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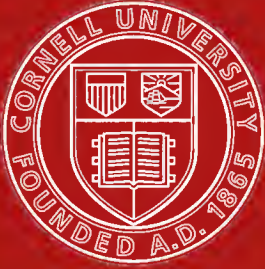
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THE SHEPHEARDES CALENDER

PUBLISHER'S NOTE.

*Five hundred and twenty copies only printed for England
and America combined. Each copy numbered.*

No. 247.....

THE SHEPHEARDES CALENDER

BY EDMUND SPENSER

“

THE ORIGINAL EDITION OF 1579 IN PHOTOGRAPHIC
FACSIMILE WITH AN INTRODUCTION

BY H. OSKAR SOMMER, PH.D.

LONDON

JOHN C. NIMMO

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MDCCCXC

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THE
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BY
EDMUND SPENSER.

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1889.

The Spenser Society.

President.

Professor A. W. WARD, Litt.D., LL.D.

Vice-President.

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NOTE.

THIS reproduction of the "SHEPHEARDES CALENDER" is issued by the Council of the Spenser Society by arrangement with Mr. J. C. Nimmo, who has recently published a limited number of copies of the work. The volume is an *extra and special issue*, which it is hoped will be acceptable to the Members.

TO
MY KIND FRIEND
THE RIGHT HON. LORD CHARLES BRUCE
THIS LITTLE VOLUME
IS DEDICATED
AS A TOKEN
OF
HIGH RESPECT AND GRATITUDE

PREFACE.



SPENSER'S "Shepherd's Calender" was in its day a book of great interest, not only because it made the world acquainted with "the new poet," but also because it contained allusions to personages of distinction well known, and to circumstances familiar to everybody. From 1579-97, in a space of eighteen years, it passed through five different editions.

In our days the little book is still interesting, but for other reasons. Firstly, as the earliest work of importance by the writer of "The Faerie Queene." Secondly, because, as Dean Church in his "Life of Spenser" appropriately observes, it marks a "turning-point" in the history of English literature; twenty years had passed since the publication of Tottel's Miscellany, and the appearance of the "Shepherd's Calender" gave a new impulse to English Poetry. Thirdly, from the mysterious circumstances connected with its publication.

It is well known that the attempts to identify "E. K.," the so-called friend of Spenser, whose commentary appeared with the Calender, have given rise to many suppositions and disputes. Some have said "E. K." means E. King; others have asserted "E. K." means Edward Kirke or Kerke, and this for no other reason than that there was a man of such name living in Cambridge in Spenser's time. Very few only, and among them

G. L. Craik, ventured, even at the risk of being laughed at, to speak of the possibility that "E. K." and E. Spenser might be identical.

In 1888, after the subject had been dropped for many years, Dr. Uhlemann, a German scholar, took it up again, and proved, as far as this is possible, that Spenser wrote himself the commentary, generally attributed to one of his friends.

In bringing out the present edition, it was chiefly my aim to make English students acquainted with this result. By kind permission of E. Maunde Thompson, Esq., the Principal Librarian of the British Museum, Mr. L. B. Fleming was allowed to photograph the volume.

H. OSKAR SOMMER.

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INTRODUCTION.



I.

THE DIFFERENT EDITIONS OF "THE SHEPHEARDES CALENDER."

ON December 5, 1579, "The Shepheardes Calender" was entered at Stationers' Hall¹ under the name of Hugh Singleton, who probably bought the book from the author or his friends. As the epistle of "E. K." is dated April 10, 1579, we may suppose that the volume passed in the interval the press. Neither in the entry nor on the title-page the author's name is mentioned, but on its *verso* some dedicatory verses are signed "Immerito." The title of this original edition is this:

1. The Shepheardes Calender. Conteyning twelue Æglogues proportionable to the twelve monethes. Entitled to the Noble and Vertuous Gentleman, most worthy of all titles, both of learning and cheualrie, M. Philip Sidney. ('.') At London. Printed by Hugh Singleton, dwelling in Creede Lane neere vnto Ludgate at the signe of the gylden Tunne, and are there to be solde. 1579. 4to.² This edition contains woodcut engravings before each of the twelve eclogues, appropriate to its contents. The poem is printed in black letter, the arguments in italics, the notes in Roman type. Title (with verses "To His Booke" on the back), one leaf; Epistle to Gabriel Harvey, two leaves; the General Argument, one leaf; and the poem on Sig. A1 to

¹ Transcript of the Registers of the Company of Stationers of London from 1554 to 1640 A.D., privately printed by Edward Arber, 1875, 4to, vol. ii. p. 362 :—

5 December [1579].

Hughe Singelton: Lycenced vnto him the Shepperdes Calender conteyninge xij eclogues proportionable to the xij monethes—vj^d.

² Handbook to the Popular, Poetical, and Dramatic Literature of Great Britain, from the Invention of Printing to the Restoration. By W. C. Hazlitt. London, 1867, 8vo, p. 572.

N₄ in fours. There are four copies of this edition known to exist :—

1°. No. 11,532 of the Grenville Collection of the British Museum, from which the present edition is photographed.¹

2°. In the Bodleian Library, Oxford.²

3°. No. 293, Capell, T. 9, in the Library of Trinity College, Cambridge.³

4°. No. 427 of the Huth Library.⁴

The next four editions are published by John Harrison the younger, to whom, according to the Registers of Stationers' Hall, Hugh Singleton assigned the book.⁵ The second edition is very much like the first, and the same woodcuts precede the single eclogues. It has this title :—

2. The Shepheardes Calender. Conteyning twelue Æglogues proportionable to the twelue Monethes. Entitled to the Noble and Vertuous Gentleman, most worthy of all titles, both of learning and cheualrie, M. Philip Sydney. ∴ ¶ Imprinted at London by Thomas East, for John Harrison the younger, dwelling Pater noster Roe, at the signe of the Anker, and are there to bee solde. 1581. Also this second edition is rare. There are copies of it in the Grenville Collection, in the Bodleian, Trinity College, and Huth Libraries. It is similarly arranged as the first edition. The Title occupies one leaf; the Epistle to Harvey, two leaves; and the General Argument, one leaf. The volume has 52 folios. The poem is printed in black letter, the Arguments in italics, the Commentary in Roman type.

3. The Shepheardes Calender. Conteyning twelue Æglogues proportionable to the twelue Monethes. Entitled To the noble and vertuous Gentleman, most worthie of all titles, both of

¹ Catalogue of the Grenville Library, under "Spenser."

² *Catalogus Impressorum Librorum in Bibl. Bodleiana*, vol. iii. p. 520.

³ Rob. Sinker, *Early English Printed Books in the Library of Trinity College*. Cambridge, 1885, 8vo, p. 105.

⁴ Catalogue of the Huth Library. London, 1880, 4to, vol. iv. p. 1385.

⁵ Transcript. Reg. of Comp. Stat., &c., vol. ii. p. 380 :

29 October [1581].

John harrison: Assigned ouer from hugh Singleton to have the sheppardes calender, which was hugh Singleton's copie.—vj^d.

learning and chivalry, Maister Philip Sidney. Imprinted at London by John Wolfe for John Harrison the yonger, dwelling in Pater noster Roe, at the signe of the Anker. 1586. 4to. Contrary to this statement, we read on folio 52: "Imprinted at London by Thomas East for John Harrison," etc. With very slight differences, arranged as the first and second editions.

4. The Shepheards Calender, Conteyning twelue Aeglogues proportionable to the twelue Monethes. Entitvled To the noble and vertuous Gentleman, most worthie of all titles, both of learning and chivalry, Maister Philip Sidney. London, Printed by John Windet for John Harrison the yonger, dwelling in Pater noster Roe, etc. 1591. 4to.

5. The Shepheards Calendar. Conteyning twelve Aeglogues, proportionable to the twelve Moneths. Entituled to the noble and vertuous Gentleman, &c. London. Printed by Thomas Creede for John Harrison the yonger, dwelling Pater noster Roe, at the signe of the Anchor, etc. 1597. 4to. The British Museum copy contains Latin translation in MS.

In 1611, together with some other poems, the Shepherdes Calender appeared for the first time with the poet's name attached to it; this volume has the title: *The Faerie Queen: The Shepheards Calendar; Together with the other Works of England's Arch-Poët, Edm. Spenser.* ¶ Collected into one Volume, and carefully corrected. Printed by H. L. for Mathew Lownes. Anno Dom. 1611, fol. This volume is dedicated to Queen Elizabeth thus: *To the Most High, Mightie, and Magnificent Emperesse, Renowned for Pietie, Vertve, and all Graciouvs Government: Elizabeth, By the Grace of God, Queene of England, France, and Ireland, and of Virginia: Defender of the Faith, &c. Her most humble Seruaunt, Edmund Spenser, doth in all humilitie dedicate, present, and consecrate these his labours, to liue with the eternitie of her Fame.*¹

In 1653 Spenser's book came out with a Latin translation in verse:

¹ In this edition the woodcuts that were made for the original edition were used for the last time. The "Faerie Queen," the "Shepheards Calendar," and the "Prosopopeia" are each separately paged. Several of the minor pieces have separate title-pages, and are without pagination.

The *Shepherds Calendar*, &c., by Edmund Spenser, Prince of English Poets, accompanying "*Calendarium Pastorale, sive Æglogæ duodecim, totidem anni mensibus accomodatae. Anglicè olim scriptæ ab Edmundo Spensero, Anglorum Poetarum Principe; nunc autem eleganti Latino carmine donatæ à Theodoro Bathurst, Aulae Pembrokianæ apud Cantabrigienses aliquando socio. Londini M. M. T. C. & C. Bedell, ad Portam Medii-Templi in vico vulgò vocato Fleetstreet. Anno Dom. 1653.*" 8vo. The editor of this translation, as well as the original, appears to have been, by the preface, William Dillingham, of Emanuel College, who in the same year was elected Master of that Society. At the end of the volume a Glossary, or Alphabetical Index of unusual words, is added. The Epistle to Harvey, the General Argument, and the Commentary are not in this edition. The whole is printed in Roman type, and contains 147 pages.

This edition was reprinted in 1732 by John Ball, with the addition of a Latin dissertation: "*De Vita Spenseri, et Scriptis,*" and an "augmented Glossary." On the title-page below, the words: "*Typis Londiniensibus. Prostant apud Ch. Rivington, & John Knapton, Bibliop. & T. Fletcher, Oxon.*" No date is given, but the volume appeared also with another title-page, on which 1732 and the printer's name, W. Bowyer, are given.

Besides these separate editions, the *Shepherdes Calendar* has been reprinted with all the editions of the complete works of Spenser,¹ the best known of which are Todd's (1805), Collier's, (1862), Hales' (1869), and Grosart's (1882), and with all editions of his poetical works.²

In our own time, Professor Henry Morley edited the "*Shepherdes Calender,*" 1888, separately, for Cassell's National Library (12mo).

¹ According to the General Catalogue of the British Museum Library, there exist about ten different editions of the complete works, and about fifteen of the poetical works of Spenser; so that altogether the "*Shepherdes Calendar*" has been printed thirty-five times in three hundred years.

² H. J. Todd's ed., 8 vols., Lond., 1805, 8vo; J. P. Collier's ed., 5 vols., Lond., 1862, 8vo; J. W. Hales' Globe ed., 1 vol., Lond., 1869, 8vo; A. B. Grosart's ed., Lond. and Aylesbury, 1882, 4to.

II.

THE COMMENTATOR OF "THE SHEPHEARDES CALENDER."

THE "Shepheardes Calender" was from its first appearance accompanied by "the Glosse," or an explanatory commentary, written by "E. K.," who professes to be a friend of the poet. Nobody knew who "E. K." was, and, as far as we could ascertain, about that time nobody was inquisitive to know, perhaps owing to the fact that the poet's name itself, which was naturally of greater interest, was hidden behind the pseudonym "Immerito."

Many years after—the date cannot be fixed—people commenced to inquire about "E. K.," and tried to penetrate the veil with which the pseudo-commentator's personality is surrounded. Successively several suppositions were then made, till it was discovered that about Spenser's time there lived at Pembroke Hall, Cambridge, a certain Edward Kirke or Kerke, though really beyond a few dates¹ nothing whatever was known about this Kirke. This discovery put a stop to any further critical investigation. Edward Kirke was the "E. K." alluded to in the letters of Spenser to Harvey,² and he was proclaimed the author of

¹ Cooper's *Athenæ Cantabrigienses*, Cambridge, 1858 and 1861, 8vo, vol. ii. 244-245 :—

"Edward Kirke matriculated as a sizar of Pembroke Hall in November 1571, subsequently removed to Caius College, and as a member of the latter house, proceeded B.A. 1574-5, and commenced M.A. 1578." (Comp. Biograph. Brit., 3804, 3805, 3814. Calendars of the Proceedings in Chancery in the Reign of Queen Elizabeth, Lond., 1827, fol. i. 73, ii. 125. Haslewood, *Ancient Critical Essays*, Lond. 1815, 4to, vol. ij. p. 262 and 288. W. Oldys' *Brit. Librarian*, Lond., 1738, 8vo, p. 87 and 90.—Comp. also *Notes and Queries*, 2nd Series, ix., June 21, 1860; 3rd Series, vii., June 24, 1865.)

² "Three proper and wittie familiar Letters," &c., and in the same volume: "Two other very commendable Letters," &c. Lond., 1580, 8vo.

In the letter dated April 10, 1580 :—

1. "'E. K.' heartily desyreth to be commended vnto your Whotshippe: of

“the Glosse.” Thus from edition to edition of Spenser’s works this was repeated as a fact; nobody ever thought of going again deeply into the matter; indeed, if anybody doubted it, he was afraid of expressing his opinion for fear of being laughed at.

It is interesting to read some of the accounts given by Spenser students on this point.

Todd¹ writes: “Some have been led to assign the name of Edward Kerke to the old scholiast. Some also have not failed to suppose that King might be the name.” He himself leaves the point undecided, and generally speaks of the commentator “E. K.”

Collier² says: “The discovery of the name of a person in Spenser’s own college, whose initials correspond with the ‘E. K.’ placed at the end of the epistle to Gabriel Harvey introducing the ‘Shepherd’s Calender,’ puts an end to the absurd speculations³ hazarded by some critics that Spenser had in fact been his own editor, and consequently his own laudator, and to the scarcely less improbable notion that G. Harvey had penned the letter to himself.”

Hales,⁴ in his biography of Spenser, says: “These poems are

whome, what accompte he maketh youre selfe shall hereafter perceiue, by hys paynefull and dutifull Verses to your selfe.”

2. “Thus muche was written at Westminster yesternight: but coming this morning, beeyng the sixteenth of October to Mystresse Kerkes to haue it deliuered to the Carrier, I receyued youre letter, sente me the laste weeke.”

3. “You may alwayes send them most safely to me by Mistresse Kerke, and by none other.”

The other reference is in the postscriptum:—

“I take best my Dreames shoulde come forthe alone, being growen by meanes of the Glosse (running continually in maner of Paraphrase) full as great as my Calender. Therin be some things excellently, and many things wittily discoursed of E. K.,” &c. (These letters are reprinted by J. Haslewood, Lond., 1811, 4to, in *Anc. Crit. Essays upon Engl. Poets and Poesy*, and in vol. i. of Dr. Grosart’s edition of the works of Gabriel Harvey.)

¹ Todd, *Spenser’s Works*, Lond., 1805, vol. i. p. xxi. note.

² J. Payne Collier, *The Complete Works of Spenser*, vol. i. p. xl.

³ Rob. Nares, *A Glossary or Collection of Words, Phrases, Names, and Allusions to Customs, Proverbs, etc., in English Authors*. London, new edit. enlarged by J. O. Halliwell and Th. Wright, 1859, 8vo, p. 334: under “Frembd,” “Spenser was probably his own commentator;” under “Mister,” “his own Glossary.”

⁴ J. W. Hales, *Life of Spenser*, in Morris’s *Globe edition*, Lond., 1869, 8vo.

ushered into the world by Spenser's college friend (in Cambridge), Edward Kirke, for such no doubt is the true interpretation of the initials 'E. K.'"

Grosart,¹ in a special article, "Notices of Edward Kirke," &c., writes: "Connecting the full name of 'Mystresse Kerke' (*bis*)—a mere variant spelling of 'Kirke'—with E. K. (also *bis*) of these letters, it has been long accepted that E. K., who was (probably) editor and (certainly) Glosse-writer of the 'Shepheardes Calender,' was an Edward Kirke, contemporary with Spenser and Harvey at the University of Cambridge. I have been unable to verify who first thus appropriated the initials; but certes such appropriation commends itself, as against the fantastic and impossible theories whereby Spenser himself is made out to have been his own Glosse-writer, the absurdity culminating in that of 'Notes and Queries,'² which gravely reads E. K. as 'Edmund Kalenderer' (?)."

More moderately, though not yet decidedly, Craik,³ after having mentioned that some people advanced the opinion that the poet and the commentator are the same person, continues: "It does not seem to us to be impossible, or very improbable. Such a device, by which the poet might communicate to the public many things requisite for the full understanding of his poetry, which he could not have openly stated in his own name, and at the same time leave whatever else he chose vague and uncertain, or at least indistinctly declared, had manifest conveniences. If he had really a friend who could do this for him, good and well; but no one would know so well as himself in all cases what to disclose and what to withhold, and he would perhaps be more

¹ Grosart, Spenser's Works, vol. iii. p. cviii. Besides the few dates given about Kirke in the Athen. Cantab., Grosart adds, "The only other bit of new biographic fact is that Edward Kirke became Rector of the parish of Risby in Suffolk." Subjoined is Kirke's Will and Epitaph.

² *Notes and Queries*, 5th Series, vi., Nov. 4, 1876, p. 365 :—

"The gloss or explanatory commentary prefixed to the earlier editions of the several eclogues is subscribed 'E. K.,' intended, not improbably, for the poet himself, the initials signifying here Edmund the Kalenderer," &c.

³ Geo. L. Craik, Spenser and his Poetry. London, 1845, 3 vols. 12mo, vol. i. pp. 34-35.

likely therefore to perform the office himself than intrust it to any friend. As for the real vanity, or whatever else it may be, with which he is chargeable, it would be very nearly of the same amount whether he thus actually sounded his own praises or got another to do it for him, although the indecorum might be less in the latter case. On this supposition, E. K.'s 'painful and dutiful verses,' spoken of in the letter of the 16th October 1579, may be merely a long Latin poem addressed to Harvey by Spenser himself, under the character or signature of 'Immerito,' and transmitted in the same letter. However, it is impossible to affirm anything for certain upon this matter; and perhaps the manner in which Spenser speaks to Harvey, in a passage already quoted, of the Gloss of the same E. K. upon his *Dreams*, may seem rather adverse to the conclusion that he is himself that friendly commentator. At the same time it is strange that even in writing to Harvey he should always so carefully keep to this imperfect mode of indication; he is not in the habit of naming Sidney or Dyer and his other friends by their initials; it seems impossible not to infer that there is some mystery—that more is meant than meets the eye."

So far the opinions or statements of those who by an intimate acquaintance with Spenser's poetry ought to be best qualified to decide the question who "E. K." was; but can any critic be satisfied with them? They all agree that "E. K." must have been an intimate and chosen friend of the poet, as every page of the Gloss shows, and that for no other reason than that this "E. K." describes himself as such, and because they cannot reconcile themselves with the idea that Spenser could have been capable of such an action. Supposing they were all right, why did not Spenser in later years, when it was long known that he wrote the *Eclogues*, disclose also his friend's name? The devoted friend is nowhere mentioned after 1580 in any of Spenser's writings. If Spenser was anxious to conceal that he wrote the "Glosse," must we not naturally imagine that he did all in his power to make the illusion complete,¹ and to avoid as far as he

¹ The remarks, therefore, which Spenser makes in the letter already published in 1580 about E. K. are of no value at all.

could everything that might lead to a disclosure? Further, the initials "E. K." were connected with a certain Edward Kirke for no other reason than that he was a contemporary of the poet. Nobody has ever proved that a friendship existed between Kirke and Spenser, but the enigma, one must admit, can through this hypothesis be very conveniently explained. I do not think that I am unjust in saying all those statements, Craik's excepted, are bare of any criticism, for if there were no reasons to be found for the identity of Spenser and Kirke, certainly it is no less absurd speculation to advance the one hypothesis than to be in favour of the other; and however strange it may appear to us if we read "E. K.'s" epistle, and see him spoken of by Spenser in the letters referred to above, it is neither impossible nor improbable, but a fact, that Spenser wrote the "Glosse" without being guilty of any contemptible action. As all great poets, Spenser was in advance of his age. He saw clearly in his mind the difficulties with which he would have to contend in appearing before the world, unknown, in controversy with the existing opinions and fashions, a declared enemy of the University pedantry and the affectations of the Court. Fully conscious of his poetical abilities, and feeling that he was destined to fulfil a literary mission, he wrote the Commentary, in order to draw the attention of his contemporaries to his work, to be better able to point out to them how he meant to deal with style and form.¹ To successfully reach his purpose, he profited by the love of mystery and allegory, a

¹ Spenser intended to introduce pastoral poetry into England (though this had already been attempted long before him by the Benedictine monk Alexander Barclay and others; comp. Sommer, *Erster Versuch über die englische Hirten-dichtung*, Marburg, 1888, 8vo, p. 20); hence his defence of this "new" kind of poetry and his detailed description in the Epistle to Harvey. Publishing some years later the first books of the "Faerie Queene," he accompanied them by a preface in the shape of a letter to Raleigh: "Sir, knowing how doubtfully all Allegories may be construed [perhaps he had some experience from his "Shepherd's Calender"], and this book of mine . . . being a continued Allegory, . . . I have thought good, as well for avoyding of gealous opinions and misconstructions, as for your better light in reading thereof, . . . to discover vnto you the general intention and meaning, which in the whole course thereof I have fashioned. . . ." Had he thought it wise to disclose his name in 1579, he would have commenced his preface in very much the same way.

prominent feature of Elizabethan literature, and I believe did no great wrong.

I shall now proceed to adduce, following Uhlemann,¹ arguments that my supposition concerning "E. K." is correct.

I. The recent investigations and researches by Kluge and Reissert² concerning Spenser's sources, both published in the *Anglia*, have shown that the commentator's references to the poet's authorities are in several cases inaccurate or even wrong. As I shall perhaps have an opportunity of treating more fully about this subject later, it may here suffice to give a few examples. In the eleventh eclogue, "E. K." says Spenser has copied or imitated Theocritus, whereas Kluge proves that Mantuan has been the poet's model. In the twelfth eclogue a few verses are said to have been taken from Vergil, but actually they are taken from Marot, &c. How can these facts be accounted for, especially if we bear in mind that "E. K." is generally accurate to the detail? Very well, when we assume that "E. K." is Spenser himself. In the "Epistle" the sources are all stated as Theocritus, Vergil, Mantuan, Petrarca, Boccaccio, Marot, Sanazarius, and "also divers other excellent both Italian and French Poetes, whose foting this Author every where followeth;" "yet," he continues, "so as few, but they be well sented can trace him out." For this latter reason, Spenser thought it necessary to here and there point out to his readers the very passages he imitated, and this he did from memory, not having his models at hand, and thus we can explain why his quotations are not always correct and complete. Besides, to judge Spenser, we must adopt another point of view than we would as regards a modern poet. The literary decorum was in the sixteenth century different. Poets profited by their predecessors more than we would consider decent now-a-days, and they did not take care to quote their authorities. So, *e.g.*, Chaucer and Lydgate did, as Kissner, Ten Briuk, and Koeppel have proved. Compared to them

¹ Dr. Uhlemann, *Der Verfasser des Kommentars zu Spenser's "Shepheardes Calender,"* Jahresbericht, No. xiii. des Königl. Kaiser Wilhelms Gymnasiums zu Hannover, 1888, Progr. No. 292.

² Kluge, *Anglia*, vol. iii. pp. 266-274; Reissert, *Anglia*, vol. ix. pp. 205-224.

Spenser has been scrupulous. The illustrious poet Alexander Pope, many years after Spenser, did a far greater wrong by giving such references to his models as were intended to mislead his readers.

2. In his notes to the Eclogues of January, October, and November, "E. K." refers often to the writings of Plato. He quotes especially the Dialogues "Alcibiades," "De Legibus," and "Phædon." All these references, particularly those in the first and tenth Eclogue, show distinctly that their writer was intimately acquainted with Plato's works. Such a knowledge of Plato was in Spenser's age by no means so common as in our days; but of Spenser we know from his own statements (comp. Preface to the "Faerie Queene"), and from Bryskett's "Discourse of Civill Life"¹ written between 1584-89, that he was well versed with Greck philosophy, and devoted himself with zeal and pleasure to the study of Plato. Also in his "Fowre Hymnes"² Spenser expresses thoughts concerning true love very similar to those expressed on this subject in his notes to the Eclogues of January; and these hymns, though only published in 1596, were partly written in his earlier days, as he states in his preface, "Having in the greener times of my youth composed these former Hymnes in the praise of Love and Beautie." Is it after these reflections not more reasonable to suppose that Spenser himself wrote the Commentary than to attribute it to an "E. K.," about whom and about whose knowledge of Plato we have no knowledge whatever?

3. Between the Epistle to G. Harvey and the text of the

¹ Lodowick Bryskett's Discourse of Civill Life: "Yet is there a gentleman in this company, whom I have had often a purpose to intreate, that as his leisure might serve him, he would vouchsafe to spend some time with me to intrust me in some hard points which I cannot of myselfe understand; knowing him to be not onely perfect in the Greck tongue, but also very well read in Philosophie both morall and naturall" (Todd's Life of Spenser, vol. i. p. lviii.).

² Compare, e.g., the 26th stanza :—

" For love is Lord of truth and loialtie,
Lifting himselfe out of the lowly dust
On golden plumes up to the purest skie,
Above the reach of loathly sinful lust," &c.

“Shepherdess Calender” is the “General Argument of the Whole Book,” treating chiefly of the history of the “Calender.” An article about the signification of the word “eclogue,” which, according to “E. K.,” has etymologically to be spelled “aigloga,” concludes with the words, “Other curious discourses hereof I reserve to greater occasion.” What greater occasion is meant? There appears to be a reference to some unpublished treatise on poetry. Of an “E. K.,” whoever he may be, we do not know by any record that he ever wrote or intended to write such a work; but Spenser had finished about that time his unfortunately lost work, “The English Poet,” which is described as to its title and contents in the Eclogue of October: “In Cuddie is set out the perfect patern of a Poet, which, finding no maintenance of his state and studies, complaineth of the contempt of Poetrie, and the causes thereof: Specially having bene in all ages, and even the most barbarous, alwaies of singular account and honour, and being indeed so worthie and commendable an art, or rather no art, but a divine gift and heavenly instinct not to be gotten by labour and learning, but adorned with both; and poured into the witte by a certaine Enthousiasmos and celestiall inspiration, as the Author hereof else where at large discourseth in his booke called ‘The English Poet,’ which booke being lately come in to my hands, I minde also by God’s grace, upon further advisement to publish.” From this we may conclude that one part of the lost work, “The English Poet,” treated about the high vocation of the poet. In the “glösse” to the eclogue of October, “E. K.” terminates a long remark to the words “For ever,” thus: “Such honour have Poets alwayes found in the sight of Princes and noble men, which this author here verie well sheweth, as else where more notably.” This “else where” can only refer to “The English Poet,” as none of Spenser’s works which we possess treats a similar subject, and among his lost ones it can only allude to “The English Poet.” As it is impossible to find any trace of such a work by an “E. K.,” I think we may reasonably suppose that “E. K.” is Spenser.

4. One may say that the arguments hitherto given are not

absolutely convincing; the following is certainly so. In the notes to the Eclogue of May, "E. K." mentions as source for the verses:

"Tho with them wends what they spent in cost,
But what they left behind them is lost,"

an epithet of Sardanapalus, which Cicero thus translates:

"Hæc habui quæ edi, quæque exaturata libido,
Hausit, at illa manent multa ac præclara relicta."

"These verses may thus be rendered into English," continues "E. K."

"All that I eate did I joy, and all that I greedily gorged:
As for those many goodly matters left I for others."

As it is obvious, the English translation is an imitation of the Latin distich. Now we know from the correspondence between Harvey and Spenser that the former endeavoured to introduce antique metres into English poetry, and that the latter attempted to carry out these theories.¹ Is not this a reason to attribute the translation of the Latin distich rather to Spenser than to an unknown person? Fortunately we have in this case a certain proof at hand. In the letter dated April 10, 1580, Spenser communicates a little poem to his friend Harvey, in which he tried the antique metre, and says: "Seeme they comparable to those two which I translated you extempore in bed, the last time we lay together in Westminster?"

"That which I eate did I joy, and that which I greedily gorged,
As for those many goodly matters leaft I for others."

This translation corresponds to that owned by "E. K." word for word—except for the change of "all that" to "that which,"—and this proves that "E. K." and Spenser are identical.

Further, in the Eclogue of April, "E. K." or Spenser remarks: "Bay branches be the signe of honour and victorie, and there-

¹ Letter of October 15, 1579, ". . . I am, of late, more in love wyth my Englishe versifying, than with ryming: whyche I should have done long since, if I would then have followed your councill."

fore of mightie conquerours worne in their triumphs, and eke of famous poets, as saith Petrarch in his Sonets :—

“ Arbor vittoriosa triumphale,
Honor d’Imperatori et di Poeti,” etc.

The same Italian verses are quoted in Harvey’s third letter to Spenser, where he says, in order to encourage his friend : “ Think upon Petrarch’s *Arbor vittoriosa triumphale*, *Onor*, etc., and perhappes it will aduance the wynges of your Imagination a degree higher.” Harvey thus apparently takes it for granted that Spenser is well versed with the said verses of Petrarch, and this either because of his personal intercourse and correspondence with him, or because he knew that Spenser was the writer of the “ Glosse ” to the “ *Shepherdess Calender*,” which latter is under the circumstances more probable.¹

The identity of “ E. K. ” with Edmund Spenser is nowhere in contradiction with the form and the contents of the commentary.

If we allow that Spenser wrote the commentary, we can understand the enthusiastic tone of the “ *General Argument*,” and of the note to the words “ *For ever*,” in the tenth *Eclogue*. A mere commentator would never have been so deeply penetrated with a sense of the high vocation and importance of the poet.

¹ Searching in *Notes and Queries*, I came across the following suggestion, Sept. 9, 1854, 1st Series, vol. x. pp. 204–205 : “ In the ‘ Glosse ’ of the *Eclogue* of April, *Rosalind* is spoken of as deserving to be commended to immortality as much as *Myrto* or Petrarch’s *Laura*, ‘ or *Himera* the worthy poet *Stesichorus* his idol, upon whom he is said so much to have doted, that in regard of her excellencie, he scorned and wrote against the beautie of *Helena*. For which his presumptuous and unheedie hardinesse, he is sayd by vengeance of the gods, thereat being offended, to have lost both his eies.’ If we compare these latter lines with verses 919–924 of ‘ *Colin Clout’s come home againe* :’—

‘ And well I wote, that oft I heard it spoken,
How one, that fairest *Helene* did revile,
Through iudgement of the gods to been ywroken,
Lost both his eyes and so remaynd long while,
Till he recanted had his wicked rimes,
And made amends to her with treble praise,’

we are led to think that both came from the same pen.”

It no longer excites surprise that the merits of G. Harvey, not to mention others,¹ are so much expounded in the Epistle and in the notes. If "E. K." were not Spenser himself, he would have carefully avoided darkening the poet by praising others at his expense, but Spenser doing it himself simply expressed his gratitude to his best friend Harvey.

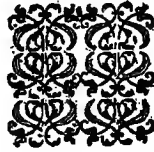
Thus we now know that "E. K." means Edmund Spenser, and this result enables us to say that all allusions to the life and works of Spenser contained in the "Glosse" are genuine and valuable material for the completion of his biography, whereas the letters between him and Harvey have to be used with great care. But it still continues an open question why Spenser took these letters, or what is meant by them. Most probably this will remain an enigma, like the mysterious "W. H." of the dedication to Shakspeare's Sonnets.

¹ Eclogue for January : Sir Tho. Smith ; in the third Eclogue : Angelus Politianus.

T H E
Shepherd's Calender

Conteyning twelue *Eglogues* proportionable
to the twelue monethes.

Entitled
TO THE NOBLE AND VERTU-
ous Gentleman most worthy of all titles
both of learning and cheualric M,
Philip Sidney.
(.)



AT LONDON.
Printed by Hugh Singleton, dwelling in
Creede Lane neere vnto Ludgate at the
signe of the golden Tunne, and
are there to be solde.
1579.



TO HIS BOOKE.

*Goe little booke: thy selfe present,
As child whose parent is vnkent:
To him that is the president
Of nobleſſe and of cheualree,
And if that Enuie barke at thee,
As ſure it will, for ſuccoure flee
Vnder the ſhadow of his wing,
And asked, who thee forth did bring,
A ſhepherds ſwaine ſaye did thee ſing,
All as his ſtraying flocke he fedde:
And when his honor has thee redde,
Craue pardon for my hardyhedde.*

*But if that any aſke thy name,
Say thou wert baſe begot with blame:
For thy thereof thou takeſt ſhame.
And when thou art paſt ieopardie,
Come tell me, what was ſayd of mee:
And I will ſend more after thee.*

Immeritò.

The generall argument of the whole booke.



ittle I hope, needeth me at large to discourse the first Originall of *Æglogues*, hauing alreadye touched the same. But for the word *Æglogues* I know is vnknown to most, and also mistaken of some the best learned (as they think) I vvvill say somevvhat thereof, being not at all impertinēt to my present purpose.

They vvcre first of the Greekes the inuentours of them called *Ælogaj* as it vvcre *αἴγιοι ὁ ἀιγρομέων λόγοι*, that is Gotcheards tales. For although in Virgile and others the speakers be most shepheards, and Gotcheards, yet Theocritus in whom is more ground of authoritie, then in Virgile, this specially from that deriueng, as from the first head and vvellspring the vvhole Impericion of his *Æglogues*, maketh Gotcheards the persons and authors of his tales. This being, vvho seeth not the grosse sense of such as by colour of learning would make vs beleue that they are more rightly termed *Eclogai*, as they vvould say, extraordinary discourses of vnecessary matter, vvch definition albe in substance and meaning it agree with the nature of the thing, yet nowhit answereth with the *αιγλογοι* and interpretation of the word. For they be not termed *Eclogues*, but *Æglogues*. vvch sentence this authour very vvell obseruing vpon good iudgement, though indeede few Gotcheards haue to doe herein, nethelssē doubteth not to cal the by the vved and best knowven name. Other curious discourses hereof I referre to greater occasion. These xij. *Æclogues* euery where answering to the seasons of the vvclue moneths may be vvell deuided into three formes or ranckes. For eyther they be Plaintiue, as the first, the sixt, the elcuenth, & the tvelfth, or recreatiue, such as al those be, vvch concerne matter of loue, or commendation of special personages, or Moral: vvch for the most part be mixed with some Satyrical bitternesse, namely the second of reuerence deuue to old age, the fift of coloured deceit, the seuenth and ninth of dissolute shepheards & pastours, the tenth of contempt of Poetrie & pleasaunt vvits. And to this diuision may euery thing herein be reasonably applyed: A few onely except, vvch special purpose and meaning I am not priuie to. And thus much generally of these xij. *Æclogues*. Now vvill vvē speake particularly of all, and first of the first. vvch he calleth by the first moneths name Ianuarie: wherin to some he may seeme fvvvly to haue faulted, in that he erroneously beginneth with that moneth, vvch beginneth not the yeate. For it is wel known, and stoutely mainteyned vvith stronge reasons of the learned, that the yeate beginneth in March. for then the sonne renevveeth his finished course, and the seasonable spring reuise the earth, and the pleasaunce thereof being buried in the sadnesse of the dead winter now vvorne avvay, reliueth. This opinion maynteuie the olde Astrologers and Philosophers, namely the reuerend Andalo, and Macrobius in his holydayes of Saturne, vvch account also vvvas generally obserued both of Greecians and Romans. But saueng the leaue of such learned heads, vvē mayntaine a custome of counting the seasons from the moneth Ianuary, vpon a more speciall cause, then the heathen Philosophers euer coulde conceiue, that is, for the incarnation of our mighty Sauour and eternall redeemer the L. Christ, vvho as then renevving the state of the decayed vvorld, and returning the copasse of expired yeres to theyr former date and first commencement, left to vs his heires a memoriall of his birth in the ende of the last yeere and beginning of the next, vvch reckoning, beside that eternall monument of our saluation, leaueeth also vppen good proofe of

special iudgement. For albeit that in elder times, vvhhen as yet the count of the yere was not perfected, as afterwarde it was by Iulius Cæsar, they began to tel the monethes from Marches beginning, and according to the same God (as is layd in Scripture) commaunded the people of the Ievves to count the moneth Abil, that vvhich vve call March, for the first moneth, in remembraunce that in that moneth he brought them out of the land of Ægypt: yet according to tradition of latter times it hath bene otherwise obserued, both in gouernment of the church, and rule of Mightiest Realmes. For from Iulius Cæsar vvhho first obserued the leape yeere vvhich he called Bissextilem Annum, and brought in to a more certain course the odde vvhandering dayes vvhich of the Greekes vvere called *ἑξάκαιρος*. of the Romanes intercalares (for in such matter of learning I am forced to vse the termes of the learned) the monethes haue bene nombred xij. vvhich in the first ordinance of Romulus vvere but tenne, counting but CCCiij. dayes in euery yeere, and beginning with March. But Numa Pompilius, vvhho vvas the father of al the Romain ceremonies and religion, seeing that reckoning to agree neither vvhith the course of the sonne, nor of the Moone, therevnto added two monethes, January and February: wherin it seemeth, that vvhise king minded vpon good reason to begin the yeere at Ianuarie, of him therefore so called *tanquam Ianua anni* the gate and entraunce of the yeere, or of the name of the god Ianus, to which god for that the old Paynms attributed the byrth & beginning of all creatures new conyng into the vvorlde, it seemeth that he therefore to him assigned the beginning and first entraunce of the yeere: vvhich account for the most part hath hether to continued. Not vvhithstanding that the Ægyptians beginne their yeere at September, for that according to the opinion of the best Rabbins, and very purpose of the scripture selfe; God made the vvorlde in that Moneth, that is called of them Tisri. And therefore he commaunded them, to keepe the feast of Pauillions in the end of the yeere, in the xv. day of the seuenth moneth, vvhich before that time was the first.

But our Authour respecting nether the subtiltie of thone parte, nor the antiquitie of thother, thinketh it fittest according to the simplicitie of comen ynderstanding, to begin vvhith Ianuarie, wening it perhaps no decoru, that Sepheard should be seene in matter of so deepe insight, or canuase a case of so doubtful iudgment. So therefore beginneth he, & so continueth he throughout.



To the most excellent and learned both

Orator and Poete, M^{as}ter Gabriell Haruey, his
 verie special and singular good friend E. K. commen-
 deth the good lyking of this his labour,
 and the patronage of the
 new Poete.

(··)



VNCOUTHE VNKISTE, Sayde the olde famous Poete
 Chaucer: vvhom for his excellencie and vvonderfull skil in making,
 his scholler Lidgate, a vvorthy scholler of so excellent a maister, calleth
 the Loadestarre of our Language: and vvhom our Colin clout in
 his *Aeglogue* calleth Tityrus the God of shepheards, comparing hym
 to the worthines of the Roman Tityrus Virgile. VVhich proverbe,
 myne owne good friend Ma. Haruey, as in that good old Poete it se-
 ued vvell Pandares purpose, for the bolstering of his bawdy brocage, so very vvell taketh
 place in this our new Poete, vvho for that he is vncouth (as said Chaucer) is vnkist, and
 vnkown to most mē, is regarded but of fevv. But I dout not, so soone as his name shall
 come into the knowledg of men, and his vvorthines be founded in the tromp of fame,
 but that he shall be not onely kist, but also beloued of all, embraced of the most, and
 vvondred at of the best. No lesse I thinke, deserueth his vvirtuouse in deuising, his pithi-
 nesse in vttering, his complaints of loue so louely, his discourtes of pleasure so pleasantly,
 his pastorall rudenesse, his morall vvilenesse, his deuue obscuring of Decorum euerye
 vvhere, in personages, in seasons, in matter, in speach, and generally in al seemly simply-
 citie of handeling his matter, and framing his vvords: the vvich of many thinges which
 in him be straunge, I know vvill seeme the straungest, the vvords them selues being so
 auncient, the knitting of them so short and intricate, and the vvhole Periode & compasse
 of speache so delightfome for the roundnesse, and so graue for the straungenesse. And
 fiste of the vvordes to speake, I graunt they be something hard, and of most men vvied,
 yet both English, and also vsed of most excellent Authours and most famous Poetes. In
 vvhom vvhenas this our Poet hath bene much traueiled and throughly redd, how could
 it be, (as that vvorthy Oratour sayde) but that vvalking in the sonne although for other
 cause he vvalked, yet he mought be sunburnt; and hauing the sound of those a-
 ncient Pottes still ringing in his eares, he mought needes in singing hit out some of theye
 tunes. But whether he vseth them by such casualtye and custome, or of set purpose and
 choyse, as thinking them fittest for such rusticall rudenesse of shepheards, eyther for that
 theye rough sounde vvould make his rymes more ragged and rustical, or els because such
 olde and obsolete wordes are most vsed of country folke, sure I thinke, and think I think
 not amisse, that they bring great grace and, as one vvould say, auctoritie to the verse. For
 albe amongst many other faultes it specially be objected of Valla against Liuius, and of o-
 ther against Saluste, that vvich ouer much studie they affect antiquitie, as coueting there-
 by credence and honor of elder yeeres, yet I am of opinion, and eke the best learned are
 of the lyke, that those auncient solemne wordes are a great ornament both in the one &
 in the other; the one labouring to set forth in hys worke an eternall image of antiquitie,
 and the other carefully discourting matters of grauitie and importaunce. For if my memo-
 ry sayle not, Tullie in that booke, vvherein he endeuoureth to set forth the paterne of a

¶

pericla

E

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perfect Oratour, sayth that oftentimes an auncient worde maketh the style seeme graue, and as it were reuicend : no otherwise then vve honour and reuerence gray hears of a certain religious regard, which we haue of old age. yet neither euery where must old words be stuffed in, nor the common Dialecte and maner of speaking so corrupted thereby, that as in old buildings it seeme disorderly & ruinous. But all as in most exquisite pictures they vse to blaz and portraict not onely the dauntie lineaments of beaurye, but also rounde about it to shadow the rude thicketts and craggy cliffs, that by the balenesse of such parts, more excellency may accrew to the principall; for oftentimes we fynde ourselues, I knowe not how, singularly delighted with the shewe of such naturall rudenesse; and take great pleasure in that disorderly order. Euen so doe those rough and harsh terms enlumine and make more clearly to appeare the brightnesse of braue & glorious vvords. So oftentimes a dischorde in Musick maketh a comely concordance: so great delight tooke the worthy Poete Alceus to behold a blemish in the ioynt of a wellshaped body. But if any vvill rashly blame such his purpose in choyse of old and vvvonted vvords, him may I more iustly blame and condemne, or of vvidelisse headinesse in iudging, or of heedelisse hardinesse in condemning, for not marking the compasse of hys bent, he vvill iudge of the length of his cast. for in my opinion it is one special prayle, of many vvhych are dew to this Poete, that he hath labored to restore, as to theyr rightfull heritage such good and naturall English words, as haue ben long time out of vse & almost cleare disinted. VVhich is the onely cause, that our Mother tonge, which truely of it self is both ful enough for prose & stately enough for verse, hath long time ben couered most bare & barrein of both. which default when as some endeuoured to salue & recure, they patched vp the holes with peces & rags of other languages, borrowing here of the french, there of the Italian, euery where of the Latine, not vveighing how ill, those tongues accorde vvith themselves, but much worse vvith ours: So now they haue made our English tongue, a gallimaufry or hodgepodge of al other speches. Other some no so well seme in the English tonge as perhaps in other languages, if they happen to here an olde vvord albeit very naturall and significant, crye our streight way, that we speak no English, but gibbrish, or rather such, as in old time Euaders mother spake. vvhose first shame is, that they are not ashamed, in their own mother tonge strangers to be counted and aliene. The second shame no lesse, then the first, that what so they vnderstand not, they streight vvay deeme to be fencelesse, and not at al to be vnderstande. Much like to the Mole in Æsopes fable, that being bynd her selfe, vvould lino wife be perswaded, that any beast could see. The last more shameful then both, that of their ovvne country and naturall speach, vvhych together vvith their Nources milk they sucked, they haue so base regard and bastard iudgement, that they vvill not onely themselves not labor to garnish & beautifie it, but also repine, that of other it should be embelished. Like to the dogge in the maunger, that him selfe can eate no hay, and yet barketh at the hungry bullock, that so faine vvould feede: vvhole currish kind though cannot be kept from harking, yet I comie them thank that they refrain from byting.

Now for the knitting of sentences, vvhych they call the ioynts and members thereof, and for al the compasse of the speach, it is round vvithout roughnesse, and learned vvithout hardnes, such indeede as may be perceiued of the leaste, vnderstoode of the moste, but iudged onely of the learned. For vvhat in most English wryters vseth to be loose, and as it vvore vngritt, in this Authour is vvell groundd, finely framed, and strongly trussed vp together. In regard wherof, I scorne and spue out the rakehellie route of our ragged rymers (for so themselves vse to hunt the letter) vvhych vvithout learning boiste, vvithout iudgement

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judgement iangle, without reason rage and some, as if some instinct of Poeticall spiritie had newly rauished them about the meanenesse of common capacitie. And being in the middest of all theyr brauery, sodenly cyther for vwant of matter, or of ryme, or hauing for gotten theyr former conceipt, they seeme to be so pained and traueled in theyr remembrance, as it wwere a woman in childebirth or as that fame Pythia, vwhen the traunce came vpon her.

Os rabidum fera corda domans &c.

Nethelesse let them a Gods name feede on theyr ovne folly, so they secke not to darken the beames of others glory. As for Colin, vnder vvhose person the Authour selfe is shadowed, how furre he is from such vaunted titles and glorious shovves, both him selfe sheweth, vwhere he sayth.

Of Muses Hobbin. I conne no skill.

And,

Enough is me to paint out my vnrrest, &c.

And also appeareth by the basenesse of the name, vwherein it seemeth, he chose rather to vnfold great matter of argumēt covertly, then professing it, not suffice thereto accordingly. vvhich moued him rather in Æglogues, then other wise to vwrite, doubting perhaps his habitie, which he litle needed, or mynding to furnish our tongue vwith this kinde, wherein it faulteth, or following the example of the best & most auncient Poetes, which deuised this kind of wryting, being both so base for the matter, and homely for the manner, at the first to trye theyr habitures? and as young birdes, that be newly crept out of the nest, by litle first to proue theyr tender vvyngs, before they make a greater flyght. So flew Theocritus, as you may perceiue he was all ready full fledged. So flew Virgile, as not yett well feeling his vvynges. So flew Mantuane, as being not full found. So Petrarque. So Boccaes; So Maroz, Sanazarus, and also diuers other excellent both Italian and French Poetes, vvhose soting this Authour euery vvhether follovveth, yet so as few, but they be well sented can trace him out. So finally flyeth this our new Poete, as a bird, vvhose principals be scarce grovven out, but yet as that in time shall be liable to keepe wing with the best.

Now as touching the generall dryft and purpose of his Æglogues, I mind not to say much, him selfe labouring to conoeale it. Onely this appeareth, that his vnstayed youth had long vvaunded in the common Labyrinth of Loue, in vvhich time to mitigate and allay the heate of his passion, or els to vvarne (as he sayth) the young shepherds of his equals and companions of his vnfortunate folly, he compiled these xij. Æglogues, vvhich for that they be proportioned to the state of the xij. monethes, he termeth the SHEP-HEARD'S CALENDAR, applying an olde name to a new vvorke. Hereunto haue I added a certain Glossie or scholion for the exposition of old vvordes & harder phrases: vvhich manner of glossing and commenting, vvell I vvote, vvill seeme straunge & rare in our tongue: yet for so much as I knew many excellent & proper deuises both in vvordes and matter vvould passe in the speedy course of reading, either as vnknowen, or as not marked, and that in this kind, as in other vve might be equal to the learned of other nations, I thought good to take the paines vpon me, the rather for that by meanes of some familiar acquaintaunce I vvvas made priute to his counsell and secret meaning in them, as also in sundry other vvorks of his, vvhich albeit I know he nothing so much hateth, as to promulgate, yet thus much haue I aduenured vpon his friendship, him selfe being for long time furre estranged, hoping that this vvill the rather occasion him, to put forth diuers other excellent vvorks of his, vvhich slepe in silence, as his Dreames, his Legendes, his Court of Cupide, and sondry others; vvhose commendations to set out, vvare verye

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vayne; the things though vvorthy of many, yet being known to few. These my present paynes if to any they be pleasurable or profitable, be you iudge, mine ovvn good Maister Haruey, to vvhom I haue both in respect of your vvorthinesse generally, and other vvysse vpon some particular & special considerations voued this my labour, and the maydenhead of this our commen friends Poetrie, himselve hauing already in the beginning dedicated it to the Noble and vvorthy Gentleman, the right worshipfull Ma. Phi. Sidney, a special fauourer & maintainer of all kind of learning.) VVhose cause I pray you Sir, yf Enuie shall stir vp any wrongful accusation, defend vvith your mighty Rhetorick & other your rare gifts of learning, as you can, & shield vvith your good vvill, as you ought, against the malice and outrage of so many enemies, as I know vvill set on fire vvith the sparks of his kindled glory. And thus recommending the Author vvnto you, as vvnto his most special good friend, and my selfe vvnto you both, as one making singular account of vvto so very good and for choise friends, I bid you both most hartely farewell, and commit you & your most commendable studies to the tuicion of the greatest.

*Your owne assuredly to
be commaunded E. K.*

Post scri

NOVV I trust M. Haruey, that vvpon sight of your special friends and fellow Poets doings, or els for enuie of so many vnworthy Quidams, vvwhich catch at the garland, vvwhich to you alone is deerve, you vvill be persvaded to pluck out of the hateful darknesse, those so many excellent English poemcs of yours, vvwhich lye hid, and bring the forth to eternall light. - Trust me you doe both them great wrong, in depriving them of the desired sonne, and also your selfe, in smoothing your deserved prayles, and all men generally, in withholding from them, so diuine pleasures, vvwhich they might conceiue of your gallant English veries, as they haue already doct of your Latine Poemcs, vvwhich in my opinion both for inuention and Elocution are very delicate, and superexcellenr. And thus againe, I take my leaue of my good Maister Haruey. from my lodging at London thys 10. of Aprill. 1579.



Ægloga prima.

ARGUMENT.

IN this first Æglogue Colin cloute a shepheards boy complaineth him of his vnfortunate loue, being but newly (as semeth) enamoured of a countrie lasse called Rosalinde: with which strong affection being very sore traueled, he compareth his carefull case to the sadde season of the yeare, to the frostie ground, to the frosen trees, and to his owne winterbeaten stocke. And lastlye, fynding himselfe robbed of all former pleasaunce and delights, hee breaketh his Pipe in peeces, and casteth him selfe to the ground.

COLIN Cloute.



Shepheards boye (no better doe him call)
 when Winters wastful spight was almost spent,
 All in a sunnethine day, as did befall,
 Led forth his flock, that had bene long yppent.
 So saynt they worz, and feeble in the falde,
 That now vnnethes their .feete could them vphold.

All as the Sheepe, such was the shepheards looke,
 For pale and watne he was, (alas the while,)
 May seme he lodd, or els some care he tooke:
 Well couth he tune his pipe, and frame his Tyle.

Januarie.

Tho to a hill his saynting flocke he ledde,
And thus him playnd, the while his shepe there fedde.

O Gods of loue, that pittie louers payne,
(If any gods the paine of louers pittie:)
Looke from aboue, where you in iopes remaine,
And bowe your eares vnto my dolefull dittie.
And Pan thou shepheards God, that once didst loue,
Pittie the paines, that thou thy selfe didst proue.

Thou barren ground, whome winters wrath hath wasted,
Art made a myrrhour, to behold my plight:
Whilome thy fresh spring flowerd, and after hasted
Thy sommer proude with Daffadillies dight.
And now is come thy wynters stormy state,
Thy mantle mar'd, wherein thou ma-kedst late.

Such rage as winters, reigne in my heart,
By life blood fristring wth unkindly cold:
Such stormy froures do breede my balefull smart,
As if my yeare were wast, and woren old,
And yet alas, but now my spring begonne,
And yet alas, yt is already donne.

You naked trees, whose shady leaves are lost,
Wherein the byrds were wont to build their bowre:
And now are cloth'd with mosse and hoary frost,
Insteade of blossomes, wherewith your buds did floure:
I see your teares, that from your boughes doe raine,
Whose drops in dycry psicles remaine.

All so my lustfull lease is dype and sere,
By timely buds wth wayling all are wasted,
The blossome, which my bjaunch of yowth did beare,
With breathed sighes is blowne away, & blasted,
And from mine eyes the drizling teares descend,
As on your boughes the psicles depend.

Thou feeble flocke, whose fleere is rough and rent,
Whose knees are weake through fast and euill fare: Dais

Dayt witnesse well by thy ill gouernement,
 Thy maysters mind is ouercome with care.
 Thou weake, I wannesthou leane, I quire forlorne:
 With mourning ppyne I, you with ppyning mourne.

A thousand sithes I curse that carefull hower.
 Wherein I longd the neighbour towne to see:
 And eke tenne thousand sithes I blesse the stoure,
 Wherein I sawe so fayre a sight, as thee.
 Yet all for naught: such sight hath byed my bane.
 Ah God, that loue should byeede both toy and payne.

It is not *Hobbinol* wherefore I plaine,
 Albee my loue he teeke with dayly suit:
 His clownish gifts and curtesies I disdain,
 His kiddes, his cracknelles, and his early fruite.
 Ah foolish *Hobbinol*, thy gyfts bene bayne:
 Colin them giues to *Rosalind* againe

I loue thilke lasse, (alas why doe I loue?)
 And am forlorne, (alas why am I lorne?)
 Shee deignes not my good will, but doth reproue,
 And of myr urall musick holdeth scozne.
 Shepheards deuise she hateth as the snake,
 And laughes the longes, that *Colin Clout* doth make,

Therefore my ppye, albee rude *Pan* thou please,
 Yet for thou pleasest not, where most I would:
 And thou unlucky *Puse*, that wonest to ease
 My muling mynd, yet canst not, when thou shoulde:
 Both ppye and *Puse*, shall sore the while aby.
 So broke his oaten ppye, and downe dyd lye.

By that, the welked *Phobus* gan abaile,
 His weary watne, and nowe the frosty *Night*
 Her mantle black through heauen gan ouerhaile.
 Which scene, the penitise boy halfe in despighe
 Arose, and homeward dyoue his soumed sheepe,
 Whose hanging heads did seme his carefull case to weepe.

Januarie.

Colins Embleme.

Anchôra Speme.



GLOSSE.

COLIN Cloute) is a name not greatly vsed, and yet haue I sene a Poesie of M. Skeltons vnder that title. But indeede the vword Colin is Frenche, and vsed of the French Poete Marot (if he be worthy of the name of a Poete) in a certein Æglogue. Vnder which name this Poete secretly shadoweth himself, as sometime did Virgil vnder the name of Tityrus, thinking it much fitter, then such Latine names, for the great vnlikelyhoode of the language.

vnnethes) scarcely.

couthe) commeth of the verbe Conne, that is, to know or to haue skill. As vwell interpreteth the same the worthy Sir Tho. Smith in his booke of gouernment: wher of I haue a perfect copie in wryting, lent me by his kinsman, and my verye singular good freend, M. Gabriel Haruey: as also of some other his most graue & excellent vvyrytings.

Sythe) time. Neighbour tovvne) the next tovvne: expressing the Latine Vicina Stoure) a fitt. Sere) vvithered.

His clovvnish gyfts) imitateth Virgils verse,

Rusticus es Corydon, nec munera curat Alexis.

Robbinol) is a fained country name, vwhere by, it being so commune and vsual, seemeth to be hidden the person of some his very speciall & most familiar freend, whom he entirely and extraordinarily beloued, as peradventure shall be more largely declared hereafter. In thys place seemeth to be some fauour of disorderly loue, vvhich the learned call pæderastice: but it is gathered beside his meaning. For vvho that hath red Plato his dialogue called Alcybiades, Xenophon and Maximus Tyrinus of Socrates opinions, may easily perceiue, that such loue is muche to be alowed and liked of, specially so meant, as Socrates vsed it: vvho sayth, that in deede he loued Alcybiades extremely, yet not Alcybiades person, but hys soule, vvhich is Alcybiades ovvne selfe. And so is pæderastice much to be preferred before gynerastice, that is the loue, vvhiche enflameth men vvith lust to vvard vvoman kind. But yet let no man thinke, that herein I stand vvith Lucian or hys deuclish disciple Vnico Aretico, in defence of execrable and horrible sinnes of forbidden and vnlavvful fleshinesse. VVhose abominable error is fully confuted of Perionius, and others.

I loue) a pretty Epanorthosis in these tvo verses, and vvithall a Patonomasia or playing vvith the vword, vvhich he sayth (I loue thilke lass) alas &c.

Rosalunde) is also a feigned name, vvhich being wel ordered, vvil bevvyay the very name of hys loue and mistresse, vvhom by that name he colourereth. So as Ouide shadoweth hys loue vnder the name of Corynna, vvhich of some is supposed to be

Iulia

Julia, the emperor Augustus his daughter, and wyfe to Agryppa. So doth Ananias Stella euery where call his Lady Asteris and Ianthis, albe it is vvel knowen that her right name vvas Violantilla: as vvitnesseth Statius in his Epithalamiu. And so the famous Paragone of Italy, Madona Cœlia in her letters enuclepeth her selfe vnder the name of Zima: and Petrona vnder the name of Bellochia. And this generally hath bene a common custome of counterfeiting the names of secret Personages.

Awail) bring downe . .

Embleme :

Ouchaille) drawe ouer.

His Embleme or Poesye is here vnder added in Italian, Anchōra speme: the meaning vvhof is, that not vwithstande his extreme passion and lucklesse loue, yet leaning on hope, he is some what recomforted.

Februarie.



Ægloga Secunda.

ARGVMENT.

THis *Æglogue* is rather morall and generall, then bent to any secrete or particular purpose. It specially conteyneth a discourse of old age, in the person of Thenor an olde Shepheard, who for his crookednesse and vnlustinesse, is scorned of Cuddie an vnhappy Hoaridmans boye. The matter verry well accordeth with the season of the moneth, the yeare now drouping, or as it were, drawing to his last age. For as in this kind of yeare, so the in our

A.iii.

bodies

February.

bodies there is a dry & withering cold, which congealeth the cruddled blood, and frieeth the wettheate flesh, with stormes of Fortune, & hoare frosts of Care. To which purpose the olde man telleth a tale of the Oake and the Bryer, so liuely and so feelingly, as if the thing were set forth in some Picture before our eyes, more plainly could not appeare.

CVDDIE. THENOT.

A For pittie, wil rancke Winters rage,
These bitter blasts neuer ginne castwage?
The kene cold blowes through my beaten hyde,
All as I were through the body gryde,
My ragged rontes all tiber and shake,
As doen high Towers in an earthquake:
They wont in the wind wagge their wyngle tailes,
Perke as Peacock: but nowe it auales.

THENOT.

Lewdly complainest thou laetie ladde,
Of Winters wracke, for making thee sadde.
Must not the world wend in his commun course
From good to badde, and from badde to worse,
From worse vnto that is worst of all,
And then returne to his former fall?
Who will not suffer the stormy time,
Where will he liue tyll the lusty prime?
Selle haue I woone out chryse chrettie yeares,
Some in much ioy, many in many teares:
Yet neuer complained of cold nor heate,
Of Sommers flame, nor of Winters threate:
He euer was to Fortune foeman,
But gently tooke, that vngently came.
And euer my flocke was my chiefe care,
Winter or Sommer they mought well fare.

CVDDIE.

No maruette *Thenot*, if thou can beare
Cherefully the Winters wrathfull cheare:
For Age and Winter accord full nie,
This chill, that cold, this crooked, that wype,
And as the lonyng Weather lookes downe,

So seemest thou like good fryday to frostone,
 But my slowzyng youth is foe to frost,
 My shippe vnwont in stormes to be tost.

THE NOT.

The soueraigne of seas he blames in baine,
 That once seabeate, will to sea againe.
 So loytring liue you little heardgroomes,
 Keeping your beastes in the budded broomes:
 And when the shyning sunne laugheth once,
 You deemen, the Spring is come attonce.
 Tho gynie you, fond flies, the cold to scozne,
 And crowing in pypes made of greene cozne,
 You thinke to be Lords of the yeare,
 But est, when ye count you freed from feare,
 Comes the hyme winter with chaifred blowes,
 Full of wntuckles and frostie furrowes:
 Dierly shooting his fozmy dart,
 Which cruddles the blood, and pycks the harte.
 Then is your carelesse cozage accoied,
 Your carefull heards with cold bene annoied.
 Then paye you the price of your surquedrie,
 With weeping, and wayling, and misery.

CVDDIE.

Ah foolish old man, I scozne thy skill,
 That wouldest me, my springing yongth to spil.
 I deeme, thy braine emperished bee
 Thpough rusty elve, that hath rotted thee:
 O sicker thy head beray cottle is,
 So on thy cozbe shoulde it leanes amisse.
 Now thy selfe hast lost both lopp and topp,
 Als my budding bzaunch thou wouldest cropp:
 But were thy yeares greene, as now bene myne,
 To other delights they would encline.
 Tho wouldest thou learne to caroll of Loue,
 And herp with hymnes thy lasses gloue.
 Tho wouldest thou pype of Phyllis prayle:
 But Phyllis is myne loz many dayes:

A.4.

I wanne

Februarie.

I wonne her with a gybble of gelt,
Emboist with buegle about the belt.
Such an one shepheards woulde make full faine:
Such an one woulde make thee younge againe.

THENOT.

Thou art a fon, of thy loue to bolle,
All that is lent to loue, wyl be lost.

CVDDIE.

Seeke, howe byrag pond Bullocke beares,
So sinicke, so smooth, his pycked eares?
His hoznes bene as broade, as Rainebowe bent,
His dewclap as lythe, as lasse of Kent.
See howe he henteth into the wynd,
Weeneit of loue is not his mynde?
Seemeth thy flocke thy counsell can,
So lustlesse bene they, so weake to wan,
Cloched with cold, and hoary wyth frost.
Thy flocks father his cozage hath lost:
Thy Ewes, that wont to haue blowen bags,
Like wailfull widowes hangen their cragg:
The rather Lambes bene starued with cold,
All for their Father is lustlesse and old.

THENOT.

Cuddie, I wote thou kenst little goode,
So vainely trauaunce thy headlesse hood,
For Youghth is a bubble blown vp with breath,
Whose witt is weakenesse, whose wage is death,
Whose way is wilbernesse, whose ynne Penance,
And stoop gallaunt Age the hoste of Creuance.
But shall I tel thee a tale of truch,
Which I cond of *Tityrus* in my youth,
Keeping his sheepe on the hills of Kent?

CVDDIE.

To nought more *Thenot*, my mind is bent,
Then to heare nouells of his deuise:
They bene so well thewed, and so wisse,
What euer that goode old man bespake.

Thenot

THENOT.

Many meete tales of youth did he make,
 And some of loue, and some of cheualrie:
 But none fitter then this to applie.
 Now listen a while, and hearken the end.

There grewe an aged Tree on the greene,
 A goodly Dake sometime had it bene,
 With armes full strong and largely displayd,
 But of their leaues they were disparayd:
 The bodie bigge, and mightely pight,
 Thoroughly rooted, and of wondrous hight:
 Whilome had bene the King of the field,
 And mochell mast to the hul hand did yelde,
 And with his nuts larded many swine.
 But now the geap mosse marred his rime,
 His bared boughes were beaten with stormes,
 His toppe was bald, & masked with wormes,
 His honoz decayed, his bzaunches sere.

Hard by his side grewe a bragging bzeze,
 Which proudly thrust into Chelement,
 And seemed to thzeat the Firmament.
 It was embellisht with blossomes layze,
 And thereto aye wonned to repayze
 The shepheards daughters, to gather flowres,
 To peinct their girlonds with his colowres.
 And in his small bushes vled to thzowde
 The sweete Nightingale singing so lowde:
 Which made this foolish Bzeze worze so bold,
 That on a time he cast him to scold,
 And snebbe the good Dake, for he was old.

Why standst there (quoth he) thou bruttish blocke?
 Not for fruit, nor for hadowe serues thy stocke
 Seest, how fresh my flowers bene spredde,
 Dyed in Lilly white, and Cremsin redde,
 With Leaues engrained in lusty greene,
 Colouzs mee te to clothe a mayden Queene.

Februarie.

Thy wast signes but combers the grownd,
And dirks the beauty of my blossomes rownd,
The mouldie mosse, which thee accloieth,
My Sinamon smell too much annoteth.
Wherefoze soone I ree thee, hence reinoue,
Least thou the pzice of my displeasure proue.
So spake this bold hzere with great vildaine:
Little him answered the Duke againe,
But yielde, with shame and greeke adawed,
That of a weede he was ouerawed.

It chaunced after vpon a day,
The Hof-bandman selte to come that way,
Of custome fox to serue his grownd,
And his trees of state in compasse rownd,
Him when the spitefull hzere had espyed,
Caul lesse complained, and lowdly cryed
Unto his Lord, stirring by sterne strife:
O my liege Lord, the God of my life,
Pleaseth you ponder your Suppliants plaint,
Caused of wrong, and cruell constraint,
Which I your poore Cassall dayly endure;
And but your goodnes the same recure,
Am like fox desperate doole to dye,
Thzough felonous foze of mine enemie.

Greatly aghast wth this pitious plea,
Him rested the goodman on the lea,
And badde the Breere in his plaint pzoccede.
Wth painted words thoz gan this proude weede,
(As most vlen Ambitious folke:)
His colowred crime with craft to cloke.

Ah my soueraigne, Lord of creatures all,
Thou plazer of plants both humble and tall,
Was not I planted of thine owne hand,
To be the primrose of all thy land,
Wth flouwing blossomes, to furnish the prime,
And scarloc berries in Sommer time?
How falls it then, that this faded Duke,

Whose

Whose bodie is scere, whose bryanches broke,
 Whose naked Armes stretch vnto the fyre,
 Vnto such tyrannye doth aspire:
 Wndering with his shade my louely light,
 And robbing me of the swete sonnes light:
 So beate his old boughes my tender side,
 That oft the bloud springerth from wounds wyde:
 Vntimely my flowres forced to fall,
 That bene the honoz of your Cozonall.
 And oft he lets his rancker wormes light
 Vpon my bryanches, to worke me more sylght:
 And oft his hoarte locks downe doth cast,
 Where with my fresh flowzetts bene delast,
 For this, and many more such outrage,
 Czauing your goodlihead to aswage
 The ranckozous rigour of his might,
 Nought aske I, but onely to hold my right:
 Submitting me to your good sufferance,
 And praying to be garved from greuance.

To this the Dake cast him to replie
 Well as he couth: but his enemyte
 Had kindled such coles of displeasure,
 That the good man noulde stay his leasure,
 But home him hasted with furious heate,
 Encreasing his wyach with many a throte.
 His harmefull Patchet he hent in hand,
 (Alas, that it so ready shoulde stand)
 And to the field alone he speedeth.
 (A little helpe to harme there needeth)
 Anger noulde let him speake to the tree,
 Enaunter his rage inought cooled bee:
 But to the rooce bent his sturpy stroke,
 And made many wounds in the wast Dake.
 The Ares edge did oft turne againe,
 As halfe vnwilling to cutte the graine:
 Semed, the fencelesse yron byd feare,
 Or to wrong holy eld did so beare.

Februarie.

For it had bene an auncient tree,
Sacted with many a mystere,
And often crost with the pyckes crewe,
And often halowed with holy water dewe.
But like fancies weren foolerie,
And broughten this Dake to this miserie.
For nought nought they quitted him from decay:
For fiercely the good man at him did laye,
The blocke oft growed vnder the blow,
And sighed to see his neare ouerthrow.
In fine the steele had pierced his pitt,
Tho downe to the earth he fell forthwith:
His wonderous weight made the grounde to quake,
The earth shooke vnder him, and seemed to shake.
There lyeth the Dake, pittied of none.

Now stands the Brete like a Lord alone,
Puffed vp with pryde and vaine pleasure:
But all this glee had no continuance,
For eldones Winter gan to appoche,
The blustering Bores did entroche,
And beate vpon the solitarie Brete:
For nowe no succoure was seene him nere.
Now gan he repent his pryde to late:
For naked left and disconsolate,
The biting frost nipt his stalke dead,
The waerie wette weighed downe his head,
And heaped snowe burnded him so sore,
That nowe vpright he can stand no more:
And being downe, is trodde in the dirt
Of cattell, and hozed, and sorely hurt.
Such was the end of this Ambitious Brete,
For scoorning Elo

CVDDIE

Now I pray thee shepheard, tel it not forth:
Here is a long tale, and little worth,
So longe haue I listened to thy speche,
That grassed to the ground is my byche:

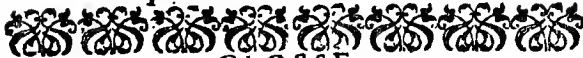
My hartblood is weinigh frome I feele,
 And my galage grotone fast to my heele:
 But little ease of thy lewd tale I tasted.
 Wpe thee home shepheard, the day is nigh wafced.

Thehots Embleme.

*Iddio perche è vecchio,
 Fa suoi al suo esempio.*

Cuddies Embleme.

*Niuno vecchio,
 Spaventa Iddio.*



GLOSSE.

Kene) sharpe.

Grude) perced : an olde vvord much vsed of Lidgate, but not found (that I know of)
 in Chaucer.

Routs) young bullockes.

VVracke) ruine or Violence, vvhencc commeth shipvvracke: and not vvreak, that is
 vvengeaunce or vvraath.

Foeman) a foe.

Thenor) the name of a shepheard in Marot his *Æglogues*.

The foueraigne of Seas) is Neptune the God of the seas . The saying is borowed of
 Mimus Publicanus, vvlich vsed this prouerb in a verse.

Improbè Neptunum accusat, qui iterum naufragium facit.

Heardgromes.) Chaucers verse almost vvhole.

Fond Flyes) He compareth carelesse sluggardes or ill husbandmen to flyes, that so soone
 as the sunne shineth, or yt wexeth any thing vvarme, begin to flye abroad
 vvhen sodeinly they be ouertaken vvith cold:

But est when) A verye excellent and liuely description of VVinter, so as may bee indis-
 ferently taken, eyther for old Age, or for VVinter season.

Breine) dull, bitter.

Chamfred) chapt, or vvrinkled.

Accoied) plucked downe and daunted.

Surquedrie) pryde.

Eldc) olde age.

Sicker) sure.

Tottie) vvaucing.

Corbe) crooked.

Hetic) worshippe.

Phyllis) the name of some mayde vnknoen, whom Cuddie, whole person is secrete, so-
 ued. The name is vsuall in Theocritus, Virgile, and Mantuane.

Bèlre) a girdle or wast band.

A son) a foole.

lythe) soft & gentile.

Ventech) snuffeth in the vvind.

Thy flocks Father) the Ramme.

Crag) neckes

B.iii.

Rather.

Februarie.

Rather Lambes) that be eved early in the beginning of the yeare.

Youth is) A verye moral and pittthy Allegorie of youth, and the lustes thereof, compared to a vveane vwayfaring man.

Tityrus) I suppose he meane Chaucer, whose prayse for pleasaunt tales cannot dye, so long as the memorie of hys name shal liue, & the name of Poetrie shal endure.

VWell theved) that is, Bent moratæ, full of morall wisenesse.

There grew) This tale of the Oake and the Brere, he telleth as learned of Chaucer, but it is cleane in another kind, and rather like to Æsopes fables. It is very excellent for pleasaunt descriptions, being altogether a certaine Icon or Hypotyposis of disdainfull younkens.

Embellisht) beautified and adorned. To wonne) to haunt or frequent. Sneb) checke.

VWhy standst) The speach is scomeful & very presumptuous. Engrained) dyed in grain.

Accloie) encumbrer. Adavved) daunted & confounded.

Trees of state) taller trees fitte for timber vwood. Sterne strife) said Chaucer .f. fell and study. O my liege) A maner of supplication, vwherein is kindly coloured the affection and speache of Ambitious men.

Coronall) Garlande. Flourets) young blossomes.

The Primrose) The chiefe and vvortheist

Naked armes) metaphorically ment of the bare boughes, spoyled of leaues. This colourably he speaketh, as adiuudging hym to the fyre.

The blood) spoken of a blocke, as it vvere of a liuing creature, figuratiueely, and (as they say) *non in seipis*.

Hoarie lockes) metaphorically for vvithered leaues.

Hent) caught. Nould) for vwould not. Ay) euermore. VVounds) gashes.

Enaunter) least that.

The priettes crevve) holy vwater pott, wherewith the popishe priest vsed to sprinkle & ballove the trees from mischaunce. Such blindnesse vvas in those times, which the Poete supposeth, to haue byne the finall decay of this auncient Oake.

The blocke of st groned) A lutchy figure, vvhiche geueth sence and feeling to vn sensible creatures, as Virgile also sayth: *Saxa gemunt grauido &c.*

Boreas) The Northerne vvynd, that bringeth the moste stormie vweather.

Glee) chere and iollitie.

For scorning Eld) And minding (as shoulde seme) to haue made ryme to the former verse, he is conningly cutte of by Cuddye, as disdainyng to here any more.

Galage) a staruppe or clovvnish shoe.

Embleme.

This embleme is spoken of Thenot, as a moral of his former tale: nameley, that God, vvhich is himselfe most aged; being before al ages, and vvithout beginninge, maketh those, vvhom he loueth like to himselfe, in heaping yeares vnto theyre dayes, and blessing them vvyth longe lyfe. For the blessing of age is not giuen to all, but vnto those, vvhom God will so blesse: and albeit that many euill me reache vnto such fulnesse of yeares, and some also vvere olde in myserie and thraldome, yet therefore is not age euer the lesse blessing. For euen to such euill men such number of yeares is added, that they may in their last dayes repent, and come to their first home. So the old man checketh the rashheaded boy, for despying his gray and frosty eares.

VVhom Cuddye doth counte buff with a byting and bitter prouerbe, spoken indeede at the

at the first in contempt of old age generally. for it was an old opinion, and yet is continued in some mens conceipt, that me of yeares haue no feare of god at al, or not so much as younger folke. For that being tryened with long experience, and hauing passed many bitter brunts and blastes of vengeance, they dread no stormes of Fortune, nor wrathe of Gods, nor daunger of menne, as being eyther by longe and ripe wvisedome armed against all mischaunces and aduerstie, or vvith much trouble hardened against all troublestome tydes: lyke vnto the Ape, of which is sayd in Æsops fables, that ofentimes meeting the Lyon, he vvvas at first sore aghast & dismayed at the grinnnes and austeiitie of hys countenance, but at last being acquainted vvith his lookes, he vvvas so furre from fearing him, that he would familiarly gybe and iest vvith him: Suche longe experience breedeth in some men securitie. Although it please Erasimus a great clerke and good old father, more fatherly and fauourablye to construe it in his Adages for his own behoofe, That by the prouerbe. Nemo Senex metuit Iouem, is not meant, that old men haue no feare of God at al, but that they be furre from superstition and Idolatrous regard of false Gods, as is Iupiter. But his greate learning notwithstanding, it is to plaine, to be gainsayd, that olde men are muche more enclined to such fond fooleries, then younger heades.

March.



Ægloga Tertia.

ARGUMENT.

*I*N this Æglogue two shepheards boyes taking occasion of the season, be-
ginne to make purpose of loue and other plessaunce, which to springtime
is most agreeable. The speciall meaning hereof is, to giue certaine markes

B.4.

and

March.

and tokens, to know Cupide the Poets God of Loue. But more particularlye I thinke, in the person of Thomalin is meant some secrete freend, who scorned Loue and his knights so long, till at length him selfe was entangled, and vnwares wounded with the dart of some beautifull regard, which is Cupides arrowe.

VVillye Thomalin.

Thomalin, why sytten we soe,
As weren ouerwent with wo,
Upon so fayre a mozow?
The ioyous time now nighest fast,
That shall allegge thys bitter blak,
And slake the winters sozow.

Thomalin.

Sicker Willye, thou warnest well:
For Winters wyath begynnes to quell,
And pleasant spring appeareth.
The grasse nowe ginnes to be refresh,
The Swallow peepes out of her nest,
And clowdie Welkin cleareth.

VVillye.

Seeft not thylke same Hathorne stude,
How hyagly it begynnes to budde,
And bitter his tender head?
Flora now calleth forth eche flower,
And bids make ready *Adrias* bowre,
That newe is bypyt from bedde.
Who shall we sporten in delighe,
And learne with Lettice to were light,
That scoynefully lookes at kaunce,
Who will we little Loue awake,
That nowe sleepeth in *Letbe* lake,
And pray him leaden our daunce.

Thomalin.

Willye, I wene thou bee affort:
For lustie Loue still sleepeth not,
But is abroad at his game.

VVillye.

How kenst thou, that he is awake?

O, hast thy selfe his stomber brake:
O, made preyie to the same?

Thomalin.

No, but happely I hym spyde,
Where in a bush he did him hide,
With winges of purple and blewe,
And were not, that my sheepe would stray,
The preyie marks I would bewray,
Where by by chaunce I him knewe.

VVillye.

Thomalin, haue no care for thy,
By selfe will haue a double eye,
Vlike to my flocke and thine:
For als at home I haue a fyre,
A stepdame eke as whott as fyre,
That dewly adapes counts mine.

Thomalin.

May, but thy seeing will not serue,
By sheepe for that may chaunce to swerue,
And fall into some mischete.
For sithens is but the third mozowe,
That I chaunst to fall a sleepe with sozowe,
And waked againe with grieue:
The while thilke same unhappye Que,
Whose clouted legge her hurt doth shewe,
Fell headlong into a dell
And there vntoynted boch her bones:
Dought her necke bene idynted attones,
She shoulde haue neede no moze spell.
Thelk was so wanton and so wood,
(But now I crowe can better good)
She mought ne gang on the greene.

VVillye.

Let be, as may be, that is past:
That is to come, let be forecast.
Now tell vs, what thou hast seene.

Thomalin.

It was vpon a holiday,

When

March.

When shepheardes groomes han leaue to playe,
I cast to goe a shooting.
Long wandring by and downe the land,
With bowe and bolts in eicher hand,
For birds in bushes cooting:
At length within an Dute rodde
(There shouded was the little God)
I heard a husie bussling.
I bent my bole against the bush,
Listening if any thing did rushe,
But then heard no moze rustling.
Tho peeping close into the thicke,
Might see the mouing of some quicke,
Whose shape appeared not:
But were it faerie, seend, or snake,
My courage earnd it to awake,
And manfully thereat shotte.
With that sprong forth a naked swayne,
With spotted winges like Peacocks trayne,
And laughing lope to a tree.
His gylden quiter at his backe,
And siluer bowe, which was but flacke,
Which lightly he bent at me.
That seeing I, leuelde againe,
And shoot at him with might and maine,
As thicke, as it had hayled.
So long I shot, that al was spent:
Tho pumie stones I hastily bent,
And threwe: but nought abailed:
He was so wimble, and so wight,
From bough to bough he lepped light,
And oft the pumies latched.
Therewith astrayd I ranne away:
But he, thatt earst seemd but to playe,
I hast in earnest snatched,
And hit me running in the heeler:
For then I little smart did feele:

But

But soone it soze encreased,
 And now it ranckleth moze and moze,
 And inwardly it festreth soze,
 He wote I. how to ceale it.

VVillye.

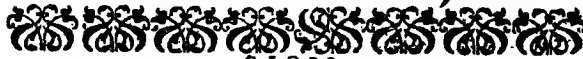
Thomasin, I pittie thy plighe.
 Perdie with loue thou biddest fight;
 I know him by a token.
 For once I heard my father say,
 How he him caught vpon a day,
 (Whereof he wilbe wroken)
 Entangled in a fowling net,
 Which he for cartton Crowes had set,
 That in our Peeretrete haunted.
 Tho sayd, he was a winged lad,
 But bowe and shafts as then none had:
 Els had he soze be daunted.
 But see the Welkin thicks apace,
 And stouping *Phobus* steepes his face:
 Ptes tme to hast vs homeward.

Willyes Embleme.

*To be wise and eke to loue,
 Is graunted scarce to God aboue.*

Thomasins Embleme.

*Of Hony and of Gaule in loue there is store:
 The Honye is much, but the Gaule is more.*



GLOSS.

THIS *Æglogue* seemeth somevwhat to resemble that same of Theocritus, vvherein
 the boy likewise telling the old man, that he had shot at a vvinged boy in a tree,
 'vvas by hym warned, to beware of mischief to come.

Ouer vvent) ouergone
 To quell) to abate.

Alegge) to lessen or a swage.

VVelkin) the skie.

Cü. The swallow)

March.

The (swallow) vvhich bird vscth to be counted the messenger, and as it were, the fore runner of springe.

Flora) the Goddesse of floures, but indede (as saith Tacitus) a famous harlot, which vvhith the abuse of her body hauing gottē great riches, made the people of Rome her heyre: who in remembraunce of so great beneficence, appointed a ycarely feste for the memoriall of her, calling her, not as she was, nor as some doe think, Andronica, but Elora: making her the Goddesse of all floures, and doing yereley to her solemne sacrifice.

Maas bovyre) that is the pleasaunt fiede, or rather the Maye bushes. Maia is a Goddes and the mother of Mercurie, in honour of whome the moneth of Maye is of her name so called, as saith Macrobius.

Leticie) the name of some country lasse.

A scaunce) a keuve or aquint.

For thy) therefore.

Lethe) is a lake in hell, vvhich the Poetes call the lake of forgetfulness. For Lethe signifieth forgetfulness. VVherein the soules being dipped, did forget the cares of their former lyfe. So that by loue sleeping in Lethe lake, he meaneth he vvas almost forgotten and out of knowlledge, by reason of winters hardnesse, when all pleasures as it were, sleepe and weare oute of mynde.

Aflotte) to dote.

His slomber) To breake Loues slomber, is to exercise the delights of Loue and wanton pleasures.

VVinges of purple) so is he feyned of the Poetes.

For als) he imitateth Virgils verse.

Est milii namque domi pater, est iniusta nouerca &c.

A dell) a hole in the ground.

Spell) is a kinde of vertic or charme, that in elder tymes they vsed often to say ouer euery thing, that they would haue preferred, as the Nightspel for theeues, and the vwoodspell: And herehence I thinke is named the gospell, as it were Gods spell or vvorde. And so saith Chaucer, Listeneh Lordings to my spell.

Gange) got

An Yate todde) a thicke buthe.

Swaine) a bove: For so is he described of the Poetes, to be a bove .f. alwayes freshe and lustie: blindfolded, because he maketh no difference of Personages: wyth diuers coloured winges, .f. ful of flying fancies: vvhith bove and arrow, that is vvhith glaunce of beautye, vvhich prycketh as a forked arrowe. He is sayd also to haue stasis, some leaden, some golden: that is, both pleasure for the gracious and loued, and sorow for the louer that is disdayned or forsaken. But vvhio liste more at large to behold Cupids colours and furniture, let him reade ether Propertius, or Moschus his Idyllion of wandring loue, being now most excellently translated into Latine by the singular learned man Angelus Politianus: whych vvorke I haue seene amongst other of thys Poets doungs, very wel translated also into Englishe Rymes.

VVimble and vviughte) Quickte and deliuer.

In the heele) is very Poetically spoken, and not vvhithout speciall iudgement. For I remember, that in Homer it is sayd of Thetis, that shee tooke her young babe Achilles being nevvely borne, and holding him by the heele, dipped him in the

R. ucc

Riuer of Stryx. The vertue vvhich is, to defend and keepe the bodyes washed therein from any mortall wound. So Achilles being washed al ouer, saue onely his heele, by which his mother held, was in the rest invulnerable: therefore by Paris vvas feyned to bee shotte vvith a poysoned arrowe in the heele, vvholes he vvas busie about the marying of Polyxena in the temple of Apollo. which my- sticall fable Eustathius vnfolding, sayth: that by vvounding in the heele, is meant lustfull loue. For from the heele (as say the best Phisitians) to the prenie partes there passe certaine veines and slender synnevves, as also the like come from the head, and are caried lyke little pypes behynd the eares: so that (as sayth Hipocrates) yf those veynes there be cut a sonder, the partie straighte becometh cold, and vnfruitful, vvhich reason our Poete vvell weighing, maketh this shepherds boye of purpose to be vvounded by Loue in the heele.

Latched) caught.

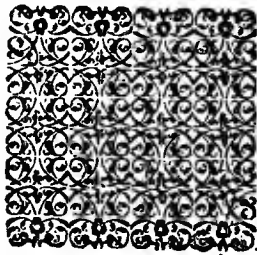
VVroken) reuenged.

For once) In this tale is sette out the simplicirye of shepherds opinion of Loue.

Stouping Phæbus) Is a Petiphrafs of the sunne setting.

Embleme.

Hereby is meant, that all the delights of Loue, wherein vvanton youth vvalloweth, be but follye mixt vvith bitternesse, and forovy savved with repentaunce. For besides that the very affection of Lone it selfe tormenteth the mynde, and vexeth the body many vvayes, vvith vnrestfulnesse all night, and vvearines all day, seeking for that we can not haue, & synding that we would not haue: euē the selfe things vvhich best before vs lyked, in course of time and chaung of typer yeares, vvhiche also therevnto shall chaunge our vvonted, lyking and former fantasies, vvill then seeme lothsome and breede vs annoyaunce, vvhen yongthes flouvre is vvithered, and vve synde our bodyes and vvits sunswere not to suche vayne iollitic and lustfull pleasaunce.



Aprill.



Egloga Quarta.
ARGUMENT.

THis Eglogue is purposely intended to the honor and prayse of our most gracious souereigne, Queene Elizabeth. The speakers herein be Hobbinoll and Thenot, two shepheardes: the which Hobbinoll being before mentioned, greatly to haue loued Colin, is here set forsh more largely, complying him of that boyes great misaduenture in Loue, whereby his mynd was alienate and with drawen not onely from him, who moste loued him, but also from all former delighes and studies, as well in pleasaunt pyping, as conning ryiming and singing, and other his laudable exercises. Whereby he takes occasion, for prooffe of his more excellencie and skill in poetrie, to recorde a songe, which the sayd Colin sometime made in honor of her Maieilie, whom abruptly he termeth Elysa.

Thenot.

Hobbinoll.

Tell me good Hobbinoll, what garres thee greet?
What hath some Wolfe thy tender Lambes preyed?
Or is thy Bagpype broke, that soundes so sweete?
Or art thou of thy loued lasse forlorne?

Or bene thine eyes attempted to the peare,
Quenching the gasping furrowes thirst with rayne?

Like

Like April shoure, so streemes the trickling teares
 Adowne thy cheeke, to quenche thy thristy payne.

Hobbinoll.

Noz thys, noz that, so muche dooth make me mourne,
 But for the ladde, whome long I lovd so deare.
 Howe loues a lasse, that all his loue doth scoyne:
 He plonge in payne, his tressed locks dooch teare.

Shepheards delights he dooth them all forswear,
 Hys pleasaunt Pipe, whych made vs mertment,
 He wylfully hath broke, and doth forbear
 His wonted songs, whererein he all outwent.

Thenot.

What is he for a Ladde, you so lament?
 Vs loue such pinching payne to them, that proue?
 And hath he skill to make so excellent,
 Yet hath so little skill to bypbe loue?

Hobbinoll.

Colin thou kenst, the Southerne shepheardes boye,
 Him Loue hath wounded with a deadly dart.
 Whilome on him was all my care and ioye,
 Forcing with gyfts to winne his wanton heart.

But now from me hys madding mynd is starte,
 And woes the Widowes daughter of the glenme:
 So nowe sayre *Rosalind* hath bredde hys smart,
 So now his frend is chaunged for a frenne.

Thenot.

But if hys ditties bene so trimly dight,
 I pray thee *Hobbinoll*, recorde some one:
 The whiles our flockes doe graze about in sight,
 And we close shrowded in thys shade alone.

Hobbinoll.

Contented I: then will I singe his laye
 Of sayre *Elisa*, Queene of shepheardes all:
 Which vnce he made, as by a syring he laye,
 And tuned it vnto the Waters fall.

Aprill.



Chapntye Nymphs, that in this blessed Booke
doe bathe your brest;
For sake your watry bowres, and hether looke,
at my request:

And eke you Virgins, that on Parnasse dwell,
Whence floweth Helicon the learned well,

Helpe me to blaze

Her worthy praise,

Which in her sexe doth all excell.

Of fayre *Elisa* be your siluer song,
that blessed wight:

The flowre of Virgins, may shee flourish long,
In princely plight.

For shee is *Syrinx* daughter without spotte,
Which *Pan* the shepheards God of her begot:

So sprung her grace

Of heauenly race,

No mortall blemishe may her blotte.

See, where she sits vpon the grassie greene,
(O seemely sight)

Yclad in Scarlot like a mayden Queene,
And Ermines white.

Upon her head a Cremosin coronet,

With Damask roses and Daffadillies set:

Bayleaves betweene,

And Primroses greene

Embellish the sweete Violet.

Tell me, haue ye seene her angelick face;
Like *Phoebe* fayre?

Her heauenly haueour, her princely grace
can you well compare?

The Redde rose medled with the White yfere,
In either cheek e depeincten liuely chere.

Her modest eye,

Her Maiestie,

Where haue you seene the like, but there?

I sawe *Phœbus* thrust out his golden hedde,
 upon her to gaze:
 But when he sawe, how broad her beames did spredde,
 it did him amaze.
 He blusht to see another *Sunne* belowe,
 He durst againe his fyre face out shoue:
 Let him, if he dare,
 His brightnesse compare
 With hers, to haue the ouerthrowe.

Shewe thy selfe *Cynthia* with thy siluer rayes,
 and be not abasht:
 When thee the beames of her beauty displays,
 How art thou dasht?
 But I will not match her with *Latonaes* seede,
 Such follie great sorow to *Niobe* did breede.
 Now she is a stone,
 And makes dayly mone,
 Warning all other to take heedde.

Pan may be proud, that euer he begot
 such a *Bellibone*,
 And *Syrinx* reioyse, that euer was her lot
 to beare such an one.
 Soone as my younglings cryen for the dam,
 To her will I offer a milkewhite Lamb:
 Shee is my goddesse plaine,
 And I her shepherds swayne,
 Albee forswonck and forswatt I am.

I see *Calliope* speede her to the place,
 where my Goddesse shines:
 And after her the other *Muses* trace,
 with their *Violines*.
 Were they not Bay braunches, which they doe beare,
 All for *Elisa* in her hand to weare?
 So sweetely they play,
 And sing all the way,
 That it a heauen is to heare.

D.

Lo

April.

Lo how finely the graces can it soote
to the Instrument:

They dauncen deffly, and singen soote,
in their meriment.

Wants not not a fourth grace, to make the daunce euen?

Let that rowme to my Lady be geuen:

She shalbe a grace,

To fyll the fourth place,

And reigne with the rest in heauen.

And whither reemes this beuie of Ladies bright,
raunged in a rowe ?

They bene all Ladies of the lake behight,
that unto her goe.

Chloris, that is the chiefest Nymphe of al,

Of Olive bzaunches beares a Cozonall:

Oliues bene for peace,

When wars doe surrease:

Such for a Princesse bene principall.

Ye shepheards daughters, that dwell on the greene,
hve you there apace:

Let none come there, but that Virgins bene,
to adorne her grace.

And when you come, whereas shee is in place,

See, that your rudenesse doe not you disgrace:

Binde your fillets faste,

And gird in your waste,

For moze finesse, with a tawdrie lace.

Bring hether the Pincke and purple Cullambine,

With Gelliflowres:

Bring Cozonations, and Soys in wine,

wozne of Paramoures.

Strowe me the ground with Daffadowndillies,

And Cowslips, and Kingcups, and loued Lillies:

The pretie Pabnce,

And the Cheunsaunce.

Shall match with the fayre flowze Delice,

Now

Now ryle by *Elisa*, decked as thou art,
 in royall aray:
 And now ye daintie Damsells may depart
 echeone her way,
 I feare, I haue troubled your troupes to longer:
 Let dame *Eliza* thanke you for her song,
 And if you come hether,
 When Damsines I gether,
 I will part them all you among.

Thenot

And was thilk same song of *Colins* owne making?
 Ah foolish boy, that is with loue plent:
 Great pittie is, he be in such taking,
 For naught caren, that bene so lewdly bent.

Hobbinol.

Sicker I hold him, for a greater fon,
 That loues the thing, he cannot purchase.
 But let vs homeward: for night vvateth on,
 And twinkling starres the daylight hence chase.

Thenots Embleme.

O quam te memorem virgo?

Hobbinols Embleme .

O dea certe.



G L O S S E .

Gars thee greet] causeth thee vveepe and complain. Forlorne] left & forsaken.
 Attempred to the yeare] agreeable to the season of the yeare. that is Aprill, vvhich mo-
 neth is most bent to shoures and seasonable rayne: to quench, that is, to delaye
 the drought, caused through drynesse of March vvyndes.

The Ladde] Colin Clout]. The Lasse] Rosalinda. Tressed locks) wretted & curled
 Is he for a ladde] A straunge manner of speaking .i. vvhether maner of Ladde is he ?

To make] to rime and versifye. For in this vword making, our olde Englishe Poetes were
 vvoont to comprehend all the skil of Poetrye, according to the Greeke vwoorde ποιητης
 to make, whence cometh the name of Poetes.

April.

Colin thou kenn'st knowest. Seemeth hereby that Colin pertaineth to some Southern noble man, and perhaps in Surry or Kent, the rather because he so often nameth the Kentish downes, and before, As lythe as lasse of Kent.

The VVidowves] He calleth Rosalind the VVidowes daughter of the glenne, that is, of a country Hamlet or borough, which I thinke is rather sayde to colour and conceale the person, then simply spoken. For it is vvell knowne, euen in spight of Colin and Hobbinoll, that shee is a Gentle yvoman of no meane house, nor en dewed vvith anye vulgare and common gifts both of nature and manners: but suche indeede, as neede nether Colin be ashamed to haue her made knowne by his verses, nor Hobbinol be greued, that so she should be commended to immortalitie for her rare and singular Vertues: Specially deseruing it no lesse, then eyther Myrto the most excellēt Poete Theocritus his dearijng, or Lauretta the diuine Petrarches Goddesse, or Himeria the vvorthye Poete Stefichorus hys Idole: Vpon vyhom he is sayd so much to haue doted, that in regard of her excellencie, he scomed & wrote against the beauty of Helena. For which his presumptuous and vnheedie hardinesse, he is sayde by vengeance of the Gods, thereat being offended, to haue lost both his eyes.

Frenne] a straunger. The word I thinke vvas first poetically put, and afterwarde vsed in common custome of speach for sporenne.

Dight] adorned. **Laye]** a songe. as Ronndelayer and Virelayer

In all this songe is not to be respected, vvhat the worthinesse of her Maiestie deserueth, nor vvhat to the highnes of a Prince is agreeable, but vvhat is molte comely for the meanesse of a shepheards vvitte, or to conceiue, or to vtter.

And therefore he calleth her Elysa, as through rudenesse tripping in her names & a shepheards daughter, it being very vnfit, that a shepheards boy brought vp in the shepfold, should know, or euer seme to haue heard of a Queenes royalty.

Ye daunc] is, as it were an Exordium ad preparandos animos.

Virgins] the nine Muses, daughters of Apollo & Memorie, vvho abode the Poets faine to be on Parnassus, a hill in Greece, for that in that countrye specially flourished the honor of all excellent studies.

Helicon] is both the name of a fountaine at the foote of Parnassus, and also of a mountaine in Bzotia, out of which floweth the famous Spring Castalius, dedicate also to the Muses: of vvhi ch spring it is sayd, that vvhen Pegasus the winged horse of Perseus (whereby is meant fame and flying renowme) strooke the grovnde with his hoofe, sodenly thereout sprang a vvell of molte cleare and pleasaunte water, vvhi ch fro thence forth was consecrate to the Muses & Ladies of learning.

Your siluer song] seemeth to imitate the lyke in Hesiodus *ἄργυρον μέλος.*

Syrinx] is the name of a Nympe of Arcadie, whom when Pan being in loue pursued, she flying fro him, of the Gods was turned into a reede. So that Pan catching at the Reedes in stede of the Damofell, and puffing hard (for he vvas almost out of wind) with hys breath made the Reedes to pype: vvhi ch he seeing, tooke of them, and in remembrance of his lost loue, made him a pype thereof. But here by Pan and Syrinx is not to bee thought, that the shephearde simply meane those Poetical Gods: but rather supposing (as seemeth) her graces progenie to be diuine and immortal (so as the Paynims were wont to iudge of all Kinges
and

and Princes, according to Homeres saying.

Θυμὸς δὲ μῆλας ἐστὶ διατρεπὶας βασιλῆας,
καὶ δ' ἐν δίοις ἐστὶ, φιλῆς δ' ἂν μάλιστα Ζεῦ.

could devise no parents in his iudgement so vworthy for her, as Pan the shepheards God, and his best beloued Syrinx. So that by Pan is here meant the most famous and victorious King, her highnesse Father, late of worthy memorye K. Henry the eyght. And by that name, of tymes (as hereafter appeareth) be noted kings and mighty Potentates: And in some place Christ himselfe, who is the vrye Pan and god of Shepheardes.

Crenosin coronet] he deuifeth her crowne to be of the finest and most delicate flowers, infeste of perles and precious stones, wherev with Princes Diademes vsf to bee adorned and embost.

Embellish] beautiye and fet out.

Phebe] the Moore, whom the Poers faine to be sister vnto Phæbus, that is the Sunne.

Medled] mingled.

Yfere] together. By the mingling of the Redde rose and the VVhite, is meant the vniung of the two principall houfes of Lancaster and of Yorke: by vvwhose longe discord and deadly debate, this realm many yeares was sore traueiled, & almost cleane decayed. Til the famous Henry the seuenth, of the line of Lancaster, taking to vvife the most vertuous Princeesse Elisabeth, daughter to the fourth Edward of the house of Yorke, begat the most royal Henry the eyght aforesaydc, in vvwhom vvas the firtte vnion of the VVhyte Rose and the Redde.

Calliope] one of the nine Muses: to vvhome they assigne the honor of all Poetical Inuention, & the firtte glorye of the Heroicall verse. other say, that shee is the Goddesse of Rhetorick: but by Virgile it is manifeste, that they mystake the thyng. For there in hys Epigrams, that arte semeth to be attributed to Polymnia, saying: Signat cuncta manu, loquiturque Polymnia gestu. which seemeth specially to be meant of Action and elocution, both special partes of Rhetorick: beyde that het name, vvwhich (as some construe it) importeth great remembraunce, conteineth another part. but I holde rather vvwith them, vvwhich call her Polymnia or Polyhymnia of her good singing.

Bay branches] be the signe of honor & victory, & therefore of myghty Conquerors worn in theyr triumphes, & eke of famous Poets, as saith Petrarch in hys Sonets.

Arbor vittoriosa triumphale,
Honor d' Imperadori & di Poëti, &c.

The Graeces] be three sisters, the daughters of Iupiter, (whose names are Aglaia, Thalia, Euphrosyne, & Homer onely addeth a fourth, s. Pasithea) otherwise called Charities, that is thanks. vvwho the Poetes feyued to be the Goddeses of al bountie & comelines, vvwhich therefore (as sayth Theodontius) they make three, to wete, that men firtt ought to be gracious & bountiful to other freely, then to receiue benefits at other mens hands curteously, and thirdly to requite them thankfully: vvwhich are three sundry Actions in liberaliye. And Boccace saith, that they be painted naked, (as they were indeede on the tombe of C. Iulius Cæsar) the one hauing her backe toward vs, and her face fromwarde, as proceeding from

April.

vs: the other two toward vs, noting double thanks to be due to vs for the benefit, we haue done.

Deaffly] Finelye and nimbly. Soote] Sweete. Meriment] Mirth.

Beuie] A beuie of Ladies, is spoken figuratiuely for a company or troupe. the terme is taken of Larkes. For they say a Beuie of Larkes, euen as a Couey of Partridge, or an eye of Pheasaunts.

Ladies of the lake] be Nymphes. For it vvas an olde opinion amongst the Auncient Heathen, that of every spring and fountaine vvas a goddesse the Soueraigne. VVhiche opinion stucke in the myndes of men not manye yeares sithence, by meanes of certain fine fablers and lowd lyers, such as were the Authours of King Arthure the great and such like, who tell many an vnlayvfull leasing of the Ladies of the Lake, that is, the Nymphes. For the word Nympe in Greeke signififieth VVell water, or otherwise a Spouse or Bryde.

Bedight] called or named.

Clois] the name of a Nymph, and signififieth greenesse, of vyhome is sayd, that Zephyrus the VVesterne wind being in loue with her, and courtiug her to wyfe, gaue her for a dowrie, the chiefedome and soueraigntye of al flowres and greene herbes, growing on earth.

Oliues bene] The Oliue vvas wont to be the ensigne of Peace and quietnesse, eyther for that it cannot be planted and pruned, and so carefully looked to, as it oughe, but in time of peace: or els for that the Oliue tree, they say, vwill not growe neare the Fire tree, vvhich is dedicate to Mars the God of battaile, and vsed most for speares and other instruments of warre. VVhereupon is finely feigned, that vvhén Neptune and Minerva stroue for the naming of the citie of Athens, Neptune striking the ground with his mace, caused a horse to come forth, that importeth vvarre, hus at Minervaes stroke sprong out an Ohne, to note that it should be a nurse of learning, and such peaceable studies.

Binde your] Spoken rudely, and according to shepheardes simplicitie.

Bring] all these be names of flowvers. Sops in vvine a flowre in colour much like to a Coronation, but differing in smel and quantity. Flowre delier, that which they vse to misterne, Plovre de loes, being in Latine called Flos deliciarum.

A Belliboné] of a Bonibell, homely spoken for a fayre mayde or Bonilaffé.

Forvortck and forswate] overlaboured and sumeburtt.

I (avv Phæbus] the sunne. A sensible Narration, & présent view of the thing mentioned, which they call *parusia*.

Cynthia] the Moone so called of Cynthus a hill, vvhere she was honoured.

Latoaæs seede] VVas Apollo and Diana. VVhom vvhen as Niobe the vvife of Amphion scorned, in respect of the noble fruit of her wombe, namely her seven sonnes, and so many daughters, Latona being there with displeaséd, commaunded her sonne Phœbus to fléa al the sonnes, and Diana all the daughters: vvhere at the vnfortunatè Niobe being fore disinayéd, and lamening out of measure, vvas feigned of the Poetes, to be turned into a stone vpon the sepulchre of her children. for which cause the shepheard sayth, he vwill not compare her to them, for feare of like my fortune.

Now rise] is the conclusion. For hauing so decked her vvith prayses and comparisons, he

returne

Aprill.

fol. 16

returneth all the thank of hys labour to the excellencie of her Maiestie.
¶ When Damsels] A base revvard of a clovniſh guer.
¶ blent] Y, is a poeticall addition. blent blinded.

Embleme.

This Poesye is taken out of Virgile, and there of him vsed in the person of Aeneas to his mother Venus, appearing to him in likenesse of one of Dianaes damosells, being there most diuinely set forth. To vvhich similitude of diuinitie Hobbinoll comparing the excellency of Elifa, and being through the worthynes of Colins song, as it were, ouercome with the hugeness of his imagination, brusteeth out in great admiration, (O quam te memore virgo) being otherwise vnhabie, then by soddein silence, to expresse the vvorthinesse of his conceipt. Vv hom Thenot answereth, vwith another part of the like verse, as confirming by his graunt and approuance, that Elifa is nowhit inferiour to the Maiestie of her, of vvhome that Poete so boldly pronounced; O dea certe.

Maye.



Aegloga Quinta

ARGUMENT.

In this firste Aeglogue, vnder the persons of two shepheards Piers & Palinode, he represented two formes of pastures or Ministers, or the protestant and the Catholique: whose chiefe talk standeth in reasoning, whether the life of the one must be like the other. vwith whom hauing shewed, that it is dangerous to mainteine any felowship, or giue too much credit to their con-
tourable

Maye.

lourable and feyned goodwill, he telleth him a tale of the foxe, that by such a counterpaynt of craftines deceiued and deuoured the credulous kidda.

Palinode. Piers,

I S not thilke the mery moneth of May,
When loue lads mak en in fresh aray?
How falles it then, we no merrier bene,
Plike as others, girt in gawdy greene?
Our bloncket liuerpes bene all to sadde,
For thilke same season, when all is ycladd
With pleasance, the grownd with grasse, the Woods
With greene leaues, the buttes with bloosming Buds.
Poughes folke now flocken in euery where,
To gather may bus-kets and smelling byere:
And home they hasten the postes to night,
And all the Kirke pillours eare day light,
With Hawthorne buds, and swete Eglancine,
And girlonds of roses and Soppes in wine.
Such merimake holy Saints doch queme,
But we here sptten as drownd in a dreame.

PIERS.

For Dounkers Palinode such follies sette,
But we tway bene men of elder witt.

PALINODE.

Sicker this moxrowe, ne lenger agoe,
I sawe a Hole of shepheardes outgoe,
With singing, and shouting, and iolly chere:
Befoze them poded a lusty Tabrere,
That to the many a Hoyme pype playd,
Whereto they dauncen eche one with his mayd.
To see those folkes make such iouysaunce,
Hade my heart after the pype to daunce.
Tho to the greene Wood they speeden hem all,
To fetchen home May with their musicall:
And home they byngen in a ropall throne,
Crowned as king; and his Queene attone
Was Lady Floza, on whom did attend
A sayze flocke of Faeries, and a fresh bend

Of louely Nymphs. (O that I were there,
To helpe the Ladies their Maybush beare)
Ah Piers, bene not thy teeth on edge, to thinke,
How great sport they gaynen with litle swinck.

PIERS.

Perdie so farre am I from enuie,
That their fondnesse tuly I pitie.
Those faytours litle regarden their charge,
While they letting their sheepe runne at large,
Passen their time, that should be sparely spent,
In lustihede and wanton meryment.
Thilke same bene shepheards for the Devils kedde.
That playen, while their flockes be vnfedde.
Well is it seene, they? sheepe bene not their owne,
That letten them runne at randon alone,
But they bene hyred for litle pay
Of other, that caren as litle as they,
What fallen the flocke, so they han the fleece,
And get all the gayne, paying but a peece.
I muse, what account both these will make,
The one for the hire, which he doth take,
And thother for leauing his Lords tal-ke,
When gread Pan account of shepeherdes shall al-ke.

PALINODE.

Sicker now I see thou speakest of spight,
All for thou lackest somebele their delight.
I (as I am) had rather be enuied,
All were it of my foe, then fondly pittied:
And yet if neede were, pittied would be,
Rather, then ocher should scozne at me:
For pittied is mishappe, that nas remedie,
But scozned bene dedes of fond foolerie.
What shoulde shepheards ocher things tend,
Then sith their God his good does them send,
Reapen the fruite thereof, that is pleasure,
The while they here liuen, at ease and leasure?
For when they bene dead, their good is ygoe,

C. I.

Thep

Maye.

They sleepe in rest, well as other moe,
Tho with them wends, what they spent in cost,
But what they left behind them, is lost.
Good is no good, but if it be spende:
God giueth good for none other end.

PIERS.

Ah *Palinodie*, thou art a woordes childe:
Who touches pitch might needes be defilde.
But shepheards (as *Algrind* vsed to say,)
Dought not liue plike, as men of the laye:
With them it sits to care for their heire,
Enaunter their heritage doe impaire:
They must prouide for meanes of maintenaunce,
And to continue their wont countenaunce,
But shepherd must walke another way,
Sike wordly souenaunce he must forsay.
The sonne of his loines why should he regard
To leaue enriched with that he hath spard?
Should not thilke God, that gaue him that good,
Eke cherish his child, if in his wayes he stood:
For if he misliue in leudnes and lust,
Little bootes all the welth and the trust,
That his father left by inheritaunce:
All will be soone wasted with misgouernaunce,
But through this, and other their miscreaunce,
They maken many a wong theuisaunce,
Heaping vp waues of welth and woe,
The floodes whereof shall them ouerflowe.
Sike mens follie I cannot compare
Better, then to the *Apes* folish care,
That is so enamoured of her young one,
(And yet God wote, such cause hath she none)
That with her hard hold, and straight embracing,
She stoppeth the breath of her youngling,
So often times, when as good is meant,
Cul ensueth of wong entent.

The time was once, and may againe retorne,

(For

(For ought may happen, that hath bene before)
 When Shepheards had none inheritaunce,
 Noe of land, noz fee in sufferance :
 But what might arise of the bare sheepe,
 (Were it more or lesse) which they did keepe.
 Well ywis was it with Shepheards thoe:
 Nought hauing, nought feared they to forgoe.
 For Pan himselte was their inheritaunce,
 And little them serued for their mayntenaunce.
 The shephears God so wel them guided,
 That of nought they were bnprouided,
 Butter enough, honye, milke, and whap,
 And their flockes fleeces, them to araye.
 But tract of time, and long prosperitie:
 That nource of vice, this of inselencie,
 Lulled the shepheards in such securitie,
 That not content with loyall obeptaunce,
 Some gan to gape for greedie governaunce,
 And match them selte with mighty potentates,
 Louers of Lordship and troublers of states:
 Tho gan shepheards swaines to looke a lofr,
 And leawe to liue hard, and learne to ligge soft:
 Tho vnder colour of shepheards, somewhat
 There crept in Wolues, ful of fraude and guile,
 That often deuoured their owne sheepe,
 And often the shepheards, that did hem keepe.
 This was the first source of shepheards sorowe,
 That now will be quirt with baile, noz hozrowe.

PALINODE.

Three thinges to beare, bene very burdenous,
 But the fourth to forbear, is outragious.
 Wemen that of Loues longing once lust,
 Hardly forbearen, but haue it they nrist:
 So when choler is inflamed with rage,
 Wanting reuenge, is hard to allwage:
 And who can counsell a thristie soule,
 With patience to forbear the offred bowle?

Maye.

But of all burdens, that a man can beare,
None is, a fooles talke to beare and to heare.
I wene the Seaunt has not such a weight,
That beares on his Shoulders the heauens height.
Thou findest faulte, where nys to be found,
And buildest strong warke vpon a weake ground:
Thou raylest on right withouten reason,
And blamest him much, for small encheason.
How shouldest thou shepherdes liue, if not for
What? should they pynen in payne and woe,
May sayd I thereto, by my deare bozowe,
If I may rest, I will liue in sozowe.

Sorzowe ne neede be hastened on:
For he will come without calling anone,
While times enduren of tranquillitie,
When we free ly our felicitie.
For when approchen the stormie stowres,
We mought wiche our shoulders beare of the sharpe howres.
And sooth to sayne, nought seemeth like strife,
That shepherdes so witen ech others life,
And layen her faults the world before,
The while their foes done eache of hem sore.
Let none mislike of that may not be mended:
So contek soone by concozd mought be ended.

PIERS.

Shepherd, I list none accordaunce make
With shepherd, that doct the right way forlake.
And of the twaine, if choise were to me,
Had leuer my foe, then my steend he be.
For what concozd han light and darke same?
Or what pence has the Lion with the Lambe.
Such faitors, when their false harts bene bidde.
Will doe, as did the Fore by the Kidde.

PALINODE.

Now Piers, of felowship, tell vs that saying:
For the Ladde can keepe both our flocks from straying.

Piers

PIERS.

Thlike same kinde (as I can well deuise)
Was too very foolish and vnwise.
For on a tyme in Sommer season,
The Gate her dame, that had good reason.

Wode forth abysade vnto the greene wood,
To brouze, or play, or what shee thought good,
But for she had a motherly care
Of her young sonne, and wit to beware,
Shee set her youngling besore her knee,
That was boch fresh and louely to see,
And full of fauour, as kinde mought her
His Wellet head began to shooote out,
And his wreathed hornes gan newly sprout:
Thy blossomnes of lust to bud did beginne,
And spring forth ranchly vnder his chinne.

My sonne (quoth she) (and wich that gan weepe)
For carefull thoughts in her heart did creepe)
God blesse thee pooze Dypbane, as he mought me,
And send thee ioy of thy iollitee
Thy father (that word she spake with payne:
For a sigh had nigh rent her heart in twaine)
Thy father, had he liued this day,
To see the braunche of his body displate,
How would he haue ioyed at this sweete sight?
But ah false Fortune such ioy did him spight,
And cutte of hys dayes with vntimely woe,
Betraying him into the traines of hys foe.
Now I a wayfull widdowe behight,
Of my old age haue this one delight,
To see thee succede in thy fathers steade,
And flourish in floweres of lusty head,
For euen so thy father his head byheld,
And so his haucy hornes did he weld.

Tho marking him with melting eyes,
A chilling throbbe from her hart did arise,
And interrupted all her other speache,

E. 3.

Wich

Maye.

With some old sorowne, that made a newe breach:
Seemed thee sawe in the younglings face
The old lineaments of his fathers grace,
At last her solein silence she broke,
And gau his newe budded beard to stroke
Kiddie (quoth shee) thou kenst the great care,
I haue of thy health and thy welfare,
Which many wold beastes ligen in waite,
For to entrap in thy tender state:
But most the Foxe, maister of collusion:
For he has voued thy last confusion.
For thy my Kiddie be rild by mee,
And neuer giue trust to his trecheree.
And if he chaunce come, when I am abroade,
Sperre the yate fast for feare of fraude:
Ne for all his worst, nor for his best,
Open the doze at his request.

So schooled the Gate her wanton some,
That answerd his mother, all shoulde be done,
Tho went the pensile Damme out of doze,
And chaunst to stumble at the threshold stoze:
Her stumbling steppe some what her amazed,
(For such, as signes of ill luck bene dispraised)
Dre forth shee poded thereat halfe aghast:
And Kiddie the doze sperred after her fast.
It was not long, after shee was gone,
But the false Foxe came to the doze anon:
Not as a Foxe, for then he had be kend,
But all as a pooze pedler he did wend,
Bearing a trulle of cryffles at hys backe,
As bells, and babes, and glasses in hys packe.
A Biggen he had got about his hayne,
For in his headpeace he felt a soze payne.
His hinder heele was wrapt in a clout,
For with great cold he had gotte the gont.
There at the doze he cast me downe hys pack,
And layd him downe, and groned, Alack, Alack.

Ah deare Lord, and sweete Saine Charitee,
 That some good body woulde once pitie mee.

Well heard Kiddle at this soze constraint,
 And lengd to know the cause of his complainc:
 Tho creeping close behind the Wickets clinck,
 Preuelie he preeped out through a chinck:
 Yet not so preuile, but the Fore him spyed:
 For deceitfull meaning is double eyed.

Ah good young maister (then gan he crye)
 Ielus blesse that sweete face, I espye,
 And keepe your corpe from the carefull stounde,
 That in my cartton carcas abounde.

The Kidn pitying hys heauintesse,
 Asked the cause of his great distresse,
 And also who. and whence that he were,
 Tho he, that had well ycond his lere,
 Thus medled his talke wich many a teare,
 Sicke, sicke, alas, and little lack of deare,
 But I be relleued by your beastyhead.

I am a poore Sherpe, albe my coloure bonne:
 For with long traueile I am byent in the sonne.

And if that my Grandlice me sayd, be true,
 Sicker I am very spyde to you :

So be your goodlihead doe not disbayne
 The bale kinned of so simple swaine.

Of mercye and fauour then I you pray,
 With your ayd to forfall my neere decay.

Tho out of his packe a glasse he tooke:
 Wherein while kiddle vnwares did looke,
 He was so enamored with the newell,
 That nought he deemed deare for the fetwell.

Tho opened he the doze, and in came
 The false Fore, as he were starke lame.

His tayle he clapt betwixt his legs thwayne,
 Lest he should be descried by his trayne.

Being within, the Kiddle made him good glee,
 All for the lone of the glasse he did see.

Maye.

After his there the Pedler can chat,
And tell many lesings of this, and that:
And how he could shewe many a fine knack,
Tho shewed his ware, and opened his packe,
All saue a bell, which he left behind
In the bas-ket for the Kidde to fynd.
Which when the Kidde stooped downe to catch,
He popt him in, and his bas-ket did latch,
He stayed he once, the doze to make fast,
But ranne awaye with him in all hast.
Home when the doubtfull Damme had her hyde,
She mought see the doze stand open wyde.
All agast, lowdly she gan to call
Her Kidde: but he would answer at all.
Tho on the floze she sawe the merchandise,
Of which her sonne had sette to vere a pryse.
What helpe: her Kidde shee knewe well was gone:
Shee weeped, and wayled, and made great mone.
Such end had the Kidde, for he would warned be
Of craft, coloured with simplicities:
And such end perdie does all hem remayne,
That of such fallers freendship bene sayne.

PALINODIE.

Truly Piers, thou art beside thy wite,
Furthest fro the marke, weening it to hit,
Now I pray thee, lette me thy tale boztowe
For our sir John, to say to moztowe
At the Kerke, when it is holliday:
For well he meanes, but little can say.
But and if Foxes bene so crafty, as so,
Such needech all shepheards hem to knowe.

PIERS.

Of theis fallhode moze could I recount.
But now the byight Sunne gynmeth to dismount:
And for the deawie night now doth nye,
I hold it best for vs, home to hie.

Maye.

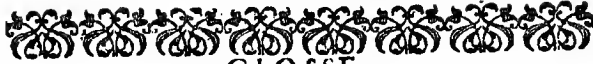
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Palinodes Embleme.

Πάλιν ἀμείνω ἀμείνω.

Piers his Embleme.

Περὶ ἀγρονομίας ἀμείνω.



GLOSSE.

Thilke) this same moneth. It is applyed to the season of the moneth, when all menne delight them selues vvith pleasaunce of fieldes, and gardens, and garments.

Dioncket lueries) gray coates. Yclad) arrayed, Y, redoundeth, as before.

In euery where) a straunge, yet proper kind of speaking.

Baskets) a Diminutive. f. little bushes of hawthorne. Kirke) church. Queine) please.

A shole) a multitude; taken of fishe, whereof some going in great companies; are sayde to swimme in a shole.

Yode) vent. Iouysfance) ioye. Syvinck) labour. Inly) entirelye Faytours) vagabonds.

Great pan) is Christ, the very God of all shepheards, which calleth himselfe the greate and good shepherd. The name is most rightly (me thinkes) applyed to him, for Pan signifieth all or omnipotent, vvhiich is onely the Lord Iesus. And by thae name (as I remember) he is called of Eusebius in his fiste booke de Preparat. Euang; vvho thereof telleth a proper storye to that purpose. VVhich story is first recorded of Plutarch, in his booke of the ceasing of oracles, & of Lauetere translated, in his booke of vvalking sprights. vvho sayth, that about the same time, that our Lord suffered his most bitter passion for the redemption of man, certain passengers sayling from Italy to Cyprus and passing by certain Iles called Paxæ, heard a voyce calling alovvde Thamus, Thamus, (now Thamus vvas the name of an Ægyptian, vvhiich was Pilote of the ship,) who giuing care to the cry, was bidden, vvhen he came to Palodes, to rel, that the great Pan vvas dead: which he doubting to doe, yet for that vvhen he came to Palodes, there sodeinly vvas such a calme of winde, that the shippe stode still in the sea vnmoued, he vvas forced to cry alovvde, that Pan was dead: vvherevvithall there was heard suche piteous outcries and dreadfull shriking, as hath not bene the like. By vvhych Pan, though of some be vnderstoode the great Satanas, whose kingdome at that time vvas by Christ conquered, the gates of hell broken vp, and death by death deliuered to eternall death, (for at that time, as he sayth, all Oracles surceased, and enchaunted spirits, that vvere wont to delude the people, thenceforth held theyr peace) & also at the demaund of the Emperoure Tiberius, who that Pan should be, ansvvere vvas made him by the vvifest and best learned, that it vvas the sonne of Mercurie and Penelope, yet I think it more properly meant of the death of Christ, the onely and very Pan, then suffering for his flock.

I as I am) seemeth to imitate the commen prouerb, Malim laudere mihi omnes quam miserescere.

Nas) is a syncope, for ne has, or has not: as nould, for vvould not.

Tho vvith them) doth imitate the Epitaphe of the ryorous king Sardanapalus, vvhych caused

F.

May.

caused to be vvritten on his tombe in Greeke:vvhich verses be thus translated by Tullie.

„ Hæc habui quæ edi,quæque exaturata libido
„ Hæsit,at illa manent mæta ac præclara relicta.

vvhich may thus be turned into English.

„ All that I eate did I ioye, and all that I greedily gorged:
„ As for those many goodly matters left I for others.

Much like the Epitaph of a good olde Erie of Deuonshire, vvhich though much more vvisedome bewraeth, then Sardanapalus, yet hath a snacke of his sensuall delights and beaftlinesse. the rymes be these.

„ Ho, Ho, who lies here?
„ I the good Erie of Deuonshire,
„ And Maulde my wife, that vvas ful deare,
„ VVe liued together lv. yeare.
„ That vve spent, vve had
„ That vve gaue, vve haue:
„ That vve left, vve lost.

Algrim) the name of a shepheard. Men of the Lay) Lay men. Enauiser) least that. Souenaunce) remembraunce. Miscreaunce) despaire or misbeliefc.

Chetifaunce) Sometime of Chaucer vsed for gaine: sometime of other for spoyle, or bootie, or enterprise, and sometime for chiefdome.

Pan himselfe) God. according as is sayd in Deuteronomie, That in diuision of the lande of Canaan, to the tribe of Lewie no portion of heritage should bee allotted, for GOD himselfe vvas their inheritance

Some gan) meant of the Pope, and his Antichristian prelates, vvhich vsurpe a tyrannical dominion in the Churche, and wih Peters counterfet keyes, open a vyde gate to al wickednesse and insolent gouernment. Nought here spoken as of purpose to deny fatherly rule and godly gouernaunce (as some maliciously of late haue done to the great vnreste and hinderance of the Churche) but to displaye the pride and disorder of such, as in steede of feeding their sheepe, indeede feede of theyr sheepe

Sourfe) vvelspring and originall. Borrowe) pledge or suertie.

The Geaunte) is the great Atlas, vvhom the poetes feign to be a huge geaunt, that beareth Heauen on his shoulders: being in deede a merueilous highc mountaine in Mauritania, that nowv is Barbarie, vvhich to mans seeming perceith the cloudes, and seemeth to touch the heauens. Other thinke, and they not amisse, that this fable was meant of one Atlas king of the same countrye. (of vvhome may bee, that that hit had his denomination) brother to Prometheus (who as the Grekes say) did first fynd out the hidden courses of the starres, by an excellent imagination vvherefore the poetes feigned, that he susteyned the firmament on hys shoulders. Many other coniectures needelesse be told hereof.

VVarke) vvorke. Encheason) cause, occasion.

Deare botovv) that is our sauour, the common pledge of all mens debtes to death.

VVyren) blame. Nought seemeth) is vnseemely. Conteck) strife contention.

Hur) they, as vseth Chaucer. Han) for haue. Sam) together.

This

This tale is much like to that in Æsops fables, but the Catastrophe and end is farre different. By the Kidde may be vnderstoode the simple sorte of the faythfull and true Christians. By hys dame Christe, that hath alreadye vwith carefull vvathe- words (as heere doth the gote) vvarned his little ones, to beware of such doub- ling deceit. By the Foxe, the false and faithlesse Papistes, to vvhom is no credit to be giuen, nor fellowshippe to be vsed.

The gate) the Gote: Northernly spoken to turne O into A. Yode) went. afforesayd She set) A figure called Fictio which vseth to attribute reasonable actions and speaches to vnreasonable creatures.

The bloosines of lust) be the young and mossie heares, vvhich then beginne to sprout and shoote forth, when lustfull heate beginneth to kinde.

And with) A very Poeticall *metaph.*

Orphane) A youngling or pupill, that needeth a Tutor and gouernour.

That vvord) A patheticall parenthesis, to encrease a carefull Hyperbaton.

The branch) of the fathers body, is the child.

For euen so) Alluded to the saying of Andromache to Ascanius in Virgile.

Sic oculos, sic ille manus, sic ora ferebat.

A thrilling throb) a percing sighe, Liggen) lye.

Maister of collusion) Coloured guile, because the Foxe of al beasts is most wily & crafty

Sperre the yate) shut the dore.

For such) The gotes stombing is here noted as an euill signe. The like to be marked in all histories: and that not the leaste of the Lorde Hastings in king Rycharde the third his dayes. For beside his daungerous dreame (vvhiche vvas a shrevvde prophetic of his mishap, that folowed) it is sayd that in the morning ryding toward the tower of London, there to sitte vpon matters of counsell, his horse stombled tvvise or thrise by the vvay: vvhich of some, that ryding vwith hym in his company, were priuie to his neere destenie, vvas secretly marked, and aftervvard noted for memorie of his great mishap, that ensued. For being there as merye, as man might be, and least doubting any mortall daunger, he was with in tvvvo hovvres after, of the Tyranne put to a shamefull death.

As belles) by such trifles are noted, the reliques and ragges of popish superstition, which pur no smal religion in Belles: and Babies. f. Idoles: and glasses. f. Paxes, and such lyke numperies.

Great cold.) For they boast much of their outvvard patience, and voluntarye sufferance as a vvorke of merite and holy humblenesse.

Srveete S. Charitie. The Catholiques comen othe, and onely speache, to haue charitye alvvayes in their mouth, and sometime in their outvvard Actions, but neuer in- vvardly in fayth and godly zeale.

Clincke.) a key hple. VVhose diminutiue is clicket, vsed of Chaucer for a Key.

Stroundes) sittes: afforesayde. His lere) his lesson. Medled) mingled.

Bestthead.) agreeing to the person of a beast. Sibbe.) of kynne

Nevvell) a nevvie thing. To forestall) to prevent. Glee] chere, afforesayde.

Deare & price.) his lyfe, vvhich he lost for those t oyes.

Such ende) is an Epiphonema, or rather the morall of the whole tale, vvhose purpose is to vvaine the protestant beware, howe be geuth credit to the vvifaythfull

May.

Catholique: vvhetherof vve haue dayly proofes sufficient, but one moste famous of all, practised of Late yeares in Fraunce by Charles the mynth.

Fayne) gladd or desyrous.

Our sir Iohn) a Popish priest, A saying fit for the gosenesse of a shepheard, but spoken to raunte vnlearned Priests.

Disimount) descende or set.

Nye) dravveth nere.

Embleme.

Both these Emblemes make one vvhole Hexametre. The first spoken of Palinodie, as in reproche of them, that be distrustfull, is a peece of Theognis verse, intending, that vvhoe doth most mistrust is most false. For such experience in falsehood breedeth mistrust in the mynd, thinking nolesse guile to lurke in others, then in hymselfe. But Piers thereto strongly replyeth vvhith another peece of the same verse, saying as in his former fable, vvhath sayth then is there in the saythlesse. For if sayth be the ground of religion, vvhich sayth they dayly false, what hold then is there of theyr religion. And thys is all that they saye.

June.



Ægloga sexta.

ARGVMENT.

THis Æglogue is wholly vowed to the complaynting of Colins ill success in his loue. For being (as is a foresaid) enamoured of a Country lasse Rosalind, and hauing (as seemeth) founde place in her heart, he lamenteth to his deare friend Hobbinoll, that he is nowe forsaken vnsaittfully, and in his steede Menalcas, another shepheard receiued disloyally. And this is the whole Argument of this Æglogue.

Hobbinoll

HOBBINOL. COLIN Clo me.



L O *Colini*, here the place, whose pleasaunt syte
 From other shades hath weand away wandring mynde.
 Tell me, what wants me here, ro worke delyte?
 The simple ayre, the gentle warbling wynde,
 So calme, so coole, as no where else I fynde:
 The grassye ground with daintye Daplies dight,
 The Bramble bush, where Byrds of euery kynde
 To the waters fall thet tynes attemper right.

COLLIN.

O happy *Hobbinoll*, I blesse thy state,
 That Paradise hast found, whych *Adam* lost.
 Here wander may thy flock early or late,
 Withouten dreade of Wolves to bene yost:
 Thy louely lapes here mayst thou freely hoste.
 But I vnhappy man, whom cruell fate,
 And angry Gods pursue from coste to coste,
 Can nowhere fynd, to shouder my lucklesse pate.

HOBBINOLL.

Then if by me thou list aduised be,
 Forake the soyle, that so doth the betwylch:
 Leau me those hilles, where harbrough nis to see,
 Noz holy bush, noz hzere, noz winding wylche:
 And to the dales resozt, where shipheards ritch,
 And fructfull flocks bene euery where to see.
 Here no night Rauene lodge moze black then pitch,
 Noz eluith ghosts, noz gallyt otales voe flee.

But frendly *Faeries*, met with many Graces,
 And lightfoote *Nymphes* can chace the lingring night,
 With *Heydeguyes*, and trimly trodden traces,
 With *Sylfers* nyne, which dwell on *Parnasse* hight,
 Doe make them musick, for thet moze delyght:
 And *Pan* himselle to kisse thet chystall faces,
 Will pype and daunce, when *Phoebe* thine thet night
 Such pierlesse pleasures haue we in thet places.

COLLIN.

And I, whylst youth, and courie of carelesse yeres

June.

2 O let me walke withouten lincks of loue,
In such delights did Ioy amongst my peeres:
But rpper age such pleasures doth reppoue,
By fancye eke from former follies moue
To stayed steps. for time in passing weares
(As garments doen, which weren old aboue)
And draweth newe delighytes with hoary heares.

Tho couly I sing of loue, and tune my pype
Unto my plaintiue pleas in verles made:
Tho would I seeke for Queene apples bntype,
To giue my *Rosalind*, and in Sommer shade
Dight gaudy Girlands, was my comen trade,
To crowne her golden locks, bnt peeres moze rype,
And losse of her, whole loue as lyfe I wayd,
Thole weary wanton toves away byd wpye.

HOBBINOLL.

Colin. to heare thy rymes and roundelays,
Which thou were wont on wastfull hyls to singe,
I moze delight, then larke in Sommer daves:
Whole Echo made the neyghbour groues to ring,
And taught the byrds, which in the lower syng
Did throude in shady leaues from sonny rapes,
Frame to thy songe their chereful cheriping,
Do hold theyr peate, for shame of thy swete layes.

I sawe *Calliope* wyth *Muses* moe,
Soone as thy oaten pype began to soun,
Theyr puzyp Lupts and *Camburlins* forgoe:
And from the fountaine, where they sat around,
Renne after hastely thy siluer sound.
But when they came, where thou thy kill diost shoue,
They dyewe abacke, as halfe with shame confound,
Shepheard to see, them in theyr art outgoe.

COLLIN.

Of *Muses* *Hobbincl*. I come no I kill:
For they bene daughters of the hyghell Ioue,
And holden scozne of homely shepheards quill.

For such I heard, that Pan with *Pebus* strone,
 Which him to much rebuke and Daunger droue:
 I neuer lyst presume to *Parnasse* hill,
 But pyping loue in shade of lowly groue,
 I play to please my selfe, all be it ill.

Nought weigh I, who my song doth praise or blame
 He strue to winne renowne, or passe the rest:
 With shepheard sittes not, followe flying fame:
 But seeoe his flocke in fields, where falls hem best,
 I wote my rymes bene rough, and rudely drest:
 The fytter they, my carefull case to frame:
 Enough is me to paine out my vntrest,
 And poore my piteous plaints out in the same.

The God of shepheards *Tityrus* is dead,
 Who taught me homely, as I can, to make.
 He, whilst he liued, was the soueraigne head
 Of shepheards all, that bene with loue ytake:
 Well couth he waple hys *woes*, and lightly flake
 The flames, which loue within his heart had bredd,
 And tell vs mery tales, to keepe vs wake,
 The while our sheepe about vs safely fedde.

Nowe dead he is, and lyeth wrapt in lead,
 (Why should deatch on hym such outrage shoue?)
 And all hys passing skil with him is fledde,
 The same whereof doth dayly greater growe.
 But if on me some little drops would flowe,
 Of that the spring was in his learned hedde,
 I soone would learne these woods, to waple my woe,
 And teache the trees, thei'r trickling teares to shedde.

Then should my plaints, cause of discourtelee,
 As messengers of all my painfull plight,
 Flye to my loue, where euer that she bee,
 And pierce her heart with poynt of woorthy wights
 As shee deserues, that wrought so deadly spight.

June.

And thou *Ménatras*, that by trecherie
Didst vnderfong my lasse, to were so light,
Shoudest well be knowne for such thy villance.

But since I am not, as I wish I were,
Ye gentle shepheards, which your flocks do feede,
Whether on hyls, or dales, or other where,
Beare witnesse all of thys so wicked deede:
And tell the lasse, whose flowre is more a weede,
And faultlesse fayth, is turned to faithlesse fere,
That she the truest shepheards hart made bleede,
That lyes on earth, and loued her most dere.

HOBBINOL.

O carefull *Colin*, I lament thy case,
Thy teares would make the hardest flint to flowe,
Thy faithlesse *Rosalind*, and void of grace,
That are the roote of all this rutchfull woe.
But now is time, I gesse, homeward to goe:
Then ryse ye blessed flocks, and home apace,
Least night with stealing steppes do: you forsloe,
And weest your tender Lambes, that by you trace.

Colins Embleme.

Gia Speme Spenta.



GLOSSE.

Syte) situation and place.

Paradise) A Paradise in Greeke signifieth a Garden of pleasure, or place of delights. So he compareth the soyle, vvherein Hobbinoll made his abode, to that earthly Paradise, in scripture called Eden; vvherein Adam in his first creation vvas placed. VVhich of the most learned is thought to be in Mesopotamia; the most fertile and pleasaunte country in the vvorlde (as may appeare by *Diodorus Syculus* description of it, in the hystorie of *Alexanders* conquest thereof.) Lying betweene the two famous Ryuers (which are sayd in scripture to flowe out of Paradise) *Tygris* and *Euphrates*, vvhich of it is so denominatē.

For sake the soyle) This is no poetical fiction; but vnsleyntly spoken of the Poete selfe, who for speciall occasion of paurte affayres (as I haue bene partly of himselfe informed)

informed) and for his more preferment remouing out of the Northparts came into the South, as Hobbinoll indeede aduised him priuately.

Those hylles) that is the North countrye, where he dyveth. Nis) is not.
 The Dales) The Southpartes, vvhich he nowe abydeth, vvhich thoughte they be full of hylles and vwoodes (for Keat is very hyllye and vwoodye; and therefore so called: for Kantsh in the Saxons tongue signifieth vwoodie) yet in respecte of the Northpartes they be called dales. For indeede the North is counted the higher countrye.

Night Rauens &c.) by such hatefull byrdes, hee meaneth all misfortunes (VWhereof they be tokens) flying euery vvhithere.

Frendly faeries) the opinion of Faeries and elves is very old, and yet sticketh very religiously in the myndes of some. But to roote that rancke opinion of Elfs oute of mens hearts, the truth is, that there be no such thinges, nor yet the shadowes of the things, but onely by a sort of bald Friets and knauiſh ſhaulings ſo feigned; vvhich as in all other things, ſo in that, foughte to nouſell the comen people in ignoraunce, leaſt being once acquainted vwith the truth of things, they vwoulde in tyme ſnaell out the vntruth of theyr packed pelfe and Maſſepenie religion. But the ſooth is, that vwhen all Italy was diſtraicte into the Faſtions of the Guelfes and the Gibelins, being tivo famous houſes in Florence, the name began through their great miſchiefes and many outrages, to be ſo odious or rather dreadfull in the people's eares, that if theyr children at any tyme vvere frowarde and vvanton, they would ſay to them that the Guelfe or the Gibeline came.

VWhich vvords novve from them (as many thinge els) be come into our vvsage; and for Guelfes and Gibelines, we ſay Elfs & Goblins. No otherwiſe then the Frenchme vved to ſay of that valiant captain, the very ſcourge of Fraunce, the Lord Thalbot, afterward Erie of Shrevvvbury; whoſe nobleſſe bred ſuch a terrour in the hearts of the French, that oft times euen great armies vvere deſaicted & put to flight at the onely hearing of his name. In ſomuch that the French vvomen, to aſſray their chyldeſ, vwould tell them that the Talbot commeth.

Many Graces) though there be indeede but three Graces or Charites (as afore is ſayd) or at the vtmoſt but foure, yet in reſpect of many gyftes of bounty, there may be ſayde more. And ſo Muſæus ſayth, that in Herocs cyther eye there ſatte a hundred graces. And by that authoritye, thys ſame Poete in his Pageaunts ſayth. An hundred Graces on her eyeledde ſatte, &c.

Haydeguies) A country daunce or rovvnd. The conceipt is, that the Graces and Nymphes doe daunce vnto the Muſes, and Pan his muſicke all night by Moone light. To ſignifie the pleaſauntneſſe of the ſoyle.

Peeres] Equalles and ſelow ſhepheards. Quene apples vvrripe) imitating Virgils verſe. Ipſe ego cana legam tenera lanugine mala.

Neighbour groues) a ſtraunge phraſe in Engliſh, but vvord for vvord expreſſing the Latine vicina memora.

Spring) not of vvater, but of young trees ſpringing. Calliope) aforeſayde. Thys ſtaffe is full of verie poetical inuention. Tamburines) an olde kind of inſtrument, vvhich of ſome is ſuppoſed to be the Clarion.

Pan vwith Phæbus) the tale is well knowne, howe that Pan and Apollo ſtriving for excellencie

June.

cellency in musicke, chose Midas for their iudge. VVho being corrupted vvyth partiall affection, gaue the victorie to Pan vnderferued: for vvhich Phoebus sette a payre of Asses cares vpon hys head &c.

Tityrus) That by Tityrus is meant Chaucer, hath bene already sufficiently sayde, & by thys more playne appeareth, that he sayth, he tolde merye raies. Such as be hys Canterburie tales. vvhom he calleth the God of Poetes for hys excellencie, so as Tullie calleth Lenulus, *Deum vitæ suæ*. the God of hys lyfe.

To make) to versifie.

O vwhy] A pretye Epanorthosis or correction.

Discurtesie) he meaneth the falsenesse of his louer Rosalinde, who forsaking hym, hadde chosen another.

Poynte of worthy wite] the pricke of deserued blame.

Menalcas] the name of a shepheard in Virgile; but here is meant a person vnknowne and secrete, agaynst vvhome he often bitterly inuayeth,

vnderf...ge] vndermynde and deceiue by false suggestion.

Embleme.

You remember, that in the fyrst Æglogue, Colins Poesie vvas Anchora speme : for that as then there vvas hope of fauour to be found in tyme. But nowve being cleane forlorne and reiected of her, as whose hope, that was, is cleane extinguished and turned into despayre, he renounceth all comfort and hope of goodnesse to come, vvhich is all the meaning of thys Embleme.





Ægloga septima.

ARGUMENT.

THis Æglogue is made in the honour and commendation of good shepherdes, and to the shame and dispraise of proude and ambitious Pastours. Such as Morrell is here imagined to bee.

Thomalin.

Morrell.

IS not thilke same a gotcheard proude,
that sittes on ponder bancke,
Whose straying heard them selfe doth shrowde
among the bushes rancke?

Morrell.

What ho, thou iollye shepheards swayne,
come by the hyl to me:
Better is, then the lowly playne,
als for thy flocke, and thee.

Thomalin:

Ah God sheld, man; that I should cline,
and learne to looke alofte,
This reede is ryse, that ofentime
Great clymbers fall vniost.

Iuly.

In humble dales is footing fast,
the trode is not so trickle:
And though one fall through heedlesse hast,
yet is his misse not mickle.
And now the Sonne hath reared by
his fyiefooted ceme,
Makng his way betweene the Cuppe,
and golden Diademe:
The rampant Lyon hunts he fast,
with Dogge of noylome breath,
Whose balefull barking bringes in hast
pyne, plagues, and vcery death.
Agaynst his cruell scorching heare .
where hast thou couerture ?
The wastefull hyls vnto his threate
is a playne overture.
But if thee lutt, to holden chat
with seely shepherds swayne,
Come downe, and learne the litle what,
that Thomakin can sayne.

Morrell.

Syker, thous but a laelie loord,
and rekes much of thy swinck,
That with sond termes, and weetelesse words
to blere myne eyes doest thinke.
In euill houre thou hentest in hond
thus holy hylles to blame,
For sacred vnto saintes they stond,
and of them han they name.
S. Michels mount who does not know,
that wardes the Westerne colter
And of S. Bizets bowze I trow,
all Kent can rightly boaste:
And they that tron of Hules I kill,
sayne most what, that they dwell
(As goteheards wont) vpon a hill,
beside a learned well.

And

And wored not the great God *Pan*,
 vpon mount *Oliuet*:

Feeding the blessed flocke of *Dan*,
 which dyd himselfe beget:

Thomalin.

O blessed sheepe, O shepheard great,
 that bought his flocke so deare,
 And them did saue with bloudy sweat
 from *Uolues*, that would them teare.

Morrel.

Besyd, as holy fathers sayne,
 there is a hyllye place,
 Where *Titan* ysleth from the mayne,
 to renne hys dayly race.

Upon whose topp the starres bene stayd,
 and all the skie doth leane;

There is the caue, where *Phobe* layd,
 the shepheard long to dreame.

Whilome there bled shepheards all
 to feede theyr flocks at will,

Till by his folly one did fall,
 that all the rest did spill.

And sithens shepheardes bene forsayd
 from places of delight:

For thy I weene thou be affrayd,
 to clime this hilles height.

Of *Synab* can I tell thee more,
 And of our Ladies bowze:

But little needes to strow my store,
 suffice this hill of our.

Here han the holy *Faune* recourse,
 and *Syluanes* haunten rathe.

Here has the late *Hedway* his soule,
 wherein the *Nymphes* doe bathe.

The late *Hedway*, that trickling stremis
 adowne the dales of *Kent*:

Iulye.

Till with his eldier brother Themis
His brackish waues be meynt.
Here growes *Melampode* every where,
and *Teribins* good for Gotes:
The one, my madding kiddes to smere,
the next, to heale theyr throttes.
Here to, the hills bene nigher heuen,
and thence the passage ethe.
As well can youe the piercing leuin,
that seeldome falls bynethe.

Thomalin.

Spker thou speakes lyke a lewde lozell,
of H:auen to demer so:
How be I am but rude and bozell,
yet nearer wayes I knowe.
To Kerke the narre, from God moze farre,
has bene an old sayd sawe.
And he that strues to touch the starres,
oft stumbles at a strawe,
Alsoone may shepheard chymbe to skye,
that leades in lowly dales,
As Goteherd yowd that sitting hye,
upon the Mountaine sayles.
By seely sheepe like well belowe,
they ncede not *Melampode*:
For they bene hale enough, I trowe,
and liken theyr abode.
But if they with thy Gotes should pde,
they soone myght be corrupted:
Or like nor of the frowie fede,
or with the weedes be glutted.
The bylls, where dwelled holy saints,
I reuerence and adoze:
Not for themselfe, but for the saynctes,
Which han be dead of poze.
And nowe they bene to heauen forewent,
theyr good is with them goe:

Ther

They simple onely to vs lent,
 That als we mought doe see.
 Shepheards they weren of the best,
 and liued in lowlye leas:
 And sith they? soules bene now at rest,
 why done we them discale?
 Such one he was, (as I haue heard
 old Algrind often sayne)
 That whilome was the first sheheard,
 and liued with litle gayne:
 As meeke he was, as meeke mought be,
 simple, as simple sheepe,
 Humble, and like in eche degree
 the flocke, which he did keepe.
 Often he used of hys keepe
 a sacrifice to bring,
 Nowe with a Kinde, now with a sheepe
 the Altars hallowing.
 So lowred he vnto hys Lord,
 such fauour couth he fynd,
 That sithens neuer was abhord,
 the simple shepheards kynd.
 And such I weene the brethren were,
 that came from *Canaan*:
 The brethren twelue, that kept yfere
 the flockes of mighty *Pan*.
 But nothing such thilk shehearde was,
 whom *Ida* hyl dyd beare,
 That lest hys flocke, to fetch a lasse,
 whole loue he bought to deare:
 For he was proude, that all was payd,
 (no such mought shepheards bee)
 And with lewde lust was overlaid:
 tway thyngs doen all agree:
 But sheheard mought be meeke and myde,
 well eyed, as *Argus* was,

Iulye.

With fleshy follyes vndefyled,
and roue as sheeue of brasse.
Sike one (sayd *Algrin*) *Moses* was,
that sawe hys makers face,
His face more cleare, then Chyristall glasse,
and spake to him in place.
This had a byother, (his name I knewe)
the first of all his cote,
A shepheard trewe, yet not so true,
as he that earst I hote
Whilome all these were lowe, and lief,
and loued their flocks to feede,
They neuer strouen to be chiefe,
and simple was theyr weede.
But now (thanked be God therefore)
the world is well amend,
Their weedes bene not so nighly wore,
such simpleste mought them send:
They bene yclad in purple and pall,
so hath theyr god them blis,
They reigne and rulen ouer all,
and lord it, as they list:
Egypt with belts of glitterand gold.
(mought they good sheepeheards bene)
Theyr Pan theyr sheepe to them has sold,
I saye as some haue seene.
For *Palinode* (if thou him ken)
yode late on Pilgrimage
To Rome; (if such be Rome) and then
he sawe thilke misusage.
For shepeheards (sayd he) there doen leade,
as Lordes done other where,
Theyr sheepe han crustes, and theyr the byead:
the chippes, and theyr the chere:
Theyr han the fleece, and eke the fleshy,
(O seely sheepe the whyle)
The corne is theyr, let other thers,
their hands they may not file.

Theyr

They han great stoxes, and thristye flockes,
 great freendes and feeble foes:
 What neede hem caren for their flockes?
 they? boyes can looke to those.
 These wisards welte in welchs waues,
 pampyd in pleasures deepe,
 They han fatte kernes, and leany knaues,
 their fasting flockes to keepe.
 Sike mister men bene all misgone,
 they heapen hylles of wyath:
 Sike spylle shepheards han we none,
 they keepen all the path.

Morrell.

Here is a great deale of good matter,
 lost for lacke of telling,
 Now liker I see, thou doest but clatter:
 harme may come of melling.
 Thou medlest more, then shall haue thanke,
 to wyten shepheards welch:
 When folke bene fat, and riches rancke,
 it is a signe of helch.
 But say me, what is *Algrin* he,
 that is so oft bynemyt.

Thomalin.

He is a shepheard great in gree,
 but hath bene long ypent.
 One daye he sat vpon a hyll,
 (as now thou wouldest me:
 But I am taught by *Algrin* ill,
 to loue the lowe degree.)
 For sitting so with bared scalpe,
 An Eagle soyd hye,
 That weening hys whyte head was chalke,
 a shell fith downe let slye:
 She weend the shell fith to haue byoake,
 but therewith byzd his byayne,
 So now astoned with the stroke,
 helyes in limgyng payne.

D

Morrell.

Iulye.

Morrell.

**Th good *Algrin*, his hap was ill,
but shall be better in time.
Now farwell they heard, sitth thys hyl
thou hast such doubt to climbe.**

Palinodes Embleme.

In medio virtus.

Morrells Embleme.

In summo foelicitas.



GLOSSE.

A Goteheard] By Gotes in scripture be represented the wicked and reprobate, whose pastour also must needes be such:

Banck] is the seate of honor. **Straying heard]** which wander out of the way of truth. **Als]** for also. **Clymbe]** spoken of Ambition. **Great clymbers]** according to Seneca his verse, **Decidunt celsa grauiore lapsus.** **Muckle]** much.

The sonne] A reason, why he refuseth to dwell on Mountaines, because there is no shelter against the scorching sunne, according to the time of the year, vvhiche is the vvhottest moneth of all.

The Cupp and Diademe] Be two signes in the Firmament, through vvhich the sonne maketh his course in the moneth of Iuly.

Lion] Thys is Poetically spoken, as if the Sunne did hunt a Lion, vvhith one Dogge. The meaning vvhereof is, that in Iuly the sonne is in Leo At vvhich tyme the Dogge starre, vvhich is called Syrius or Canicula reigneth, vvhith immoderate heate causing Pestilence, droughth, and many diseases.

Ouerture] an open place. The vvhord is borrowd of the French, & vsed in good writers To holden chatt) to talke and prate.

A loorde] vvas vvhont among the old Britons to signifie a Lorde. And therefore the Danes, that long time vsurped theyr Tyrannie here in Brytanie, vvre called for more dread and dignitie, **Lurdanes.** .I. Lord Danes. At vvhich time it is sayd, that the insolencie and pryde of that nation vvas so outrageous in thys Realme, that if it fortun'd a Briton to be going ouer a bridge, and saue the Dane set foote vpon the same, he muste retorne back, till the Dane vwere cleane ouer, or els abyde the pryce of his displeasure, which vvas no lesse, then present death. But being afterwarde expelled that name of Lurdane became so odious vnto the people, whom they had long oppressed, that euen at this daye they vse for more reproche, to call the Quartane ague the Feuer Lurdane.

Recks much of thy swinck] counts much of thy paynes. **Vvettelisse]** not vnderstoode.

S. Michels

- S. Michels mount**] is a promontorie in the VVest part of England.
A hill] Parnassus afforesayd. Pan Christ. Dan] One trybe is put for the whole nation per Synecdochen
VVhere Titan] the Sonne. VVhich story is to be redde in Diodorus Syc. of the hyl Ida; from whence he sayth, all night time is to bee seene a mightye fire, as if the skye burned, vvhich tovvard morning beginneth to gather into a rownd forme, and thereof ryseth the sonne, whose the Poetes call Titan :
The Shepheard] is Endymion, vvhom the Poetes fayne, to haue bene so beloved of Phoebe, f. the Moone, that he vvvas by her kept a sleepe in a caue by the space of xxx. yeares, for to enioye his companie.
There] that is in Paradise, vvhere through error of shepheards vnderstanding, he sayth, that all shepheards did vsē to feede theyr flocks, till one, (that is Adam by hys follye and disobedience, made all the rest of hys offspring be debarred & shutt out from thence.
Synah] a hill in Arabia, vvhere God appeared.
Our Ladyes bovre] a place of pleasure so called.
Faunes or Syluanes] be of Poetes feigned to be Gods of the VVoode.
Midway] the name of a Ryuer in Kent, vvhich running by Rochester, meeteth with Thames; vvhom he calleth his elder brother, both because he is greater, and also falleth sooner into the Sea.
Meyn] mingled. Melampode and Terebinth] be hearbes good to cure diseased Gotes. of thone spreketh Mantuane, and of thother Theocritus.
πρωτον τριτων ερατον ανθρωπον.
Nigher heauen] Note the shepheards simpleness, vvhich supposeth that from the hylls is nearer waye to heauen.
Lein] Lightning; vvhich he taketh for an argument, to proue the nighnes to heauen, because the lightning doth comenly light on hygh mountaynes, according to the saying of the Poete. Feriuntque summos fulmina montes.
Lorrell] A lotell. A borrell] a playne fellowe. Narre] nearer.
Hale] for hole. Yede] goe. Frowve] mustye or mossie.
Of yore] long agoe. Forevvente] gone afore.
The firste shepheard] vvvas Abell the righteous, vvho (as scripture sayth) bent hys mind to keeping of sheepe, as did hys brother Cain to tilling the grownde.
His keepe] hys charge f. his focke. Lovvted] did honour and reuerence.
The brethren] the twelue sonnes of Iacob, vvbych vvvere shepemaisters, and lyued one lye thereupon.
VVhom Ida] Paris, vvhich being the sonne of Priamus king of Troy, for his mother He-cubas dreame, vvch being vvith child of hym, dreamed shee broughte forth a firebrand, that set all the towre of Ilium on fire, was cast forth on the hyl Ida; vvhere being fostered of shepheards, he eke in time be came a shepheard, and lastly came to knowledge of his parentage.
A lisse] Helena the vvvyfe of Menelaus king of Lacedemonia, vvvas by Venus for the golden Aple to her geuen, then promised to Paris, vvho thereupon vvwith a sorte of lustye Troyanes, stole her out of Lacedemonia, and kept her in Troye, vvch vvvas the cause of the tenne yeares warre in Troye, and the most famous citye

Julye.

of all Asia, most lamentably sacked and defaced.

Argus] was of the Poets deuised to be full of eyes, and therefore to hym was committed the keeping of the transformed Cow Io: So called because that in the print of a Cowes foote, there is figured an I in the middelt of an O.

His name) he meaneth Aaron: whose name for more Decorum, the shepheard sayth he hath forgot, lest his remembraunce: and skill in antiquities of holy vvrit should seeme to exceede the meaneesse of the Person.

Not so true) for Aaron in the absence of Moses starded aside, and committed Idolatry. In purple] Spoken of the Popes and Cardinales, vvhich vse such tyrannical colours and pompous paynting.

Glitterand) Glittering, a Participle vsed sometime in Chaucer, but altogether in I. Goore Theyr Pan) that is the Pope, vvhom they count theyr God and greatest shepheard. Palinode) A shepheard, of vvhose repost he seemeth to speake all thys.

VVifards) greate learned heads. VVelter) wallouve. Kerne) a Churle or Farmer. Sike misser men) such kinde of men. Sturly) stately and provvde Mellling) medling. Bert) better. Bynempte) named. Gree) for degree.

Algrin the name of a shepheard afore sayde, vvhose myshap he alludeth to the chance, that happened to the Poet Æschylus, that vvvas brayned with a sheelshote.

Embleme.

By thys poesye Thomalin confirmeth that, vvhich in hys former speach by sondrye reasons he had proued. for being both hymselfe sequestred from all ambition and also abhorring it in others of hys cote, he taketh occasion to praye the meane and lowly state, as that wherein is safetie vvithout feare, and quiet vvithout danger, according to the saying of olde Philosophers, that vertue dwelleth in the middelt, being enuironed vvith tvvo contrary vices: vvhereto Morrell replieth vvith continuauance of the same Philosophers opinion, that albeit all bountye dvvleth in mediocrinie, yet perfect felicitye dvvleth in supremacie. for they say, and most true it is, that happinesse is placed in the highest degree, so as if any thung be higher or better, then that streight way ceaseth to be perfect happines. Much like to that, vvhich once I heard alleaged in defence of humilitee out of a great doctour, Suorum Christus humillimus: which saying a gentle man in the company taking at the rebownd, beate backe again vvith lyke saying of another Doctoure, as he sayde. Suorum deus allissimus.





Ægloga octaua.

ARGUMENT.

In this Æglogue is set forth a delectable controuersie, made in imitation of that in Theocritus: where also Virgile fashioned his third & seuenth Æglogue. They choose for vmpere of their strife, Cuddie a neatheards boye, who hauing ended their cause, reciteth also himselfe a proper song, whereof Colin be sayth was Authour.

Willye. Perigot. Cuddie.

Tell me Perigot, what shalbe the game,
Wherefore with myne thou dare thy musick matche?
Or bene thy Bagppes renne farre out of frame?
Or hath the Crampe thy toynts benoind with ache?

Perigot.

Ah Willye, when the hart is ill assayde,
How can Bagpipe, or toynts be well apayde?

Willye.

What the foule euill hath thee so bestadde?
Whilom thou was peregall to the best,
And wont to make the lolly shepheards gladd
With ppyng and dauncing, dost passe the rest.

H. 3.

Perigot

August.

Perigot.

Oh willye now I haue learnd a newe dauncer
My old mullick mard by a newe mischaunce.

VVillye.

Mischiefe mought to that newe mischaunce befall,
That so hath raft vs of our meriment.

But reede me, what payne doth thee so appall?
O louest thou, or bene thy younglings miswent?

Perigot.

Loue hath misled both my younglings, and mee:
I pyne for payne, and they my payne to see.

VVillye.

Perdie and wellawaye sill may they thieve:
Neuer knewe I louers sheepe in good plight,
But and if in ryues with me thou dare strive,
Such fond fancies shall loone be put to flight.

Perigot.

That shall I doe, though mocheill worse I fare:
Neuer shall be sayde that Perigot was dard.

VVillye.

Then loe Perigot the Pledge, which I plight:
A mazer wrought of the Pape warre:
Wherewith is enchafed many a fayre sight
Of Veres and Tygres, that maken fiers warre:
And ouer them spred a goodly wild vine,
Entrailed with a wanton Vite-twine .

Thereby is a Lambe in the Wolves sawes:
But see, how fast renneth the shepheard swayne,
To saue the innocent from the beastes pawes:
And here with his shepooke hath him slayne .
Tell me, such a cup hast thou euer sene?
Well mought it beseme any haruel Queene.

Perigot.

Thereto will I pawne ponder spotted Lambe,
Of all my flocke there nis like another:
For I brought him by without the Dambe.
But Colin Clout raite me of his brother,

That

That he purchast of me in the playne field:
Soze against my will was I forst to yeld.

VVillye.

Sicker make like account of his brother.
But who shall iudge the wager wonne or lost?

Perigot.

That shall ponder heardgrome, and none other,
Which ouer the pouste hetherward doth post.

VVillye.

But for the Sunnebeame so soze doth vs beate,
Were not better, to thumme the scoztching heate?

Perigot.

Well agreed Willy: then sitte thee downe swayne:
Sike a song neuer heardest thou, but Colin sing.

Cuddie.

Gymne, when ye lyst, ye tolly shepheards twayne:
Sike a iudge, as Cuddie, were for a king.

Perigot.

Willye.

Per.

Wil.

Per.

Wil.

Per.

Wil.

Per.

Wil.

Per.

Wil.

Per.

Wil.

Per.

Wil.

Per.

Wil.

Per.

Wil.



Tell vpon a holly eue,
hey ho hollidape,

When holly fathers went to syreue:
now gynnech this roundelay.

Sitting vpon a hill so hye,
hey ho the high hyl,

The while my flocke did feede thereby,
the while the shepherd selke did spill;

I saw the bouncing Bellbone,
hey ho Bonibell,

Tripping ouer the dale alone,
she can trippe it very well:

Well decked in a frocke of gray,
hey ho gray is greete,

And in a Kirtle of greene saps,
the greene is for maydens meeter.

A chapelet on her head she wore,
hey ho chapelet,

Of sweete Violets therein was soze,
she sweeter then the Violet.

August.

Per. My thowe did leaue they wonted foodz,
Wil. hey ho seely thewe,
Per. And gazd on her, as they wer e wood,
Wil. Woode as he, that did them keepe.
Per. As the bonilasse passed bye,
Wil. hey ho bonilasse,
Per. She rouded at me with glauncing eye,
Wil. as cleare as the chryskall glasse:
Per. Allas the Sunnys beame so bright,
Wil. hey ho the Sunne beame,
Per. Glaunceth from *Phabus* face so bright,
Wil. so loue into my hart did streame:
Per. O as the thonder cleaues the cloudes,
Wil. hey ho the Thonder,
Per. Wherein the lightsome leuin thoudes,
Wil. so cleaues thy soule a sonder:
Per. O as Dame *Cynthias* siluer rape
Wil. hey ho the Moone light,
Per. Upon the glyttering waue doth playe:
Wil. such play is a pittious plight.
Per. The glaunce into my heart did glide,
Wil. hey ho the glyder,
Per. Therewith my soule was sharply gryde,
Wil. such woundes soone wexen wider.
Per. Passing to raunchy the arrow out,
Wil. hey ho Perigot,
Per. I left the head in my hart roote:
Wil. it was a desperat shot.
Per. There it ranckleth ay moze and moze,
Wil. hey ho the arrowe,
Per. Ne can I find salue for my soze:
Wil. loue is a carelesse sorowe.
Per. And though my bale with death I bought,
Wil. hey ho heauie cheere,
Per. Yet should thilk laste not from my thought:
Wil. so you may buye gold to deare.

But

Per. But whether in paynefull loue I pynne,
 Wil. hep ho pinching payne,
 Per. Or thine in welth, she shalbe mine.
 Wil. but if thou can her obtaine.
 Per. And if for gracelesse greefe I wepe,
 Wil. hep ho gracelesse grieffe,
 Per. Witnesse, shee slewe me with her eye:
 Wil. let thy follie be the pyefe,
 Per. And you, that sawe it, simple shepe,
 Wil. hep ho the sayre flocke,
 Per. For pyefe thereof, my death shall weepe,
 Wil. and none with many a mocke.
 Per. So leard I loue on a hollye eue,
 Wil. hep ho holidaye,
 Per. That euer since my hart did greue.
 Wil. now endeth our roundelay.

Cuddie,

Sicker like a rounde neuer heard I none.
 Little lacketh *Perigot* of the best.
 And *Willey* is not greatly ouergone,
 So weren his vnder songs well addrest.

Villeye.

Herdgrome, I feare me, thou haue a squint eye:
 Creepe vprightly, who has the victorie?

Cuddie.

Fayth of my soule, I deeme ech haue gayned.
 For thy let the Lambe be *Willey* his owne:
 And for *Perigot* so well hath hym payned,
 To hym be the wroughten mazer alone.

Perigot.

Perigot is well pleased with the doome:
 He can *Willey* wite the wiselesse herdgrome.

Villeye.

Neuer dempt more right of beautie I tweene,
 The shepheard of *Ida*, that iudged beauties Queene.

Cuddie.

But tell me shepherds, should it not pshend
 Your roundels fresh, to heare a doolefull verse

A.

Df

August.

Of Rosalend (who knowes not Rosalend's)
That Colin made, ylike can I you rehearse.

Perigot.

Now say it Cuddie, as thou art a ladde:
With mery thing its good to medle ladde.

Vvilly.

Fayth of my soule, thou shalt ycrownd be
In Colins stede, if thou this song areede:
For neuer thing on earth so pleaseth me,
As him to heare, or inatter of his deede,

Cuddie.

Then listnech ech vnto my heaup laye,
And tune your pyppes as ruthful, as ye may.



Y waste full woodes beare witnesse of my woe,
Wherein my plaints did oftentimes resound:
Ye carelesse byrds are pryue to my cryes,
Which in your songs were wont to make apart:
Thou pleasaunt spring hast lqd me out a sleepe,
Whose streames my trickinge teares did ofte

Resort of people doch my greefs augment, (augment.

The walled townes do worke my greater woe:
The forest wide is fitter to resound
The hollow Echo of my carefull cryes,
I hate the house, since thence my loue did part,
Whose waylesfull want debarres myue eyes from sleepe
Let streemes of teares supply the place of sleepe:
Let all that sweete is, poyd: and all that may augment
My doole, drawe neare. More meete to wayle my woe,
Bene the wild wooddes my sorrowes to resound,
Then bedde, or bowre, both which I fill with cryes,
When I them see so wait, and fynd no part
Of pleasure past. Here will I dwell apart
In gaitfull groue theresoze, till my last sleepe
Doe close mine eyes: so shall I not augment
With sight of such a chaunge my restlesse woe:
Helpe me, ye banefull byrds, whose thyrking sound
Is sighe of deerey death, my deadly cryes.

Most ruthfully to tune. And as my cryes
 (Which of my woe cannot bewray least part)
 You heare all night, when nature craueth sleepe,
 Increase, so let your ykesome yells augment.
 Thus all the night in plaints, the daye in woe
 I bowed haue to wayte, till safe and sound
 She home returne, whose boyces situer sound
 To cheerefull songs can change my cherelesse cryes.
 Hence with the Nightingale will I take part,
 That blessed byrd, that spends her time of sleepe
 In songs and plaintiue pleas, the more taugment
 The memozy of hys misdeede, that byed her woe:
 And you that feele no woe, | when as the sound
 Of these my nightly cryes | ye heare apart,
 Let breake your soundeꝛ sleepe | and pitie augment.

Perigot.

O Colin, Colin, the shepheards ioye,
 How I admire ech turning of thy verse :
 And Cuddie, fresh Cuddie the liefest boye,
 How dolefully his doole thou didst rehearse.
 Cuddie.

Then blowe your pyppes shepheards, til you be at homes
 The night nigheth fast, yez time to be gone.

Perigot his Embleme.

Vincenti gloria victi.

Willyes Embleme.

Vinto non vitto.

Cuddies Embleme.

Felice chj puo.



GLOSSE

Bestadde) disposed, ordered.
 Raffte) bereft, deprived.

Peregall) equall.
 Mis(yent) gon a strays.
 I.2.

VVhilome) once.
 Ill may) according
 to

August.

- to Virgile. In felix o semper ouis pecus.
A mazer) So also do Theocritus and Virgile feigne pledges of their strife.
Enchafed) engrauen. Such pretic descriptions euery vwhere vseth Theocritus, to bring in his Idyllia. For which speciall cause indede he by that name termeth his *Æglogues*: for Idyllion in Greke signifieth the shape or picture of any thyng, vvhich of his booke is full. And not, as I haue heard some fondly guesse, that they be called not Idyllia, but *Hædilia*, of the Goteheards in them.
- Entrailed)** vvrought betwene.
Haruest Queene) The manner of country folke in haruest tyme. Pouffe.) Pease.
It fell vpon) Perigot maketh hys song in prayse of his loue, to vvhō VVilly answereth euery vnder verse. By Perigot vvhō is meant, I can not vprightly say: but if it be, vvhō is supposed, his love deterueth no lesse prayse, then he giueth her.
- Greete)** weeping and complaint. Chaplet) a kind of Garland lyke a crowne.
Leuen) Lightning. Cynthia) vvas sayd to be the Moone. Gryde) perced.
Burif) not vnlesse. Squint eye) partiall iudgement. Ech haue) so saith Virgile.
Et virula tu dignus, et hic &c.
- So by enterchaunge of gyfts Cuddie pleaseth both partes.
- Dooe)** iudgement. Dempt) for deemed, iudged. VVire the vvitelesse) blame the blamelesse.
The shepherd of Ida) vvas sayd to be Paris.
Beauties Queene) Venus, to vvhome Paris adiudged the golden Apple, as the pryce of her beaurie

Embleme.

The meaning hercof is very ambiguous: for Perigot by his poeic claming the cōquest, & VVillye nor yeelding, Cuddie the arbiter of theyr cause, and Patron of his own, seemeth to chalenge it, as his deuy, saying, that he, is happy vvhich can, so abruptly ending but hee meaneth eyther him, that can vv in the beste, or moderate him selfe being best, and leaue of vvith the best.





Ægloga Nona.

ARGUMENT.

Herein Diggon Daue is deuised to be a shepheard, that in hope of more gayne, droue his sheepe into a farre countrie. The abuses whereof, and loose liuing of Popish prelates, by occasion of Hobbinols demaied, he discourseth at large.

Hobbinol.

Diggon Daue.



Diggon Daue, I bidde her god daye:
O Diggon her is, o I mistake.

Diggon.

Her was her, while it was daye light,
But now her is a most wretched wight.
If o day, that was, is wightly past,
And now at eart the dirke night darth haik.

Hobbinoll.

Diggon areede, who has thee so dight?
Neuer I wist thee in so pooze a plight.
Where is the fayre flocke, thou was wont to leade?
O bene they chaffred? o at mischiefse dead?

Diggon

o

September.

Diggon.

Ah for loue of that, is to thee moste leefe,
Hobbinol, I pray thee gall not my old griefes,
Sike question ripeth by cause of newe woe,
For one opened mote vnfolde many moe.

Hobbinoll.

May, but sorrow close shrouded in hart
I know, to kepe, is a burdenous smart.
Eche thing imparted is more eath to beare:
When the rayne is faln, the cloudes weren cleare,
And nowe sithence I latwe thy head last,
Thise thre Hoones bene fully spent and past:
Since when thou hast measured much grownd,
And wandred I wene about the world rounde,
So as thou can many thinges relate:
But tell me first of thy flocks astate.

Diggon.

My sheepe bene watted, (wae is me therfore)
The lolly shepheard that was of yore,
Is nowe noz lollye, noz shephearde moze.
In forein costes, men sayd, was plentye:
And so there is, but all of miserpe.
I dempt there much to haue eeked my stoze,
But such eeking hath made my hart soze.
In tho cuntryes, whereas I haue bene,
No being for those, that truely mene,
But for such, as of guile maken gayne,
No such cuntrye, as there to remaine.
They lettyn to sale their shopp of shame,
And maken a Part of theyz good, name.
The shepheards there robben one another,
And layen baytes to beguile her brochet.
Or they will buy his sheepe out of the cote,
Or they will caruen the shepheards throte.
The shepheards swayne you cannot wel ken,
But it be by his pryde, from other men:
They looken bigge as Bulls, that bene bate,

And

And bearen the cragge so stiffe and so state,
As cocke on his dunghill, crowing cranck.

Hobbinoll.

Diggon, I am so stiffe, and so stanck,
That vneth may I stand any moze:
And nowe the Westerne wind bloweth soze,
That nowe is in his chiefe souereigntee,
Beating the withered leafe from the tree.
Sitte we dotne here vnder the hill:
Tho may we talke, and tellen our fill,
And make a mocke at the blustering blast.
Now say on Diggon, what euer thou hast.

Diggon.

Hobbin, ah hobbin, I curse the stounde,
That euer I cast to haue lozne this grounde.
Wel-away the while I was so fonde,
To leaue the good, that I had in haude,
In hope of better, that was vncouth:
So lost the Dogge the flesh in his mouth,
My seely sheepe (ah seely sheepe)
That here by there I whilome vsd to keepe,
All were they lustye, as thou didst see,
Bene all sterued with pyne and penuree.
Hardly my selfe escaped chilke payne,
Dyuen for neede to come home agayne.

Hobbinoll,

Ah son, now by thy losse art taught,
That seeldome chaunge the better brought.
Content who liues with tryed state,
Neede feare no chaunge of frowning fate:
But who will seeke for vnkowne gayne,
Dit liues by losse, and leaues with payne.

Diggon.

I wote ne Hobbin how I was bewitcht
With bayne desyre, and hope to be enricht.
But sicker so it is, as the byght starre
Seemeth ay greater, when it is farre:

September.

I thought the soyle would haue made me rich:
But nowe I wote, it is nothing lich.
For epyther the shepheards bene ydle and still,
And ledde of theyr sheepe, what way they wyll:
Or they bene false, and full of couetise,
And casten to compasse many wrong empyse.
But the moze bene fraught with fraud and spight,
He in good nor goodnes taken delight:
He in good nor goodnes taken delight:
But kindle coales of conteck and yre,
Wherewith they sette all the world on fire:
Which when they thinke agayne to quenche
With holy water, they doen hem all drench.
They saye they con to heauen the high way,
But by my soule I dare vnder saye,
They neuer sette foote in th at same troade,
But balk the right way, and strayen abroad.
They boast they hau the deuill at commaunds:
But aske hem therfore, what they han paund.
Marrie that great *Pan* bought with deare bozrowe,
To quite it from the blacke botwe of sorrowe.
But they han sold thilk same long agoe:
For thy woulde drawe with hem many moe.
But let hem gange alone a Gods name:
As they han byrmed, so let hem beare blame.

Hobbinoll.

Diggon, I praye thee speake not so dirke.
Such myster saying me seemeth to mirke.

Diggon.

Then playnely to speake of shepheards most what,
Badde is the best (this english is flatt.)
Their ill hauour garres men missay,
Both of their doctrine, and of their saye.
They sayne the world is much war then it wont,
All for her shepheards bene beastly and blont.
Oher sayne, but how cruely I note,
All for they holden shame of theyr cote.
Some sticke not to say, (whote role on her tongue)

That

That like mischiefe graeteth hem emong,
 All for they casten too much of woꝝlos care,
 To deck her Dame, and enrich her heyꝛe:
 For such enchealon, If you goe nye,
 Fewe chymneys reeking you shall espye
 The fatte Dre, that wont ligge in the stal,
 Is nowe fast stalled in her crumenall.
 Thus chatten the people in theyꝛ steads,
 Plike as a Monster of many heads.
 But they that shooten neereſt the pyicke,
 Sayne, other the fat from their beards doen lick.
 For bigge Bulles of *Baſan* hyꝛce hem about,
 That with theyꝛ hoꝛnes butten the moꝛe stouter:
 But the leane ſoules treaden vnder foote.
 And to ſeek redꝛelle mought little boote:
 For liker bene they to pluck away moꝛe,
 Then ought of the gotten good to reſtoꝛe.
 For they bene like ſoule wagmoires cuergraſſ,
 That if thy galage once ſticketh faſt,
 The moꝛe to wiꝛd it out thou doeſt ſwinck,
 Thou mought ay deeper and deeper ſinck.
 Yet better haue of with a little loſſe,
 Then by much weſtling to leeſe the groſſe.

Hobbinoll.

Howe Diggon, I ſee thou ſpeakeſt to plaines
 Better it were, a little to ſeyne,
 And cleanly couer, that cannot be cured.
 Such il, as is foꝛced, mought nedes be endured
 But of ſike paſtoꝛes howe done the ſlocks creepe?

Diggon.

Like as the ſhepheards, like bene her ſheepe,
 For they will liſten to the ſhepheards voyce,
 But if he call hem at theyꝛ good choyce,
 They wander at wil, and ſtray at pleaſure,
 And to theyꝛ foldes yeeld at their owne leaſure.
 But they had be better come at their cal:
 For many han into miſchiefe fall,

R.

And

September.

And bene of ravenous *Woolves* preynt,
All for they nould be burdnie and bene.

Hobbinol.

Spe on thee *Diggon*, and all thy foule leasing,
Well is knowpe that sith the *Danoy* king,
Neuer was *Woolfe* seene many nor some,
Nor in all *Kent*, nor in *Chulsendome*:
But the fewer *Woolves* (the fosh to sayne,)
The more bene the *Foxes* that here remaine.

Diggon.

Yes, but they gang in more secreete wise,
And with shepces clothing doen hem disguise,
They walke not widely as they were wont
For feare of raungers, and the great hunt:
But priuely yalling two and thre,
Enaunter they mought be sith knowe.

Hobbinol.

O priue or pertyf any beue,
We han great *Bandogs* will reare their skinne.

Diggon.

Indeepe thy ball is a bold bigge curre,
And could make a iolly hole in thoyr furre.
But not good *Dogges* hem needeth to chace,
But heedye shepheards to discernen their face.
For all their craft is in their countenance,
The brie so graue and full of inapertenance.
But shall I tell thee what my selfe knowe,
Chaunced to *Rosspynn* not long ygoe

Hobbinol.

Say it out *Diggon*, what euer it sight.
For not but well mought he him betight.
He is so meeke, wise, and mercifable,
And with his word his worke is conuenable.
Colin clout I wene he his selfe hope,
(Ah for Colin he whilome my ioye)
Shepheards sith, God mought vs many send,
That doen so carefully theyr flocks tend.

Diggon

Diggon.

Think same shepheard mought I well marke:
 He has a Dogge to byte or to barke,
 Neuer had shepheard so kene a kurte,
 That waketh, and if but a lease sturre.
 Whilome there wooned a wicked Wolfe,
 That with many a Lambe had glutted his gulfe.
 And euer at night went to repapie
 Unto the flocke, when the Welkin shone faire,
 Pladde in clothing of seely sheepe,
 When the good old man used to sleepe.
 Tho at midnight he would barke and ball,
 (For he had els learned a currees call.)
 As if a Woolfe were among the sheepe.
 With that the shepheard would breake his sleepe,
 And send out Lowder (for so his dog hote)
 To raunge the fields with wide open throte.
 Tho when as Lowder was farre awape.
 This Woluith sheepe would catchen his pray,
 A Lambe, or a Kidde, or a weanell wait.
 With that to the wood would he speede him fast.
 Long time he used this slippery pranch,
 Ere Roffy could for his labour him thanck
 At end the shepheard his practtise spyed,
 (For Roffy is wise, and as Argus eyed)
 And when at euen he came to the flocke,
 Fast in theyr folds he did them locke,
 And tooke out the Woolfe in his counterfect cote,
 And let out the sheepes bloud at his throte.

Diggon.

Harry Diggon, what should him astape,
 To take his owne where euer it laye?
 For had his welsand bene a little widder,
 He would haue deuoured both hidder & shidder.

Diggon.

Mischiefe light on him, and Gods great curse,
 Too good for him had bene a great deale worse

September.

For it was a perillous beast about all,
And eke had he cond the shepherds call,
And oft in the night came to the shepecote,
And called Lowder, with a hollow chote,
As if it the old man selfe had bene.
The dog his masters voice did it werne,
Yet halfe in doubt, he opened the voze,
And ranne out, as he was wont of poze.
No sooner was out, but swifter then thought,
Fast by the hyde the Wolfe lowder caught:
And had not Rocky renne to the steuen,
Lowder had be slaine thilke same euen.

Hobbinoll.

God sheld man, he should so ill haue thriue,
All for he did his deuoyr beliuē.
If like bene Wolues, as thou hast told,
How mought we Diggon, hem be-hold.

Diggon.

How, but with heede and watchfulnesse,
For fallen hem of their wilnesse?
For thy with sheheard sittes not playe,
Or sleepe, as some doen, all the long day:
But euer liggē in watch and ward,
From sodden force they? flocks for to gard.

Hobbinoll.

Ah Diggon, thilke same rule were too straight,
All the cold season to wach and waite.
The bene of helthe, men as other bee.
Why should we be bound to such miserie?
What euer thing lacketh changeable telf,
Wought needes decay, when it is at best.

Diggon.

Ah but Hobbinoll, all this long tale,
Nought easeth the care, that doth me forhale.
What shall I doe? what way shall I wend,
By piteous plight and losse to amend?
Ah good Hobbinoll, mought I thee praye,
Of ayde or counsell in my decaye.

Hobbinoll

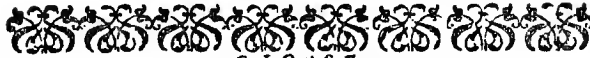
Hobbinoll.

Now by my soule Diggon, I lament
 The haplesse mischief, that has thee hent,
 Netherlesse thou seest my lowly saile,
 That froward fortune doth euer auaille.
 But were Hobbinoll, as God mought please,
 Diggon thould soone find fauour and ease.
 But if to my cotage thou wilt resort,
 So as I can: I wil thee comfort:
 There mayst thou ligge in a betchy bed,
 Till fayre Fortune shewe forth her head.

Diggon.

Ah Hobbinol, God mought it thee requite.
 Diggon on fewe such scends did euer lye.

Diggon's Embleme.

Inopem me copia fecit.

GLOSSE.

The Dialecte and phrase of speache in this Dialogue, seemeth somewhat to differ from the comen. The cause whereof is supposed to be, by occasion of the party herein meant, vvhich being very frend to the Author hereof, had bene long in forraigne countryes, and there seene many disorders, vvhich he here recounteth to Hobbinoll.

Bidde her) Bidde good morrow. For to bidde, is to praye, vvhich of comen beades for prayers, and so they say, I o bidde hus beades. i. to saye his prayers.

Vvighly) quicklye, or sodeulye. Chaffred) solde. Dead at mischief) an vnusuall speache, but much vsurped of Lidgate, and sometime of Chaucer.

Leefe) deare. Ethe) ease. These thre moones) nine monethes. Measured) for traueled.

Vvae) vvoe Northernly. Eeked) encreased. Carven) cutte. Kenne) know.

Cragge) necke. Stare) stoutely Stanck) vveane or fainte.

And noue) He applicth it to the tyme of the yeare, vvhich is in the end of haruest, which they call the fall of the leafe: at vvhich tyme the VVesterne wynde beareth most swaye.

A mocke) Imitating Horace, Debes ludibrium ventis. Lorne) leste Soote) swete.

Vvncouth) vnknowne: Hereby there) here and there. As the brighte) Translated out of Mantuane. Empric) for enterprife. Per Syncopen, Conrak) strife.

Trode) path. Marre that) that is, thru soules, vvhich by popish Exorcismes & practices they damme to hell.

Blacks

September.

Blacke) hell. Gange) goe. Miſter) maner. Miſke) obſcure. VVarte) vvorſe.
 Crumenall) purſe. Brace) compaſſe. Eneheſon) occaſion. Ouergraſt) ouergrovve
 vvith graſſe. Gulage) ſhoe. The graſſe) the whole.

Buxome and bent) mecke and obedient.

Saxon king) K. Edgare, that reigned here in Brytanye in the yeare of our Lorde.

vvhich king cauſed all the VVolves, vvherof then vvvas ſtore in thys countrye,
 by a proper policie to be deſtroyed. So as neuer ſince that tyme, there haue ben
 VVolves here founde, vnleſſe they were brought from other countryes. And
 therefore Hobbinoll rebuketh him of vntruth, for ſaying there be VVolves in
 England.

Nor in Chriſtendome) This ſaying ſeemeth to be ſtrange and vnreaſonable: but indeede
 it vvvas vvont to be an olde proverbe and comen phraſe. The original vvhere-
 of vvvas, for that moſt part of England in the reigne of king Ethelbert vvvas
 chriſtened, Kent onely except, vvhich remayned long after in myſ beleefe and
 vnchriſtened, So that Kent vvvas counted no part of Chriſtendome.

Great hunt) Executing of lawes and iuſtice. Enaunter) leaſt that.

Inly) inwardly. afforſayde. Prcuely or pert) openly ſayth Chaucer.

Roffy) The name of a ſhepheard in Marot his Æglogue of Robin and the Kinge.

vvhome he here commtndeth for greate care and vviſe gouernance of his flocke

Colin clout) Novve I thinke no man doubteth but by Colin is euer meante the Au-
 thour ſelfe. vvhoſe eſpeciall good frend Hobbinoll ſayth he is, or more rightly
 Maſter Gabriel Haruy: of vvhoſe ſpeciall commendation, aſvvell in Poetrye
 as Rhetorike and other choyce learning, vve haue lately had a ſufficient try-
 all in diuerſe his vvorkes, but ſpecially in his Muſarum Lachrymæ, and his late
 Gratulationū Valdinen ſum vvhich boke in the progreſſe at Audley in Eſſex,
 he dedicated in vvriting to her Maieſtie. after vvard preſenting the ſame in print
 vnto her Highneſſe at the vvorſhipfull Maſter Capells in Hertfordſhire. Beſide
 other his ſundrye moſt rare and very notable vvritings, partly vnder vvuknown
 Tytles, and partly vnder counterſayt names, as hys Tyrannoiaſtix, his Ode
 Nataſitia, his Rameidos, and eſpecially that parte of Philomufus, his diuine
 Anticoſmopolitia, and diuers other of lyke importance. As alſo by the names of
 other ſhepheards, he covereth the perſons of diuers other his familiar frendes
 and beſt acquaintance.

This tale of Roffy ſeemeth to colour ſome particular Action of his. But vvhat, I certain
 ly know vvnot. VVonned) haunted. VVelkin) ſkie. afforet laid.

A VVeanel) vvraſte) a vveaned youngling. Hidder and ſhيدر) He & ſhe. Maſk
 and Female. Steuen) Noyſe. Beliuē) quickly. VVhat euer) Ouids verſe
 tranſlated. Quod caret altera requie, durable non eſt.

Forehaile) dravve or diſtreſſe. Vetchie) of Peaſt ſtravve.

Embleme.

This is the ſaying of Narciffus in Ouid. For vvhen the fooliſhe boye by beholding hys
 face in the brooke, fell in loue vvith his ovvne likeneſſe: and not hable to con-
 tent him ſelfe vvith much looking thereon, he cryed out, that plene ye made him
 poore. meaning that much gazing had bereft him of ſence. But our Diggon vv-
 ſeth it to other purpoſe, as vvho that by tryall of many vvayes had founde the
 vvorſt,

September.

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vvorst, and through greate plentye vvas fallen into great penurie. This poeſie I knowe, so haue bene much vsed of the author, and to suche like of secte, as fyrſte Narcissus spake it.

October.



Ægloga decima.

ARGVMENT.

IN Cuddie is set out the perfecte paterne of a Poete, whisbe finding no maintenaunce of his ſtate and ſtudies, complayneth of the contempte of Poetrie, and the cauſes thereof: Specially hauing bene in all ages, and enen amongſt the moſt barbarous alwayes of ſingular account & honor, & being indede ſo worthy and commendable an arte: or rather no arte, but a diuine gift and heauenly inſtinkt not to bee gotten by labour and learning, but adorned with both: and poured into the witte by a certaine *ἁβραῆμ* and celeftiall inſpiration, as the Author here of els where at large diſcourſeth, in his booke called the English Poete, which booke bring lately come to my hands, I mynde alſo by Gods grace vpon further aduiſement to publiſh.

Pierce.

Cuddie.

Cuddie, for ſhame hold by thy heauy head,
And let vs call with what delight to chace:

Æ. 4.

And

October.

And weary thys long luyring *Phebus* race.
Whilome thou wont the shepheards laddes to lead,
In rymes, in riddles, and in bydding bafe:
Now they in thee, and thou in sleepe art dead!

Cuddie.

Piers, I have pypped erft so long with payne,
That all mine *Oten* reedes bene rent and wozen
And my poore *Wife* hath spent her spared stoze,
Yet little good hath got, and much lesse gayne.
Such pleasaunce makes the *Grashopper* so poore,
And ligge so layd, when *Winter* doth her straine:

The dapper ditties, that I wont deuife,
To feede pouthes fancie, and the flocking fry,
Delighten much: what I the bett for thy?
They haue the pleasure, I a slender pryse.
I beate the bush, the byrds to them doe flye:
What good there of to *Cuddie* can arise?

Piers.

Cuddie, the mayle is better, then the pryce,
The gloze eke much greater then the gayne:
What an honoz is it, to restraine
The lust of lawlesse youth with good aduice:
Dy prycke them forth with pleasaunce of thy valne,
Whereto thou list their trayned willes entice.

Soone as thou gynst to sette thy notes in frame,
How the rurall routes to thee doe cleaue:
Seemeth thou dost their soule of sence bereaue,
As the shepheard, that do fetch his dame
From *Plutoes* balefull bowze withouten leauer
His mulicks might the hellish hound do came.

Cuddie.

So maylen babes the *Peacocks* spotted traine,
And wondzen at byght *Argus* blazing eye:
But who rewards him ere the moze for thy?
Dy feedes him once the fuller by a graine!

Like vapour is smoke, that sheddeth in the skye,
 Like words bene wynd, and waften soone in bayne.

Piers.

Abandon then the base and biler clowne,
 Lyst by thy selfe out of the lowly dulle:
 And sing of bloody Mars, of wars, of giusts,
 Turne thee to thole, that weld the awful crowne.
 To doubted Knights, whose woundlesse armour rusts,
 And helmes unbruzed wepen daply browne.

There may thy Muse display her fluctyng wing,
 And stretch her selfe at large from East to West:
 Whither thou list in fayne *Elisa* rest,
 Or if thee please in bigger notes to sing,
 Advauunce the worthy whome thee louest best,
 That first the white beare to the stake did bring.

And when the stubborne stroke of stronger sounds,
 Has somewhat slackt the tenor of thy string:
 Of loue and lustthead thou mayst thou sing,
 And carrol towde, and leade the Syllers rounde,
 All were *Elisa* one of thylike same ring.
 So mought our *Cuddies* name to Heauen sounde.

Cuddyc.

Indeede the Romish *Tityrus*, I heare,
 Through his *Mecenas* left his Daren reede,
 Whereon he earst had caught his flocks to feede,
 And laboured lands to yield the timely eare,
 And est did sing of warres and deadly drede,
 So as the Heauens did quake his verse to here.

But ah *Mecenas* is yclad in claye,
 And great *Augustus* long ygoe is dead:
 And all the worthies ligger wzapt in leade,
 That matter made for Poets on to play:
 For euer, who in derring doe were dreade,
 The losie verse of hem was loued aye.

October.

But after vertue gan for age to stoupe,
And mighty manhode bzought a bedde of ease:
The haunting Poets found nought worth a pease,
To put in ppeace emong the learned troupe.
Tho gan the streames of flowing wittes to cease,
And sonnchright honour pend in shamefull coupe.

And if that any buddes of Poetrie,
Pet of the old stocke gan to shoote agayne:
O; it mens follies mote be forst to fayne,
And rolle with rest in rymes of rybaudrye.
O; as it sprong, it wicher must agayne:
Tom Piper makes vs better melodie.

Piers.

O pierlesse Poesye, where is then the place?
If no; in Princes pallace thou doe sitt:
(And yet is Princes pallace the most fitt)
The brest of baler birth doth thee embrace.
Then make thee winges of thine aspyring wit,
And, whence thou camst, flye backe to heauen apace.

Cuddie.

Ah Percy it is all to weake and wanne,
So high to soze, and make so large a flight:
Her peeced pyneons bene not so in plight,
For Colin fettes such famous flight to scanne:
He, were he not with loue so ill bedight,
Would mount as high, and sing as loote as Swanne.

Piers

Ah son, for loue does teach him climbe so hie,
And lyftes him by out of the loachsome myze:
Such immortall mirth, as he doth admire,
Would rayse ones mynd aboute the starry skie.
And cause a captiue corage to aspire,
For losty loue doth loath a lowly eye.

All othertwise the state of Poet stands,
For lordly loue is such a Tyranne fell:
That where he rules, all power he doth expell.

The

The haunted herte a vacant head demaundes,
 He wont with crabbed care the Muses dwell,
 Unwisely weaves, that takes two webbes in hand.

Who euer casts to compasse weightye prise,
 And thinks to throwe out thondring words of threate:
 Let powre in lauish cups and thurstie bits of meate,
 For Bacchus fruite is frend to Phobus wife,
 And when with Wine the braine begins to sweate,
 The numbers slowe as fast as spring doth rype.

Thou kenst not Percie howe the ryme should rage.
 O if my temples were distaind with wine,
 And girt in girlonds of wild Dute twine,
 How I could reare the Muse on stately stage,
 And teache her tread aloft in bus-kin fine,
 With queine Bellona in her equipage.

But ah my corage cooles ere it be warme,
 For thy content vs in thys humble shade:
 Where no such troublous tydes han vs assayde,
 Here we our slender pipes may safely charme.

Pires.

And when my Gates shall han their bellies layd:
 Cuddie shall haue a Kidde to store his farme.

Cuddies Embleme.

Agitante calefcimus illo &c.



G L O S S E.

This Eglogue is made in imitation of Theocritus his xvi. Idilion, vvherein hee repro-
 ued the Tyranne Hiero of Syracuse for his nigardifie towarde Poeses, in whome
 is the power to make men immortal for theyr good dedes, or shamefull for their
 naughty lyfe. And the lyke also is in Mantuanes, The styly hereof as also that in
 Theocritus, is more losyfe then the rest, and applyed to the heignte of Poeticall
 vvitte.

Cuddie] I doubte vvhether by Cuddie be specified the author selfe, or some other. For
 L. ij. in.

October.

in the eght *Æglogue* the same person was brought in, singing a *Cantion of Colins* making, as he sayth. So that some doubt, that the persons be different.

VVhulome) some time.

Oaten reedes) *Auena*.

Ligge so layde) lye so faynt and vnlustye.

Dapper) pretye.

Frye) is a bold *Metaphore*, forced from the spawning fishes. for the multitude of young fish be called the frye.

To reframe.) This place seemeth to conspyre vvith *Plato*, who in his first booke de *Legibus* sayth, that the first inuention of *Poetry* vvvas of very vertuous intent. For at what tunc an infinite number of youth vsually came to theyr great solemne feastes called *Panegyrica*, vvchich they vsed euery siue yeere to hold, some learned man being more habile thē the rest, for speciall gyftes of wytte and Musicke, vvould take vpon him to sing fine verses to the people, in prayse eÿther of vertue or of victory or of immortality or such like. At whose wonderful gyft al men being astonied and as it vvcre rauished, vvith delight, thinking (as it vvvas indeed) that he vvvas inspired from aboue, called him *vatem*: vvchich kinde of men aftervvwarde framing their verses to lighter musick (as of musick be many kinde, some fadder, some lighter, some martiall, some heroical: and so diuersely eke affect the mynds of mē) found out lighter matter of *Poesie* also, some playing vvwith loue, some scorning at mens fashions, some povvted out in pleasures, and so vvcre called *Poetes* or makers.

Sence hereaue) vvhat the secrete vvorking of *Musick* is in the myndes of men, as vvell appeared hereby, that some of the auncient *Philosophers*, and those the moste vvise, as *Plato* and *Pythagoras* held for opinion, that the mynd vvvas made of a certaine harmonie and musicall numbers, for the great compassion & likenes of affection in thone and in the other as also by that memorable history of *Alexander*: to vvhom vvhen as *Tunotheus* the great *Musitian* playd the *Phrygian* melodie, it is said, that he vvvas distraught vvith such vnvvonted fury, that streight vvay ryfing from the table in great rage, he caused himselfe to be armed, as ready to goe to vvwarre (for that musick is very vvwarlike:) And immediately vvhen as the *Musitian* changed his stroke into the *Lydian* and *Ionique* harmony, he vvvas so furr from vvating, that he sat as styll, as if he had bene in mattes of counsell. Such might is in musick. vvwherefore *Plato* and *Aristotle* torbid the *Aradian* Melodie from children and youth. for that heing altogether on the fyft and vij, tone, it is of great force to mollifie and quench the kindly courage, vvchich vseth to burne in yong breasts. So that it is not incredible vvchich the *Poete* here sayth, that *Musick* can increaue the soule of sence.

The shepheard that) *Orpheus*: of whom is sayd, that by his excellent skil in *Musick* and *Poetry*, he recouered his wife *Eurydice* from hell.

Argus eyes) of *Argus* is before said, that *Iuno* to him committed hir husband *Iupiter* his *Paragon* *Iō*, because he had an hundred eyes: but afterwarde *Mercury* vvwith hys *Musick* lulling *Argus* aslepe, slevv him and brought *Iō* away, vvwhose eyes it is sayd that *Iuno* for his eternall memory placed in her byrd the *Peacocks* taylor. for those coloured spots indeede resemble eyes.

VVoundlesse armour) vnvvounded in warre, doe rust through long peace.

Display) A poeticall *metaphore*: vvwhereof the meaning is, that if the *Poet* list shovve his skill

skill in matter of more dignitie, then is the homely Æglogue, good occasion is him offered of higher veyne and more Heroicall argument, in the person of our most gracious soueraign, vvho (as before) he callerh Elifa. Or if mater of knight-hood and cheualtie please him better, that there be many Noble & valiaunt men, that are both vvorthy of his payne in theyr deserued prayces, and also fauourers of hys skill and faculty.

The vvorthy) be meanerth (as I guesse) the most honorable and renowned the Erle of Leycester, vvho by his cognisance (although the same be also proper to other) rather then by his name he bevrayeth, being not likely, that the names of noble princes be knowvn to country clovve.

Slack) that is vvhen thou chaungest thy verse from stately discourse, to matter of more pleasaunce and delight.

The Millers) a kind of daunce. Ring) company of dauncers.

The Romish Tityrus) vvell kuowē to be Virgile, vvho by Mecenas means vvvas brought into the fauour of the Emperor Augustus, and by him moued to vvrite in lostur kinde, then he erst had doen.

Vvhereon) in these three verses are the three seuerall vvorkes of Virgile intended. For in reachng his flocks to feede, is meant his Æglogues. In labouring of lands, is hys Bucoliques. In singing of vvvas and deadly dreade, is his diuine Æneis figured.

In derring doe) In manhood and cheualtrie.

For cuer) He they veth the cause, vvhy Poetes vvvere wōnt be had in such honor of noble men; that is, that by them their vvorthines & valor thold through theyr famous Poesies be cōmended to al posterities. vvherfore it is sayd, that Achilles had neuer bene so famous, as he is, but for Homeres immortal vvverses. vvwhich is the only aduantage, vvwhich he had of Hector. And also that Alexander the great cōming to his rombe in Sigis, vvith naturall reares blessed him, that euer vvvas his hap to be honoured vvith so excellent a Poets vvwork: as so renowned, and ennobled onely by hys meanes vvwhich being declared in a most eloquent Oration of Tullies, is of Petrarch no lesse vvorthely sette forth in a sonet

Giunto Alexandro a la famosa tomba

Del fero Achille sospirando disse

O fortunato che si chiara tomba. Trouasti &c.

And that such account hath bene alvvayes made of Poetes, as vvvell thevveth this that the vvorthy Scipio in all his vvvarres against Carthage and Numantia had cuermore in his company, and that in a most familiar sort the good olde Poet Ennius: as also that Alexander destroying Thebes, vvhen he vvvas enformed that the famous Lyrick Poet Pindarus vvvas borne in that citie, not onely commaunded streightly, that no man should vpon payne of death do any violence to that house by fire or othervvise: but also spcially spared most, and some highly rewarded, that vvvere of hys kinne. So fauoured he the only name of a Poete. vvhych praye otherwise vvvas in the same man no lesse famous, that vvhen he came to ransacking of king Darius coffers, vvhom he lately had ouerthrowen, he founde in a little coffer of siluer the two bookes of Homers vvworks, as layd vp there foe speciall ievvells and riches, vvwhich he taking thence, put one of them dayly in his bosome, and thother eucry night layde vnder his pillowe.

L. 3.

Such

Q

October.

Such honor haue Poetes alwayes found in the sight of princes and noble men,
vvhich this author here very well sheweth, as els vvhere more notably.

But after) he sheweth the cause of contempt of Poetry to be idlenesse and baseness of mynd. Pent) (shut vp in slouth, as in a coope or cage.

Tom piper) An Ironicall Sacraſimus, (spoken in derision of these rude vvits, vvhych make more account of a ryming rybaud, then of skill grounded vpon learning and iudgment.

Ne brest) the meaner sort of men. Her pecced pigeons) vnperfect skill. Spoken vvyth humble modestie.

As soote as Svyanne) The comparison seemeth to be strange: for the svvanne hath euer vppone small commendation for her svvete singing: but it is sayd of the learned that the svvan a litle before hir death, singeth most pleasantly, as prophecying by a secrete instinct her neere destinie As vvell sayth the Poete elsvvhere in one of his sonetts.

The siluer svvanne doth sing before her dying day
As shee that feelles the deepe delight that is in death &c .

Immortall mynthur) Beauty, vvwhich is an excellent obiekt of Poeticall spirites, as appeareth by the vvorthy Petrachs saying.

Fiorir faceua il mio debile ingegno
A la sua ombra, et crescer ne gli affanni.

A caytiue cotage) a base and abiekt minde.

For lofty loue) I think this playing with the letter to be rather a fault then a figure, as well in our English tongue, as it hath bene alwayes in the Latine, called Cacozelon.

A vacant) imitateth Mantuanes saying, vacuum curis diuina cerebrum Poscit.

Lauith cups) Resembleth that comen yerse Fecundi calices quem non fecere disertum.

O if my) He seemeth here to be rauished with a Poetical furie. For (if one rightly mark) the numbers rise so full, & the verse groweth so big, that it seemeth he hath forgot the meanenesse of shepheards state and stile.

Vvild yuie) for it is dedicated to Bacchus & therefore it is sayd that the Mzenades (that is Bacchus franticke priestes) vsed in theyr sacrifice to carry Thyrsos, which were pointed staves or Iauelins, vvrapped about with yuie.

In buskin) it vvvas the maner of Poetes & plaiers in tragedies to were buskins, as also in Comedies to vsé stockings & light shooes. So that the buskin in Poetry is vsed for tragical matter, as it said in Virgile. Sola sophocleo tua carmina digna cothurno. And the like in Horace, Magnum loqui, nitique cothurno.

Queint) strange Bellona; the goddess of battaile, that is Pallas, which may therefore well be called queint for that (as Lucian saith) vvhen Iupiter, his father was in traucile offer, he caused his sonne Vulcane with his axe to hevv his head. Out of which leaped forth lustely a valiant damsell armed at all poyntes, vvhom seeing Vulcane so faire & comely, lightly leaping to her, professed her some cortesie, which the Lady disdainig, shaked her speare at him, and threatned his saucinesse. Therefore such strauagenesse is vvell applyed to her.

Equipage.) ordet.

Tydes) seasons.

Charme) temper and order. for Charms vvvere vvont to be made by verses as Ouid sayth. Aut si carminibus.

Embleme.

October

fol. 44

Embleme.

Hereby is meant, as also in the vvhole course of this Æglogue, that Poetry is a diuine in
stinct and vnnatural rage passing the reache of comen reason. VVhom Piers an-
swereth Epiphonematicos as admiring the excellency of the skyll vvhereof
in Cuddie free hadde alreadye hadde a taste.

November.



Ægloga vndecima.

ARGUMENT.

*I*n this xi. Æglogue he bewayleth the death of some mayden of greate
bloud, whom he calleth Dido. The personage is secrete, and to me alto-
gether vnknowne, albe of him selfe I often required the same. This Æglo-
gue is made in imitation of Marot his song, which he made vpon the death
of Loys the frenche Queene. But farre passing his reache, and in myne opi-
nion all other the Æglogues of this booke.

Thenot.

Colin.

Colin my deare, when shall it please thee sing,
As thou were wont songs of some iouisaunce?
Thy Muse to long slowbeth in sorrowing,
Lulled a sleepe throughth loues misgouernaunce,

L. 4.

Rob

November.

Now somewhat sing, whose endles soueraunce,
Among the shepheards swaines may aye remaine,
Whether thee list thy loued lasse aduaunce,
Or honoꝝ Pan with hymnes of higher vaine,

Colin.

Thenot, now nis the time of mertinake,
Nor Pan to herpe, nor with lute to playe:
Like mythe in May is meetest foꝝ to make,
Or summer shade vnder the cocked hape.
But nowe sadde Winter welked hath the day,
And Phoebus weary of his pereip taf-ke:
Pstabled hath his steedes in lowlye laye,
And taken vp his pynne in Fishes haf-ke.
Thilke sollein season sadder plight doch aske:
And loatheth like delights, as thou doest prayle:
The moꝝnestull Muse in mythe now list ne maf-ke,
As shee was wont in yongth and sommer daues.
But if thou algate list light virelayes,
And looser songs of loue to vnderfong
Who but thy selfe deserues like Portes prayle?
Relieue thy Daren pyppes, that sleepe long.

Thenot.

The Nightingale is souereigne of song,
Before him sits the Titmole silent bee:
And I vnfitte to thrust in l-kilfull thronge,
Should Colin make iudge of my foolerie.
Nay, better learne of hem, that learned bee,
And han be watered at the Muses well:
The kindly dewedrops from the higher tree,
And wets the litle plants that lowly dwell.
But if sadde winters wyathe and season chill,
Accorde not with thy Muses meriment:
To sadder times thou mayst attune thy quill,
And sing of sorowe and deaches drecriment.
For deade is Dido, dead alas and dyent,
Dido the greate shephearde his daughter sheener

The

The fairest Day the was that euer went,
 Her like thee has not left behinde I weene.
 And if thou wilt betwape my woofull rene:
 I shall thee giue yond Collet for thy payne:
 And if thy rymes as rownd and rufull bene,
 As those that did thy *Rosalind* complayne,
 Much greater gyfts for guerdon thou shalt gayne,
 Then Kinde or Collet, which I thee bynempt:
 Then by I say, thou tolly shepheard swayne,
 Let not my small demaund be is contempt.

Colin.

I benot to that I choole, thou doest me tempt,
 But ah to well I wote my humble vaine,
 And howe my rymes bene rugged and vnkempt:
 Yet as I sonne, my conning I will strayne.

When *Melpomene* thou mournefull Muse of nyne,
 Such cause of mourning neuer hadst afoze:
 Up grieftie ghostes and by my rufull ryme,
 Scatter of myrth now shalt thou haue no more.
 For dead thee is, that myrth thee made of poze.

Oido my deare alas is dead,

Dead and lpech wrapt in lead:

O heaue herse,

Let streaming teares be poured out in stoze:

O carefull herse.

Shepheards, that by your flocks on Kentish doornes abyde,
 Waile ye this woofull waste of natures warke:

Waile we the wight, whose presence was our pynde:

Waile we the wight, whose absence is our carke.

The sonne of all the world is dimme and darke:

The earth now lacks her wonted light,

And all we dwell in deadly night,

O heaue herse,

Breake we our pyndes, that shuld as lowde as Larke,

O carefull herse.

November.

Why doe we longer liue, (ah why liue we so long)
Whose better dayes death hath shut vp in woe?
The fayrest flour e our gyllond all among,
As faded quite and into dust ygoe.
Sing now ye shepheards daughters, sing no moe
The songs that Colin made in her prayle,
But into weeping turne your wanton layes,
O heauie herle,
Now is time to dye. Nay time was long ygoe,
O carefull verle.

Whence is it, that the flouret of the field doth fade,
And lyeth buried long in Winters bale:
Yet soone as spring his mantle doth displye,
It floureth fresh, as it should neuer fayle?
But thing on earth that is of most abasse,
As vertues bzaunch and beauties budde.
Reliuen not for any good.
O heauie herle,
The bzaunch once dead, the budde eke needes must quaille,
O carefull verle.

She while she was, (that was, a woful word to sayne)
For beauties prayle and pleasaunce had no pere:
So well she couth the shepherds entertayne,
With cakes and cracknells and such country chere.
He would she scozne the simple shepheards swaine,
For she would cal hem often heme
And giue hem curds and clouted Creame.
O heauie herle,
As Colin cloute she would not ouce disoayne.
O carefull verle.

But nowe like happy cheere is turnd to heauie chaunce,
Such pleasaunce now displak by dolors dine:
All Pusick sleepes, where death doth leade the daunce,
And shepherds wonted solace is extinct.
The blew in black, the greene in gray is tinct,

The

The gaudie girlonds deck her graue,
The faded flowres her cozse embraue.

O heaue herse,

Moꝛne nowe my Muse, now moꝛne with teares bespynt.

O carefull verse.

O thou greate sheheard Lobbin, how great is thy grieffe,
Where bene the nosegayes that the dight for thee:
The coloured chaplets wrought with a chiefe,
The knotted rishrings, and gylte Rosemarce:
For thee deemed nothing too deere for thee.

Ah they bene all yclad in clay,

One bitter blast blew all away.

O heaue herse,

Thereof nought remaines but the memoꝛee.

O carefull verse.

As me that dzerie death should strike so mortall stroke,
That can vndoe Dame natures kindly course:
The faded lockes fall from the loftie oke,
The flouds do gaspe, for dzyed is theyꝝ soure,
And flouds of teares flowe in theyꝝ stead perfoꝛse.

The mantled medowes moꝛne,

Theyꝝ sondy colours toꝛne.

O heaue herse,

The heauens doe melt in teares without remoꝛse.

O carefull verse.

The feeble flocks in field refuse their foꝛmer foode,
And hang theyꝝ heads, as they would learne to weepe:
The beastes in forest wayle as they were woode,
Except the Wolues, that chase the wandring sheepe:
Now he is gon that safely did hem keepe,

The Turtle on the bared bꝛaunch,

Laments the wound, that death did launch.

O heaue herse,

And *Philomela* her song with teares doth keepe.

O carefull verse.

November.

The water Nymphs, that wont with her to sing and daunce,
And for her girland Olive bzaunches beare,
Now balefull boughes of Cypres doen aduaunce:
The Hules, that were wont greene bayes to weare,
Now bringen bitter Elde bzaunches feare,
The fatall sisters eke repent,
Her vitall chere so soone was spent.

O heaue herse,

Hoync now my Hule, now moync with heaue cheare.

O carefull verse.

O trustlesse state of earthly things, and slipper hope
Of mortal men, that swinke and swase for nought,
And shooting wide, doe misse the marked scope:
Now haue I leard (a lesson derely bought)
That nys on earth assurance to be sought:
For what might be in earthlie mould,
That did her buried body hold.

O heaue herse,

Per saw I on the beare when it was brought

O carefull verse.

But maugre death, and dzeded sisters deadly spight,
And gates of hel, and sprie furies losse:
She hath the bonds broke of eternall night,
Her soule unbodied of the burdenous cospse.
Why then weepes Lobbin so without remorse?
O Lobb, thy losse no longer lament,
Dido nts dead, but into heauen hent.

O happye herse,

Cease now my Hule, now cease thy sorowes soule,

O ioyfull verse.

Why waille we then? why weary we the Gods with playnts,
As if some euill were to her hentight?
She raignes a goddesse now among the saintes,
That whilome was the saynt of shepheards light:
And is entalled nowc in heaucns hight.

I see thee blessed soule, I see,
 Walke in *Elifan* fieldes so free.

O happy herse,

Sight I once come to thee (O that I might)

O ioyfull verse.

Unwise and wretched men to weete whats good or ill,
 We bezie of Death as doome of ill desert:
 But knewe we fooles, what it vs brings vntil,
 Dye would we dayly, once it to expert.

No daunger there the Shepheard can assert:

Fayre fieldes and pleasaunt layes there bene,

The fies does ay fresh, the grasse ay greene:

O happy herse,

Take hast ye shepheards, thether to reuert,

O ioyfull verse.

Dido is gone afoze (whose turne shall be the next?)

There liues shee with the blessed Gods in blisse,

There drincks she *Nectar* with *Ambrosia* mixt,

And iopes enioyes, that mortall men doe misse.

The honoz now of highest gods she is,

That whilome was poore shepheards pynde,

While here on earth she did a byde.

O happy herse,

Ecasse now my song, my woe now waked is.

O ioyfull verse.

Thenor.

As francke shepheard, how bene thy verses meine

With doolful pleasaunce, so as I ne wotte,

Whether reioyce or weepe for great constraime?

Thyne be the coffette, well hast thou it gotte.

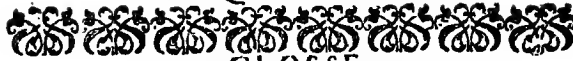
Up *Colin* by, ynough thou moyned hast,

Now gyones to mizzle, hve we homeward fast.

Colins Embleme.

La mort ny mord.

November.



GLOSSE.

- Iouissance)** myrrh. **Souenaunce)** remembrance. **Heric)** honours.
VVelked) shortned or empayred. As the Moone being in the vvaine is sayde of Lidgate
to vvellk.
- In lovly lay)** according to the season of the moneth November, when the sonne draw-
eth low in the South toward his Tropick or returne.
- In fishes hafke)** the sonne, reigneth that is, in the signe Pisces all November. a hafke is
a vvicker pad, wherein they vse to cary fish.
- Virelaies)** a light kind of song.
- Bee vvatted)** For it is a saying of Poetes, that they haue dronk of the Muses vvell Castias,
vvhereof vvvas before sufficiently sayd.
- Dreeriment)** dreery and heauy cheere.
- The great shepheard)** is some man of high degree, and not as some vainely suppose God
Pan. The person both of the shepheard and of Dido is vnknouen and closely
buried in the Authors conceipt. But out of doubt I am, that it is not Rosalind,
as some imagin for he speaketh soone after of her allo.
- Shenc)** fayre and fluning. **May)** for mayde. **Tene)** sorrow.
- Guerdon)** reward. **Bynempt)** bequethed. **Coffet)** a lambe brought
vp without the dam. **Vnkeupt)** Iocōpa Not comed, that is rude & vnhanfome.
- Melpomenc)** The sadde and waylefull Musē vsed of Poets in honor of Tragedies: as saith
Virgile Melpomene Tragicō proclamat mæsta boatu.
- Vp grieuful goits)** The maner of Tragicall Poetes, to call for helpe of Furies and damned
ghostes: so is Hecuba of Euripides, and Tantalus brought in of Seneca. And the
rest of the rest. **Herse)** is the solemne obsequie in funeralls.
- VVast of)** decay of so beautifull a peece. **Carke)** care.
- Ah vvhy)** an elegant Epanorthosis, as also soone after. **way time was long ago.**
- Flouret)** a diminutine for a litle floure. This is a notable and sententions comparifon **A
minote ad maus.**
- Reliuen not)** lue not againe. f. not in theyr earthly bodies: for in heauen they enjoy their
due reward.
- The braunch)** He meaneth Dido, vvho being, as it vvete the mayne braunch now **vvie-
thered** the buddes that is beautie (as he sayd afore) can nomore flourish.
- VVith cakes)** fit for shepherds bankets. **Heame)** for home. after the northerne
pronouncing. **Tuift)** deyed or staynd.
- The gaudie)** the meaning is, that the things, which vvete the ornaments of her lyfe, are
made the honor of her funerall, as is vsed in burials.
- Lobbin)** the name of a shepherd, vvwhich seemeth to haue bene the louer & deere frende
of Dido. **Rushings)** agreeable for such base gyftes
- Faded lockes)** dried leaues. As if Nature her selfe bewayled the death of the Mayde.
- Soutse)** spring. **Mantled medowes)** for the sondry flowres are like a
Mantle or couerlet vvrought vvith many colours.
- Philomele)** the Nightingale. vvhome the Poetes saie once to haue bene a Ladye
of great beauty, till being rauished by hir sisters hul bande, she desired to be **vvie-
wed**

ned into a byrd of her name, vvhose complaintes be very vvell fet forth of Ma. George Gaskein a wittie gentleman, and the very chiefe of our late rymers, vvhich and if some partes of learning wanted not (albee it is vvell knowven he altygether vvhanted not learning) no doubt would haue attayned to the excellencye of those famous Poets. For gifts of vvit and naturall promptnesse appcare in hym a boundantly.

Cypresse) vsed of the old Paynims in the furnishing of their funerall Pompe. and properly the of all sorow and heauinesse.

The fatal sisters) Clotho Lachesis and Atropoda, ighters of Herebus and the Nighte, whom the Poetes sayne to spinne the life of man, as it were a long threde, which they drawe out in length, till his fatal hoyvre & timely death be come; but if by other casualtie his dayes be abridged, then one of them, that is Atropos, is sayd to haue cut the threde in twain. Hereof commeth a common verse.

Clotho colum baiulat, lachesis trahit, Atropos occat.

O trustlesse) a gallant exclamation moralized vwith great vvisedom and passionate wyth great affection. **Beare**) a frame, wheron they vse to lay the dead corse.

Furies) of Poetes be feyned to be three, Persephone Aleto and Megera, vvhich are sayd to be the Authours of all cuill and mischief.

Eternall night) Is death or darknesse of bell. **Beright**) happened,

I see) A lively Icon, or representation as if he saw her in heauen present.

Elysian fieldes) be deuised of Poetes to be a place of pleasure like Paradise, where the happy soules doe rest in peacé and eternal happynesse.

Dye would) The very eptesse saying of Plato in Phaedone.

Astert) befall vvnvares.

Nectar and Ambrosia) be feigned to be the drink and foode of the gods: Ambrosia they liken to Manna in scripture and Nectar to be vvhite like Creme, vvhich is a proper tale of Hebe; that spilt a cup of it, and stayned the heauens, as yet appeareth. But I haue already discoursed that at large in my Commentarye vpon the dreames of the same Authour. **Meynt**) Mingled.

Embleme.

Vvhich is as much to say, as death biteth not. For although by course of nature we be borne to dye, and being ripened with age, as vwith a timely haruck, vve must be gathered in time, or els of our selues vve fall like rotte ripe fruite from the tree: yet death is not to be counted for euil, nor (as the Poete sayd a little before) as doome of ill desert) For though the trespasse of the first man brought death in to the world, as the guerdon of sinne, yet being overcome by the death of one, that dyed for al, it is now made (as Chaucer sayth) the grene path way to lyfe. So that it agreeth vvell vwith that vvas sayd, that Death byteth not (that is) hurteth not at all.

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Ægloga Duodecima.

ARGUMENT.

THis Æglogue. (euen as the first beganne) is ended with a complaynte of Colin. to God Pan. wherein as weary of his former wayes, he proportioneth his life to the foure seasons of the yeare, comparing hys youth to the spring time, when he was fresh and free from loues follye. His manhoode to the sommer, which he sayth, was consumed with greate heate and excessiue drouth caused throughe a Comet or blasphe Starre, by which hee meaneth loue, which passion is comenly compared to such flames and immoderate heate. His riper yeares hee resembleth to an vnseasonable baruethe whereint the fruites fall ere they be ripe. His latter age to winters chyll & frostie season, now drawing neare to his last ende.



He gentle sheheard satte beside a springe,
All in the shadowe of a bushye hysere,
That Colin hight, which wel could pype and singe,
For he of Tityrus his songs did lere.
There as he satte in secrete shade alone,
Thus gan he make of leue his piceous mone.

O soueraigne Pan thou God of shepheards all,
Which of our tender Lambkins takest keeper:
And when our flocks into mischaunce mought fall,
Doest saue from mischiefe the vnwarpy sheepe:
As of their maisters hast no lesse regarde,
Then of the flocks, which thou doest watch and wards

I thee beseeche (so be thou deigne to heare,
Rude ditties tunc to shepheards Duten reede,
Do if I euer sonet song so cleare,
As it with pleasaunce mought thy fancie feede)
Hearken awhile from thy greene cabinet,
The rurall song of carefull Colinet.

Whilome in yowth, when flowrd my toyfull spring,
Like Swallow swift I wandred here and there:
For heate of heedlesse lust me so dny string,
That I of doubted daunger had no feare.
I went the wastefull woodes and forest wyde,
Withouten dreade of Colues to bene elyped.

I went to raunge ampydde the mazie thickette,
And gather nuttes to make me Chyristmas games:
And loyed oft to chace the trembling Pickett,
Do hunt the hartlesse hare, till shee were tame.
What wreaked I of wintrye ages waste,
Tho deemed I, my spring would euer laste.

How often haue I scaled the craggie Oke,
All to dislodg the Rauen of her neste:
Howe haue I wearied with many a stroke,
The stately Walnut tree, the while the rest
Ander the tree fell all for nuts at strife:
For plike to me was libertee and lyfe.

And for I was in thilke same loofer yeares,
Whecher the Gulse, so wrought me from my birch,
Do I to much beleened my shepherd peres)
Some dele ybent to song and musicks mirth.

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A good olde shephearde, *Remock* was his name,
Hade me by arte moze cunning in the same.

Fro thence I durst in derring to compare
With shepheards swayne, what euer foode in field:
And if that *Hobbinol* right iudgement bare,
To *Pan* his owne selfe pype I neede not yield.
For if the flocking *Nymphes* did folow *Pan*,
The wiser *Mules* after *Colin* ranne.

But ah such pryde at length was ill repayde,
The shepheards God (perdie God was he none)
My hurtlesse pleasaunce did me ill bypzaide,
My freedome lozne, my life he lefte to mone.
Loue they him called, that gaue me checkmate,
But better mought they haue behote him Mate.

Tho gan my louely *Spring* bid me farewell,
And *Sommer* season sped him to display
(For loue then in the *Lyons* houle did dwell)
The raging fyre, that kindled at his ray.
A comett skird by that unkindly heate,
That reigned (as men sayd) in *Venus* seate.

Fozth was I ledde, not as I wout afoze,
When choise I had to choole my wandring waye:
But whether luck and louies unbidided loze
Would leade me foztly on *fancies* bitte to playe.
The bush my bedde, the *hymble* was my bowre,
The *Wooodes* can witnesse many a wofull stowre.

Where I was wout to seeke the honey Bee,
Working her soymall rowines in *Wexen* frame:
The grieffull *Codestooke* growne there mought I see
And loathed *Paddockes* lqrding on the same.
And where the chaunting birds tuld me a sleepe,
The ghastlie *Dwile* her grieuous ynne doth keepe.

Then

Then as the springe giues place to elder time,
 And bringeth forth the fruite of sommers pryde:
 Also my age now passed yongthly pryde,
 To thinges of ryppe reason selfe applyed.

And learnd of lighter timber cotes to frame,
 Such as might save my sheepe and me fro sharpe.

To make fine cages for the Nightingale,
 And Bal-kets of bulrushes was my toone:
 Who to entrappe the fish in winding sale
 Was better seene, or hurtful beastes to honte?

I learned als the signes of heauen to ken,
 How *Phoebe* sayles, where *Venus* lites and when.

And tryed time yet taught me greater thinges,
 The sodain ryling of the ragging seas:
 The soothe of byrds by beating of their wings,
 The power of herbs, both which can hurt and ease:
 And which be wont to tenrage the restlesse sheepe,
 And which be wont to worke eternall sleepe.

But ah vnwise and wiclesse *Colin cloute*,
 That kydst the hidden kinds of many a wede:
 Yet kydst not ene to cure thy soze hart roote,
 Whose ranceking wound as yet does riselye bleede.
 Why liest thou stil, and yet hast thy deatches wound?
 Why dyest thou stil, and yet alive art founde?

Thus is my sommer woone away and wasted,
 Thus is my haruest hastened all to rathe:
 The eare that budded faire, is burnt & blasted,
 And all my hoped gaine is turnd to scathe.
 Of all the seede, that in my youth was sowne,
 Was nought but byakes and byambles to be mowne.

My boughes with bloosmes that crowned were at firste,
 And promised of timely fruite such store,
 Are left both bare and barre in now at erst:
 The flatter ing fruite is fallen to grownd be soze.

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And rotted, ere they were halfemellow ripe:
My harvest wast, my hope away oyd wipe.

The fragrant flowres, that in my garden grewe,
Bene withered, as they had bene gathered long.
They? rootes bene dyped by for lacke of dewe,
Yet dewed with teares they han be euer among.
Ah who has wrought my *Rosalind* this spight
To spil the flowres, that should her glorious dight,

And I, that whilome wont to frame my pype,
Unto the listning of the shepheards foote:
Sike follics nowe haue gathered as too ripe,
And cast hem out, as rotten and vnfoote.

The losse I cast to please none,
One if I please, enough is me therefore.

And thus of all my harvest hope I haue
Nought reaped but a weedy crop of care:
Which, when I thought haue chrest in swelling sheaue,
Cockel for corne, and chaffe for barley bare.

Soone as the chaffe should in the fan be fynd,
All was blowne away of the wauering wynd.

So now my yeare byalues to his latter terme,
My spring is spenc, my sommer burnt by quite:
My harveste harts to stirre by winter sterne,
And bids him clayme with rigorous rage hys right.

So nowe he stormes with many a sturdy stoure,
So now his blustering blast eche coste doth scoure.

The carefull cold hath nypt my rugged rynde,
And in my face deepe furrowes els hath pyght:
My head besprent wth hoary frost I fynd,
And by myne eie the Crow his clawe dooth myght.

Delight is layd abedde, and pleasure past,
No forme now shines, cloudes han all ouercast.

Now leaue ye shepheards boyes your merry gles,
My Muse is hoarse and weary of thys stoude:

Here

Here will I hang my pype vpon this tree,
 Was neuer pype of reede did better sounde.
 Winter is come, that blowes the bitter blaste,
 And after Winter dreerie death voes hast.

Gather ye together my little flocke,
 My little flock, that was to me so lief:
 Let me, ah lette me in your fols ye lock,
 Ere the dreeme Winter breede you greater grife.
 Winter is come, that blowes the balefull breath,
 And after Winter commeth timely death.

Adieu delights, that lulled me asleepe,
 Adieu my deare, whose loue I bought so deare:
 Adieu my little Lambes and loued sheepe,
 Adieu ye Woodes that oft my witness were:
 Adieu good *Hobbinol*, that was so true,
 Tell *Rosalind*, her *Colin* bids her adieu.

Colins Embleme.



G L O S S E.

Tityrus) Chaucer as hath bene oft sayd. *Lambkins*) young lambes.
Als of then) Semeth to expresse Virgils verse *Pan curat oues* ouuinqe magistras.
Deigne) vouchsafe. *Eabinet*) *Colnet*) dimi nutines.
Mazie) For they be like to a maze whence it is hard to get out agayne.
Peres) felowes and companions.
Musick) that is Poetry as Terence sayth *O ni artem tractant musicam*, speaking of Poetes.
Derring doe) asorclayd.
Lions house) He imagineth simply that *Cupid*, vvhich is loue, had his abode in the whote
 signe *Leo*, vvhich is in middest of Iomet; a pretie allegory, vvhereof the meaning
 is; that loue in him wrought an extraordinary heare of lust.
His ray) vvhich is *Cupides* beame or flames of Loue.
A Comete) a blasing starr, meant of beautie, which vvas the cause of his vvh-te loue.
Venus) the goddess of beauty or pleasure. Also a signe in heauen, as it is here taken. So
 he meaneth that beautie, which hath alvayes aspect to *Venus*, vvas the cause of
 all his vnquiemes in loue.
 Where I was) a fine description of the change of hys lyfe and likings; for all things nowe
 seemed

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seemed to hym to haue altered their kindly course.

Lording) Spoken after the manner of Paddocks and Frogges sitting which is indeed Lordly, not removing nor looking once a side, vntill they be stirred.

Then as) The second part. That is his manhoode.

Cotes) the shepcoates, for such be the exercises of shepheards.

Salc) or Salovv a kind of woodde like VVyllovv, fit to vvreath and bynde in leapes to catch fish vvithall.

Phæbe sayles) The Eclipse of the Moone, vvhich is alwayes in Cauda or Capite Draconis, signes in heauen.

Venus) .c. Venus starre, othervvise called Hesperus and Vesper and Lucifer, both because he seemeth to be one of the brightest starres, and also first riseth and settech last. All vvhich full in starres being conuenient for shepheardes to knowve as Theocritus and the rest vse.

Raging seas) The cause of the swelling and ebbing of the sea commeth of the course of the Moone, sometime encreasing, sometime wayning and decreasing.

Sooth of byrdes) A kind of sooth saying vsed in elder tymes, vvhich they gathered by the flying of byrds; First (as is sayd) niuented by the Thulcans, and fro them deriued to the Romanes, vvho (as is sayd in Liue) vvere so superstitiously rooted in the same, that they agreed that euery Noble man should put his sonne to the Thulcans, by them to be brought vp in that knowledge.

Cf herbes) That vvonderous thinges be wrought by herbes, as vvell appeareth by the common vvorking of them in our bodies, as also by the vvonderful enchantments and sorceries that haue bene vvrought by them; in somuch that it is sayde that Circe a famous sorceresse turned me into sondry kinds of beastes & Monsters, and onely by herbes; as the Poete sayth *Dea sœua pœrentibus herbis &c.*

Kidst) kneest. Eare) of corne. Scathe) losse hinderance.

Euer among) Euer and anone.

Thus is my) The thyrd parte vvherein is set forth his ripe yeres as an vntimely haruest, that bringeth little fruite.

The flugrunt stovvres) sundry studies and laudable partes of learning, vvherein how our Poete is seene, be they vvitnesse vvhich are pruiue to his study.

So now my yeere) The last part, vvherein is described his age by comparifon of vvyntrye stormes.

Carefull cold) for care is sayd to coole the blood, Glee mirth)

Hoary frost) A metaphore of hoary beares scatted lyke to a gray frost.

Breeme) sharpe and bitter.

Adievv delights) is a conclusion of all. vvhere in sixe verses he comprehendeth briefly all that vvvas touchèd in this booke. In the first verse his delights of youth generally. in the second, the loue of Rosalind, in the thyrd, the keeping of theepe, vvhich is the argument of all Eglogues. In the fourth his complaints. And in the last two his professed friendship and good vvill to his good friend Hobbinoll.

Embleme.

The meaning wherof is that all thinges perish and come to theyr last end, but workes of learned vvits and monuments of Poetry abide for euer. And therefore Horace of his Odes a work though full indeede of great wit & learning, yet of no so great weight

wright and importaunce boldly sayth.

Exegi monumentum ære perennius,
Quod nec imber nec aquilo vorax &c.

Therefore let not be enuid, that this Poete in his Epilogue sayth he hath mad
a Calender, that shall endure as long as time &c. following the ensample of He
sacc and Ouid in the like.

Grande opus exegi quæ nec Iouis ira nec ignis,
Nec serum poterit nec edax abolere vetustas &c.



Loe I haue made a Calender for euery yeare,
That steels in str:ngth, and time in durance shall outweare:
And if I marked well the starres reuolution,

It shall continue till the worlds dissolution,
To teach the ruder shepheard how to feede his sheepe,
And from the falsers fraud his folded stocke to keepe.

Goe lytle Calender, thou hast a free passeporte,
Goe but a lowly gate amongste the meaner sorte.
Dare not to match thy pype with Tityrus hys style,

Nor with the Pilgrim that the Ploughman playde a whyle:
But follo we them farre off, and their high steppes adore,
The better please, the worse despise, I aske nomore.

Merce non mercede.



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