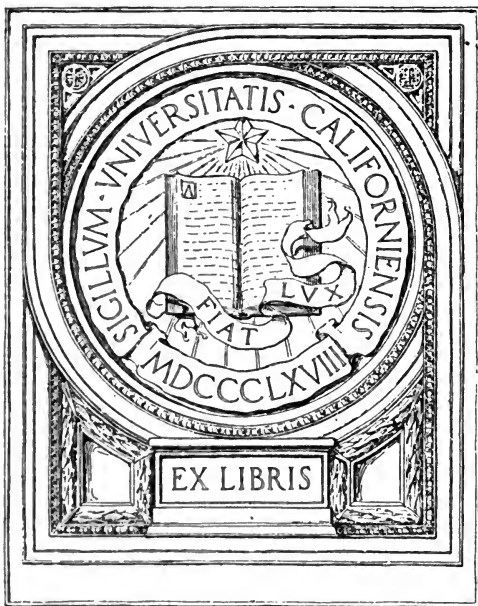
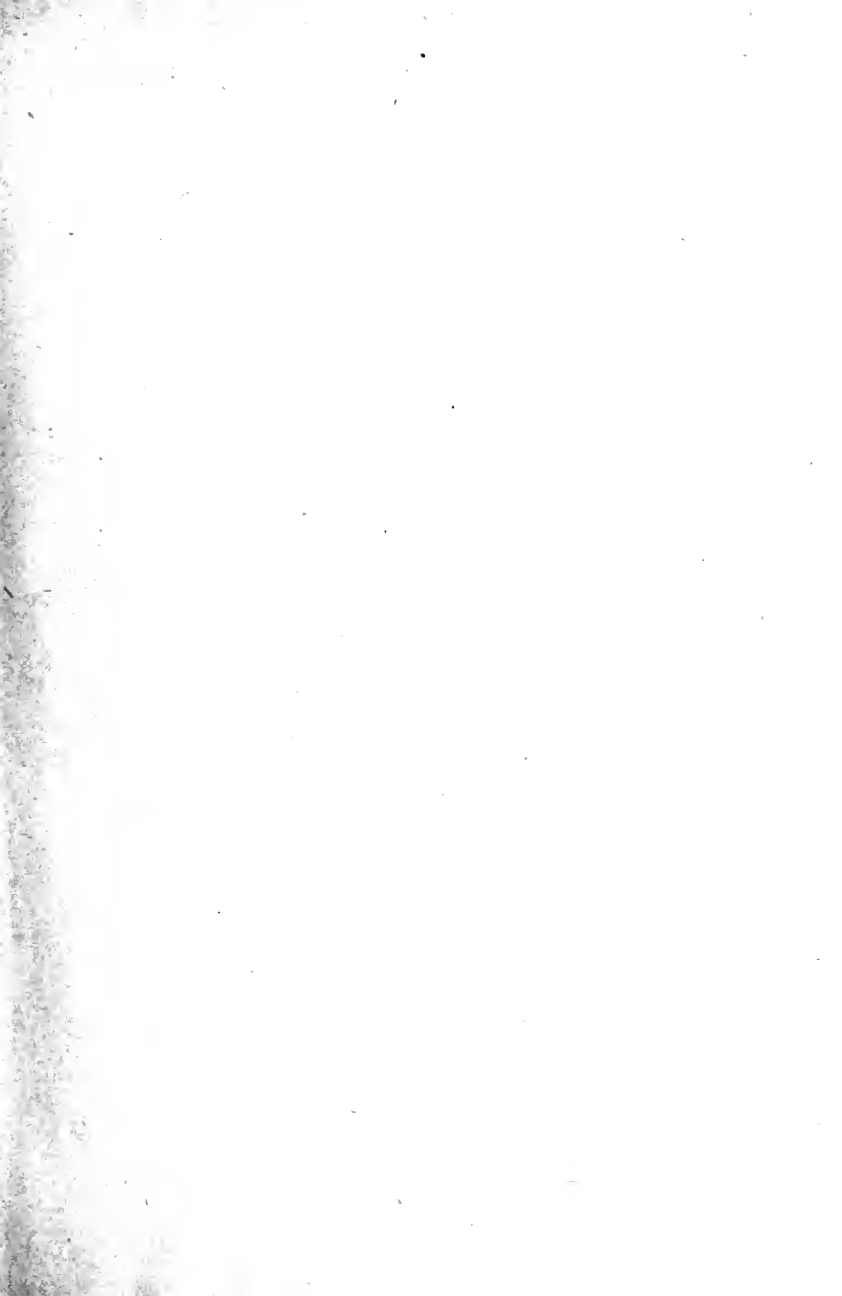


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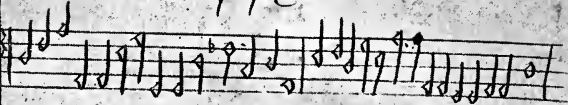
CORN FROM OLDE FIELDS



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The Queristers Song of Yorke in praise of Heaven.

This is
the first



Jerusalem my happy home,
when shall I come to thee,
where shall my sorrow be
thy joyes mine shall I see
where my happy home is of saint
thy sweet a pleasant place,
In joy no sorrow shall I find
no grief, no tear, nor pain.

In life no dampish mist, nor frowne,
no cold, nor darkness night,
In joy all doubts for ever
where you abound give light
where is a spring of water
to quench our heat of sin
where is a tree whose fruit
to feed our lives for ever.

O good Christ is Judge of all things
when men deserve to die,
O good is the bread that feeds by life
that death may not affright
O the tidings of Salvation
to save our souls from pain
O the comfort of our souls
and shield of our defence.

Jerusalem, Jerusalem,
yeed permit that I may see,
O that I might see with eye of Christ
partake of you to be
O the wealth and may of precious stone
the bulwarke of Diamond by name
O the gate and of right orient
O the things with all name.

ADDITIONAL MS. 38599 IN THE BRITISH MUSEUM WAS THE COMMONPLACE BOOK OF THE SHANN FAMILY OF METHLEY, CO. YORK, CHIEFLY WRITTEN BY RICHARD SHANN (1561-1627), AND CONTAINING THE "QUERISTERS' SONG OF YORKE IN PRAISE OF HEAVEN."
THE ABOVE PHOTOGRAPH REPRODUCES A PORTION OF THE MANUSCRIPT



CORN FROM OLDE FIELDES

An Anthology of English Poems
from the xivth to the xviith Century
with biographical notes

BY

ELEANOR M BROUGHAM

*Poetry is the Honey of all Flowers, the
Quintessence of all Sciences, the Marrow
of Wit and the very Phrase of Angels ~*

Thomas Nashe



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English Alumnus

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DEDICATED

“À QUI DE DROIT.”

ἡ μεγάλη χάρις
Δώρω ξὺν ὀλίγῳ· πάντα δὲ τιματὰ τὰ παρ φίλων.

THEOCRITUS, Idyll xxviii.



Preface

I AM purposely excluding from this Anthology many of the masterpieces which have received the homage of a long succession of generations.

The poems printed here are mainly chosen from those which have descended so plentifully upon us, yet threaten through neglect to disappear altogether. "To recite, to extol, to contend for them is but the payment of a debt due," and it is in this spirit that the collection has been made. The texts are taken from the earliest editions available, but it has not been possible in all cases to preserve the original spelling.

I wish to express my sincere gratitude to Mr Wentworth Huyshe, to whose intimate knowledge of the untrodden byways of English Literature this selection owes several of its rarest treasures.

My thanks are due to the authorities of the Department of MSS., British Museum, for permitting the photograph to be made which appears as the frontispiece; and to the Librarians of Lambeth Palace, Lincoln Cathedral, Christ Church and Balliol Colleges, Oxford, for allowing me to

Preface

reproduce certain early poems. I am also indebted to Lady Glenconner for a hymn out of the "White Wallet"; to Sir George Sitwell for an epitaph; to Mr Duckworth for three lyrics from the "Queen's Garland"; to Mr Andrew Macphail for two poems from the "Book of Sorrow"; to Mr Guppy and Mr C. W. James for verses out of the Farmer Chetham MS. at Manchester; and to Mr Reginald Poole for the extract from Robert Hayman's works.

E. M. B.

May 1918

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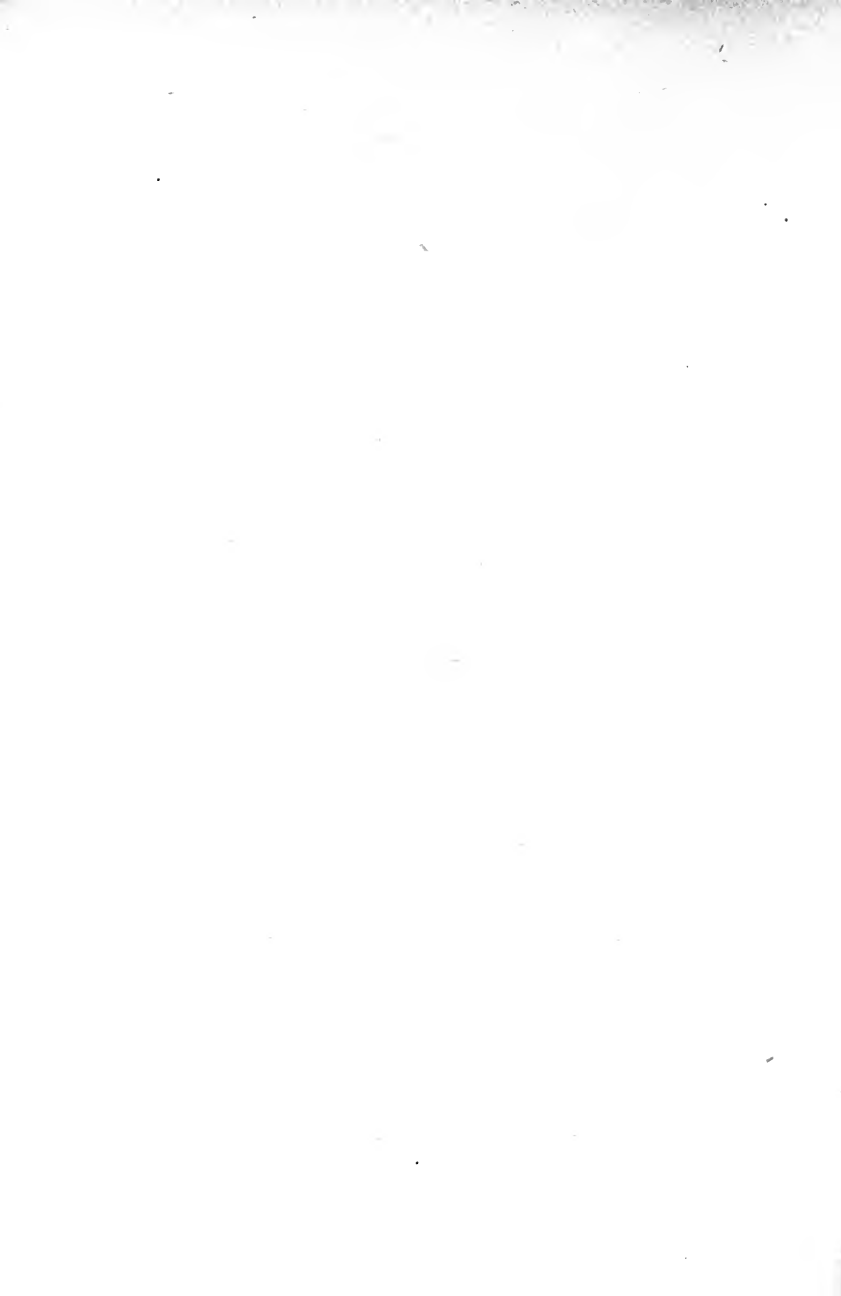
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CORN FROM OLDE FIELDS

PART I
Religion

“Therefore it shall become every man, which do intend to live godly, to hear and learn godly books, and to print heavenly doctrines in their hearts.”

(Extract from Thomas Some's dedication of Latimer's sermons to Katherine, Duchess of Suffolk, 1550.)

Hymnus

GOd be in my hede
And in my vnderstandyng,
God be in myne eyes
And in my loking,
God be in my mouth
And in my speaking,
God be in my harte
And in my thynkyng,
God be at mine ende
And at my departyng.

*From "The Prymer in English and Latin after Salisburge
use: set out at length with manye Godly prayers.
Newly imprinted by the assignes of John Wayland this
presente yeare. An. 1558."*

Christmas Carol

Although carols can be traced back to 1250, they did not become universal until 2 centuries afterwards.

In the earlier Middle Ages they were merely songs of revelry accompanied by dances, and it is only later that they assumed an ecclesiastical stamp and were sung in churches and in mystery plays at Christmas and other Feast days. The finest specimens belong to the xv. and xvi. centuries. They were popular in all classes until the Reformation removed the chief sources of inspiration.

THere comes a ship farr sailing then,
St Michael was the steersman,
St John sat in the horn ;
Our Lord harped, our Lady sang,
And all the belles of heaven they rang,
On Christ's Sunday at morn.

(About 1550.)

Carol

L Ullay! lullay! lytel child, myn owyn dere
 fode,¹
 How xalt thou sufferin be nayled on the rode.
 So blyssid be the tyme!

Lullay! lullay! lytel child, myn owyn dere smerte,²
 How xalt thou sufferin the scharp spere to Thi herte?
 So blyssid be the tyme!

Lullay! lullay! lytel child, I synge all for Thi sake,
 Many on is the scharpe schour³ to Thi body is schape.
 So blyssid be the tyme!

Lullay! lullay! lytel child, fare happis the befalle,
 How xalt thou sufferin to drynke ezyl⁴ and galle?
 So blyssid be the tyme!

Lullay! lullay! lytel child, I synge all befor,⁵
 How xalt thou sufferin the scharp garlong⁶ of thorn?
 So blyssid be the tyme!

Lullay! lullay! lytel child, gwy⁷ wepy thou so sore,
 Thou art bothin God and man, gwat⁸ woldyst Thou
 be more?

So blyssid be the tyme!

Tempus Henry IV. Sloane MS.

¹ food.

⁴ vinegar.

⁷ why.

² smart.

⁵ before.

⁸ what.

³ wound.

⁶ garland.

Tyrle, tyrlow, tyrle, tyrlow

So merrily the shepherds began to blow

A Bout the field they pipèd right,
So merrily the shepherds began to blow ;
Adown from heaven that is so high—
Tyrle, tyrlow, tyrle, tyrlow !

Of angels there came a company,
With merry songs and melody.
The shepherds anon gan them aspy.¹
Tyrle, tyrlow, tyrle, tyrlow !

Gloria in excelsis, the angels sang,
And said that peace was present among,
To every man that to the faith would fong.²
Tyrle, tyrlow, tyrle, tyrlow !

The shepherds hied them to Bedlem,
To see that blessed sun His beam ;
And there they found that glorious leme.³
Tyrle, tyrlow, tyrle, tyrlow !

¹ see them.

² accept.

³ ray.

Now pray we to that mekë Child
And to his mother that is so mild,
The which was never defiled,
Tyrle, tyrlow, tyrle, tyrlow!

That we may come unto His bliss,
Where joy shall never miss,
Then may we sing in Paradise
Tyrle, tyrlow, tyrle, tyrlow!

I pray you all that be here,
For to sing and make good cheer,
In the worship of God this year.
Tyrle, tyrlow, tyrle, tyrlow!

*From Balliol MS. 354, a.d. 1536,
Balliol College Library, Oxford.*

Christ, the Fleur-de-lis

1

FOr his love that bought us all dear
Listen, lordings, that be here
And I will tell you in fere ¹
Where-of came the flower delice.
Sing we all, for time it is,
Mary hath borne the flower delice.

2

On Christmas night, when it was cold,
Our Lady lay among beasts bold,
And there she bare Jesu, Joseph told.
And there-of came the flower delice.
Sing we all, for time it is,
Mary hath borne the flower delice.

3

Of that beareth witness Saint John
That it was of much renown ;
Baptised he was in flom ² Jordan,
And there-of came the flower delice.
Sing we all, for time it is,
Mary hath borne the flower delice.

¹ together.² river.

4

On Good Friday the Child was slain
Beaten with scourges and all to-flayn,¹
That day he suffered much pain
And there-of came the flower delice.

Sing we all, for time it is,
Mary hath borne the flower delice.

*From MS. 354, a.d. 1536, in the Library of
Balliol College, Oxford.*

¹ flayed.

Carol. Nunc gaudet Maria

MAry is a lady bright,
She hath a son of mickle might,
Over all this world she is light,
Bona natalicia.

Mary is so fair of face,
And her son so full of grace,
In Heaven (may) He make us a place,
Cum sua potencia.

Mary is so fair and bright,
And her son so full of might,
Over all this world He is light,
Bona voluntaria.

Mary is both good and kind,
Ever on us she hath mind,
That the fiend shall us not bind,
Cum sua malicia.

Mary is queen of everything,
And her son a lovely king;
God grant us all (a) good ending,
Regnat Dei gracia.

15th century.

Carol

Sing we to this merry company,
Regina cæli, letare

OH! queen of heaven, thou sittest in thy see,
Oh! comfort of all captivity,
Right causeth us all to sing to thee,
Regina cæli, letare.

Oh! blessed branch of humility,
Oh! causer of all felicity,
With joy and gladness sing we to thee,
Regina cæli, letare.

Benign lady, blessed may thou be,
That bearest God in virginity ;
Therefore sing we unto thee,
Regina cæli, letare.

16th century.

Ave Maria

HEil be thou, marie, cristis moder dere,
That art queene of heuen, fair and sweete of
chere,
That art starre of heuen schinyng bright and clere,
Help me, lady ful of might, and heere my praier :
Aue Maria.

Heil, blessid marie, mylde queen of heuen,
Blessid be thi name, ful good it is to nempne ¹
To thee, lady, Y make my moone ² I pray thee heere
my steuen ³
And lete me neuere die in noon ⁴ of the synnis
seuene : *Aue Maria.*

Heil be thou, marie, that art flour of alle as roose
in eerbir ⁵ so reed,
To thee, ladi, y clepe and calle, to the[e] y make my
beed, ⁶
Thou be in stide ⁷ and in stalle ⁸ whanne y schal drawe
to deed
And let me neuere falle in boondis of the queed ⁹ :
Aue Maria.

¹ name. ⁸ moan.
⁶ bede, petition.

³ voice.
⁷ stead.

⁴ none.
⁸ stall.

⁵ arbour.
⁹ evil one.

Heil be thou, marie, that high sittist in troone,
 Y biseche thee, sweete lady, graunte me my boone
 Jesu to loue and drede and my lyfe to ameende soone,
 And bring me to that blis that neuere schale be doone :
 Aue Maria.

Heil be thou, marie, gloriouse moder hende,¹
 Meeknes and honeste with abstynence me sende,
 With chastite and charite into my lyues eende,
 And that thorough thi praier, lady, I mote to heuen
 blis weende.

Aue Maria.

*MS., Lambeth Palace, No. 853.
 About 1430.*

¹ gentle.

Cradle Song of the Blessed Virgin

Jesu, sweetë sonë, dear!
On poor-full bed liest thou here,
And that me grieveth sore ;
For thy cradle is as a bier,
Ox and assë be thy fere,¹
Weep I may therefor.

Jesu, sweetë, be not wroth,
Though I have no clout nor cloth
Thee on for to fold,
Thee on to fold, nor to wrap,
For I have neither clout nor lappe,
But lay thou thy feet to my pappe,
And wite² thee from the cold.

*Harleian MS. No. 7322, fol. 135,
British Museum, end 14th century.*

¹ fellows.

² protect.

O Jesu Parvule

I Saw a sweet (and) silly sight
A blissful bride, a blossom bright
That mourning made and mirth among—
A maiden mother, meek and mild,
In cradle kept a knavë child
That softly slept; she sat and sang—
“Lullay, lullow, lully, lullay, lully, lully, lully, lully,
lully,
Lullow, lully, lullay, baw, baw,
My bairn, sleep softly now.”

15th century. Add. MSS., British Museum, No. 5666.

Adam Lay Ybounden

A Dam lay ybounden,
Bounden in a bond ;
Four thousand winter
Thought he not too long.
And all was for an apple,
An apple that he took,
As clerkës finden written
In their book.
Nor had the apple taken been,
The apple taken been,
Then never had our Lady
A-been heaven's queen.
Blessed be the time
That apple taken was !
Therefore we may singen
Deo gracias !

15th century.

GILES FLETCHER (c. 1588–1623), younger brother of Phineas Fletcher, was educated at Westminster School and Trinity College, Cambridge. He then became rector of Alderton in Suffolk. Fuller says that his death was hastened by his “clownish parishioners who having nothing but their shoes high about them valued not their pastor according to his worth.” Fletcher’s principal work, “Christ’s Victorie and Triumph in Heaven and Earth,” was written in 1610, while he was still at Trinity.

CHrist is a path—if any be misled ;
 He is a robe—if any naked be ;
 If any chance to hunger—He is bread ;
 If any be a bondman—how strong is He !

To dead men, life He is ; to sick men, health ;
 To blind men, sight ; and to the needy, wealth ;
 A pleasure without loss ;—a treasure without stealth.

GILES FLETCHER.

Old Rhyme

THe loss of gold is much,
 The loss of time is more,
 The loss of Christ is such a loss
 As no man can restore.

MY master hath a garden, full-filled with divers
flowers,
Where thou may'st gather posies gay, all times
and hours,
Here nought is heard
But paradise-bird,
Harp, dulcimer, and lute,
With cymbal,
And timbrel,
And the gentle sounding flute.

Oh! Jesus, Lord, my heal and weal, my bliss complete,
Make thou my heart thy garden-plot, true, fair and
neat,
That I may hear
This music clear,
Harp, dulcimer, and lute,
With cymbal,
And timbrel,
And the gentle sounding flute.

ANONYMOUS.

Mater Hierusalem Civitas
sancta Dei

(St Augustine, Meditations, ch. xxv.)

(1)

Hierusalem, my happie home,
When shall I come to thee?
When shall my sorrowes have an end,
Thy joys when shall I see?

(2)

O happie harbour of the Saints!
O sweet and pleasant soyle!
In thee noe sorrow may be founde
Noe grieffe, noe care, noe toyle.

(3)

In thee noe sicknesse may be seene,
Noe hurt, noe ache, noe sore,
There is no death, nor uglie devill,
There is life for evermore.

(4)

No dampishe mist is seene in thee,
Noe cold, nor darksome night;
There everie soule shines as the sunne
There God him selfe gives light.

(5)

There lust and lucre cannot dwell,
There envie beares no sway ;
There is noe hunger, heate, nor colde,
But pleasure everie way.

(6)

Hierusalem, Hierusalem,
God grant I once may see
Thy endless joyes and of the same
Partaker aye to be.

(7)

Thy waies are made of precious stones,
Thy bulwarkes diamondes square ;
Thy gates are of right orient pearle,
Exceeding rich and rare.

(8)

Thy turrets and thy pinacles
With carbuncles do shine ;
Thy verie streetes are paved with gold,
Surpassing cleare and fine.

(9)

Thy houses are of ivorie,
Thy windoes cristale-cleare,
Thy tyles are made of beaten gold—
O God that I were there !

(10)

Within thy gates nothinge doth come
That is not passing cleane,
Noe spider's web, noe durt, noe dust,
Noe filthe may there be seene.

(11)

Ah, my sweete home, Hierusalem,
Would God I were in thee!
Would God my woes were at an end,
Thy joys that I might see!

(12)

Thy saints are crownd with glorie great,
They see God face to face,
They triumph still, they still rejoyce;
Most happie is their case.

(13)

We that are heere in banishment
Continually doe mourne;
We sighe and sobbe, we weep and waile,
Perpetually we groane.

(14)

Our sweete is mixed with bitter galle,
Our pleasure is but paine,
Our joyes scarce last the looking on,
Our sorrowes still remaine.

(15)

But there they live in such delight
Such pleasure and such play
As that to them a thousand yeares
Doth seeme as yester day.

(16)

Thy viniardes and thy orchardes are
Most beutifull and faire,
Full furnishèd with trees and fruits
Most wonderful and rare.

(17)

Thy gardens and thy gallant walkes
Continually are greene ;
There grow such sweete and pleasant flowers
As nowhere else are seen.

(18)

There is nectar and ambrosia made,
There is muske and civette sweete,
There manie a faire and daintie drugge
Are troden under feete.

(19)

There cinomon, there sugar grows,
There narde and balme abound ;
What tongue can tell, or heart conceive,
The joyes that there are found.

(20)

Quite through the streetes, with silver sound,
The flood of Life doth flowe,
Upon whose banks on everie side
The wood of Life doth growe.

(21)

There trees for evermore beare fruite,
And evermore do springe,
There evermore the Angels sit,
And evermore do sing.

(22)

There David standes, with harpe in hand,
As master of the Quire ;
Tenne thousand times that man were blest
That might this music hear.

(23)

Our Ladie sings "Magnificat,"
With tones surpassing sweete ;
And all the virgins bear their part,
Sitting about her feet.

(24)

"Te Deum" doth Saint Ambrose sing,
Saint Augustin dothe the like ;
Old Simeon and Zacharie
Have not their songs to seeke.

(25)

There Magdalene hath left her mone,
And cheerefullie doth singe
With blessed Saints whose harmonie
In everie streete doth ringe.

(26)

Hierusalem, my happie home,
Would God I were in thee!
Would God my woes were at an end,
Thy joys that I might see!

*From Additional MS. No. 15225 in the British Museum,
of the time of James I. (1603-1625). The poem
is headed "A song made by f: B: P. to the tune of
Diana."*

HENRY VAUGHAN, "Silurist" (1622-1695), was born in Wales, educated at Oxford, and studied law in London, finally settling as a physician at Brecon. A fervent royalist, he took up arms in the Civil War, and at one time suffered imprisonment. After various classical translations and a collection of verse, he published "Silex Scintillans," which contains religious and contemplative poems of unrivalled beauty. Vaughan devotedly followed George Herbert, and professed himself to be "the least of his many pious converts."

Peace

MY soul, there is a country
Far beyond the stars,
Where stands a winged sentry
All skilful in the wars :
There, above noise and danger,
Sweet Peace sits, crown'd with smiles,
And One born in a manger
Commands the beauteous files.
He is thy gracious Friend,
And—O my soul, awake!—

Did in pure love descend
To die here for thy sake.

If thou can get but thither,
There grows the flower of Peace,
The Rose that cannot wither,
Thy fortress, and thy ease.
Leave then thy foolish ranges ;
For none can thee secure
But One who never changes—
Thy God, thy life, thy cure.

HENRY VAUGHAN.

*From "Silex Scintillans, or Sacred Poems and Private
Ejaculations. London, Printed by T. W. for H.
Blunden at y^e Castle in Cornehill. 1650."*

Friends Departed

They are all gone into the world of light !
And I alone sit ling'ring here ;
Their very memory is fair and bright,
And my sad thoughts doth clear.

It glows and glitters in my cloudy breast,
Like stars upon some gloomy grove,
Or those faint beams in which this hill is drest
After the sun's remove.

I see them walking in an air of glory,
Whose light doth trample on my days :
My days, which are at best but dull and hoary,
Mere glimmering and decays.

O holy Hope ! and high Humility,
High as the heavens above !
These are your walks, and you have show'd them me,
To kindle my cold love.

Dear, beauteous Death ! the jewel of the Just,
Shining nowhere, but in the dark ;
What mysteries do lie beyond thy dust,
Could man outlook that mark !

He that hath found some fledged bird's nest may
know,

At first sight, if the bird be flown ;
But what fair well or grove he sings in now,
That is to him unknown.

And yet as Angels in some brighter dreams
Call to the soul, when man doth sleep :
So some strange thoughts transcend our wonted
themes,
And into glory peep.

If a star were confined into a tomb,
Her captive flames must needs burn there ;
But when the hand that lock'd her up gives room,
She'll shine through all the sphere.

O Father of eternal life, and all
Created glories under Thee !
Resume Thy spirit from this world of thrall
Into true liberty.

Either disperse these mists, which blot and fill
My perspective still as they pass :
Or else remove me hence into that hill,
Where I shall need no glass.

HENRY VAUGHAN.

From "Silex Scintillans: Sacred Poems and Private Ejaculations. The Second Edition in two Books. London, Printed for Henry Crips and Lodowick Lloyd, next to the Castle in Cornhil, and in Popes-head Alley. 1655."

GEORGE HERBERT (1593-1633) was educated at Westminster School and Trinity College, Cambridge, where he acquired "great learning, and was blessed with a high fancy, a civil and sharp wit, and with a natural elegance, in his behaviour, his tongue, and his pen." He became the friend of John Donne, Sir Henry Wotton, and Bacon. So impressed was the latter by his vast learning and clear judgment that he submitted his own works to him before publication.

For a time Herbert acquired the favour of James I., but in 1626, after the death of several influential patrons, he renounced the world, took holy orders, and spent the remainder of his life in great sanctity as rector of Bemerton, Wilts. There he wrote "The Temple," a book "in which by declaring his own spiritual conflicts, he hath comforted and raised many a dejected and discomposed soul, and charmed them into sweet and quiet thoughts." Although his style is occasionally artificial and over-elaborate, Herbert has given us some of the most exquisite and harmonious gems in the English language.

Virtue

Sweet day, so cool, so calm, so bright !
 The bridal of the earth and sky—
 The dew shall weep thy fall to-night ;
 For thou must die.

Sweet rose, whose hue, angry and brave,
Bids the rash gazer wipe his eye,
Thy root is ever in its grave,
And thou must die.

Sweet spring, full of sweet days and roses,
A box where sweets compacted lie,
My music shows ye have your closes,
And all must die.

Only a sweet and virtuous soul,
Like season'd timber, never gives ;
But though the whole world turn to coal,
Then chiefly lives.

GEORGE HERBERT.

*From "The Temple. Printed by T. Buck and R. Daniel,
printers to the Universitie of Cambridge. 1633."*

THOMAS CAMPION (1575-1620), *scholarly physician, musician and poet, was educated at Cambridge and on the Continent. He wrote masques and lyrics with increasing competence and most tunefully set them to music. "I have chiefly aimed," he says, "to couple my words and notes lovingly together." His first songs "made at his vacant hours, and privately imparted to friends," were published in 1601 in conjunction with Philip Rosseter.*

The latter was described in the first year of James I.'s reign as "one of the King's musicians for the lutes," and shortly afterwards we find him occupied as stage manager. Campion remained his life-long friend, and when he died in 1620, "left all that he had unto Mr Philip Rosseter, and wished it had been farr more." It amounted to £22.

Campion's works show great lyrical beauty, unusual imagination, and an infinite variety of metre.

O Come Quickly!

NEVER weather-beaten sail more willing bent to
 shore,
 Never tired pilgrim's limbs affected slumber
 more,
 Than my wearied sprite now longs to fly out of my
 troubled breast.
 O come quickly, sweetest Lord, and take my soul to
 rest!

Ever blooming are the joys of Heaven's high Paradise,
Cold age deafe not there our ears nor vapour dims our
eyes:

Glory there the sun outshines, whose beams the
Blessed only see.

O come quickly, glorious Lord, and raise my sprite to
Thee!

THOMAS CAMPION.

*From "Two Bookes of Ayres. . . . Composed by Thomas
Campian. London: Printed by Tho. Snodham for
Matthew Lownes and J. Browne." c. 1611.*

PHINEAS FLETCHER (1582–1650), *educated at Eton and King's College, Cambridge, was chaplain to Sir Henry Willoughby at Risley in Derbyshire, and received from him the rectory of Hilgay, Norfolk. Among his friends was Francis Quarles, and what Quarles thought of him may be estimated by the fact that in one of his "Emblems" (published in 1635) he represents the world with only four places in it, namely, London, Finchfield, Roxwell and Hilgay! Phineas Fletcher's magnum opus is the "Purple Island, or the Isle of Man" (the human body), which appeared in 1633. His other works are mainly theological, and strongly anti-Catholic.*

An Hymne

DRop, drop, slow tears
 And bathe those beauteous feet
 Which brought from Heaven
 The news and Prince of Peace :
 Cease not, wet eyes,
 His mercy to entreat :
 To cry for vengeance
 Sin doth never cease.
 In your deep floods
 Drown all my faults and fears ;
 Nor let His eye
 See sin, but through my tears.

PHINEAS FLETCHER.

From "The Purple Island. Printed by the Printers to the Universitie of Cambridge." 1633.

RICHARD CRASHAW (c. 1613–1649), *educated at Charterhouse and Cambridge, became a Fellow of Peterhouse in 1637. He was ejected in 1643 for refusing to take the Covenant. After embracing the Roman Catholic religion he suffered great poverty and distress, until Queen Henrietta Maria, through the influence of Cowley, recommended him to Rome, where he was appointed secretary to Cardinal Palotta and later a Canon of Loretto. He died shortly afterwards.*

Crashaw published a volume of Latin verse while yet at Cambridge, and in 1646 brought out his "Steps to the Temple, Sacred Poems, with the delights of the Muses." He was the greatest mystic of the age; his religious poems, which contain passages of ecstasy unrivalled by any English devotional writer, were described by a contemporary writer as "steps for happy souls to climb heaven by."

The Recommendation

THESE Houres, and that which hovers o're my
End,
Into thy hands, and hart, lord, I commend.

Take Both to Thine Account, that I and mine
In that Hour, and in these, may be all thine.

That as I dedicate my devoutest Breath
To make a kind of Life for my lord's Death,

So from his living, and life-giving Death,
My dying Life may draw a new, and never fleeting
Breath.

RICHARD CRASHAW.

*From "Steps to the Temple, Sacred Poems. . . . London,
Printed for Humphrey Moseley, and are to be sold at
his Shop at the Princes Armes in St Paul's Church-
yard. 1648."*

THOMAS TRAHERNE (1636 ?—1674), son of a shoemaker at Hereford, went to Brasenose, Oxford, and after spending nine years as rector of Credinhill, became private chaplain to Sir Orlando Bridgeman. He was unknown to contemporary fame, and few details of his life are preserved. His poverty is proved by the fact that at his death he had only a few pounds and his "best hat" to bequeath to his friends. Traherne's religious ecstasy was equalled by a passion for all the beauties of creation, but although saint and mystic he was no lover of solitude. His poems, many of which were erroneously attributed to Henry Vaughan, reveal a personality of immense spiritual force and limitless imagination. In his "Meditations" he commiserates those who are unable "to be present in all ages, who neglect to see the beauty of all kingdoms . . . and busy themselves only with pots and cups and things at home."

Wonder

How like an Angel came I down!
How bright are all things here!
When first among His works I did appear
O how their glory did me crown!
The world resembled His Eternity,
In which my soul did walk;
And every thing that I did see
Did with me talk.

The skies in their magnificence,
The lovely, lively air,
Oh! how divine, how soft, how sweet, how fair!
The stars did entertain my sense,
And all the works of God, so bright and pure,
So rich and great did seem,
As if they ever must endure
In my esteem.

A native health and innocence
Within my bones did grow,
And while my God did all His glories show,
I felt a vigour in my sense
That was all Spirit. I within did flow
With seas of life, like wine;
I nothing in the world did know
But 'twas divine.

Harsh rugged objects were conceal'd,
Oppressions, tears, and cries,
Sins, griefs, complaints, dissensions, weeping eyes,
Were hid, and only things reveal'd
Which heavenly spirits and the Angels prize.
The State of Innocence
And bliss, not trades and poverties,
Did fill my sense.

The streets were paved with golden stones,
The boys and girls all mine.

Oh, how did all their lovely faces shine !
The sons of men all holy ones.
In joy and beauty they appeared to me,
And every thing I found,
While like an angel I did see
Adorn'd the ground.

Rich diamond, and pearl and gold
Might everywhere be seen ;
Rare colors, yellow, blue, red, white and green,
Mine eyes on every side behold.
All that I saw a wonder did appear ;
Amazement was my bliss,
That and my wealth met everywhere—
No joy to this !

Curs'd, ill-devis'd proprieties,
With Envy, Avarice
And Fraud, (those fiends that spoil even Para-
dise)
Were not the object of mine eyes.
Nor hedges, ditches, limits, narrow bounds ;
I dreamt not aught of those ;
But in surveying all men's grounds,
I found repose.

For Property itself was mine,
And hedges ornaments ;

Walls, houses, coffers, and their rich contents
To make me rich combine.
Clothes, costly jewels, laces, I esteem'd,
My wealth by others worn ;
For me they all to wear them seem'd,
When I was born.

THOMAS TRAHERNE.

*From Burney MS., British Museum, No. 392, page 6,
entitled, Poems of Felicity. Vol. I. Containing
Divine Reflections on the Native Objects of An Infant
Ey. By Tho. Traheron, B.D.*

SIR WILLIAM D'AVENANT (1606-1668), *born and educated at Oxford, was in the service of Lord Brooke, and knighted in 1643 for his loyal services at the siege of Gloucester. He suffered imprisonment during the Civil War.*

On his release, d'Avenant founded English opera by his "Siege of Rhodes" and established a theatre in which he introduced movable scenery and female players.

He succeeded Ben Jonson as Poet Laureate.

Praise and Prayer

Praise is devotion fit for mighty minds,
The diff'ring world's agreeing sacrifice ;
Where Heaven divided faiths united finds :
But Prayer in various discord upward flies.

For Prayer the ocean is where diversely
Men steer their course, each to a sev'ral coast ;
Where all our interests so discordant be
That half by wings by which the rest are lost.

By Penitence when we ourselves forsake,
'Tis but in wise design on piteous Heaven ;
In Praise we nobly give what God may take,
And are, without a beggar's blush, forgiven.

SIR WILLIAM DAVENANT.

*From "Gondibert: An Heroick Poem. London, Printed
by T. N. for Henry Herringman. 1672."*

JOHN STILL (1543-c. 1608), *M.A.*, *Christ's College, Cambridge*, 1565; *D.D.*, 1575; *Rector of Hadleigh*, 1571; *Canon of Westminster*, 1573; *Master of St John's, Cambridge*, 1574-7; *of Trinity*, 1577-1608; *chosen Cambridge delegate to the Diet at Schmalkald*, 1578; *Bishop of Bath and Wells*, 1593-1608. *While at Cambridge he greatly encouraged the acting of Latin plays, which, though educational, never proved popular.*

The Spanish Armada

A Hymn to be sung by all England—women, youths, clerks and soldiers. Made by J. S.

FROM merciless invaders,
 From wicked men's device,—
 O Lord! arise and help us
 To quell our enemies.

Sink deep their potent navies,
 Their strength and courage break :
 O Lord! arise and save us,
 For Jesus Christ His sake.

Though cruel Spain and Parma
 With heathen legions come,
 O God! arise and arm us—
 For to defend our home.

We will not change our Bible
For Pope nor ban nor bell ;
And if Apollyon¹ come himself,
His fiery darts we'll quell.

JOHN STILL.

Wm. Chappell in his National English Airs, 1840, gives the music to this Hymn. He states in a note that it is "found in a MS. dated 1588" (the year of the Armada) "belonging to Mr Pearsall." The text is also given in the British Museum, Collection of Broad-sides, Vol. I. p. 136.

¹ King of the bottomless pit.—Rev. ix. 11.

Preparations

YEt if His Majesty, our sovereign lord,
Should of his own accord
Friendly himself invite,
And say, "I'll be your guest to-morrow night,"
How should we stir ourselves, call and command
All hands to work! "Let no man idle stand!
Set me fine Spanish tables in the hall,
See they be fitted all;
Let there be room to eat,
And order taken that there want no meat;
See every sconce and candlestick made bright,
That without tapers they may give a light.
Look to the presence; are the carpets spread,
The dazie o'er the head,
The cushions in the chairs,
And all the candles lighted on the stairs?
Perfume the chambers, and in any case
Let each man give attendance in his place!"
Thus if a king were coming would we do,
And 'twere good reason too;
For 'tis a duteous thing
To show all honour to an earthly king,
And after all our travail and our cost,
So he be pleased, to think no labour lost.

But at the coming of the King of Heaven
All's set at six and seven :
We wallow in our sin,
Christ cannot find a chamber in the inn,
We entertain Him always like a stranger,
And, as at first, still lodge Him in a manger.

From the Christ Church MS., Oxford, 736-8.

BARNABE GOOGE (1540-1594) was the son of Robert Googe, recorder of Lincoln. After spending some time both at Oxford and Cambridge he travelled through France and Spain. On his return, he was annoyed and distressed to find that his poems had been sent to the printer by his friend and admirer L. Blundeston, and it was in vain that he tried to suppress them. "Notwithstandinge all the dylygence that I could use in the suppression therof coulde not suffise for I myselfe beyng at that tyme oute of the Realme, lytell fearinge any suche thynge to happen. A very frende of myne, bearynge as it seemed better wyll to my doynge than respecting the hazarde of my name, commytted them all togyether unpolysshed to the handes of the Prynter."

Googe's magnum opus was the translation of a then celebrated Latin satirical poem called the *Zodiake of Life*, written by Marcellus Palingenius, and printed at Venice about 1535. He also wrote "Eglogs, Epytaphes, and Sonnettes," and translated from the Spanish. In 1565, after a troublous courtship, he married Mary Darrell of Lamberhurst, and a few years later we hear of him in Ireland, where he held the office of Provost Marshal to the Court of Connaught.

Coming Homeward out of Spain

O Raging Seas,
and mighty Neptune's fane,
In monstrous hills
that knowest thyself so high,
that with thy floods
Dost beat the shores of Spain :
And break the Cliffs
that dare thy force annoy.

Cease now thy rage,
and lay thine ire aside,
And Thou that hast
the governance of all,
O mighty God,
Grant weather, wind, and tide,
till on my Country Coast
our anchor fall.

BARNABY GOOGE.

*From "Eglogs, Epytaphes and Sonettes newly written by
Barnabe Googe, 1563, 15th March." [Black
letter.] Huth Bequest in the British Museum.*

GEORGE WITHER (1588–1667), referred to by Pope as “the wretched Withers,” was born in Hampshire and studied law at Lincoln’s Inn. He fought with Charles I. against the Scotch, but during the Civil War was on the popular side.

Wither’s poems met with more reproach than praise from his contemporaries, although many of them show merit, imagination, and a great love of country life.

For Seasonable Weather

SONG 85

LOrd, should the sun, the clouds, the wind,
The air, and seasons be
To us so froward and unkind
As we are false to Thee ;
All fruits would quite away be burned,
Or lie in water drowned,
Or blasted be, or overturned,
Or chilled on the ground.

But from our duty tho’ we swerve,
Thou still dost mercy show,
And deign Thy creatures to preserve,
That men might thankful grow.

Yea, though from day to day we sin
And Thy displeasure gain,
No sooner we to cry begin
But pity we obtain.

The weather now Thou changed hast
That put us late to fear,
And when our hopes were almost past
Then comfort did appear.
The heaven the earth's complaints hath heard,
They reconciled be ;
And Thou such weather hast prepared
As we desired of Thee.

For which, with lifted hands and eyes,
To Thee we do repay
The due and willing sacrifice
Of giving thanks to-day.
Because such offerings we should not
To render Thee be slow,
Nor let that mercy be forgot
Which Thou art pleased to show.

GEORGE WITHER.

From "The Hymnes and Songs of the Church . . . translated and composed by G. W. London. Printed by the Assignes of George Wither. Cum Privilegio Regis Regali [King James I., to whom the Book is dedicated]."

ROBERT SOUTHWELL, S.J. (c. 1561–1595), was educated at Douai and Paris by the Jesuits, into whose Order he was admitted in 1578. He was ordained in 1584, and earnestly begged to be sent to England on a mission. At that date an Act was passed which decreed any English subject guilty of treason who had been ordained a Catholic priest since the first year of Queen Elizabeth's reign, and had resided in England for more than forty days. Southwell, fully aware of this, and anticipating martyrdom, sailed for England with Henry Garnett. He was finally the victim of a plot laid by Richard Topcliffe, and hanged at Tyburn in 1595 after being subjected to the most brutal torture. Among cultivated people of the day, Southwell's reputation as a poet was very high.

Ben Jonson told William Drummond of Hawthornden that he would destroy many of his own poems if he could claim to have written Southwell's "Burning Babe."

The Burning Babe

AS I in hoary winter's night stood shivering in
the snow,
Surpris'd I was with sudden heat, which made
my heart to glow ;
And lifting up a fearfull eye to view what fire was
near,

A pretty Babe, all burning bright, did in the air appear;
Who, scorched with excessive heat, such floods of
tears did shed,
As though his floods should quench his flames,
which with his tears were bred :
“ Alas,” (quoth he) “ but newly born, in fiery heats
I fry,
Yet none approach to warme their hearts or feel my
fire but I ;
My faultless breast the furnace is, the fuel wounding
thorns :
Love is the fire, and sighs the smoke, the ashes
shames and scorns ;
The fuel justice layeth on, and Mercy blows the coals,
The metal in this Furnace wrought are men’s defiled
souls :
For which, as now on fire I am, to work them to their
good,
So will I melt into a bath to wash them in my blood.”
With this he vanisht out of sight and swiftly shrunk
away,
And straight I called unto mind that it was Christmas
day.

ROBERT SOUTHWELL.

*From “Saint Peter’s Complaint. Newly augmented with
other Poems. London, Printed by W. Stansby for
William Barret: and are to be sold at his Shop in
Pauls Church Yard, at the sign of the three Pidgeons.
1615.”*

PART II

Love

Love is a present for a mighty king.
(GEORGE HERBERT, 1593-1632.)

The Dream of a Lover

Benedicite! whate dreamed I this nyght?
Methought the worlde was turnyd up so downe¹
The sun, the moone had lost their force and
lyght,
The sea also drowned both toure and towne.
Yet more marvel how that I heard the sounde
Of onys² voyce saying: beare in thy mynd,
Thi lady hath forgotten to be kynd.

*From Thoresby's MS. (c. 1550) in A general History of
the Science and practice of Music by Sir John Hawkins
(printed for J. Payne & son, at the Mews-Gate).
1776.*

¹ upside down.

² one's.

TWO lines shall tell the grief
That I by love sustain :
I burn, I flame, I faint, I freeze,
Of Hell I feel the pain.

BARNABE GOOGE.

TWO lines shall teach you how
to purchase ease anew :
Let reason rule, where love did reign,
and idle thoughts eschew.

GEORGE TURBERVILLE'S ANSWER.

From Epitaphes, Epigrams, Songs and Sonets . . . by George Turberville, Gentleman. 1567. Imprinted at London by Henry Denham.

GEORGE TURBERVILLE (c. 1540—c. 1610), member of the old Dorset family of De Turberville, was educated at Winchester College and New College, Oxford. He accompanied Thomas Randolph, Elizabeth's Ambassador to Russia in 1568 as secretary. In his "Tragical Tales," mainly from Boccaccio, there are some letters from Turberville "to certain his friendes in England of the state of Moscovie," in which he describes the Russians as a savage people and "to vices vile enclinde."

There is a copy of this rare work in the British Museum dated 1587. Anthony à Wood tells us that when Turberville returned from Muscovy he was esteemed "a most accomplished gentleman and his company was much sought after and desired by all men."

Turberville published in 1570 his books of Epitaphes, Epigrams, Songs and Sonnets; in 1575 "The Booke of Faulconrie," and in the same year "The Noble Arte of Venerie or Hunting."

The Lover to his Lady

MY girl, thou gazest much
 Upon the golden skies.
 Would I were Heaven! I would behold
 Thee then with all mine eyes.

GEORGE TURBERVILLE.

From Epitaphes, Epigrams, Songs and Sonnets . . . by George Turberville, Gentleman. 1567. Imprinted at London by Henry Denham.

LORD HERBERT OF CHERBURY (1583-1648), soldier, statesman, poet, and philosopher, was born at Eyton, Shropshire, and educated at Oxford. After several years of "useful travel, and the attainment of many languages," he was sent by James I. to France as Ambassador, and there remained until he was forty years of age.

When the Civil War broke out, he sided with the Royalists, but in 1644 surrendered to the Parliamentarians, his undignified attitude causing him to become known to both parties as the "black Lord Herbert."

His treatise "De veritate," the first purely metaphysical work written by an Englishman, was read and commented on by Descartes and Gassendi. He published several other philosophical and religious books, and a very fantastic life of Henry VIII.

Lord Herbert's own autobiography, a vainglorious and magniloquent production, gives a brilliant picture of the events of his time.

It was edited by Horace Walpole in 1764.

Madrigal

DEar, when I did from you remove,
I left my joy, but not my love.

That never can depart.

It neither higher can ascend,
Nor lower bend.

Fixt in the centre of my heart,
As in its place,
And lodged so, how can it change?
Or you grow strange?
Those are earth's properties and base;
Each where, as the bodies divine,
Heaven's lights to you and me will shine.

LORD HERBERT OF CHERBURY.

*From "Occasional verses . . . London. Printed by T. R.
for Thomas Dring at the George in Fleet-street near
Cliffords-Inn. 1665."*

THOMAS FORD, a famous composer, was one of the musicians of Henry, Prince of Wales, son of James I., with a salary of £40 a year (equivalent to about £350 of present money).

After the Prince's death this was doubled. His "Music of Sundrie Kindes" was published in 1607. Among the songs in the first part is "There is a Lady Sweet and Kind." It was dedicated to Sir Richard Weston. Besides his secular music, which was highly popular, Ford wrote many fine anthems and sacred canons. He died in 1648 and was buried in St Margaret's Church, Westminster.

There is a Lady Sweet and Kind

There is a Lady sweet and kind,
Was never face so pleased my mind ;
I did but see her passing by,
And yet I love her till I die.

Her gesture, motion, and her smiles,
Her wit, her voice my heart beguiles,
Beguiles my heart, I know not why,
And yet I love her till I die.

Cupid is wingèd and doth range
Her country, so my love doth change :
But change she earth, or change she sky,
Yet will I love her till I die.

THOMAS FORD, from "*Musicke of Sundrie Kindes.*
*Imprinted at London by John Windey and are to be
sold by John Browne in Saint Dunston's Churchyard
in Fleetstreet. 1607.*"

JOHN DOWLAND, lutenist and composer, born in or about 1563, was in his youth a favourite at the Courts of the Duke of Brunswick and the Landgrave of Hesse.

From Germany he went to Italy, where, also, he was heartily welcomed. In 1588 he received the degree of Bachelor of Music at Oxford. In 1597 appeared his famous "First Booke of Songes or Ayres of Foure Parties."

"This collection," says his biographer, Mr W. B. Squire, "immediately achieved a greater popularity than any musical work which had hitherto appeared in England. . . . Its appearance makes a new departure in English music which eventually led to that peculiarly national product, the glee. The charm of his songs consists in their perfect melodic beauty, which causes them still to be sung more than the compositions of any Elizabethan composer."

In 1600 Dowland published, in Denmark, his "Second Booke of Songs or Ayres." In 1609 he was living in Fetter Lane, and in 1625 he appears as lutenist to Charles I. In the following year he was dead, as is known by an existing record of a warrant to his son, Robert.

Dear, if you change

Dear, if you change, I'll never choose again ;
Sweet, if you shrink, I'll never think of love ;
Fair, if you fail, I'll judge all beauty vain ;
Wise, if too weak, more wits I'll never prove.

Dear, sweet, fair, wise,—change, shrink, nor be not
weak;
And on my faith, my faith shall never break.

Earth with her flowers shall sooner heaven adorn;
Heaven her bright stars through earth's dim globe
shall move;

Fire heat shall lose, and frosts of flame be born;

Air, made to shine, as black as hell shall prove:

Earth, heaven, fire, air, the world transformed shall
view,

Ere I prove false to faith, or strange to you.

*“The First Booke of Songes or Ayres of foure parts with
Tableture for the Lute. . . . Printed by Peter Short
the assigne of Th. Morley, and are to be sold at the
signe of the Starre on Bredstreet hill. 1600.”*

BARTHOLOMEW GRIFFIN, of Coventry, poet about whom little is known, published in 1596 an interesting collection of sonnets under the name of "*Fidessa*," which he dedicated to William Essex of Lambourne. In his *Epistle to the Gentlemen of the Inns of Court*, which follows the dedication, he speaks of a pastoral poem which he intended to add to *Fidessa*, but he does not appear to have done so.

Griffin was buried in the Holy Trinity Church at Coventry in 1602.

Sonnet

Fair is my love that feeds among the lilies,
 The lilies growing in the pleasant garden
 Where Cupid's Mount, that well-belovéd hill is,
 And where that little God himself is Warden.
 See where my love sits in the beds of spices,
 Beset all round with camphor, myrrh, and roses,
 And interlaced with curious devices,
 Which her from all the world apart incloses.
 There doth she tune her lute for her delight,
 And with sweet music makes the ground to move ;
 Whilst I, poor I, do sit in heavy plight,
 Wailing alone my unrespected love,
 Not daring rush into so rare a place,
 That gives to her, and she to it, a grace.

BARTHOLOMEW GRIFFIN.

From "Fidessa More Chaste then Kinde. By B. Griffin, Gent. At London: Printed by the Widow Orwin for Matthew Lownes. 1596."

ROBERT HENRYSON (1430 ?—1506 ?), was a Scottish poet and Chaucerian scholar. Very little is known about his life, but it is probable that he was a school-master at Dunfermline. He translated the "Morall Fabillis of Esope" into the seven line stanza of Chaucer's "Troilus and Creseide." Their humorous studies of character and delightful pictures of nature make them interesting reading to this day.

Henryson's finest work was the "Testament of Fair Creseide," written in rhyme royal, a tale of passion and of pity which is not excelled by anything in Scottish literature. His "Bludy Serk" is one of the oldest examples of Ballad Poetry, and "Robene and Makyne" the first known pastoral.

A Lady's Raiment

WOULD my good lady love me best
 And work after my will,
 I should a garment goodliest
 Gar make her body till.¹

Her gown should be of goodliness
 Well ribboned with renown,
 Purfilled² with pleasure in ilk place
 Furred with fine fashion.

¹ till = to.

² bordered.

Her belt should be of benignity
 About her middle meet ;
 Her mantle of humility,
 To tholl¹ both wind and wet.

Her hat should be of fair having,
 And her tippet of truth,
 Her patelet² of good pansing
 Her neck-ribbon of ruth.³

Her sleeves should be of esperance
 To keep her from despair ;
 Her gloves of the good governance
 To guide her fingers fair.

Her shoes should be of sickerness⁴
 In syne⁵ she should not slide ;
 Her hose of honesty I guess,
 I should for her provide.

Would she put on this garment gay,
 I durst swear by mysel
 That she wear never green nor gray
 That suit her half so well.

ROBERT HENRYSON.

*From "The Garmont of Gude Ladcis" (The
 Garment of Good Ladies).*

*The original is in the Bannatyne MS. (1568) in
 the Advocates' Library, Edinburgh.*

¹ endure.

⁴ security.

² ruff.

⁵ In syne = then.

³ pity.

SIR THOMAS WYATT (1503-1542), *educated at St John's College, Cambridge, was frequently employed by Henry VIII. on diplomatic missions abroad. For a time he was a favourite at Court, and an admirer of Anne Boleyn, but after being falsely accused of political misdeeds by Bishop Bonner, he retired to the country, and there wrote satires and poems. Wyatt introduced the sonnet into England, and his form of it was later adopted by Shakespeare. Puttenham in his "Arte of English Poesie" (1589) says: "In the latter end of the reign of Henry VIII. sprang up a new company of courtly makers, of whom Sir Thomas Wyatt the elder, and Henry, Earl of Surrey, were the two chieftains; who having travelled into Italy, there tasted the sweet and stately measures and style of the Italian poesie, as novices newly crept out of the schools of Dante, Arioste, and Petrarch, they greatly polished our rude and homely manner of vulgar poesie, from that it had been before, and for that cause may justly be said the first reformers of our English metre and style."*

An Appeal

FORget not yet the tried intent
 Of such a truth as I have meant;
 My great travail so gladly spent,
 Forget not yet!

Forget not yet when first began
The weary life ye know, since whan
The suit, the service, none can tell;
Forget not yet!

Forget not yet the great assayes,
The cruel wrong, the scornful ways;
The painful patience in delays,
Forget not yet!

Forget not yet, forget not this,
How long ago hath been, and is
The mind that never meant amiss—
Forget not yet!

Forget not then thine own approved,
The which so long hath thee so loved,
Whose steadfast faith yet never moved—
Forget not this!

SIR THOMAS WYATT.

“Devonshire MS.” in British Museum.

A Renouncing of Love

Farewell, Love, and all thy laws for ever.
Thy baited hooks shall tangle me no more.
Senec, and Plato call me from thy lore :
To perfect wealth my wit for to endeavour.
In blind error when I did persevere :
Thy sharp repulse, that pricketh aye so sore :
Taught me in trifles that I set no store :
But scape forth thence : since liberty is lever.
Therefore, farewell : go trouble younger hearts :
And in me claim no more authority.
With idle youth go use thy property :
And thereon spend thy many brittle darts.
For, hitherto though I have lost my time :
Me list no longer rotten boughs to climb.

SIR THOMAS WYATT.

From Tottel's Miscellany, 1557.

HENRY CONSTABLE (1562-1613), grandson of Sir Robert Constable and Lady Catherine Manners, sister of the Earl of Rutland, was educated at St John's College, Cambridge. While yet a young man he joined the Church of Rome and went to live in Paris. In 1597 we find him in the service of the French Government, and he is described in that year, in a letter written by an English agent at Liège, as "a fine poetical wit who resides in Paris and has in his head a plot to draw the Queen to be a Catholic." When James I. succeeded to the throne, Constable applied to Sir Robert Cecil for permission to return to England, but receiving no answer, came without it, and, within a year, was lodged in the Tower as a prisoner (1604). Protesting his loyalty, he was released after about six months' confinement. He died at Liège in 1613. His sonnets, entitled "Diana," appeared in 1592, and "Spirituell Sonnettes" contained in the Harleian MS. 7553 a short time later.

His poetry was highly popular in his own day. Hazlitt edited the sonnets in 1859.

To My Lady Rich

Sonnet

O That my song like to a ship might be,
To bear about the world my Lady's fame ;
That charged with the riches of her name,
The Indians might our country's treasure see.

No treasure, they would say, is rich but she ;
Of all their golden parts they would have shame,
And haply, that they might but see the same,
To give their gold for nought they would agree.
This wished voyage, though it I begin,
Without your beauty's help cannot prevail ;
For as a ship doth bear the men therein,
And yet the men do make the ship to sail,
Your beauties so, which in my verse appear,
Do move my verse, and it your beauties bear.

HENRY CONSTABLE.

ALEXANDER SCOTT (1525 ?—1584 ?) was a Scottish poet of whom little is known. He wrote some melodious love-poems and a few satires. One of his contemporaries, Alexander Montgomerie, mentions him (about 1584) as "Old Scot" and as being then alive. Mr James Cranstoun, who edited Scott's poems for the Scottish Text Society, speaks of his poem, "A New Yeir Gift to Quene Mary," as being important in that it "throws much light on the social life and lamentable condition of the people in 1562."

Lo, what it is to love

LO, what it is to love,
Learn, ye that list to prove,
By me, I say, that no ways may
The ground of grief remove,
But still decay, both night and day ;
Lo, what it is to love.

Love is a fervent fire
Kindled without desire,
Short pleasure, long displeasure,
Repentance is the hire.
A pure treasure, without measure,
Love is a fervent fire.

To love and to be wise
To rege¹ with good advice,
Now thus, now than, so goes the game,
Uncertain is the dice.
There is no man, I say, that can
Both love and to be wise.

Fly always from the snare,
Learn from me to beware ;
It is a pain and double train
Of endless woe and care ;
For to refrain that danger plain
Fly always from the snare.

ALEXANDER SCOTT.

*The original is in the Bannatyne MS. (1568) in the
Advocates' Library, Edinburgh.*

¹ sport.

Song

HE or she that hopes to gain,
Love's best sweet without some pain
Hopes in vain.

Cupid's livery no one wears
But must put on hopes and fears,
Smiles and tears,

And, like to April weather,
Rain and shine both together,
Both or neither.

ANONYMOUS.

17th Century. From Hatleian MS. No. 6917, fol. 86.

JOHN WILMOT, EARL OF ROCHESTER (1647-1680), brilliant wit, literary rake, and courtier of Charles II., "blazed out his youth" and died at the early age of thirty-three. He showed conspicuous courage abroad in a naval engagement, but was more cautious at home, refusing in one instance to fight the Duke of Buckingham.

Rochester wrote excellent letters, and left some witty verses, vivid satires and bacchanalian songs, and a few really beautiful lyrics.

The Way, the Light, the Life

WHY dost thou shade thy lovely face? O why
Does that eclipsing hand of thine deny
The sunshine of the Sun's enlivening eye?

Without thy light what light remains in me?
Thou art my life; my way, my light's in thee;
I live, I move, and by thy beams I see.

Thou art my life—if thou but turn away,
My life's a thousand deaths. Thou art my way—
Without thee, Love, I travel not but stray.

My light thou art—without thy glorious sight
My eyes are darken'd with eternal night.
My Love, thou art my way, my life, my light,

Thou art my way ; I wander if thou fly.
Thou art my light ; if hid, how blind am I !
Thou art my life ; if thou withdraw'st I die.

My eyes are dark and blind, I cannot see :
To whom or whither should my darkness flee,
But to that light ?—and who's that light but thee ?

If I have lost my path, dear Lover, say,
Shall I still wander in a doubtful way ?
Love, shall a lamb of Israel's sheepfold stray ?

My path is lost, my wandering steps do stray ;
I cannot go, nor can I safely stay.
Whom should I seek but thee, my path, my way ?

And yet thou turn'st thy face away and fly'st me !
And yet I sue for grace and thou deny'st me !
Speak—art thou angry, love, or only try'st me ?

Thou art the pilgrim's path, the blind man's eye,
The dead man's life, on thee my hopes rely ;
If I but them remove I surely die.

Dissolve thy sunbeams, close thy wings and stay!
See, see how I am blind, and dead, and stray!
—O thou that art my life, my light, my way!

Then work thy will! If passion bid me flee,
My reason shall obey, my wings shall be
Stretch'd out no farther than from me to thee.

Attributed to JOHN WILMOT,
Earl of Rochester.

JOHN DIGBY, FIRST EARL OF BRISTOL (1580-1654), educated partly at Magdalene College, Cambridge, was knighted by James I. in 1607, and in 1611 went to Spain as ambassador to settle various trade quarrels and to arrange a marriage between Anne, daughter of Philip III., and Prince Henry. The negotiations for the marriage came to nothing, but Digby conducted the other matters of his embassy with such tact and success that in 1618 he was raised to the peerage as Lord Digby. Later he did good service to the State in an embassy to Vienna, and in 1622 became Earl of Bristol. In the reign of Charles I., whom he had offended, Bristol's star waned and his life became troubled. He was on the King's side in the Civil War but proscribed by the Parliament party. From Oxford he fled to Sherborne, and then to Exeter, and when that city surrendered to Fairfax in 1646 he was exiled to France, and died at Paris in 1654.

Grieve not, dear Love

G Rieve not, dear Love ! although we often part :
But know, that Nature gently doth us sever,
Thereby to train us up, with tender art,
To brook the day when we must part for ever.

For Nature, doubting we should be surprised
By that sad day whose dread doth chiefly fear us,
Doth keep us daily schooled and exercised ;
Lest that the fright thereof should overbear us !

JOHN DIGBY, Earl of Bristol.

JAMES MABBE (1572-1642 ?), of Magdalen College, Oxford, delivered in 1605 an oration in presence of Prince Henry, when the Prince became a member of the same college. It is as the translator of the *Life of Guzman de Alfarache*, the *Spanish Rogue* (1623), of the *Tragic-comedy of Calisto* (1631), and the *Exemplary Novels of Cervantes* (1640) that Mabbe, who was an accomplished Spanish scholar, is best known. The complimentary verses in the *First Folio Shakespeare* signed J. M. were written by Mabbe. His pseudonym as author was "Don Diego Puede-Ser," in which, meaning "James May-be," his English name is punningly concealed. Thus Mabbe was one of the first to introduce to English readers "picaresque"¹ literature.

Now sleep, and take
thy rest

Now sleep, and take thy rest,
Once grieved and painéd wight,
Since now she loves thee best
Who is thy heart's delight.

¹ i.e. the literature which relates to Romantic Roguery. *Picaron* is Spanish for rascal.

Let joy be thy soul's guest,
And care be banished quite,
Since she hath thee expressed
To be her favourite.

JAMES MABBE.

From his translation, from the Spanish, of "Celestina, or the tragicke-comedy of Calisto and Melibea." 1631.

THOMAS HEYWOOD, dramatist and actor, started writing as early as 1596. He was extremely industrious, and besides his dramatic work, published translations, epitaphs, and elegies. He was also one of the earliest professional writers for the press. Heywood never produced a perfect play, but his work is distinguished by dignity and simplicity.

Love's Good-morrow

Pack, clouds, away ! and welcome day !
With night we banish sorrow ;
Sweet air, blow soft, mount larks aloft
To give my love good-morrow !
Wings from the wind to please her mind,
Notes from the lark I'll borrow ;
Bird, prune thy wing, nightingale, sing,
To give my love good-morrow ;
To give my love good-morrow,
Notes from them both I'll borrow.

Wake from thy nest, Robin Redbreast,
Sing birds in every furrow ;
And from each hill, let music shrill
Give my fair love good-morrow !

Blackbird and thrush in every bush,
Stare, linnets, and cock-sparrow!
You pretty elves, amongst yourselves,
Sing my fair love good-morrow;
To give my love good-morrow,
Sing birds in every furrow.

THOMAS HEYWOOD.

*From "The Rape of Lucrece, a true Roman
Tragedie. . . . London. 1630."*

My Lady's Tears

I Saw my Lady weep,
 And Sorrow proud to be avancèd so
 In those fair eyes where all perfections keep.
 Her face was full of woe ;
 But such a woe (believe me) as wins more hearts
 Than Mirth can do with her enticing parts.

Sorrow was there made fair,
 And Passion wise ; Tears a delightful thing,
 Silence beyond all speech, a wisdom rare ;
 She made her sighs to sing,
 And all things with so sweet a sadness move,
 As made my heart at once both grieve and love.

O fairer than aught else
 The world can show, leave off in time to grieve !
 Enough, enough : your joyful look excels :
 Tears kill the heart, believe,
 O strive not to be excellent in woe,
 Which only breeds your beauty's overthrow.

JOHN DOWLAND.

*"The Second Booke of Songs or Ayres of 2, 4 and 5 parts.
 . . . London. Printed by Thomas Este, the Assigne of
 Thomas Morley. 1600."*

Lady, Dear

(1)

Fresh flower of womanly nature,
Ye be full gentle and goodly on to see,
And all so steadfast as any creature
That is living in any degree,
Fulfilled with all benignity
And an example of all worthiness,
And they that to you have necessity
Be gracious ever through your gentleness.

(2)

But I am so bounden I may not start
To you complaining in this manner
Beseeching you ever with mine entire heart ;
And humbly also I you require
As that you are only without peer
Of goodlihead and of assurance,
I that am yours, whether ye be far or near,
Refuse me not out of your remembrance.

(3)

Consider, lady dear, of your pity,
The high complaint of my distress,

My grief and mine adversity !
Ye be my bote ¹ that may me best please.
Show me your meek spirit in my distress
For other lovers have I none,
And ever I will be ready you for to please,
Never none to have but you alone.

(4)

None but you, lady and mistress,
From whose heart with life mine may no dissever
So fast is it locked in the lock of steadfastness
That in your service it shall abide for ever.
Ye wit well my woe ye may recover,
My pains to release may none but ye ;
My life and death lie in you ever
Right as it pleaseth you to save or to flee.

Loth to offend, so I may my lady please,
Welcome pain ! and fie on ease !

Lambeth MS. No. 306. 15th century.

¹ remedy.

JOHN SKELTON (1460?–1529), poet laureate, educated at Oxford and Cambridge, was appointed tutor to Prince Henry, afterwards Henry VIII.

In his own words :

“ The honor of England I lernyd to spelle
In dygnite roiall that doth excelle.”

Skelton's translations earned the praises of Erasmus and William Caxton. The latter writes : “ For he hath late translated the Epystlys of Tulle and the boke of Dyodorus Syculus and diverse other werkes oute of Latyn into Englysshe, not in rude and old language, but in polyshed and ornate termes craftely, as he that hath redde Vyrigyle, Ovyde, Tullye, and all other noble poetes and oratours to me unknowen.” However, in 1500 his luck changed. He became an unsuccessful country parson and a bitter satirist, and was accused by Puttenham of “ more rayling and scoffing than became a Poet Lawreat.” After suffering imprisonment for his satires, many of which were directed against his former patron Cardinal Wolsey, he took sanctuary at Westminster and remained there till his death.

His English poetry, although rather chaotic, shows great vivacity. His Latin verses are distinguished, more especially those in “ The dirge on Edward IV.”

To Mistress Margaret
Hussey

Merry Margaret
As midsummer flower,
Gentle as falcon¹

Or hawk of the tower :
With solace and gladness,
Much mirth and no madness,
All good and no badness ;
So joyously,
So maidenly,
So womanly,
Her demeaning
In every thing,
Far, far passing,
That I can indite,
Or suffice to write
Of Merry Margaret
As midsummer flower,
Gentle as falcon
Or hawk of tower—
As patient and as still
And as full of goodwill
As fair Isaphill,²

¹“Falcon-gentle,” so called for her “gentle and courteous condition and fashions.”

²Hypsipyle, a queen of Lemnos.

Coliander,
Sweet pomander,¹
Good Cassander,²
Steadfast of thought,
Well made, well wrought,
Far may be sought,
Ere that ye can find
So courteous, so kind,
As merry Margaret,
This midsummer flower
Gentle as falcon
Or hawk of the tower.

JOHN SKELTON.

From the "Garlande of Laurell." 1523.

¹ A ball of perfumes. French, *pomme d'ambre*.

² Cassandra.

To Mistress Isabel Pennell

BY Saint Mary, my lady,
 Your mammy and daddy
 Brought forth a goodly baby,
 My maiden Isabel,
 Reflaring rosabel,
 The fragrant camamel,
 The ruddy rosary,
 The sovereign rosemary,
 The pretty strawberry,
 The columbine, the nepte,¹
 The ieloffer ² well set,
 The proper violet
 Envied ³ your colour
 Is like the daisy flower
 After the April shower,
 Star of the morrow grey,
 The blossom on the spray,
 The freshest flower of May,
 Maidenly demure,
 Of womanhood the lure.
 Wherefore I make you sure

¹ nepte = mint.² gilly-flower.³ "Enuwyd" in the original.

It were an heavenly health,
It were an endless wealth,
A Life for God himself
To hear this nightingale
Among the birdes small
Warbling in the vale—
Dug, dug,
Jug, jug,
Good year and good luck,
With chuk, chuk, chuk, chuk!

JOHN SKELTON.

From the "Garlande of Laurell." 1523.

To Mistress Margery Wentworthe

With margerain gentle,
 The flower of goodlihead,
 Embroidered the mantle
 Is of your maidenhead.
 Plainly, I cannot glose ;
 Ye be, as I divine,
 The pretty primerose,
 The goodly columbine.
 With margerain gentle
 The flower of goodlihead
 Embroidered the mantle
 Is of your maidenhead.

Benign, courteous, and meek,
 With words well devised ;
 In you, who list to seek,
 Be virtues well comprised.
 With margerain gentle,
 The flower of goodlihead,
 Embroidered the mantle
 Is of your maidenhead.

JOHN SKELTON.

From the "Garlande of Laurell." 1523.

In Praise of Petrarch and of Laura his Lady

OH! Petrarch, head and prince of Poets all,
Whose lively gift of flowing eloquence
Well may we seek, but find not how or whence
So rare a gift with thee did rise and fall:

Peace to thy bones, and glory immortal
Be to thy name, and to her excellence
Whose beauty lighted in thy time and since,
So to be set forth as none other shall.

Why hath not our pens rhymes so perfect wrought
And why our time forth bringeth beauty such
To try our wits, as gold is, by the touch,
If to the style the matter aided ought.

But there was never Laura more than one,
And her had Petrarch for his paragon.

*From Tottel's Miscellany, 1557, where it appears among
the "Poems by Uncertain Auctours."*

JOSHUA SYLVESTER (1563-1618) was named "silver-tongued Sylvester" by his contemporaries on account of his popular translation of the "Divine Weeks and Works" of Du Bartas. In 1606 he was appointed Groom of the Chamber to Prince Henry, who bestowed on him a pension. Anthony à Wood, the historian, who flourished in the next generation, tells us that "Queen Elizabeth had a great respect for Sylvester, King James a greater respect, and Prince Henry greatest of all, who valued him so much that he made him his first poet-pensioner." He died at Middelburg, in Holland, where he was secretary to the English Merchants. Sylvester wrote a long poem against the use of tobacco entitled "Tobacco Battered and the Pipes Shattered (about their Ears that idly idolize so base and barbarous a weed, or at least-wise love so loathsome a vanitie) by a volley of Holy Shot thundered from Mount Helicon."

Love's Omnipresence

WERE I as base as is the lowly plain,
 And you, my love, as high as heaven above,
 Yet should the thoughts of me, your humble
 swain,
 Ascend to heaven, in honour of my Love—

Were I as high as heaven above the plain,
And you, my love, as humble and as low
As are the deepest bottoms of the main,
Whereso'er you were, with you my love should go—
Were you the earth, Dear Love, and I the skies,
My love should shine on you like to the sun,
And look upon you with ten thousand eyes
Till heaven wax'd blind, and till the world were done.
Whereso'er I am, below or else above you,
Whereso'er you are, my heart shall truly love you.

JOSHUA SYLVESTER.

HENRY KING (1592-1669), educated at Westminster and Oxford, was the son of a Bishop of London, and himself became Bishop of Chichester in 1642. He was expelled by the Parliament a year later, but reinstated at the Restoration. He wrote many elegies on Royal persons and on his friends, including Ben Jonson, John Donne, and Izaak Walton. His wife, Anne Berkeley, died at the age of twenty-four, and his elegy on her is one of the tenderest in the English language. Izaak Walton notes King's obliging nature and Anthony à Wood describes him as the epitome of all honours and virtues. To his enemies he was a "most pragmaticall malignant."

The Surrender

MY once dear love, hapless that I no more
 Must call thee so, the rich affection's store
 That fed our hopes lies now exhaust and
 spent,
 Like sums of treasure unto bankrupts lent.

We that did nothing study but the way
 To love each other, with which thoughts the day

Rose with delight to us and with them set,
Must learn the hateful art how to forget.

We that did nothing wish that Heav'n could give
Beyond our selves, nor did desire to live
Beyond that wish, all these now cancel must
As if not writ in faith but words and dust.

Yet witness those clear vows which Lovers make,
Witness the chaste desires that never break
Into unruly heats; witness that breast
Which in thy bosom anchor'd his whole rest,
'Tis no default in us, I dare acquite
Thy maiden faith thy purpose fair and white
As thy pure self. Cross planets did envie
Us to each other and Heaven did untie
Faster than vows could bind, O that the stars
When Lovers meet should stand oppos'd in wars!

Since then some higher destinies command
Let us not strive nor labour to withstand
What is past help. The longest date of grief
Can never yield a hope of our relief;
And though we waste ourselves in moist laments
Tears may drown us but not our discontents.

Fold back our arms, take home our fruitless loves
That must new fortunes try, like turtle doves

Dislodged from their haunts. We must in tears
Unwind a love knit up in many years.
In this last kiss I here surrender thee
Back to thyself. So thou again art free.
Thou, in another sad as that, re-send
The truest heart that lover ere did lend.

Now turn from each. So fare our sever'd hearts
As the divorc'd soul from her body parts.

HENRY KING.

*“Poems, Elegies, Paradoxes, and Sonets. London, Printed
for Henry Herringman, and are to be sold at the Anchor
in the lower-walk in the New Exchange. 1664.”*

The Lady Prayeth the Return of her Lover abiding on the Seas

SHall I thus ever long, and be no whit the near?
And shall I still complain to thee, the which me
will not hear?

Alas! say "Nay," say "nay"! and be no more so
dumb;

But open thou thy manly mouth and say that thou wilt
come;

Whereby my heart may think, although I see not thee,
That thou wilt come—(thy word so sware)—if thou
a live man be,

The roaring, hughy waves they threaten my poor ghost,
And toss thee up and down the seas, in danger to be
lost.

Shall they not make me fear that they have swallowed
thee?

But as thou art most sure alive, so wilt thou come to
me;

Whereby I shall go see thy ship ride on the strand,
And think and say "lo, here he comes!" and
"Sure here will he land."

And then I shall lift up to thee my little hand ;
And thou shalt think thine heart in ease, in health, to
see me stand.

And if thou come indeed, (as Christ thee send to do !)
These arms, which miss thee now, shall then embrace
and hold thee too :

Each vein to every joint the lively blood shall spread,
Which now for want of thy glad sight, doth show full
pale and dead.

But if thou slip thy troth, and do not come at all ;
As minutes in the clock do strike, so call for death I
shall :

To please both thy false heart, and rid myself from
woe,

That rather had to die in troth, than live forsaken so.

*From Tottel's Miscellany "Songes and Sonettes . . . apud
R. Tottel, 1557," where it appears among the "Un-
certain Auctors."*

In Youth is Pleasure

IN a harbour grene aslepe whereas I lay,
The byrdes sang swete in the middes of the day,
I dreamed fast of mirth and play :
In youth is pleasure, in youth is pleasure.

Methought I walked still to and fro,
And from her company I could not go—
But when I waked it was not so :
In youth is pleasure, in youth is pleasure.

Therefore my heart is surely pyght ¹
Of her alone to have a sight
Which is my joy and heartes delight :
In youth is pleasure, in youth is pleasure.
ROBERT WEVER.

*In his "Enterlude called Lusty Juventus. . . . Imprynted at
London in Lothbury over agaynst Saint Margarit's
Church by Wylliam Copland. [? 1555.]*

¹ set.

SIR PHILIP SIDNEY (1554-1586). *It is neither possible or necessary to write at length here of the famous poet, statesman, and soldier, whose death at the battle of Zutphen in 1586, crowned by the well-known incident of unselfish sacrifice, was mourned by all classes both in England and in Holland. The "Arcadia," written for his sister the Countess of Pembroke, no longer holds the high place it occupied in the opinion of his contemporaries, how high may be imagined from the fact that Shakespeare himself was one of its closest students. Sidney's sonnet series "Astrophel and Stella" and his prose "Apologie for Poetrie" (1595) are still the delight of all lovers of literature.*

Sonnet

With how sad steps, O Moon, thou climb'st the
 skies,
How silently, and with how wan a face!
What! may it be, that even in heavenly place
That busy Archer his sharp arrows tries?
Sure, if that long-with-love-acquainted eyes
Can judge of love, thou feel'st a lover's case;
I read it in thy looks; thy languisht grace
To me, that feel the like, thy state describes.

Then, even of fellowship, O Moon, tell me,
Is constant love deemed there but want of wit?
Are beauties there as proud as here they be?
Do they above love to be loved, and yet
Those lovers scorn, whom that love doth possess!
Do they call virtue there—ungratefulness!

SIR PHILIP SIDNEY.

*From "Astrophel and Stella," included in the folio edition of
1598 of the "Countesse of Pembrokes Arcadia."*

NICHOLAS HOOKES (1628-1712) was educated at Westminster School and Trinity College, Cambridge. His book of poems, published in 1653, is entitled "Amanda, a sacrifice to an unknown Goddess," and was inscribed to Edward, son of Lord Montagu of Broughton.

Hookes lies buried in Lambeth Church beneath a monument which describes him as a man honest and pious, loyal to both the Charleses, of amiable manners, and who adorned literature.

A Morning Salute to Amanda

NOW a good morning to my sweetest love,
Health from all mankind and the Saints above;
Ave, Amanda! spare the dew that lies
On thy fair hand to wash my love-sick eyes,
That at my prayers I may better see,
Virgin most sweet, to tell my beads to thee:
I am a Papist, zealous, strict, precise,
Amanda is the Saint I idolize.

NICHOLAS HOOKES.

*From "Amanda, a Sacrifice to an unknown Goddess. . . .
1653."*

Of a Rosemary Branch
sent

SUch green to me as you have sent,
Such green to you I send again—
A flowering heart that will not faint
For dread of hope or loss of gain—
A stedfast thought all wholly bent,
So that he may your grace obtain,
As you by proof have always seen,
To live your own and always green.

*From Tottel's Miscellany, 1557, where this appears among
the "Poems by Uncertain Auctours."*

To his Love of his Con- stant Heart

AS I have been, so will I ever be,
Unto my death, and longer if I might.
Have I of love the friendly looking eye,
Have I of fortune favour or despite,
I am of rock by proof as you may see—
Not made of wax nor of no metal light,
As leef to die, by change as to deceive,
Or break the promise made. And so I leave.

*From Tottel's Miscellany, 1557, where this appears
among the "Poems by Uncertain Auctours."*

SIR ROBERT AYTOUN (1570-1638), *scholar and poet, graduated at St Andrews and became one of the gentlemen of the bed-chamber to James I.*

He wrote verses in Latin, Greek, and English, and was one of the earliest and most popular of the cavalier poets.

Upon a Diamond cutt in
forme of a hart, sett with a Crowne
above and a bloody dart peircing it,
sent in a New Yeares gift

THou sent to mee a hart was crown'd,
I thought it had been thine,
But when I saw it had a wound

I knew the heart was Mine.

A bounty of a strange conceite

To give myne owne to mee

And give it in a worse Estate

Than it was giv'n to thee!

The heart I sent—it had noe paine

It was intyre and sound;

But thou did send it back againe

Sick of a deadly wound.

Oh Heavens! how would you use a hart

That should Rebellious be

When you undoe it with a dart
That yeeldes it selfe to thee.
Yet wish I it had noe more paine
Than from the wound procedes,
More for the sending back againe
Than for the wound it bleedes.
Envy will say some misse-desert
Hath caus'd thee turn't away,
And where it was thy fault, thy Art
The blame on it will lay.
Yet thou does know that noe defect
In it thou could reprove ;
Thou only fear'd it should infect
Thy loveless heart with love,
A cryme which, if it could committ,
Would soe indear't to thee
That thou would rather harbor it
Than send it back to me.
Yet keepe it still, or if, poore hart,
It hath been thyne too long
Send mee it back as free from smart
As it was free from wrong.

SIR ROBERT AYTOUN.

From Additional MS. 10308, British Museum.

THOMAS WHEELKES, musician, published in 1597 a collection of Madrigals, which was followed by another in 1598. He was organist of Winchester College in 1600, and in the next year obtained the degree of Bachelor of Music at Oxford. We then find him the organist of Chichester Cathedral. One of his anthems is included in the "First Book of Selected Church Music" by Barnard, in 1641, and as the works of living composers were excluded, Wheelkes must have died before that year. It is as a writer of sprightly and charming Madrigals that he is best known. Many of them have been reprinted.

Like two proud armies marching in the field,
 Joining a thund'ring fight, each scorns to yield,
 So in my heart your beauty and my reason
 The one claims the crown the other says 'tis treason ;
 But oh your beauty shineth as the sun,
 And dazzled reason yields as quite undone.

*"Madrigals of 6 parts. . . . At London, Printed for
 Thomas Este, the assigne of Thomas Morley. 1600."*

Farewell, my joy !
 Adieu my love and pleasure !
 To sport and toy
 We have no longer leisure—
 Fa, la, la !

Farewell, Adieu,
Until our next consorting!
Sweet love, be true!
And thus we end our sporting.
 Fa, la, la!

*“ Balletts and Madrigals. London, printed by Thomas
Este. . . . 1608.”*

THOMAS BATESON (1580 ?-1620 ?), *one of the most accomplished of the Elizabethan writers of madrigals. In 1599 he was organist of Chester Cathedral. In 1618 he is described, on the title-page of his "Second set of Madrigals," as "bachelor of Musick, organist and master of the Children of the Cathedral Church of the Blessed Trinity, Dublin."*

Your shining eyes and golden hair,
Your lily rosed lips most fair,
Your other beauties that excel,
Men cannot choose but like them well.
But when for them they say they'll die,
Believe them not ; they do but lie !

*First Set of English Madrigales to 3, 4, 5, and 6 voices.
Thomas Este, London, 1604.*

HENRY LAWES (1595-1662), musician, received his musical education from G. Coperano, and became Epistler of the Chapel Royal and Clerk of the Cheque soon after the accession of Charles I. In 1633 he wrote the music for Carew's masque "Cœlum Britannicum," and became music teacher in the family of the Earl of Bridgewater, whose two sons were performers in the masque. Lawes also composed the music for Milton's masque of "Comus." As a writer and performer Lawes was held in high esteem, and immortalised in verse by Milton, Herrick, and others for whom he wrote music. When the Civil War broke out Lawes lost his official posts and "betook himself," as Hawkins tells us, "to the teaching of ladies to song and by his irreproachable life and gentlemanly deportment contributed more than all the musicians of his time to raise the credit of his profession." Lawes recovered his lost appointments at the Restoration in 1660, but died two years later, and was buried in the Cloisters of Westminster Abbey.

A Willow Garland sent for a Newyear's Gift

A Willow Garland thou did'st send,
Last day perfum'd to me,
Which did but only this portend,
I was forsook of thee.

Since that it is I'll tell thee what,
Tomorrow thou shalt see
Me wear the willow, after that,
To die upon the tree.

As beasts unto the Altar go,
With garlands, so I
Will with my willow wreath also
Come forth and sweetly die.

*The Treasury of Musick. . . . London, Printed by William
Godbid for John Playford, and are to be Sold at his
Shop in the Temple, near the Church Dore. 1669.*

SIR WALTER RALEIGH (1552-1618). *As in the case of Sir Philip Sidney, whose whole life fell within that of Sir Walter Raleigh, it is not possible to dwell at any length upon so famous a career. Both were soldiers, courtiers, statesmen, and writers, and their renown is assured so long as the English language is spoken. Both met with violent ends. Raleigh's execution, in accordance with King James's promise to the Spanish Ambassador, "that if Raleigh returned from his last voyage to the Spanish Indies with gold taken from subjects of the King of Spain, he would surrender it and give up the authors of the crime to be hung in Madrid," profoundly moved all England. He was not "hanged in Madrid," but beheaded in Old Palace Yard on October 29th, 1618, and the "deep damnation of his taking off" caused him to be regarded as the champion of England against Spain.*

The Shepherd's Description of Love

Melibæus. Shepherd, what's love? I pray thee tell,
Faustus. **S**It is that fountain and that well
 Where pleasure and repentance dwell;
 It is, perhaps, that sauncing bell¹

¹ *i.e.* Sanctus bell.

That tolls all into heav'n or hell,
And this is love as I heard tell.

M. Yet, what is love? I prithee say.

F. It is work on holiday ;
It is December match'd with May,
When lusty blood's in fresh array,
Here ten months after of the play
And this is love as I hear say.

M. Yet, what is love? good shepherd, sain.

F. It is a sunshine mixt with rain ;
It is a toothache, or like pain ;
It is a game where none doth gain ;
The lass saith no, and would full fain,
And this is love as I hear sain.

M. Yet, shepherd, what is love, I pray?

F. It is a yea, it is a nay,
A pretty kind of sporting fray,
It is a thing will soon away ;
Then nymphs take vantage while you may,
And this is love as I hear say.

M. And what is love, good shepherd, shew?

F. A thing that creeps, it cannot go ;
A prize that passeth to and fro :
A thing for one, a thing for moe,¹

¹ more.

And he that proves shall find it so ;
And, shepherd, this is love, I trow.

SIR WALTER RALEIGH.

*From "England's Helicon." Printed by I. R. for Iohn
Flasket and are to be sold in Paules Church-yard at
the signe of the Beare. 1600.*

*The poem appears in this Miscellany with the
initials S. W. R.*

JOHN DANYEL. *Little is known about him beyond the fact that he was one of the famous musicians of the Elizabethan and Jacobean period. In 1604 he obtained the degree of Bachelor of Music, Oxford. His songs for the Lute, Viol, and Voice were published in 1606. It is thought that he was a brother of the poet Samuel Daniel.*

Thou Pretty Bird

THOU pretty Bird, how do I see
Thy silly state and mine agree !
For thou a prisoner art ;
So is my heart.

Thou sing'st to her, and so do I address
My music to her ear that's merciless ;
But herein doth the difference lie,—
That thou art graced ; so am not I ;
Thou singing liv'st, and I must singing die.

“Songs for the Lute, Viol and Voice. Composed by I. Danyel, Batcheler in Musicke, 1606. To M^{rs} Anne Grene.”

Two Loves

BRown is my love but graceful ;
And each renowned whiteness
matched with thy lovely brown loseth its
brightness.

Fair is my love but scornful ;
Yet I have seen despised
dainty white lilies, and sad flowers well prized.

ANONYMOUS.

Love-longing

FOR her love I carke and care
for her love I droop and dare
for her all my bliss is bare,
and I wax wan—

For her love in sleep I slake,
for her love all night I wake,
for her love I mourning make
more than any man.

ANONYMOUS.

TOBIAS HUME, *soldier of fortune and musician, was in the service of the King of Sweden most of his life. He tells us in his "Book of Ayres, French, Polish and others," published in 1605: "My life hath been a soldier, and my idleness addicted to music." This book was dedicated to William Herbert, third Earl of Pembroke.*

At the beginning of the reign of Charles I. he petitioned the King for leave to go abroad—presumably to Mecklenburg—whither he had been sent by the King of Sweden, and he mentions having served in many foreign lands. But in 1629 he was entered at Charterhouse as a "poor brother," and there, sixteen years after, he died, broken in mind and body.

Devotion

Fain would I change that note
To which fond love hath charm'd me,
Long, long to sing by rote,
Fancying that that harm'd me:
Yet when this thought doth come,
"Love is the perfect sum
Of all delight,"

I have no other choice
Either for pen or voice
To sing or write.

O Love! they wrong thee much
That say thy sweet is bitter,
When thy ripe fruit is such
As nothing can be sweeter.
Fair house of joy and bliss,
Where truest pleasure is,
I do adore thee :
I know thee what thou art,
I serve thee with my heart,
And fall before thee.

*From "The First Part of Ayres, French, Polish and other
together. . . . London, Printed by Iohn Windet,
dwelling at the Signe of the Crosse Keyes at Powles
Wharfe. 1605."*

JOHN DONNE (1573-1631), of "sharp wit and high fancy," was educated at both universities, read law at Lincoln's Inn, and then travelled on the Continent, "first in Italy, and then in Spain, where he made many useful observations of those countries, their laws and manner of government, and returned perfect in their languages." He married the daughter of Sir George More, and after a brilliant life both abroad and in England, took Holy Orders, became Dean of St Paul's, and a powerful and popular preacher.

His reputation as a poet was as great in his own day as it is now. Ben Jonson esteemed him to be "the first poet in the world for some things." Donne looked upon his own poems as the recreation of a disturbed and adventurous youth, and when he became a doctor bitterly repented that they were ever printed, and vainly sought to destroy them. His works may roughly be divided into three parts: Satires, Elegies, and divine and miscellaneous poems.

Always full of fire, they reach in some cases a rapture of beauty unsurpassed by any writer in the English language.

The Relic

When my grave is broke up again
Some second guest to entertain,
—For graves have learn'd that womanhead,
To be to more then one a bed—

And he that digs it, spies
A bracelet of bright hair about the bone,
Will not he let us alone,
And think that there a loving couple lies,
Who thought that this device might be some way
To make their souls at the last busy day
Meet at this grave, and make a little stay?

If this fall in a time, or land,
Where mass-devotion doth command,
Then he that digs us up will bring
Us to the bishop or the king,
To make us relics; then
Thou shalt be a Mary Magdalen, and I
A something else thereby;
All women shall adore us, and some men—
And, since at such time miracles are sought,
I would have that age by this paper taught
What miracles we harmless lovers wrought.

First we loved well and faithfully,
Yet knew not what we loved, nor why;
Difference of sex we never knew,
No more than guardian angels do;
Coming and going we
Perchance might kiss, but not between those meals;
Our hands ne'er touch'd the seals,
Which nature, injured by late law, sets free.

These miracles we did ; but now, alas !
All measure, and all language, I should pass,
Should I tell what a miracle she was.

JOHN DONNE.

*“ Poems by J. D. London, Printed by M. F. for Iohn
Marriot in St Dunstons Church-yard in Fleet-Street.
1633.”*

The Funeral

WHoever comes to shroud me, do not harm,
Nor question much,
That subtle wreath of hair, which crowns my
arm ;

The mystery, the sign you must not touch ;
For 'tis my outward soul,
Viceroy to that, which unto heaven being gone,
Will leave this to control
And keep these limbs, her provinces, from dissolution.

For if the sinewy thread my brain lets fall
Through every part
Can tie those parts, and make me one of all,
Those hairs which upward grew, and strength and art
Have from a better brain,
Can better do't ; except she meant that I
By this should know my pain,
As prisoners then are manacled, when they're
condemned to die.

Whate'er she meant by it, bury it with me,
For since I am Love's martyr, it might breed idolatry,

If into other hands these relics came—

As 'twas humility
To afford to it all that a soul can do,
So 'tis some bravery,
That since you would have none of me, I bury some
of you.

JOHN DONNE.

“Poems, 1633.”

MICHAEL DRAYTON (1563–1631), called “golden-mouthed” by his contemporaries, collaborated with Webster and others in dramatic work. He also produced a quantity of historiographic verse, his magnum opus being *Polyolbion*, a description of England, full of patriotic fervour and containing antiquarian details of the greatest value.

The real beauty of his poetry, however, is shown in his sonnets and shorter pieces.

He is best known by the famous “Ballad of Agincourt” and the graceful fantasy “Nymphidia the Court of Faery.”

How many Paltry, Foolish Painted Things

How many paltry, foolish painted things,
That now in coaches¹ trouble every street,
Shall be forgotten, whom no poet sings,
Ere they be well wrapped in their winding-sheet!

¹ Fynes Moryson, writing in 1617, tells us that: “Sixtie or seventy yeares agoe, Coaches were very rare in England, but at this day pride is so farre increased, as there be few gentlemen of any account (I mean Elder Brothers) who have not their Coaches, so as the streets of London are almost stopped up with them.”

Where I to thee eternity shall give,
When nothing else remaineth of these days,
And Queens hereafter shall be glad to live
Upon the alms of thy superfluous praise.
Virgins and Matrons, reading these my rhymes,
Shall be so much delighted with thy story,
That they shall grieve they lived not in these times,
To have seen thee, thy sex's only glory :
So shalt thou fly above the vulgar throng,
Still to survive in my immortal song.

MICHAEL DRAYTON.

*From the sonnet series entitled "Idea" in "Poems by
Michael Drayton Esquyer . . . newly corrected.
1637. London, Printed for John Smethwick.*

Valediction

SINCE there's no help, come, let us kiss and part—
Nay, I have done, you get no more of me ;
And I am glad, yea, glad with all my heart,
That thus so cleanly I myself can free.
Shake hands for ever, cancel all our vows,
And when we meet at any time again,
Be it not seen in either of our brows
That we one jot of former love retain.
Now at the last gasp of Love's latest breath,
When, his pulse failing, Passion speechless lies,
When Faith is kneeling by his bed of death,
And Innocence is closing up his eyes,
—Now, if thou wouldst, when all have given him over,
From death to life thou might'st him recover.

MICHAEL DRAYTON.

*From the sonnet series entitled "Idea" in
"Poems . . . 1637."*

SIR RICHARD FANSHAWE (1608-1666), *diplomatist, translator, and poet, was educated at Cambridge, and appointed Latin Secretary to Charles II. during his stay in Holland.*

After the Restoration he went as Ambassador to Spain and Portugal, but died suddenly at Madrid in 1666.

Among his translations are Selected Parts of Horace, and Guarini's Pastor Fido.

Of Beauty

LEt us use it while we may
Snatch those joys that haste away !
Earth her winter coat may cast,
And renew her beauty past :
But, our winter come, in vain
We solicit spring again :
And when our furrows snow shall cover,
Love may return, but never lover.

SIR RICHARD FANSHAWE.

PETER HAUSTED, *educated at Queen's College, Cambridge, became rector of Hadham in Hertfordshire, and in the Civil War was chaplain to the Earl of Northampton. His attempts at writing drama were not altogether successful. One of his plays, "The Rival Friends," was acted before King Charles and Queen Henrietta Maria at Cambridge in 1631, and he was so angry at its cold reception that when it was published, in the next year, he stated on the title-page that it had been "cried down by boys, faction, envy and confident ignorance," and was now "exposed to public censure" (opinion). Another of his plays, in Latin, also given at Cambridge, has among its complimentary verses contributed to his friends, some lines by Edward King the subject of Milton's "Lycidas."*

Hausted died in Banbury Castle during the siege in 1645.

Song

HAve pity, Grief; I cannot pay
The tribute which I owe thee, tears;
Alas! those Fountains are grown dry,
And 'tis in vain to hope supply
For others' eyes; for each man bears

Enough about him of his own
To spend his stock of tears upon :
Woo then the heavens, gentle Love,
To melt a Cloud for my relief,
Or woo the Deep, or woo the Grave,
Wherewith to pay my debt, for Grief
Has vow'd, unless I quickly pay,
To take both love and life away.

PETER HAUSTED.

*From "The Rivall Friends [Act I. sc. 3], a Comædie
As it was Acted before the King and Queens Maiesties
[at Cambridge in 1631]. London, at the signe of the
three Pidgeons in Pauls Church Yard. 1632."*

Of the Token which His Love sent Him

THe golden apple that the Trojan boy
Gave to Venus, the fairest of the three,
Which was the cause of all the wreck of Troy,

Was not received with a greater joy
Than was the same (my love) thou sent to me :
It healed my sore, it made my sorrows free,

It gave me hope, it banished my annoy.
Thy happy hand full oft of me was blest,
That can give such a salve when that thou list.

*From Tottel's Miscellany, 1557, among the "Poems by
Uncertain Auctours."*

NICHOLAS BRETON (1545-1626 ?), was a prolific writer of prose and verse. Several of his lyrics appear in "England's Helicon," a poetical miscellany which was published in 1600.

His father's widow married George Gascoigne, the poet. Breton states in one of his books that he spent some years at Oxford and dedicated his "Pilgrimage to Paradise" to the gentlemen students and scholars of that University.

His work was popular among his contemporaries; Ben Jonson praised him in a sonnet, and later Sir John Suckling refers to his style as being "Shakespeare's very way." Country customs and pastoral life as described in his "Town and Country" and "Fantastics," are Breton's favourite topics, and his pastoral lyrics retain the admiration of lovers of the Country Muse to this day for their delicacy and refinement.

A Pastoral of Phillis and Coridon

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

In that Bower there is a chair,
Fringèd all about with gold,

Where doth sit the fairest fair
That ever eye did yet behold.

It is Phillis, fair and bright,
She that is the shepherds' joy,
She that Venus did despise
And did blind her little boy.

This is she, the wise, the rich,
That the world desires to see ;
This is *ipsa quæ*,¹ the which
There is none but only thee.

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

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

Thou that art the Shepherds' Queen
Look upon thy silly swain ;
By thy comfort have been seen
Dead men brought to life again.

NICHOLAS BRETON.

From "England's Helicon. At London, Printed by I. R. for Iohn Flasket, and are to be sold in Paules Church yard, at the signe of the Beare. 1600."

¹ she who.

GEORGE GASCOIGNE (1525 ?-1577), son of Sir John Gascoigne, educated at Cambridge, was for some time a soldier in the wars of the Low Countries, where he was taken prisoner by the Spaniards. He came home in 1572 and published "an hundred sundrie flowers bound up in one Poesie." His interest in literary experiment was unflagging, and he appears to advantage among the miscellaneous writers of Queen Elizabeth's reign, although he never attained greatness. In 1575 Gascoigne was in the Queen's train when she visited the Earl of Leicester at Kenilworth, and wrote poems and masques for her entertainment. These were published in 1576 under the title of "*The Princelye Pleasures at the Courte at Kenilworth . . . before the Queens' Maiestie.*"

At Woodstock, on the return journey he was commanded to read his "*Tale of Hemetes the heremyte,*" the original manuscript of which is in the British Museum. Gascoigne led a motley life and was perpetually in financial distress. Some of his dedicatory epistles are dated from his "poor house in Walthamstoe." Gabriel Harvey, a keen admirer of his literary talents, laments his "decayed and blasted estate."

Here is a grief in every kind of joy,
That is my theme, and that I mean to prove ;
And who were he which would not drink annoy,
To taste thereby the lightest dram of love ?

Extract from an unpublished poem by George Gascoigne in the British Museum. 1540.

When thou must Home

WHen thou must home to shades of under-
 ground,
 And there arrived, a new admired guest,
 The beauteous spirits do engirt thee round,
 White Iope,¹ blithe Helen, and the rest,
 To hear the stories of thy finished love
 From that smooth tongue whose music hell can move ;

Then wilt thou speak of banqueting delights,
 Of masques and revels which sweet youth did make,
 Of tourneys and great challenges of knights,
 And all these triumphs for thy beauty's sake :
 When thou hast told these honours done to thee,
 Then tell, O tell, how thou didst murder me.

THOMAS CAMPION.

*" A Booke of Ayres. . . . At London, Printed by Peter
 Short by the assent of Thomas Morley. 1601."*

¹ NOTE.—Iope was Cassiopeia, daughter of Æolus, wife of Cepheus and mother of Andromeda. She angered the Nereids by boasting that she was more beautiful than they—a fatal error for which she was sent to the "shades of underground." In the Southern sky she is to this day the Constellation Cassiopeia—a lovely group of thirteen stars.

SAMUEL DANIEL (1562-1619), born at Taunton, educated at Oxford, became tutor at Wilton to William Herbert, and later to Anne Clifford, daughter of the Earl of Cumberland, after which he was for some time censor of plays, and in charge of a company of players at Bristol.

“*Well-languaged Daniel*” is as much appreciated by modern critics as he was by his contemporaries. His works include *Epistles, Masques, and Dramas*, but he is best known as an admirable sonneteer.

Some of the “*Delia*” series, distinguished by their beauty and simplicity, are the most finished of his works.

Sonnet

LET others sing of Knights and Paladines
In agè accents and untimely words,
Paint shadows in imaginary lines,
Which well the reach of their high wits records ;
But I must sing of thee and those fair eyes,
Authentic shall my verse in time to come ;
When yet th’ unborn shall say, “ Lo, where she lies,
Whose beauty made him speak, that else was dumb ! ”
These are the arcs, the trophies I erect,
That fortify thy name against old age,

And these thy sacred virtues must protect
Against the Dark and Time's consuming rage ;
Though th' error of my youth they shall discover,
Suffice, they show I lived and was thy lover.

SAMUEL DANIEL.

*Sonnet 50 of the Sonnet sequence entitled "Delia,"
dedicated to Mary, Countess of Pembroke, Sidney's
sister, 1591.*

Sonnet

I Must not grieve my love, whose eyes would read
Lines of delight, whereon her youth might smile.
Flowers have time before they come to seed,
And she is young, and now must sport the while.
And sport, Sweet Maid, in season of these years
And learn to gather flowers before they wither ;
And where the sweetest blossom first appears,
Let Love and Youth conduct thy pleasures thither,
Lighten forth smiles to clear the clouded air,
And calm the tempest which my sighs do raise ;
Pity and smiles do best become the fair ;
Pity and smiles must only yield thee praise.
Make me to say, when all my griefs are gone,
Happy the heart that sighed for such a one.

SAMUEL DANIEL.

Sonnets, 1594.

Love is a Sickness

Love is a sickness full of woes,
All remedies refusing ;
A plant that with most cutting grows,
Most barren with best using—
Why so?
More we enjoy it, more it dies ;
If not enjoyed, it sighing cries,
Heigh—ho !
Love is a torment of the mind,
A tempest everlasting ;
And Jove hath made it of a kind
Not well, nor full, nor fasting—
Why so?
More we enjoy it, more it dies,
If not enjoyed, it sighing cries,
Heigh—ho !

SAMUEL DANIEL.

BARNABE BARNES (1569–1609), son of the Bishop of Durham, published "sonnets, madrigals, elegies and odes," besides a tragedy "The Divil's Charter," and a political treatise. He was educated at Brasenose College, Oxford. Philip Bliss, in his additions to Wood's "Athenæ Oxonienses," informs us that Barnes went to France with the army of the Earl of Essex, and Nash, who had a quarrel with Barnes, accused him, not only of running away from the enemy, but of stealing a chain from a nobleman's steward at Windsor. The squabble between Nash and Barnes is one of the famous "literary quarrels," Barnes attacking in a sonnet and Nash replying with a pamphlet "Have with you to Saffron Walden." A careful perusal of Barnes's Sonnets will reveal power and imagery surpassed by hardly any one of his contemporaries save Shakespeare.

Sonnet

I Wish no rich-refin'd Arabian gold,
Nor Orient Indian pearl, rare nature's wonder,
No diamonds the Ægyptian surges under,
No rubies of America, dear sold,
Nor sapphires which rich Afric's sands enfold,
Treasures far distant from this Isle asunder ;
Barbarian ivories in contempt I hold.

But only this, this only, Venus grant—
That I my sweet Parthenophe may get.
Her hairs no grace of golden tires want,
Pure pearls with perfect rubines are inset,
True diamonds in eyes, sapphires in veins,
Nor can I that soft ivory skin forget ;
England, in one small subject, such contains.

BARNABE BARNES.

From "Parthenophil and Parthenophe."

Love me little, love
me long

LOve me little, love me long,
Is the burden of my song ;
Love that is too hot and strong
Burneth soon to waste ;
Still I would not have thee cold,
Or backward, or too bold,
For love that lasteth till 'tis old
Fadeth not in haste.

Winter's cold, or summer's heat,
Autumn tempests on it beat,
It can never know defeat,
Never can rebel ;
Such the love that I would gain,
Such love, I tell thee plain,
That thou must give, or love in vain ;
So to thee farewell.

From a Manuscript of about 1610.

Love's a Bee, and Bees have stings

O Nce I thought, but falsely thought
Cupid all delight had brought,
And that love had been a treasure,
And a palace full of pleasure,
But alas! too soon I prove,
Nothing is so sour as love ;
That for sorrow my muse sings,
Love's a bee, and bees have stings.

When I thought I had obtained
That dear solace, which if gained
Should have caused all joy to spring,
Viewed, I found it no such thing :
But instead of sweet desires,
Found a rose hemmed in with briars :
That for sorrow my muse sings,
Love's a bee, and bees have stings.

Wonted pleasant life adieu,
Love hath changed thee for a new :
New indeed, and sour I prove it,
Yet I cannot choose but love it :

And as if it were delight,
I pursue it day and night ;
That with sorrow my muse sings,
I love bees, though bees have stings.

*From "The Myrror of Knighthood. London, Printed by
Thomas Creede for Cuthbert Burbey, and are to be
sold at his shop neare the Royall Exchaunge. 1599."
[This song is in the Eighth book.]*

ROBERT JONES, lutenist, took his degree as Bachelor of Music in 1597. He endeavoured, in 1616, to establish in his own house (near Puddle Wharf, Blackfriars) a theatre where the Queen's "Children of the Revels" could perform. Philip Rosseter, his brother-musician, was associated with him in the enterprise, but the Lord Mayor and Aldermen put a veto on the scheme and it was not carried out.

A Prophecy

THE sea hath many thousand sands,
The sun hath motes as many ;
The sky is full of stars, and love
As full of woes as any :
Believe me, that do know the elf,
And make no trial by thyself.

It is in truth a pretty toy
For babes to play withal ;
But oh ! the honies of our youth
Are oft our age's gall !
Self-proof in time will make thee know
He was a prophet told thee so :

A prophet that, Cassandra-like,
Tells truth without belief;
For headstrong youth will run his race,
Although his goal be grief:
Love's martyr, when his heat is past,
Proves Care's confession at the last.

ROBERT JONES, from "*The Muses Garden
of Delights.* 1610."

JAMES I., KING OF SCOTLAND (1394-1437), began his education at the learned and saintly town of St Andrews, under the care of Bishop Wardlaw, one of the most enlightened Scots of the day. His old father, Robert III., having already lost his eldest son David through treachery, trembled lest the same fate should overtake James, and therefore decided to send him for greater safety to France, which country was then on friendly terms with Scotland. He embarked at the age of eleven, accompanied by the Earl of Orkney and Alexander Seton, but destiny, ever relentless to the Stuarts, caused their plans to miscarry. The young prince was captured by an English cruiser at Flamborough Head, and taken as a prisoner to Henry IV. in London on Palm Sunday 1405. On hearing this news, Robert III., overcome by grief, refused to take nourishment and died shortly afterwards. James remained in exile for eighteen years, chiefly in the Tower of London, where he was well instructed in the accomplishments of the day, and became a poet, a musician, and an adept in all knightly sports. He was an ardent student of Gower and Chaucer and mentions them in the concluding stanza of his celebrated love-allegory the "Kingis Quair":

"Gower and Chaucer, that on the steppes sate
Of rhetorick while they were livand here.

*Superlative as poets laureate,
Of morality and eloquence ornate."*

In 1423, on the pledge of a ransom of £40,000, he was released, and after marrying Lady Joanna Beaufort, returned to Scotland and was crowned at Scone by his old tutor, Bishop Wardlaw. The events of James's stormy reign belong to the domain of history. A narrative of his death at the hands of Sir Robert Graham and other conspirators is given by John Shirley in his "Cronycle of the dethe and murdure of James Stewarde Kyng of Scotys," a vivid account of the terrible end of one of Scotland's greatest men.

Madrigal

Worship, O ye that lovers be, this May!
For of your bliss the Calends are begun,
And sing with us, "Away! winter, away!
Come, summer, come, the sweet season and sun";
Awake for shame that have your heavens won;
And amorously lift up your heades all,
Thank Love that list you to his mercy call!

(KING JAMES I. of Scotland.)

From the "Kingys Quair."

A new courtly Sonnet, of the Lady Greensleeves

Greensleeves was one of the most popular ballads of the day, and many versions of it were published. It is mentioned by Falstaff and Mrs Ford in "The Merry Wives of Windsor."

Greensleeves was all my joy,
Greensleeves was my delight,
Greensleeves was my heart of gold,
And who but Lady Greensleeves?

Alas, my love, ye do me wrong,
To cast me off discourteously :
And I have loved you so long,
Delighting in your company !
Greensleeves, &c.

I have been ready at your hand
To grant whatever you would crave :
I have both waged life and land,
Your love and good-will for to have.
Greensleeves, &c.

I bought thee kerchers to thy head,
That were wrought fine and gallantly :

I kept thee, both at board and bed,
Which cost my purse well-favour'dly.
Greensleeves, &c.

I bought thee petticoats of the best,
The cloth so fine as fine might be :
I gave thee jewels for thy chest ;
And all this cost I spent on thee.
Greensleeves, &c.

Thy smock of silk both fair and white,
With gold embroidered gorgeously :
Thy petticoat of sendall right :
And thus¹ I bought thee gladly.
Greensleeves, &c.

Thy girdle of gold so red
With pearls bedecked sumptuously,
The like no other lasses had :
And yet thou wouldest not love me !
Greensleeves, &c.

Thy purse, and eke thy gay gilt knives,
Thy pin-case, gallant to the eye :
No better wore the Burgess wives :
And yet thou wouldest not love me !
Greensleeves, &c.

¹ So in the original, ? *this*.

Thy crimson stockings, all of silk,
With gold all wrought above the knee ;
Thy pumps, as white as was the milk :
And yet thou wouldest not love me !
Greensleeves, &c.

Thy gown was of the grassy green,
Thy sleeves of satin hanging by ;
Which made thee be our harvest queen :
And yet thou wouldest not love me !
Greensleeves, &c.

Thy garters fringed with the gold,
And silver aglets hanging by ;
Which made thee blithe for to behold :
And yet thou wouldest not love me.
Greensleeves, &c.

My gayest gelding I thee gave,
To ride wherever liked thee :
No lady ever was so brave :
And yet thou wouldest not love me.
Greensleeves, &c.

My men were clothed all in green,
And they did ever wait on thee :
All this was gallant to be seen :
And yet thou wouldest not love me !
Greensleeves, &c.

They set thee up, they took thee down,
They serv'd thee with humility ;
Thy foot might not once touch the ground :
And yet thou wouldest not love me !
Greensleeves, &c.

For every morning, when thou rose,
I sent thee dainties, orderly ;
To cheer thy stomach from all woes :
And yet thou wouldest not love me !
Greensleeves, &c.

Thou couldst desire no earthly thing,
But still thou hadst it readily ;
Thy music, still to play and sing :
And yet thou wouldest not love me !
Greensleeves, &c.

And who did pay for all this gear,
That thou did spend when pleased thee ?
Even I that am rejected here,
And thou disdainst to love me !
Greensleeves, &c.

Well ! I will pray to God on high,
That thou my constancy mayst see,
And that, yet once before I die,
Thou wilt vouchsafe to love me !
Greensleeves, &c.

Greensleeves, now farewell! adieu!
God I pray to prosper thee!
For I am still thy lover true:
Come once again and love me!
Greensleeves, &c.

*From a rare Miscellany entitled, "A Handefull of pleasant
Delites . . . newly devised to the newest tunes that
are now in use to be sung. . . . By Clement Robinson
and divers others. . . . At London, Printed by Richard
Ihones dwelling at the signe of the Rose and Croane
neare Holburne Bridge. 1584."*

Thrice toss these oaken ashes

THrice toss these oaken ashes in the air,
Thrice sit thou mute in this enchanted chair,
Then thrice three times tie up this true love's
knot,

And murmur soft, "She will or she will not."

Go burn these poisonous weeds in yon blue fire,
These screech owls' feathers and this prickling briar ;
This cypress gathered at a dead man's grave ;
That all my fears and cares an end may have.

Then come, you fairies ! dance with me a round !
Melt her hard heart with your melodious sound !
In vain are all the charms I can devise :
She hath an art to break them with her eyes.

THOMAS CAMPION.

*"The Third and Fourth Book of Ayres. . . . London :
Printed by Thomas Snodham." c. 1617.*

Once did I Love

Once did I love and yet I live,
Though love and truth be now forgotten ;
Then did I joy, now do I grieve
That holy vows must now be broken.

Hers be the blame that caused it so,
Mine be the grief though it be mickle ;
She shall have shame, I cause to know
What 'tis to love a dame so fickle.

Love her that list—I am content
For that chameleon-like she changeth,
Yielding such mists as may prevent
My sight to view her when she rangeth.

Let him not vaunt that gains my loss,
For when that he and time hath proved her,
She may him bring to Weeping-Cross :
I say no more, because I loved her,

ANONYMOUS.

When Love on Time and Measure

WHen love on time and measure makes his
ground,
Time that must end, though love can never
die ;

'Tis love betwixt a shadow and a sound,
A love not in the heart but in the eye ;
A love that ebbs and flows, now up, now down,
A morning's favour and an evening's frown.

Sweet looks show love—yet they are but as beams ;
Fair words seem true—yet they are but as wind ;
Eyes shed their tears —yet are but outward streams ;
Sighs paint a shadow in the falsest mind.

Looks, words, tears, sighs show love, when love they
leave ;

False hearts can weep, sigh, swear and yet deceive.

ANONYMOUS.

Madrigal

THule, the period of cosmographie,
Doth vaunt of Hecla, whose sulphurious fire
Doth melt the frozen clime, and thaw the sky,
Trinacrian Aetna's flames ascend not higher :
These things seem wondrous, yet more wondrous I,
Whose heart with fear doth freeze, with love doth fry.

The Andalusian merchant, that returns
Laden with cutchinele and china dishes,
Reports in Spain how strangely Fogo burns
Amidst an ocean full of flying fishes :
These things seem wondrous, yet more wondrous I,
Whose heart with fear doth freeze, with love doth fry,

THOMAS WHEELKES, "*Madrigals of 5 and 6 parts. . . .*
At London. Printed by Thomas Este, the assigne of
Thomas Morley. 1600."

Sweet, if you like and love me

Sweet, if you like and love me still,
And yield me love for my goodwill,
And do not from your promise start
When your fair hand gave me your heart ;
If dear to you I be
As you are dear to me,
Then yours I am and will be ever :
Nor time nor place my love shall sever,
But faithful still will I persever,
Like constant marble stone,
Loving but you alone.

But if you favour more than one
(Who loves thee still and none but thee),
If others do the harvest gain
That's due to me for all my pain ;
If that you love to range
And oft to chop and change,
Then get you some new fangled mate ;
My doting love shall turn to hate,
Esteeming you (though too, too late)
Not worth a pebble stone,
Loving not me alone.

ROBERT JONES, from "*Ultimum Vale*," a music book
in the Royal College of Music.

LANCELOT ANDREWES (1555-1626), *Bishop of Winchester, educated at Pembroke Hall, Cambridge. In 1589 he was rector of S. Giles's, Cripplegate, and held in high esteem as prelate, preacher, and writer. The poem here given represents him in his lighter mood. In 1605, 1609, and 1619 successively, Andrewes was bishop of Chichester, Ely, and Winchester, and it was while he held one of these Sees that he sanctioned, with other bishops, the burning of Leggat the Arian and voted for the divorce of Essex.*

Phillis Inamorata

Come, be my valentine!
I'll gather eglantine,
Cowslips and sops-in-wine,
 With fragrant roses;
Down by thy Phillis sit,
She will white lilies get,
And daffadillies fit
 To make thee posies.

I bear, in sign of love,
A sparrow in my glove,

And in my breast a dove—

 This shall be all thine.

Besides, of sheep a flock,

Which yieldeth many a lock,

And this shall be thy stock—

 Come, be my valentine!

 DR LANCELOT ANDREWES.

PART III
Death

AS WE ARE,
SO SHALT THOU BE—
AND BEHOLD OUR QUIET !

(Inscription in an old Churchyard.)

STEPHEN HAWES (? -c. 1522) was an allegorical poet about whom few details are preserved. He was Groom of the Chamber to Henry VII., and is mentioned in one of the household books as having received ten shillings for "a ballett." He also wrote a play for Henry VIII., for which he was paid £6, 13s. 4d.

His long allegorical poem "The Passetyme of Pleasure," published in 1509 by Wynkyn de Worde, is in rhyme royal, and he makes use of the same metre in the "Example of Virtue."

Although a careless writer himself, Hawes was critical about his contemporaries, complaining that they spent "their time in vainful vanity, making balades of fervent amity, as gestes and trifles without fruitfulness."

His Epitaph

O Mortal folk, you may behold and see
 How I lie here, sometime a mighty knight:
 The end of joy and all prosperitee
 Is death at last, through his course and might:
 After the day there cometh the dark night:
 For though the daye be never so long
 At last the bells ringeth to evensong.

STEPHEN HAWES.

Hey, Nonny No!

HEy, nonny no!
Men are fools that wish to die!
Is't not fine to dance and sing
When the bells of death do ring?
Is't not fine to swim in wine,
And turn upon the toe,
And sing hey, nonny no!
When the winds blow and the seas flow?
Hey, nonny no!

MS. Christ Church College, Oxford.

The Conclusion

EVEN such is Time, that takes in trust
Our youth, our joys, our all we have,
And pays us but with earth and dust;
Who in the dark and silent grave,
When we have wander'd all our ways,
Shuts up the story of our days;
But from this earth, this grave, this dust,
My God shall raise me up I trust.

SIR WALTER RALEIGH.

From "The Prerogative of Parliaments," 1623.

This poem was composed by Sir Walter Raleigh on the night before his execution. It was found in his Bible in the Gate House of Westminster. 1618.

RICHARD SCROPE, son of Lord Scrope of Masham, whose date falls between 1350 and 1405, was one of the greatest men of the later Middle Ages. His death, owing to his participation in the reactionary movement against Henry IV., deprived England of one who had been deeply venerated for the sanctity of his life and the affability of his manners. In Yorkshire, and indeed throughout the north of England, Scrope was regarded as a martyr and not as a traitor. He was spoken of as "Saint Richard," and his intercession prayed for as the "Glory of York" and a "Martyr of Christ." On the scaffold, after cheerfully pardoning his headsman, he implored that his neck should be severed by five separate blows in remembrance of the five wounds borne by the body of his Lord.

The Death of Archbishop Scrope

(Beheaded 8 June 1405)

HAy, hay, hay, hay! Think on WhitsunMonday!
The bishop Scrope, that was so wise,
Now is he dead, and low he lies ;
To heaven's bliss that may he rise,

Through help of Mary that mild may.¹
When he was brought unto the hill
He held him both mild and still,
He took his death with full good will
As I have heard full true men say.
He² that should his death be
He kneelèd down upon his knee :
“Lord, your death, forgive it me,
Full heartily here to you I pray.”
“Here I will thee command
Ye give me five strokes with thy hand
And then my ways you let me wend
To heaven’s bliss that lasteth aye.”

*From MS. R. 4. 20, Trinity College, Cambridge; on
a blank leaf at the end of Lydgate’s “Siege of
Thebes.”*

¹ maid.

² *i.e.* the executioner.

JOHN LYDGATE (1370 ?-1451), a prolific writer of verse, entered the Great Benedictine Abbey at Bury St Edmunds before he was fifteen and became a priest. In 1423 he was elected Prior of Hatfield Regis, and a few years afterwards went to Paris and there translated a French poetical work for the Earl of Warwick. He returned to his cloister at Bury in 1434, and was employed by the historian Wethamstede, Abbot of St Albans, to translate into English for use of that convent, the Latin legend of its patron saint. Lydgate introduced a number of new words into the language. He was a great admirer of Chaucer and imitated his metres in the "Temple of Glas." Besides his longer works, he wrote a satire called "London Lickpenny," in which he describes the adventures of a countryman in London.

Several of his shorter poems were printed by William Caxton. None are of much interest save as specimens of language.

Vox Ultima Crucis

Tary no longer ; toward thyn heritage
Haste on thy way, and be of right good chere.
Go ech day onward on thy pilgrimage,
Thynk how short time thou shalt abyde here.

Thy place is built above the starres clere,
None erthly palace wrought in so statly wyse.
Come on, my friend, my brother most entere,—
For thee I offred my blood in sacryfice.

JOHN LYDGATE.

*From "Testamentum Johannis Lidgate Nobilis Poete."
Harleian MS. British Museum, No. 2255.*

Memento Homo quod cinis
es et in cinerem reverteris

EArth out of earth is wonderly wrought,
Earth has got on earth a dignity of nought,
Earth upon earth has set all his thought,
How that earth upon earth may be high brought.

Earth upon earth would be a king,
But how that earth to earth shall, thinks he no thing.
When earth breeds earth and his rents home bring,
Then shall earth of earth have full hard parting.

Earth upon earth wins castles and towers,
Then says earth unto earth, "This is all ours."
When earth upon earth has built up his bowers
Then shall earth for earth suffer sharp scours.

Earth goes upon earth as gold upon gold,
He that goes upon earth glittering as gold,
Like as death never more go to earth should,
And yet shall earth to earth go sooner than he would.

Death

[PART III.]

Now why that earth loves earth, wonder methink,
Or why that earth for earth should either sweat or
swink,¹

For when that earth upon earth is brought within
brink

Then shall earth of earth have a foul stink.

Mors solvit Omnia.

*From Robert Thornton's MS. c. 1440, in
the library of Lincoln Cathedral.*

¹ toil.

Inscription in Melrose
Abbey

THe earth goes on the earth glittering in gold,
The earth goes to the earth sooner than it
wold ;
The earth builds on the earth castles and towers,
The earth says to the earth—All this is ours.

THOMAS WASHBOURNE (1606–1687). *Through his mother, Washbourne was descended from the Lygons of Madresfield and came of an ancient Gloucestershire family. He was educated at Balliol College, Oxford. In 1640 he was rector of Dumbleton in his native county, and, three years later, a prebendary of Gloucester Cathedral.*

Upon a Passing Bell

HArk, how the Passing Bell
Rings out thy neighbour's knell!
And thou, for want of wit

Or grace, ne'er think'st on it;
Because thou yet art well!

Fool! In two days or three,
The same may ring for thee!

For Death's impartial dart
Will surely hit thy heart!
He will not take a fee!

Since, then, he will not spare,
See thou thyself prepare,
Against that dreadful day,
When thou shalt turn to clay!
This Bell bids thee, Beware!

THOMAS WASHBOURNE.

From "Divine Poems. . . . London, Printed for Humphrey Moseley at the Princes Arms in S. Paul's Church-yard. 1654."

EDWARD DE VERE, SEVENTEENTH EARL OF OXFORD (1550-1604), educated at Queens' College, Cambridge. He succeeded to the Earldom at the age of twelve and was a royal ward. While still very young he became a courtier, and, at twenty-three, was "grown into great credit, for the Queen's Majesty delighteth more in his personage and his dancing and his valiantness than any other: if it were not for his fickle head he would pass any of them shortly"—so Gilbert Talbot wrote of him in a letter to his father, the Earl of Shrewsbury. The "fickle head" caused him to run away to Flanders, whence he was brought back by order of the Queen. In 1571 Oxford had married Burghley's daughter, with whom his domestic happiness was not permanent. His eccentricities of temper and extravagance, and a disposition inclined to violence, regardless of consequences, led to his retirement in 1592, his friends alienated, his fortune squandered. His poems, printed in the "Paradise of Dainty Devices" and other early anthologies, prove him to be the best courtier poet of his time.

By y^e Earle of Oxforde

WERE I a Kinge I coulde comāunde content,
 Were I obscure hidden shoulde be my cares,
 Or were I deade no cares shoulde me torment,
 Nor hopes, nor hates, nor loues nor greifes nor feares:

A doubtfull choice of these three w^{ch} to craue,
a Kingdom or a Cottage or a Graue.

Answered thus by Sr P. S.

Wert thou a Kinge, yet not co^maunde content,
Sith Empire none thy minde could yet suffice :
Wert thou obscure, still cares woulde y^e torment,
But wert thou deade, all care & sorrowe dies :
An easy choice of these three w^{ch} to craue
No Kingdome, nor a Cottage but a graue.

(Farmer-Chetham MS. at Manchester.)

NOTE: The manuscript from which the above is taken is a "Common-place book," consisting of verse and prose, of the time of Elizabeth, James I and Charles I.

WILLIAM DRUMMOND of Hawthornden (1585-1649), graduated at Edinburgh and studied law at Paris. He was an accomplished scholar and wrote exquisite sonnets and madrigals.

He enjoyed the friendship of Ben Jonson, and when the latter paid his famous visit to "Classic Hawthornden" took notes of his conversation which were long afterwards published.

Drummond was an ardent royalist, and sorrow at the execution of Charles I. is supposed to have hastened his death.

His epitaph is composed of the last two lines of the beautiful sonnet which he dedicated to his friend William Alexander, Earl of Stirling:

*"Here Damon lies, whose songs did sometime grace
The murmuring Esk : may roses shade the place !"*

The World a Game

THis world a hunting is,
The prey poor man, the Nimrod fierce is Death,
His speedy greyhounds are
Lust, sickness, envy, care,
Strife that ne'er falls amiss,
With all those ills which haunt us while we breathe.
Now, if by chance we fly
Of these the eager chase,
Old age with stealing pace
Casts up his nets, and there we panting die.

WILLIAM DRUMMOND of Hawthornden.

THOMAS NASHE (1567-1601) studied at St John's College, Cambridge, and after some years of European travel, plunged into the life of letters in London.

He died in great poverty, and owns to having "prodigally conspired against good houres." Besides many satires, Nashe wrote "The Unfortunate traveller, or the Life of Jack Wilton," a story of unscrupulous wandering rogues, considered to be the best picaresque¹ tale before Defoe.

In time of Pestilence,

1593

A Dieu, farewell earth's bliss!
This world uncertain is:
Fond are life's lustful joys,
Death proves them all but toys.
None from his darts can fly;
I am sick, I must die——
Lord have mercy on us!

Rich men, trust not in wealth,
Gold cannot buy you health:

¹ From "picaron," Spanish for rogue.

Physic himself must fade ;
All things to end are made ;
The plague full swift goes by ;
I am sick, I must die——
Lord have mercy on us !

Beauty is but a flower
Which wrinkles will devour ;
Brightness falls from the air ;
Queens have died young and fair ;
Dust hath closed Helen's eye ;
I am sick, I must die——
Lord have mercy on us !

Strength stoops unto the grave,
Worms feed on Hector brave ;
Swords may not fight with fate ;
Earth still holds ope her gate ;
Come, come ! the bells do cry ;
I am sick, I must die——
Lord have mercy on us !

Wit with his wantonness
Tasteth death's bitterness ;
Hell's executioner
Hath no ears for to hear
What vain art can reply ;
I am sick, I must die——
Lord have mercy on us !

Haste therefore each degree
To welcome destiny ;
Heaven is our heritage,
Earth but a player's stage.
Mount we unto the sky ;
I am sick, I must die——

Lord have mercy on us !

THOMAS NASHE.

JOHN WEBSTER, of whose life but little is known, began to write for the stage in 1602. Unrecognised in his own day, it was not until the beginning of the nineteenth century that his fame was assured.

Webster may be said to have dipped his pencil "in the gloom of earthquake and eclipse." In his two great Italian tragedies, "The White Devil" and "The Duchess of Malfi," he shows us a world darkened by horror, where immortal hates, fierce despair and unreprieved sorrow follow each other relentlessly. No other writer presents us with such a pageant of woes.

His plots are somewhat loosely constructed and overcrowded with incident, but the dramatic situations are unrivalled, and the language noble, prose and verse being equally melodious.

The Shrouding of the Duchess of Malfi

HArk! Now everything is still,
The screech-owl and the whistler shrill,
Call upon our dame aloud,
And bid her quickly don her shroud!

Much you had of land and rent;
Your length in clay's now competent:

A long war disturb'd your mind ;
Here your perfect peace is sign'd.

Of what is't fools make such vain keeping ?
Sin their conception, their birth weeping,
Their life a general mist of error,
Their death a hideous storm of terror.
Strew your hair with powders sweet,
Don clean linen, bathe your feet.

And—the foul fiend more to check—
A crucifix let bless your neck :
'Tis now full tide 'tween night and day ;
End your groan and come away.

JOHN WEBSTER.

From "The Tragedy of the Dutchesse of Malfy As it was presented privately at the Black-Friers and publiquely at the Globe by the King's Majesties servants, 1623."

A Dirge

CALL for the robin-redbreast and the wren,
Since o'er shady groves they hover,
And with leaves and flowers do cover
The friendless bodies of unburied men.
Call unto his funeral dole
The ant, the field-mouse, and the mole,
To rear him hillocks that shall keep him warm,
And (when gay tombs are robb'd) sustain no harm ;
But keep the wolf far thence, that's foe to men,
For with his nails he'll dig them up again.

JOHN WEBSTER.

From "The White Devel, 1612. The Tragedy of P. G. Ursini, Duke of Brachiano, with the Life and Death of Vittoria Corombona, the famous Venetian Curtizan. Acted by the Queene's Maiesties Servants. London, 1612."

The Passing Bell

COME, list and hark, the bell doth toll
For some but now departing soul.
And was not that some ominous fowl—
The bat, the night-crow or the owl?
To these I hear the wild wolf howl
In this black night that seems to scowl.
All these my black-book shall enroll,
For hark! still, still the bell doth toll
For some but now departed soul.

THOMAS HEYWOOD.

JAMES SHIRLEY (1596–1666), *educated at Oxford and Cambridge, took Holy Orders, and was appointed head master of the Grammar School at St Albans. He soon migrated to London and became a playwright. The suppression of plays in 1642 owing to Puritan fanaticism, caused him to take up teaching again, and he started a school at Whitefriars. In 1666, Shirley and his wife perished from terror and exhaustion while fleeing from the great fire of London.*

He is chiefly celebrated as a writer of masques, the best known being "The Contention of Ajax and Ulysses," which contains the beautiful dirge, "The glories of our blood and state," chanted at the funeral of Ajax. This is said to have been a favourite song with King Charles II.

Victorious Men of Earth

Victorious men of earth, no more
Proclaim how wide your empires are ;
Though you bind in every shore
And your triumphs reach as far
As night or day ;
Yet you proud monarchs must obey,
And mingle with forgotten ashes, when
Death calls ye to the crowd of common men.

Devouring famine, plague, and war,
Each able to undo mankind,
Death's servile emissaries are :
Nor to these alone confin'd :
He hath at will
More quaint and subtle ways to kill ;
A smile, a kiss, as he will use the art,
Shall have the cunning skill to break a heart.

JAMES SHIRLEY.

From "Cupid and Death, a Masque. 1653."

Death's Final Conquest

THe glories of our birth and state
Are shadows, not substantial things ;
There is no armour against fate :
Death lays his icy hand on kings :
Sceptre and crown
Must tumble down,
And in the dust be equal made
With the poor crooked scythe and spade.
Some men with swords may reap the field,
And plant with laurels where they kill ;
But their strong nerves at last must yield,
They tame but one another still ;
Early or late,
They stoop to fate,
And must give up their murmuring breath,
When they, pale captives ! creep to death.
The garlands wither on your brow ;
Then boast no more your mighty deeds ;
Upon death's purple altar, now,
See where the victor victim bleeds !
All heads must come
To the cold tomb ;
Only the actions of the just
Smell sweet and blossom in the dust.

JAMES SHIRLEY.

From "The Contention of Ajax and Ulysses." 1659.

Life and Death .

FRail Life! in which, through mists of human
breath,
We grope for truth, and make our progress slow,
Because by passion blinded ; till, by death
Our passions ending, we begin to know.

O reverend Death ! whose looks can soon advise
E'en scornful youth, whilst priests their doctrines
waste ;
Yet mocks us too ; for he does make us wise,
When by his coming our affairs are past.

O harmless Death ! whom still the valiant brave,
The wise expect, the sorrowful invite,
And all the good embrace, who know the grave
A short dark passage to eternal light.

SIR WILLIAM D'AVENANT.

*From "The Works of Sr William D'avenant, K^t, London
. . . at the Signe of the Blew Anchor in the Lower
Walks of the New Exchange. 1673."*

SIR JOHN BEAUMONT (1583-1627), brother of the dramatist, was born at Grace Dieu in Leicestershire, and educated at Oxford.

He was cavalier, royalist, and "a gentleman of great learning, gravity and worthiness and had not death cut him off in his middle age, he might have proved a patriot."

Beaumont translated the "Tenth Satire of Juvenal" and wrote many verses to friends.

Several of his poems, including "Bosworth Field," were published by his son in 1629 and dedicated to Charles I.

Upon a Funeral

TO their long home the greatest princes go
In hearses drest with fair escutcheons round,
The blazons of an ancient race, renown'd
For deeds of valour ; and in costly show
The train moves forward in procession slow
Towards some hallow'd Fane ; no common ground,
But the arch'd vault and tomb with sculpture crown'd
Receive the corse, with honours laid below.
Alas ! whate'er their wealth, their wit, their worth,
Such is the end of all the sons of Earth.

SIR JOHN BEAUMONT.

On the Spheres

WHat are those ever-turning heavenly spheres,
But wheels, (that from our cradles to our
urns)

Wind up our threads of life, that hourly wears !

And they that soonest die, have happiest turns.

J. BANCROFT.

ROBERT HERRICK (1591-1674), educated at Cambridge, took Holy Orders, and migrated to the vicarage of Dean Prior in Devonshire, from which he was turned adrift in 1647 by the Civil War. After some years of deep drinking and high thinking in London, with many of the wits of the day, he returned to his living and held it until his death, fourteen years after the Restoration.

Herrick published more than 1200 poems of various lengths. He was essentially a writer of songs. The harmonies in his lyrics are unsurpassed, and his exquisite descriptions of flowers have no equal.

His Wish to Privacy

GIVE me a cell
 To dwell
 Where no foot hath
 A path ;
 There will I spend
 And end
 My wearied years
 In tears.

ROBERT HERRICK.

From the "Hesperides, or the Works both Humane and Divine of Robert Herrick, Esq. . . . Printed for John Williams and Francis Eglesfield and are to be sold by Tho. Hunt, Bookseller in Exon : London. 1648."

Men mind no State in
Sickness

THat flow of gallants which approach
To kiss thy hand from out the coach ;
That fleet of lackeys which do run
Before thy swift postilion ;
Those strong-hoofed mules which we behold
Rein'd in with purple, pearl and gold
And shod with silver, prove to be
The drawers of *the axle-tree*.¹
Thy wife, thy children, and the state
Of Persian looms and antique plate—
All these, and more, shall then afford
No joy to thee their sickly lord.

ROBERT HERRICK.

“*Hesperides*,” 1648.

¹ probably the *funeral-car*.

WILLIAM STRODE (1602-1645) *was educated at Christ Church, Oxford, and became Canon thereof and public orator. On the outbreak of the Civil War he attached himself to the cause of the King.*

Strode was a High Churchman and an eloquent preacher. As a poet he shines most in lyrics and elegies.

Come, heavy Souls

COME, heavy souls, oppressed with the weight
Of crimes, or pangs, or want of your delight ;
Come, drown in Lethe's sleepy lake

Whatever makes you ache ;

Drink health from poisoned bowls ;

Breathe out your cares, together with your souls !

Cool death's a salve,

Which all may have.

There's no distinction in the grave.

Lay down your loads before Death's iron door ;

Sigh, and sigh out ! Groan once, and groan no more !

WILLIAM STRODE.

*From "The Floating Island, a tragi-comedy.
London, 1655."*

A proper Sonnet, how
Time consumeth all
Earthly Things

AY me, ay me, I sigh to see the scythe afield.
Down goeth the grass, soon wrought to
withered hay ;

Ay me alas, ay me alas, that beauty needs must yield
And Princes pass, as grass doth fade away.

Ay me, ay me, that life cannot have lasting leave,
Nor gold take hold of everlasting joy :
Ay me alas, ay me alas, that Time hath talents to
receive,
And yet no Time can make a sure stay.

Ay me, ay me, that wit cannot have wished choice,
Nor wish can win, that will desires to see :
Ay me alas, ay me alas, that mirth can promise no
rejoice,
Nor study tell what afterward shall be.

Ay me, ay me, that no sure staff is given to age
Nor age can give sure wit that youth will take :

Ay me alas, ay me alas, that no counsel wise and sage
Will shun the show, that all doth mar and make.

Ay me, ay me, come Time, sheare on, and shake the
hay,

It is no boote to baulke thy bitter blows :

Ay me alas, ay me alas, come Time, take everything
away,

For all is Thine, be it good or bad that grows.

*From "A gorgeous gallery of gallant Inventions . . . im-
printed at London for Richard Jones. 1578."*

A Dialogue Anthem

Christian and Death

Christian.

“ **A** Las, poor Death! where is thy glory?
Where is thy famous force, thy ancient
sting? ”

Death.

“ Alas, poor mortal, void of story,
Go spell and read how I have killed thy King. ”

Christian.

“ Poor death! and who was hurt thereby?
Thy curse being laid on Him mak'st thee accurst. ”

Death.

“ Let losers talk, yet thou shalt die,
These arms shall crush thee. ”

Christian.

“ Spare not, do thy worst.
I shall be one day better than before :
Thou so much worse, that thou shalt be no more. ”

GEORGE HERBERT.

From "The Temple. Sacred Poems and Private Ejaculations. . . . Printed by T. Buck and R. Daniel, printers to the Universitie of Cambridge. 1633."

SIMON WASTELL, of a family seated in Cumberland, was educated at Queen's College, Oxford, where he graduated in 1585 and became, some seven years later, the head master of the Free School at Northampton. He had the quaint and happy thought to translate the Bible Summary of Shaw, which had appeared two years before, and to make the stanzas begin with the letters of the alphabet. Long after his death, this was reprinted as "The Divine Art of Memory." Wastell died at Northampton in 1632. The poem given is so far superior to his other work that his authorship is doubted. It appears in his book above mentioned which bears the title "Microbiblion," with another one of almost equal merit, on the last two pages.

Of Man's Mortality

Like as the damask rose you see,
Or like the blossom on the tree,
Or like the dainty flower of May,
Or like the morning to the day,
Or like the sun, or like the shade,
Or like the gourd which Jonas had—
E'en such is man; whose thread is spun,
Drawn out, and cut, and so is done.

The rose withers, the blossom blasteth ;
The flower fades, the morning hasteth ;
The sun sets, the shadow flies ;
The gourd consumes,—and man he dies !

Like to the grass that's newly sprung,
Or like a tale that's new begun,
Or like the bird that's here to-day,
Or like the pearlèd dew of May,
Or like an hour, or like a span,
Or like the singing of a swan.
E'en such is man ; who lives by breath,
Is here, now there, in life and death.
The grass withers, the tale is ended ;
The bird is flown, the dew's ascended ;
The hour is short, the span not long ;
The swan's near death,—man's life is done !

SIMON WASTELL.

From "Microbiblion, or the Bible's Epitome. . . . By Simon Wastell, sometimes of Queenes Colledge in Oxford. London, Printed for Robert Mylbourne, and are to be sold at his shop at the signe of the Greyhound in Paules Churchyard. 1629."

ABRAHAM COWLEY (1618-1667), the most popular poet of his day, wrote excellent verses at the age of ten. He was educated at Westminster School, and Trinity College, Cambridge, from which, as a royalist, he was ejected. In 1646 he accompanied Queen Henrietta Maria to France and stayed there for ten years, during which time he conducted a correspondence in cipher between her and the King. He also went on several diplomatic missions. After various reverses and disappointments he settled at Chertsey and remained there until his death.

Cowley wrote a quantity of odes in imitation of Pindar, but they had no great merit. His prose, full of noble lines, is simpler than his verse. The latter is fantastic and lacks depth. Cowper laments that his "splendid wit" should have been "entangled in the cobwebs of the schools."

Epitaph on the Living Author

HEre, stranger, in this humble nest,
Here Cowley sleeps; here lies,
'Scaped all the toils that life molest,
And its superfluous joys.

Here, in no sordid poverty,
And no inglorious ease,
He braves the world, and can defy
Its frowns and flatteries.

The little earth he asks, survey :
Is he not dead, indeed ?
“Light lie that earth,” good stranger, pray,
“Nor thorn upon it breed !”

With flowers, fit emblem of his fame,
Compass your poet round ;
With flowers of every fragrant name,
Be his warm ashes crowned !

ABRAHAM COWLEY.

“*Works.* 1668.”

That Death is not so much
to be feared as Daylie
Diseases are

What? is't not folly for to dread
And stand of death in feare,
That Mother is of quiet rest,
And griefs away doth weare?
That brings release to want of wealth,
And poor oppressed wights?
He comes but once to mortall men,
But once for all he smites.
Was never none that twise hath felt
Of cruell Death the Knife;
But other griefs and pining pains
Doe linger on thro' life,
And oftentimes one selfe same Corse
With furious fits molest,
When Death by one dispatch of life
Doth bring the soule to rest.

GEORGE TURBERVILLE.

From "Epitaphes, Epigrams, Songs and Sonets, 1567."

Death, Life and the
World

TO think on death, it is a misery :
To think on life, it is a vanity :
To think on the world, verily it is
To think that here man hath no perfect bliss.

ANON.

Epitaph—1680

THOU that go'st by cast here thine eye,
All flesh is grass if's grace doth pass,
The best is but a flower,
The stoutest man, do what he can,
Must die when 'tis his hour.
So farewell Friend and God thee send
To live so holily
That heaven may be a place for thee
When 'tis thy turn to die.

Epitaph on a Child of
Three

Died 1655

JUST three years old, and April be her date,
The month bespeaks our tears, her years, her
fate.

SIR HENRY WOTTON (1568–1639), traveller, diplomatist, and poet, was educated at Winchester and Oxford. Having added to his wit “the ballast of learning and knowledge of the arts, he laid aside his books, and betook himself to the useful library of travel, and a more general conversation with mankind.” On his return to England he became secretary to Robert, Earl of Essex, and accompanied him in his two expeditions against the Spaniards. He received a knighthood from James I. in 1604 and was appointed Ambassador to the Republic of Venice.

Wotton being “noted by many for his person and comportment” was most popular with eminent men of learning, and an enthusiastic admirer and collector of works of art, “of all which he was a most dear lover.” He remained abroad until 1624 and then was nominated Provost of Eton College, to qualify himself for which he took deacon’s orders. His ambition was to write the life of Martin Luther, but Charles I., knowing his great scholarship, persuaded him to turn his attention to a history of England. This Wotton undertook to do, but his death in 1639 prevented his promise being fulfilled.

Upon the Death of Sir Albert Morton’s Wife

HE first deceased ; she for a little tried
To live without him, liked it not, and died.

SIR HENRY WOTTON.

Epitaph

*Here lieth Elizabeth, daughter of H. Wigfall, who
living 1 year, 7 months, and 1 week,
died April 24, A.D. 1641*

I Saw ye world's sad times, lent teares and died,
But had I longer lived to have espied
A world of mischief in this world contained
I might have lost that which I now have gained.

Epitaph—1609

A Shroud, a coffin and a marble stone,
Are dead men's due; and may the living
teach

That when to ripeness they are fully grown
Death will the best and fairest flowers reach.
For could a pious life have stay'd death's force,
He yet had lived that's here a lifeless corpse.

Epitaph

SEe from the earth the fading lily rise,
It springs, it grows, it flourishes and dies ;
So this fair flower scarce blossomed for a day,
Short was the bloom, and early the decay.

Dirge

Die, die, ah ! die ! we all must die,
'Tis fates decree, then ask not why
When we were framed, the fates consultedly
Did make this law, that all things born should die.
Yet nature strove, and did deny
We should be slaves to destiny,
At which they heaped such misery
That nature's self did wish to die
And thanked their goodness that they did forsee
To end our cares with such a mild decree.

JOHN JONES.

From "Adrasta, a Tragi-Comedy. 1635."

THOMAS VAUTOR was one of the musicians who in the Elizabethan age were popular members of the household of great families. We find him occupying that position in the house of the Beaumonts in the last decade of the sixteenth century. The University of Oxford granted him the degree of Bachelor of Music in 1616 on condition that he composed a special hymn for six voices, which he did with success. Vautor's patron was George Villiers, Duke of Buckingham.

Sweet Suffolk Owl

Sweet Suffolk owl, so trimly dight
With feathers like a Lady bright,
Thou sing'st alone, sitting by night,
Te whit, te whoo.
The note that forth so freely rolls
With shrill command the mouse controls
And sings a dirge for dying souls,
Te whit, te whoo.

THOMAS VAUTOR, from "*The First Set, beeing Songs of Divers Ayres and Natures. . . . London. 1619.*"

ROBERT DAVENPORT. *The years of the birth and death of this poet and dramatist are not recorded. In 1623 he published two poems dedicated to Robinson and Bowyer, actors, and in 1655 a tragedy, "King John and Matilda," which is mentioned as having been played, or at least written, before 1639. His lost play, "Henry I.," was apparently placed on the Register of the Stationers' Company in 1653 as by Shakespeare and Davenport.*

He wrote many plays. "King John and Matilda," from which the extract is taken, is perhaps the best of them.

Dirge

MAtilda! now go take thy bed,
In the dark dwellings of the dead;
And rise in the great waking-day,
Sweet as incense, fresh as May.
Rest thou, chaste soul, fixed in thy proper sphere,
Amongst Heaven's fair ones; all are fair ones there,
Rest there, chaste soul, whilst we, here troubled, say:
"Time gives us griefs, death takes our joys away."

ROBERT DAVENPORT.

From "King John and Matilda, a tragedy. 1655."

Eternity

O Years! and age! farewell:
Behold I go,
Where I do know
Infinity to dwell.
And these mine eyes shall see
All times, how they
Are lost i' the sea
Of vast Eternity.
Where never moon shall sway
The stars; but she
And night shall be
Drown'd in one endless day.

ROBERT HERRICK.

*From "Hesperides, or the Works both Humane and
Divine. . . . London. 1648."*

Sic Vitae

WHat is th' existence of man's life,
but open war or slumber'd strife ;
Where sickness to his sense presents
the combat of the elements ;
And never feels a perfect peace
till Death's cold hand signs his release ?
It is a storm—where the hot blood
outvies in rage the boiling flood ;
And each loose passion of the mind
is like a furious gust of wind,
Which beats his bark with many a wave,
till he casts anchor in the grave,
It is a flower which buds and grows,
and withers as the leaves disclose ;
Whose spring and fall faint seasons keep,
like fits of waking before sleep ;
Then shrinks into that fatal mould
where its first being was enroll'd.
It is a dream—whose seeming truth
is moralised in age and youth ;
Where all the comforts he can share
are wandering as his fancies are ;
Till in a mist of dark decay
the dreamer vanish quite away.

It is a dial—which points out
the sunset, as it moves about ;
And shadows out in lines of night
the subtle stages of Time's flight ;
Till all-obscuring earth hath laid
His body in perpetual shade.

It is a weary interlude
which doth short joys, long woes, include ;
The world the stage, the prologue tears ;
the acts vain hopes and varied fears ;
The scene shuts up with loss of breath,
and leaves no epilogue but Death.

DR HENRY KING.

“Poems, Elegies, Paradoxes and Sonets. 1664.”

A Contemplation upon Flowers

BRave flowers! that I could gallant it like you
And be as little vain!
You come abroad, and make a harmless show,
And to your beds of earth again!
You are not proud! You know your birth;
For your embroidered garments are from earth!

You do obey your months and times; but I
Would have it ever Spring!
My fate would know no Winter, never die,
Nor think of such a thing!
O, that I could my bed of earth but view,
And smile, and look as cheerfully as you!

O, teach me to see Death, and not to fear;
But rather to take truce!
How often have I seen you at a bier,
And there look fresh and spruce!
You fragrant flowers then teach me that my breath,
Like yours, may sweeten and perfume my death!

Attributed to HENRY KING.

From Harleian MS., British Museum, No. 6917, folio. 105.

On the Life of Man

Like to the falling of a star,
Or as the flights of eagles are ;
Or like the fresh spring's gaudy hue,
Or silver drops of morning dew ;
Or like a wind that chafes the flood,
Or bubbles which on water stood :
Even such is man, whose borrow'd light
Is straight called in, and paid to night.
The wind blows out ; the bubble dies ;
The spring entombed in autumn lies ;
The dew dries up ; the star is shot ;
The flight is past ; and man forgot.

DR HENRY KING.

" Poems, Elegies, Paradoxes and Sonets. . . . 1664.

ANNE BOLEYN (1502 ?-1536), daughter of Sir Thomas Boleyn and niece of the Duke of Norfolk, spent three years at the French Court, and returning to England at the age of eighteen, became maid of honour to Catherine of Aragon. She was wooed by Henry VIII. and married him as soon as his divorce was pronounced. We still have his letters to show how much he promised her of faith and devotion, but his vows were not fulfilled. The blazing light of her coronation soon faded into the darkness of the scaffold.

On May 15th, 1536, Anne Boleyn and her brother, Lord Rochford, were convicted of High Treason, by the King's orders. On May 19th she was beheaded on Tower Hill, and on the following day Henry VIII. married Jane Seymour.

Defiled is my Name

DEfiled is my name full sore
Through cruel spite and false report,
That I may say for evermore
Farewell, my joy! adieu, comfort!

For wrongfully ye judge of me
Unto my fame a mortal wound;
Say what ye list it will not be,
Ye seek for that cannot be found.

Attributed to ANNE BOLEYN.

Printed in Sir John Hawkins's "History of Music," 1776.

GEORGE BOLEYN, VISCOUNT ROCHFORD, son of Sir Thomas Boleyn and brother of Anne Boleyn. When Anne had attracted the attention of Henry VIII., George received royal favours, and in 1529 was knighted and created Viscount Rochford. He was among those who signed the fruitless petition to Pope Clement VII. to grant the divorce of the King from Catherine of Aragon. Rochford went several times to France in embassies on various matters, and in 1535 reached the height of his good fortune. In the following year, on May 1st, he was one of the challengers in a tournament at Greenwich. King Henry suddenly left the ground, and the next day Rochford and Queen Anne were arrested and lodged in the Tower. On the 15th of the month they were tried, and two days later Rochford and four other alleged lovers of the Queen were beheaded.

O Death, Rock me Asleep

O Death, O Death, rock me asleep,
Bring me to quiet rest,
Let pass my weary guiltless ghost,
Out of my carefull breast.

Toll on the passing bell ;
Ring out my doleful knell ;
Thy sound my death abroad will tell,
For I must die.
There is no remedy.

My pains, my pains, who can express ?
Alas, they are so strong ;
My dolours will not suffer strength
My life for to prolong.

Toll on the passing bell ;
Ring out my doleful knell ;
Thy sound my death abroad will tell,
For I must die,
There is no remedy.

Alone, alone, in prison strong,
I wait my destiny.

Woe worth this cruel hap that I
Must taste this misery !

Toll on the passing bell,
Ring out my doleful knell ;
Thy sound my death abroad will tell,
For I must die,
There is no remedy.

Farewell, farewell, my pleasures past,
Welcome, my present pain !
I feel my torment so increase,
That life cannot remain.

Toll on the passing bell ;
Ring out my doleful knell ;
Thy sound my death abroad will tell,
For I must die,
There is no remedy.

Cease now the passing bell,
Ring out the doleful knell,
For thou my death dost tell.
Lord, pity thou my soul !
Death doth draw nigh.
Sound dolefully ;
For now I die,
I die, I die.

GEORGE BOLEYN, Viscount Rochford.

From Additional MSS. No. 26,737, British Museum.

Sir John Hawkins states, in his "History of Music," that these two poems appear to have been composed about the time of Henry VIII. They were communicated by a very judicious antiquary lately deceased, whose opinion of them was that they were written either by or in the person of Anne Boleyn, a conjecture which her unfortunate history renders very probable." But the poem, "O Death, rock me asleep," is now generally assigned to Anne's brother, Viscount Rochford.

SAMUEL ROWLEY. Sometime before 1598 he was employed by Philip Henslowe, the theatre-manager, as a reader of plays, and soon after he was writing plays himself in conjunction with other dramatists. "Judas," "Samson," and "Joshua" appeared in 1602 and were accepted by Henslowe. In 1612 his "Hymen's Holiday" was played before the Court at Whitehall. In 1605 was published "When you see me you know me, or the famous Chronicle Historie of King Henrie the Eight," which the title-page of the quarto edition of 1613 tells us was played by the High and Mighty Prince of Wales his Servants, and was "by Samuell Rowley, servant to the Prince." Another extant play of Rowley's is "The Noble Souldier, or a contract broken justly reveng'd, written by S. R., 1634." It is probable that Dekker had a hand in it, as, although Rowley's initials are on the title-page, it is entered in the Stationers' Company's Register as being by Dekker. Rowley died about the year 1633.

A Sorrow Song

OH, Sorrow, Sorrow, say where dost thou dwell?
"In the lowest room of hell."

Art thou born of human race?

"No, no, I have a fairer face."

Art thou in city, town, or court?

"I to every place resort."

Oh, why into the world is Sorrow sent?

“Men afflicted best repent.”

What dost thou feed on?

“Broken sleep.”

What tak'st thou pleasure in?

“To weep,

to sigh, to sob, to pine, to groan,
to wring my hands, to sit alone.”

Oh when, oh when shall Sorrow quiet have?

“Never, never, never, never,

Never till she finds a grave.”

SAMUEL ROWLEY.

*From “A Noble Souldier, or a contract broken justly
reveng'd. . . . 1634.”*

JASPER MAYNE (1604-1672), educated at Westminster and Christ Church, Oxford, took Holy Orders, and became vicar of Cassington in 1639. At the Restoration he was made Archdeacon of Chichester.

He wrote several plays. "The Citye Match, a Comædye," 1639, was acted at the Whitehall and Blackfriars theatres with considerable success. The play was published at Oxford. Anthony à Wood, in his "Athenæ Oxonienses," tells us that Mayne preached before the King at Oxford at the beginning of the Civil War and was made D.D.; but he was deprived by the Parliamentarians of the degree and of his vicarages. At the Restoration he recovered these and was appointed chaplain in ordinary to Charles II.

Song

Time is a feathered thing and whilst I praise,
The sparklings of thy looks, and call them rays,
Takes wing,
Leaving behind him as he flies
An unperceivèd dimness in thine eyes.
His minutes while they're told,
Do make us old,
And every sand of his fleet glass,
Increasing age as it doth pass,
Insensibly sows wrinkles there,
Where flowers and roses do appear.

Whilst we do speak, our fire
Doth into ice expire,
Flames into frost ;
And ere we can
Know how our crow turns swan,
Or how a silver snow
Springs there where jet did grow,
Our fading spring is in dull winter lost.
Since then the Night hath hurl'd
Darkness, Love's shade,
Over its enemy the Day, and made
The world
Just such a blind and shapeless thing
As 'twas before light did from darkness spring.
Let us employ its treasure
and make shade pleasure :
Let's number out the hours by blisses
And count the minutes by our kisses.
Let the heavens new motions feel
And by our embraces wheel,
And whilst we try the way
By which Love doth convey
Soul unto soul,
And mingling so
Makes them such raptures know
As makes them entranced lie
In mutual ecstasy,
Let the harmonious spheres in music roll.

JASPER MAYNE.

From "The Amorous War," 1648.

The Happiest Man

SUm all! He happiest is that can
In this world's jar be honest man,
For since perfection is so high
Beyond life's reach, he that would try
True happiness indeed—must die.

OWEN FELTHAM.

From "Resolves. . . . 1631."

PART IV
Miscellany

Advice to the Reader

I thee advise
If thou be wise
To keep thy wit
Though it be small.
'Tis rare to get
And far to fet,
'Twas ever yet
Dear'st ware of all.

GEORGE TURBERVILLE.

From "Epitaphs, Epigrams, Songs and Sonets. 1567."

Two Rivers

SAYS Tweed to Till :
“What gars ye rin sae still?”
Says Till to Tweed :
“Though ye rin with speed,
And I rin slaw,
For a man that ye droon,
I droon twa.”

ANON.

JOHN TAYLOR (1580-1653), "*the Water Poet*," was a London Waterman and prolific rhymster. He joined the navy and served at the siege of Cadiz, after which he returned to England and kept a public-house at Oxford.

Taylor superintended the water pageant at the marriage of the Princess Elizabeth in 1613, and composed triumphs for the Lord Mayor's shows.

He described his various journeys both abroad and at home in prose and verse, and gives us an entertaining picture of the manners of his age.

Quiet and Trouble

TO hear much, to say little and do less
are great preservatives of quietness.
But to hear little, say much, and do more—
such dispositions shall have trouble store.

JOHN TAYLOR.

"*Workes*": 1580-1653.

WILLIAM ALEXANDER, EARL OF STIRLING (1567 ?—1640), *Scottish courtier and poet, studied at Glasgow and Leyden, and travelled in France, Spain, and Italy. He received the Grant of Nova Scotia in 1621, and ten years later became the sole proprietor of King James's version of the psalms. Stirling was appointed Secretary for Scotland in 1626, but being a royalist and anti-Presbyterian he was unpopular and his last years were embittered. He died in 1640, insolvent, "old and extremely hated."*

Stirling wrote several tragedies. None of them show dramatic power, but they contain some fine lyrics. He was a valued friend of Drummond of Hawthornden. The two poets wrote to each other under the names of Alexis and Damon.

The Glory of a Crown

OF glassy sceptres let frail greatness vaunt,
Not sceptres, no, but reeds, which (raised up)
break,

And let eye-flattering shows our wits enchant—
All perish'd are, ere of their pomp men speak ;
Those golden palaces, those gorgeous halls,
With furniture superfluously fair,

Those stately courts, those sky-encountering walls,
Do vanish all like vapours in the air.

O! what affliction jealous greatness bears,
Which still must travel to throw others down,
Whilst all our guards not guard us from our fears;
Such toil attends the glory of a crown.

WILLIAM ALEXANDER, Earl of Stirling.

*From "The Tragedie of Darius. By William Alexander
of Menstrie. Edinburgh, printed by Robert Walde-
grave, Printer to the Kings Maiestie. 1603."*

GEOFFREY CHAUCER (c. 1340-1400) was the son of a London vintner who had some connexion with the Court of Edward III. He became page in the household of Lionel, Duke of Clarence, at an early age, and in 1359 served in France, where he was taken prisoner. After paying a ransom he returned home, and resumed his court duties. In 1372 he went on a diplomatic mission to Italy, in 1377 to Flanders, and in 1378 to France, where he is mentioned by Froissart. There is no doubt that his travels abroad affected his literary development. He admired the courtly French love-poets of the day and his great Italian contemporaries, and also went to the Latinists for inspiration, borrowing boldly from the *Metamorphoses* of Ovid.

In 1382 Chaucer was made Comptroller of Petty Customs, which was followed by other lucrative offices, and in 1386 he sat in parliament as a knight of the shire of Kent; but he outlived his luck, and his later days were full of financial vicissitudes. It is difficult to write of Chaucer with brevity, or to enumerate his excellencies in a few lines. The widespread recognition of "the first finder of our fair language" is proved by the chorus of praise, in which contemporaries and successors alike have joined, and the fact that his influence has never diminished,

save for a space in the seventeenth century, when strange coinages and ambitious ornaments were the fashion.

Now Welcom Somer

Now welcom somer, with thy sonnë softe,
That hast this wintres weders over-shake,¹
And driven away the longë nightës blake!
Seynt Valentyn, that art ful hy on-lofte²;
Thus singen smalë foulës for thy sake—
Now welcom somer, with thy sonnë softe,
That hast this wintres weders over-shake.
Wel han they causë for gladen³ ofte,
Sith ech of hem recovered hath his make⁴;
Ful blisful may they singen whan they wake;
Now welcom somer, with thy sonnë softe,
That hast this wintres weders over-shake,
And driven away the longë nightës blake.

CHAUCER.

From "The parlement of Foules." 1382.

¹ shaken off.

² above.

³ gladness.

⁴ mate.

Gentilesse

Moral Balade of Chaucer

THe firstë stok,¹ fader of gentilesse—
 What man that claymeth gentil for to be,
 Must followe his trace, and all his wittës dresse
 Vertu to sewe, and vyces for to flee.

For unto vertu longeth² dignitee,
 And nought the revers, saufly dar I deme,
 Al were³ he mytre, croune, or diademe.

This firstë stok was full of rightwisnesse,
 Trewe of his word, sobre, pitous, and free,
 Clene of his goste,⁴ and loved besinesse,
 Ageinst the vyce of slouthe, in honestee ;
 And, but his heir love vertu, as dide he,
 He is nought gentil, thogh he richë seme,
 Al were he mytre, croune, or diademe.

Vycë may wel be heir to old richesse ;
 But there may no man, as men may wel see,
 Bequeathe his heir his vertuous noblesse
 That is appropred⁵ unto no degree,
 But to the firstë fader in majestee,
 That maketh him his heir, that can him queme,⁶
 Al were he mytre, croune, or diademe.

(Written between 1380 and 1396.)

¹ source.

⁴ mind.

² belongeth.

⁵ appropriated.

³ wear.

⁶ please.

The complaynt of Chaucer to his Purse

(This poem was addressed to Henry IV. in 1399. In response to it the poet's pension of 20 marks was doubled. It was probably the last poem written by Chaucer.)

TO yow my purse and to noon other wight
Complayn I, for ye be my lady dere ;
I am so sory now that ye been lyght,
For certës but yf ye make me hevychere
Me were as leef be layde vpon my bere.
ffor which vnto your mercy thus I crye :
Beeth hevycheyne or ellës mote I dye.

Now voucheth-sauf¹ this day, or ²hyt be nyght,
That I of yow the blisful sounne³ may here,
Or see your colour, lyke the sonnë bryght,
That of yelownesse haddë never pere.
Ye be my lyfe, ye be myn hertys stere,⁴
Quene of comfort and of good companye,
Beth hevycheyne or ellës moote I dye.

Now purse that ben to me my lyvës lyght
And saveour, as down in this worlde here,

¹ vouchsafe.

² before.

³ sound.

⁴ steersman.

Oute of this toune, helpe me thurgh your myght,
 Syn that ye wole nat bene my tresorere,
 For I am shave as nye ¹ as is a ffrere.²
 But yet I pray unto your curtesye :
 Bethe hevy ageyne or ellës moote I dye.

LENVOY DE CHAUCER

O conquerour of Brutès Albyon,
 Whiche that by lygne and free eleccion
 Been verray kynge, this song to yow I sende ;
 And ye that mowen ³ alle myn harme amende
 Have mynde upon my supplicacion.

*From Fairfax MS. No. 16, Bodleian
 Library, Oxford.*

¹ close.² friar.³ are able to.

HENRY HOWARD, EARL OF SURREY (1516 ?-1547), described by Churchyard as "a noble warrior, an eloquent oratour, and a second Petrarke," was the eldest son of the third Duke of Norfolk, and educated by an eminent scholar, John Clarke, who much commended his pupil's translations from Latin, Italian, French, and Spanish. In 1532 he accompanied Henry VIII. to a conference with Francis I., after which he proceeded to Paris, and there finished his studies. In 1533 we hear that he carried the fourth sword at the Coronation of Anne Boleyn. Surrey excelled both in joust and tourney, being very skilful in the use of arms. He saw fighting in France and distinguished himself at Montreuil in 1544, but his bitter speeches against various prominent persons caused him to be imprisoned at Windsor two years afterwards. At the age of thirty he was unjustly convicted of High Treason and beheaded, his supposed offence being that he had assumed the arms of his ancestor, Edward the Confessor, in conjunction with his own: "the bearing of which he justified, that as he took it, he might beare them, as belonging to his ancestors, and withall affirmed that he had the opinions of the heraults therein." Surrey's style is stately and dignified. Unlike his contemporaries, he never sacrificed the heart to the head, but preserved a severe simplicity. His works are a landmark in the development of English literature.

The Means to attain Happy Life

Martial, the things that do attain
The happy life be these, I find :—
The richness left, not got with pain ;
The fruitful ground, the quiet mind ;

The equal friend ; no grudge, no strife :
No charge of rule, nor governance ;
Without disease, the healthful life ;
The household of continuance ;

The mean diet, no delicate fare ;
True wisdom joined with simpleness ;
The night discharged of all care,
Where wine the wit may not oppress.

The faithful wife, without debate ;
Such sleeps as may beguile the night :
Contented with thine own estate
Ne wish for death, ne fear his might.

EARL OF SURREY.

From Tottel's Miscellany. . . . 1557.

Lines underneath a Portrait of Queen Elizabeth

LOe here the pearl,
Whom God and man doth love :
Loe here on earth
The only starre of light :
Loe here the queene,
Whom no mishap can move
To chaunge her mind
From virtue's chief delight !
Loe here the heart
That so hath honor'd God,
That, for her love,
We feele not of his rod :
Pray for her health,
Such as good subjectes be :
Oh Princely Dame,
There is none like to thee !

From a contemporary Ballad, presumed to be unique, formerly in the library of Henry Huth, Esq.

JOHN FLETCHER (1576-1624), *son of the Bishop of London, was educated at Cambridge, and wrote many plays in collaboration with Francis Beaumont.*

A Sad Song

WEEP no more, nor sigh, nor groan,
 Sorrow calls no time that's gone :
 Violets plucked the sweetest rain
 Makes not fresh nor grow again ;
 Trim thy locks, look cheerfully ;
 Fate's hidden ends eyes cannot see ;
 Joy as wingèd dreams fly fast,
 Why should sadness longer last ?
 Grief is but a wound to woe ;
 Gentlest fair ! mourn, mourn no moe.

? JOHN FLETCHER.

From "The Queen of Corinth."

Inscription on a Mazer in the British Museum, 1420

HOLD your tongue and say the best
 And let your neighbour sit in rest,
 Whoso lusteth God to please
 Lets his neighbour sit in ease.

JOHN BALE, *Bishop of Ossory* (1495–1563), born of humble parents, was sent at twelve years of age to the Carmelite Convent at Norwich and then to Jesus College, Cambridge. Under the influence of his patron, Lord Wentworth, he abjured his vows and became a Protestant. On the fall of Thomas Cromwell, Earl of Essex, his friend and protector, Bale fled to Germany, where his Protestant proclivities were strengthened, so that when Edward VI. succeeded to the throne he was in such favour that he received the Bishopric of Ossory, in Ireland. When Mary became Queen, Bale had to flee to the Continent again. He returned to England on the accession of Elizabeth, and four years afterwards was made prebend of Canterbury. He was one of the principal Reformers and his polemical works are numerous and vigorous. His religious plays are of little consequence, but students of old English owe him a debt of gratitude for preserving in one of them this *Drinking Song*, which is probably the earliest extant in our language.

Wassayle¹

W Assayle, wassayle, out of the mylke pale,
Wassayle, wassayle, as white as my nayle,
Wassayle, wassayle, in snow, froste and hayle,
Wassayle, wassayle, with partriche and rayle,
Wassayle, wassayle, that much doth avayle,
Wassayle, wassayle, that never will fayle.

JOHN BALE.

From "Kynge Johan."

¹ WASSAIL: The Old English salutation on pledging anyone to drink: *waes-hael*, "be of health," from *waes*, "be," and *hael*, "whole" or "sound." It was the custom in old times to drink healths with this salutation, especially on Twelfth Night, and the large bowl of ale from which the pledges were drunk was called the Wassail-bowl.

Easements

A Grave discourse, a musing mind, a willing work
or sport
Do pains assuage, long journeys ease, and time
make seem but short.

ANONYMOUS.

In Farmer-Chetbam MS. at Manchester.

The Lark

Swift through the yielding air I glide,
While night shall be, shades abide ;
Yet in my flight, tho' ne'er so fast,
I tune and time the wild winds blast.
And ere the Sun be come about,
Teach the young Lark his lesson out,
Who early as the day is born
Sings his shrill Anthem to the rising Morn.
Let never mortal lose the pains,
To imitate my airy strains,
Whose pitch too high, for human ears
Was set me by the tuneful spheres—
I carol to the fairies' King,
Wake him a morning when I sing,
And when the sun stoops to the deep,
Rock him again and his fair Queen asleep.

JOHN PLAYFORD, "*Select Ayres and Dialogues*," 1653-1669.

NOTE.—This song was brought home by Samuel Pepys on Sept. 10th, 1668, and taught to Mercer, his wife's maid, "in $\frac{1}{4}$ of an hour, so excellent an ear she has."

THOMAS DEKKER (1570 ?—1641 ?), a dramatist and miscellaneous writer in the reign of James I., had a somewhat chequered career, and spent three years in prison for debt. Besides a number of plays written in collaboration with fellow-dramatists, he published several of his own, and the "Gull's Hornbook," a satirical work which presents an amusing picture of the life of the time.

Although Dekker's work contains both beauty and delicacy, it is often marred by carelessness and hasty workmanship. "Patient Grissill," in which occur the charming verses on Content, is the most admired of his plays.

Sweet Content

ARt thou poor, yet hast thou golden slumbers?
O sweet content!
Art thou rich, yet is thy mind perplexed?
O punishment!

Dost thou laugh to see how fools are vexed
To add to golden numbers golden numbers?

O sweet content! O sweet, O sweet content!
Work apace, apace, apace, apace;
Honest labour bears a lovely face;
Then hey, nonny nonny—hey, nonny nonny!

Canst drink the waters of the crispèd spring?

O sweet content!

Swim'st thou in wealth, yet sink'st in thine own tears?

O punishment!

Then he that patiently want's burden bears,

No burden bears, but is a king, a king!

O sweet content! O sweet, O sweet content!

Work apace, apace, apace, apace;

Honest labour bears a lovely face;

Then hey, nonny nonny—hey, nonny nonny!

THOMAS DEKKER.

From "The Pleasant Comodie of Patient Grissil. As it hath beene sundrie times lately plaid by the right honourable the Earle of Nottingham (Lord high Admirall) his servants. . . . 1603."

Patience

PATIENCE, my lord! why 'tis the soul of peace :
Of all the virtues, 'tis nearest kin to heaven :
It makes men look like gods. The best of men
That e'er wore earth about him was a sufferer,
A soft, meek, patient, tranquil spirit ;
The first true gentleman¹ that ever breathed.
The stock of patience cannot then be poor :
All it desires it has ; what monarch more ?
It is the greatest enemy to law
That can be ; for it doth embrace all wrongs,
And so chains up lawyer's and women's tongues.
'Tis the perpetual prisoner's liberty,
His walks and orchards ; 'tis the bond slave's freedom,
And makes him seem proud of each iron chain,
As tho' he wore it more for state than pain :
It is the beggar's music, and thus sings,
Altho' their bodies beg, their souls are kings.

THOS. DEKKER.

¹ "Of the offspring of gentilman Jafeth came Habraham, Moyses, Aron, and the profettys ; also the Kyng of the right line of Mary, of whom that gentilman Jhesus was born."—DAME JULIANA BERNERS, Prioress of Sopwell. 1486.

Mutability

IN various times we daily live and move,
 Today a mighty man on Cockhorse mounted ;
 Tomorrow Fortune gives him a remove,
 And as an abject knave he is accounted.

JOHN TAYLOR.

That each Thing is
hurt of Itself

WHy fearest thou thy outward foe,
 When thou thyself thy harm dost feed,
 Of grief, or hurt, of pain, of woe,
 Within each thing is sown a seed,
 So fine was never yet the cloth,
 No smith so hard his iron did beat :
 But th' one consumed was with the moth,
 Th' other with canker all to fret.
 The knotty oak and wainscot old,
 Within doth eat the silly worm ;
 Even so a mind in envy roll'd,
 Always within itself doth burn.
 Thus everything that nature wrought,
 Within itself its hurt doth bear :
 No outward harm need to be sought,
 Where enemies be within so near.

*Author unknown. From Tottel's Miscellany, "Songes and
 Sonettes . . . apud R. Tottel. 1557."*

A Pedlar

Fine knacks for ladies! cheap, choice, brave and
new,
Good pennyworths—but money cannot move :
I keep a fair but for the Fair to view—
A beggar may be liberal of love.
Though all my wares be trash, the heart is true,
The heart is true.

Great gifts are guiles and look for gifts again ;
My trifles come as treasures from my mind :
It is a priceless jewel to be plain ;
Sometimes in shell the orient's pearl we find :—
Of others take a sheaf, of me a grain !
Of me a grain !

JOHN DOWLAND, from "*The Second Booke of Songs or
Ayres of 2, 4 and 5 parts. . . . 1600.*"

Of Seals and Arms

EAgles and lions, Kings of birds and beasts,
Adorn mens seals and arms with honoured
crests :
But beasts are beasts, and fairest fowls are fowl,
And many a knave's seal's better than his soul.

JOHN TAYLOR.

"*Workes. . . . London, 1630,*" and later.

GEORGE CHAPMAN (1559-1634), probably educated at both universities, was a scholar, translator, and dramatist. He made the first great translation of Homer. Bynneman, Arthur Hall, and Drant had attempted it before 1580, but without much success.

Chapman's rendering, although often marred by impetuosity, is an inspired production full of poetic power and variety of rhythm. Drayton immortalised his work in the following lines :

“ Reverend Chapman, who hath brought to us
Musaeus, Homer, and Hesiodus
Out of the Greek ; and by his skill hath rear'd,
Them to that height, and to our tongue endear'd,
That, were those poets at this day alive
To see their books thus with us to survive,
They would think, having neglected them so long
They had been written in the English tongue.”

In modern times Keats has enhanced Chapman's fame in one of the finest sonnets in the English language.

The Master Spirit

GIVE me a spirit that on life's rough sea
Loves to have his sails filled with a lusty wind,
Even till his sail-yards tremble, his masts crack,
And his rapt ship run on her side so low

That she drinks water, and her keel ploughs air.
There is no danger to a man that knows
What life and death is ; there's not any law
Exceeds his knowledge ; neither is it lawful
That he should stoop to any other law ;
He goes before them, and commands them all,
That to himself is a law rational.

GEORGE CHAPMAN.

*From "The Conspiracie and Tragedie of Charles, Duke
of Byron, Marshall of France. 1608."*

None is Lord of All

THe rarer pleasure is, it is more sweet,
And friends are kindest when they seldom
meet,

Who would not hear the nightingale still sing,
Or who grew ever weary of the spring?
The day must have her night, the spring her fall,
All is divided, none is lord of all.

It were a most delightful thing
To live in a perpetual spring.

ANONYMOUS.

Sonnet

AH, sweet Content, where is thy mild abode?
Is it with shepherds and light-hearted swains,
Which sing upon the downs and pipe abroad,
Tending their flocks and cattle on the plains?
Ah, sweet Content, where dost thou safely rest?
In heaven, with angels which the praises sing
Of Him that made and rules at His behest
The minds and hearts of every living thing?
Ah, sweet Content, where doth thine harbour hold?
Is it in churches, with religious men
Which please the gods with prayers manifold,
And in their studies meditate it then?—
Whether thou dost in heaven or earth appear,
Be where thou wilt, thou wilt not harbour here.

BARNABE BARNES.

*From "Parthenophil and Parthenophe Sonnettes,
Madrigals, Elegies and Odes. . . . 1593."*

In praise of seafaring men:
In hope of good fortune

WHo seeks the way to win renown,
Or flies with wings of his heart's fire ;
Who seeks to wear the laurel crown,
Or hath the mind that would aspire—
Let him his native soil eschew,
Let him go range and seek a new.

Each haughty heart is well content
With every chance that shall betide ;
No hap can hinder his intent ;
He steadfast stands, though fortune slide—
“The sun,” quoth he, “doth shine as well
Abroad, as erst where I did dwell”—

In change of streams each fish can range,
Each fowl content with every air,
Each haughty heart know naught of change,
Nor be not drowned in deep despair :
Wherefore I judge all lands alike
To haughty hearts that fortune seek.
To pass the seas some think a toil ;
Some think it strange abroad to roam ;

Some think it grief to leave their soil,
Their parents, kinsfolk and their home.
Think so who list, I like it not ;
I must abroad to try my lot.

Who list at home at cart to drudge,
And cark and care for worldly trash ;
With buckled shoes let him go trudge,
Instead of lance, a whip to slash—
A mind so base his kind will show—
Of carion sweet to feed a crow.

If Jason of that mind had toiled,
The Grecians, when they came to Troy,
Had never seen the Trojans foiled,
Nor never caused them such annoy.
Wherefore who wish may stay at home :
To purchase fame I will go roam.

ANONYMOUS.

EDMUND WALLER (1605-1687), educated at Eton and Cambridge, was one of the commissioners sent to the King at Oxford after the battle of Edgehill in 1643. Soon after this the design known as Waller's Plot was discovered. He was arrested and imprisoned for a year, and then set at liberty on condition that he should leave the country. Waller retired to Paris, and there published his first collection of poems. He returned to England in 1653 and insinuated himself into favour with Cromwell, whom he celebrated in a famous panegyric. At the Restoration, turncoat again, he became an important figure at Court, and was returned to Parliament in 1685 as one of the members for Saltash. Two years later he died at Beaconsfield at the age of eighty-two.

His poetry is highly polished, but lacks depth and strength. As a man, though witty and agreeable, he was weak and vacillating, and in politics a veritable "Vicar of Bray."

Old Age

THE seas are quiet when the winds give o'er:
So calm are we when passions are no more;
For then we know how vain it was to boast
Of fleeting things too certain to be lost.

Clouds of affection from our younger eyes
Conceal that emptiness which age describes.

The soul's dark cottage, batter'd and decay'd,
Lets in new light through chinks that time has made :
Stronger by weakness wiser men become
As they draw near to their eternal home :
Leaving the old, both worlds at once they view
That stand upon the threshold of the new.

EDMUND WALLER.

"Poems : 1690, 1693."

ROBERT GREENE (1560–1592) took his B.A. at Cambridge in 1578, and his M.A. a few years later. He describes himself as “the mirror of mischief, and the very patterne of all prejudiciall actions.” Notwithstanding his riotous and disreputable life, he found time to write countless plays and romances, which abound in classical images and legendary lore. Greene was famous as a pamphleteer. One of the most valuable pamphlets in existence is the post-humous “*Greenes Groats-Worth of witte bought with a million of Repentance*, describing the follie of Youth, the falshood of make-shifte flatterers, the miserie of the negligent, and mischiefes of deceiving Courtezans. Written before his death and published at his dyeing request . . . 1592.” In the pamphlet Greene speaks of Shakespeare as an “upstart crow beautified with our feathers that with his tygers heart wrapt in a players hide supposes he is as well able to bombast out a blank verse as the best of you: and being an absolute Johannes Factotum is in his own conceit the only Shake-scene in a country.”

Sweet Obscurity

Sweet are the thoughts that savour of content :
 The quiet mind is richer than a crown :
 Sweet are the nights in careless slumber spent :
 The poor estate scorns Fortune's angry frown.

Such sweet content, such minds, such sleep, such bliss,
Beggars enjoy, when princes oft do miss.
The homely cottage that affords nor pride, nor care,
The mean that 'grees with country music best,
The sweet consort of mirth's and music's fare,
Obscurèd life sets down a type of bliss ;
A mind content both crown and kingdom is.

ROBERT GREENE.

*From "Greenes farewell to Folly sent to Courtiers and
Schollers as a president to warne them from the vaine
delights that drawes youth on to repentance. 1591."*

The Wise Trade of Life

DO all your deeds by good advice,
Cast in your mind always the end—
Wit bought is of too dear a price—
The tried, trust and take as friend—
For friends I find there be but two :
Of countenance, and of effect—
Of those sort first there are enow :
But few are of the other sect.
Beware also the venom sweet,
Of crafty words and flattery.
For to deceive they be most meet,
That best can play hypocrisy.
Let wisdom rule your deed and thought :
So shall your works be wisely wrought.

AUTHOR UNCERTAIN.

*From Tottel's Miscellany, "Songes and Sonettes . . .
apud R. Tottel. 1557."*

Of the Vanity of Man's Life

VAin is the fleeting wealth,
Whereon the world stays :
Since stalking time by privy stealth
Encroacheth on our days.
And elde which creepeth fast,
To taunt us with her wound :
Will turn each bliss into a blast,
Which lasteth but a stounde.
Of youth the lusty flower
Which whylome stood in price :
Shall vanish quite within an hour,
As fire consumes the ice.
Where is become that wight
for whose sake Troy town
withstood the Greeks till ten years fight
had raised the walls adown.
Did not the worms consume
Her caryon to the dust ?
Did dreadful death forbear his fume
for beauty, pride, or lust ?

AUTHOR UNCERTAIN.

From Tottel's Miscellany.

Times go by Turns

THe loppèd tree in time may grow again,
Most naked plants renew both fruit and
flower ;

The sorriest wight may find release of pain,
The driest soil suck in some moistening shower :
Time goes by turns, and chances change by course,
From foul to fair, from better hap to worse.

The sea of Fortune doth not ever flow ;
She draws her favours to the lowest ebb :
Her tides have equal times to come and go ;
Her loom doth weave the fine and coarsest web :
No joy so great but runneth to an end,
No hap so hard but may in fine amend.

Not always fall of leaf, nor ever spring,
Not endless night, yet not eternal day :
The saddest birds a season find to sing,
The roughest storm a calm may soon allay.
Thus, with succeeding turns, God tempereth all,
That man may hope to rise, yet fear to fall.

A chance may win that by mischance was lost ;
That net that holds no great, takes little fish ;

In some things all, in all things none are cross'd ;
Few all they need, but none have all they wish.
Unmingled joys here to no man befall ;
Who least, hath some ; who most, hath never all.

ROBERT SOUTHWELL.

From "St Peters Complaint, newly augmented with other poems." . . . London. Printed by H. L. for William Leake : and are to be sold at his shop in Paules Churchyard, at the Signe of the holy Ghost. . . . [1595-1596 ?]

Tears

W Eep you no more, sad fountains ;
What need you flow so fast ?
Look how the snowy mountains
Heaven's sun doth gently waste !
But my Sun's heavenly eyes
View not your weeping,
That now lies sleeping
Softly, now softly lies
Sleeping.

Sleep is a reconciling,
A rest that peace begets ;
Doth not the sun rise smiling
When fair at even he sets ?
Rest you then, rest, sad eyes !
Melt not in weeping,
While she lies sleeping
Softly, now softly lies
Sleeping.

JOHN DOWLAND'S "*Third and Last Booke of
Songs or Aires, 1603.*"

To Sleep

Come Sleep, O Sleep, the certain knot of peace,
The baiting-place of wit, the balm of woe :
The poor man's wealth, the prisoner's release,
Th' indifferent judge between high and low.

With shield of proof shield me from out the press
Of those fierce darts despair doth at me throw :
O make in me those civil wars to cease,
I will good tribute pay if thou do so.

Take thou of me smooth pillows, sweetest bed,
A chamber deaf to noise and blind of light,
A rosy garland and a weary head ;
And if these things, as being thine by right,
Move not thy heavy grace, thou shalt in me
Livelier than else-where Stella's image see.

SIR PHILIP SIDNEY.

*From "The Countesse of Pembroke's Arcadia. William
Ponsonbie. London. 1590."*

Sister, Awake!

Sister, awake! close not your eyes!
The day her light discloses,
And the bright morning doth arise
Out of her bed of roses.

See the clear sun, the world's bright eye,
In at our window peeping:
Lo, how he blusheth to espy
Us idle wenches sleeping!

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

THOMAS BATESON's *First Set of English
Madrigals*, 1604.

Slumber-song

Care-charming Sleep, thou easer of all woes,—
Brother to Death, sweetly thyself dispose
On this afflicted prince; fall like a cloud
In gentle showers; give nothing that is loud
Or painful to his slumbers; easy, sweet,
And as a purling stream, thou son of Night,
Pass by his troubled senses:—sing his pain
Like hollow murmuring wind, or silver rain—
Into this prince gently, Oh, gently slide,
And kiss him into slumbers like a bride!

JOHN FLETCHER.

From "The Tragedie of Valentinian," 1647.

HE that to tall men speaks must lift up 's head,
And when he hath done must set it where he
did;

He that to proud men talkes must put on pride,
And when he hath done 'tis good to lay 't aside.

THEODORE DE LA GUARD.

*From "The Simple Cobbler of Aggawan in America.
London, by John Dever and Robt. Ibbetson for
Stephen Bowtell at the sign of the Bible in Pope's
New Alley. 1647."*

To Alexander Nowell

Dr Alexander Nowell (? 1507-1602) was educated at Brasenose College, Oxford. In Queen Mary's reign he went abroad, and after Elizabeth's accession became Dean of St Paul's, and in 1594 a Canon of Windsor. Izaak Walton describes him in the "Compleat Angler" as "a dear lover and constant practiser of angling." Nowell's portrait in the hall of Brasenose College bears the inscription "Piscator Romanorum."

THe little fish,
 that in the stream doth fleet
 with broad, forth-stretched
 fins for his disport,
 Whenas he spies,
 the fishes' bait so sweet
 in haste he hies
 fearing to come too short.
 But all too soon
 alas! his greedy mind,
 by rash attempt
 doth bring him to his bane;
 for where he thought
 a great relief to find,
 by hidden hook
 the simple fool is ta'en.
 So fareth man,
 that wanders here and there,

thinking no hurt
to happen him thereby.
He runs amain
to gaze on Beautie's cheer,
takes all for gold
that glistens in the eye,
and never leaves
to feed by looking long
on Beauty's bait
where bondage lies unwrapt,
Bondage that makes
him to sing another song,
and makes him curse
the bait that him entrapp'd.
Nowell to thee
that lov'st their wanton looks,
Feed on the bait
but yet beware the hooks.

BARNABE GOOGE.

*From "Eglogs, Epytaphes and Sonettes newly written
by Barnabe Googe : 1563. 15 Marche, Imprynted
at London by Thomas Colwell, for Raffe Newburg,
dwelyng in Fleetstrete a little above the Conduit in
the late shop of Thomas Bartelet."*

JOHN FORD (1586—?) studied at Oxford and entered the Middle Temple. He sometimes collaborated with Dekker and Rowley, and on one occasion with Webster.

Of his own plays the great romantic tragedy of "The Broken Heart" is the finest; "a lamentable tale of things done long ago, and ill done."

The austerity of its style, the skill and subtlety with which he evolves the plot, and the astounding climax of the play, raise Ford to the highest rank among Elizabethan dramatists.

Song from the Broken Heart

GLories, pleasures, pomps, delights and ease,
Can but please
Outward senses, when the mind
Is untroubled, or by peace refined.
Crowns may flourish and decay,
Beauties shine, but fade away,
Youth may revel, yet it must
Lie down in a bed of dust.
Earthly honours flow and waste,
Time alone doth change and last,

Sorrows mingled with contents prepare
Rest for care.
Love only reigns in death ; though art
Can find no comfort for a broken heart.

JOHN FORD.

*From "The Broken Heart, a tragedy.
London. 1633."*

Upon Beginning without Making an End

BEgin, and half is done, yet half undone remains ;
Begin that half, and all is done, and thou art
eased of pains :

The second half is all again, new work must be begun.
Thus he that still begins, doth nothing but by halves,
And things half done, as good undone : half oxen are
but calves.

*From " Davison's Poetical Rapsody, printed at London
by V.S. for Iohn Baily and are to be solde at his
Shoppe in Chancerie Lane neere to the Office of the
six Clarkes. 1602."*

A Complaint

TO see a strange outlandish fowl,
A quaint baboon, an ape, an owl,
A dancing bear, a giant's bone,
A foolish engine move alone,
A morris-dance, a puppet-play
Mad Tom to sing a roundelay,
A woman dancing on a rope,
Bull-baiting also at the "Hope,"
A rimer's jests, a juggler's cheats,
A tumbler showing cunning feats,
Or players acting on a stage,—
There goes the bounty of our age!
But unto any pious motion
There's little coin and less devotion.

HENRY FARLEY.

(From St Paul's church, her bill for the partiments.)

The Fly¹

Busy, curious, thirsty fly,
Drink with me, and drink as I;
Freely welcome to my cup,
Could'st thou sip, and sip it up,
Make the most of life you may;
Life is short, and wears away.
Both alike are mine and thine,
Hastening quick to their decline;
Thine's a summer, mine's no more,
Though repeated to threescore;
Threescore summers, when they're gone,
Will appear as short as one.

ANONYMOUS.

¹ Made extempore by a Gentleman, occasion'd by a Fly drinking out of his Cup of Ale.

GEORGE PEELE (1558 ?-1598), actor, poet, and playwright, took his M.A. at Oxford in 1579. He then moved to London, became a literary adventurer, and died discredibly in 1598.

His "*Arraignment of Paris*," a masque which contains much melodious verse in various metres, was published anonymously in 1584, and acted by the "Children" of the Chapel Royal before Queen Elizabeth. Peele's most celebrated drama was "*The Love of King David and Fair Bethsabe*," "a remain of the fashion of Scripture plays," and in this his blank verse reaches a high level.

A Farewell to Arms

(To Queen Elizabeth)

MY golden locks Time hath to silver turn'd,
(Oh Time too swift, and swiftness never
ceasing!)

My youth 'gainst age, and age at youth hath spurn'd,
But spurn'd in vain: youth waneth by increasing.
Beauty, strength, and youth, flowers fading been,
Duty, faith, and love, are roots, and ever green.

My helmet now shall make an hive for bees,
And lovers' songs shall turn to holy psalms:

A man at arms must now sit on his knees,
 And feed on prayers, that are old age's alms.
 And so from court to cottage I depart;
 My saint is sure of mine unspotted heart.

And when I sadly sit in homely cell,
 I'll teach my swains this carol for a song:
 "Blest be the hearts that think my sovereign well,
 Curs'd be the souls that think to do her wrong."
 Goddess! vouchsafe this aged man his right,
 To be your Beadsman now, that was your Knight.

GEORGE PEELE.

"At an annual triumph, held in honour of Queen Elizabeth, Nov. 17th, 1590, in the Tilt-yard, Westminster, these verses were pronounced and sung by Mr Hales, her Majesty's servant, a gentleman in that art excellent, and for his voice both commendable and admirable."

SEGAR'S "*Honor, Military and civil. Imprinted at London by Robert Baker, Printer to the Queenes most Excellent Maiestie. Anno Dom. 1602.*" (Page 198.) [These verses were set to music by John Dowland, and appear in his "*First Booke of Songes or Aires. 1600.*"]

EDWARD ALLEYN (1566-1626) was famous as an actor and as the munificent founder of Dulwich College.

His finest parts were those of Tamburlaine and Faustus. According to Thomas Heywood he resembled "Proteus for shapes, and Roscius¹ for a tongue." In 1604 Alleyn secured the post of "Master of the royal game of bears, bulls, and mastiffs." He had interests in at least four of the London theatres of the time: the Rose, the Red Bull, the Hope, and the Fortune. In 1613 he began the construction of Dulwich College, and became a patron of letters, a person of consequence, and later married, as his second wife, a daughter of John Donne. Alleyn's fine character is shown in his correspondence and diary which with many other papers and documents are preserved in the noble foundation by which his memory is kept green.

Ballad of Faustus

AL Christian men, give ear a while to me,
How I am plung'd in pain, but cannot die:
I liv'd a life the like did none before,
Forsaking Christ, and I am damn'd therefore.

¹ Roscius (134-64 B.C.) was a great comic actor in Rome. He gave Cicero lessons in elocution.

At Wittenburg, a town in Germany,
There was I born and bred of good degree;
Of honest stock, which afterwards I sham'd;
Accurst therefore, for Faustus was I nam'd.

In learning, lo, my uncle brought up me,
And made me Doctor in Divinity;
And, when he dy'd, he left me all his wealth,
Whose cursed gold did hinder my soul's health.

Then did I shun the holy Bible-book,
Nor on God's word would ever after look;
But studied accursed conjuration,
Which was the cause of my utter damnation.

The devil in fryar's weeds appear'd to me,
And streight to my request he did agree,
That I might have all things at my desire:
I gave him soul and body for his hire.

Twice did I make my tender flesh to bleed,
Twice with my blood I wrote the devil's deed,
Twice wretchedly I soul and body sold,
To live in peace and do what things I would.

For four and twenty years this bond was made,
And at the length my soul was truly paid!
Time ran away, and yet I never thought
How dear my soul our Saviour Christ had bought.

Would I at first been made a beast by kind !
Then had not I so vainly set my mind ;
Or would, when reason first began to bloom,
Some darksome den had been my deadly tomb !

Woe to the day of my nativity !
Woe to the time that once did foster me !
And woe unto the hand that seal'd the bill !
Woe to myself, the cause of all my ill !

The time I passed away, with much delight,
'Mongst princes, peers, and many a worthy knight:
I wrought such wonders by my magic skill,
That all the world may talk of Faustus still.

The devil he carried me up into the sky,
Where I did see how all the world did lie ;
I went about the world in eight days' space,
And then returned unto my native place.

What pleasure I did wish to please my mind
He did perform, as bond and seal did bind ;
The secrets of the stars and planets told,
Of earth and sea, with wonders manifold.

When four and twenty years was almost run,
I thought of all things that were past and done ;
How that the devil would soon claim his right,
And carry me to everlasting night.

Then all too late I curst my wicked deed,
The dread whereof doth make my heart to bleed,
All daies and hours I mourned wondrous sore,
Repenting me of all things done before.

I then did wish both sun and moon to stay,
All times and seasons never to decay;
Then had my time ne'er come to dated end,
Nor soul and body down to hell descend.

At last, when I had but one hour to come,
I turn'd my glass, for my last hour to run,
And call'd in learned men to comfort me;
But faith was gone, and none could comfort me.

By twelve o'clock my glass was almost out :
My grievèd conscience then began to doubt ;
I wisht the students stay in chamber by ;
But, as they staid, they heard a dreadful cry.

Then presently they came into the hall,
Whereas my brains was cast against the wall ;
Both arms and legs in pieces torn they see,
My bowels gone : this was the end of me.

You conjurers and damned witches all,
Example take by my unhappy fall :
Give not your souls and bodies unto hell,
See that the smallest hair you do not sell.

But hope that Christ his kingdom you may gain,
Where you shall never fear such mortal pain ;
Forsake the devil and all his crafty ways,
Embrace true faith that never more decays.

EDWARD ALLEYN.

*From the Roxburghe Collection,
Vol. ii. 235, Brit. Mus.*

HENRY PEACHAM (1576 ?-1643 ?), scholar, musician, artist, and mathematician, was educated at Trinity College, Cambridge, where he graduated in 1598 as M.A. Like so many of the literary celebrities of the age he became a school teacher. An existing manuscript bears out his skill in artistry and music. It is not to be wondered at that he found employment as tutor to the family of Lord Howard of Arundel, the great art collector. In 1615 we find him settled in London and on terms of friendship with Ben Jonson and Drayton. For Lord Arundel's son, William, Peacham wrote in 1622 his famous work "The Compleat Gentleman, fashioning him absolute in the most necessary and commendable qualities concerning minde or bodie that may be required in a noble gentleman."

His later years were poverty stricken, and he is said by one of his friends to have been reduced to writing books for children at one penny the volume.

Gloriae lata Via

THough life be short, and man doth, as the sun,
 His journey finish in a little space,
 The way is wide an honest course to run
 And great the glories of a virtuous race,

That, at the last, do our just labours crown
With three-fold wreath : love, honour, and renown.

Nor can night's shadow or the Stygian deep
Conceal fair Virtue from the world's wide eye ;
The more oppress'd, the more she strives to peep
And raise her rose-bound golden head on high :
When epicures, the wretch, and worldly slave,
Shall rot in shame, alive and in the grave.

HENRY PEACHAM.

The Winter Storms

BLow! blow! The winds are so hoarse they
cannot blow.
Cold! Cold! Our tears freeze to hail, our spittle
to snow!

The waves are all up, they swell as they run!
Let them rise and rise
As high as the skies
And higher to wash the face of the sun.

Port, Port! the pilot is blind! Port at the helm!
Yare, yare! For one foot of shore take a whole realm,
A-lee, or we sink! Does no man know how to
wind her?

Less noise and more room!
We sail in a drum,
Our sails are but rags which lightning turns to
tinder.

Aloof, aloof! Hey! how these carracks and ships
Fall foul and are tumbled and driven like chips!

Our boatswain, alas! a silly weak gristle
For fear to catch cold
Lies down in the hold

We all hear his sighs, but few hear his whistle!

SIR WILLIAM D'AVENANT.

*From "Madagascar, with other Poems.
London. 1672."*

Content

THere is a jewel which no Indian mine can buy,
No chemic art can counterfeit ;
It makes men rich in greatest poverty,
Makes water wine, turns wooden cups to gold,
The homely whistle to sweet music's strain ;
Seldom it comes, to few from Heaven sent,
That much in little—all in nought—Content.

ANONYMOUS.

Swiftness of Time

THe heav'ns on high perpetually do move,
By minutes' meal the hour doth steal away,
By hours the days, by days the months remove,
And then by months the years as fast decay ;
Yea, Virgil's verse and Tully's truth do say
That time flieth, and never claps her wings
But rides on clouds, and forward still she flings.

GEORGE GASCOIGNE.

Mounsier Mingo

MOunsier Mingo for quaffing doth pass
In cup, cruse, can or glass ;
In cellar never was his fellow found
To drinke profound,
By task and turne so round
To quaffe carouse so sound,
And yet bear so fresh a braine
Sans taint or staine,
Or foile, refoile, or quarrell
But to the beere and barrell
Where he workes to win his name,
Where he workes to win his name !
And stout doth stand
In Bacchus' band
With pott in hand
To purchase fame,
For he calls with cup and can :—
“ Come, try my courage, man to man,
And let him conquer me that can,
And spare not.
I care not ;
While hands can heave the pott
No feare falls to my lott.

God Bacchus do me right
And dub me knight,
Domingo."

NOTE.—This is an English translation of a song by Orlando di Lasso, in "Songs of 3, 4, and 5 parts, English and Latten. Composed by severall Authors. Newly collected and finished and sowne together in the yeres 1655 and 1656." MS. Mus. School, f. 18, Bodleian Library, Oxford. It is reproduced here by kind permission of Bodley's Librarian.

"Mounsier Mingo" was evidently a popular song, for it was quoted by Thomas Nash in his play, "Summer's Last Will and Testament," 1600, and by Shakespeare in the Second Part of "King Henry IV.," Act V. scene 3.

ROBERT HAYMAN (1575-1632), son of Nicholas Hayman and Amis, daughter of John Raleigh of Ford, Devon, elder half-brother of Sir Walter Raleigh. The Haymans were of the new merchant class of yeoman descent. Nicholas was a friend of Sir Francis Drake, and thus associated with the group of Devonshire heroes whose deeds brought such fame to the "Adventurers" of England. Robert was educated at Exeter College, Oxford, 1590-1596. When twenty-five years of age he was a merchant in Bristol and took part in the scheme for the colonisation of Newfoundland, which led to several expeditions between 1606 and 1618. He became governor of the plantation called "Bristol Hope." A book of poems and epigrams which he wrote in Newfoundland and published in England in 1628, entitled "Quodlibets," states that these poems were composed "at Harbor-Grace in Britaniola anciennly called Newfoundland." Hayman appealed (in vain) to Charles I. and Buckingham to assist in the development of Newfoundland. "If this Land were peopled," he wrote, "I dare prove into your Majestie that a thousand good shippes might easily be employed in the businesse about that land for that one comoditie of fishe and many other for other businesses that would by that Plantation followe."

In 1628 Hayman formed a company to settle a

plantation of colonists in Guiana. His will is dated in that year; it was proved in 1633. What happened to him in the years between those dates is not known. "The records of Guiana," says Dr Moore Smith, in an article on Robert Hayman in the English Historical Review, "are ignorant of his name. We must suppose the brave single-hearted pioneer of British Empire had fallen a victim to a deadly climate or treacherous savages and had found his last rest under the shade of the tropical forest."

Of the Great and Famous ever to be honoured Knight, Sir Francis Drake, and of my little- little selfe

THe Dragon that our Seas did raise his Crest
And brought back heapes of gold unto his nest,
Unto his Foes more terrible than Thunder,
Glory of his age, After-ages wonder,
Excelling all those that excelled before;
It's fear'd we shall have none such any more;
Effecting all he sole did undertake,
Valiant, just, wise, milde, honest, Godly *Drake*.
This man when I was little I did meete
As he was walking up Totnes long street.

He ask'd me whose I was? I answer'd him.
He ask'd me if his good friend were within?
A faire red Orange in his hand he had,
He gave it me whereof I was right glad,
Takes and kist me, and prayes *God blesse my boy* :
Which I record *with comfort* to this day.
Could he on me have breathed with his breath,
His gifts, Elias-like, after his death,
Then had I beene enabled for to doe
Many brave things I have a heart unto.
I have as great desire as e're had *hee*
To joy, annoy, friends, foes ; but 'twill not be.

ROBERT HAYMAN.

Song

WHat yf a day, or a night, or an howre
Crowne thy desires with a thousand right
contentinges?

Cannot the chaunce of a nyght or an howre
Crosse thy delights with a thousand sad tormentinges?
Fortune, honor, bewtie, youth ar but blossoms dyinge;
Wanton pleasure, dotinge love ar but shadowes flynge.
All our Joyes ar but toyes, idle thoughtes dreaminge,
None hath power of an hower in their lives beleaving.

Earthe's but a poynt to the wourld, and a man
Is but a poynt to the wourldes comparèd center;
Shall then a poynt of a poynt be so vaine
As to triumph in a silly poyntes adventure?
All is hasard that we have, there is nothings bidinge,
Dayes of pleasure are like streams throughe faire
medowes glidinge:
Weale or woe time doth goe, in time no retorninge,
Secret fates guyde our states both in mirth and
mourninge.

Lansdowne MS., British Museum, No. 241.

The above version of a song, in Richard Alison's "An Hour's Recreation in Music," 1606, beneath which is printed "Thomas Campion, M.D.," is taken from "Sanderson's Diary," in the Lansdowne MSS. of the British Museum. Mr A. H. Bullen, in his edition of Campion's Works (1889), states that according to Mr Halliwell-Phillipps there is a 15th century song in the Cambridge Public (University) Library, beginning:

*"What yf a daye, or night, or howre
Crowne my desyres wythe every delyghte."*

Sonnet

Sleep, Silence' child, sweet father of soft rest,
Prince, whose approach peace to all mortals brings,
Indifferent host to shepherds and to kings,
Sole comforter of minds with grief opprest :
Lo ! by thy charming rod all breathing things
Lie slumb'ring, with forgetfulness possess ;
And yet o'er me to spread thy drowsy wings
Thou spar'st, alas ! who cannot be thy guest.
Since I am thine, O come, but with that face
To inward light which thou art wont to shew,
With feigned solace ease a true-felt woe ;
Or if, deaf god, thou do deny that grace,
Come as thou wilt, and what thou wilt bequeath,
I long to kiss the image of my death.

WILLIAM DRUMMOND of Hawthornden.

*From "Poems . . . By W. D., Edinburgh,
Printed by Andro Hart. 1616."*

FRANCIS QUARLES (1592-1644), royalist and churchman, studied at Cambridge and then entered Lincoln's Inn. He was cup-bearer at Heidelberg to Elizabeth of Bohemia from 1613 to 1619, and, later, chronologer to the city of London.

Quarles was persecuted for his attachment to King Charles, and his death was hastened by the disasters which overtook him.

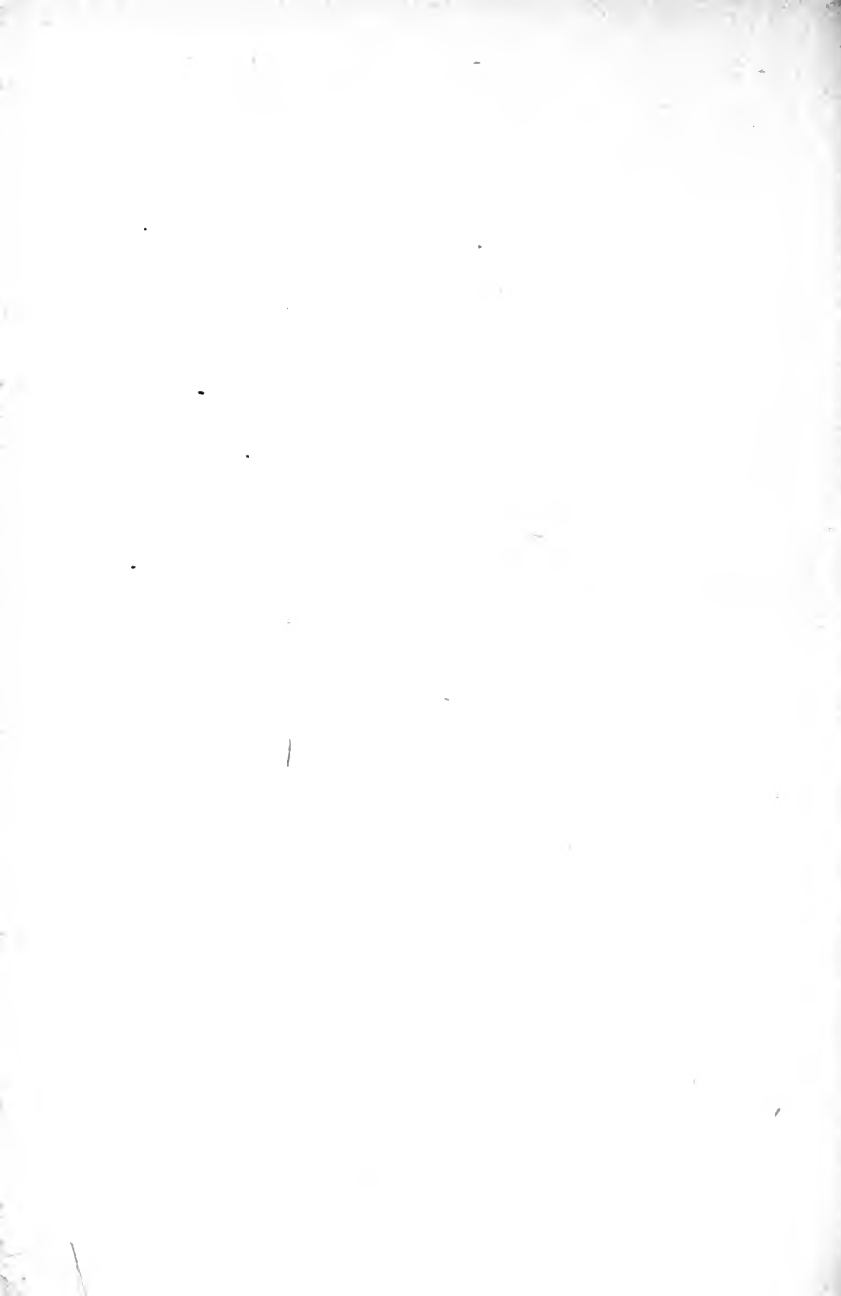
He wrote both in prose and verse. His "Emblems" were popular, and have been many times reprinted.

Respice Finem

MY soul, sit thou a patient looker-on,
Judge not the play until the play is done,
Her plot hath many changes; every day
Speaks a new scene; the last act crowns the play.

FRANCIS QUARLES.

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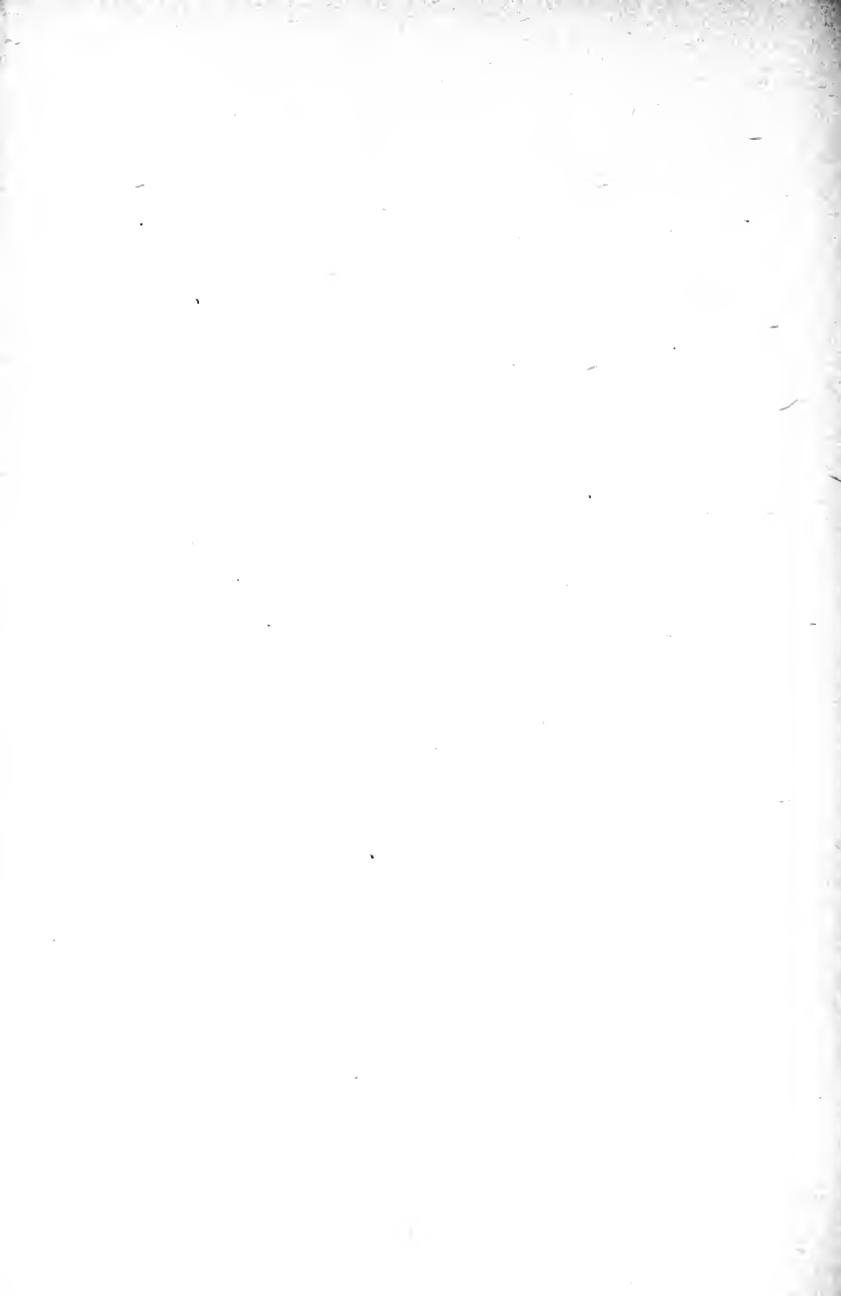
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