : l. 8, 'Th' eternall  
 volume which her fame compyleth' <sup>1, 2</sup> : l. 10, 'Neptunes darling' <sup>1, 2</sup> :  
*ibid.*, misprinted 'arme' in *a*.

## SONNET. LIIII.

**C**Are-charmer Sleepe, sonne of the fable night,  
 Brother to death, in silent darknes borne :  
 Relieue my languish, and restore the light,  
 With darke forgetting of my care returne.  
 And let the day be time enough to mourne  
 The shipwracke of my ill aduentred youth :  
 Let waking eyes suffice to waile their scorne,  
 Without the torment of the nights vntruth.

Cease dreames, th'Images of day desires,  
 To modell forth the passions of the morrow :  
 Neuer let rising Sunne approue you liers,  
 To adde more grieffe to aggrauate my sorrow.  
 Still let me sleepe, imbracing clouds in vaine,  
 And neuer wake to feele the dayes difdaine.

Sonnet 54. l. 5, 'morne' <sup>1, 2</sup>, as before : l. 9, 'th' ymagery of our day' <sup>1, 2, 3</sup>.

## SONNET. LV.

**L** Et others sing of Knights and Palladines ;  
 In aged accents, and vntimely words : *22*  
 Paint shadowes in imaginary lines,  
 VVhich well the reach of their high wits records ;  
 But I must sing of thee, and those faire eies,  
 Autentique shall my verse in time to come,  
 VVhen yet th'vnborne shall say, Lo where she lies,  
 VVhose beauty made him speake that else was  
 dombe. *d*  
 These are the Arkes, the Trophies I erect, *25*  
 That fortifie thy name against old age :  
 And these thy sacred vertues must protect,  
 Against the darke and times consuming rage.  
 Though th'error of my youth in them appeare,  
 Suffice, they shew I liu'd and lou'd thee deare. *e*  
*f*  
*e*  
*f*  
*f*

Sonnet 55. l. 13, 'they shall discover' <sup>1, 2, 3</sup> : l. 14, 'was thy louer'  
<sup>1, 2, 3</sup>.

## SONNET. LVI.

**A**S to the Roman that would free his Land,  
 His error was his honour and renowne :  
 And more the fame of his mistaking hand,  
 Then if he had the tyrant ouer-throwne.  
 So DELIA, hath mine error made me knowne,  
 And my deceiu'd attempt, deseru'd more fame ;  
Then if I had the victory mine owne :  
And thy hard heart had yeelded vp the fame.  
 And so likewise, renownmed is thy blame,  
 Thy cruelty, thy glory ; O strange case  
 That errors should be grac'd that merit shame,  
 And sinne of frownes bring honour to the face.  
 Yet happy DELIA that thou wast vnkind,  
Though happier far if thou wouldst change thy mind.

Sonnet 56. First in <sup>3</sup>: l. 14, 'yet' <sup>3</sup>.

## SONNET. LVII.

**L**Ike as the Lute delights or els dislikes,  
 As is his art that playes vpon the same :  
So founds my Muse according as she strikes  
On my heart-strings high tun'd vnto her fame.  
 Her touch doth cause the warble of the sound,  
 VVhich here I yeeld in lamentable wise :  
A wayling descant on the sweetest ground,  
VVhose due reports giue honor to her eyes.

Elfe harsh my stile, vntunable my Muse,  
Hoarse founds the voyce that prayfeth not her  
 name; 21, 15, 2  
 If any pleasing relifh here I vse,  
Then iudge the world her beauty giues the fame.  
For no ground els could make the Muficke fuch,  
Nor other hand could giue fo true a touch.

Sonnet 57. l. 1, 'that ioyes' <sup>1, 2, 3</sup>: ll. 13, 14—

'O happie ground that makes . . . .

And blessed hand that giues fo sweete' (<sup>1, 2, 3</sup>).

SONNET. LVIII.

**N** One other fame mine vnambitious Muse,  
 Affected euer, but t'eternize thee:  
 All other honors doe my hopes refuse,  
 Which meaner priz'd and momentary bee.  
 For God forbid I should my Papers blot,  
 With mercenary lines, with seruile Pen:  
 Praifing vertues in them that haue them not,  
 Basely attending on the hopes of men.  
 No, no, my Verfe respects not *Thames* nor *Theaters*,  
 Nor seekes it to be knowne vnto the Great,  
 But *Auon* rich in fame, though poore in waters,  
 Shall haue my Song, where *Delia* hath her seat:  
*Auon* shall be my *Thames*, and she my Song,  
No other prouder Brookes shall heare my wrong.

Sonnet 58. l. 11, 'rich' <sup>1, 2, 3</sup>, accepted for 'poore' of <sup>3, 4, 5</sup>, and *a*; also 'though' for 'and': l. 14, 'Ile found her name the Ryuer all along' <sup>1, 2, 3</sup>.

## SONNET. LIX.

**V**Nhappy Pen, and ill-accepted lines  
 That intimate in vaine my chafte desire :  
 My chafte desire, which from darke sorrow shines,  
Inkindled by her eyes celestiall fire.  
 Celestiall fire, and vnrespecting powres  
 Which pittie not the wounds made by their might,  
 Shew'd in these lines, the worke of carefull houres,  
The sacrifice here offred to her sight.  
 But since she weighs them not, this rests for me,  
 Ile mone my selfe, and hide the wrong I haue :  
 And so content me that her frownes should be  
To m'infant stile the Cradle, and the Graue.  
 What though my Mule no honor get thereby,  
Each Bird sings to her selfe, and so will I.

Sonnet 59. l. 1, 'papers' <sup>1, 2, 3</sup>: l. 2, 'defiers' <sup>1, 2, 3</sup>: l. 3, 'defiers,  
 the euer burning tapers' <sup>1, 2, 3</sup>: l. 4, 'fiers' <sup>1, 2, 3</sup>: l. 5, 'fiers' <sup>1, 2, 3</sup>:  
 l. 6, 'That deigne not view the glory of your' <sup>1, 2, 3</sup>: l. 7, 'In humble  
 lines' <sup>1, 2, 3</sup>: l. 8, 'I offer' <sup>1, 2, 3</sup>: l. 9, 'fith' <sup>1, 2, 3</sup>: *ibid.*, 'scornes her  
 owne' <sup>1, 2, 3</sup>: l. 13, 'selfe' <sup>1, 2, 3</sup>.

## SONNET. LX.

**L**O here the impost of a faith entire  
 Which loue doth pay, and her disdaine extorts :  
 Behold the message of a chaste desire  
 Which tells the world how much my grieffe imports.  
 These tributary passions, beauties due,  
 I send those eyes the cabinets of loue :  
That Cruelty her selfe might grieue to view  
Th'affliction her vnkind disdaine doth moue.



And how I liue cast downe from off all myrth,  
Penfiue alone, onely but with Dispaire :  
My ioyes abortiue, perih in their byrth.  
 My griefes long liu'd, and care succeeding care.  
This is my fate, and DELIAS heart is such,  
 I fay no more, I feare I fayd too much.

Sonnet 60. l. 1, 'vnfaining' <sup>1, 2, 3</sup>: l. 2, 'That loue hath paide . . . .  
 extortes' <sup>1, 2, 3</sup>: l. 3, 'my iust complaying' <sup>1, 2, 3</sup>: l. 4, 'That shewes  
 . . . imported' <sup>1, 2, 3</sup>: l. 5, 'plaintes fraught with defire' <sup>1, 2, 3</sup>: l. 7,  
 'The Paradice whereto my hopes aspire' <sup>1, 2, 3</sup>: ll. 8, 9—

' From out this hell, which mine afflictions proue.

Wherein I thus doe liue cast downe from myrth' (<sup>1, 2, 3</sup>):

l. 10, 'none but despayre about mee' <sup>1, 2, 3</sup>: l. 11, 'perisht at' <sup>1, 2, 3</sup>—  
 'perisht' accepted for 'perish' from <sup>4, 5</sup> and *a*: l. 12, 'carres . . . will  
 not dye without mee' <sup>1, 2, 3</sup>: 'Finis' <sup>1, 2, 3</sup>: l. 14, qu.—'I've'?

The Ode and other related Poems appended will be found under 'IX.  
 Occasional Poems.'



III.

THE COMPLAINT OF ROSAMOND.

1592.

NOTE.

As shown by the title-pages of 1592 (1st and 2nd edition), the 'Complaint of Rosamond' accompanied the 'Sonnets to Delia'; and so in <sup>3</sup>, <sup>4</sup>, <sup>5</sup>, and *a*. Our text (as throughout) is the 4to of 1623; but underneath the various readings, additions, etc., of the earlier texts are recorded.

In 1594 edition (Malone 354) on last leaf (verso) the following notes are written:—

EPITAPHIUM.

Hic jacet in tombo Rosa mundi non Rosa munda.  
Non redolet sed olet, quæ redolere solet.

Heer lyes intoumbd w<sup>th</sup>in this compast stone,  
ffayre *Rosamond*, not nowe the world's fayre rose;  
Who whilome sweetest smelt, follow'd by none,  
Doth nowe w<sup>th</sup> deadly staunch infest y<sup>e</sup> nose.

F. L.

AND

This marble stone doth heere enclose  
The worlds fayre not now sweete rose,  
In whome too late the worlds repose  
Doth nowe w<sup>th</sup> finch offende the nose.

F. d.

See Memorial-Introduction on Mr. J. Payne Collier's reprints of the early texts of the 'Complaint.'

A. B. G



THE  
COMPLAINT OF  
*Rosamond.*

O Vt from the horror of infernall deepes,  
My poore afflicted ghost comes here to plain it,  
Attended with my shame that neuer sleepes,  
The spot wherewith my kind, and youth did staine it.  
My body found a graue where to containe it :

A sheete could hide my face, but not my sin,  
For Fame findes neuer Tombe t'inclose it in.

And which is worse, my foule is now denied,  
Her transport to the sweet Elifian rest,  
The ioyfull blisse for Ghosts repurified, 10  
The euer-springing Gardens of the blest :  
*Caron* denies me waftage with the rest.

And faies my foule can neuer passe the Riuier,  
Till Louers fighs on earth shall it deliuer.

So shall I neuer passe ; for how should I  
Procure this sacrifice amongst the liuing ?  
Time hath long since worne out the memorie  
Both of my life, and liues vniust depriuing :  
Sorrow for me is dead for aye reuiuing.

*Rosamond* hath little left her but her name, 20  
And that disgrac'd, for time hath wrong'd the fame.

l. 4, , accepted from <sup>1</sup>, <sup>2</sup>: also : after 'it' for . : l. 9, 'Elifian' <sup>1</sup>: l. 18,  
: for <sup>1</sup>, <sup>2</sup>, <sup>3</sup>.

No Muse suggests the pittie of my case,  
 Each Pen doth ouerpasse my iust complaint,  
 Whilst others are prefer'd, though farre more base ;  
*Shores* wife is grac'd, and passes for a Saint ;  
 Her Legend iustifies her foule attaint.

Ever well-told tale did such compassion finde,  
 That she is pass'd, and I am left behinde.

Which seene with grieffe, my miserable Ghost,  
 (Whilome inuested in so faire a vaile, 30  
 Which whilst it liu'd, was honoured of the most,  
 And being dead, giues matter to bewaile,  
 Comes to sollicite thee, (whilst others faile)  
 To take this taske, and in thy wofull song  
 To forme my case, and register my wrong.

Although I know thy iust lamenting Muse,  
 Toill'd in th'affliction of thine owne distresse,  
 In others cares hath little time to vse,  
 And therefore maist esteeme of mine the lesse :  
 Yet as thy hopes attend happy redresse, 40  
 The ioyes depending on a womans grace,  
 So moue thy minde a wofull womans case.

*Delia* may hap to deigne to reade our Story,  
 And offer vp her sighs among the rest,  
 Whose merit would suffice for both our glory,  
 Whereby thou might'st be grac'd and I be blest ;  
 That indulgence would profit me the best.

Such powre she hath by whom thy youth is led,  
 To ioy the liuing, and to blesse the dead.

1. 27, hyphen accepted <sup>1, 2, 3</sup>: 1. 33, 'since' <sup>1, 2, 3</sup>: 1. 37, 'affliction'  
 accepted <sup>1, 2, 3</sup>, for 'affection': 1. 43, 'deynge' <sup>1, 2</sup>.

So I (through beauty) made the wofull'ft wight, 50  
 By beauty might haue comfort after death :  
 That dying faireft, by the faireft might  
 Finde life aboue on earth, and reft beneath.  
 She that can bleffe vs with one happy breath,  
 Giue comfort to thy Mufe to doe her beft,  
 That thereby thou mayft ioy, and I might reft.

Thus faid : forthwith mou'd with a tender care,  
 And pittie (which my felfe could neuer find,)  
 What ſhe defir'd, my Mufe deign'd to declare,  
 And therefore, will'd her boldly tell her mind. 60  
 And I (more willing) tooke this charge affign'd,  
 Because her griefes were worthy to be knowne,  
 And telling hers, might hap forget mine owne.

Then write (quoth ſhe) the ruine of my youth,  
 Report the downe-fall of my flippry ftate :  
 Of all my life reueale the fimple truth,  
 To teach to others what I learnt too late.  
 Exemplifie my frailtie, tell how Fate  
 Keepes in eternall darke our fortunes hidden,  
 And ere they come to know them tis forbidden. 70

For whilft the Sun-ſhine of my fortune laſted,  
 I ioy'd the happieft warmth, the ſweeteſt heate  
 That euer yet imperious beauty taſted,  
 I had what glory euer fleſh could get :  
 But this faire morning had a ſhamefull ſet.  
 Diſgrace dark'd honour, finne did cloude my brow,  
 As note the ſequell, and Ile tell thee how.

The blood I stain'd, was good and of the best,  
 My birth had honour, and my beauty fame :  
 Nature and Fortune ioynd to make me blest. 80  
 Had I had grace t'haue knowne to vse the fame.  
 My education shew'd from whence I came,  
 And all concurr'd to make me happy furst,  
 That so great hope might make me more accurst.

Happy liu'd I whilst parents eye did guide  
 The indiscretion of my feeble wayes,  
 And Countrey-home kept me from being eide,  
 Where best vnknowne I spent my sweetest daies :  
 Till that my friends mine honour sought to raise  
 To higher place, which greater credit yeelds, 90  
 Deeming such beauty was vnfit for fields.

From Countrey then to Court I was prefer'd  
 From calme to stormes, from shore into the deepes :  
 There where I perisht, where my youth first err'd,  
 There where I lost the floure which honour keeps,  
 There where the worser thriues, the better weepes ;  
 Ah me (poore wench) on this vnhappy shelfe,  
 I grounded me, and cast away my selfe.

There whereas fraile and tender beauty stands,  
 With all affaulting powres inuironed ; 100  
 Hauing but prayers and weake feeble hands  
 To hold their honours Fort vnuanquished ;  
 There where to stand, and be vnconquered,  
 Is to b'aboue the nature of our kinde,  
 That cannot long for pittie be vnkinde.

l. 98, ,<sup>1</sup>, <sup>2</sup>, <sup>3</sup>, accepted : ll. 99—105 first inserted in <sup>4</sup> are reprinted in <sup>5</sup>,  
 though left out in 1599 edition, but again in 1605.



For thither com'd, when yeeres had arm'd my youth,  
 With rarest prooffe of beauty euer seene :  
 When my reuiuing eie had learnt the truth,  
 That it had powre to make the winter greene,  
 And floure affections whereas none had beene ;     110  
     Soone could I teach my brow to tyrannize,  
     And make the world doe homage to mine eyes.

For age I saw (though yeeres with cold conceit,  
 Congeal'd their thoughts against a warme desire,)  
 Yet figh their want, and looke at such a baite ;  
 I saw how youth was waxe before the fire ;  
 I saw by stealth, I fram'd my looke a lyre.  
     Yet well perceiu'd, how Fortune made me then  
     The enuie of my sexe, and wonder vnto men.

Looke how a Comet at the first appearing,     120  
 Drawes all mens eyes with wonder to behold it ;  
 Or as the saddest tale at sudden hearing,  
 Makes silent listning vnto him that told it,  
 So did my speech when Rubies did vnfold it ;  
     So did the blazing of my blush appeare,  
     T'amaze the world, that holdes such fights so deere.

Ah beauty Syren, faire enchanting good,  
 Sweet silent Rhetorique of perfwading eyes :  
 Dombé Eloquence, whose powre doth moue the bloud,  
 More then the words or wisedome of the wife ;     130  
 Still harmony, whose Diapason lyes  
     Within a brow, the key which passions moue,  
     To rauish sence, and play a world in loue.

What might I then not doe whose powre was such ?  
 What cannot women doe that know their powre ?  
 What women knowes it not (I feare too much)  
 How bliffe or bale lyes in their laugh or lowre ?  
 Whilst they inioy their happy blooming flowre,  
     Whilst Nature decks them in their best attires  
     Of youth and beauty, which the world admires. 140

Such one was I, my beauty was mine owne,  
 No borrowed blush which bank-rot beauties seeke :  
 That new-found shame, a sinne to vs vnknowne,  
 Th'adulterate beauty of a falsed cheeke :  
 Vilde staine to honour, and to women eeke,  
     Seeing that time our fading must detect,  
     Thus with defect to couer our defect.

Impietie of times, Chastities abator,  
 Falshood, wherein thy selfe thy selfe deniest :  
 Treason to counterfeit the seale of Nature, 150  
 The stampe of heauen, impressed by the highest.  
 Disgrace vnto the world, to whom thou liest,  
     Idoll vnto thy selfe, shame to the wife,  
     And all that honour thee Idolatrise.

Farre was that sinne from vs whose age was pure,  
 VVhen simple beauty was accounted best,  
 The time when women had no other lure  
 But modestie, pure cheekes, a vertuous brest :  
 This was the pompe wherewith my youth was blest.  
     These were the weapons which mine honour wonne,  
     In all the conflicts which mine eyes begunne. 161

l. 139, 'her' (*bis*) 'proper fayre' <sup>1, 2, 3</sup>: l. 140, 'Which cheeres the worlde, ioyes each fight, sweetens th'ayre' <sup>1, 2, 3</sup> (in <sup>2</sup> misprinted 'arye') : l. 152, , <sup>1, 2, 3</sup>, for . : l. 158, : <sup>1, 2, 3</sup> for . : l. 160, spelt 'wunne' <sup>1, 2</sup>: 'wun' <sup>3</sup>.

VVhich were not small; I wrought on no meane obiect,  
 A Crowne was at my feete, Scepters obey'd me :  
 VVhom Fortune made my King, Loue made my Subiect,  
 VVho did command the Land, most humbly pray'd me :  
*Henry* the second, that so highly weigh'd me,  
 Found well (by prooffe) the priuiledge of beauty,  
 That it had powre to counter-maund all duty.

For after all his victories in *France*,  
 And all the triumphs of his honour wonne : 170  
 VVnmatcht by fword, was vanquisht by a glance,  
 And hotter warres within his breast begunne.  
 VVarres, whom whole legions of defires drew on :  
 Against all which, my chastitie contends,  
 VVith force of honour, which my shame defends.

No Armour might be found that could defend,  
 Transparencing raies of cristall poynted eyes :  
 No stratagem, no reason could amend,  
 No not his age ; (yet old men should be wife)  
 But shewes deceiue, outward appearance lies. 180  
 Let none for seeming so, thinke Saints of others,  
 For all are men, and all haue suckt their mothers.

VVho would haue thought a Monarch would haue euer  
 Obey'd his hand-maide of so meane estate ;  
 Vulture ambition feeding on his liuer,  
 Age hauing worne his pleasures out of date.  
 But hap comes neuer, or it comes too late,  
 For such a dainty which his youth found not,  
 Vnto his feeble age did chance allot.

l. 163, :<sup>1</sup>,<sup>2</sup>,<sup>3</sup> for , : and so l. 165 : l. 170, 'Tryumphing in the honour of his deedes'<sup>1</sup>,<sup>2</sup>,<sup>3</sup> : l. 172, 'bofome breeds'<sup>1</sup>,<sup>2</sup>,<sup>3</sup> : l. 173, 'defires feedes'<sup>1</sup>,<sup>2</sup>,<sup>3</sup> : l. 174, 'opposes'<sup>1</sup>,<sup>2</sup>,<sup>3</sup> : l. 175, 'The felde of honour vertue neuer loses'<sup>1</sup>,<sup>2</sup>,<sup>3</sup> : l. 184, 'a state'<sup>1</sup>,<sup>2</sup>.

Ah Fortune, neuer absolutely good, 190  
 For that some croffe still counter-checks our lucke ;  
 As here behold th'incompatible blood,  
 Of age and youth was that whereon we stucke :  
 VVhose lothing, we from Natures breasts doe sucke,  
 As opposite to what our bloud requires ;  
 For equall age, doth equall like desires.

But mighty men, in highest honour fitting,  
 Nought but applause and pleasure can behold :  
 Sooth'd in their liking, carelesse what is fitting,  
 May not be suffred once to thinke the'are old : 200  
 Not trusting what they see, but what is told.  
 Miserable fortune to forget so farre  
 The state of flesh, and what our frailties are.

Yet must I needs excuse so great defect ;  
 For drinking of the *Lethe* of mine eies,  
 H'is forc'd forget himselfe, and all respect  
 Of maiesty, whereon his state relies :  
 And now of loues and pleasures must deuise.  
 For thus reuiu'd againe, he serues and su'th,  
 And seekes all meanes to vndermine my youth. 210

Which neuer by assault he could recouer,  
 So well incamp'd in strength of chaste desires :  
 My cleane-arm'd thoughts repell'd an vnchaste louer.  
 The Crowne that could command what it requires,  
 I lesser priz'd then Chastities attires.  
 Th'vnstained vaile, which innocents adornes,  
 Th'vngathred Rose, defended with the thornes.

And fafe mine honor flood, till that in truth,  
 One of my Sexe, of place and nature bad,  
 Was fet in ambush to intrap my youth. 220  
 One in the habit of like frailtie clad,  
 One who the liu'ry of like weakenesse had.  
 A feeming Matron, yet a finfull Monster,  
 As by her words the Chafter fort may confter.

She fet vpon me with the smootheft speech  
 That Court and age could cunningly deuife :  
 Th'one authentique, made her fit to teach,  
 The other learn'd her how to subtilife.  
 Both were enough to circumuent the wife.  
 A document that well might teach the sage, 230  
 That there's no truft in youth, nor hope in age.

Daughter (faid ſhe) behold thy happy chance,  
 That haſt the lot caſt downe into thy lap,  
 Whereby thou may'ſt thy honor great aduance,  
 Whilſt thou (vnhappy) wilt not ſee thy hap :  
 Such fond reſpect thy youth doth ſo inwrap,  
 T'oppoſe thy ſelfe againſt thine owne good fortune,  
 That poynts thee out, and ſemes thee to importune.

Dooſt thou not ſee, how that thy King (thy *Ioue*)  
 Lightens forth glory on thy darke eſtate : 240  
 And ſhowers downe gold and treaſure from aboue,  
 Whilſt thou dooſt ſhut thy lap againſt thy Fate ?  
 Fie Fondling fie, thou wilt repent too late  
 The error of thy youth ; that canſt not ſee  
 What is the Fortune that doth follow thee.

l. 230, 'may' <sup>1</sup>, <sup>2</sup>, <sup>3</sup>: l. 232, 'faith' <sup>1</sup>, <sup>2</sup>.

Thou must not thinke thy flower can alwayes flourish,  
 And that thy beauty will be still admired ;  
 But that those raies which all these flames doe nourish,  
 Cancell'd with Time, will haue their date expired,  
 And men will scorne what now is so desired. 250

Our frailties doome is written in the flowers,  
 Which flourish now, and fade ere many howers.

Reade in my face the ruines of my youth,  
 The wracke of yeeres vpon my aged brow ;  
 I haue beene faire (I must confesse the truth)  
 And stood vpon as nice respects as thou ;  
 I lost my time, and I repent it now.

But were I to beginne my youth againe,  
 I would redeeme the time I spent in vaine.

But thou hast yeeres and priuiledge to vse them, 260  
 Thy priuiledge doth beare Beauties great feale ;  
 Besides, the Law of Nature doth excuse them,  
 To whom thy youth may haue a iust appeale.  
 Esteeme not Fame more then thou dost thy weale.

Fame (whereof the world seemes to make such choice)  
 Is but an Eccho, and an idle voice.

Then why should this respect of honor bound vs,  
 In th'imaginarie lifts of Reputation ?  
 Titles which cold feueritie hath found vs,  
 Breath of the vulgar, foe to recreation : 270  
 Melancholies opinion, Customes relation ;  
 Pleasures plague, beauties scourge, hell to the faire,  
 To leaue the sweet for Castles in the aire.

Pleasure is felt, opinion but conceau'd,  
 Honor, a thing without vs, not our owne :  
 Whereof we see how many are bereau'd,  
 Which should haue reap'd the glory they had sowne :  
 And many haue it, yet vnworthy, knowne.

So breathes his blast this many-headed beaft,  
 Whereof the wisest haue esteemed least. 280

The subtill City-women, better learned,  
 Esteeme them chaste enough that best seeme so :  
 Who though they sport, it shall not be discerned,  
 Their face bewraies not what their bodies do ;  
 Tis warie walking that doth safelyest go,  
 With shew of Vertue, as the cunning knowes :  
 Babes are beguild with sweets, and men with showes.

Then vse thy tallent, youth shall be thy warrant,  
 And let not honor from thy sports detract :  
 Thou must not fondly thinke thy selfe transparant, 290  
 That those who see thy face can iudge thy fact ;  
 Let her haue shame that cannot closely act.

And seeme the chaste, which is the chiefeest arte,  
 For what we seeme each sees, none knowes our hart.

The mightie who can with such finnes dispence,  
 In steed of shame doe honors great bestow,  
 A worthie author doth redeeme th'offence,  
 And makes the scarlet finne as white as snow.

The Maiestie that doth descend so low,  
 Is not defilde, but pure remaines therein : 300  
 And being sacred, sanctifies the sin.

l. 279, 'blasts' <sup>1</sup>, <sup>2</sup> : l. 291, 'the' <sup>1</sup>, <sup>3</sup> : l. 294, 'sees' <sup>1</sup>, <sup>3</sup>, accepted for  
 'see' : ll. 295—301 from <sup>1</sup>, <sup>2</sup>, <sup>3</sup> : l. 298, misprinted 'sarelet.'

What, doost thou stand on this, that he is old ?  
 Thy beautie hath the more to worke vpon ;  
 Thy pleasures want shall be supplide with gold,  
 Cold age dotes most when heate of youth is gone :  
 Enticing words preuaile with such a one.

Alluring shewes most deepe impreffion strikes,  
 For age is prone to credit what it likes.

Here interrupt, she leaues me in a doubt,  
 When loe beganne the cumbat in my blood : 310  
 Seeing my youth inuiron'd round about,  
 The ground vncertaine where my reasons stood ;  
 Small my defence to make my party good,  
 Against such powers which were so surely laid,  
 To ouerthrow a poore vnskillfull Maide.

Treason was in my bones, my selfe conspiring,  
 To sell my selfe to lust, my soule to sin :  
 Pure-blushing shame was euen in retiring,  
 Leauing the sacred hold it glori'd in.  
 Honor lay prostrate for my flesh to win, 320  
 When cleaner thoughts my weakenesse gan vpbray  
 Against my selfe, and shame did force me say ;

Ah *Rofamond*, what doth thy flesh prepare ?  
 Destruction to thy dayes, death to thy fame :  
 Wilt thou betray that honor held with care,  
 T'entombe with blacke reproch a spotted name ?  
 Leauing thy blush the colours of thy shame ?  
 Opening thy feete to finne, thy soule to lust,  
 Gracelesse to lay thy glory in the dust ?

1. 321, 'can' 1, 2. See Glossarial-Index, s.v.



Nay first let th'earth gape wide to swallow thee, 330  
 And shut thee vp in bosome with her dead,  
 Ere Serpent tempt thee taste forbidden Tree,  
 Or feele the warmth of an vnlawfull bed ;  
 Suffring thy selfe by lust to be misled ;  
 So to disgrace thy selfe and grieue thine heires,  
 That *Cliffords* race should scorne thee one of theirs.

Neuer wish longer to enioy the Aire,  
 Then that thou breath'ft the breath of Chastitie :  
 Longer then thou preferu'ft thy soule as faire  
 As is thy face, free from impuritie. 340  
 Thy face, that makes th'admir'd in euery eie,  
 Where Natures care such rarities inroule ;  
 Which v'd amisse, may serue to damne thy soule.

But what? he is my King, and may constraîne me,  
 Whether I yeeld or not, I liue defamed.  
 The World will thinke Authoritie did gaine me,  
 I shall be iudg'd his Loue, and so be shamed :  
 We see the faire condemn'd, that neuer gamed.  
 And if I yeeld, tis honorable shame,  
 If not, I liue disgrac'd, yet thought the same. 350

What way is left thee then (vnhappy Maide)  
 Whereby thy spotlesse foote may wander out  
 This dreadfull danger, which thou seest is laide,  
 Wherein thy shame doth compasse thee about?  
 Thy simple yeeres cannot resolue this doubt.  
 Thy Youth can neuer guide thy foote so euen,  
 But (in despite) some scandall will be giuen.

Thus stood I ballanc'd equally precize,  
 Till my fraile flesh did weigh me downe to fin ;  
 Till world and pleasure made me partialize, 360  
 And glittering pompe my vanitie did win,  
 When to excuse my fault my lusts begin.

And impious thoughts alledg'd this wanton clause,  
 That though I finn'd, my sinne had honest cause.

So well the golden balles cast downe before me,  
 Could entertaine my course, hinder my way :  
 Whereat my wretchlesse youth stooping to store me,  
 Loft me the Goale, the Glory and the Day.  
 Pleasure had fet my well school'd thoughts to play,  
 And bade me vse the vertue of mine eies, 370  
 For sweetly it fits the faire to wantonife.

Thus wrought to sinne, soone was I train'd from Court,  
 T'a follitarie Grange, there to attend  
 The time the King should thither make resort,  
 Where he Loues long-desired worke should end.  
 Thither he daily messages doth send,  
 With costly Jewels (Orators of Loue,)  
 Which (ah, too well men know) doe women moue.

The day before the night of my defeature,  
 He greetes me with a Casket richly wrought ; 380  
 So rare, that Arte did seeme to striue with Nature,  
 T'expresse the cunning Worke-mans curious thought ;  
 The mysterie whereof I prying sought,  
 And found engrauen on the lid aboute,  
*Amymone*, how she with *Neptune* stroue.

*Aymone*, old *Danaus* fairest Daughter,  
 As she was fetching water all alone  
 At *Lerna* : whereas *Neptune* came and caught her :  
 From whom she striu'd and struggled to be gone,  
 Beating the aire with cries and piteous mone ; 390  
 But all in vaine, with him she's forc'd to go ;  
 Tis shame that men should vse poore maidens fo.

There might I see described how she lay,  
 At those proude feete, not satisfied with prayer :  
 Wayling her heauy hap, curfing the day,  
 In act so pitious to expresse despaire.  
 And by how much more grieu'd, so much more faire.  
 Her teares vpon her cheekes (poore carefull Gerle,)  
 Did seeme against the Sunne Christall and Pearle :

Whose pure cleere streames (which lo so faire appears)  
 Wrought hotter flames (O miracle of Loue 401  
 That kindles fire in water, heate in teares,  
 And makes neglected beauty mightier proue,  
 Teaching afflicted eyes affects to moue ;)  
 To shew that nothing ill becomes the faire,  
 But cruelty, which yeelds vnto no prayer.

This hauing view'd, and therewith something moued,  
 Figured I finde within the other squares,  
 Transformed *Io*, *Ioues* deerely loued,  
 In her affliction how she strangely fares. 410  
 Strangely distress'd (O beauty, borne to cares)  
 Turn'd to a Heiffer, kept with ieaious eyes,  
 Alwayes in danger of her hatefull spies.

l. 390, 'Beating' <sup>1, 2, 3</sup>, accepted for 'Bathing' of *a* : l. 391, 'sh'is' <sup>1, 2, 3</sup> :  
 l. 404, ) inserted instead of after l. 401 at 'Loue' : l. 406, 'that' <sup>1, 2, 3</sup> :  
 l. 408, 'found' <sup>1, 2</sup>.

These prefidents presented to my view,  
 Wherein the prefage of my fall was showne,  
 Might haue fore-warn'd me well what would enfue,  
 And others harmes haue made me fhun mine owne.  
 But Fate is not preuented, though foreknowne.

For that muft hap, decreed by heauenly powers,  
 Who worke our fall, yet make the fault ftill ours. 420

Witneffe the world, wherein is nothing rifer,  
 Then miferies vnken'd before they come :  
 Who can the Characters of chaunce decipher,  
 Written in cloudes of our concealed dome ?  
 Which though perhaps haue beene reueal'd to fome,  
 Yet that fo doubtfull (as successe did proue them)  
 That men muft know they haue the Heau'ns aboue  
 them.

I faw the finne wherein my foote was entring,  
 I faw how that difhonour did attend it,  
 I faw the fhame whereon my flesh was ventring, 430  
 Yet had I not the power for to defend it.  
 So weake is fence, when error hath condemn'd it.  
 We fee what's good, and thereto we confent,  
 But yet we choofe the worft, and foone repent.

And now I come to tell the worft of illneffe,  
 Now drawes the date of mine affliction neere.  
 Now when the darke had wrapt vp all in ftillneffe,  
 And dreadfull blacke had difpoffest the cleere,  
 Com'd was the Night (mother of fleepe and feare)  
 Who with her fable-mantle friendly couers 440  
 The sweet-ftolne fport of ioyfull meeting Louers.

ll. 433-4, 'vs', 2: added 'confent,' 'repent.'

When lo, I ioy'd my Louer, not my Loue,  
 And felt the hand of lust most vndefired :  
 Enforc'd th'vnprooued bitter sweet to proue,  
 Which yeeldes no naturall pleasure when tis hired.  
 Loue's not constrain'd, nor yet of due required.

Iudge they who are vnfortunately wed,  
 What tis to come vnto a loathed bed.

But soone his age receiu'd his short contenting,  
 And sleepe seal'd vp his languishing desires : 450  
 When he turnes to his rest, I to repenting,  
 Into my selfe my waking thought retires :  
 My nakednesse had prou'd my fences liers.

Now opned were mine eyes to looke therein ;  
 For first we taste the fruit, then see our sin.

Now did I finde my selfe vnparadis'd,  
 From those pure fields of my so cleane beginning :  
 Now I perceiu'd how ill I was aduif'd,  
 My flesh gan loathe the new-felt touch of finning ;  
 Shame leaues vs by degrees, not at first winning. 460

For Nature checks a new offence with loathing,  
 But vse of finne doth make it seeme as nothing.

And vse of finne did worke in me a boldnesse,  
 And loue in him, incorporates such zeale,  
 That ieaousie increas'd with ages coldnesse,  
 Fearing to loose the ioy of all his weale ;  
 Or doubting time his stealth might else reueale,  
 H'is driuen to deuise some subtill way,  
 How he might safelyest keepe so rich a pray.

l. 454, ; added for , : and so ll. 466, 474, 482.

A stately Pallace he forthwith did build, 470  
 Whose intricate innumerable wayes  
 With such confused errorrs, so beguilde  
 Th'vnguided Entrers, with vncertaine strayes,  
 And doubtfull turnings, kept them in delayes ;  
 With bootelesse labor leading them about,  
 Able to finde no way, nor in, nor out.

Within the closed bosome of which frame,  
 That seru'd a Centre to that goodly Round,  
 Were lodgings, with a Garden to the same,  
 With sweetest flowers that eu'r adorn'd the ground, 480  
 And all the pleasures that delight hath found,  
 T'entertaine the sence of wanton eies ;  
 Fuell of Loue, from whence lusts flames arise.

Here I inclos'd from all the world asunder,  
 The Minotaure of shame kept for disgrace,  
 The Monster of Fortune, and the worlds wonder,  
 Liu'd cloistred in so desolate a case :  
 None but the King might come into the place,  
 With certaine Maides that did attend my neede,  
 And he himselfe came guided by a threed. 490

O Iealoufie, daughter of Enuie and Loue,  
 Most wayward issue of a gentle Sire ;  
 Fostred with feares, thy fathers ioyes t'improue,  
 Mirth-marring Monster, borne a subtill lier ;  
 Hatefull vnto thy selfe, flying thine owne desire :  
 Feeding vpon suspect that doth renue thee,  
 Happy were Louers if they neuer knew thee.

Thou hast a thousand Gates thou entereft by,  
 Condemning trembling passions to our hart ;  
 Hundred ey'd *Argus*, euer waking Spie, 500  
 Pale Hagge, infernall Furie, pleasures smart,  
 Enuious Obseruer, prying in euery part ;  
 Suspicious, fearefull, gazing still about thee,  
 O would to God that loue could be without thee.

Thou didst depriue (through false suggesting feare)  
 Him of content, and me of libertie :  
 The onely good that women hold so deere,  
 And turnst my freedome to captiuitie,  
 First made a prisoner, ere anemie.

Enioyn'd the ranfome of my bodies shame, 510  
 Which though I paid, could not redeeme the fame.

What greater torment euer could haue beene,  
 Then to inforce the faire to liue retir'd ?  
 For what is beauty if it bee not seene ?  
 Or what is't to be seene if not admir'd ?  
 And though admir'd, vnlesse in loue desir'd ?

Neuer were cheekes of Roses, locks of Amber,  
 Ordain'd to liue imprison'd in a Chamber.

Nature created beauty for the view,  
 (Like as the Fire for heate, the Sunne for light :) 520  
 The faire doe hold this priuiledge as due  
 By ancient Charter, to liue most in fight,  
 And she that is debar'd it, hath not right.

In vaine our friends from this, doe vs dehort,  
 For Beauty will be where is most resort.

l. 515, 'vnlesse' <sup>1, 2, 3</sup>: l. 524, 'in this vse dehorting' <sup>1, 2, 3</sup>: l. 525  
 'resorting' <sup>1, 2, 3</sup>.

Witnesse the fairest streetes that Thames doth visit,  
 The wondrous concourse of the glittering Faire :  
 For what rare woman deckt with beauty is it,  
 That thither couets not to make repaire ?  
 The sollitary Countrey may not stay her. 530  
     Here is the centre of all beauties best,  
     Excepting *Delia*, left t'adorne the West.

Here doth the curious with iudiciall eies,  
 Contemplate Beauty gloriously attired :  
 And herein all our chieftest glory lies,  
 To liue where we are prais'd and most desired.  
 O how we ioy to see our felues admired,  
     Whilst niggardly our fauours we discouer :  
     We loue to be belou'd, yet scorne the Louer.

Yet would to God my foote had neuer mou'd 540  
 From Countrey-safety, from the fields of rest :  
 To know the danger to be highly lou'd,  
 And liue in pompe to braue among the best :  
 Happy for me, better had I beene blest,  
     If I vnluckily had neuer straide,  
     But liu'd at home a happy Countrey Maide.

Whose vnaffected innocencie thinks  
 No guilefull fraude, as doth the Courtly liuer :  
 Shee's deckt with truth ; the Riuer where she drinks  
 Doth ferue her for her glasse, her Counsell-giuer ; 550  
 She loues sincerely, and is loued euer.

    Her dayes are peace, and so she endes her breath,  
     (True life that knowes not what's to die till death.)

l. 531, mis-spelt 'beatties,' and l. 532, 'Delea' in *a*: l. 549, ; for , inserted.



So should I neuer haue beene registred,  
 In the blacke booke of the vnfortunate :  
 Nor had my name inrol'd with maides misled,  
 Which bought their pleasures at so hie a rate.  
 Nor had I taught, (through my vnhappy fate)  
 This Lesson (which my selfe learn't with expence)  
 How most it hurts, that most delights the sence. 560

Shame followes finne, disgrace is duely giuen,  
 Impietie will out, neuer so closely done :  
 No walles can hide vs from the eye of Heauen,  
 For shame must end what wickednesse begun ;  
 Forth breakes reproch when we least thinke thereon,  
 And this is euer proper vnto Courts,  
 That nothing can be done, but Fame reports.

Fame doth explore what lies most secret hidden,  
 Entring the Clofet of the Pallace dweller :  
 Abroade reuealing what is most forbidden. 570  
 Of truth and falshood both an equall teller,  
 Tis not a guard can serue for to expell her.  
 The Sword of Iustice cannot cut her Wings,  
 Nor stop her mouth from vt't'ring secret things.

And this our stealth she could not long conceale,  
 From her whom such a forfeit most concerned :  
 The wronged Queene, who could so closely deale,  
 That she the whole of all our practise learned,  
 And watcht a time when least it was discerned,  
 In absence of the King to wreake her wrong, 580  
 With such reuenge as she desired long.

The Labyrinth she entred by that Threed,  
 That seru'd a conduct to my absent Lord,  
 Left there by chance, referu'd for such a deed,  
 Where she surpriz'd me whom she so abhor'd.  
 Enrag'd with madnesse, scarce she speakes a word,  
     But flies with eager furie to my face,  
     Offering me most vnwomanly disgrace.

Looke how a Tygresse that hath lost her Whelpe,  
 Runnes fiercely ranging through the Woods astray: 590  
 And seeing her selfe depriu'd of hope or helpe,  
 Furiously assaults what's in her way,  
 To satisfie her wrath, (not for a pray)  
     So fell she on me in outragious wife,  
     As could Disdaine and Iealousie deuise.

And after all her vile reproches vsde,  
 She forc'd me take the Poyson she had brought,  
 To end the life that had her so abusde,  
 And free her feares, and ease her ieaious thought.  
 No cruelty her wrath could leaue vnwrought,      600  
     No spitefull act that to Reuenge is common ;  
     (No beast being fiercer then a ieaious woman.)

Here take (faith she) thou impudent vncleane,  
 Base gracelesse Strumpet, take this next your heart ;  
 Your Love-ficke heart, that ouer-charg'd hath beene  
 With Pleasures surfeit, must be purg'd with Art.  
 This potion hath a power that will conuart  
     To naught, those humors that oppresse you so.  
 And (Gerle) Ile see you take it ere I go.

What, stand you now amaz'd, retire you backe ? 610  
 Tremble you (Minion ?) come, dispatch with speed ;  
 There is no helpe, your Champion now you lacke,  
 And all these teares you shed will nothing speed ;  
 Those dainty fingers needes must doe the deed.  
 Take it, or I will drench you else by force,  
 And trifle not, lest that I vse you worse.

Hauing this bloody doome from hellish breath,  
 My wofull eyes on euery side I cast :  
 Rigor about me, in my hand my death,  
 Presenting me the horror of my last : 620  
 All hope of pittie and of comfort past.  
 No meanes, no power ; no forces to contend,  
 My trembling hands must giue my selfe my end.

Those hands that beauties ministers had bin,  
 They must giue death, that me adorn'd of late,  
 That mouth that newly gaue consent to sin,  
 Must now receiue destruction in thereat,  
 That body which my lust did violate,  
 Must sacrifice it selfe t'appease the wrong.  
 (So short is pleasure, glory lasts not long.) 630

And she no sooner saw I had it taken,  
 But forth she rushes (proud with victorie)  
 And leaues m'alone, of all the world forsaken,  
 Except of Death, which she had left with me.  
 (Death and my selfe alone together be.)  
 To whom she did her full reuenge refer.  
 Oh poore weake conquest both for him and her.

ll. 617—770 first appeared in <sup>3</sup>, and reprinted in <sup>4</sup> and <sup>5</sup>: also in 1599 and 1605.

Then straight my Conscience summons vp my finne,  
 T'appare before me in a hideous face ;  
 Now doth the terror of my soule beginne, 640  
 When eu'ry corner of that hatefull place  
 Dictates mine error, and reueales disgrace ;  
 Whilst I remaine opprest in euery part,  
 Death in my body, Horror at my hart.

Downe on my bed my loathsome selfe I cast,  
 The bed that likewise giues in euidence  
 Against my soule, and tels I was vnchast ;  
 Tels I was wanton, tels I followed fence,  
 And therefore cast, by guilt of mine offence ;  
 Must here the right of Heauen needes satisfie, 650  
 And where I wanton lay, must wretched die.

Here I beganne to waile my hard mishap,  
 My sudden, strange vnlookt for misery,  
 Accusing them that did my youth intrap,  
 To giue me such a fall of infamy.  
 And poore distressed *Rofamond* (said I)  
 Is this thy glory got, to die forlorne  
 In Defarts where no eare can heare thee mourne ?

Nor any eye of pittie to behold  
 The wofull end of my sad tragedie ; 660  
 But that thy wrongs vnseene, thy tale vntold,  
 Must here in secret filence buried lie.  
 And with thee, thine excufe together die.  
 Thy finne reueal'd, but thy repentance hid,  
 Thy shame aliue, but dead what thy death did.

Yet breathe out to these Walles the breath of mone,  
 Tell th'Aaire thy plaints, since men thou canst not tell.  
 And though thou perish desolate alone,  
 Tell yet thy selfe, what thy selfe knowes too well :  
 Vtter thy grieffe wherewith thy foule doth swell. 670  
 And let thy heart pittie thy hearts remorse,  
 And be thy selfe the mourner and the corse.

Condole thee here, clad all in blacke dispaire,  
 With silence onely, and a dying bed ;  
 Thou that of late, so flourishing, so faire,  
 Did'st glorious liue, admir'd and honored :  
 And now from friends, from succour hither led,  
 Art made a spoyle to lust, to wrath, to death,  
 And in disgrace, forc'd here to yeeld thy breath.

Did Nature (for this good) ingeniate, 680  
 To shew in thee the glory of her best ;  
 Framing thine eye the starre of thy ill fate,  
 Making thy face the foe to spoyle the rest ?  
 O Beautie thou an enemy profest  
 To Chastitie and vs that loue thee most,  
 Without thee, how w'are loath'd, and with thee lost ?

You, you that proude with libertie and beautie,  
 (And well may you be proude that you be so)  
 Glitter in Court, lou'd and obseru'd of dutie ;  
 Would God I might to you but ere I goe 690  
 Speake what I feele, to warne you by my woe,  
 To keepe your feete in cleanly paths of shame,  
 That no inticing may diuert the fame.

1. 680 ('ô for thys')<sup>3</sup> : 1. 687, 'O you'<sup>3</sup>.

See'ng how against your tender weakenesse still,  
 The strength of wit, and gold, and all is bent ;  
 And all th'affaults that euer might or skill,  
 Can giue against a chaste and cleane intent :  
 Ah let not greatnesse worke you to consent.

The spot is foule, though by a Monarch made,  
 Kings cannot priuiledge what God forbade. 700

Locke vp therefore the treasure of your loue,  
 Vnder the surest keyes of feare and shame :  
 And let no powers haue power chaste thoughts to moue  
 To make a lawlesse entry on your fame.  
 Open to those the comfort of your flame,  
 Whose equall loue shall march with equall pace,  
 In those pure wayes that leade to no disgrace.

For see how many discontented beds,  
 Our owne aspiring, or our Parents pride  
 Haue caus'd, whilst that ambition vainely weds 710  
 Wealth and not loue, honor and nought beside :  
 Whilst married but to titles, we abide  
 As wedded Widowes, wanting what we haue,  
 When shadowes cannot giue vs what we craue.

Or whilst we spend the freshest of our time,  
 The sweet of youth in plotting in the ayre ;  
 Alas, how oft we fall, hoping to clime ;  
 Or whither as vnprofitably faire,  
 Whilst those decayes which are without reaire,  
 Make vs neglected, scorned and reprov'd. 720  
 (And O what are we, if we be not lou'd ?)

Fasten therefore vpon occasions fit,  
 Left this, or that, or like disgrace as mine,  
 Doe ouer-take your youth or ruine it,  
 And cloude with infamie your beauties shine :  
 Seeing how many seeke to vndermine  
 The treasurie that's vnpossess of any :  
 And hard tis kept that is desired of many.

And flie (O flie) these Bed-brokers vncleane,  
 (The Monsters of our Sexe) that make a pray 730  
 Of their owne kinde, by an vnkindely meane ;  
 And euen (like Vipers) eating out a way  
 Through th'wombe of their owne shame, accursed they  
 Liue by the death of Fame, the gaine of sin,  
 The filth of lust, vnclianneffe wallowes in.

As if t'were not inough that we (poore we)  
 Haue weakenesse, beautie, gold and men our foes,  
 But we must haue some of our selues to be  
 Traitors vnto our selues, to ioyne with those ?  
 Such as our feeble forces doe disclose, 740  
 And still betray our cause, our shame, our youth,  
 To lust, to folly, and to mens vntruth ?

Hatefull confounders both of bloud and lawes,  
 Vilde Orators of shame, that pleade delight :  
 Vngracious agents in a wicked cause,  
 Factors for darkenessse, messengers of night,  
 Serpents of guile, Deuils, that doe inuite  
 The wanton taste of that forbidden tree,  
 Whose fruit once pluckt, will shew how foule we bee.

You in the habite of a graue aspect, 750  
 (In credit by the trust of yeeres) can shoe  
 The cunning wayes of lust, and can direct  
 The faire and wilie wantons how to goe,  
 Hauing (your lothesome felues) your youth spent fo.  
 And in vncleannesse euer haue beene fed,  
 By the reuenue of a wanton bed.

By you haue beene the innocent betraide,  
 The blushing fearefull, boldned vnto fin,  
 The wife made subtill, subtill made the maide,  
 The husband scorn'd, dishonored the kin : 760  
 Parents disgrac'd, children infamous bin.  
 Confus'd our race, and falsified our blood,  
 Whilst fathers sonnes possesse wrong fathers good.

This, and much more, I would haue vttered then,  
 A testament to be recorded still,  
 Sign'd with my bloud, subscrib'd with Conscience Pen,  
 To warne the faire and beautifull from ill.  
 Though I could wish (by th'example of my will)  
 I had not left this note vnto the faire,  
 But dide intestate to haue had no heire. 770

But now, the poyson spread through all my vaines,  
 Gan dispossesse my liuing fences quite :  
 And nought-respecting death (the last of paines)  
 Plac'd his pale colours (th'ensigne of his might)  
 Vpon his new-got spoyle before his right ;  
 Thence chac'd my soule, setting my day ere noone,  
 When I leaft thought my ioyes could end so foone.

l. 768, 'And ô I wish' : l. 771, 'The poyson soone disperc'd' <sup>1</sup>, <sup>2</sup> :  
 l. 772, 'Had' <sup>1</sup>, <sup>2</sup>, <sup>3</sup> : l. 773, 'When naught' <sup>1</sup>, <sup>2</sup> ; 'and naught' <sup>3</sup> ; hyphen  
 inserted.



And as conuaide t'vntimely funerals,  
 My scarce cold corse not suffred longer stay,  
 Behold, the King (by chance) returning, fals 780  
 T'incounter with the fame vpon the way,  
 As he repair'd to see his dearest ioy.

Not thinking such a meeting could haue beene,  
 To see his Loue, and seeing bin vnseene.

Iudge those whom chance depriues of sweetest treasure,  
 What tis to lose a thing we hold so deere :  
 The best delight, wherein our soule takes pleasure,  
 The sweet of life, that penetrates so neere.  
 What passions fees that heart, inforc'd to beare  
 The deepe impressiion of so strange a sight, 790  
 That ouerwhelmes vs, or confounds vs quite ?

Amaz'd he stands, nor voice nor body steares,  
 Words had no passage, teares no issue found,  
 For sorrow shut vp words, wrath kept in teares ;  
 Confus'd affects each other doe confound.  
 Opprest with griefe, his passions had no bound :  
 Striuing to tell his woes, words would not come ;  
 For light cares speake, when mightie griefes are dombe.

At length, extremitie breakes out a way,  
 Through which, th'imprisoned voice with teares attended,  
 Wailes out a sound that sorrowes doe bewray : 801  
 With armes a-crosse, and eyes to heauen bended,  
 Vaporing out sighs that to the skies ascended.  
 Sighs (the poore ease calamitie affords)  
 Which serue for speech when sorrow wanteth words.

l. 791, 'Tongue, pen, nor art, can neuer shew a right' <sup>1, 2, 3</sup> : l. 799, 'away' <sup>1, 2</sup> (bad).

O Heauens (quoth he) why doe mine eyes behold  
 The hatefull raies of this vnhappy Sunne ?  
 Why haue I light to see my finnes controld,  
 With bloud of mine owne fhame thus vildely done ?  
 How can my fight endure to looke thereon ? 810  
     Why doth not blacke eternall darkeneffe hide,  
     That from mine eyes, my heart cannot abide ?

What faw my life wherein my soule might ioy ;  
 What had my dayes whom troubles still afflicted,  
 But onely this, to counterpoize annoy ?  
 This ioy, this hope, which Death hath interdickt ;  
 This sweet, whose losse hath all distresse inflicted ;  
     This, that did feason all my sowre of life,  
     Vext still at home with broiles, abroad in strife.

Vext still at home with broiles, abroad in strife, 820  
 Diffenfion in my bloud, iarres in my bed :  
 Distrust at boord, fufpecting still my life,  
 Spending the night in horror, daies in dread ;  
 (Such life hath Tyrants, and this life I led.)  
     These miferies goe mask'd in glittering showes,  
     Which wife men see, the vulgar little knowes.

Thus as these paffions doe him ouerwhelme,  
 He drawes him neere my body to behold it.  
 And as the Vine married vnto the Elme  
 With strict imbraces, so doth he infold it : 830  
 And as he in his carefull armes doth hold it,  
     Viewing the face that euen death commends,  
     On fenceleffe lippes, millions of kiffes spends.

l. 807, 'Sonne' <sup>1, 2, 3</sup>: l. 817, 'afflicted' <sup>1, 2</sup>.

Pittifull mouth (faith he) that liuing gaueſt  
 The ſweeteſt comfort that my ſoule could wiſh :  
 O be it lawfull now, that dead thou haueſt,  
 This forrowing farewell of a dying kiſſe ;  
 And you faire eyes, containers of my bliſſe,  
     Motiues of Loue, borne to be matched neuer,  
     Entomb'd in your ſweet circles, ſleepe for euer. 840

Ah, how me thinkes I ſee Death dallying ſeekes,  
 To entertaine it ſelfe in Loues ſweet place ;  
 Decayed Roſes of diſcoloured cheekes,  
 Doe yet retaine deere notes of former grace :  
 And vgly Death ſits faire within her face ;  
     Sweet remnants reſting of Vermillian red,  
     That Death it ſelfe doubts whether ſhe be dead.

Wonder of beautie, oh receiue theſe plaints,  
 Theſe obſequies, the laſt that I ſhall make thee :  
 For loe, my ſoule that now already faints, 850  
 (That lou'd thee liuing, dead will not forfake thee)  
 Haſtens her ſpeedy courſe to ouer-take thee.  
     He meete my death, and free my ſelfe thereby,  
     For (ah) what can he doe that cannot die ?

Yet ere I die, thus much my ſoule doth vow,  
 Reuenge ſhall ſweeten death with eaſe of minde :  
 And I will cauſe Poſterity ſhall know,  
 How faire thou wert about all women kinde ;  
 And after-Ages Monuments ſhall finde,  
     Shewing thy beauties title, not thy name, 860  
     Roſe of the world, that ſweetned ſo the ſame.

l. 834, 'quoth' <sup>1,2</sup>; l. 845, 'ougly' <sup>1,2</sup>; l. 849, 'The' <sup>1,2</sup>.

This said, though more desirous yet to say,  
 (For sorrow is unwilling to give over)  
 He doth repress what griefe would else bewray,  
 Left he too much his passions should discover ;  
 And yet respect scarce bridles such a Lover,  
 So farre transported that he knowes not whither,  
 For Love and Maiestie dwell ill together.

Then were my Funerals not long deferred,  
 But done with all the rites pompe could devise, 870  
 At *Godslow*, where my body was interred,  
 And richly tomb'd in honorable wife :  
 Where yet as now scarce any note descries  
 Vnto these times, the memory of me,  
 Marble and Braffe so little lasting be.

For those walles which the credulous deuout,  
 And apt-beleeuing ignorant did found ;  
 With willing zeale, that neuer call'd in doubt,  
 That time their workes should euer so confound,  
 Lie like confused heapes as vnder-ground. 880  
 And what their ignorance esteem'd so holy,  
 The wiser ages doe account as folly.

And were it not thy fauourable lines  
 Re-edified the wracke of my decayes,  
 And that thy accents willingly affignes  
 Some farther date, and give me longer daies,  
 Few in this age had knowne my beauties praise.  
 But thus renew'd, my fame redeemes some time,  
 Till other ages shall neglect thy Rime.

1. 865, 'might' <sup>1</sup>, <sup>2</sup>: 1. 867, 'whether' <sup>1</sup>, <sup>2</sup>.

Then when Confusion in her course shall bring 890  
 Sad desolation on the times to come :  
 When mirthlesse *Thames* shall haue no Swanne to sing,  
 All Muficke filent, and the Muses dombe.  
 And yet euen then it must be knowne to some,  
 That once they flourisht, though not cherisht so,  
 And *Thames* had Swannes as well as euer *Po*.

But here an end, I may no longer stay,  
 I must returne t'attend at *Stygian* flood :  
 Yet ere I goe, this one word more I pray,  
 Tell *Delia*, now her sigh may doe me good, 900  
 And will her note the frailtie of our blood.  
 And if I passe vnto those happy bankes,  
 Then she must haue her praise, thy Pen her thanks.

So vanisht she, and left me to returne  
 To prosecute the tenor of my woes,  
 Eternall matter for my Muse to mourne :  
 But (yet) the world hath heard too much of those,  
 My youth such errors must no more disclose.  
 Ile hide the rest, and grieue for what hath beene ;  
 Who made me knowne, must make me liue vnseene.  
 910

ll. 902, 904, 'thee' added : l. 914, 'vanisht' accepted from <sup>1</sup>, <sup>2</sup>, for <sup>3</sup> and  
 a 'vanquisht.'

FINIS.



IV.

A LETTER FROM OCTAVIA TO  
MARCUS ANTONIUS.

1599.

#### NOTE

This 'Letter from Octavia' was first published in the 'Poeticall Essayes' of 1599, and was reprinted in the folios of 1601 and 1602, and also in 1605, 1607, 1611 onward to *a*. Exceptionally, a collation of the successive editions reveals practically no variations.

A. B. G.





To the right Honourable and most  
vertuous Lady, the Lady MARGARET  
- *Countesse of Cumberland.*<sup>1</sup>



Although the meaner sort (whose  
thoughts are plac'd  
As in another Region, farre below  
The sphere of greatnesse) cannot  
rightly taste  
What touch it hath, nor right her  
passions know :

Yet haue I here aduentur'd to bestow  
Words vpon grieve, as my griefes comprehend ;  
And made this great afflicted Lady show,                   10  
Out of my feelings, what she might haue pend.  
And here the same, I bring forth, to attend  
Vpon thy reuerent name, to liue with thee  
Most vertuous Lady, that vouchsafst to lend  
Eare to my notes, and comfort vnto mee,  
That one day may thine owne faire vertues spread,  
B'ing Secretary now but to the dead.                   17

<sup>1</sup> See Memorial-Introduction for notice of this 'Fair Lady.'



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## The Argument.



*Vpon the second agreement (the first being broken through ieaiousie of a disproportion of eminencie) betweene the Triumuiroi Octauius Cæsar, Marcus Antonius, & Lepidus: Octauiia the sister of Octauius Cæsar, was married to Antonius, as a lincke to combine that which nere yet, the greatest strength of Nature, or any power of nearest respect could long hold together, who made but the instrument of others ends, and deliuered vp as an Ostage, to serue the opportunity of aduantages, met not with that integrity she brought: but as highly preferred to affliction, encountred with all the grieuances that beate vpon the misery of greatnesse, exposed to stand betwixt the diuerse tending humours of vnquiet parties. For Antonie hauing yet vpon him the fetters of Ægypt, layd on by the power of a most incomparable beauty, could admit no new Lawes into the state of his affection, or dispose of himselfe, being not himselfe, but as hauing his heart turned Eastward, whither the poynt of his desires were directed, toucht with the strongest allurements that ambition, and a licentious soueraignty could draw a man vnto: could not truly descend to the priuate loue of a ciuill nurtred*

*Matron, whose entertainment bounded with modesty, and the nature of her education, knew not to clothe her affections in any other colours, then the plaine habit of truth: wherein she euer suted all her actions, and used all her best ornaments of Honestie, to winne the good* 30  
*liking of him that held her, but as a Curtaine, drawne betweene him and Octavius, to shadow his other purposes withall: which the sharpe sight of an equally ielous ambition could soone pierce into, and as easily looke thorow, and ouer bloud and nature, as he to abuse it: and therefore, to preuent his aspiring, he armes his forces, either to reduce Antonie to the ranke of his estate, or else to disranke him out of state and all. When Octauius by the imployment of Antonie (as being not yet ready to put his fortune to her tryall) throwes her selfe, great* 40  
*with childe, and as big with sorrow, into the trauell of a most laboursome reconciliation: taking her iourney from the farthest part of Greece, to finde Octavius, with whom her care and teares were so good agents, that they effected their Commission beyond all expectation: and for that time quite disarmed their wrath, which yet long could not hold so. For Antonius falling into the relapse of his former disease, watching his opportunity, got ouer againe into Ægypt, where he so forgot himselfe, that hee quite* 50  
*put off his owne nature, and wholly became a prey*  
*to his pleasures, as if he had wound himselfe*  
*out of the respect of Countrey, bloud and*  
*alliance; which gaue to Octauius the*  
*cause of much affliction, and*  
*to mee, the Argument of*  
*this Letter.*

A Letter sent from *Octavia* to  
her husband *Marcus Antonius*  
into Ægypt.

I



O thee (yet deere) though most dis-  
loyall Lord,  
Whom impious loue keeps in a  
barbarous land,  
Thy wronged wife *Octavia* sendeth  
word  
Of th'vnkind wounds receiued by thy  
hand :

Great *Antony*, O let thine eyes afford  
But to permit thy heart to vnderstand  
The hurt thou dost, and doe but reade her teares,  
That still is thine though thou wilt not be hers.

2

Although perhaps, these my complaints may come  
Whilst thou in th'armes of that incestuous Queene,  
The staine of Ægypt, and the shame of Rome  
Shalt dallying fit, and blush to haue them seene :  
Whilst proud disdainfull she, geffing from whome  
The message came, and what the cause hath beene,  
Will scorning say, Faith this comes from your Deere,  
Now Sir you must be shent for staying heere.

## 3

From her indeede it comes, delicious Dame,  
 (Thou royall Concubine and Queene of lust)  
 Whose armes yet pure, whose breasts are voyde of blame,  
 And whose most lawfull flame proues thine vniust:  
 Tis she that sends the message of thy shame,  
 And his vntruth that hath betraid her trust:  
 Pardon, deare Lord, from her these sorrowes are,  
 Whose bed brings neither infamie nor warre.

## 4

And therefore heare her words, that too too much  
 Hath heard the wrongs committed by thy shame,  
 Although at first my trust in thee was such,  
 As it held out against the strongest fame:  
 My heart would neuer let in once a touch  
 Of least beleefe, till all confirm'd the same:  
 That I was almost last that would belieue,  
 Because I knew me first that most must grieve.

## 5

How oft haue poore abused I tooke part  
 With Falshood, onely for to make thee true?  
 How oft haue I argued against my heart,  
 Not suffering it to know that which it knew?  
 And for I would not haue thee what thou art,  
 I made my selfe, vnto my selfe vntrue:  
 So much my loue labour'd against my finne,  
 To shut out feare which yet kept feare within.

## 6

For I could neuer thinke th'aspiring mind  
 Of worthy and victorious *Anthonie*,  
 Could be by such a Syren so declind,  
 As to be traird a prey to Luxury :  
 I could not thinke my Lord would be s'vnkind,  
 As to despise his Children, *Rome* and me :  
 But O how soone are they deceiu'd that trust,  
 And more their shame that will be so vniust.

## 7

But now that certaine fame hath open laid  
 Thy new relapse, and strange reuolt from me,  
 Truth hath quite beaten all my hopes away,  
 And made the passage of my sorrowes free ;  
 For now poore heart, there's nothing in the way  
 Remaines to stand betwixt Despaire and thee :  
 All is throwne downe, there comes no succours new,  
 It is most true, my Lord is most vntrue.

## 8

And now I may with shame inough pull in  
 The colours I aduanced in his grace,  
 For that subduing powre, that him did win,  
 Hath lost me too, the honour of my face :  
 Yet why should I, bearing no part of sinne,  
 Beare such a mighty part of his disgrace ?  
 Yes, though it be not mine, it is of mine :  
 And his renoune being clip'd, mine cannot shine.

## 9

Which makes me, as I doe, hide from the eye  
 Of the misjudging vulgar that will deeme,  
 That sure there was in me some reason why  
 Which made thee thus, my bed to difesteeme :  
 So that alas, poore vnderferuing I,  
 A cause of thy vncleane deserts shall seeme,  
 Though lust takes neuer ioy in what is due,  
 But still leaues knowne delights to seeke out new.

## 10

And yet my brother *Cæsar* laboured,  
 To haue me leaue thy house, and liue more free :  
 But God forbid *Octavia* should be led,  
 To leaue to liue in thine, though left by thee.  
 The pledges here of thy forsaken bed,  
 Are still the objects that remember me  
 What *Antony* was once, although false now,  
 And is my Lord, though he neglect his vow.

## 11

These walles that here doe keepe me out of sight,  
 Shall keepe me all vnspotted vnto thee,  
 And testifie that I will doe thee right ;  
 Ile neuer staine thy house, though thou shame me :  
 The now sad Chamber of my once delight,  
 Shall be the Temple of my pietie,  
 Sacred vnto the faith I reuerence,  
 Where I will pay my teares for thy offence.



## 12

Although my youth, thy absence, and this wrong  
 Might draw my blood to forfeit unto shame;  
 Nor neede I frustrate my delights so long,  
 That haue such meanes to carry so the fame, ✓  
 Since that the face of greatnesse is so strong,  
 As it dissolues suspect, and beares out blame;  
 Hauing all secret helps that long thereto,  
 That seldome wants there aught, but will to do.

## 13

Which yet to doe, ere lust this heart shall frame,  
 Earth swallow me aliue, Hell rap me hence :  
 Shall I, because dispis'd, contemne my fame,  
 And adde disgrace to others impudence ?  
 What can my powre, but giue more powre to fame ?  
 Greatnesse must make it great incontinence :  
 Chambers are false, the bed and all will tell,  
 No doore keeps in their shame that doe not well.

## 14

Hath greatnesse aught peculiar else alone,  
 But to stand faire and bright aboue the base ?  
 What doth diuide the Cottage from the Throne,  
 If vice shall lay both leuell with disgrace ?  
 For if vncleannesse make them but all one,  
 What priuiledge hath Honour by his place ?  
 What though our sinnes goe braue and better clad  
 They are as those in ragges, as base, as bad.

## 15

I know not how, but wrongfully I know  
 Hath vndiscerning custome plac'd our kind  
 Vnder desert, and fet vs farre below  
 The reputation to our sexe assign'd :  
 Charging our wrong reputed weaknesse, how  
 We are vnconstant, fickle, false, vnkinde :  
 And though our life with thousand proofes shewes no,  
 Yet since strength saies it, weakenesse must be so.

## 16

Vnequall partage to b'allow'd no share  
 Of power to doe of lifes best benefit :  
 But stand, as if we interdicted were  
 Of vertue, action, liberty and might :  
 Must you haue all, and not vouchsafe to spare  
 Our weaknesse any int'rest of delight ?  
 Is there no portion left for vs at all,  
 But sufferance, sorrow, ignorance and thrall ?

## 17

Thrice happy you, in whom it is no fault,  
 To know, to speake, to doe, and to be wise :  
 Whose words haue credit, and whose deedes, though  
 naught,  
 Must yet be made to seeme farre otherwise :  
 You can be onely heard, whilst we are taught  
 To hold our peace, and not to exercise  
 The powers of our best parts, because your parts  
 Haue with our freedome robb'd vs of our harts.

## 18

We, in this prifon of our felues confin'd,  
 Muft here fhut vp with our owne paffions liue,  
 Turn'd in vpon vs, and denied to find  
 The vent of outward meanes that might relieue :  
 That they alone muft take vp all our mind,  
 And no room left vs, but to thinke and grieue :  
 Yet oft our narrowed thoughts looke more direct  
 Then your loofe wifdomes born with wild neglect.

## 19

For, fhould we to (as God forbid we fhould)  
 Carry no better hand on our defires  
 Then your ftrength doth, what int'reft could  
 Our wronged patience pay you for your hires ?  
 What mixture of ftrange generations would  
 Succeede the fortunes of vncertaine Sires ?  
 What foule confufion in your bloud and race  
 To your immortall fhame and our difgrace ?

## 20

What ? are there barres for vs, no bounds for you ?  
 Muft Leuitie ftand fure, though Firmenefse fall ?  
 And are you priuiledg'd to be vntrue,  
 And we no grant to be difpen'd withall ?  
 Muft we inuiolable keepe your due,  
 Both to your loue, and to your falshood thrall ?  
 Whilft you haue ftretch't your luft vpon your will,  
 As if your ftrength were licenc'd to doe ill.

## 21

O if you be more strong, then be more iust,  
 Cleere this suspition, make not the world to doubt,  
 Whether in strong or weake be better trust,  
 If frailty or else valour be more stout :  
 And if we haue shut in our hearts from lust,  
 Let not your bad example let them out,  
 Thinke that there is like feeling in our blood :  
 If you will haue vs good, be you then good.

## 22

Is it, that loue doth take no true delight  
 In what it hath, but still in what it would,  
 Which drawes you on to doe vs this vnright,  
 Whilst feare in vs, of loosing what we hold,  
 Keeps vs in still to you, that set vs light,  
 So that, what you vnties, doth vs in folde ?  
 Then Loue, tis thou that dost confound vs so,  
 To make our truth the occasion of our wo.

## 23

Distressed woman kind, that either must  
 For louing loose your loues, or get neglect :  
 Whilst wantons are more car'd for then the iust,  
 And falshood cherisht, Faith without respect :  
 Better she fares in whom is lesse trust,  
 And more is lou'd that is in more suspect.  
 Which (pardon me) shewes no great strength of mind  
 To be most theirs, that vse you most vnkind

## 24

Yet well it fits, for that finne euer must  
 Be tortur'd with the racke of his owne frame ;  
 For he that holdes no faith, shall find no trust,  
 But sowing wrong, is sure to reape the same :  
 How can he looke to haue his measure iust,  
 That sils deceit, and reckons not of shame,  
 And being not pleas'd with what he hath in lot,  
 Shall euer pine for that which he hath not ?

## 25

Yet if thou couldst not loue, thou mightst haue seem'd  
 Though to haue seem'd, had likewise beene vniust :  
 Yet so much are leane shewes of vs esteem'd,  
 That oft they feede, though not suffice our trust :  
 Because our nature griueth to be deem'd  
 To be so wrong'd, although we be, and must,  
 And it's some ease yet to be kindly vs'd  
 In outward shew, though secretly abus'd.

## 26

But woe to her that both in shew despis'd  
 And in effect disgrac'd, and left forlorne,  
 For whom no comforts are to be deuif'd,  
 Nor no new hopes can euermore be borne :  
 O *Antony*, could it not haue suffiz'd  
 That I was thine, but must be made her scorne  
 That enuies all her bloud, and doth deuide  
 Thee from thy selfe, onely to serue her pride ?

## 27

What fault haue I committed that should make  
 So great dislike of me and of my loue ?  
 Or doth thy fault but an occasion take  
 For to dislike what most doth it reprove ?  
 Because the conscience gladly would mistake  
 Her owne misdeeds which she would faine remoue ;  
 And they that are vnwilling to amend,  
 Will take offence, because they will offend.

## 28

Or hauing runne beyond all pardon quite,  
 They flie and ioyne with finne as wholly his,  
 Making it now their fide, their part, their right,  
 And to turne backe, would shew t'haue done amisse :  
 For now they thinke, not to be opposite  
 To what obraides their fault, were wickednesse :  
 So much doth folly thrust them into blame,  
 That euen to leaue off shame, they count it shame.

## 29

Which doe not thou, deere Lord, for I doe not  
 Pursue thy fault, but sue for thy returne  
 Backe to thy selfe, whom thou hast both forgot  
 With me, poore me, that doth not spight, but mourne :  
 And if thou couldst as well amend thy blot  
 As I forgiue, these plaints had beene forborne :  
 And thou shouldst be the same vnto my hart  
 Which once thou were, not that which now thou art.

## 30

Though deepe doth fit the hard recouering smart  
 Of that last wound (which God grant be the last)  
 And more doth touch that tender feeling part  
 Of my sad soule, then all th'vnkindnesse past :  
 And *Antony*, I appeale to thine owne hart,  
 (If th'heart which once was thine thou yet still haft) ✓  
 To iudge if euer woman that did liue  
 Had iuster cause, then wretched I, to grieue.

## 31

For comming vnto *Athens*, as I did,  
 Weary and weake with toyle, and all distrest,  
 After I had with sorrow compassed  
 A hard consent, to grant me that request :  
 And how my trauell was considered,  
 And all my care and cost, thy selfe knowes best :  
 That wouldst not moue one foote from lust for me,  
 That had left all was deere to come to thee.

## 32

For first what great adoe had I to win  
 M'offended brother *Cæsars* backward will ?  
 And praid, and wept, and cride to stay the sinne  
 Of ciuill rancor rising twixt you still :  
 For in what case shall wretched I be in,  
 Set twixt both, to share with both your ill ?  
 My blood said I with either of you goes,  
 Who euer win, I shall be sure to lose.

## 33

For what shame should such mighty persons get,  
 For two weake womens cause to difagree ?  
 Nay, what shall I that shall be deem'd to set  
 Th'inkindled fire, seeming inflam'd for me ?  
 O if I be the motiue of this heate,  
 Let these vnguilty hands the quenchers be,  
 And let me trudge to mediate an accord,  
 The agent twixt my brother and my Lord.

## 34

With prayers, vowes and teares, with vrging hard  
 I wrung from him a slender grant at last,  
 And with the rich prouisions I prepar'd  
 For thy (intended Parthian warre) made haste,  
 Weighing not how my poore weake body far'd,  
 But all the tedious difficulties past :  
 And came to *Athens* ; whence I *Niger* sent,  
 To shew thee of my comming and intent.

## 35

Whereof, when he had made relation,  
 I was commanded to approach no neare ;  
 Then sent I backe, to know what should be done  
 With th'horse, and men, and money I had there :  
 Whereat perhaps when some remorse begun  
 To touch thy foule, to thinke yet what we were,  
 Th'inchantresse strait stept twixt thy heart and thee,  
 And intercepts all thoughts that came of mee.



## 36

She armes her teares, the ingins of deceit  
 And all her batterie, to oppose my loue,  
 And bring thy comming grace to a retreat,  
 The powre of all her subtilty to proue :  
 Now pale and faint she languishes, and strait  
 Seemes in a sound, vnable more to moue :  
 Whilst her instructed fellowes ply thine eares  
 With forged passions, mixt with fained teares.

## 37

Hard-hearted Lord, say they, how canst thou see  
 This mighty Queene, a creature so diuine  
 Lie thus distrest, and languishing for thee,  
 And onely wretched, but for being thine ?  
 Whilst base *Octauia* must intituled be  
 Thy wife, and she esteem'd thy Concubine :  
 Aduance thy heart, raise it vnto his right,  
 And let a Scepter baser passions quit.

## 38

Thus they assaile thy natures weakest side,  
 And worke vpon th'aduantage of thy minde,  
 Knowing where iudgement stood least fortified,  
 And how t'incounter folly in her kinde :  
 But yet the while, O what dost thou abide,  
 Who in thy selfe such wrastring thoughts dost finde ?  
 In what confused case is thy soule in,  
 Rackt betwixt pitty, sorrow, shame and sin ?

## 39

I cannot tell, but sure I dare beleue  
 My trauels needs must some compaffion moue :  
 For no fuch locke to bloud could Nature giue  
 To fhut out Pitty, though it fhut out Loue :  
 Confcience must leaue a little way to grieue  
 To let in horror comming to reproue  
 The guilt of thine offence that cauf'd the fame,  
 For deepeft wounds the hand of our owne fhame.

## 40

Neuer haue vniuft pleafures beene compleete,  
 In ioyes intire, but ftill feare kept the dore,  
 And held backe fomething from that full of fweete,  
 To interfowre vnfire delights the more :  
 For neuer did all circumftances meete  
 With thofe defires which were conceiu'd before :  
 Some thing muft ftill be left to checke our finne,  
 And giue a touch of what fhould not haue bin.

## 41

Wretched Mankinde, wherfore hath nature made  
 The lawfull vndelightfull, th'vniuft fhame ?  
 As if our pleafure onely were forbade,  
 But to giue fire to luft, t'adde greater flame ;  
 Or elfe, but as ordained more to lade  
 Our heart with paffions to confound the fame ;  
 Which though it be, yet adde not worfe to ill,  
 Do, as the beft men do, bound thine owne will.

## 42

Redeeme thy selfe, and now at length make peace  
 With thy diuided heart opprest with toile :  
 Breake vp this warre, this brest-diffention cease,  
 Thy passions to thy passions reconcile :  
 I do not onely seeke my good t'increase,  
 But thine owne ease, and liberty : the while  
 Thee in the circuit of thy selfe confine,  
 And be thine owne, and then thou wilt be mine.

## 43

I know my pittied loue, doth aggrauate  
 Enuy and Wrath for these wrongs offered :  
 And that my suffrings adde with my estate,  
 Coales in thy bosome, hatred on thy head :  
 Yet is not that, my fault, but, my hard fate,  
 Who rather wish to haue beene vn-pitied  
 Of all but thee, then that my loue should be  
 Hurtfull to him that is so deere to me.

## 44

Cannot the busie world let me alone,  
 To beare alone the burthen of my grieffe,  
 But they must intermeddle with my mone,  
 And seeke t'offend me with vn-sought reliefe ?  
 Whilst my afflictions labour to moue none  
 But onely thee, must Pitty play the thiefe,  
 To steale so many hearts to hurt my hart,  
 And moue a part against my deere part ?

## 45

Yet all this shall not prejudice my Lord,  
 If yet he will but make returne at last ;  
 His fight shall raze out of the sad record  
 Of my inrowled grieffe all that is past :  
 And I will not so much as once afford  
 Place for a thought to thinke I was disgrac'd :  
 And pittie shall bring backe againe with me  
 Th'offended harts that haue forsaken thee.

## - 46

And therefore come deere Lord, left longer stay  
 Do arme against thee all the powres of spight,  
 And thou be made at last the wofull pray  
 Of full inkindled wrath, and ruin'd quite :  
 But what presaging thought of bloud doth stay  
 My trembling hand, and doth my foule affright ?  
 What horror do I see, prepar'd t'attend  
 Th'euent of this ? what end vnlesse thou end ?

## 47

With what strange formes and shadowes ominous  
 Did my last sleepe, my grieu'd foule intertaine ?  
 I dreamt, yee O dreames are but friuolous,  
 And yet Ile tell it, and God grant it vaine.  
*A sea horse.* Me thought a mighty *Hippopotamus*  
 From *Nilus* floating, thrusts into the maine,  
 Vpon whose backe, a wanton Mermaide fate,  
 As if she rul'd his course, and steer'd his fate.

## 48

With whom t'incounter, forth another makes,  
 Alike in kind, of strength and powre as good :  
 At whose ingrappling, *Neptunes* mantle takes  
 A purple colour, dyde with streames of bloud ;  
 Whereat this looker on amaz'd, forfakes  
 Her Champion there, who yet the better stood :  
 But se'ing her gone, strait after her he hies,  
 As if his heart and strength lay in her eyes.

## 49

On followes Wrath vpon Disgrace and Feare,  
 Whereof th'euent forfooke me with the night  
 But my wak'd cares, gaue me : these shadowes were  
 Drawne but from darkenessse to instruct the light.  
 These secret figures, natures message beare  
 Of comming woes, were they desciphered right ;  
 But if as cloudes of sleepe thou shalt them take,  
 Yet credite Wrath and Spight that are awake.

## 50

Preuent, great spirit, the tempests that begin,  
 If Lust and thy Ambition haue left way  
 But to looke out, and haue not shut all in,  
 To stop thy iudgement from a true suruay  
 Of thy estate, and let my hart within  
 Consider in what danger thou dost lay  
 Thy life and mine, to leaue the good thou hast,  
 To follow hopes with shadowes ouercaft.

## 51

Come, come away from wrong, from craft, from toile,  
Poffesse thine owne with right, with trueth, with peace :  
Breake from these snares, thy iudgment vnbequile,  
Free thine owne torment, and my grieffe release.  
But whither am I carried all this while  
Beyond my scope, and know not when to cease ?  
Words still with my increafing forrowes grow :  
I know t'haue said too much, but not enow.

Wherefore no more, but onely I commend  
To thee the hart that's thine, and so I end.

*Finis.*

V.

A PANEGYRIKE CONGRATVLATORIE

TO

THE KING

(*JAMES I.*)

1603.

#### NOTE.

In the gift-folio of 1601 in the Bodleian and other copies, this 'Panegyrike' is found, so that it was probably privately printed and presented before the King arrived in England; albeit the 1601 volume is evidently made up of earlier and later printed pieces. A holograph MS. of this 'Panegyrike' is in the British Museum (Royal MSS. A 18. 72). So far as appears it was first published in 1603 :—"A Panegyrike congratatorie to the King's Maieftie; also certaine epiftles"—folio [British Museum, 837 K 9 (1)]. In the same year it was re-issued with a new general title-page, and 'Defence of Ryme' added: 'Printed by V. S. for E. Blount' [*Ibid.* 644, K 8 (2) folio]. Another (8vo) edition bears the same date (*Ibid.* 1076, f. 2). It was also contemporarily reprinted at Edinburgh (4to, 1603). The special title-page in the 1601 volume is given opposite this. It is within the wood-cut border of the others. Unlike his 'Delia' and 'Funerall Poeme' for Devonshire, the Author seems to have left the 'Panegyrike' unaltered, save in the slight variations and margin-note recorded in their places, and in st. 30. See our Memorial-Introduction on this 'Panegyrike.'

A. B. G.



*Semper Eadem.*

A  
PANEGYRIKE  
CONGRATVLATORY

Deliuered to the Kings most  
excellent maiefty at *Burleigh*  
*Harrington* in Rutlandshire.

By Samvel Daniel.

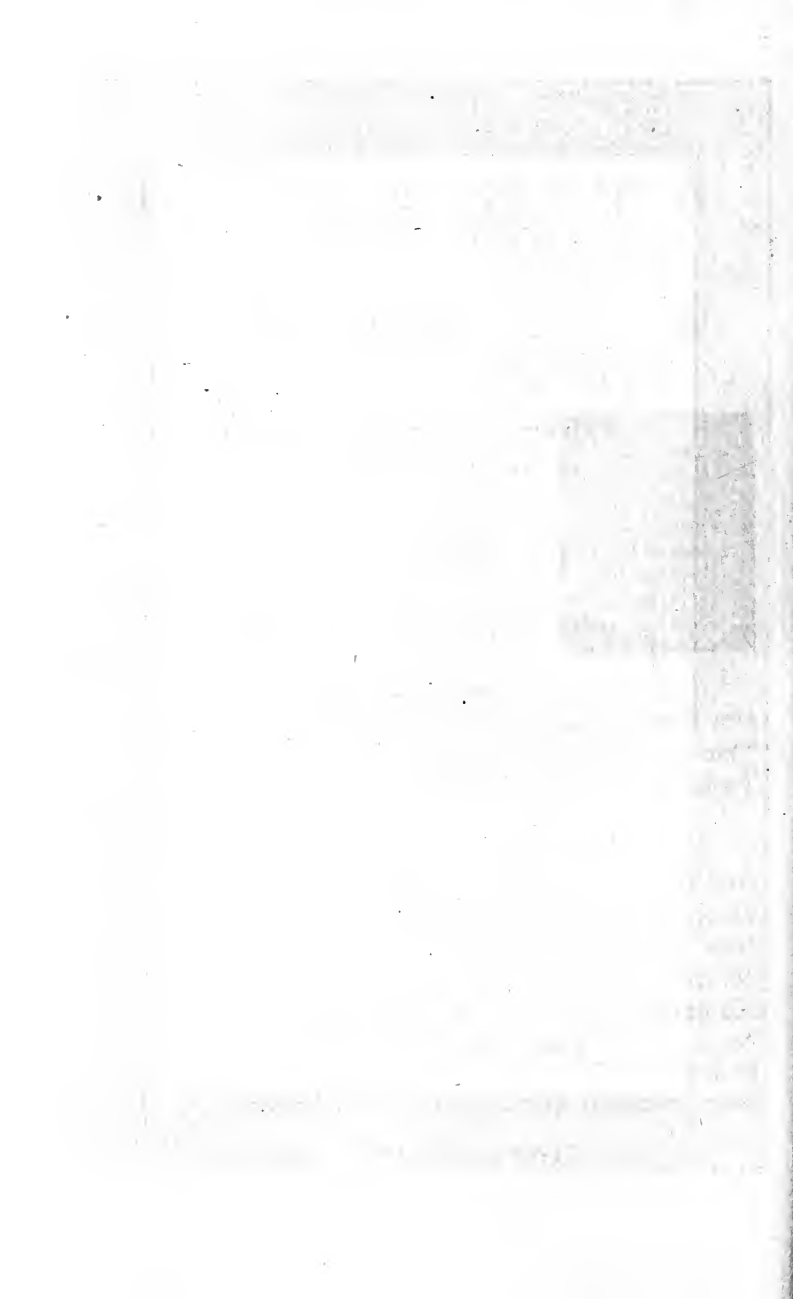
*Also certaine Epistles.*

With a Defence of Ryme  
heeretofore written, and now  
published by the  
Author.

*Carmen amat, quisquis carmine digna gerit.*



At London  
Printed by V. S. for *Edward Blount.*



# A PANEGYRIKE CONGRATVLATORIE

to the Kings most excellent  
*Maiestie.*

I



Oe here the glory of a greater day  
Then *England* euer heretofore could  
see  
In all her daies ! When she did most  
display  
The ensignes of her pow'r, or whenas  
she  
Did spread her selfe the most, and  
most did sway

Her state abroad, yet could she neuer be  
Thus blest at home, nor euer come to grow  
To be intire in her full Orbe till now.

2

And now she is, and now in peace therefore  
Shake hands with Vnion, O thou mighty State,  
Now thou art all *Great-Britaine* and no more,  
No Scot, no English now, nor no debate ;  
No borders but the Ocean and the shore :  
No wall of *Adrian* serues to separate  
Our mutuall loue, nor our obedience,  
Being Subiects all to one imperiall Prince.

St. 2, l. 3, 'great Brittain' 1601.

## 3

What heretofore could neuer yet be wrought  
 By all the fwords of pow'r, by bloud, by fire,  
 By ruine and distruction ; here is brought  
 To passe with peace, with loue, with ioy, desire :  
 Our former blessed vnion hath begot  
 A greater vnion that is more intire,  
 And makes vs more our selues, sets vs at one  
 With Nature that ordain'd vs to be one.

## 4

Glory of men, this hast thou brought to vs,  
 And yet hast brought vs more then this by farre ;  
 Religion comes with thee, peace, righteousnesse,  
 Iudgement and iustice, which more glorious are  
 Then all thy Kingdomes ; and art more by this  
 Then Lord and Sou'raigne, more then Emperor  
 Ouer the hearts of men that let thee in  
 To more then all the pow'rs on earth can win.

## 5

God makes thee King of our estates, but we  
 Doe make thee King of our affection,  
 King of our loue : a passion borne more free,  
 And most vnsubiect to dominion :  
 And know, that *England* which in that degree  
 Can loue with such a true deuotion,  
 Those that are lesse then Kings ; to thee must bring  
 More loue, who art so much more then a King.

St. 3. in *a*, l. 3, 'to passe' ends l. 3 (error).

## 6

And King of this great Nation, populous,  
 Stout, valiant, pow'rfull both by Sea and Land,  
 Attemptiue, able, worthy, generous,  
 Which ioyfully embraces thy command ;  
 A people tractable, obsequious,  
 Apt to be fashion'd by thy glorious hand  
 To any forme of honor, t'any way  
 Of high attempts, thy vertues shall affay.

## 7

A people so inur'd to peace, so wrought  
 To a successiue course of quietnesse,  
 As th'haue forgot (and O, b'it still forgot)  
 The nature of their ancient stubbornnesse :  
 Time altdred hath the forme, the meanes, and brought  
 The State to that proportion'd euennesse,  
 As 'tis not like againe 'twill euer come  
 (Being vf'd abroad) to draw the sword at home. / v

## 8

This people, this great State, these hearts adore  
 Thy Scepter now, and now turne all to thee,  
 Touch't with as pow'rfull zeale, and if not more,  
 (And yet O more, how could there euer be  
 Then vnto her, whom yet we doe deplore  
 Amidst our ioy!) And giue vs leaue if we  
 Reioyce and mourne, that cannot without wrong  
 So soone forget her we enioy'd so long.

## 9

Which likewise makes for thee, that yet we holde  
 True after death, and bring not this respect  
 To a new Prince for hating of the olde ;  
 Or from desire of change, or from neglect ;  
 Whereby, O mighty Soueraigne, thou art tolde  
 What thou and thine are likely to expect  
 From such a faith, that doth not haste to runne  
 Before their time to an arising Sunne.

## 10

And let my humble *Muse*, whom she did grace,  
 Beg this one grace for her that now lies dead,  
 That no vile tongue may spot her with disgrace,  
 Nor that her fame become disfigured :  
 O let her rest in peace, that rul'd in peace ;  
 Let not her honour be disquieted  
 Now after death : but let the Graue inclose  
 All but her good, and that it cannot close.

## 11

It addes much to thy glory and our grace,  
 That this continued current of our loue  
 Runnes thus to thee, all with so swift a pace ;  
 And that from peace to peace we doe remoue  
 Not as in motion put from out our place,  
 But in one course, and doe not seeme to moue,  
 But in more ioy then euer heretofore ;  
 And well we may, since thou wilt make vs more.

## 12

Our loue we see concurre with Gods great loue,  
 Who onely made thy way, thy passage plaine,  
 Leuell'd the world for thee, did all remoue,  
 That might the shew but of a let retaine :  
 Vnbarr'd the *North*, humbled the *South*, did moue  
 The hearts of all the right to entertaine ;  
 Held other states embroil'd, whose enuie might  
 Haue fostred factions to impugne thy right :

## 13

And all for thee, that we the more might praise  
 The glory of his powre, and reuerence thine,  
 Whom he hath rais'd to glorifie our dayes,  
 And make this Empire of the *North* to shine  
 Against all th'impious workings, all th'affayes  
 Of vile disnatur'd Vipers, whose designe  
 Was to embroile the State, t'obscure the light,  
 And that cleere brightnesse of thy sacred right.

## 14

To whose reproch, since th'issue and successe  
 Doth a sufficient marke of shame returne,  
 Let no Pen else blazon their ouglinesse ;  
 Be it enough, that God and men doe scorne  
 Their proiects, censures, vaine pretences :  
 Let not our children, that are yet vnborne,  
 Find there were any offred to contest,  
 Or make a doubt to haue our Kingdome blest.

## 15

Burie that question in th'eternall graue  
 Of darknesse, neuer to be seene againe :  
 Suffice we haue thee whom we ought to haue,  
 And t'whom all good men knew did appertaine  
 Th'inheritance thy sacred birth-right gaue,  
 That needed n'other suffrages t'ordaine  
 What onely was thy due, nor no decree  
 To be made know'n, since none was known but thee.

## 16

Witnesse the ioy, the vniuerfall cheere,  
 The speede, the ease, the will, the forwardnesse  
 Of all this great and spacious State, how deere  
 It held thy title and thy worthinesse :  
 Haste could not poss so speedy any where,  
 But Fame seem'd there before in readinesse,  
 To tell our hopes, and to proclaime thy name ;  
 O greater then our hopes, more then thy fame !

## 17

What a returne of comfort dost thou bring  
 Now at this fresh returning of our blood,  
 Thus meeting with the opening of the Spring,  
 To make our spirits likewise to imbud !  
 What a new season of encouraging  
 Biginnes t'inlength the dayes dispos'd to good !  
 What apprehension of recouerie  
 Of greater strength, of more abilitie !



## 18

The pulse of *England* neuer more did beat  
 So strong as now : nor euer were our harts ✓  
 Let out to hopes so spacious and so great  
 As now they are : nor euer in all parts  
 Did we thus feele so comfortable heat,  
 As now the glory of thy worth imparts :  
 The whole complection of the Common-wealth,  
 So weake before, hop'd neuer for more health.

## 19

Could'st thou but see from *Douer* to the Mount,  
 From *Totnes*, to the *Orcades*, what ioy,  
 What cheere, what triumphs, and what deere account  
 Is held of thy renoune this blessed day :  
 A day which we and ours must euer count  
 Our solemne festiuall, as well we may.  
 And though men thus court Kings still which are new,  
 Yet doe they more, where they find more is due.

## 20

They feare the humours of a future Prince,  
 Who either lost a good or felt a bad,  
 But thou hast cheer'd vs of this feare long since,  
 We know thee more, then by report we had :  
 We haue an euerlasting euidence  
 Vnder thy hand, that now we need not dread  
 Thou wilt be otherwise in thy designes  
 Then there thou art in those iudiciall lines.

## 21

It is the greatest glory vpon earth  
 To be a King, but yet much more to giue  
 The institution with the happy birth  
 Vnto a King, and teach him how to liue :  
 VVe haue, by thee, far more then thine owne worth,  
 That doth encourage, strengthen and relieue  
 Our hopes, in the succession of thy blood,  
 That like to thee, they likewise will be good.

## 22

VVe haue an earnest, that doth euen tie  
 Thy Scepter to thy word, and binds thy Crowne  
 (That els no band can binde) to ratifie  
 VVhat thy religious hand hath there set downe,  
 VVherein thy all commanding Soueraigntie  
 Stands subiect to thy Pen and thy renowne ;  
 There we behold thee King of thine owne hart,  
 And see what we must be, and what thou art.

## 23

There great *Exemplare, Prototipe*, of Kings,  
 VVe finde the good shall dwell within thy Court ;  
 Plaine zeale and truth, free from base flatterings,  
 Shall there be entertain'd, and haue resort ;  
 Honeft discretion, that no cunning brings,  
 But counsels that lie right, and that import,  
 Is there receiu'd, with those whose care attends  
 Thee and the State more then their priuate ends.

## 24

There grace and fauour shall not be difpos'd,  
 But by proportion, euen and vpright ;  
 There are no mightie Mountaines interpos'd  
 Betweene thy beames and vs, t'imbarre thy light ;  
 There Maiefty liues not as if inclof'd  
 Or made a prey t'a priuate benefit :  
 The hand of Pow'r deales there her owne reward,  
 And thereby reapes the whole of mens regard.

## 25

There is no way to get vp to respect,  
 But onely by the way of worthineffe ;  
 All passages that may seeme indirect  
 Are stopt vp now, and there is no acceffe  
 By grosse corruption, bribes cannot effect  
 For th'vnderferuing any offices ;  
 Th'ascent is cleane, and he that doth ascend  
 Must haue his meanes as cleane as is his end.

## 26

The deeds of worth and laudable defarts  
 Shall not now passe thorow the straight report  
 Of an imbasing tongue, that but imparts  
 What with his ends and humours shall comport :  
 The Prince himselfe now heares, sees, knowes what parts  
 Honor and Vertue acts, and in what sort :  
 And thereto giues his grace accordingly,  
 And cheeres vp other to the like thereby.

## 27

Nor shall we now haue vse of flatterie,  
 For he knowes falshood farre more subtile is  
 Then truth, baseness then libertie,  
 Feare then loue, t'inuent these flourishes :  
 And Adulation now is spent so nie  
 As that it hath no colours to expresse  
 That which it would, that now we must be faine  
 T'vnlearne that Arte, and labour to be plaine.

## 28

For where there is no eare to be abus'd  
 None will be found that dare t'informe a wrong :  
 The insolent deprauer stands confus'd :  
 The impious Atheist seemes to want a tongue,  
 Transform'd into the fashion that is vs'd.  
 All striue t'appare like those they liue among,  
 And all will seeme compos'd by that same square  
 By which they see the best and greatest are.

## 29

Such pow'r hath thy example and respect,  
 As that without a sword, without debate,  
 Without a noise (or feeling in effect)  
 Thou wilt dispose, change, forme, accommodate  
 Thy Kingdome, people, rule, and all effect  
 Without the least conuulsion of the State;  
 That this great passage and mutation will  
 Not seeme a change, but onely of our ill.

## 30

We shall continue and remaine all one,  
 In Law, in Iustice, and in Magistrate ;  
 Thou wilt not alter the foundation  
 Thy Ancestors haue laid of this Estate,  
 Nor grieue thy Land with innouation,  
 Nor take from vs more then thou wilt collate ;  
 Knowing that course is best to be obseru'd,  
 Whereby a State hath longest beene preferu'd.

## 31

A King of *England* now most graciouſlie,  
 Remits the iniuries that haue beene done  
 T'a King of Scots, and makes his clemencie  
 To checke them more then his correction ;  
 Th'annointed blood that stain'd most shamefully  
 This ill seduced State, he lookes thereon  
 With th'eye of grieſe, not wrath, t'auenge the fame,  
 Since th'Authors are extinct that cauſ'd that shame.

## 32

Thus mightie riuers quietly doe glide,  
 And doe not by their rage their powers professe,  
 But by their mightie workings, when in pride  
 Small *Torrents* roare more lowd, and worke much leſſe :  
 Peace, greatneſſe best becomes: calme power doth guide  
 With a farre more imperious ſtatelineſſe,  
 Then all the ſwords of violence can doe,  
 And eaſier gaires thoſe ends ſhe tends vnto.

- St. 30. We shall continue one, and be the same  
 In Law, in Iustice, Magistrate and forme,  
 Thou wilt not touch the fundamentall frame  
 Of their Estate thy Ancestors did forme  
 But with a reuerence of their glorious fame  
 Seek onely the corruptions to reforme (1601 folio).

## 33

Then *England*, thou hast reason thus to cheare,  
 Reason to ioy and triumph in this wife,  
 When thou shalt gaine so much, and haue no feare  
 To lose ought els but thy deformities ;  
 When thus thou shalt haue health and be fet cleare  
 From all thy great infectious maladies,  
 By such a hand that best knowes how to cure,  
 And where most lie those griefes thou dost endure.

## 34

When thou shalt see there is another grace  
 Then to be rich ; another dignitie  
*Nam ubi cupi-* Then money ; other meanes for place  
*do diuitiarum* Then gold ; wealth shall not now make  
*inuasit, neque* honestie ;  
*disciplina,*  
*neque artes* When thou shalt see the estimation base  
*bonæ neque* Of that which most afflicts our miserie :  
*ingenium*  
*illum satis* Without the which, else could'st thou neuer see  
*pollet.* Our wayes laid right, nor men themselues to bee.

## 35

By which improuement we shall gaine much more  
 Then by *Peru*, or all discoueries :  
 For this way to imbase, is to instore  
 The treasure of the Land, and make it rise.  
 This is the onely key t'vnlocke the dore,  
 To let out plenty, that it may suffice :  
 For more then all this Ile, for more increase  
 Of subiects then by thee, there can increase.

## 36

This fhall make roome and place enough for all,  
 Which otherwife would not fuffice a few,  
 And by proportion Geometricall  
 Shall fo difpofe to all what fhall be due,  
 As that without corruption, wrangling, brawle,  
 Intrufion, wresting, and by meanes vndue,  
 Defert fhall haue her charge, and but one charge,  
 As hauing but one body to difcharge.

## 37

Whereby the all in-cheering Maieftie  
 Shall come to fhine at full in all her parts,  
 And fpread her beames of comfort equally,  
 As being all alike to like defarts : ✓  
 For thus to checke, imbase and vilifie  
 Th'efteeme of wealth, will fashion fo our hearts  
 To worthy ends, as that we fhall by much  
 More labour to be good then to be rich.

## 38

This will make peace with *Law*, reftore the *Bar*,  
 T'her ancient filence, where contention now  
 Makes fo confuf'd a noife ; this will debar  
 The fostring of debate, and ouerthrow  
 That ugly Monster, that foule rauener,  
*Extortion*, which fo hideoufly did grow,  
 By making prey vpon our misery,  
 And wafting it againe as wickedly.

## 39

The strange examples of impou'rishments,  
 Of sacriledge, exaction and of waste,  
 Shall not be made, nor held as presidents  
 For times to come, but end with th'ages past :  
 Whenas the State shall yeeld more suppliments  
 (Being well imploy'd) then Kings can well exhaust ;  
 This golden Meadow lying ready still  
 Then to be mow'd, when their occasions will.

## 40

Fauour, like pitie, in the hearts of men  
 Haue the first touches euer violent :  
 But soone againe it comes to languish, when  
 The motiue of that humour shall be spent :  
 But being still fed with that which first hath been  
 The cause thereof, it holdes still permanent,  
 And is kept in by course, by forme, by kinde,  
 And time begets more ties that still more binde.

## 41

The broken frame of this disioynted State,  
 Being by the blisse of thy great Grandfather  
*Henry* the feuenth, restor'd to an estate  
 More sound then euer, and more stedfaster,  
 Owes all it hath to him, and in that rate  
 Stands bond to thee that art his successer :  
 For without him it had not beene begunne,  
 And without thee we had beene now vndone.



## 42

He, of a priuate man, became a King,  
 Hauing indur'd the weight of tyrannie,  
 Mournd with the world, complain'd, and knew the thing  
 That good men wifh for in their miserie  
 Vnder ill Kings, faw what it was to bring  
 Order and forme to the recouerie  
 Of an vnruely State ; conceiu'd what cure  
 Would kill the caufe of this diftemp'ature.

## 43

Thou, borne a King, haft in thy State endur'd  
 The fowre affronts of priuate discontent  
 With fubieçts broiles ; and euer beene enur'd  
 To this great myfterie of gouernment :  
 Whereby thy Princely wifdome hath allur'd  
 A State to peace, left to thee turbulent,  
 And brought vs an addition to the frame  
 Of this great worke, fquar'd fitly to the fame.

## 44

And both you (by the all-working Prouidence,  
 That fashions out of dangers, toyles, debates,  
 Thofe whom it hath ordained to commence  
 The firft, and great eftablifhments of States)  
 Came when your aide, your powers experience  
 (Which out of iudgement beft accommodates  
 Thefe ioynts of rule) was more then moft defir'd,  
 And when the times of neede the moft requir'd.

## 45

And as he laid the modell of this frame,  
 By which was built so strong a worke of State,  
 As all the powers of changes in the fame,  
 All that exceffe of a difordinate  
 And luftfull Prince, nor all that after came,  
 Nor child, nor stranger, nor yet womens fate,  
 Could once difioynt the couplements, whereby  
 It held together in iust Symetry.

## 46

So thou likewise art come as fore-ordaind,  
 To reinforce the fame more really,  
 Which oftentimes hath but beene entertain'd  
 By the onely stile and name of Maiesty ;  
 And by no other counfells oft attain'd  
 Those ends of her inioy'd tranquility,  
 Then by this forme, and by the incumbrances  
 Of neighbour States that gawe it a successe.

## 47

That hadst thou had no title (as thou hast  
 The onely right, and none hath els a right)  
 We yet must now haue bin inforc'd t'haue cast  
 Our selues into thy armes, to set all right,  
 And to auert confusion, bloudshed, waste,  
 That otherwise vpon vs needs must light :  
 None but a King, and no King els beside  
 Could now haue sau'd this State from being destroid'.

## 48

Thus hath the hundred yeeres brought backe againe  
 The sacred bloud lent to adorne the *North*,  
 And here return'd it with a greater gaine,  
 And greater glory then we sent it forth.  
 Thus doth th'all-working Prouidence retaine,  
 And keepe for great effects the seede of worth,  
 And so doth point the stops of time thereby,  
 In periods of vncertaine certainty.

## 49

*Margaret of Richmond* (glorious Grandmother  
 Vnto that other precious *Margaret*,  
 From whence th'Almighty worker did transfer  
 This branch of peace, as from a roote well set)  
 Thou Mother, Author, Plotter, Counfeller  
 Of vnion, that didst both conceiue, beget  
 And bring forth happineffe to this great State,  
 To make it thus intirely fortunate.

## 50

O couldst thou now but view this faire successe,  
 This great effect of thy religious worke,  
 And see therein how God hath pleas'd to blesse  
 Thy charitable counfels and to worke  
 Still greater good out of the blessednesse  
 Of this conioyned *Lancaster* and *Yorke* :  
 Which all conioyn'd within, and those shut out  
 Whom nature and their birth had set without.

St. 48, margin-note from 1601 folio—"It is iust a hundred yeares since the Lady Margaret was married to James the fourth King of Scots."

## 51

How much hast thou bound all posterities  
 In this great worke to reuerence thy name !  
 And with thee, that religious, faithfull, wise  
 And learned *Mourton*, who contriu'd the same,  
 And first aduif'd, and did so well aduise  
 As that the good succeffe that thereof came  
 Shew'd well, that holy hands, cleane thoughts, cleere harts  
 Are onely fit to act such glorious parts.

## 52

But *Muse*, these deare remembrances must be  
 In their conuenient places registred,  
 When thou shalt bring sterne discord to agree,  
 And bloody warre into a quiet bed :  
 Which worke must now be finished by thee,  
 That long hath laine vndone, as destined  
 Vnto the glory of these dayes : for which  
 Thy vowes and Verse haue laboured so much.

## 53

Thou euer hast opposed all thy might  
 Against contention, furie, pride and wrong,  
 Perswading still to hold the course of right ;  
 And peace hath beene the burden of thy song :  
 And now thy selfe shalt haue the benefit  
 Of quietnesse, which thou hast wanted long ;  
 And now shalt haue calme peace, and vnion  
 With thine owne warres, and now thou must go on.

## 54

Onely the ioy of this so deare a thing  
 Made me looke backe vnto the cause, whence came  
 This so great good, this blessing of a King,  
 When our estate so much requir'd the fame :  
 When we had need of pow'r for the well ordering  
 Of our affaires, need of a spirit to frame  
 The world to good, to grace and worthinesse,  
 Out of this humour of luxuriousnesse.

## 55

And brings vs backe vnto our selues againe, ✓  
 Vnto our ancient natiue modestie ;  
 From out these forren finnes we entertaine,  
 These lothesome surfets, ougly gluttonie ;  
 From this vnmanly and this idle vaine  
 Of wanton and superfluous brauery :  
 The wracke of Gentry, spoyle of Noblenesse ;  
 And square vs by thy temp'rate sobernesse.

## 56

When Abstinence is fashion'd by the Time,  
 It is no rare thing to be abstinent,  
 But then it is, when th'age full fraught with crime  
 Lies prostrate vnto all misgouernment.  
 And who is not licencious in the prime  
 And heate of youth, nor then incontinent  
 When out of might he may, he neuer will ;  
 No power can tempt him to that taste of ill.

## 57

Then what are we t'expect from such a hand  
 That doth this sterne of faire example guide?  
 Who will not now shame to haue no command  
 Ouer his lusts? Who would be seene t'abide  
 Vnfaithfull to his vowes, to infringe the band  
 Of a most sacred knot which God hath tide?  
 Who would now seeme to be dishonoured  
 With th'vn cleane touch of an vnlawfull bed?

## 58

What a great checke will this chaste Court be now  
 To wanton Court debauch't with luxury;  
 Where we no other Mistresses shall know  
 But her to whom we owe our loyalty?  
 Chaste Mother of our Princes, whence do grow  
 Those righteous issues, which shall glorifie  
 And comfort many Nations with their worth,  
 To her perpetuall grace that brought them forth.

## 59

We shall not feare to haue our wiues distain'd,  
 Nor yet our daughters violated here  
 By an imperiall lust, that being vnrain'd,  
 Will hardly be resisted any where.  
 He will not be betrai'd with ease, nor train'd  
 With idle rest, in soft delights to weare  
 His time of life: but knowes whereto he tends,  
 How worthy minds are made for worthy ends.

## 60

And that this mighty worke of vnion now  
 Begun with glory, must with grace run on,  
 And be so clos'd, as all the ioynts may grow  
 Together firme in due proportion :  
 A worke of power and Iudgement, that must show  
 All parts of wisedome and discretion  
 That man can shew, that no cloud may impaire  
 This day of hope, whose morning shewes so faire.

## 61

He hath a mighty burden to sustaine,  
 Whose fortune doth succeed a gracious Prince,  
 Or where mens expectations entertaine  
 Hopes of more good, and more beneficence :  
 But yet he vndergoes a greater paine,  
 A more laborious worke, who must commence  
 The great foundation of a gouernment,  
 And lay the frame of Order and Content.

## 62

Especially where mens desires do runne  
 A greedy course of eminency, gaine,  
 And priuate hopes, weighing not what is done  
 For the Republicke, so themselues may gaine  
 Their ends, and where few care who be vndone,  
 So they be made, whil't all do entertaine  
 The present motions that this passage brings  
 With th'infancy of change, vnder new kings.

## 63

So that the weight of all seemes to relie  
 Wholly vpon thine owne discretion ;  
 Thy iudgement now must only rectifie  
 This frame of pow'r thy glory stands vpon  
 From thee must come ; that thy posterity  
 May ioy this peace, and hold this vnion :  
 For whil't all worke for their owne benefit,  
 Thy only worke must keepe vs all vpright.

## 64

For, did not now thy full maturity  
 Of yeeres and wisdome, that discernes what shoves,  
 What arte and colours may deceiue the eye,  
 Secure our trust that that cleere iudgement knowes  
 Vpon what grounds depend thy Maiesty,  
 And whence the glory of thy greatnesse growes ;  
 We might distrust lest that a fide might part  
 Thee from thy selfe, and so surprize thy heart.

## 65

Since th'art but one, and that against thy brest  
 Are laid all th'ingins both of skill and wit,  
 And all th'affaults of cunning are addrest  
 With stratagems of Art to enter it,  
 To make a prey of grace, and to inuest  
 Their pow'rs within thy loue, that they might fit  
 And stir that way which their affection tends,  
 Respecting but themselues and their owne ends.



## 66

And see'ng how difficult a thing it is  
 To rule, and what strength is requir'd to stand  
 Against all th'interplac'd respondences  
 Of combinations, set to keepe the hand  
 And eye of power from out the Prouinces  
 That Auarice may draw to her command;  
 Which, to keepe hers, she others vowes to spare,  
 That they againe to her might vse like care.

## 67

But God, that raif'd thee vp to act this part,  
 Hath giuen thee all those powers of worthines,  
 Fit for so great a worke, and fram'd thy heart  
 Discernable of all apparences;  
 Taught thee to know the world, and this great Art  
 Of ord'ring man, *Knowledge of Knowledges*;  
 That from thee men might reckon how this State  
 Became restor'd, and was made fortunate. ✓

## 68

That thou the first, with vs, in name, might'ft be  
 The first in course, to fashon vs a new,  
 VVherein the times hath offred that to thee,  
 VVhich seldome t'other Princes could accrue:  
 Thou hast th'aduantage only to be free  
 T'employ thy fauours where they shall be due,  
 And to dispose thy grace in generall,  
 And like to *Ioue*, to be alike to all. ✓

St. 68, in margin of 1601 folio, '*Est Iupiter omnibus idem.*'

## 69

Thy fortune hath indebted thee to none,  
 But t'all thy people vniuerfally,  
 And not to them, but for their loue alone,  
 Which they account is placed worthily :  
 Nor wilt thou now frustrate their hopes, wheron  
 They rest, nor they faile in their loyalty ;  
 Since no Prince comes deceiued in his trust,  
 But he that first deceiues, and proues vniust.

## 70

Then since we are in this so faire a way  
 Of Restauration, Greatnesse and Command,  
 Curfed be he that causes the least stay  
 In this faire worke, or interrupts thy hand ;  
 And curfed he that offers to betray  
 Thy graces or thy goodnesse to withstand ;  
 Let him be held abhorr'd, and all his race  
 Inherit but the portion of disgrace.

## 71

And he that shall by wicked Offices  
 Be th'author of the least disturbancy,  
 Or seeke t'auert thy godly purposes,  
 Be euer held the scorne of infamy :  
 And let men but confider their successe  
 Who Princes loues abus'd presumptuously :  
 They shall perceiue their ends do still relate,  
 That sure God loues them not whom men do hate.

## 72

And it is iust, that they who make a prey  
 Of Princes fauours, in the end againe  
 Be made a prey to Princes, and repay  
 The spoiles of misery with greater gaine ;  
 Whose sacrifices euer do allay  
 The wrath of men, conceiu'd in their disdaine :  
 For that their hatred prosecuteth still,  
 More than ill Princes, those that make them ill.

## 73

But both thy iudgement and estate doth free  
 Thee from these powers of feare and flattery  
 The conquerours of Kings, by whom we see  
 Are wrought the acts of all impiety :  
 Thou art. so set, as th' hast no cause to be  
 Iealous, or dreadfull of disloyalty ;  
 The pedestall whereon thy greatnesse stands,  
 Is built of all our hearts, and all our hands.

St. 73, l. 7, misprinted 'the.'





VI.

A Fvnerall Poeme Vpon the Death of  
the late noble Earle of Deuonshire.

1606.

NOTE.

The Earl of Devonshire died on 3rd April, 1606, and this 'Fvnerall Poeme,' which appeared originally as a thin quarto, having a title-page printed in white letters on a black ground, may be dated in the same year, though without date anywhere. The title-page thus runs :—

A Fvnerall Poeme  
Vpon the Death of  
the late noble Earle  
of Deuonshire.

(11 leaves.)

An exemplar is in the British Museum. It is found in all the collective editions after 1606. A collation of the quarto of 1623 with this original edition—never before done—abundantly rewards us. At the bottom of the pages lines and whole passages left out by the Author on revision are recorded, and some re-introduced into the text. Passages in the quarto of 1623 not in the original edition are also noted. The 1607 edition supplies in margin an important name. See Memorial-Introduction on this nobleman, and for an original and unpublished letter from Daniel to him.

A. B. G.

A  
F V N E R A L L  
P O E M E .

Vpon the Death of the late noble  
*Earle of Deuonshire.*



NOW that the hand of death hath layd  
thee there,  
Where neither greatnesse, pompe, nor  
grace, we see,  
Nor any differences of earth ; and  
where  
No vaile is drawne betwixt thy selfe  
and thee :

Now *Deuonshire* that thou art but a name, 10  
And all the rest of thee besides is gone,  
When men conceiue thee not, but by the fame  
Of what thy vertue, and thy worth haue done :

ll. 7-13 in the original edition are as follows :—

Where all must be, and leuel'd thee with th' Earth—  
Where men are all of them alike, and where  
There are no feu'rall roomes for state or birth :  
Now thou hast nothing left thee but a name  
(O noble *Deuonshire*) and all is gone  
With thee, except the memorie, and fame  
Of what thy vertue . . . hath . . .

Now shal my verse which thou in life didst grace,  
 (And which was no disgrace for thee to do)  
 Not leaue thee in the graue, that ougly place  
 That few regard, or haue respect vnto,  
 Where all attendance, and obseruance ends,  
 Where all the Sunshine of our fauour sets,  
 Where what was ill, no countenance defends, 20  
 And what was good, th'vnthankfull world forgets.  
 Here shalt thou haue the seruice of my pen  
 > (The tongue of my best thoughts) and in this case  
 I cannot be supposde to flatter, when .  
 I speake behinde thy backe, not to thy face :  
 Men neuer footh the dead but where they do  
 Find liuing tyes, to hold them therevnto.  
 And I stand cleere from any other chaine  
 Then of my loue which freeborne, draws free breath.  
 The benefit thou gau'ft me to sustaine 30  
 My humble life, I loose it by thy death.  
 Nor was it such, as it could lay on me  
 Any exaction of respect so strong,  
 As t'inforce m'obseruance, beyond thee,  
 Or make my conscience differ from my tongue.  
 Let those be vassals to such seruices  
 Who have their hopes, or whose desires are hie,  
 For me I haue my ends, and know it is  
 For I haue learnt it is the property  
 For free men to speake truth, for slaues to lye. 40

l. 16, 'darkefome'; ll. 26-7 not in original edition; l. 28, 'And am vntide'; ll. 36-8 accepted from original edition; l. 40—Here in the original edition a very striking but scarcely wrought-out passage is found, as follows:—

And if mistaken by the Parralax  
 And distance of my standing too farre off



And therefore I fincerely will report  
 Firft how thy parts were faire conuaid within,  
 How that braue minde was built and in what fort  
 All thy contexture of thy heart hath beene,  
 Which was fo nobly fram'd, fo well compof'd  
 As vertue neuer had a fairer feate,  
 Nor could be better lodg'd nor more repof'd,  
 Then in that goodly frame ; where all things sweete,  
 And all things quiet, held a peacefull reft ;  
 Where paffion did no suddaine tumults raife 50  
 That might disturbe her, nor was euer breft  
 Contain'd fo much, and made fo little noyfe;

I heretofore might erre, and men might tax  
 My being to free of prayfes, without prooffe.  
 But here it is not fo, and yet the choyce  
 Of thofe I made did yeald the greateft fhew  
 Of honour and of worth, and had the voyce  
 Of prefent times their virtues to allow.  
 And if they haue not made them good, it is  
 No fault of mine, nor ought it to be layd  
 To difrepute thefe my obseruances :  
 True prayfes doe adorne, the falfe obrayd,  
 And oftentimes to greatneffe we are glad  
 To attribute thofe parts we wifh they had.  
 But *Deuonshire* I here ftand cleere with thee,  
 I haue a manumiffion to be free,  
 I owe thee nothing, and I may be bold  
 To fpeake the certaine truth of what I know :  
 There is no power remains in thee, to hold  
 The tongues of men, that will be talking now :  
 And now being dead may anatomife,  
 And open here all that thou wert within,  
 Shew how thy minde was built, and in what wife  
 All the contexture . . . [See l. 39.]

That by thy filent modestie is found  
 The emptiest vessells make the greatest found.  
 For thou so well discern'd'st thy selfe, had'st read  
 Man and his breath so well, as made thee force  
 The lesse to speake, as being ordain'd to spread  
 Thy selfe in action, rather than discourse;  
 Though thou hadst made a generall Suruey  
 Of all the best of mens best knowledges, 60  
 And knew as much as euer learning knew,  
 Yet did it make thee trust thy selfe the lesse,  
 And lesse presume; and yet when being mou'd  
 In priuate talke to speake, thou didst bewray  
 How fully fraught thou wert within, and prou'd  
 That thou didst know what euer wit could say;  
 Which shew'd thou hadst not bookes as many haue  
 For ostentation, but for vse, and that  
 Thy bounteous memory was such, as gaue  
 A large reuenue of the good, it gat. 70  
 Witnesse so many volumes whereto thou  
 Hast set thy notes vnder thy learned hand,  
 And markt them with that print as will shew how  
 The point of thy conceiuing thoughts did stand;  
 That none would thinke if all thy life had beene,  
 Turn'd into leisure, thou couldst haue attain'd  
 So much of time, to haue perus'd and seene,  
 So many volumes that so much contain'd.  
 Which furniture may not be deem'd least rare  
 Amongst those ornaments that sweetly dight 80  
 Thy solitary *Wansteed*, where thy care  
 Had gathered all what heart or eyes delight.

l. 56, 'smoake'; 'the' for 'thee'; l. 59, 'furuiew'; ll. 81-2, in margin,  
 'The Library at Wansteed.'

And whereas many others haue, we see  
 All things within their houses worth the fight,  
 Except themselves, that furniture of thee  
 And of thy presence, gave the best delight.  
 With such a season, such a temperature  
 Wert thou compos'd, as made sweetness one,  
 And held the tenor of thy life still sure,  
 In comfort with thy selfe in perfect tone ; 90  
 And neuer man had heart more truly seru'd  
 Vnder the regiment of his owne care  
 And was more at command, and more obseru'd  
 The colours of that modesty he bare  
 Then that of thine, in whom men neuer found  
 That any shew, or speech obscene, could tell  
 Of any veine thou hadst that was vnfound,  
 Or motion of thy powers, that turn'd not well.  
 And this was thy provision laid within,  
 Thus wert thou to thy selfe, and now remains. 100  
 VVhat to the world thou outwardly hast beene,  
 VVhat the dimension of that fide contains,  
 Which likewise was so goodly and so large  
 As shewes that thou wert borne t'adorne the dayes  
 Wherein thou liu'st, and also to discharge  
 Those parts which Englands and thy fame should raise ;  
 Although in peace, thou seem'dst to be all peace  
 Yet being in warre, thou wert all warre, and there  
 As in thy sphere thy spirits did neuer cease  
 To moue with indefatigable care 110  
 And nothing seem'd more to arride thy heart  
 Nor more enlarge thee into iollity,

Then when thou sawest thy selfe in armour girt,  
 Or any act of armes like to be nye.  
 The *Belgique* warre first tride thy martiall spirit,  
 And what thou wert and what thou wouldst be found  
 And markt thee there according to thy merit  
 With honors stampe, a deepe and noble wound.  
 And that same place that rent from mortall men  
 Immortall *Sidney*, glory of the field 120  
 And glory of the Muses, and their pen  
 (VVho equall bare the *Caduce* and the *Shield*)  
 Had likewise bin thy last, had not the fate  
 Of *England* then referu'd thy worthy blood,  
 Vnto the preferuation of a State  
 That much concern'd her honour and her good ;  
 And thence return'd thee to inioy the blis  
 Of grace and fauour in *Elizaes* fight  
 (That miracle of women) who by this  
 Made thee be held according to thy right; 130  
 Which faire and happy blessing thou mightst well  
 Haue farre more raifd had not thine enemy  
 Retired priuacy, made thee to fell  
 Thy greatnes for thy quiet, and deny  
 To meet faire Fortune, when she came to thee.  
 For neuer man did his preferment fly,  
 And had it in that eminent degree,  
 As thou, as if it fought thy modesty.  
 For that which many, whom ambition toyles  
 And tortures with their hopes, hardly attaine 140

l. 128, 'eyes'; l. 130—

' . . . held, and made thee to arise  
 Vnto a note more hie, which thou . . .';

l. 413, 'quiet' accepted for *a*'s misprint 'quite'; l. 138, misprinted 'fought.'

With all their thrusts, & shouldring-plots, and wiles  
 Vvas easily made thine, without thy paine.  
 And without any priuate malicing  
 Or publique greeuance, euery good man ioy'd  
 That vertue could come cleere to any thing,  
 And faire deserts to be so fairely pay'd.  
 Those benefits that were bestow'd on thee  
 VWere not like fortunes fauours, they could see.  
*Eliza's* cleere-eied iudgement is renown'd  
 For making choice of thy ability: 150  
 But it will euerlastingly redound  
 Vnto the glory, and benignity  
 Of *Britaines* mighty Monarch, that thou wert  
 By him aduanced for thy great desert ;  
 It being the fairer worke of maiesty  
 With fauour to reward, than to employ.  
 And as thou saidst that naught thy heart did grieue,  
 In death so much, as that time would not yeeld  
 Thee meanes to shew thy zeale, that thou mightst liue  
 T'haue done but one dayes seruice in the field, 160  
 And that faire bed of honour died vpon,  
 And with thy bloud haue seald thy gratefulnesse  
 To such a royall Maister. Who had done  
 So much for thee t'aduance thy seruices ;  
 Which were indeed of that deseart, as they  
 Might aske their grace themselues : yet do we see  
 That to succeffe, desert hath not a way  
 But vnder Princes that most gracious be,

l. 149, hyphen accepted from original edition ; l. 151, misprinted 'te-bound' ; ll. 157-65 accepted and re-inserted from the original edition ; l. 165 in 1623 reads, 'Although thy seruices, were such as they' ; l. 166, 'although' for 'yet do.'

For without thy great valour we had loft  
 The dearest purchase euer *England* made: 170  
 And made with such profuse exceeding cost  
 Of bloud and charge, to keepe and to inuade :  
 As commutation paid a deerer price  
 For such a peece of earth, and yet well paid  
 And well aduentur'd for, with great aduice,  
 And happily to our dominions laid ;  
 Without which out-let, *England* thou hadst bin  
 From all the rest of th'earth shut out, and pent  
 Vnto thy selfe, and forst to keepe within,  
 Inuiron'd round with others gouernment ; 180  
 Where now by this, thy large imperiall Crowne  
 Stands boundlesse in the West, and hath a way  
 For noble times, left to make all thine owne  
 That lyes beyond it, and force all t'obay.  
 And this important peece, like t'haue beene rent  
 From off thy state, did then so tickle stand,  
 As that no ioynture of the gouernment  
 But shooke, no ligament, no band  
 Of order and obedience, but were then  
 Loofe and in tottering, when the charge 190  
 Thereof was laid on *Montioy*, and that other men  
 Checkt by example fought to put it off.  
 And he out of his natiue modesty  
 (As being no vndertaker) labours too  
 To haue auoided that which his ability  
 And Englands *Genius* would haue him do

l. 169, 'For when our kingdom stood in state t' haue lost'; l. 170, 'that it' for 'euer'; l. 171, 'And what it bought with that'; l. 173, 'As neuer nation'; misprinted 'communation'; l. 177, 'hadst' for 'haft'—accepted; l. 180, 'Inuiron'd with incroching'; l. 183, 'least' for 'left'; l. 192, 'checkt' accepted for 'chokt' of *a*; l. 196, 'to' in error before 'do' in *a*.

Alleading how it was a charge vnfit  
 For him to vndergo, seeing such a one  
 As had more power and meanes t'accomplish it  
 Then he could haue, had there so little done. 200  
 VVhose ill succeffe (confidering his great worth,  
 Was such as could that mischiefe be withstood,  
 It had beene wrought) did in it felfe bring forth  
 Discouragement that he should do lesse good.

The state replide, it was not lookt he should  
 Restore it wholly to it felfe againe,  
 But only now if possible he could  
 In any fashion but the same retaine  
 So that it did not fall a funder quite,  
 Being thus dishiuered in a desperate plight. 210

With courage on he goes, doth exiquate  
 With counsell, and returnes with victory ;  
 But in what noble fashion he did fute  
 This action, with what wit and industry,  
 Is not to be disgracde in this small carde :  
 It askes a spacious Mapped of more regarde.

l. 197, ' And did aleadge it ' ; ll. 201-4 in original edition read—

' Whose ill succeffe (for that he knew his worth  
 So great, as if there could haue beene redresse,  
 He had effected it) in him brought forth  
 Discouragement, that he should there do lesse.'

l. 206, ' being so dis-rent ' ; ll. 207-8—

' And only now, if possibly he could  
 But hold it vp, it was sufficient '—

' sufficient ' rhyme-word to ' disrent ' in l. 206 ; l. 211, ' execute ' ; l. 212,  
 ' With ' accepted for ' Which ' ; ll. 215-90 not in original edition, which  
 has only the following :—

' There is no roome to place it in this streight.  
 Time, and my present griefes, do difappoint

Here is no roome to tell with what strange speed  
 And secrecy he vsed to preuent  
 The enemies designes, nor with what heed  
 He marcht before report, where what he ment 220  
 Fame neuer knew her selfe till it was done,  
 His drifts and Rumor seldome being all one ;  
 Nor will this place conueniency afford  
 To shew how he, when dismall winter stormes  
 Keepes peace, and makes Mars sheath his sword,  
 Toyles him abroad, and noble act performes ;  
 Nor how by mastring difficulties so  
 In times vnusuall, and by passage hard  
 He brauely came to disappoint his foe,  
 And many times surpris'd him vnprepared. 230

Yet let me touch one point of that great Act,  
 That famous siege, the Master-worke of all,  
 Where no distresse nor difficulties lackt  
 T'afflict his weary tyred Campe with all.  
 That when inclof'd by powerfull enemies  
 One either side, with feeble troupes he lay  
 Intrencht in myre, in colde, in miseris ;  
 Kept waking with Alarumes night and day.  
 There were, who did aduise him, to withdraw  
 His army to some place of safe defence, 240  
 From the apparent perill which they saw  
 Was to confound them, or to force them thence.

My willingnes. Besides being of that weight  
 Tis finne to place it in a narrower point,  
 And better now say nothing then to say  
 But little ; there remains for this behind,  
 A *Trophey* to b'erected that will stay  
 To all posterityes, and keepe in minde  
 That glorious worke, which did a kingdome saue,  
 Kept the Crowne whole & made the Peace we haue.'



For now the Spaniard had poffest three ports  
 The moft important of this Ile fay they,  
 And fooner fresh fupplyments, Spaine transports  
 To them then England can to vs conuay ;  
 The Reble is in heart, and now is ioyn'd  
 With fome of them already, and doth ftand  
 Here ouer vs, with chiefest ftrength combin'd  
 Of all the desperate forces of the land ; 250  
 And how vpon thefe difaduantages  
 Your doubtfull troupes will fight your *Honour guess.*  
 Th'vndaunted *Montioy* hereto answers this.

My worthy friends, the charge of this great ftate  
 And kingdome to my faith committed is,  
 And I muft all I can ingeniate  
 To anfwere for the fame, and render it  
 Vpon as faire a reckning as I may ;  
 But if from hence I fhall once ftirre my feete,  
 The kingdome is vndone, and loft this day. 260

All will fly thither where they find is hart,  
 And feare fhall haue none ftand to take his part ;  
 And how fhall we anfwere our Country then  
 At our returne, nay anfwere our owne fame ?  
 Which howfoeuer we haue done like men  
 Will be imbranded with the marke of blame.  
 And fince we here are come vnto the point  
 For which we toild fo much and ftaid fo long,  
 Let vs not now our trauailes difappoint  
 Of th'honour which doth thereunto belong. 270  
 We cannot fpend our blood more worthily  
 Then in fo faire a caufe, and if we fall

We fall with glory, and our worth thereby  
 Shalbe renowned, and held deare of all.  
 And for my part I count the field to be  
 The honourablest bed to die vpon ;  
 And here your eies this day either see  
 My body laid, or els this action done.

The Lord the chiefe and soueraigne Generall  
 Of Hofts, makes weake to stand, the strong to  
 fall. 280

With which braue resolution he so warm'd  
 Their shaking courage, as they all in one  
 Set to that noble worke ; which they perform'd  
 As gallantly as euer men haue done.  
 Of which tis better nothing now to say,  
 Then say too little : For there rests behind  
 A Trophey to b'erected, that will stay  
 To all posterities, and keepe in minde  
 That glorious act which did a kingdome faue,  
 Kept the Crowne whole and made the peace we  
 haue. 290

And now I will omit to shew therefore,  
 His management of publike bufinesses :  
 Which oft are vnder fortunes conduct more  
 Then ours, and tell his priuate carriages ;  
 VVhich on his owne discretion did relie,  
 VVherewith his spirit was furnisht happily.

Milde, affable, and easie of access  
 He was, but with a due referuednes :  
 So that the passage to his fauours lay  
 Not common to all commers, nor yet was 300

l. 291, 'here' for 'now' ; l. 292, 'buf'nesses' ; ll. 285-90—see foot-note on pp. 179-80.

So narrow, but it gaue a gentle way  
 To such as fitly might or ought to passe :  
 Nor fold he smoke, nor tooke he vp to day  
 Commodities of mens attendances,  
 And of their hopes, to pay them with delay,  
 And intertaine them with faire promifes.  
 But as a man that lou'd no great commerce  
 With bufinesse, and with noife, he euer flies  
 That Maze of many waies, which might disperse  
 Him, into other mens vncertainties. 310

And with a quiet calme sincerity,  
 H'effects his vndertakings really.  
 His tongue and heart did not turne-backes, but went  
 One way, and kept one course with what he ment.  
 He vs'd no maske at all, but euer ware  
 His honest inclination open fac'd,  
 The friendships that he vou'd, most constant were,  
 And with great iudgment, and discretion plac'd.

And *Devonshire* thy faith hath her reward,  
 Thy noblest friends do not forsake thee now, 320  
 After thy death, but beare a kind regard,  
 Vnto thine honour in the Graue, and show,  
 That worthinesse, which merits to remaine  
 Among th'examples of integrity ;  
 Whereby themselues no doubt shall also gaine,  
 A like regard vnto their memory.

Now muttering enuy, what canst thou produce  
 To darken the bright luster of such parts ?  
 Cast thy pure stone, exempt from all abuse.  
 Say what defects could weigh downe these deserts ? 330

Summon detraction, to obiect the worst  
 That may be told, and vtter all it can.  
 It cannot find a blemish to b'inforst,  
 Against him, other, then he was a man,  
 And built of flesh and blood, and did liue here  
 Within the region of infirmity ;  
 VVhere all perfections neuer did appeare,  
 To meet in any one so really,  
 But that his frailty euer did bewray  
 Vnto the world, that he was set in clay. 340  
 But yet his vertues, and his worthineffe  
 Being seene so farre aboue his weaknesse,  
 Must euer shine, whilst th'other vnder ground,  
 With his fraile part, shall neuer more be found  
 And *gratitude*, and *charity* I know,  
 Will keepe no note, nor memory will haue,  
 Of any fault committed, but will now  
 Be pleas'd, to bring all within his Graue. ✓  
 Seeing only such stand euer base and low  
 That strike the dead, or mutter vnder-hand : 350  
 And as dogges bark at those they do not know,  
 So they at such they do not vnderstand.  
 The worthier sort, who know we do not liue  
 With perfect men, will neuer be so vnkinde ;  
 They will the right to the disceaes'd giue,  
 Knowing themselues must likewise leaue behind,

l. 334, , for . accepted ; ll. 341-4 re-inserted and accepted from original edition ; ll. 347-8 accepted for *a's*—

'Of ought, but of his worthy vertues now  
 Which still will liue ; the rest lies in his graue' ;

l. 349, 'lie' for 'stand' ; l. 354, 'be so vnkinde' accepted for 'f'vnkind' ;

Those that will censure them. And they know how,  
 The Lyon being dead euen Hares insult.  
 And will not vrge a passed error now,  
 Whenas he hath no party to consult, 360  
 Nor tongue, nor aduocate, to shew his minde :  
 They rather will lament the losse they finde,  
 By such a noble member of that worth,  
 And know how rare the world such men brings forth.  
 For neuer none had heart more truly seru'd,  
 Vnder the regiment of his own care,  
 And was none at command, and none obseru'd  
 The coullours of that honesty he bare,  
 Then that of his : who neuer more was knowne ;  
 To vse immodest act, or speech obscene, 370  
 Or any leuity that might haue showne,  
 The touch but of a thought that was vncleane.  
 So that what euer he hath done amisse,  
 Was vnderneath a shape that was not knowne ;  
 As *Iupiter* did no vnworthinesse,  
 But was in other formes, not in his owne.

But let it now sufficient be, that I,  
 The last Scene of his act of life bewray ;  
 Which giues th'applause to all, doth glorifie  
 The worke. For t'is the euening crownes the day. 380  
 This action of our death especially  
 Shewes all a man. Here only is he found.  
 With what munition he did fortifie  
 His heart, how good his furniture hath bin.  
 And this did he performe in gallant wife :  
 In this did he confirme his worthinesse.

l. 359, 'a passed error' accepted for 'an imperfection'; ll. 365-76 re-inserted and accepted from original edition.

For on the morrow after the surprife  
 That ficknes made on him with fierce acceffe,  
 He told his faithfull friend whom he held deere  
 (And whose great worth was worthy fo to be) 390  
 How that he knew thofe hot difeafes were  
 Of that contagious force, as he did fee  
 That men were ouer-tumbled fudainly,  
 And therefore did defire to fet a courfe  
 And order t'his affaires as speedily ;  
 As might be, ere his ficknes fhould grow worfe :  
 And as for death, faid he, I do not wey,  
 I am refolu'd and ready in this cafe.  
 It cannot come t'affright me any way,  
 Let it looke neuer with fo grim a face : 400  
 And I will meete it fmiling, for I know,  
 How vaine a thing all this worlds glory is.  
 And herein did he keepe his word. Did fhew  
 Indeede as he had promifed in this.  
 For fickneffe neuer heard him grone at all,  
 Nor with a figh consent to fhew his paine ;  
 Which howfoeuer being tyrannicall,  
 He fweetly made it looke, and did retaine  
 A louely countenance of his being well,  
 And fo would euer make his tongue to tell. 410

Although the feruour of extremity,  
 Which often doth throw thofe defences downe,  
 VVhich in our health, wall in infirmity,  
 Might open lay more then we would haue knowne :  
 Yet did no idle word in him bewray  
 Any one peece of nature ill fet in ;

1. 389—in 1607 edition here in margin ' Sir William Godolphin.'

Those lightnesse that any thing will say  
 Could say no ill of what they knew within ;  
 Such a sure locke of filent modesty  
 Vvas fet in life vpon that noble heart 420  
 As that no anguish, nor extremity  
 Could open it t'impaire that worthy part.  
 For hauing dedicated still the same  
 Vnto deuotion, and to sacred skill,  
 That furnish perfect held, that blessed flame  
 Continued to the last in feruour still.

And when his spirit and tongue, no longer could  
 Do any certaine seruices beside,  
 Euen at the point of parting, they vnfold  
 VVith seruent zeale, how only he relide 430  
 Vpon the merits of the precious death  
 Of his redeemer ; and with rapt desires  
 H'appeales to grace, his soule deliuereth  
 Vnto the hand of mercy, and expires.  
 Thus did that worthy, who most vertuously  
 And mildly liu'd, most sweete, and mildly dy.

And thus Great Patrone of my muse haue I  
 Paid thee my vowes and fairely cleer'd the accounts  
 VVhich in my loue I owe thy memory.  
 And let me say that herein there amounts 440  
 Something vnto thy fortune, that thou hast  
 This monument of thee, perhaps may last.  
 Which doth not t'euery mighty man befall :  
 For loe how many when they die, die all.  
 And this doth argue too, thy great deserts,  
 For honour neuer brought vnworthinesse  
 Further then to the graue, and there it parts  
 And leaues mens greatnes to forgetfulnes.

And we do see that nettles, thiftles, brakes  
(The pooreft workes of nature) tread vpon 450  
The proudeft frames that mans inuention makes,  
To hold his memory when he is gone.  
But *Deuonshire* thou haft another Tombe  
Made by thy vertues in a fafer roome.

SAMVEL DANIELL.

l. 455, 'Samuell.'

FINIS.



VII.

CERTAINES EPISTLES.

1601-3.

#### NOTE.

These 'Certaine Epiftles' are also found in the gift-folio of 1601, but probably like the 'Panegyrike' (which precedes them) were of later dates. They were described by the Author as 'after the manner of Horace.' A collation of the after-texts shows no various readings except slight orthographical changes. They appear in all the editions. See our Memorial-Introduction on the persons addressed.

A. B. G.

TO  
S<sup>r</sup>. THOMAS EGERTON

Knight, Lord Keeper of the Great  
*seale of England.*



Uell hath the pow'rfull hand of Maiesty,  
Thy worthines, and *Englands* hap  
beside,  
Set thee in th'aidfull'st roome of  
dignity,  
As th'*Isthmus*, these two Oceans to  
diuide,  
Of *Rigor* and confus'd *Vncertainty* ;  
To keepe out th'entercourse of wrong and pride, 10  
That they ingulph not vp vnfuccoured right  
By the extreme current of licencious might.

Now when we see the most combining band,  
The strongest fastning of society,  
*Law* ; whereon all this frame of men doth stand,  
Remaine concussed with vncertainty,  
And seeme to foster rather than withstand  
*Contention*, and embrace obscurity,  
Only t'afflict, and not to fashion vs,  
Making her cure farre worfe than the disease ; 20

As if she had made couenant with Wrong,  
 To part the prey made on our weaknesse,  
 And suffred Falshood to be arm'd as strong  
 Vnto the combate, as is Righteousnesse,  
 Or suted her, as if she did belong  
 Vnto our passions, and did euen professe  
 Contention, as her only mystery,  
 Which she restraines not, but doth multiply.

Was she the same sh'is now in ages past ?  
 Or was she lesse when she was vsed lesse : 30  
 And growes as malice growes, and so comes cast  
 Iust to the forme of our vnquietnesse ?  
 Or made more slow, the more that strife runs fast,  
 Staying t'vndo vs ere she will redresse ?  
 That th'ill she checks seemes suffred to be ill,  
 When it yeelds greater gaine than goodnes will.

Must there be still some discord mixed among  
 The Harmony of men ? whose mood accords  
 Best with Contention, tun'd t'a note of wrong,  
 That when warre failes, peace must make warre with  
 words, 40  
 And b'arm'd vnto destruction euen as strong,  
 As were in ages past our ciuill swords ;  
 Making as deepe, although vnbleeding wounds,  
 That whenas fury failes, wifdome confounds.

If it be wifdome, and not cunning, this  
 Which so imbroiles the state of truth with brawles,  
 And wraps it vp in strange confusednesse,  
 As if it liu'd immur'd within the walls

Of hideous termes, fram'd out of barbarousnesse  
 And forren customes, the memorialls 50  
 Of our subiection, and could neuer be  
 Deliu'ed but by wrangling subtilty.

Whereas it dwells free in the open plaine,  
 Vncurious, Gentle, easie of acceffe ;  
 Certaine vnto it selfe, of equall vaine,  
 One face, one colour, one assurednesse :  
 It's falshood that is intricate and vaine,  
 And needes these labyrinths of subtilnesse :  
 For where the cunningst cou'rings most appeare,  
 It argues still that all is not sincere. 60

Which thy cleere-ey'd experience well discries  
 Great *Keeper* of the state of Equity,  
 Refuge of mercy, vpon whom relies  
 The succour of oppressed misery ;  
 Altar of safegard, whereto affliction flies  
 From th'eager pursuit of seuerity ;  
 Hauen of peace, that labour'ft to withdraw  
 Iustice from out the tempests of the Law.

And set her in a calme and euen way,  
 Plaine, and directly leading to redresse, 70  
 Barring these counter-courses of delay,  
 These wasting dilatory processe :  
 Ranging into their right and proper ray,  
 Errors, demurs, effoines, and trauerse ;  
 The heads of *Hydra* springing out of death,  
 That giues this monster, Malice, still new breath.

That what was made for the vtility  
 And good of man, might not be turn'd t'his hurt,  
 To make him worser by his remedy,  
 And cast him downe, with what should him support: 80  
 Nor that the state of Law might lose thereby  
 The due respect, and reu'rence of her port ;  
 And seeme a trap to catch our ignorance,  
 And to intangle our intemperance.

Since her interpretations and our deeds  
 Vnto a like infinity arife,  
 As being a Science, that by nature breeds  
 Contention, strife, and ambiguities :  
 For altercation controuersie feeds,  
 And in her agitation multiplies : 90  
 The field of *Cauill* lying all like wide,  
 Yeelds like aduantage vnto either side.

Which made the graue Castillian king deuise  
 A prohibition, that no Aduocate  
*Ferdinand* Should be conuaid to th'Indian Colonies,  
*king of* Should be conuaid to th'Indian Colonies,  
*Castile* (1601.) Left their new setting, shaken with debate,  
 Might take but slender root, and so not rise  
 To any perfect grow'th of firme estate :  
 For hauing not this skill, how to contend,  
 Th'vnnourisht strife wold quickly make an end. 100

So likewise did th'Hungarian, when he saw  
 These great Italian Bartolists, who were  
*The king of* Call'd in of purpose to explaine the Law,  
*Hungarie.* Call'd in of purpose to explaine the Law,  
 T'imbroile it more, and make it much lesse cleere ;

Cauf'd them from out his kingdom to withdraw  
 With this infestious skill, some other-where : *Difficultatem*  
 Whose learning, rather let men farther out, *facit doctrina.*  
 And opened wider passages of doubt.

Seeing euen Iniustice may be regulare,  
 And no proportion can there be betwixt 110  
 Our actions, which in endlesse motion are,  
 And th'ordinances which are alwayes fixt;  
 Ten thousand lawes more can not reach so far,  
 But malice goes beyond, or liues immixt  
 So close with goodnesse, as it euer will  
 Corrupt, disguise, or counterfet it still.

And therefore did those glorious Monarchs, (who  
 Diuide with God the stile of Maiefty  
 For being good, and had a care to do  
 The world right, and succour honesty) 120  
 Ordaine this sanctuary, whereunto  
 Th'opprest might flie, this feat of Equity ;  
 Whereon thy vertues fit with faire renowne,  
 The greatest grace and glory of the Gowne.

Which *Equity*, being the foule of law,  
 The life of iustice, and the spirit of right,  
 Dwell's not in written lines, or liues in awe  
 Of bookes : deafe powers, that haue nor eares nor sight  
 But out of well-weigh'd circumstance doth draw  
 The essence of a iudgement requisit ; 130  
 And is that Lesbian square, that building fit,  
 Plies to the worke, not forc'th the worke to it.

Maintaining still an equall paralell,  
 Iust with th'occasions of humanity ;  
 Making her iudgement euer liable  
 To the respect of peace and amity ;  
 When surely *Law*, sterne, and vnaffable,  
 Cares only but it selfe to fatisfie :  
 And often innocencies scarfe defends,  
 As that which on no circumstance depends. 140

But *Equity*, that beares an euen raine  
 Vpon the present courses, holds in aw,  
 By giuing hand a little, and doth gaine  
 By a gentle relaxation of the law ;  
 And yet inuiolable doth maintaine  
 The end whereto all constitutions draw ;  
 Which is the well-fare of society,  
 Consisting of an vpright policy :

Which first being by necessity compos'd,  
*Necessitas est* Is by necessity maintain'd in best estate ; 150  
*lex temporis.* Where, whenas iustice shall be ill dispos'd,  
 It sickens the whole body of the State :  
 For if there be a passage once disclos'd,  
 That Wrong may enter at the selfe-same gate  
 Which serues for Right, clad in a coate of Law,  
 What violent distempers may it draw :

And therefore do'st thou stand to keepe the way,  
 And stop the course that malice seekes to run,  
 And by thy prouident *Iniunctions* stay  
 This neuer ending Altercation ; 160



Sending contention home, to the end men may  
 There make their peace whereas their strife begun,  
 And free these pestred streets they vainely weare,  
 Whom both the state, and theirs, do need elsewhere. /

Left th'umor which doth thus predominate  
 Conuert vnto it selfe all that it takes ;  
 And that the law grow larger than debate,  
 And come t'exceede th'affaires it vndertakes :  
 As if the only Science of the State  
 That tooke vp all our wits for gaine it makes ; 170  
 Not for the good that thereby may be wrought,  
 Which is not good if it be dearely bought.

What shall we thinke whenas ill causes shall  
 Inrich men more, and shall be more desir'd  
 Than good, as farre more beneficiall ?  
 Who then defends the good ? Who will be hir'd  
 To entertaine a right, whose gaine is small ?  
 Vnlesse the Aduocate that hath conspir'd *A Remedic for*  
 To plead a wrong, be likewise made to runne *defending ill*  
 His Clients chance, and with him be vndone. *causes.* 180

So did the wifest nations euer striue  
 To binde the hands of Iustice vp so hard,  
 That lest she falling to proue Lucratiue  
 Might basely reach them out to take reward :  
 Ordaining her prouisions fit to liue  
 Out of the publike, as a publike guard  
 That all preferues, and all doth entertaine,  
 Whose end is only glory, and not gaine.

That eu'n the Scepter which might all command,  
 Seeing her s'vnpartiall, equall regular, 190  
 Was pleas'd to put it selfe into her hand,  
 Whereby they both grew more admired far.  
 And this is that great blessing of this land,  
 That both the Prince and people vse one Barre ;  
 The Prince, whose cause (as not to be withstood)  
 Is neuer bad but where himselfe is good.

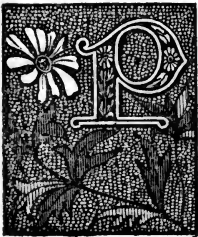
This is that ballance which committed is  
 To thy most euen and religious hand,  
 Great Minister of Iustice, who by this  
 Shalt haue thy name still gracious in this land : 200  
 This is that seale of pow'r which doth impresse  
 Thy acts of right, which shall for euer stand :  
 This is that traine of State, that pompously  
 Attends vpon thy reu'rent dignity.

All glory els besides ends with our breath,  
 And mens respects, scarce brings vs to our graue :  
 But this of doing good, must out liue Death,  
 And haue a right out of the right it gaue :  
 Though th'act but few, th'exemple profiteth  
 Thousands, that shall thereby a blessing haue. 210  
 The worlds respect growes not but on defarts,  
 Pow'r may haue knees, but iustice hath our hearts.

TO  
THE LORD HENRIE

HOWARD, one of his Maiesties

*Privy Councill.*



Raise, if it be not choice, and layd aright,  
Can yeeld no lustre where it is be-  
stow'd,  
Nor any way can grace the giuers  
Art,  
(Tho'it be a pleasing colour to delight)  
For that no ground whereon it can  
be shew'd

Will beare it well, but Vertue and Defart. 10

And though I might commend your learning, wit,  
And happy vttrance ; and commend them right,  
As that which decks you much, and giues you grace,  
Yet your cleere iudgement best deserueth it ;  
Which in your course hath carried you vpright,  
And made you to discerne the truest face,

And best complexion of the things that breed  
The reputation and the loue of men ;  
And held you in the tract of honesty,  
Which euer in the end we see succeed ;

20

Though oft it may haue interrupted beene  
Both by the times and mens iniquity.

For sure those actions which do fairely runne  
In the right line of honour, still are those  
That get most cleane and safest to their end,  
And passe the best without confusion,  
Either in those that act or els dispose,  
Hauing the scope made cleere, whereto they tend.

When this by-path of cunning doth s'imbroile  
And intricate the passage of affaires, 30  
As that they seldome fairely can get out ;  
But cost, with lesse successe, more care and toyle,  
Whil'st doubt and the distrustd cause impaires  
Their courage, who would els appeare more stout.

For though some hearts are blinded so, that they  
Haue diuers doores whereby they may let out  
Their wills abroad without disturbancy,  
Int'any course, and into eu'ry way  
Of humor that affection turnes about ;

Yet haue the best but one t'haue passage by, 40

And that so surely warded with the gard  
Of conscience and respect, as nothing must  
Haue course that way, but with the certaine passe  
Of a perswasiuie right ; which being compar'd  
With their conceit, must thereto answere iust,  
And so with due examination passe.

Which kind of men, rais'd of a better frame,  
Are meere religious, constant and vpright,  
And bring the ablest hands for any effect,  
And best beare vp the reputation, fame, 50  
And good opinion, that the action's right  
When th'vndertakers are without suspect :

But when the body of an enterprize  
 Shall go one way, the face another way,  
 As if it did but mocke a weaker trust,  
 The motion being monftrous, can not rise  
 To any good, but falls downe to bewray,  
 That all pretences ferue for things vniust ;

Especially where th' action will allow  
 Apparency, or that it hath a course 60  
 Concentrike with the vniuersall frame  
 Of men combin'd ; whom it concerneth how  
 These motions runne, and entertaine their force ;  
 Hauing their being resting on the same.

And be it, that the vulgar are but grosse,  
 Yet are they capable of truth, and see,  
 And sometimes gesse the right, and do conceiue  
 The nature of that text that needs a glosse,  
 And wholly neuer can deluded be :  
 All may a few, few cannot all deceiue. 70

And these strange disproportions in the traine  
 And course of things doe euermore proceed  
 From th' ill-set disposition of their mindes,  
 Who in their actions cannot but retaine  
 Th' incumbred formes which doe within them breed,  
 And which they cannot shew but in their kindes.

Whereas the wayes and counsels of the light  
 So fort with valour and with manlinesse,  
 As that they carry things assuredlie  
 Vndazling of their owne or others fight : 80  
 There being a blessing that doth giue successe  
 To worthinesse and vnto constancie.

And though sometimes th'euent may fall amisse,  
 Yet shall it still haue honour for th' attempt,

When craft begins with feare and ends with shame,  
And in the whole defigne perplexed is ;  
Vertue, though lucklesse, yet shall scape contempt,  
And though it hath not hap, it shall haue fame.

TO  
THE LADIE MARGARET

*Countesse of Cumberland.*



HE that of such a height hath built his  
minde,  
And rear'd the dwelling of his  
thoughts so strong,  
As neither feare nor hope can shake  
the frame  
Of his resolu'd powr's, nor all the  
winde

Of vanitie or malice pierce to wrong  
His fetled peace, or to disturbe the same ;  
What a faire seate hath he, from whence he may 10  
The boundlesse wastes and wildes of man furuay.

And with how free an eye doth he looke downe  
Vpon these lower regions of turmoyle !  
Where all the stormes of passions mainly beat  
On flesh and bloud ; where honour, pow'r, renowne  
Are onely gay afflictions, golden toyle ;  
Where greatnesse stands vpon as feeble feet  
As frailty doth, and onely great doth seeme  
To little minds, who doe it so esteeme.

He lookes vpon the mightiest Monarchs warres 20  
But onely as on stately robberies ;  
Where euermore the fortune that preuailes  
Must be the right ; the ill-succeeding marres

The faireft and the beft-fac't enterprize :  
 Great Pirat *Pompey* leffer Pirats quales ;  
*Iuftice*, he fees, as if feduced, ftill  
 Confpire with pow'r, whose caufe muft not be ill.

He fees the face of *Right* t'appeare as manifolde  
 As are the paffions of vncertaine man ;  
 Who puts it in all colours, all attires, 30  
 To ferue his ends and make his courfes holde :  
 He fees, that let Deceit worke what it can,  
 Plot and contriue bafe wayes to high defires ;  
 That the all-guiding Prouidence doth yet  
 All difappoint, and mocks this fmoake of wit.

Nor is he mou'd with all the thunder-cracks  
 Of Tyrants threats, or with the furlly brow  
 Of power, that proudly fits on others crimes,  
 Charg'd with more crying finnes then thofe he checks ;  
 The ftormes of fad confufion, that may grow 40  
 Vp in the prefent, for the comming times,  
 Appall not him, that hath no fide at all  
 But of himfelfe, and knowes the worft can fall.

Although his heart fo neere allied to earth,  
 Cannot but pittie the perplexed State  
 Of troublous and diftreft mortalitie,  
 That thus make way vnto the ougly birth  
 Of their owne forrowes, and doe ftill beget  
 Affliction vpon imbecillitie :  
 Yet feeing thus the courfe of things muft runne, 50  
 He lookes thereon, not ftrange, but as foredone.



And whilst diftraught Ambition compaffes  
 And is incompaft ; whilst as craft deceives  
 And is deceiv'd ; whilst man doth ransacke man,  
 And builds on bloud, and rife by diftreffe ;  
 And th'inheritance of defolation leaves  
 To great expecting hopes ; he lookes thereon  
 As from the fhore of peace with vnwet eie,  
 And beares no venture in impietic.

Thus, Madam, fares that man that hath prepar'd 60  
 A reft for his defires, and fees all things  
 Beneath him, and hath learn'd this booke of man,  
 Full of the notes of frailty, and compar'd  
 The beft of glory with her sufferings:  
 By whom I fee you labour all you can  
 To plant your heart, and fet your thoughts as neare  
 His glorious manfion as your pow'rs can beare.

Which, Madam, are fo foundly fashioned  
 By that cleere iudgement that hath carryed you  
 Beyond the feeble limits of your kinde, 70  
 As they can ftand againft the ftrogeft head  
 Paffion can make ; inur'd to any hue  
 The world can caft ; that cannot caft that minde  
 Out of her forme of goodneffe, that doth fee  
 Both what the beft and worft of earth can be.

Which makes, that whatfoeuer here befall  
 You in the region of your felfe remaine ;  
 Where no vaine breath of th'impudent molefts,  
 That hath fecur'd within the brafen walles

Of a cleere conſcience, that without all ſtaine 80  
 Riſes in peace, in innocencie reſts ;  
 Whilſt all what malice from without procures,  
 Shewes her owne ougly heart, but hurts not yours.

And whereas none reioyce more in reuenge  
 Then women uſe to doe ; yet you well know,  
 That wrong is better checkt, by being contemn'd  
 Then being purſu'd : leauing to him t'auenge  
 To whom it appertaines ; wherein you ſhow  
 How worthily your cleereneſſe hath condemn'd  
 Baſe malediction, liuing in the darke, 90  
 That at the raies of goodneſſe ſtill doth barke.

Knowing the heart of man is fet to be  
 The centre of this world, about the which  
 Theſe reuolutions of diſturbances  
 Still roule ; where all th'aſpects of miſerie  
 Predominate ; whoſe ſtrong effects are ſuch  
 As he muſt beare, being pow'rleſſe to redreſſe ;  
 And that vnleſſe aboute himſelfe he can  
 Erect himſelfe, how poore a thing is man !

And how turmoyl'd they are, that leuell lie 100  
 With earth, and cannot liſt themſelues from thence ;  
 That neuer are at peace with their deſires,  
 But worke beyond their yeeres, and euen denie  
 Dotage her reſt, and hardly will diſpence  
 With death : that when ability expires,  
 Deſire liues ſtill : ſo much delight they haue  
 To carry toyle and trauell to the graue.

Whose ends you see, and what can be the best  
 They reach vnto, when they haue cast the summe  
 And reckonings of their glory ; and you know 110  
 This floting life hath but this Port of rest,  
*A heart prepar'd, that feares no ill to come :*  
 And that mans greatnesse rests but in his show ;  
 The best of all whose dayes consumed are  
 Either in warre, or peace conceiuing warre.

This concord, Madame, of a well-tun'd minde  
 Hath beene so set, by that all-working hand  
 Of heauen, that though the world hath done his worst  
 To put it out, by discords most vnkinde ;  
 Yet doth it still in perfect vnion stand 120  
 With God and man, nor euer will be forc't  
 From that most sweet accord, but still agree  
 Equall in Fortunes inequality.

And this note (Madame) of your worthinesse  
 Remaines recorded in so many hearts,  
 As time nor malice cannot wrong your right  
 In th'inheritance of Fame you must possesse ;  
 You that haue built you by your great deserts,  
 Out of small meanes, a farre more exquisit  
 And glorious dwelling\* for your honoured name 130  
 Then all the gold that leaden minds can frame.

S. D.



TO  
THE LADIE LVCIE

*Countesse of Bedford.*



Hough vertue be the same when low  
she stands,  
In th'humble shadowes of obscuritie,  
As when she either sweats in martiall  
bands,  
Or fits in Court clad with authoritie ;  
Yet, Madam, doth the strictnesse of  
her roome

Greatly detract from her abilitie :

For as in-wall'd within a liuing tombe, 10

Her hands and armes of action, labour not ;

Her thoughts, as if abortiue from the wombe,

Come neuer borne, though happily begot,

But where she hath mounted in open fight

An eminent and spacious dwelling got.

Where shee may stirre at will, and vse her might,

There is she more her selfe, and more her owne ;

There in the faire attire of honor dight,

She fits at ease and makes her glory knowne :

Applause attends her hands, her deeds haue grace, 20

Her worth new-borne is strait as if full growne.

With such a godly and respected face  
 Doth vertue looke, that's fet to looke from hie ;  
 And such a faire aduantage by her place  
 Hath state and greatnesse to doe worthily.  
 And therefore well did your high fortunes meet  
 With her, that gracing you, comes grac't thereby :  
 And well was let into a house so sweet,  
 So good, so faire, so faire so good a guest ;  
 Who now remaines as blessed in her seat, 30  
 As you are with her residencie blest.  
 And this faire course of knowledge whereunto  
 Your studies, learned Lady, are adrest,  
 Is th'only certaine way that you can go  
 Vnto true glory, to true happinesse :  
 All passages on earth besides, are so  
 Incumbred with such vaine disturbances ;  
 As still we lose our rest in seeking it,  
 Being but deluded with apparances ;  
 And no key had you else that was so fit 40  
 T'vnlocke that prison of your sex, as this,  
 To let you out of weaknesse, and admit  
 Your powers into the freedome of that blisse  
 That sets you there where you may ouer-see  
 This rowling world, and view it as it is ;  
 And apprehend how th'outfides doe agree  
 With th'inward, being of the things we deeme  
 And hold in our ill-cast accounts, to be  
 Of highest value and of best esteeme ;  
 Since all the good we haue rests in the minde, 50  
 By whose proportions onely we redeeme  
 Our thoughts from out confusion, and doe finde  
 The measure of our selues, and of our pow'rs ;

And that all happineſſe remains confinde  
 Within the Kingdome of this breſt of ours :  
 Without whoſe boundes all that we looke on lies  
 In others iuriſdictions, others pow'rs,  
 Out of the circuit of our liberties.  
 All glory, honor, fame, applauſe, renowne,  
 Are not belonging to our royalties, 60  
 But t'others wils, wherein th'are onely growne :  
 And that vnleſſe we find vs all within,  
 We neuer can without vs be our owne,  
 Nor call it right our life that we liue in :  
 But a poſſeſſion held for others uſe,  
 That ſeeme to haue moſt int'reſt therein ;  
 Which we doe ſo diſſeuer, part, traduce,  
 Let out to cuſtome, faſhion, and to ſhew,  
 As we enioy but onely the abuſe,  
 And haue no other deed at all to ſhew. 70  
 How oft are we conſtrained to appeare  
 With other countenance then that we owe,  
 And be our ſelues farre off, when we are neere !  
 How oft are we forc't on a cloudie hart  
 To ſet a ſhining face, and make it cleere ;  
 Seeming content to put our ſelues apart,  
 To beare a part of others weakenefſes !  
 As if we onely were compoſ'd by Art,  
 Not Nature, and did all our deeds addreſſe  
 T'opinion, not t'a conſcience, what is right : 80  
 As fram'd b'example, not aduiſedneſſe,  
 Into thoſe formes that entertaine our fight.  
 And though books, Madam, cannot make this minde  
 Which we muſt bring apt to be ſet aright,  
 Yet doe they rectifie it in that kinde,

And touch it so, as that it turnes that way  
 Where iudgement lies : and though we cannot find  
 The certaine place of truth, yet doe they stay  
 And entertaine vs neere about the fame ;  
 And giue the soule the best delight that may 90  
 Encheere it most, and most our spirits inflame  
 To thoughts of glory, and to worthy ends :  
 And therefore in a course that best became  
 The cleerenesse of your heart, and best commends  
 Your worthy pow'rs, you run the rightest way  
 That is on earth, that can true glory giue ;  
 By which when all consumes, your fame shal liue.



TO  
THE LADIE ANNE  
*Clifford.*



Vnto the tender youth of those faire eies  
The light of iudgement can arife but  
new ;  
And yong the world appears t'a  
yong conceit,  
Whil't thorow the vnacquainted  
faculties

The late inuested·soule doth rawly view  
Those obiects which on that discretion wait.

Yet you that such a faire aduantage haue 10  
Both by your birth and happy pow'rs, t'out go,  
And be before your yeeres, can fairely gueffe  
What hue of life holdes surest without staine ;  
Hauing your well-wrought heart full furnish't so  
With all the images of worthinesse,

As there is left no roome at all t'inuest  
Figures of other forme but sanctitie :  
Whil't yet those cleane-created thoughts, within  
The Garden of your innocencies rest ;  
Where are no motions of deformitie, 20  
Nor any doore at all to let them in.

With so great care doth she, that hath brought forth  
That comely body, labour to adorne

That better part, the mansion of your minde,  
 With all the richest furniture of worth ;  
 To make y'as highly good as highly borne,  
 And set your vertues equall to your kinde.

She tels you how that honour onely is  
 A goodly garment put on faire defarts ;  
 Wherein the smallest staine is greatest feene, 30  
 And that it cannot grace vnworthineffe ;  
 But more apparant shewes defectiue parts,  
 How gay foeuer they are deckt therein.

She tels you too, how that it bounded is,  
 And kept inclosed with so many eies,  
 As that it cannot stray and breake abroad  
 Into the priuate wayes of carelesneffe ;  
 Nor euer may descend to vulgarize,  
 Or be below the sphere of her abode.

But like to those supernall bodies set 40  
 Within their Orbs, must keepe the certaine course  
 Of order, destin'd to their proper place ;  
 Which onely doth their note of glory get.  
 Th'irregular apparances inforce

A short respect, and perish without grace :

Being Meteors seeming high, but yet low plac't,  
 Blazing but while their dying matters last :

Nor can we take the iust height of the minde,  
 But by that order which her course doth shew,  
 And which such splendor to her actions giues ; 50  
 And thereby men her eminencie finde,  
 And thereby onely doe attaine to know  
 The Region, and the Orbe wherein she liues.

For low in th'aire of grosse vncertaintie  
 Confusion onely rowles, order fits hie.

And therefore since the dearest thinge on earth,  
 This honour, Madam, hath his stately frame  
 From th'heav'nly order, which begets respect ;  
 And that your Nature, vertue, happy birth,  
 Haue therein highly interplac'd your name, 60  
 You may not runne the least course of neglect,

For where, not to obserue, is to prophane  
 Your dignity ; how carefull must you be  
 To be your selfe ? And though you may to all  
 Shine faire aspects, yet must the vertuous gaine  
 The best effects of your benignitie :  
 Nor must your common graces cause to fall  
 The price of your esteeme t'a lower rate,  
 Then doth besit the pitch of your estate.

Nor may you build on your sufficiencie, 70  
 For in our strongest parts we are but weake ;  
 Nor yet may ouermuch distrust the same :  
 Left that you come to checke it so thereby,  
 As silence may become worse then to speake ;  
*Though silence women neuer ill became.*

And none we see were euer ouerthrowne  
 By others flattery more then by their owne.  
 For though we liue amongst the tongues of praise,  
 And troopes of smoothing people that collaud  
 All that we doe, yet 'tis within our harts 80  
 Th'ambushment lies, that euermore betraies  
 Our iudgements, when our selues be come t'applaud  
 Our owne abilitie and our owne parts.

So that we must not onely fence this fort  
 Of ours, against all others fraud, but most  
 Against our owne ; whose danger is the most,  
 Because we lie the neereft to doe hurt,

And soon't deceiue our selues, and soon't are lost  
By our best pow'rs, that doe vs most transport.

Such are your holy bounds, who must conuay 90  
(If God so please) the honourable bloud  
Of *Clifford*, and of *Russell*, led aright

To many worthy stems; whose offspring may  
Looke backe with comfort, to haue had that good  
To spring from such a branch that grew s'vpright;  
Since nothing cheeres the heart of greatnesse more  
Then th'Ancestors faire glory gone before. 97

l. 89 misprinted 'transport' in 1623 4to.

TO  
HENRY VVRIOTHESLY  
Earle of Southamton.

*Non fert vllum iētum illæfa felicitas.*



HE who hath neuer warr'd with miserie,  
Nor euer tugg'd with Fortune and  
distresse,  
Hath had n'occasion nor no field to  
trie  
The strength and forces of his worthi-  
nesse :

Those parts of iudgement which felicitie  
Keepes as conceal'd, affliction must expresse ; 10  
And onely men shew their abilities,  
And what they are, in their extremities.

The world had neuer taken so full note  
Of what thou art, hadst thou not beene vndone ;  
And onely thy affliction hath begot  
More fame, then thy best fortunes could haue done ;  
For euer, by aduersitie are wrought  
The greatest workes of admiration.  
And all the faire examples of renowne  
Out of distresse and miserie are growne. 20

*Mutius* the fire, the tortures *Regulus*,  
Did make the miracles of faith and zeale,  
Exile renown'd, and grac'd *Rutilius* ;  
Imprifonment and poyson did reueale

The worth of *Socrates* ; *Fabritius*'  
 Pouertie did grace that Common-weale  
 More then all *Syllaes* riches, got with strife ;  
 And *Catoes* death did vie with *Cæsars* life.

Not to b'vnhappy is vnhappyneffe ;  
 And misery not t'haue knowne miserie : 30  
 For the best way vnto discretion, is  
 The way that leades vs by aduerfitie.  
 And men are better shew'd what is amisse,  
 By th'expert finger of calamitie,  
 Then they can be with all that Fortune brings ;  
 Who neuer shewes them the true face of things.

How could we know that thou could'st haue indur'd  
 With a repofed cheere, wrong and disgrace ;  
 And with a heart and countenance affur'd  
 Haue lookt sterne death and horror in the face ! 40  
 How should we know thy foule had beene secur'd  
 In honeft counfels and in way vnbase !  
 Hadst thou not stood to shew vs what thou wert,  
 By thy affliction, that discri'd thy heart.

It is not but the Tempeft that doth show  
 The Sea-mans cunning ; but the field that tries  
 The Captaines courage : and we come to know  
 Best what men are, in their worst ieopardies :  
 For lo, how many haue we seene to grow  
 To high renowne from lowest miseries, 50  
 Out of the hands of death, and many a one  
 T'haue beene vndone, had they not beene vndone.

He that indures for what his conscience knowes  
Not to be ill, doth from a patience hie  
Looke onely on the cause whereto he owes  
Those sufferings, not on his miserie :  
The more h'endures, the more his glory growes,  
Which neuer growes from imbecillitie :  
Onely the best compos'd and worthiest harts  
God sets to act the hardest and constant'st parts. 60

*S. D.*

1853



VIII.

Mufophilus, or Defence of all Learning.

1602-3.

NOTE.

In the 1601 gift-folio, again, 'Mufophilus' is found with this title (undated) :—

A  
Defence of Ryme  
Against a Pamphlet enti-  
tuled

*Obferuations in the Art of  
English Poesie.*

Wherein is demonftratiuely pro-  
ued, that Ryme is the fitteft har-  
monie of words that comportes  
with our language.

By Sa. D.

At London

Printed by V. S. for *Edward Blount.*

As Dr. Thomas Campion's 'Obferuations' did not appear until 1602, the 'Defence' cannot have been printed sooner than 1602-3. A collation of the after-texts yields no various readings save slight orthographical changes. See our Memorial-Introduction on 'Mufophilus,' and Daniel's prose 'Defence' (in his Prose Works). The general title was thus altered later.

Mvfophilus :

Containing

*A General Defence  
of Learning.*

In the 4to of 1623 and elsewhere the placing of the stanzas is irregular (from p. 248, l. 717); all have been made uniform, *i.e.*, 8 lines each, with first line projecting instead of a line projecting and two lines; also l. 728 a misprint 'temp'ring' corrected by 'tamp'ring.' G.

To the right VVorthy and Iudicious  
Fauorer of Vertue, Master  
Fulke Greuill.



*Doe not here upon this hum'rous Stage,  
Bring my transformed Verse, appavelled  
With others passions, or with others  
rage;*

*With loues, with wounds, with factions  
furnished :*

*But here present thee, onely modelled  
In this poore frame, the forme of mine owne heart :  
Where, to reuiue my selfe, my Muse is led 10  
With motions of her owne, t'act her owne part ;  
Striuing to make her now contemned Art,  
As faire t'her selfe as possibly she can ;  
Lest, seeming of no force, of no desert,  
She might repent the course that she began ;  
And, with these times of dissolution, fall  
From Goodnesse, Vertue, Glory, Fame and all. 17*

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# MVSOPHILVS

Containing,

*A generall Defence of all  
Learning.*

*Philocosmus.*



And man *Musophilus*, that thus dost  
spend,  
In an vngainefull Arte thy deereſt  
dayes,  
Tyring thy wits, and toyling to no end,  
But to attaine that idle ſmoake of  
Praiſe :

Now when this buſie world cannot attend 10  
Th'vntimely Muſicke of neglected layes.

Other delights then theſe, other deſires  
This wiſer profit-ſeeking Age requires.

*Musophilus.*

**F**riend *Philocosmus*, I confeſſe indeede,  
I loue this ſacred Arte thou ſett'ſt ſo light,  
And though it neuer ſtand my life in ſteede,  
It is enough, it giues my ſelfe delight ;  
The whiles my vnafflicted minde doth feede  
On no vnholly thoughts for benefit.

20

Be it, that my vnseasonable Song

Come out of time ; that fault is in the Time,  
 And I must not doe Vertue so much wrong,  
 As loue her aught the worse for others crime :  
 And yet I finde some blessed spirits among,  
 That cherish me, and like, and grace my Rime.

Againe, that I doe more in Soule esteeme,

Then all the gaine of dust the world doth craue :  
 And, if I may attaine, but to redeeme  
 My name from Diffolution and the Graue ;  
 I shall haue done enough, and better deeme  
 T'haue liu'd to be, then to haue dide to haue.

30

Short-breath'd Mortalitie would yet extend

That spanne of life so farre forth as it may,  
 And robbe her Fate ; seeke to beguile her end  
 Of some few lingring dayes of after-stay,  
 That all this little All, might not descend  
 Into the darke, a vniuerfall pray.

And giue our labours yet this poore delight,

That when our daies doe end, they are not done :  
 And though we die, we shall not perish quite,  
 But liue two liues, where other haue but one.

*Philosophus.*

**S**illy desires of selfe-abusing man,

Striuing to gaine th'inheritance of Aire,

That hauing done the vttermoſt he can,

Leaues yet, perhaps, but beggarie to his heire :

All that great purchase of the breath he wan,

Feedes not his race, or makes his house more faire.

And what art thou the better, thus to leaue 50  
 A multitude of words to small effect,  
 Which other times may scorne, and so deceiue  
 Thy promis'd name, of what thou dost expect?  
 Besides, some viperous Criticke may bereaue  
 Th'opinion of thy worth for some defect;  
 And get more reputation of his wit,  
 By, but controlling of some word or sence,  
 Then thou shalt honour for contriuing it,  
 With all thy trauell, care and diligence;  
 Being Learning now enough to contradict, 60  
 And censure others with bold insolence.  
 Besides, so many so confusedly sing,  
 Whose diuerse discords haue the Musicke mar'd,  
 And in contempt that mysterie doth bring,  
 That he must sing alowd that will be heard:  
 And the receiud opinion of the thing,  
 For some vnhalloved string that vildely iar'd,  
 Hath so vnseason'd now the eares of men,  
 That who doth touch the tenour of that vaine,  
 Is held but vaine; and his vnreckned pen 70  
 The title but of Leuitie doth gaine.  
 A poore light gaine, to recompence their toyle,  
 That thought to get Eternitie the while.  
 And therefore, leaue the left and out-worne course  
 Of vnregarded wayes, and labour how  
 To fit the times with what is most in force;  
 Be new with mens affections that are new;  
 Striue not to runne an idle counter-course,  
 Out from the scent of humours, men allow.  
 For not discreetly to compose our partes 80  
 Vnto the frame of men (which we must be)

Is to put off our felues, and make our Artes  
 Rebels to Nature and Societie ;  
 Whereby we come to burie our defarts,  
 In th'obfcure graue of Singularity.

*Mufophilus.*

**D**Oe not prophane the worke of doing well,  
 Seduced man, that canft not looke fo hie  
 From out that mift of earth, as thou canft tell  
 The wayes of Right, which Vertue doth defcrie ; 90  
 That ouer-lookes the bafe contemptibly,  
 And low-laid follies of Mortalitie :  
 Nor mete out Truth and right-difcerning Praise,  
 By that wrong measure of Confufion,  
 The vulgar foote ; that neuer takes his wayes  
 By Reason, but by Imitation,  
 Rowling on with the reft ; and neuer weighs  
 The courfe which he fhould goe, but what is gone.  
 Well were it with Mankinde, if, what the moft  
 Did like, were beft : But Ignorance will liue 100  
 By others fquare, as by example loft :  
 And man to man muft th'hand of Errour giue  
 That none can fall alone, at their owne coft ;  
 And all, becaufe men iudge not, but beleue.  
 For what poore bounds haue they, whom but th'earth  
 bounds ;  
 What is their end whereto their care attaines,  
 When the thing got, relieues not, but confounds,  
 Hauing but trauell to fucceede their paines ?  
 What ioy hath he of liuing, that propounds  
 Affliction but his end, and Griefe his gaines ? 110



Gath'ring, incroching, wresting, ioyning to,  
 Destroying, building, decking, furnishing,  
 Repaying, altring, and so much adoe,  
 To his foules toyle, and bodies traouelling :  
 And all this doth he, little knowing who  
 Fortune ordaines to haue th'inheriting.  
 And his faire house raif'd hie in Enuies eie ;  
 Whose Pillars rear'd (perhaps) on bloud and wrong,  
 The spoyles and pillage of Iniquitie :  
 Who can assure it to continue long ? 120  
 If Rage spar'd not the walles of Pietie,  
 Shall the prophanest pyles of finne keepe strong ?  
 How many proud aspiring Pallaces  
 Haue we knowne, made the prey of wrath and pride ;  
 Leuell'd with th'earth, left to forgetfulnesse ;  
 Whilst titlers their pretended rights decide,  
 Or ciuill tumults, or an orderlesse  
Order, pretending change of some strong side ? ✱  
 Then where is that proud Title of thy name,  
 Written in yce of melting vanitie ? 130  
 Where is thine heire left to possesse the same ?  
 Perhaps, not so well as in beggarie.  
 Something may rise to be beyond the shame  
 Of vile and vnregarded Pouertie.  
 Which I confesse, although I often striue  
 To clothe in the best habit of my skill,  
 In all the fairest colours I can giue :  
 Yet for all that, me thinkes she lookes but ill.  
 I cannot brooke that face, which dead-aliue  
 Shewes a quicke body, but a buried will. 140  
 Yet oft we see the barres of this restraint  
 Holdes goodnesse in, which loose wealth would let flie ;

And fruitlesse riches barriner then want,  
 Brings forth small worth from idle Libertie :  
 Which when Diforders shall againe make scant,  
 It must refetch her state from Pouertie.  
 But yet in all this interchange of all,  
 Vertue we see, with her faire grace, stands fast :  
 For what high races hath there come to fall,  
 With low disgrace, quite vanished and past, 150  
 Since *Chaucer* liu'd ; who yet liues, and yet shall,  
 Though (which I grieue to say) but in his last.  
 Yet what a time hath he wrested from Time,  
 And wonne vpon the mighty waste of dayes,  
 Vnto th'immortall honour of our clime !  
 That by his meanes came first adorn'd with Bayes ;  
 Vnto the sacred Relickes of whose rime, *Pilgrimage*  
 We yet are bound in zeale to offer praise ?  
 And, could our lines, begotten in this age,  
 Obtaine but such a blessed hand of yeares, 160  
 And scape the fury of that threatning rage,  
 Which in confused cloudes gastly appeares ;  
 Who would not straine his trauels to ingage,  
 When such true glory should succede his cares ?  
 But whereas he came planted in the Spring,  
 And had the Sunne, before him, of Respect :  
 We, fet in th'Autumne, in the withering *Last year*  
 And fullen season of a cold defect, *of ER*  
 Must taste those sowre distasts the times do bring  
 Vpon the fulnesse of a cloy'd Neglect ; 170  
 Although the stronger constitutions shall  
 Weare out th'infection of distempred dayes,  
 And come with glory to out-liue this fall :  
 Recou'ring of another springing of Praise,

Cleer'd from th'opprefing humours wherewithall  
The Idle multitude furcharge their laies.

Whenas (perhaps) the words thou scornest now  
May liue, the fpeaking picture of the minde ;  
The extract of the foule, that laboured, how  
To leaue the Image of herfelfe behinde ; 180  
Wherein Posteritie, that loue to know  
The iuft proportion of our Spirits, may finde.

For thefe Lines are the veines, the arteries,  
And vndecaying life-strings of thofe harts  
That ftill fhall pant, and ftill fhall exercize  
The motion, fpirit and Nature both imparts ;  
And fhall, with thofe aliuie fo fympathize,  
As, nourifht with their powers, inioy their parts.

O bleffed Letters, that combine in one,  
All Ages paff, and make one liue with all : 190  
By you, we doe conferre with who are gone,  
And, the dead-liuing vnto Councell call :  
By you, th'vnborne fhall haue communion  
Of what we feele, and what doth vs befall.

Soule of the world, Knowledge, without thee,  
What hath the Earth, that truly glorious is ?  
Why fhould our pride make fuch a ftirre to be,  
To be forgot ? What good is like to this,  
To doe worthy the writing, and to write  
Worthy the reading, and the worlds delight ? 200

And let th'vnnaturall and wayward Race,  
Borne of one wombe with vs, but to our shame,  
That neuer read t'obferue, but to difgrace ;  
Raife all the tempeft of their powre, to blame.  
That puffe of folly neuer can deface,  
The worke a happy *Genius* tooke to frame.

Yet why should ciuill Learning seeke to wound  
 And mangle her owne members with despight?  
 Prodigious wits, that study to confound  
 The life of wit, to seeme to know aright, 210  
 As if themfelues had fortunately found  
 Some stand from off the earth beyond our sight;  
 Whence, ouer-looking all as from aboue,  
 Their grace is not to worke, but to reprove.  
 But how came they plac'd in so high degree  
 About the reach and compasse of the rest?  
 Who hath admitted them onely to be  
 Free-denizens of skill, to iudge the best?  
 From whom the world as yet could neuer see  
 The warrant of their wit soundly exprest. 220  
 T'acquaint our times with that perfection  
 Of high conceipt, which onely they possesse;  
 That we might haue things exquisitely done,  
 Measur'd with all their strict obseruances:  
 Such would (I know) scorne a Translation,  
 Or bring but others labours to the Presse:  
 Yet, oft these monster-breeding mountaines will  
 Bring forth small Mice of great expected skill.  
 Presumption euer fullest of defects,  
 Failes, in the doing, to performe her part: 230  
 And I haue knowne proude words and poore effects,  
 Of such indeede as doe condemne this Arte:  
 But let them rest, it euer hath beene knowne,  
 They others vertues scorne, that doubt their owne.  
 And for the diuers disagreeing cordes  
 Of inter-iangling Ignorance, that fill  
 The dainty eares, and leaue no roome for words,  
 The worthier mindes neglect, or pardon will:

Knowing the best he hath, he frankly foordes,  
 And scornes to be a niggard of his skill. 240  
 And that the rather, since this short-liu'd race,  
 Being fatally the sonnes but of one day ;  
 That now with all their powre plie it apace,  
 To hold out with the greatest might they may,  
 Against Confusion, that hath all in chace,  
 To make of all, an vniuersall pray.  
 For now great Nature hath laid downe at last  
 That mighty birth, wherewith so long she went,  
 And ouer-went the times of ages past,  
 Here to lye in, vpon our soft content : 250  
 Where fruitfull she, hath multiplied so fast,  
 That all she hath, on these times seem'd t'haue spent.  
 All that which might haue many ages grac'd,  
 Is borne in one, to make one cloy'd with all ;  
 Where Plenty hath imprest a deepe distast,  
 Of best and worst, and all in generall :  
 That Goodnesse seemes Goodnesse to haue defac't,  
 And Vertue hath to Vertue giuen the fall.  
 For Emulation, that proude nurse of Wit,  
 Scorning to stay below or come behinde, 260  
 Labours vpon that narrow top to fit  
 Of sole Perfection in the highest kinde :  
 Enuy and Wonder looking after it,  
 Thrust likewise, on the selfesame blisse to finde :  
 And so, long striuing, till they can no more,  
 Doe stufe the place, or others hopes shut out ;  
 Who, doubting to ouertake those gone before,  
 Giue vp their care, and cast no more about :  
 And so in scorne, leaue all as fore possest,  
 And will be none, where they may not be best. 270

Eu'n like some empty Creeke, that long hath laine,  
 Left or neglected of the Riuer by,  
 Whose searching fides, pleas'd with a wandring vaine,  
 Finding some little way that close did lie ;  
 Steale in at first, then other streames againe  
 Second the first, then more then all supply ;  
 Till all the mighty maine hath borne, at last,  
 The glory of his chiefeft powre that way ;  
 Plying this newfound pleasant roome so fast,  
 Till all be full, and all be at a stay : 280  
 And then about, and backe againe doth cast,  
 Leauing that full to fall another way :  
 So fares this hum'rous world, that euermore  
 Rapt with the current of a present course,  
 Runnes into that which lay contemn'd before :  
 Then glutt'd, leaues the fame, and falles t'a worfe :  
 Now Zeale holdes all, no life but to adore,  
 Then cold in spirit, and faith is of no force.  
 Strait, all that holy was, vnhalloved lies,  
 The scattred carcasses of ruin'd vowes : 290  
 Then Truth is false, and now hath Blindnesse eyes,  
 Then Zeale trusts all, now scarcely what it knowes :  
 That euermore, to foolish or to wife,  
 It fatall is to be seduc'd with shoves.  
 Sacred Religion, mother of Forme and Feare,  
 How gorgeously sometimes dost thou sit deckt ?  
 What pompous vestures doe we make thee weare ?  
 What stately piles we prodigall erect ?  
 How sweet perfum'd thou art, how shining cleare ?  
 How solemnely obseru'd, with what respect ? 300

l. 280, 'solempnly' 1601 ; l. 289, misprinted 'vnhalloved.'

Another time, all plaine, all quite thread-bare,  
 Thou must haue all within, and nought without ;  
 Sit poorely without light, disfrob'd, no care  
 Of outward grace, to amuze the poore deuout ;  
 Powrelesse, vnfollowed, scarcely men can spare  
 The necessary rites to fet thee out.

Either Truth, Goodnesse, Vertue are not still  
 The selfesame which they are, and alwayes one,  
 But alter to the proiect of our will,  
 Or we, our actions make them waite vpon, 310  
 Putting them in the liuery of our skill,  
 And cast them off againe when we haue done.

You mightie Lords, that with respected grace  
 Doe at the sterne of faire example stand,  
 And all the body of this populace  
 Guide with the turning of your hand ;  
 Keepe a right course, beare vp from all disgrace,  
 Obserue the poynt of glory to our land :

Hold vp disgraced knowledge from the ground,  
 Keepe Vertue in request, giue Worth her due, 320  
 Let not Neglect with barbarous meanes confound  
 So faire a good, to bring in night anew.  
 Be not, O be not accessary found  
 Vnto her death, that must giue life to you.

Where will you haue your vertuous name safe laide ?  
 In gorgeous Tombes, in sacred Cels secure ?  
 Doe you not see those prostrate heapes betraide  
 Your fathers bones, and could not keep them sure ?  
 And will you trust deceitfull stones faire laide,  
 And thinke they will be to your honour truer ? 330

No, no, vnsparring Time will proudly fend  
A warrant vnto Wrath; that with one frowne  
Will all these mock'ries of Vaine-glory rend,  
And make them, as before, vngrac'd, vnknowne;  
Poore idle honours that can ill defend  
Your memories, that cannot keepe their owne.  
And whereto ferue that wondrous *Trophei* now,  
That on the goodly Plaine neere *Wilton* stands?  
That huge dumbe heape, that cannot tell vs how,  
Nor what, nor whence it is, nor with whose hands, 340  
Nor for whose glory, it was set to shew  
How much our pride mocks that of other lands?  
Whereon, whenas the gazing passenger  
Hath greedy lookt with admiration,  
And faine would know his birth, and what he were,  
How there erected, and how long agoe:  
Enquires, and askes his fellow traoueller,  
What he hath heard, and his opinion:  
And he knowes nothing. Then he turnes againe,  
And lookes, and sighs, and then admires afresh, 350  
And in himselfe with sorrow doth complaine  
The misery of darke Forgetfulnesse:  
Angry with Time that nothing should remaine  
Our greatest wonders wonder, to expresse.  
Then Ignorance, with fabulous discourse,  
Robbing faire Arte and Cunning of their right,  
Tels, how those stones, were by the Deuils force,  
From *Affrike* brought to *Ireland* in a night,  
And thence, to *Britannie*, by Magicke course,  
From Gyants hands redeem'd, by *Merlins* sleight. 360  
And then neere *Ambri* plac'd, in memorie  
Of all those noble Britons murthered there,



Idea of 'Fame / Glory' never occurs to D that  
might have been made for present

By *Hengist* and his Saxon trecherie,  
Comming to parlee in peace at vnaware.  
With this old Legend then Credulitie  
Holdes her content, and clofes vp her care :  
But is Antiquitie fo great a liar ?  
Or, doe her yonger sonnes her age abuse,  
Seeing after-commers still, fo apt t'admire  
The graue authoritie that she doth vse, 370  
That reuerence and Respeçt dares not require  
Proofe of her deedes, or once her words refuse ?  
Yet wrong they did vs, to presume fo far,  
Vpon our easie credit and delight :  
For, once found false, they strait became to mar  
Our faith, and their owne reputation quite,  
That now her truths hardly beleued are :  
And though sh'auouch the right, she scarce hath right.  
And as for thee, thou huge and mighty frame,  
That stands corrupted fo with times despight, 380  
And giu't false euidence, against their fame  
That set thee there, to testifie their right ;  
And art become a Traitour to their name  
That trusted thee with all the best they might.  
Thou shalt stand still belide, and flandered,  
The onely gazing-stocke of Ignorance ;  
And by thy guile, the wise admonished,  
Shall neuer more desire such heapes t'aduance ;  
Nor trust their liuing glory with the dead  
That cannot speake, but leaue their fame to Chance :  
Confidering in how small a roome doe lie, 391  
And yet lie safe, as fresh as if aliue,  
All those great worthies of antiquitie ;  
Which long foreliu'd thee, and shall long furuiue ;

Who stronger tombes found for Eternitie,  
 Then could the powres of all the earth contriue.  
 Where they remaine these trifles to obraid  
 Out of the reach of Spoyle, and way of Rage ;  
 Though Time with all his power of yeeres hath laid  
 Long batterie, back'd with vndermining Age, 400  
 Yet they make head, onely with their owne aide  
 And warre, with his all-conquering forces, wage.  
 Pleading the Heau'ns prescription to be free,  
 And t'haue a grant, t'indure as long as hee.

*Philocosmus.*

**B**Eholde how euery man, drawne with delight  
 Of what he doth, flatters him in his way ;  
 Striuing to make his course seeme onely right  
 Doth his owne rest, and his owne thoughts betray :  
 Imagination bringing brauely dight, 410  
 Her pleasing Images in best aray.  
 With flattering glasse that must shew him faire,  
 And others foule : his skill and wit best,  
 Others seduc'd, deceiu'd and wrong in their :  
 His knowledge right, all ignorant the rest.  
 Not seeing how these Minions in the aire  
 Present a face of things falsely exprest,  
 And that the glimmering of these errors showne,  
 Are but a light, to let him see his owne.  
 Alas poore Fame, in what a narrow roome, 420  
 As an incaged Parrot art thou pent  
 Here amongst vs, where, euen as good be dombe  
 As speake, and to be heard with no attent ?  
 How can you promise of the time to come,  
 Whenas the present are so negligent ?

Small extent  
of fame

Is this the walke of all your wide renowne,  
 This litle Point, this scarce discerned Ile,  
 Thrust from the world, with whom our speech vnknowne  
 Made neuer any traffike of our Stile?  
 And in this All, where all this care is showne, 430  
 T'inchant your fame to last so long a while?  
 And for that happier tongues haue wonne so much,  
 Thinke you to make your barbarous language such?  
 Poore narrow limits for so mightie paines,  
 That cannot promise any forraine vent:  
 And yet, if here, to all, your wondrous vaines  
 Were generally knowne, it might content:  
 But loe, how many reades not, or disdaines  
 The labour of the chiefe and excellent?  
 How many thousands neuer heard the name 440  
 Of *Sidney*, or of *Spencer*, or their Bookes?  
 And yet braue fellowes, and perfume of Fame,  
 And seeme to beare downe all the world with lookes?  
 What then shall they expect of meaner frame,  
 On whose indeuours few or none scarce lookes?  
 Doe you not see these Pamphlets, Libels and Rymes,  
 These strange confused tumults of the minde,  
 Are growne to be the sicknesse of these times,  
 The great disease inflicted on mankind?  
 Your Vertues by your Follies made your crimes, 450  
 Haue issue with your indiscretion ioyn'd.  
 Schooles, Artes, Professions, all in so great store,  
 Passe the proportion of the present state;  
 Where, being as great a number as before,  
 And fewer roomes them to accommodate:  
 It cannot be but they must throng the more,  
 And kick, and thrust, and shoulder with Debate.

For when the greater wits cannot attaine  
Th'expected good, which they account their right,  
And yet perceiue others to reape that gaine 460  
Of farre inferiour vertues in their fight :  
They present, with the sharpe of Enuie, straine  
To wound them with reproches and despight :  
And for these cannot haue as well as they,  
They scorne their faith should deigne to looke that way.  
Hence, discontented Sects and Schismes arise,  
Hence interwounding Controuerfies spring,  
That feede the Simple, and offend the Wise,  
Who know the consequence of cauelling  
Disgrace, that these to others doe deuise : 470  
Contempt and Scorne on all in th'end doth bring,  
Like scolding wiues, reckning each others fault,  
Make standers-by imagine both are naught.  
For when to these rare dainties, time admits  
All commers, all complexions, all that will,  
Where none should be let in but choifest wits,  
Whose milde discretion could comport with skill :  
For when the place their humour neither fits,  
Nor they the place, who can expect but ill ?  
For being vnapt for what they tooke in hand, 480  
And for aught els whereto they shall b'adrest,  
They eu'n become th'incumbrance of the land,  
As out of ranke, disordring all the rest :  
This grace of theirs, to seeme to vnderstand,  
Marres all their grace, to doe, without their rest.  
Men finde, that action is another thing,  
Then what they in discourfing papers reade :  
The worlds affaires require in managing,  
More Artes then those wherein you Clerkes proceede:

33 { Whilst timorous Knowledge stands confidering, 490  
 Audacious Ignorance hath done the deede ;  
 For who knowes most, the more he knowes to doubt ;  
 The least discourse is commonly most stout ;  
 This sweet inchaunting Knowledge turnes you cleene  
 Out from the fields of naturall delight,  
 And makes you hide, vnwilling to be seene  
 In th'open concourse of a publike fight :  
 This skill, wherewith you haue so cunning beene,  
 Vnfinues all your powres, vnmans you quite.  
 Publike societie and commerce of men 500  
 Require another grace, another port :  
 This Eloquence, these Rymes, these Phrases then,  
 Begot in shades, doe serue vs in no sort ;  
 Th'vnmateriall swelling of your Pen  
 Touch not the spirit that action doth import :  
 A manly stile, fitted to manly eares  
 Best grees with wit ; not that which goes so gay,  
 And commonly the gawdy liu'ry weares  
 Of nice Corruptions, which the times doe sway,  
 And waites on th'humour of his pulse that beares 510  
 His passions set to such a pleasing kay :  
 Such dainties serue onely for stomackes weake ;  
 For men doe fowleft, when they finest speake.  
 Yet doe I not dislike that in some wise  
 Be sung, the great heroicall deferts,  
 Of braue renowned spirits ; whose exercise  
 Of worthy deeds may call vp others hearts,  
 And serue a modell for posterities,  
 To fashon them fit for like glorious parts :  
 But so, that all our spirits may tend hereto, 520  
 To make it, not our grace, to say, but do.

*Musophilus.*

**M**Vch thou hast said, and willingly I heare,  
 As one that am not so posselt with Loue  
 Of what I doe, but that I rather beare  
 An eare to learne, then a tongue to disproue :  
 I know men must, as carried in their spheare,  
 According to their proper motions, moue.  
 And that course likes them best which they are on,  
 Yet Truth hath certaine bounds, but Falshood none. >  
 I doe confesse our limits are but small, 531  
 Compar'd with all the whole vaste earth beside;  
 All which, againe, rated to that great All,  
 Is likewise as a poynt, scarcely descride :  
 So that in these respects, we may this call,  
 A poynt but of a poynt, where we abide.  
 But if we shall descend from that high stand  
 Of ouer-looking Contemplation,  
 And cast our thoughts, but to, and not beyond  
 This spacious circuit which we tread vpon ; 540  
 We then may estimate our mighty land,  
 A world, within a world standing alone.  
 Where, if our fame confind cannot get out,  
 What, shall we imagine it is pen'd,  
 That hath so great a world to walke about,  
 Whose bounds with her reports haue both one end ?  
 Why shall we not rather esteeme her stout,  
 That farther then her owne scorne to extend ?  
 Where being so large a roome, both to doe well,  
 And eke to heare th'applause of things well done, 550  
 That farther, if men shall our vertues tell,  
 We haue more mouthes, but not more merit won ;

It doth not greater make that which is laudable,  
 The flame is bigger blowne, the fire all one.  
 And for the few that onely lend their eare,  
 That few, is all the world ; which with a few  
 Doe euer liue, and moue, and worke, and stirre.  
 This is the heart doth feele and onely know  
 The rest of all, that onely bodies beare,  
 Rowle vp and downe, and fill vp but the row. 560  
 And serues as others members, not their owne,  
 The instruments of those that doe direct.  
 Then what disgrace is this, not to be knowne  
 To those know not to giue themselues respect ?  
 And though they swell with pompe of folly blowne,  
 They liue vngrac'd, and die but in Neglect.  
 And for my part, if onely one allow  
 The care my labouring spirits take in this,  
 He is to me a Theater large enow,  
 And his applause onely sufficient is : 570  
 All my respect is bent but to his brow,  
 That is my All ; and all I am, is his.  
 And if some worthy spirits be pleased too,  
 It shall more comfort breede, but not more will.  
 But what if none ? It cannot yet vndoo  
 The loue I beare vnto this holy skill :  
 This is the thing that I was borne to doo,  
 This is my Scene, this part must I fulfill.  
 Let those that know not breath, esteeme of winde,  
 And set t'a vulgar ayre their seruile song ; 580  
 Rating their goodnesse by the praise they find,  
 Making their worth on others fits belong ;  
 As Vertue were the hireling of the minde,  
 And could not liue if Fame had ne'r a tong.

Hath that all-knowing powre that holdes within  
 The goodly prospectiue of all this frame,  
 (Where, whatfoeuer is, or what hath bin,  
 Reflects a certaine image of the same)  
 No inward pleasures to delight her in,  
 But she must gad to seeke an almes of Fame? 590

98 Must she, like to a wanton Curtezan,  
 Open her brefts for shew, to winne her praise;  
 And blaze her faire bright beauty vnto man  
 As if she were enamour'd of his wayes,  
 And knew not Weakenesse, nor could rightly scan  
 To what defects his hum'rous breath obayes?

She that can tell, how proud Ambition  
 Is but a Beggar, and hath nought at all,  
 But what is giu'n of meere Deuotion:  
 For which, how much it sweats, how much it's thrall?  
 What toyle it takes, and yet, when all is done, 601  
 Th'endes in expectation neuer fall;

Shall she ioyne hands with such a seruile mate,  
 And prostrate her faire body, to commit  
 Folly with earth, and to defile that state  
 Of cleereneffe, for so grosse a benefit?  
 Hauing Reward dwelling within her gate,  
 And Glory of her owne to furnish it:

Her selfe, a recompence sufficient  
 Vnto her selfe, to giue her owne content. 610  
 I't not enough, that she hath raif'd so hie,  
 Those that be hers, that they may fit and see  
 The earth below them, and this All to lie  
 Vnder their view, taking the true degree  
 Of the iust height of swolne Mortalitie,  
 Right as it is, not as it seemes to be?



And vndeceiued with the Paralax  
 Of a mistaking eye of passion, know  
 By these mask'd outfides what the inward lackes ;  
 Meas'ring man by himselfe, not by his show ; 620  
 Wondering not at their rich and golden backes,  
 That haue poore mindes and little else to shew :  
 Nor taking that for them which well they see  
 Is not of them, but rather is their loade :  
 The lies of Fortune, wherewithall men be  
 Deemed within, when they be all abroad : [knee,  
 Whose ground, whose grasse, whose earth haue cap and  
 Which they suppose, is on themselues bestow'd.  
 And thinke like *Ifis* Asses, all Honours are  
 Giuen vnto them alone, the which are done 630  
 Vnto the painted Idoll which they beare,  
 That onely makes them to be gazed on :  
 For take away their packe, and shew them bare,  
 And see what best this Honour rides vpon.  
 Hath Knowledge lent to hers the priuy key,  
 To let them in vnto the highest Stage  
 Of Causes, Secrets, Counsels, to furuay  
 The wits of men, their hearts, their colds, their rage,  
 That build, destroy, praise, hate, say and gainesay,  
 Beleeue and vnbeleeue, all in one age. 640  
 And shall we trust goodnesse as it proceedes  
 From that vnconstant mouth, which with one breath  
 Will make it bad againe vnlesse it feedes  
 The present humour that it faouureth ?  
 Shall we esteeme and reckon how it heedes  
 Our workes, that his owne vowes vnhalloiweth ?  
 Then whereto serues it to haue bin enlarg'd  
 With this free manumission of the mind,

If for all that, we still continue charg'd  
 With those discou'red errors which we finde? 650  
 As if our knowledge onely were discharg'd,  
 Yet we our selues staid in a seruile kinde.  
 That Vertue must be out of countenance,  
 If this grosse spirit, or that weake shallow braine,  
 Or this nice wit, or that distemperance,  
 Neglect, distaste, vncomprehend, disdaine ;  
 When such sicke eyes can neuer cast a glance,  
 But through the colours of their proper staine.  
 Though, I must needes confesse, the small respect,  
 That these great-seeming best of men doe giue, 660  
 (Whose brow begets th'inferior forts neglect,)  
 Might moue the weake irresolute to grieue :  
 But stronger, see how iustly this defect  
 Hath ouertooke the times wherein we liue :  
 That Learning needs must runne the common fate  
 Of all things else, thrust on by her owne weight,  
 Comporting not her selfe in her estate  
 Vnder this burthen of a selfe conceit :  
 Our owne dissentious hands opening the gate  
 Vnto Contempt, that on our quarrels waite, 670  
 Discou'red haue our inward gouernement,  
 And let in hard opinion to Disgrace  
 The generall, for some weake impotent  
 That beare out their disease with a stolne face ;  
 Who (silly foules) the more wit they haue spent,  
 The lesse they shew'd, not bettring their bad case.  
 And see how soone this rowling world can take  
 Aduantage for her dissolution,  
 Faine to get loose from this withholding stake  
 Of ciuill Science and Discretion : 680

How glad it would runne wilde, that it might make  
One formelesse forme of one confusion ?

Like tyrant *Ottomans* blindfolded state,  
Which must know nothing more, but to obey :  
For this, seekes greedy Ignorance t'abate  
Our number, order, liuing, forme and sway :  
For this, it practises to dissipate  
Th'vnsheltred troupes, till all be made away.

For, since our Fathers sinnes pull'd first to ground  
The pale of their disseuered dignitie, 690  
And ouerthrew that holy reuerent bound  
That parted learning and the Laiety,  
And laid all flat in common, to confound  
The honour and respect of Pietie :

It did so much invile the estimate  
Of th'opened and inuulgar'd mysteries,  
Which now reduc'd vnto the basest rate,  
Must waite vpon the *Norman* subtilties,  
Who (being mounted vp into their state)  
Doe best with wrangling rudenesse sympathize. 700

And yet, though now set quite behinde the traine  
Of vulgar sway (and light of powre weigh'd light)  
Yet would this giddy innouation faine  
Downe with it lower, to abase it quite :  
And those poore remnants that doe yet remaine  
The spoyled markes of their diuided right :

They wholly would deface to leaue no face  
Of reuerent Distinction and Degree,  
As if they weigh'd no diffrence in this case,  
Betwixt Religions Age and Infancie : 710  
Where th'one must creepe, th'other stand with grace,  
Left turn'd to a child it ouerturned be.

Though to pull backe th'on-running state of things,  
(Gath'ring corruption, as it gathers dayes)

Vnto the forme of their first orderings,

Is the best meanes that diffolution staves,

And to goe forward, backward, right, men brings,

T'obserue the line from whence they tooke their wayes.

Yet being once gone wide, and the right way

Not leuell to the times condition :

720

To alter course, may bring men more astray,

And leauing what was knowne to light on none ;

Since eu'ry change the reuerence doth decay,

Of that which alway should continue one.

For this is that close kept *Palladium*

Which once remoou'd, brings ruine euermore :

This stir'd, makes men fore-fetled, to become

Curious, to know what was beleeu'd before :

Whilst Faith disputes that vsed to be dombe,

And more men striue to talke, then to adore.

730

For neuer head-strong Reformation will

Rest, till to th'extreame opposite it runne,

And ouer-runne the meane distrusted still,

As being too neare of kinne, to that men shunne :

For good, and bad, and all, must be one ill,

When once there is another truth begunne.

So hard it is an euen hand to beare,

In tamp'ring with such maladies as these ;

Left that our forward passions launce too neare,

And make the cure proue worse then the disease: 740

For with the worst we will not spare the best,

Because it growes with that, which doth displease :

And faults are easier lookt in, then redrest :

Men running with such eager violence,

At the first view of errours fresh in quest ;  
 As they, to rid an inconuenience,  
 Sticke not to raise a mischiefe in the steed,  
 Which after mocks their weake improuidence :  
 And therefore doe make not your owne sides bleed  
 To pricke at others : you that would amend 750  
 By pulling downe, and thinke you can proceed,  
 By going backe vnto the farther end,  
 Let stand that little Couert left behinde,  
 Whereon your succours and respects depend.  
 And bring not downe the prizes of the minde,  
 With vnder-rating of your selues so base :  
 You that the mighties doores doe crooching find,  
 To sell your selues to buy a little grace,  
 Or waite whole months to out-bid Symonie,  
 For that, which being got, is not your place : 760  
 For if it were, what needed you to buy  
 What was your due; your thirsting shewes your shift,  
 And little worth that seekes iniuriously  
 A worthier from his lawfull roome to lift ?  
 We cannot say, that you were then prefer'd,  
 But that your money was, or some worse gift.  
 O scattr'g gath'ers, that without regard  
 Of times to come, will to be made, vndo  
 As if you were the last of men, prepar'd  
 To bury in your graues all other to. 770  
 Dare you prophane that holy portion  
 Which neuer sacrilegious hand durst do ?  
 Did forme-establishing Deuotion, 344  
 To maintaine a respectiue reuerence  
 Extend her bountifull prouision,  
 With such a charitable prouidence,

For your deforming hands to diffipate,  
 And make Gods due, your impious expence?  
 No maruell then, though th'ouerpeftred State  
 Want roome for goodneffe, if our little hold 780  
 Be lefned vnto fuch a narrow rate,  
 That Reuerence cannot fit, fit as it fhould :  
 And yet what neede we thus for roomes complaine,  
 That fhall not want voyde roomes if this courfe hold?  
 And more then will be fill'd ; for who will ftaine  
 To get an empty title, to betray  
 His hopes, and trauell for an honour vaine,  
 And gaine a Port, without fupport or ftay?  
 What neede hath Enuy to maligne their ftate,  
 That will themfelues, fo kind, giue it away? 790  
 This makes indeede our number paffe the rate  
 Of our prouifions : which, if dealt aright,  
 Would yeeld fufficient roome t'accommodate,  
 More then we haue in places requifite.  
 The ill difpofing onely doth vs fet  
 In difaray, and out of order quite.  
 Whiles other giifts then of the minde fhall get  
 Vnder our colours, that which is our dues,  
 And to our trauels, neither benefit,  
 Nor grace, nor honour, nor refpect accrewes : 800  
 The fickneffe of the States foule, Learning, then  
 The bodies great diftemprature infues.  
 For if that Learnings roomes to learned men  
 Were as their heretage diftributed,  
 All this difordred thruft would ceafe : for when  
 The fit were call'd, th'vnworthy frustrated,  
 Thefe would b'afham'd to feeke, thofe to b'vnfought,  
 And ftay'ng their turne, were fure they fhould be fped.

Then would our drooping Academies, brought  
 Againe in heart, regainè that reuerend hand 810  
 Of loft Opinion, and no more be thought,  
 Th'vnneccessary furnish of the land,  
 Nor discourag'd with their small esteeme,  
 Confus'd, irrefolute and wauering stand :  
 Caring not to become profound, but seeme  
 Contented with a superficial skill ;  
 Which for a sleight reward enough they deceme,  
 When th'one succedes as well as th'other will :  
 Seeing shorter wayes leade sooner to their end,  
 And others longer trauels thriue so ill. 820

Then would they onely labour to extend  
 Their now vnsearching spirit beyond these bounds  
 Of others powres ; wherein they must be pend,  
 As if there were besides, no other grounds :  
 And set their bolde *Plus ultra* farre without  
 The pillers of those Axioms Age propounds :  
 Discou'ring daily more and more about,  
 In that immense and boundlesse Ocean  
 Of Natures riches ; neuer yet found out,  
 Nor fore-clof'd, with the wit of any man. 830

So farre beyond the ordinary course  
 That other vnindustrious Ages ran,  
 That these more curious times, they might diorce  
 From the opinion they are linckt vnto  
 Of our disable and vnactiue force,  
 To shew true knowledge can both speake and do :  
 Arm'd for the sharpe, which in these dayes they finde,  
 With all prouisions that belong thereto :  
 That their Experience may not come behinde  
 The times conceipt, but leading in their place, 840

May make men see the weapons of the minde  
 Are States best strengths, and kingdomes chiefeſt grace;  
 And roomes of charge, charg'd full with worth and  
 praife,  
 Makes Maieſtie appeare with her full face,  
 Shining with all her beames, with all her raies,  
 Vnſcanted of her parts, vnſhadowed  
 In any darkened poynt; which ſtill bewrayes  
 The wane of Powre, when powr's vnſurnished,  
 And hath not all thoſe intire complements  
 Wherewith the State ſhould for her ſtate be ſped. 850  
 And though the fortune of ſome age conſents  
 Vnto a thouſand errors groſſely wrought,  
 Which flouriſht ouer with their faire euent,  
 Haue paſt for currant, and good courſes thought:  
 The leaſt whereof, in other times againe  
 Moſt dang'rous inconueniences haue brought,  
 Whilſt to the times, not to mens wits pertaine,  
 The good ſucceſſes of ill manag'd deedes:  
 Though th'ignorant deceiued with colours vaine,  
 Miſſe of the cauſes whence this lucke procedes. 860  
 Forraine defectſ giuing home-faults the way,  
 Make eu'n that weakenefſe ſometimes well ſucceedes.  
 I grant, that ſome vnlettred praſtique may  
 (Leauing beyond the *Alpes*, Faith and Reſpect  
 To God and man) with impious cunning, ſway  
 The courſes fore-begunne with like effect,  
 And without ſtop, maintaine the turning on,  
 And haue his errors deem'd without defect:  
 But when ſome powerfull oppoſition,  
 Shall, with a ſound incountring ſhocke, diſioynt 870  
 The fore-contriued frame, and thereupon,



Th'experience of the present disappoynt,  
 And other stirring spirits, and other hearts  
 Built-huge, for action, meeting in a poynt :  
 Shall driue the world to fommon all their Artes,  
 And all too little for so reall might,  
 When no aduantages of weaker parts  
 Shall beare out shallow counsels from the light :  
 And this fence-opening action (which doth hate  
 Vnmanly craft) shall looke to haue her right. 880  
 Who then holdes vp the glory of the State  
 (Which letred armes, and armed letters won)  
 Who shall be fittest to negotiate,  
 Contemn'd *Iustinian*, or else *Littleton* ?  
 When it shall not be held wisedome to be  
 Priuately made, and publicly vndone :  
 But found designes that iudgement shall decree  
 Out of a true discerne, of the cleere wayes  
 That lie direct, with safe-going Equitie ;  
 Imbroyling not their owne and others dayes. 890  
 Extending forth their prouidence, beyond  
 The circuit of their owne particular :  
 That eu'n the ignorant may vnderstand,  
 How that deceit is but a cauillar ;  
 And true vnto it selfe can neuer stand,  
 But still must with her owne conclusions warre.  
 Can Truth and Honestie, wherein consists  
 The right, repose on earth ? the surest ground  
 Of Trust, come weaker arm'd into the lists,  
 Then Fraud or Vice, that doth it selfe confound ? 900  
 Or shall Presumption that doth what it lists,  
 Not what it ought, carry her courses found ?  
 Then, what safe place out of confusion

Hath plaine proceeding Honestie to dwell?  
 What sute of grace hath Vertue to put on,  
 If Vice shall weare as good, and doe as well?  
 If Wrong, if Craft, if Indiscretion,  
 Act as faire parts, with ends as laudable?  
 Which all this mighty volume of euent,  
 The world, the vniuerfall map of deedes 910  
 Strongly controwles, and proues from all difcents,  
 That the directest courses best succedes  
 When Craft, wrapt still in many comberments  
 With all her cunning thriues not, though it speedes.  
 For, should not graue and learn'd Experience  
 That lookes with th'eyes of all the world beside,  
 And with all ages holdes intelligence,  
 Goe safer then Deceit without a guide?  
 Which in the by-paths of her diffidence  
 Crossing the waies of Right, still runs more wide : 920  
 Who will not grant? and therefore this obserue,  
 No state stands sure, but on the grounds of Right,  
 Of Vertue, Knowledge, Iudgement to preferue,  
 And all the powres of Learning requisite :  
 Though other shifts a present turne may serue,  
 Yet in the tryall they will weigh too light.  
 And doe not thou contemne this swelling tide  
 And streame of words, that now doth rise so hie  
 About the vsuall bankes, and spreads so wide  
 Ouer the borders of Antiquitie : 930  
 Which I confesse comes euer amplifide  
 With th'abounding humours that doe multiplie :  
 And is with that same hand of happinesse  
 Inlarg'd, as vices are out of their bands :  
 Yet so, as if let out but to redresse,

And calme, and sway th'affections it commands :  
 Which as it stirres, it doth againe repress  
 And brings in, th'out-gone malice that withstands.  
 248. // Powre about powres, O heauenly Eloquence,  
 That with the strong reine of commanding words, 940  
 Doft manage, guide, and mafter th'eminence  
 Of mens affections, more then all their swords :  
 Shall we not offer to thy Excellence,  
 The richest treasure that our wit affords ?  
 Thou that canst doe much more with one poore pen  
 Then all the powres of Princes can effect :  
 And draw, diuert, dispose and fashion men  
 Better then force or rigour can direct :  
 Should we this ornament of Glory then  
 As th'vnmateriall fruits of shades, neglect ? 950  
 Or should we carelesse, come behinde the rest  
 In powre of words, that goe before in worth,  
 Whenas our accents equal to the best,  
 Is able greater wonders to bring forth :  
 When all that euer hotter spirits exprest,  
 Comes betred by the patience of the North.  
 And who, in time, knowes whither we may vent  
 The treasure of our tongue, to what strange shores  
 This gaine of our best glory shall be sent,  
 T'inrich vnknowing Nations with our stores ? 960  
 249. // What worlds in th'yet vnformed Occident  
 May come refin'd with th'accents that are ours ?  
 Or, who can tell for what great worke in hand  
 The greatnesse of our stile is now ordain'd ?  
 What powrs it shall bring in, what spirits command,  
 What thoughts let out, what humours keepe restrain'd,  
 What mischief it may powrefully withstand,

And what faire ends may thereby be attain'd.  
 And as for Poefie (mother of this force)  
 That breedes, brings forth, and nourifhes this might,  
 Teaching it in a loofe, yet meafured courfe, 97 I  
 With comely motions how to goe vpright :  
 And foftning it with bountifull difcourfe,  
 Adornes it thus in fafhions of delight,  
 What fhould I fay ? fince it is well approu'd  
 The fpeech of heauen, with whom they haue commerce;  
 That onely feeme out of themfelues remou'd,  
 And doe with more then humane skills conuerfe :  
 Thofe numbers wherewith heau'n and earth are mou'd,  
 Shew, weakenefle fpeakes in Profe, but powre in Verfe.  
 Wherein thou likewife feemeft to allow, 98 I  
That th'acts of worthy men fhould be preferu'd :  
 As in the holieft Tombes we can beftow  
 Vpon their glory that haue well deferu'd,  
 Wherein thou doft no other Vertue fhew,  
 Then what moft barbrous Countries haue obferu'd :  
 When all the happieft Nations hitherto  
 Did with no leffer glory fpeake, then do.  
 Now to what elfe thy malice fhall obiect,  
 For Schooles, and Artes, and their neceffitie : 99 O  
 When from my Lord, whofe iudgement muft direct,  
 And forme, and fafhion my abilitie,  
 I fhall haue got more ftrength ; thou fhalt expect  
 Out of my better leafure, my reply.

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FINIS.

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IX.  
OCCASIONAL POEMS  
FROM  
VARIOUS SOURCES.  
1593—1607.

NOTE.

The sources of these scattered Poems are recorded in their places. See on them our 'Memorial-Introduction II.—Critical' in closing volume.

A. B. G.

# OCCASIONAL POEMS.

---

## *An Ode.*<sup>1</sup>



OW each creature ioyes the other,  
    passing happy dayes and howers ;  
One Bird reports vnto another,  
    in the fall of siluer showers ;  
Whilst the earth (our common mother)  
    hath her bosome deckt with flowers.

Whilst the greatest Torch of heauen,  
    with bright rayes warmes FLORAS lap,      10  
Making nights and dayes both euen,  
    cheering plants with fresher sap :  
My field of flowers quite bereuen,  
    wants refresh of better hap.

ECCHO, daughter of the Aire,  
    (babbling guest of Rocks and hills,)  
Knows the name of my fierce Faire,  
    and founds the accents of my ils.  
Each thing pitties my dispaire,  
    whilst that she her Louer kills.      20

<sup>1</sup> Appeared originally in 1592 'Delia,'<sup>1</sup>,<sup>2</sup>.

Whilst that she (O cruell Mayd)  
 doth me and my true loue despise ;  
 My liues florish is decayed,  
 that depended on her eyes :  
 But her will must be obeyed,  
 and well he ends for loue who dies.

*A Pastorall.*<sup>1</sup>

O Happy golden Age,  
 Not for that Riuers ranne  
 With streames of milke, and hunny dropt from trees ;  
 Not that the earth did gage. 31  
 Vnto the husband-man  
 Her voluntary fruites, free without fees :  
 Not for no cold did freeze,  
 Nor any cloud beguile,  
 Th'eternall flowring Spring  
 Wherein liu'd euery thing,  
 And whereon th'heauens perpetually did smile ;  
 Not for no ship had brought  
 From forraine shores, or warres or wares ill fought. 40  
 But onely for that name,  
 That Idle name of wind :  
 That Idoll of deceit, that empty found  
 Call'd HONOR, which became  
 The tyran of the minde,  
 And so torments our Nature without ground ;  
 Was not yet vainly found :  
 Nor yet sad griefes imparts

<sup>1</sup> Appeared originally in 1592 'Delia,'<sup>1</sup> 2,



Amidst the sweet delights  
 Of ioyfull amorous wights. 50  
 Nor were his hard lawes knowne to free-borne  
 hearts.

But golden lawes like these  
 Which nature wrote. *That's lawfull which doth please.*

Then amongst flowres and springs  
 Making delightfull sport,  
 Sate Louers without conflict, without flame ;  
 And Nymphs and shepheards sings,  
 Mixing in wanton sort  
 Whisp'rings with Songs, then kisses with the same  
 Which from affection came : 60

The naked virgin then  
 Her Roses fresh reueales,  
 Which now her vaile conceales :  
 The tender Apples in her bosome seene.  
 And oft in Riuers cleere  
 The Louers with their Loues conforting were.

HONOR, thou first didst close  
 The spring of all delight :  
 Denying water to the amorous thirst  
 Thou taught'st faire eyes to lose 70  
 The glory of their light ;  
 Restrain'd from men, and on themselues reuerst.  
 Thou in a lawne didst first  
 Those golden haire incase,  
 Late spred vnto the wind ;  
 Thou mad'st loose grace vnkind,  
 Gau'st bridle to their words, art to their pace.  
 O Honour it is thou  
 That mak'st that stealth, which loue doth free allow.

It is thy worke that brings 80  
 Our griefes, and torments thus :  
 But thou fierce Lord of Nature and of Loue,  
 The quallifier of Kings,  
 What doest thou here with vs  
 That are below thy power, shut from aboute ?  
 Goe and from vs remoue,  
 Trouble the mighties sleepe,  
 Let vs neglected, base,  
 Liue still without thy grace,  
 And th'vse of th'ancient happy ages keepe : 90  
 Let's loue : this life of ours  
 Can make no truce with time that all deuours.

Let's loue : the sun doth set, and rise againe,  
 But whenas our short light  
 Comes once to set, it makes eternall night.



*A Description of Beauty, translated  
out of Marino.<sup>1</sup>*

I



Beauty (beames, nay flame  
Of that great lampe of light)  
That shines a while, with fame,  
But presently makes night :  
Like Winters short-liu'd bright,  
Or Summers suddaine gleames,  
How much more deare, so much  
    losse-lasting beames.

2

Wing'd Loue away doth flye,  
And with it time doth beare ;  
And both take suddainly  
The sweate, the faine, the deare :  
A shining day, and cleare,  
Succeedes an obscene night,  
And sorrow is the hewe of sweet delight.

3

With what then dost thou swell,  
O youth of new-borne day ?  
Wherein doth thy pride dwell  
O beauty made of clay ?

<sup>1</sup> First appeared in 4to of 1623.

Not with to swift away  
 The headlong corrant flyes,  
 As do the sparkling rayes of two faire eyes.

## 4

Do not thy selfe betray  
 With wantonizing yeares :  
 O beauty, traytors gay,  
 Thy melting life that weares,  
 Appearing, disappears,  
 And with thy flying dayes,  
 Ends all thy good of price, thy faire of prayse.

## 5

Trust not, vaine creditor  
 Thy apt deceiued view,  
 In thy false counsellor,  
 That neuer tels thee true :  
 Thy forme, and flattred hew,  
 Which shall so soone transpasse,  
 Is farre more faire, then is thy looking-glasse.

## 6

Inioy thy Aprill now,  
 Whilst it doth freely shine ;  
 This lightning flash and show,  
 With that cleare spirit of thine,  
 Will suddainly decline ;  
 And thou faire murthering eyes  
 Shalbe loues tombes, where now his cradle lyes.

## 7

Old trembling age will come,  
 With wrinkled cheekes, and ftaines,  
 With motion troublesome,  
 With skinne and bloodlesse veines,  
 That liuely vifage reauen,  
 And made deform'd and old,  
 Hates fight of glasse, it lou'd so to behold.

## 8

Thy gold, and scarlet shall  
 Pale filuer colour bee,  
 Thy rowe of pearles shall fall  
 Like withred leaues from tree ;  
 And thou shalt shortly see  
 Thy face and haire to grow  
 All plough'd with furrowes, ouer-fowne with snow.

## 9

That which on *Flora's* brest,  
 All fresh and flourishing,  
*Aurora* newly drest,  
 Saw in her dawning spring ;  
 Quite dry and languishing  
 Depriu'd of honour quite,  
 Day-clofing *Hesperus* beholds at night.

## 10

Faire is the Lilly, faire  
 The Rose, of flowers the eye ;  
 Both wither in the ayre,

Their beautious colours die ;  
And so at length shall lye  
Depriu'd of former grace,  
The lillies of thy brefts, the rofes of thy face.

## I I

What then wilt it auaille,  
O youth aduifed ill,  
In lap of beauty fraile  
To nurse a way-ward will ;  
Like fnake in funne-warme hill ?  
Plucke, plucke, betime thy flower,  
That fprings, and parcheth in one fhort howre.

*To the Angell Spirit of the most excellent, Sr. Phillip Sidney.<sup>1</sup>*



O the pure Spirit, to thee alone adrest  
 Is this ioynt worke, by double intrist  
 thine ;  
 Thine by his owne, and what is done  
 of mine  
 Inspir'd by thee, thy secret powre  
 imprest. [combine  
 My Muse with thine, it felse dar'd to

As mortall staffe with that which is diuine :  
 Let thy faire beames giue luster to the rest.

That Israels King may daygne his owne transform'd  
 In substance no, but superficiall tire : 11  
 And English guif'd in some sort may aspire  
 To better grace thee what the vulgar form'd :  
 His sacred Tones, age after age admire.  
 Nations grow great in pride, and pure desire  
 So to excell in holy rites perform'd.

O had that soule which honour brought to rest  
 To soone not leaft, and reaft the world of all ;  
 What man could shew, which we perfection call ;  
 This precious peece had sorted with the best. 20  
 But ah ! wide festred wounds that neuer shall  
 Nor must be clof'd, vnto fresh bleeding fall :  
 Ah memory, what needs this new arrift.

<sup>1</sup> First appeared in 4to of 1623—query for Sidney's 'Psalmes.' See 'Memorial-Introduction II.—Critical' in closing volume.

Yet blessed grieffe, that sweetnes can impart  
 Since thou art blest. Wrongly do I complaine ;  
 What euer weights my heauy thoughts sustaine  
 Deere feeles my soule for thee. I know my part,  
 Nor be my weaknes to thy rites a staine ;  
 Rites to aright, life bloud would not refraine :  
 Assist me then, that life what thine did part. 30

Time may bring forth, what time hath yet supprest,  
 In whom, thy losse hath layd to vtter wast  
 The wracke of time, vntimely all defac't,  
 Remaying as the tombe of life disceast :  
 VVhere, in my heart the highest roome thou hast ;  
 There, truly there, thy earthly being is plac't :  
 Triumph of death, in life how more then blest.

Behold ! O that thou were now to behold,  
 This finisht long perfections part begun ;  
 The rest but peic'd, as leaft by thee vndone ; 40  
 Pardon blest soule, presumption ouerbold :  
 If loue and zeale hath to this error run  
 Tis zealous loue, loue that hath neuer dun,  
 Nor can enough, though iustly here contrould.

But since it hath no other scope to go,  
 Nor other purpose but to honour thee,  
 That thine may shine, where all the graces be ;  
 And that my thoughts (like smallest streames that flow,  
 Pay to their sea, their tributary fee)  
 Do striue, yet haue no meanes to quit nor free, 50  
 That mighty debt of infinits I owe.



To thy great worth which time to times inroule  
 VVonder of men, sole borne, foule of thy kind  
 Compleat in all, but heauenly was thy mind,  
 For wifdome, goodnes, sweetnes, faireft foule :  
 To good to wifh, to faire for earth, refin'd  
 For Heauen, where all true glory refts confin'd :  
 And where but there no life without controule.

O when from this accompt, this caft-vp fomme,  
 This reckning made the Audit of my woe, 60  
 Some time of rafe my fwelling paffions know,  
 How work my thoughts, my fenfe, is striken dombe  
 That would the more then words could euer fhew ;  
 Which all fall fhort. Who knew thee beft do know  
 There liues no wit that may thy prayer become.

And reft faire monuments of thy faire fame,  
 Though not complete. Nor can we reach, in thought,  
 What on that goodly peece, time would haue wrought.  
 Had diuers fo spar'd that life (but life) to frame ✓  
 The reft : alas fuch losse the world hath nought 70  
 Can equall it, nor O more grieuance brought,  
 Yet what remains muft euer crowne thy name.

Receiue thefe Hims, thefe obsequies receiue,  
 (If any marke of thy fecret fpirit thou beare)  
 Made only thine, and no name els muft weare.  
 I can no more deare foule, I take my leaue,  
 My sorrow ftriuies to mount the higheft Sphere.

## *Vlisses and the Syren.*<sup>1</sup>

*Syren.* Come worthy Greeke, *Vlisses* come  
Poffesse these shores with me :  
The windes and Seas are troublesome,  
And heere we may be free.  
Here may we fit, and view their toile  
That trauaile on the deepe,  
And ioy the day in mirth the while,  
And spend the night in sleepe.

*Vlis.* Faire Nimph, if fame, or honor were 10  
To be atteynd with ease,  
Then would I come and rest with thee,  
And leaue such toyles as these.

But here it dwels, and here must I  
With danger seeke it forth :  
To spend the time luxuriously  
Becomes not men of worth.

*Syr.* *Vlisses*, O be not deceiu'd  
With that vnreall name :  
This honour is a thing conceiu'd, 20  
And rests on others fame.

Begotten onely to molest  
Our peace, and to beguile  
(The best thing of our life) our rest,  
And giue vs vp to toile.

<sup>1</sup> From "Certaine Small Poems Lately Printed : with the  
Tragedie of Philotas. Written by Samvel Daniel.

At London. Printed by *G. Eld* for *Simon Waterfon* 1605 (12mo),"  
also in 1607, 1611, etc., but not in 4to of 1623. G.

- Vlis.* Delicious Nymph, suppose there were  
 Nor honour, nor report,  
 Yet manlines would scorne to weare  
 The time in idle sport.  
 For toyle doth giue a better touch, 30  
 To make vs feele our ioy :  
 And ease finds tediousnesse as much  
 As labour yeelds annoy.
- Syr.* Then pleasure likewise seemes the shore  
 Whereto tends all your toyle,  
 Which you forgo to make it more,  
 And perish oft the while.  
 Who may disporte them diuersly,  
 Finde neuer tedious day,  
 And ease may haue varietie, 40  
 As well as action may.
- Vlis.* But natures of the noblest frame,  
 These toyles, and dangers please,  
 And they take comfort in the same,  
 As much as you in ease.  
 And with the thoughts of actions past  
 Are . . . . reuealed still ;  
 When pleasure leaues a touch at last,  
 To shew that it was ill.
- Syr.* That doth opinion onely cause, 50  
 That's out of custome bred,  
 Which makes vs many other lawes  
 Then euer Nature did.  
 No widdowes waile for our delights,  
 Our sportes are without bloud,  
 The world we see by warlike wights,  
 Receiues more hurt then goud.

*Vlis.* But yet the state of things require  
 These motions of vnrest,  
 And these great Sports of high desire, 60  
 Seeme borne to turne them best.

To purge the mischiefes that increase  
 And all good order mar :  
 For oft we see a wicked peace,  
 To be well chang'd for war.

*Syr.* Well, well *Vlisses* then I see  
 I shall not haue thee heare,  
 And therefore I will come to thee,  
 And take my fortunes there.

I must be wonne that cannot win, 70  
 Yet lost were I not wonne :  
 For beauty hath created bin,  
 T'vndoo, or be vndonne.

\* \* \* "The passion of a distressed man, who being in a tempest on the Sea, and having in his Boate two Women, of whom, he loued the one that disdained him, and scorned the other who affected him, was by commandement from Neptune, to cast out one of them, to appease the rage of the tempest, but which, was referred to his owne choice."—Prefixed to this poem in the folio of 1602 is the following short letter :—

" TO EDWARD SEYMOUR

10

Earle of Hertford :

Concerning his question of a distressed  
man in a Boate vpon the Seas.

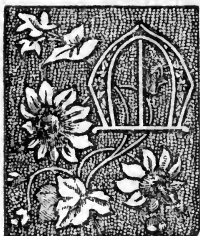
Noble Lord, the iudgements of men, as euer according to the fet of their affections, and as the images of their passions are drawn within, so they send forth the forme of their opinions : and accordingly must I iudge of this case (which your Honour hath moued vnto me) as my selfe do stand looking thorow the prospectiue of min owne imagination, that onely takes measure of other mens passions by that itselſe feeles. Referring the same to the better censure of your honour,

Who shall euer commaund me,

Samuel Daniel."

20

28



Y vnkinde Loue, or she that loues me  
deare,  
*Neptune* will haue cast forth to calme  
the Seas.  
One of these two, or all must perish  
here :  
And therefore now, which shall I  
faue of these ?

Ah ! doe I make a question which to faue,  
When my desires share but one onely part !  
Who should it be but she to whom I haue  
Resign'd my life, and sacrific'd my hart ?  
She, she must liue, the tempests of whose brow  
Confound me more then all these stormes can doo, 10  
And but for whom I liue : And therefore how  
Can any life be life, lesse she liue too ?  
For by that meanes I both may pacifie  
The rigour of these waues, and her hard heart,  
Who must faue him who would not let her die :  
Nor can she but reward so great desert.

She cannot, but in mercy needes must giue  
Comfort to him, by whom her selfe doth liue.

*Pars altera.*

B Vt shall the bloud of her that loues me then 20  
Be sacrific'd to her disdainefulnesse  
That scornes my loue ? and shall I hope to win  
Mercie from her, by being mercilesse ?

Will not her safety being thus attain'd,  
 Raife her proude heart t'a higher fet of scorne,  
 When she shall see my passions are distain'd  
 With bloud, although it were to serue her turne ?  
 Since th'a $\acute{c}$ t of ill, though it fall good to vs,  
 Makes vs yet hate the doer of the fame :  
 And though my hand should haue preferu'd her thus, 30  
 Yet being by cruell meanes, it is my shame ;  
 Which she will but ascribe to my defects,  
 And th'imperfections of my passions ; which  
 She knowes the influence of her eyes effects,  
 And therein ioyes t'haue vanquisht me so much.  
 And when desert shall seeme t'exact reward,  
 It breeds a loathing in the heart of Grace ;  
 That must worke free out of her owne regard,  
 And haue no dues t'obraid her to her face.  
 So shall I then haue bent against my soule 40  
 Both her disdaine, and th'horror of that deed ;  
 Which euer must my crueltie controule,  
 And checke the wrong that neuer can succeed.  
 And though it be requir'd that one must go,  
 By message sent me from the powrs Diuine,  
 Yet will I not redeeme my safety so ;  
 Though life be in their hand, death is in mine.  
 And therefore since compassion cannot be  
 Cruell to either, *Neptune* take all three.

*Resumptio.*

50

**B**Vt that were to be cruell to all three,  
 Rebell to Nature, and the gods arrest,  
 Whose ordinances must obserued be ;  
 Nor may our frailty with the heauens contest.

Why then that must be done that's least vniust,  
 And my affections may not beare a part  
 With crueltie and wrong. But here I must  
 Be of a side, to goe against my hart,  
 And her disdaine her due reward must haue :  
*She must be cast away that would not saue.* 60

S. D.



## Of William Jones, his "Nennio 1595."

*H*ere dost thou bring (my friend) a stranger borne  
 To be indenized with vs, and made our owne,  
 Nobilitie; whose name indeed is worne  
 By manie that are great, or mightie growne:  
 But yet to him most natural, best knowne,  
 To whom thou doost thy labours sacrifice,  
 And in whom al those vertues best are showne  
 Which here this little volume doth comprize.

Wheron when he shall cast his worthie eies,  
 He here shal glasse himselfe, himselfe shal reed:  
 The modell of his owne perfections lies  
 Here plaine describ'd, which he presents indeed:  
 So that if men can not true worth discern  
 By this discourse, looke they on him and learne.

10

Sa. Danyel.

l. 6, the person meant is "Robert Devreux [*sic*], Earle of Essex and Ewe, Vicount of Hereford, Lord Ferrer of Chartley," etc., to whom Wm. Jones dedicates *Nennio*. This Sonnet follows Ed. Spenser's "Who so wil feeke by right deferts t'attaine," etc., and precedes George Chapman's Sonnet, "Accept thrice Noble *Nennio* at his hand," etc. G.

From "Penelopes Complaint: Or, A Mirrour for wanton Minions. Taken out of Homer's 'Odifsea,' and written in English Verse. By Peter Colfe, 1596" appended to "Willobie's Auifa" (Dr. Grosart's "OCCASIONAL ISSUES," 1880).

*Amico suo charissimo P. C.—S. D.*

**O** Vid quærit titulos, quid dotes iactat Auifa.  
 Anne ea Penelope est æquiparanda tuæ?  
 Penelope clara est, veneranda, fidelis : Auifa  
 obscura, obscuro fœmina nata loco. 10  
 Penelope satrapæ est coniux illustris : Auifa  
 coniux cauponis, filia pandochei.  
 Penelope casta est cum sponfus abéffet : Auifa  
 casta suo sponso nocte diéque domi.  
 Penelopeia annos bis denos manfit : Auifa  
 tot (vix credo) dies intemerata foret.  
 Penelopeia procos centum neglexit : Auifa  
 Vix septem pretium sustinuit precem,  
 Penelope neuit, pensum confecit : Auifæ  
 lassauit nunquam pendula tela manus. 20  
 Penelope Graijs, Latijs celebratur : Auifæ  
 vnus homo laudes, nomen, & acta canit.  
 Ergo Penelope vigeat, cantetur : Auifa  
 nullo Penelope est æquiuallenda modo.

TRANSLATION (from Introduction to Willobie's *Avisa*, pp. xxv-vi).

To his most dear friend P. C.—S. D.<sup>1</sup>

**W**Hy seeks she titles, boasts she riches, why—  
Avisa?

Is she with thy Penelope to vie?

The one renowned, revered, true to her own: Avisa

An unknown woman from a place unknown.

The one spouse of a prince of glorious name: Avisa

Child of an innkeeper, wife of the same. 10

The one is chaste, her husband being away: Avisa

Chaste when he is at home, by night and day.

The one through twice ten years strong to endure:

Avisa

Through scarce as many days could be kept pure.

The one to a hundred lords refused her hand: Avisa

The force and prayers of seven could scarce withstand.

The one would spin until her task was done: Avisa

Ne'er tired the spinning-wheel with what she spun.

The one to the Greeks and Romans praise: Avisa

Has but one man her name and fame to raise. 20

Long live Penelope and flourish fair: Avisa

May never with Penelope compare.

<sup>1</sup> As in Introduction *supra*, I doubt if the S. D. represent our Daniel; still others think so, and it isn't impossible.

From "Il Pastor Fido; or The Faithfull  
Shepherd." Translated out of Italian into  
English. 1602.

To the right worthy and  
learned Knight, . . . . Syr *Edward*  
*Dymock*, Champion to her Maiestie, concerning  
this translation of *Pastor Fido*.

**I** Do reioyce learned and worthy Knight,  
That by the hand of thy kinde Country-man  
(This painfull and industrious Gentleman) 10  
Thy deare esteem'd Guarini comes to light :  
Who in thy loue I know tooke great delight  
As thou in his, who now in England can  
Speake as good English as Italian,  
And here enioyes the grace of his owne right.  
Though I remember he hath oft imbas'd  
Vnto us both the vertues of the North,  
Saying, our costes were with no measures grac'd,  
Nor barbarous tongues could any verse bring forth.  
I would he sawe his owne, or knew our store, 20  
Whose spirits can yeeld as much, and if not more.

Sam. Daniell.

From "BARTAS his Deuine WEEKES & Workes." Translated by Iofuah Syluester, 1605.

To my good friend,  
M. Syluester, *in honour of this  
sacred Worke.*

**T**Hus to aduenture forth, and re-conuay  
The best of treasures, from a Forraine Coast,  
And take that wealth wherin they gloried most,  
And make it Ours by such a gallant pray,  
And that without in-iustice ; doth bewray 10  
The glory of the Worke, that we may boast  
Much to haue wonne, and others nothing lost  
By taking such a famous prize away.  
As thou induftrious SYLVESTER hast wrought,  
And heere enritch'd vs with th'immortall store  
Of others sacred lines : which from them brought  
Comes by thy taking greater then before :  
So hast thou lighted from a flame deuout,  
As great a flame, that neuer shall goe out.

*Samuel Daniel.* 20

From Clement Edmundes (Remembrancer of the Cittie of London): his "Obferuations vpon Cæfars Comentaries, 1609."

*To my friend, Maifter Clement Edmonds.*

**W**Ho thus extracts, with more then Chymique Art,  
The fpirit of Bookes, fhewes the true way to  
finde

Th'Elixer that our leaden Parts conuart  
Into the golden Metall of the Minde.

Who thus obserues in fuch materiall kinde  
The certaine Motions of hie Practifes, 10  
Knowes on what Center th'Actions of Mankinde  
Turne in their courfe, and fees their fatalnes.

And hee that can make thefe obseruances,  
Must be aboue his Booke, more then his Pen.  
For, wee may be affur'd, hee men can gheffe,  
That thus doth CÆSAR knowe; the Man of men.

Whofe Work, improu'd here to our greater gaine,  
Makes CÆSAR more then CÆSAR to containe.

*Sam. Danyell.* 19

From "Queen Anna's New World of Words,"  
etc. Collected by John Florio. 1611.

To my deare friend and brother *M. Iohn Florio*,  
one of the Gentlemen of hir Maiesties Royall  
Priuy-chamber.

**I** Stand not to giue praise before the face  
Of this great worke, that doth it selfe commend:  
But to congratulate the good and grace  
That England com's thereby to apprehend:  
And in hir name to thanke your industry  
Laborius Flório, who haue so much wrought  
To honour hir in bringing Italy  
To speake hir language, and to giue hir note  
Of all the treasure that rich tongue containes:  
Wherein I cannot but admire your paines  
In gathering vp this vniuersall store,  
And furniture of words for euery arte,  
And skill of man: So that there seem's no more  
Beyond this search, that knowledge can impart.  
Which being a worke which would take vp the powers 20  
Of more then one whole man, I wonder how  
You could subtraçt so many serious howres  
From that great summe of seruice that you owe.  
But that it seemes the beaming Gracefulnesse  
That lightens from the most refulgent QVEENE  
Our sacred Mistris, work's that ablenesse  
As mak's you more, then els you could haue beene.  
Wherein the power of Princes well is seene  
That can infuse such force, and make age greene.

And it were well, if in this season, when 30  
     They leaue erecting Churches, Colledges,  
 And pious monuments, they would build men  
     Who of their glory may be witnesses,  
 And what they doe be theirs : As Mazons raise  
     Work's not for them, but for their masters praise.  
 For, would they but be ples'd to know, how small  
     A portion of that ouer-flowing waste  
 Which run's from them, would turne the wheeles and all  
     The frame of wit, to make their glory last :  
 I thinke they would doe something : but the stirre 40  
     Still about greatnesse, giues it not the space  
 To looke out from it selfe, or to conferre  
     Grace but by chance, and as men are in place.  
 But that concern's not me, It is ynow  
     I doe applaud your worke. Thus from my Plow.

Samuel Daniel.



From John Florio's 1613 edition of his "Done into English" Essayes written in French by Michael Lord of Montaigne.

*To my deare brother and friend M. IOHN FLORIO,  
one of the Gentlemen of hir Maiesties most  
Royall Priuie Chamber.*

*B*ooks, like superfluous humors bred with ease  
So stufte the world, as it becomes opprest  
With taking more than it can well digest ;  
And now are turn'd to be a great disease. 10  
For by this ouercharging we confound  
The appetite of skill they had before :  
There be'ng no end of words, nor any bound  
Set to conceit the Ocean without shore.  
As if man laboured with himselfe to be  
As infinite in writing, as intents ;  
And draw his manifold vncertaintie  
In any shape that passion represents :  
That these innumerable images  
And figures of opinion and discourse 20  
Draw'n out in leaues, may be the witnesses  
Of our defects much rather than our force.  
And this proud frame of our presumption,  
This Babel of our skill, this Towre of wit,  
Seemes only checkt with the confusion  
Of our mistakings that dissolueth it.

*And well may make vs of our knowledge doubt,  
Seeing what vncertainties wee build vpon,  
To be as weake within booke as without ;  
Or els that truth hath other shapes then one.*

30

*But yet although wee labor with this store  
And with the presse of writings seeme opprest,  
And haue to many bookes, yet want wee more,  
Feeling great dearth and scarceness of the best ;  
Which cast in choiser shapes haue bin produc'd,  
To giue the best proportions to the minde  
Of our confusion, and haue introduc'd  
The likeliest images frailtie can finde.  
And wherein most the skill-desiring soule  
Takes her delight, the best of all delight ;  
And where her motions euenest come to rowle  
About this doubtfull center of the right.*

40

*Which to discover this great Potentate,  
This Prince Montaigne (if he be not more)  
Hath more aduentur'd of his owne estate  
Than euer man did of himselfe before :  
And hath made such bold sallies out vpon  
Custome : the mightie tyrant of the earth,  
In whose Seraglio of subiection  
Wee all seeme bred-up, from our tender birth ;  
As I admire his powres, and out of loue,  
Here at his gate do stand, and glad I stand  
So neere to him whom I do so much loue,  
T'applaude his happie setling in our land :  
And safe transpassage by his studious care  
Who both of him and vs doth merit much,  
Hauing as sumptuously, as he is rare  
Plac'd him in the best lodging of our speech.*

50

*And made him now as free, as if borne here,  
And as well ours as theirs, who may be proud* 60  
*That he is theirs, though he be euey where  
To haue the franchise of his worth allow'd.*

*It be'ing the proportion of a happie Pen,  
Not to b'innuassal'd to one Monarchie,  
But dwell with all the better world of men,  
Whose spirits all are of one communitie ;  
Whom neither Ocean, Desarts, Rockes nor Sands  
Can keepe from th'intertraffique of the minde,  
But that it vents her treasure in all lands,  
And doth a most secure commercement finde.* 70

*Wrap Excellencie vp neuer so much,  
In Hieroglyphicques, Ciphers, Characters,  
And let her speake neuer so strange a speech,  
Her Genius yet finds apt discipherers :  
And neuer was she borne to dye obscure,  
But guided by the starres of her owne grace,  
Makes her owne fortune, and is euer sure  
In mans best hold, to hold the strongest place.*

*And let the Critick say the worst he can,* 80  
*He cannot say but that Montaigne yet,  
Yeeldes most rich pieces and extracts of man ;  
Though in a troubled frame confus'dly set.  
Which yet k'is blest that he hath euer seene,  
And therefore as a guest in gratefulnesse,  
For the great good the house yeelds him within,  
Might spare to taxe th'vnapt conuayances.*

*But this breath hurts not, for both worke and frame,  
Whilst England English speakes, is of that store  
And that choyse stufte, as that without the same* 90  
*The richest librarie can be but poore.*

*And they vnblest who letters doe professe  
And haue him not : whose owne fate beates their want  
With more sound blowes, then Alcibiades  
Did his Pedante that did Homer want.*

By SAM. DANIEL one of the Gentlemen  
extraordinarie of hir Maiesties most  
royall priuie Chamber. 98

Concerning the honor of bookes.<sup>1</sup>

*S*ince Honor from the Honorer proceeds,  
 How well do they deserue that memorie  
 And leaue in bookes for all posterities  
 The names of worthyees, and their vertuous deedes  
 When all their glorie els, like water weedes  
 Without their element, presently dyes,  
 And all their greatnes quite forgotten lyes :  
 And when, and how they florisht no man heedes.  
 How poore remembrances, are statutes, Toomes  
 And other monuments that men erect  
 To Princes, which remaine in closed roomes  
 Where but a few behold them ; in respect  
 Of Bookes, that to the vniuersall eye  
 Shew how they liu'd, the other where they lye.

10

<sup>1</sup> This Sonnet in 1613 edn. (not 1603) immediately follows the preceding poem, and though it has no signature, seems to belong to Daniel. G.

From "The Effayes, of Morall Politike and  
Millitarie Discourses of Lo: Michaell de Montaigne,  
Kn<sup>t</sup>, 1603 edition."<sup>1</sup>

To my deere friend M. *John Florio*, concerning  
*his translation of Montaigne.*

*B*ookes the amasse of humors, swolne with ease,  
The Griefe of peace, the maladie of rest;  
So stuffe the world, falne into this disease,  
As it receives more then it can digest:  
And doe so ouercharge, as they confound 10  
The apetite of skill with idle store:  
There being no end of words, nor any bound  
Set to conceipt, the Ocean without shore.  
As if man labor'd with himselfe to be  
As infinite in words, as in intents,  
And drawe his manifold uncertaintie  
In eu'ry figure, passion represents;  
That these innumerable visages  
And strange shapes of opinions and discourse  
Shadowed in leaues, may be the witnesses 20  
Rather of our defects, then of our force.  
And this proud frame of our presumption,  
This Babel of our skill, this Towre of wit,  
Seemes onely checkt with the confusion  
Of our mistakings, that dissolueth it.

<sup>1</sup> The re-casting of this poem for 1613 edn., or ten years later, seems to call for the reproduction separately of its original form. G

*And well may make vs of our knowledge doubt,  
Seeing what vncertainties we build vpon,  
To be as weake within booke as without ;  
Or els that truth hath other shapes then one.*

*But yet although we labor with this store* 30  
*And with the presse of writings seeme opprest,  
And haue too many bookes, yet want we more,  
Feeling great dearth and scarsenessse of the best ;  
Which cast in choiser shapes haue bin produc'd,  
To giue the best proportions to the minde  
Of our confusion, and haue introduc'd  
The likeliest images frailtie can finde.*

*And wherein most the skill-desiring soule*  
*Takes her delight, the best of all delight ;*  
*And where her motions euenest come to rowle* 40  
*About this doubtfull center of the right.*

*Which to discouer this great Potentate,  
This Prince Montaigne (if he be not more)  
Hath more aduentur'd of his owne estate  
Then euer man did of himselfe before :  
And hath made such bolde sallies out vpon  
Custome : the mightie tyrant of the earth,  
In whose Seraglio of subiection  
We all seeme bred-up, from our tender birth ;  
As I admire his powres, and out of loue,* 50  
*Here at his gate do stand ; and glad I stand,  
So neere to him whom I do so much loue,  
T'applaude his happie setling in our land :  
And safe transpassage by his studious care,  
Who both of him and vs doth merit much ;  
Hauing as sumptuously, as he is rare  
Plac'd him in the best lodging of our speach,*

*And made him now as free, as if borne here,  
And as well ours as theirs, who may be proud  
That he is theirs ; though he be euey where  
To haue the franchise of his worth allow'd.*

60

*It being the portion of a happie Pen,  
Not to binuassal'd to one Monarchie,  
But dwell with all the better world of men  
Whose spirits are all of one communitie,  
Whom neither Ocean, Desarts, Rockes nor Sands  
Can keepe from th'intertraffique of the minde,  
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And neuer was she borne to dye obscure,  
But guided by the Starres of her owne grace,  
Makes her owne fortune, and is euer sure  
In mans best hold, to hold the strongest place.*

70

*And let the Critic say the worst he can,  
He cannot say but that Montaigne yet,  
Yeeldes most rich pieces and extracts of man ;  
Though in a troubled frame confus'dly set.*

80

*Which yet 'tis blest that he hath euer seene,  
And therefore as a guest in gratefulnessse,  
For the great good the house yeelds him within  
Might spare to taxe th'vnapt conuayances.  
But this breath hurts not, for both worke and frame,  
Whilst England English speakes, is of that store  
And that choyse stufte, as that without the same  
The richest librarie can be but poore.*



*And they vnblest who letters do professe* 90  
*And haue him not : whose owne fate beates their want*  
*With more sound blowes, then Alcibiades*  
*Did his Pedante that did Homer want.*

SAM. DANYEL.

*To the Right Reuerend Father in God,  
James Montague, Lord Bishop of Winchester,  
Deane of the Chapell, and one of his Maiesties  
most Honorable Priuy Councell.*<sup>1</sup>



Although you haue out of your proper  
store  
The best munition that may fortifie  
A Noble heart as no man may haue  
more,  
Against the batteries of mortality :  
Yet reuerend Lord voutsafe me leaue  
to bring

One weapon more vnto your furnishment ; 10  
That you the Assaults of this close vanquishing,  
And secret wasting sicknesse may preuent :  
For that my selfe haue struggled with it too,  
And know the worst of all that it can do ;  
And let me tell you this you neuer could  
Haue found a gentler warring enemy,  
And one that with more faire proceeding would  
Encounter you without extremity,  
Nor giue more time to make resistances  
And to reaire your breaches, then will this. 20

For whereas other sicknesse surprize,  
Our spirits at vnawares disweopning sodainely,

<sup>1</sup> From Quarto of 1623. A holograph copy is preserved in H.M. Public Record Office. See 'Memorial-Introduction II.—Critical' on this.—G.

All fenſe of vnderſtanding in ſuch wiſe,  
 As that they lay vs dead before we die,  
 Or fire vs out of our inflamed fort,  
 With rauing Phrenſies in a fearefull fort ;

This comes and ſteales vs by degrees away ;  
 And yet not that without our priuity  
 They rap vs hence, as Vultures do their pray ;  
 Confounding vs with tortures instantly. 30  
 This fairely kills, they fowly murder vs,  
 Trippe vp our heeles before we can diſcerne ;  
 This giues vs time of treaty to diſcus  
 Our ſuffring, and the cauſe thereof to learne.

Befides therewith we oftentimes haue truce  
 For many months, ſometimes for many yeares,  
 And are permitted to inioy the vſe

Of ſtudy, and although our body weares  
 Our wit remaines ; our ſpeech, our memory  
 Faile not, or come before our ſelues to die : 40

We part together and we take our leaue  
 Of friends, of kindred ; we diſpoſe our ſtate,  
 And yeeld vp fairely what we did receiue  
 And all our buſineſſes accomodate :

So that we cannot ſay we were thruſt out,  
 But we depart from hence in quiet fort :  
 The foe with whom we haue the battaile fought,  
 Hath not ſubdu'd vs but got our Fort,  
 And this diſeaſe is held moſt incident  
 To the beſt natures and moſt innocent. 50

And therefore reuerend Lord, there cannot be  
 A gentler paſſage then there is hereby,  
 Vnto that port wherein we ſhall be free  
 From all the ſtormes of worldly miſery.

And though it show vs dayly in our glasse,  
 Our fading leafe turn'd to a yellow hue,  
 And how it withers as the sap doth passe,  
 And what we may expect is to infue.

Yet that I know difquiets not your mind,  
 Who knowes the brittle mettaile of mankind, 60  
 And haue all comforts vertue can beget,  
 And most the confcience of well acted dayes ;  
 Which all those monuments which you haue fet  
 On holy ground to your perpetuall praise,  
 (As things best fet) must euer testifie ;  
 And shew the worth of Noble *Montague*.

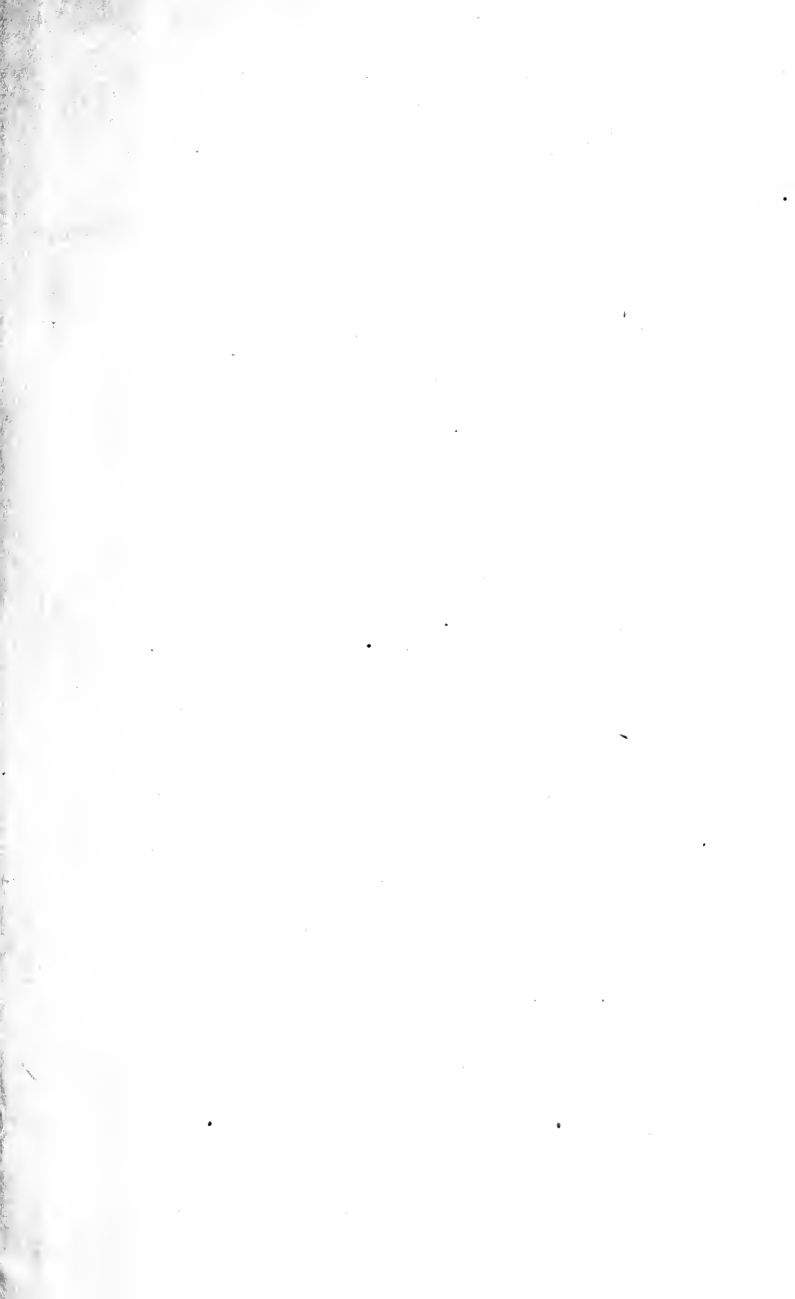
And so long as the Walls of Piety  
 Stand, so long shall stand the memory of you ;  
 And Bath, and Wells, and Winchester shall show  
 Their faire repaires to all Posterity ; 70  
 And how much blest and fortunate they were  
 That euer Gracious hand did plant you there ;  
 Besides, you haue not only built vp walls  
 But also (worthier edifices) men ;  
 By whom you shall haue the memorialls  
 And euerlasting honor of the pen  
 That whensoever you shall come to make  
 Your Exit from this Scene wherein you haue  
 Perform'd so noble parts, you then shall take  
 Your leaue with honor, haue a glorious graue. 80

“ For when can men go better to their rest  
 “ Then when they are esteem'd and loued best ? ”

SAM. DANIEL.











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