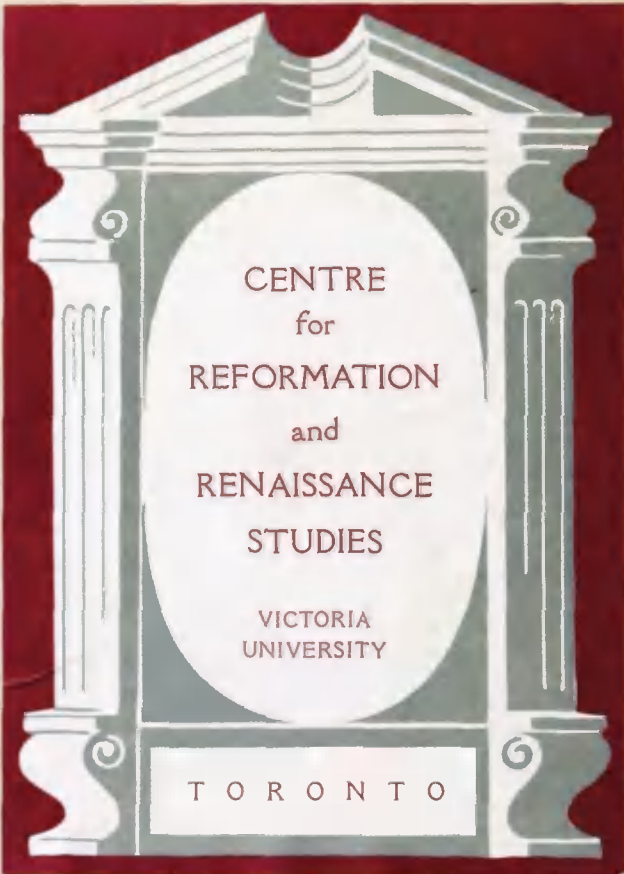


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ELIZABETHAN SONNETS

VOL. I



AN ENGLISH GARNER

ELIZABETHAN SONNETS

NEWLY ARRANGED AND INDEXED

WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY

SIDNEY LEE

Editor of 'The Dictionary of National Biography'

Author of 'A Life of William Shakespeare' and

'Queen Victoria: A Biography'

VOL. I



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PUBLISHERS' NOTE

THE texts contained in the present volume are reprinted with very slight alterations from the *English Garner* issued in eight volumes (1877-1890, London, Svo) by Professor Arber, whose name is sufficient guarantee for the accurate collation of the texts with the rare originals, the old spelling being in most cases carefully modernised. The contents of the original *Garner* have been rearranged and now for the first time classified, under the general editorial supervision of Mr. Thomas Seccombe. Certain lacunae have been filled by the interpolation of fresh matter. The Introductions are wholly new and have been written specially for this issue.

5069

(vol. 1)

PREFATORY NOTE

IN the Introduction to these volumes I illustrate the close dependence of the Elizabethan sonnet on foreign models. The research continues an investigation of which the first results have already appeared in my *Life of Shakespeare*.

No full nor detailed examination of the foreign influences at work on Elizabethan literature has yet been undertaken, and I hope that the length to which the present essay runs will be excused on account of the novelty of its information. But, despite the number of pages which I have pressed into my service, my treatment of the relations subsisting between this comparatively small branch of Elizabethan literature and continental literary effort is far from exhaustive. That fact is worth emphasising, because it may suggest to students of Elizabethan literature how wide and fertile a field of literary research still awaits thorough exploration, and may encourage them to engage in it.

With a view to aiding further pursuit of the inquiry, I

have added two indexes—the first of proper names, the second of first lines. These indexes have been compiled by Mr. W. B. Owen, B.A., who has also verified the text of the numerous quotations that figure in the Introduction.

SIDNEY LEE.

February 28th.

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INTRODUCTION

For out of olde feldes, as men seith,
Cometh al this newe corn fro yeer to yeer;
And out of olde bokes, in good feith,
Cometh al this newe science that men lere.'

CHAUCER, *The Parlement of Foules*, ll. 22-25.

I

THE ELIZABETHAN SONNET-LITERATURE

THESE volumes, which offer the reader fifteen collections of sonnets, bring together a substantial part of the vast sonnet-literature which was produced in Elizabethan England. One conspicuous contribution to that literature is indeed omitted. Shakespeare's sonnets find no place here. Their exclusion is well justified. In the first place, unlike the work of his contemporaries in the same field, Shakespeare's sonnets are readily accessible elsewhere. In the second place, Shakespeare's sonnets possess an incomparable poetic merit and a psychological interest which entitle them to a place apart from other examples of the like branch of literary effort. At the same time, every serious student of Shakespeare's sonnets will find it to his advantage to study them in conjunction with the inferior work of his contemporaries. Not merely will his appreciation of their æsthetic quality be thereby quickened, but he will understand the contemporary circumstances of literary history which brought them into being. A comparative

investigation alone renders it possible to estimate the extent to which Shakespeare's sonnets were coloured by the conventions and conceits of professional sonneteers of the period. Not otherwise can an answer, which shall be entitled to respect, be given to the question, how much of the story and imagery of Shakespeare's sonnets is the fruit of his personal experience.

Little of the perennial fascination which lovers of poetry find in Shakespeare's sonnets can be set to the credit of the contents of these two volumes. There were, among Shakespeare's contemporaries, writers who occasionally reached a high degree of excellence in the sonneteering art. Sidney and Spenser, Lodge and Constable, Daniel and Drayton, whatever their inferiority to Shakespeare at his best, rank at times with him and other great masters of the craft in literary skill and feeling. Drayton's famous poem, 'Since there's no help, come let us kiss and part,' deserves a foremost place in any *catalogue raisonné* of Elizabethan sonnets. But Drayton, like all notable Elizabethan sonneteers, exhibits strange inequalities of thought and of expression. He and they are more remarkable for their 'alacrity in sinking' than for any power of sustained flight in the exalted regions of poetry.

The sonnet at the end of the sixteenth century had for English writers a perilous attraction. Sonneteering was in universal vogue among all who interested themselves in literature, amateurs and professionals alike. Every youth of ordinary education was moved to woo the Muses in a sequence of sonnets. There was hardly an aspirant to poetic fame of the age who failed to experiment in sonneteering near the opening of his career. A perfect sonnet is one of

the most difficult of all forms of poetry. Only the fullest command of the harmonies of language, and the ripest power of mental concentration, ensure success. Yet the brevity of the form, the singleness of the idea which is all its construction seems to crave, encourages the delusion that it is easy of accomplishment.

In spite of the wide dissemination of literary interest and literary feeling in Elizabethan England, the average level of literary capacity was not much higher than that of other epochs. It was consequently inevitable that, when the rage for sonneteering set in among the Elizabethans, the mass of their sonneteering efforts should be bad. Thomas Watson and Barnabe Barnes, Giles Fletcher and Bartholomew Griffin, here and there sound a pleasing note in their voluminous collections. But for the most part their sonnets lack either meaning or music. The rest of the sonneteering tribe—the authors of the sonnets collected under the various titles of *Cælia*, *Zepheria*, *Diella*, *Chloris*, and *Laura*—are notable for little else than the uncouthness of their verbiage and their poverty of thought. They are mere wallowers in the bogs that lie at the foot of the poetic mountain.

II

THE SUPREMACY OF PETRARCH

But quite apart from merit and demerit of craftsmanship, the sonneteering activity of Elizabethan England forms an interesting chapter in literary history. The chapter has not yet been fully written. It illustrates an

aspect of Elizabethan literature to which due attention has not yet been paid by critics or chroniclers. One is accustomed to regard the literary energy of sixteenth-century England as mainly a national movement, as an outburst of original thought which owed little to foreign influence or suggestion. No student can advance far in his investigations in any direction, least of all in the direction of the Elizabethan lyric, without seriously qualifying this impression. As soon as one closely compares the tone and language of the Elizabethan lyric with those of the lyric in France and Italy during the same epoch, or in the epoch immediately preceding the Elizabethan, as soon as one realises the persistent intercourse between Elizabethan England and the cultivated nations of Europe, one is brought to the conclusion that the Elizabethan lyric in nearly all its varied shapes of song and sonnet was, to a very large extent, directly borrowed from foreign lands. It may be safely predicated that, had not foreign literature supplied the initiative and the example, the Elizabethan lyric would not have come into being, at any rate in the shape which is familiar to us. Our ancestors often improved conspicuously on their foreign models; they gave fuller substance, fuller beauty to the poetry which they adapted to their own tongue from Latin or Greek, from French or Italian. But the inspiration, the invention, is no purely English product. The English renderings are as a rule too literal borrowings to be reckoned, in a justly critical estimate, among wholly original compositions.

The Elizabethan sonnet offers the best of all illustrations of the vast debt that Elizabethan literature owed to foreign influences. For practical purposes the sonnet may be

regarded as an invention of Italy.¹ It was at any rate the Italian writers of the thirteenth century who first gave the genre definite or permanent shape and character. Dante (1265-1321) may fairly be reckoned the earliest sonneteer of historic interest. His *Vita Nuova*, in which he narrates the story of his love for Beatrice, consists of thirty-one lyrical poems linked together by chains of prose. Twenty-five of the poems are regular sonnets. Twenty-six other sonnets figure in the rest of Dante's minor work, either separately or in sequences, where they are usually intermingled with canzone (*i.e.* lyrical odes) and ballate (*i.e.* ballades). The influence of Dante's efforts was in some degree indirect, but in manner and matter he sounded the key-note of the sonnet of the Renaissance. Most of his quatorzains profess to recite to the lady of his affections the course of his amorous emotion; others soliloquise in general terms on the joys and pangs of love; a few are affectionately dedicated by the writer to friends of his own sex. Love is throughout pictured solely in its ethereal aspects. It is for Dante the worship of beauty and of virtue.

¹ The origin of the sonnet (*i.e.* the quatorzain of fourteen lines) has been traced with great plausibility to a more remote source. It has much in common with the epigram, which is familiar to readers of the Greek Anthology; and when knowledge of the epigrams of Greece spread among scholars of Western Europe in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, some early writers of sonnets acknowledged the identity of the two poetic forms by bestowing on their sonnets the name of epigrams. Cf. the collection of Epigrammes in *Les Œuvres de Clément Marot*, Paris, c. 1550 (pp. 469, 489, 509). The poets of the Greek Anthology, like all the late Greek lyrists, influenced the development of the sonnet as soon as their work became generally accessible. But despite the influence of the Greek epigram on its history, the sonnet seems as a matter of fact to have come first into being independently of classical example. The quatorzain was apparently first designed in the eleventh or twelfth century by the poets of Provence, and the earliest Italian sonneteers worked on Provençal foundations.

His sonnets, in fact, frankly interpret a leading phase of that idealism with which the writings of Plato and his disciples illumined metaphysical speculation in mediæval Europe. The physical attributes of the poet's mistress by no means escape Dante's attention. He sings in simple language of her eyes, her smile, her lips, her golden tresses. But all such features reflect for him the splendour of the final type or idea of beauty which has its home in celestial spheres.¹

In the fourteenth century Petrarch (1304-1374) assumed Dante's mantle, and devoted his main literary energy to sonneteering. Although his sonnets differ little from Dante's either in form or spirit, Petrarch's fame as a sonneteer quickly outran that of his predecessor. Petrarch was the sonneteer who finally dominated Western Europe; and no subsequent practitioner in the art in Italy, France, Spain, or England, during the two centuries which followed his achievement, failed to bear witness to his mighty influence. Petrarch wrote sonnets on a larger scale than any before him. The extant poems of this kind from his pen number three hundred and seventeen in all. Arranged in two sequences, the first section, which is addressed to the

¹ In form Dante's sonnets show a rare mastery of metrical effect. They are constructed with great regularity. The fourteen lines are distributed in two quatrains and two tercets. The rhymes, which in no case number more than five, are arranged somewhat variously. Many of Dante's sonnets follow the formula, *abba, abba, cde, ede* (or *cde*). This is generally claimed to be the standard Italian scheme of sonnet-rhyme, but the exceptions are too numerous fully to justify this pretension. The concluding rhyming couplet, which is characteristic of the Elizabethan sonnet, is rare in the Italian sonnet, and absent altogether from the French, but it figures in six of Dante's sonnets and in several of Petrarch's. The Italian formula for the last six lines occasionally runs *cd d d c c*, and many other permutations are found. No single scheme of rhyme can be regarded as the universal Italian type.

poet's mistress Laura during her lifetime, includes two hundred and twenty-seven quatorzains; while the second section, which is addressed to Laura after death, numbers ninety. Variety is given to each sequence by the introduction at irregular intervals of other forms of lyrical verse: ballades (*ballate*), sestines (*sestine*), madrigals (*madrigali*), and odes (*canzoni*).¹ With greater artistic effect than Dante achieved, Petrarch made of his sonnet-collection a lyrical medley in which the sonnet played the chief, but by no means the only, part. The interruption of sonnet-sequences by ode or briefer lyric effort became, in virtue of Petrarch's example, an habitual characteristic of European sonneteering at the most flourishing epoch of its history.

Petrarch's topic, like Dante's, is the Platonic ideal of love, the glorification of ethereal sentiment. The effort doubtless derived its original impetus from a genuine experience of the poet, but the idealistic web which he weaves about his emotion proves that his work is mainly a conscious exercise of the intellect and imagination, with which his own affairs of the heart have only a remote or shadowy concern. All the phases of elation and despair which love may be deemed capable of engendering in the mind, find artistic reflection in Petrarch's verse. He sketches with a gentle delicacy of phrase the effect on amorous feeling of spring and summer, of light and darkness, of the presence and absence by day and night of a beloved mistress. He describes with every imaginative embellishment the beauty

¹ The section inscribed to Laura in life contains, besides the two hundred and twenty-seven sonnets, twenty-one odes of varying lengths, eight sestines, four madrigals, and five ballades. The second sequence contains eight canzoni, one sestina, and one ballata.

of his mistress's features, her intellectual endowments, her high birth.¹ His thought is nearly always true to the ethereal plane which he marked out for himself as his field of labour. Very rarely and very momentarily does he touch earth. At the same time, it is to be noted that a current of religious fervour colours his poetry, especially the second of his sonnet-sequences, which he inscribed to Laura after death; and occasionally he turns altogether from purposes of love to give play to strong political feeling, or to testify affection for a friend or patron of his own sex. But the exaltation of the ideal type of beauty which connotes both mental and physical perfection is his main aim.

The sonnet-sequence in later years was occasionally diverted from that goal which Petrarch most conspicuously sought, but he himself gave the cue for all subsequent variations of the sonnet-topic. Later sonneteers greatly developed the hint that he offered them in the sonnets which he inscribed to his male friends—to his patron, Cardinal Colonna, to Colonna's father and brother, and to his close ally, the poet Sennuccio. These poems he made vehicles for exuberant adulation,² for expressions of admiration and affection. Often the sensual aspect of love, on which

¹ Cf. especially Sonnets clxxviii. and clxxix., where Petrarch dwells not so much on graces of feature, as on high birth (*nobil sangue*), charm of intellect (*intelletto dolce ed alto*), and thoughtful expression (*aspetto pensoso*).

² Almost all forms of address which poets of the Renaissance employed when inscribing sonnets to their male friends or patrons are adumbrated in a fine sonnet (No. ccxxvii., concluding the first section), which Petrarch inscribed to his especial patron and friend, Giacomo Colonna. There he deplored with equal warmth the absence of his 'lord' and his 'lady.' 'Affection for his lord, and love for his lady are the chains,' he declares, 'which bind him fast in sorrow.'

'Carità di signore, amor di donna
 Son le catene ove con multi affanni
 Legato son, perch'io stesso mi strinsi.'

Petrarch very lightly touched, gained in the sonnets of succeeding ages mastery over its ethereal aspects. Some sixteenth-century sonneteers, again, impressed either by Petrarch's pietism or by his political enthusiasm, turned their poems to the purposes of spiritual meditation or of political exhortation. At times metaphysical reflection of a somewhat more technical kind than Petrarch essayed, became the sonneteer's leading theme. But it is very rarely that the seed had not been sown by the Italian master.

The Petrarchan sonnet experienced some other modifications. Petrarch was a classical scholar, and reminiscences of Horace and other classical writers often emerge in his sonnets. But his successors enjoyed a larger opportunity than he of exploring classical literature. In the sixteenth century some new literary strands came to mingle with the Petrarchan threads out of which the sonnets of Europe were to be woven. The Greek lyric poetry with its airy fancies and its delicate imagery, drawn from the Greek mythology—the cult of Venus, the Cytherean goddess, and of Cupid, her Puck-like son—fused itself after Petrarch's day with the poetic thought of the later Renaissance. Themes and figures derived from Theocritus or Moschus, from Meleager or Anacreon, were grafted on Petrarchan sentiment and diction. In only slightly less degree, too, certain poetic achievements of the Latins—notably the amorous verse of Catullus, Propertius, and Ovid—offered sonneteers suggestions which Petrarch had neglected. Phrases and ideas conveyed for the first time from sources such as these, were welcomed by Petrarch's successors no less eagerly than those which came from Greek lyrics.

But in spite of increase in knowledge on the part of succeeding sonneteers in Western Europe, Petrarch's predominating force was undiminished. He remained the acknowledged ruler of the art. The whole country that was to be occupied by the sonneteers was mapped out by him, and although some districts proved more attractive than others to future settlers, and were cultivated more effectively, the boundaries that Petrarch set up were religiously respected. The process of transferring his work into foreign tongues, the differences in the learning, capacities, and aims of the adapters, evolved an endless variety of superficial differences of thought or expression. But there is no ground for impugning the constant and all-embracing influence that he actively exerted upon sonnet-literature through fully two hundred years.

III

THE SONNET IN SIXTEENTH-CENTURY ITALY

In order to apprehend the overwhelming character and extent of Petrarch's and his successors' influence on the Elizabethan sonnet, some preliminary knowledge of its course in both sixteenth-century Italy and France is essential. The Elizabethan sonnet is for the most part the reflection of a foreign substance, and only after that foreign substance is closely studied will the reflection be seen in its true light.

For the first hundred years after his death Petrarch's work was, in Italy, more widely read than imitated. In the fifteenth century, despite great literary activity in other directions, sonneteers were not abundant in Italy.

Petrarch's chief Italian disciple of the era was Serafino dell' Aquila (1466-1500), whose sonnets and strambotti¹ quickly acquired European fame, and were soon freely plagiarised in France and England as well as in his own country.² But it was not till the sixteenth century opened that Petrarch's influence proved its true capacity. It was only through the middle or the later decades of that century that in Italy itself, no less than in Spain, France, and England, the sonnet flourished in all its luxuriance. The exaggerated popularity which the sonnet then enjoyed throughout Western Europe has not been experienced at that or any other era by any other form of verse. It has been computed that the sixteenth-century sonnets of Western Europe exceed in number 300,000.

The sixteenth century was reckoned in Italy, no less than in France and England, the golden age of literature. But in whatever branch of imaginative literature Italian writers of that century made their reputation, it was their invariable ambition to excel as sonneteers in addition. Italian scholars, who only wrote poetry in Latin, penned numerous sonnets in Latin. Ariosto and Tasso, the brightest stars in the literary firmament of sixteenth-century Italy, wrote sonnets on a generous scale. Hundreds of lesser lights whose brilliancy has long since dwindled did little else through long periods of their lives than court literary fame as sonneteers; Pietro Bembo and

¹ Strambotti were eight-lined lyrics in various brisk metres. Florio, the Elizabethan lexicographer, in his Italian dictionary, defined them as 'Country gigges, rounds, catches, virelaies or three men's songs.'

² 'So great was the admiration felt for this poet [Serafino] by his [Italian] contemporaries, that his epitaph assures the traveller that he may hold it an honour even to have seen his tomb.'—Courthope's *History of English Poetry*, vol. ii. p. 51.

Luigi Alamanni, for example, in the first half of the century, or Lodovico Dolce and Battista Guarini in the second half, strained every nerve to win the position of champions of the art. The source of their inspiration was never for a moment obscured. They and the crowd of their competitors felt pride in claiming kinship with Petrarch; they dubbed themselves Petrarchists, and they called their art Petrarchism. The Petrarchan form and spirit lost much of their pristine beauty and dignity as they passed, in sixteenth-century Italy, from pen to pen. The old conceits were distorted into an interminable series of fantastic shapes. Such small traces of sincere emotion as could be placed to Petrarch's credit were blotted out. The worship of ideal beauty was maintained, usually with a correct formality which approached the grotesque. The sonneteers deliberately worked within a definitely limited range of ideas and images, and no genuine originality in the method of their presentment was countenanced. None the less, there was no slackening in the flow of this degenerate Petrarchism among the master's countrymen till after the close of the sixteenth century. Throughout that century the Italian printers grew busier year by year in disseminating sonnet-literature. One hundred and twenty-one volumes of sonnet-sequences came from Italian presses in the first quarter of the century; three hundred and twenty-six volumes, most of which bore convincing testimony to the degeneracy of the art, were published during the last quarter.¹

¹ The vogue of the sonnet is well illustrated in a rare miscellany of previously unprinted sonnets by living writers, which was published in 1591 (Part I. at Genoa, Part II. at Pavia), under the title *Scelta di Rime di diversi moderni autori. Non più stampate*. More than forty contributors are enumerated, and the

One cause of the sonnet's persistence in Italy may possibly be found in the stimulus which all lyric poetry derived, during the last half of the sixteenth century, from the invention and wide dissemination there of music of the modern kind. The first Italian musical composers, in their search for words for the newly invented madrigal and part-song, liberally borrowed from the sonnets of Petrarch and his successors. The French and English song-books were often mere adaptations of Italian song-books in both their words and music, and through such agencies the lease of life enjoyed by the Italian sonnet was greatly extended both at home and abroad.

IV

THE SONNET IN SIXTEENTH-CENTURY FRANCE

It was from Italy that the sonneteering vogue spread to France. There it did not come to birth before the middle

poems number 185. A more ample collection of Italian sonnets of the sixteenth century may be found in the first two volumes of Agostino Gobbi's *Scelta di sonetti e canzoni de' più eccellenti rimatori d'ogni secolo*, 4 vols., Venice, 1739. Some 170 writers represent the period 1500-1550, and 130 the period 1550-1600. The incessant reissue of the earlier poetic work of the century during its later half accounts for the steady increase in the number of the poetic publications. A very full bibliography of the sixteenth-century sonnet in France and Italy was lately completed by M. Hugues Vaganay, Librarian of Les Facultés Catholiques of Lyon, an enthusiastic student of the sonnet on the continent of Europe. M. Vaganay's work is entitled '*Le sonnet en Italie et en France au XVI^e siècle. Essai de Bibliographie comparée*' (Lyon, 1903). It describes several thousand volumes of French and Italian sonnets; but, large as the work is, it by no means exhausts its theme. Italian scholars who only wrote in Latin, penned among their voluminous Latin poems numerous Latin sonnets, which greatly increase the total number of sonnets that were brought to birth in sixteenth-century Italy. Latin sonnets were also very common in France (cf. Gruter's ample collections: *Delitiae C. C. Italorum poetarum*, 1608, 2 vols., and *Delitiae C. poetarum Gallorum*, 1609, 3 vols.).

years of the sixteenth century, but it then developed with a rapidity and intensity which produced sonnets in number hardly inferior to the Italian record. Melin de St. Gelaïs (1487-1558) and Clément Marot (1497-1544) have long disputed with one another the honours of first introducing, in the third or fourth decades of the sixteenth century, the Petrarchan sonnet to France. The priority is justly allotted to Marot, who, in a detached sonnet penned in honour of a dignitary of Lyons in the year 1529, first in France touched the Petrarchan lyre.¹ This and two other quatorzains of like date, in one of which he adapted an epigram from Martial, figure in Marot's collection of 'Épigrammes.' Shortly afterwards, Marot translated six sonnets and a canzone directly from Petrarch.

It was, however, only after Marot's death that the reign of the sonnet was definitely inaugurated in France. That result was due to the deliberate resolve of Pierre de Ronsard and six friends, who were already acquainted with the work of Marot or Melin de St. Gelaïs, to adapt to the French language the finest products of foreign literature. Ronsard and his companions assumed the corporate title of *La Pléiade*, and adopted the sonnet as the characteristic instrument of their school. The manifesto of the new movement was written by Joachim du Bellay, one of its

¹ Cf. *Les Œuvres* (Paris, c. 1550), *Épigrammes*, pp. 469, 489, 509 (an imitation of Martial). See also *Œuvres Complètes de Clément Marot*, published by Jannet (1868-1872), vol. iii. p. 59 (*Épigrammes*). Melin de St. Gelaïs' familiar sonnet beginning

'Voyant ces monts de veue ainsi lointaine,'

which is often quoted as the first of French sonnets, and which was translated by Sir Thomas Wyatt, was clearly anticipated by the efforts of his friend Marot.

ablest champions. There Frenchmen were adjured to write sonnets after the manner of Petrarch and the modern Italians.¹ While pointing out to the French nation all the avenues to literary culture which the ancient classics offered them, Du Bellay was especially emphatic in his commendation of the Italian sonnet as a main source of culture. 'Sonne-moi ces beaux sonnets, non moins docte que plaisante invention italienne, pour lesquels tu as Pétrarque et quelques modernes Italiens.'²

With rare enthusiasm, Du Bellay and his colleagues devoted themselves to acclimatising in the French tongue the thought and expression of Greek writers—from Homer and Pindar to the latest Alexandrine and Byzantine poets—and of Latin writers—from Ovid and Vergil to the Latin versifiers of mediæval and modern Italy. To the work of the late Greek lyrists the new French poets quickly acknowledged a close affinity, and one of Ronsard's and Du Bellay's lieutenants, Remy Belleau, turned from manuscript Anacreon's verse into sparkling French song, and published his version before the Greek text appeared in its *editio princeps*. But to no poet of the past did the Pléiade leaders pay such whole-hearted homage as to Petrarch, of whose work Du Bellay asserted that, if Homer and Vergil had undertaken to translate it, they would have been unable to reproduce its grace and sincerity.

The Petrarchan sonnet-sequence, with its intermingled odes and sestines and madrigals, was cultivated by Ronsard

¹ Du Bellay's manifesto, which revolutionised French literature, was entitled *Défense et illustration de la langue Française*, and was published in February 1549. It recommended the deliberate imitation in French of the best Greek, Latin, and Italian poetry.

² *Défense et illustration*, etc., II^e partie, ch. iv.

and his friends and disciples with marvellous assiduity.¹ The Petrarchan vein was at once assimilated. The French sonneteers idealised beauty, alike in its yielding and wayward moods, in strict imitation of their Italian masters. The imagery is always derivative. Flowers and precious stones, planets and comets, sunrise and sunset, shipwrecks and sieges, the ghostly phantoms of lovers' nights, tigresses and Medusas, march in as wearisome a procession through the French sonnet-sequences as through the Italian sonnet-sequences of the sixteenth century. Love's mundane, sensual aspects are, except in a few instances, ignored, and no reader is long left in doubt of the unreality which infects the sixteenth-century French quatorzain of love. At the same time, the French poets were fertile in adulatory sonnets addressed to men of rank and fashion, and many penned, too, long series on political and philosophical themes. But whatever the subject of the French sonnet, it is rarely that a spontaneous note was sounded.

No limits were set to the sonneteering productivity of sixteenth-century France. Ronsard, who of all his colleagues was most bountifully endowed with lyric gifts, aspired to wear the laurels of Pindar, Horace, and Anacreon, as well as those of Petrarch. But he succeeded in publishing nearly a thousand sonnets during the middle years of the century. Most of them were amorous sequences bearing such titles as 'Amours de Cassandre,' 'Amours pour Hélène,' and 'Amours pour Astrée.' Ronsard's ally, Du Bellay, christened a sequence of the same type 'Olive,' and he also won

¹ The precise relations between the Pléiade and Petrarch are well indicated in *Le Pétrarquisme au XVI^e Siècle. Pétrarque et Ronsard*, par Marius Pieri (Marseille, 1896).

renown through a long series of political and metaphysical sonnets, which he collected under the names of 'Regrets,' and 'Antiquités de Rome.' De Baif, a third member of the Pléiade, was equally voluminous in sonneteering addresses to fanciful mistresses like Méline and Francine, or to friends and patrons. The leaders of the new school quickly gathered about them hosts of disciples, who energetically emulated their example. In the later years of the sixteenth century, when the energy of French sonneteers was still untamed, the crown was worn among them by Philippe Desportes (1546-1606), a fashionable ecclesiastic, whose fluency as a sonneteer is probably unsurpassed in literature. He has little other genuine claim to lasting remembrance. All the artifices of thought and language which render the later Italian Petrarchism tedious and repugnant to true lovers of poetry, found reflection in his ample pages.¹

The French Pléiade and their followers, in a greater and greater degree as the years passed, contented themselves with literal translation of the Italian words. There is probably no sonnet of Petrarch, and few of the popular

¹ Desportes' pillages of Italian poetry covered a wide area, and many were very civilly indicated in his lifetime in a rare volume called *Les Rencontres des Muses de France et d'Italie* (Lyon, 1604). Desportes translated and adapted a very large number of the sonnets of Serafino dell' Aquila and of Antonio Tebaldeo, both writers of the fifteenth century (cf. Francesco Flamini, *Studi di storia letteraria italiana e straniera*, Livorno, 1895, pp. 341-79, 433-9). He made equally free with the work of Bembo, Ariosto, Sannazaro, Tansillo, and Molza, all of whom were popular sonneteers in the sixteenth century. To these sources M.M. Vaganay et Vianey have recently claimed to add by their researches the poetry of a less known Italian poet, Pamphilo Sasso (d. 1556), some portions of whose work seem to have been printed in later editions of Serafino, without indication of its true authorship (cf. *Revue d'Histoire littéraire de la France*, April-June 1903).

sonnets of his Italian followers, which were not more or less exactly and more or less independently reproduced a dozen times or more in French verse during the later years of the sixteenth century. To a student of Italian sonnet-literature French sonnet-literature of the sixteenth century reveals practically nothing that will not be already familiar to him in its Italian original.

Although the French sonneteer failed to announce to his readers the precise Italian source whence he derived individual poems, he was true to the spirit of Du Bellay's original call to arms, and avowed in general terms his veneration for the Italian sonnet, and his large debt to it. No higher eulogy could be passed on Du Bellay, in the eyes of his French admirers, than the bare statement that he had introduced into his own land the love-sonnet of Italy.¹ In one of his sonnets Du Bellay tells his mistress that although she has all the charms of Laura, his lack of Petrarch's power prevents him from doing her justice.² That regret was echoed by hundreds of Du Bellay's countrymen. Desportes, in the following sonnet which he wrote for the flyleaf of a copy of Petrarch's poems ('Pour mettre devant un Petrarque'), struck the note that was universal:—

‘ Le labeur glorieux d'un esprit admirable
Triomphe heureusement de la posterité,
Comme ce Florentin qui a si bien chanté
Que les siecles d'apres n'ont trouvé son semblable.

¹ Vauquelin de la Fresnaie, one of Du Bellay's most ardent imitators, in a sonnet addressed to his master, wrote:—

‘ Ce fut toy, Du Bellay, qui des premiers en France
D'Italie attiras les Sonets amoureux.’

Divers Sonets, No. iii. (ed. Julien Travers, 1870, ii. p. 702).

² Du Bellay's *Les Amours*, No. iii. (edit. 1597, p. 308*b*). Du Bellay compares himself to a crow and his master to a swan.

La beauté n'est ainsi, car elle est perissable ;
 Mais Laure avec ses vers un trophée a planté,
 Qui fait que l'on revere à jamais sa beauté,
 Et qui rend son laurier verdissant et durable.

Celle qui dans ses yeux tient mon contentement,
 La passant en beauté, luy cède seulement
 En ce qu'un moindre esprit la veut rendre immortelle.

Mais j'ay plus d'amitié, s'il fut mieux écrivaint,
 Car sa Laure mourut et il resta vivant ;
 Si ma dame mourroit, je mourrois avec elle.¹

V

THE FIRST COMING OF THE SONNET IN SIXTEENTH-
 CENTURY ENGLAND

In sixteenth-century England the history of the sonnet falls into two well-defined chapters. The form of verse was at its first coming into England recognised as the child of Petrarch, and Petrarch remained the guiding spirit of the sonnet through the Elizabethan era. But Petrarch's example did not prove strong enough in itself—before it mingled with other developments—to stir in this country an extended or a permanent enthusiasm. It required the added stimulus supplied at a later date by the *sonneteering* activity of sixteenth-century France and sixteenth-century Italy, to render the sonnet in England a universally popular poetic instrument. The widespread vogue of the sonnet in Elizabethan England was, at the outset, indeed excited by French energy to a larger degree than by Italian. Consequently the first chapter in the history of the English sonnet, which treats of the sonnet under the more or less exclusive sway of Petrarch, is short. The canvas is mainly

¹ Desportes, Edition 1858 (ed. Michiels), p. 427.

occupied by the second chapter, which treats of its growth under the spur not merely of Petrarch himself, but, in addition, of the French Pléiade School and of the contemporary Italian Petrarchists.

Petrarch's fame reached England in his lifetime. Chaucer, who was his contemporary, in the prologue to the *Clerk's Tale*, refers to

' Fraunceys Petrarck, the laureat poete
 . . . , whos rethoryke sweete
 Enlumined al Itaille of poetrye.'

In his poem of *Troilus and Criseyde* (Book I. stanzas 58-60), Chaucer in a spirit of prophecy translated one of Petrarch's best-known sonnets, which was in the sixteenth century to undergo innumerable renderings and adaptations in every language of Europe.¹ But Chaucer's cry found no lasting echo. More than a century passed away without any further attempt in England to spread abroad a knowledge of Petrarch's poetic achievements.

Early in the sixteenth century Petrarch was discovered anew by cultivated Englishmen of Henry VIII.'s Court, who visited Italy and eagerly assimilated the literature of the Italian Renaissance. The elder Sir Thomas Wyatt and the Earl of Surrey were the true pioneers of the sonnet in

¹ Petrarch's Sonnet (cii.) opens:—

' S'amor non è, che dunque è quel ch'è? sento?'

Chaucer's fourteen-line translation, which fills two stanzas, each of seven lines, begins thus:—

' If no love is, O God, what fele I so?
 And if love is, what thing and whiche is he?
 If love be good, from whennes comth my wo?'

See Watson's rendering of the same sonnet of Petrarch in his *Ἐκατομῆθρα*, No. v. Cf. De Baif, i. 102, ed. Marty-Laveaux (*Amours de Francine*), and Jacques Grévin (*L'Olimpe*) in Becq De Fouquièrre's *Poètes Français du XVI^e. Siècle*, p. 200.

England. Their culture was wide, and they knew many classical writers. They perceived the merit of Petrarch's predecessor, Dante, and of some of Petrarch's followers, notably Serafino and Alamanni. To a smaller extent they were impressed too by the rising fame of their own contemporary Ariosto, as well as of Marot and Melin de St. Gelais in France. But it was mainly from Petrarch that they borrowed their inspiration.¹

Wyatt and Surrey did their main literary work between 1530 and 1540, but none of it was published before 1557, when it appeared, together with much poetry by other of Henry VIII.'s courtiers, in the volume called *Songes and Sonettes written by the ryght honorable Lorde Henry Howard late Earle of Surrey and other*.² The book was familiarly called, after its publisher's name, Tottel's *Miscellany*.

Sonnets figured largely in this volume. Although their source was never precisely indicated, it was generally

¹ According to the familiar language of Puttenham, the Elizabethan critic of English poetry:—'In the latter end of the same king's [Henry VIII.] raigne sprong vp a new company of courtly makers, of whom Sir *Thomas Wyat* th' elder and *Henry Earle of Surrey* were the two chieftaines, who hauing trauailed into Italie, and there tasted the sweete and stately measures and stile of the Italian Poesie as nouices newly crept out of the schooles of *Dante Arioste* and *Petrarch*, they greatly polished our rude and homely maner of vulgar Poesie, from that it had bene before, and for that cause may justly be sayd the first reformers of our English meetre and stile.'—(Puttenham's *Arte of English Poesie*, 1589, ed. Arber, p. 74, ed. 1869.) Again: 'I repute them [*i.e.* Wyatt and Surrey] for the two chief lanternes of light to all others that haue since employed their pennes vpon English Poesie, their conceits were loftie, their stiles stately, their termes proper, in all imitating very naturally and studiously their Maister *Francis Petrarcha*.'—(*Ibid.*, p. 76.) Again: 'The same Earle of Surrey and Sir *Thomas Wyat*, the first reformers and polishers of our vulgar Poesie, much affecting the stile and measures of the Italian *Petrarca*.'—(*Ibid.*, p. 139.)

² That volume quickly obtained popularity, and was nine times reprinted before 1589; no further edition followed till 1717.

hinted at in two anonymous sonnets in the collection, entitled respectively *A praise of Petrarke and of Laura his ladie*, and *That Petrark cannot be passed but notwithstanding that Laura is far surpassed*. The first sonnet opened thus :—

‘ O Petrarch, head and prince of Poets all,
Whose lively gift of flowing eloquence
Well may we seek, but find not how or whence
So rare a gift with thee did rise and fall,
Peace to thy bones, and glory immortal
Be to thy name.’¹

The second sonnet began with the lines :—

‘ With Petrarch to compare there may no wight
Nor yet attain unto so high a style.’²

Of Wyatt and Surrey, the two main contributors to Tottel’s volume, Wyatt, who had the advantage of superior poetic feeling although not of metrical skill, was the more voluminous sonneteer. His extant sonnets number thirty-eight. The majority are neither adaptations nor paraphrases; they are direct translations—for the most part of Petrarch.³ One example of Wyatt’s ordinary method will suffice :—

PETRARCH, Sonnet cix.

Amor, che nel pensier mio vive, e regna,
E'l suo seggio maggior nel mio cor tene ;
Talor armato nella fronte vene ;
Ivi si loca, ed ivi pon sua insegna,
Quella ch'amare, e sofferir ne'nsegna,
E vuol che'l gran desio, l'accessa spene
Cagion, vergogna, e reverenza affrene ;
Di nostro ardir fra se stessa si sdegna :
Onde Amor paventoso fugge al core
Lassando ogni sua impresa; e piagne, e trema;
Ivi s'asconde, e non appar più fore.
Che poss'io far, tremendo il mio signore,
Se non star seco infin all' ora estrema?
Che bel fin fa chi ben amando more.

WYATT (Tottel, p. 33).

The long love that in my thought I harbour,
And in my heart doth keep his residence,
Into my face presseth with bold pretence,
And there campeth displaying his banner.
She that me learns to love and to suffer,
And wills that my trust, and lust's negligence
Be reined by reason, shame, and reverence,
With his hardiness takes displeasure.
Wherewith love to the heart's forest he fleeth,
Leaving his enterprise with pain and cry,
And there him hideth, and not appeareth.
What may I do, when my master feareth,
But in the field with him to live and die?
For good is the life, ending faithfully.

¹ Tottel, ed. Arber, p. 178.

² Tottel, ed. Arber, p. 178.

³ The following sonnets of Petrarch are literally rendered by Wyatt. I give

Wyatt did not entirely confine his study to the sonnets of Petrarch. He paid some attention to the master's canzone, two of which he borrowed. Nor was he uninterested in the work of Petrarch's fifteenth-century disciple, Serafino dell' Aquila. At least two of his songs reproduce Serafino's fantastic lyrics (*strambotti*). Even in his satires Wyatt, while betraying the influence of Juvenal and Persius, freely conveyed passages from the similar work of the sixteenth-century Italian Petrarchist, Luigi Alamanni. Nor did the first lines of the Italian and English in order to facilitate comparison. The sonnets of Petrarch are numbered according to the notation accepted in all modern editions. To Wyatt's sonnets are attached the page-numbers in Arber's reprint (1870) of Tottel's *Miscellany*, 1557:—

- Petrarch xvii. (Son' animali al mondo di sì altera vista).
 Cf. Tottel, p. 38 (Some fowls there be that have so perfect sight)
- Petrarch xix. (Mille fiato, o dolce mia guerrera).
 Cf. Tottel, p. 69 (How oft have I, my dear and cruel foe).
- Petrarch xliv. (Mie venture al venir son tarde e pigre).
 Cf. Tottel, p. 68 (Ever my hap is slack and slow in coming).
- Petrarch lxi. (Io non fu' d'amar voi lassato unquanco).
 Cf. Tottel, p. 33 (Yet was I never of your love aggrieved).
- Petrarch lxxxi. (Cesare, poi che' I traditor d'Egitto).
 Cf. Tottel, p. 37 (Cæsar, when that the traitor of Egypt).
- Petrarch xcix. (Amor, Fortuna, e la mia mente schiva).
 Cf. Tottel, p. 69 (Love, Fortune, and my mind which do remember).
- Petrarch civ. (Pace non trovo, e non ho da far guerra :).
 Cf. Tottel, p. 39 (I find no peace, and all my war is done).
- Petrarch cix. (Amor, che nel pensier mio vive, e regna).
 Cf. Tottel, p. 33 (The long love that in my thought I harbour).
- Petrarch cxx. (Ite, caldi sospiri, al freddo core :).
 Cf. Tottel, p. 73 (Go, burning sighs, unto the frozen heart).
- Petrarch cxxxvi. (Pien d'un vago pensier, che mi desvia).
 Cf. Tottel, p. 35 (Such vain thought as wonted to mislead me).
- Petrarch clvi. (Passa la nave mia colma d'oblio).
 Cf. Tottel, p. 39 (My galley charged with forgetfulness).
- Petrarch clxxxviii. (S'una fede amorosa, un cor non finto).
 Cf. Tottel, p. 70 (If amorous faith, or if an heart unfaigned); see also
 p. 36 (If waker care, if sudden pale colour).
- Petrarch ccxxix. (Rotta è l'alta Colonna, e'l verde Lauro ;).
 Cf. Tottel, p. 72 (The pillar perished is whereto I leant).

Wyatt altogether neglect French literature. He rendered with verbal accuracy a popular sonnet of Melin de St. Gelais (1487-1558).¹

Surrey is hardly less learned a graduate in the Petrarchan school, though his sonnets often adapt his master's work with greater freedom than Wyatt essayed. But he did not on occasion disdain literal translation. Petrarch's Sonnet *cix.*, which was rendered into English by Wyatt, was also independently translated by Surrey, his fellow-poet; and it may be of some interest to compare with Wyatt's version, which has already been quoted, Surrey's version, which is somewhat more literal and more dexterous.

'Love that liveth and reigneth in my thought,
That built his seat within my captive breast;
Clad in the arms wherein with me he fought,
Oft in my face he doth his banner rest.
She, that me taught to love, and suffer pain;
My doubtful hope, and eke my hot desire
With shamefast cloak to shadow and refrain,
Her smiling grace converteth straight to ire.
And coward Love then to the heart apace
Taketh his flight; whereas he lurks, and plains
His purpose lost, and dare not show his face.
For my Lord's guilt thus faultless bide I pains.
Yet from my Lord shall not my foot remove:
Sweet is his death, that takes his end by love.'

VI

THE EARLIEST ELIZABETHAN SONNETEERS— SIDNEY AND WATSON

The promise of a poetic revival in England, which the effort of Wyatt and Surrey gave, was not fulfilled. Surrey's

¹ 'Voyant ces monts de veue ainsi lointaine.' Tottel, p. 70: 'Like to these immeasurable mountains.'

death in 1547¹ was followed by a barren quarter of a century, and only at the close of that period did a great literary era dawn on England. In that interval the Pléiade school of France inaugurated and brought to maturity the first golden age of modern French literature. Throughout the same epoch Italian literature was still bearing rich fruit, and it was Italian literary energy that dominated the new French outburst. To Elizabethan literature, however, the primary impulse seems to have come from the new French activity, and not from the continuous flow of Italian poetry. The sonnet was reintroduced, for the second time in the century, into England mainly from France.² Petrarch quickly reasserted over the Elizabethan sonnet that supremacy which Wyatt and Surrey had acknowledged. The best Elizabethan sonneteers—men like Sidney, Watson, and Spenser—were not content to practise the sonneteering art on any large scale until they

¹ Surrey survived Wyatt by five years.

² The student should be warned against the irregular use of the word 'sonnet' for 'song' or 'poem,' which might suggest the erroneous notion that the 'sonnet' continuously played a part in English literature through the middle years of the sixteenth century. 'A proper sonnet,' in Clement Robinson's poetical anthology, *A Handefull of Pleasant Delites*, 1584, is a lyric in ten four-line alternatively rhymed stanzas. Neither Barnabe Googe's *Eglogs, Epitaphes, and Sonnettes*, 1563, nor George Turberville's *Epitaphes, Epigrams, Songs, and Sonnets*, 1567, contains a single fourteen-lined poem. William Byrd published in 1587 his *Psalms, Sonets, and Songs of Sadness and Pietie*, but though he tells the reader that if he be disposed 'to bee merrie, heere are Sonets,' and heads a section of the book 'Sonets and Pastorales,' no poem bearing any relation to the sonnet form is included. When the true 'sonnet' was reintroduced into England, it was often technically designated by the French word 'quatorzain' rather than by 'sonnet.' Watson is congratulated on 'scaling the skies in lofty quatorzains' in verses before his *Passionate Centurie*, 1582; cf. *crazed quatorzains*, in Thomas Nashe's preface to his edition of Sidney's *Astrophel and Stella*, 1591; and *Amours in Quatorzains* on the title-page of the first edition of Drayton's *Sonnets*, 1594.

had steeped themselves in Petrarch's text. But even they studied with equal thoroughness the writings of the Pléiade masters, while the majority of the Elizabethan sonneteers concentrated their attention on contemporary France, and derived their chief knowledge of Petrarch and of his Italian followers from the French adaptations of Italian work by Ronsard and Desportes rather than by more direct approach. The wholesale loans which the Elizabethan sonneteers invariably levied on foreign literature did not always succeed in extinguishing the buoyant native fire. But genuine originality of thought and expression was rare. Indeed, some of the Elizabethan sonneteers (whose literary morality and whose claim to the honours of poetic invention have not hitherto been impugned) prove, when their work is compared with that of foreign writers, to have been verbatim translators, and almost sink to the level of literary pirates.

Thomas Watson, Edmund Spenser, and Sir Philip Sidney, who were all in tender years of infancy when Elizabeth came to the throne in 1558, divide among themselves the parentage of the Elizabethan sonnet. In early youth Sidney and Watson visited France, and Sidney extended his travels into Italy, making the acquaintance of the painters there as well as of the poets. Spenser seems also to have gone abroad in early life, while he was serving in a secretarial capacity his patron, the Earl of Leicester. In all these men the recent literary revival in France first stirred the poetic impulse.¹

¹ Extant catalogues of two libraries on this side of the Channel show that the works of the French poets were purchased by book-buyers through the Elizabethan period. The catalogue of the library formed by Mary Queen of Scots at the opening of the epoch includes, besides numerous translations into French

Probably Spenser's earliest poetic effort was an act of homage to Ronsard's counsellor, Joachim du Bellay. Fifteen of the Frenchman's sonnets on the theme of the Apocalypse were rendered by Spenser, while a schoolboy, into English, under the title of *The Visions of Bellay*. Subsequently he revised this youthful venture, and combined with it a translation of the longer series of sonnets by Du Bellay called *Les Antiquités de Rome*. In the 'envoy' in sonnet form to his rendering of Du Bellay's *Antiquités*, Spenser apostrophised the Frenchman in language that plainly acknowledges his literary influence:

' Bellay, first garland of free Poesie,
That France brought forth, though fruitfull of brave wits,
Well worthie thou of immortalitie.'

But Spenser also learned much that was of pressing importance to him from the greatest of the French poets who preceded the Pléiade. It was not, it proves, from the masters of that new French school, it was from that school's

of the classics and modern Italian poetry, many volumes of Clément Marot, Ronsard, and Du Bellay, including all their sonnets; *Les Erreurs Amoureuses* of Pontus de Tyard, one of the Pléiade sonneteers; *Les Soupirs* of Olivier de Magny; and a volume by Claude de Buttet. The *Recueil de poésie françoise*, Paris, 1555, was also included.—(*Library of Queen Mary Stuart*, by Julian Sharman.) William Drummond of Hawthornden, at the end of the period, notes that he read between 1606 and 1614 works by the following French authors: Ronsard, Pontus de Tyard, Le Seigneur des Bon Accords, Pasquier, Jodelle, Jean de la Peruse, Passerat, Pibrac, Du Bartas. He also studied French translations of Tasso's *Aminta*, Sannazaro's *Arcadia*, Montemayor's *Diana*, Petrarch, Guarini's *Pastor Fido*, Ariosto's *Orlando*. The Italian poets read by Drummond in their own tongue in the same period only include Bembo, Luigi Groto Cieco, F. Contarini, S. Carlo Coquinato, Lodovico Paterno, Tasso, Marino, Parabosco, and Lelio Capilupi. By 1611 Drummond had collected 120 books in French, 61 in Italian, and only 50 in English. He had also some 200 Latin volumes, 35 in Greek, 11 in Hebrew, and 8 in Spanish. His French collection far exceeded all the others in modern languages put together.

eminent predecessor, Clément Marot, two of whose eclogues he silently imitated in his *Shepherd's Calendar* (Nos. xi. and xii.), that Spenser gained his earliest knowledge of Petrarch. Shortly before his death, Marot had translated into six twelve-lined stanzas, with a four-line envoy, an ode or canzone (No. xlii.), which figures among Petrarch's sonnets. The Italian poet gave this poem no separate designation, but Marot invented for it the title of *Les Visions de Petrarque*, which harmonises with its subject-matter. Spenser's earliest experiments in verse include, besides the sonnets from Du Bellay, seven others which bear Marot's invented name of *The Visions of Petrarch*. These seven sonnets reproduce in English Marot's French verses word for word. The expansion of the French twelve-line stanzas into quatorzains, and of the four lines of the French envoy into fourteen lines, fails in any material respect to differentiate the English and French renderings of Petrarch's ode. There can be no doubt that Spenser only knew the ode at the time of writing in Marot's version. Subsequently he read Petrarch in the Italian text, and at a much later date devised a new sonnet-sequence on the Petrarchan plan; but it is clear that it was through the study of French that Spenser passed to the study of Italian.

The evidence that Sidney and Watson drew their first literary sustenance from France is less complete, but there is positive evidence that very early in their career both came under the impressive influence of Ronsard, Du Bellay's chief. It was claimed for Watson that he did for the progress of English poetry what Ronsard did for French poetry. With no less eagerness than Spenser did Sidney and Watson seek, in years of adolescence, direct acquaint-

ance with the Frenchmen's Italian masters. Watson translated into Latin Petrarch's whole collection of sonnets.¹ The 'Stella' of Sidney's adoration was avowedly modelled on Petrarch's 'Laura.' But there is little question that it was through France that both Sidney and Watson travelled to the Italian shrine.

Thus were the foundations laid for the edifice of sonnet-sequences in Elizabethan England. Spenser only in later life continued those experiments in the adaptations of foreign sonnets which he began in youth. But about 1580, more than a decade before Spenser resumed his labours, Sidney and Watson both set to work simultaneously on the construction of a sonnet-sequence in the Petrarchan vein. The main part of Sidney's work, which is known under the title of *Astrophel and Stella*, circulated among his friends in manuscript for eleven years before it was printed posthumously in 1591. Watson's first effort in the like direction came from the press in 1582. The publication of Watson's collection gave the cue to the sonneteering movement in Elizabethan England. His volume sheds a flood of light on the biology of Elizabethan sonnet-literature.

Watson's book is entitled *The Ἑκατομπαθία, or Passionate Centurie of Love*. It consists of one hundred separate poems, few of which are quite regular sonnets; the lines usually number eighteen instead of fourteen. But the work illustrates at every point the method and spirit of the nascent sonneteering vogue.

The inaugural poem (a regular sonnet) is addressed to the

¹ Watson failed to publish his performance, but preserved two of his Latin versions of Petrarch's sonnets in his collection called *The Ἑκατομπαθία, or Passionate Centurie of Love*. See Watson's *Poems*, ed. Arber, 1895, pp. 42, 138.

author by an admiring friend, and places Petrarch in the centre of the stage. The lines opening thus:—

‘The stars which did at Petrarch’s birthday reign
Were fixed again at thy nativity,
Destining thee the Tuscan’s poesy,
Who scaled the skies in lofty quatorzain.
The Muses gave to thee thy fatal vain,
The very same, that Petrarch had, whereby
Madonna Laura’s fame is grown so high,
And that whereby his glory he did gain.’

Another enthusiastic friend of the English poet, writing in Latin verse, declared how France was now at length fast garnering the wealth of Parnassus and luxuriating in the new achievements of Ronsard:

‘Gallica Parnasso coepit ditescere lingua,
Ronsardique operis luxuriare nouis.’¹

Of all countries of Europe only England, Watson’s panegyrist proceeds, was still awaiting the advent of great poetry, and Watson had arisen to satisfy her yearning.

Watson deprecates all claim to originality. To each poem he prefixes a prose introduction in which he frankly indicates, usually with ample quotation, the French, Italian, or classical poem which was the source of his inspiration. He aims at little more than paraphrasing sonnets and lyrics by Petrarch and Ronsard, or by Petrarch’s disciples, Serafino dell’ Aquila, Ercole Strozza² (1471-1508), or Agnolo Firen-

¹ Arber edition, p. 34.

² It is a curious proof of the estimation in which the poets of sixteenth-century Italy, even those of small merit, were held by Elizabethan critics, to find Gabriel Harvey, when he seeks to pay a high compliment to a popular English writer, like George Gascoigne, telling him that he is the equal of an Italian of such restricted fame as Ercole Strozza (of Ferrara). Harvey’s eulogy of Gascoigne runs thus:—

‘Gascoignus solus, seipsum cum Hercule
Strozza comparat, homine Italo
Eodemque viro generoso ac poeta nobili.’

Letter-Book of Gabriel Harvey, publ. Camden Society, 1884, p. 55.

zuola, together with passages from the chief writers of Greece and Rome.¹ As a rule, his rendering is quite literal, though he now and then inverts a line or two of his original, or inserts a new sentence. In the conventional appeals to his wayward mistress, and in his exposition of amorous emotion, there is no pretence of a revelation of personal experience. Watson's whole effort is a literary exercise from the pen of a scholiast. Appropriately enough he devotes his last page to a good rendering in Latin, in regular sonnet form, of one of Petrarch's concluding quatorzains (cccxiii.), in which the Italian poet deploras his absorption in the vanities of love, and prays God that he may aspire to higher things.

Subsequently Watson vigorously concentrated his energy not only on the more recent poetry of Italy, but also on the new birth of Italian music, which gave added impetus to lyric activity through Europe. He published a paraphrase in Latin hexameters of Tasso's lately issued pastoral drama *Aminta*, and also an English rendering of a selection of Italian madrigals. The latter work was widely popular.

The new Italian music was growing fashionable in Elizabethan England, especially the madrigal and part-song, to which the great contemporary Italian composers devoted

¹ Eight of Watson's sonnets are, according to his own account, renderings from Petrarch; twelve are from Serafino dell' Aquila (1466-1500); four each come from Strozza, the Ferrarese poet, and from Ronsard; three from the Italian poet, Agnolo Firenzuola (1493-1548); two each from the French poet, Etienne Forcadet, known as Forcatulus (1514?-1573), the Italian Girolamo Parabosco (fl. 1548), and Æneas Sylvius; while many are based on passages from such authors as (among the Greeks), Sophocles, Theocritus, Apollonius of Rhodes (author of the epic *Argonautica*); or (among the Latins), Vergil, Tibullus, Ovid, Horace, Propertius, Seneca, Pliny, Lucan, Martial, and Valerius Flaccus; or (among other modern Italians), Angelo Poliziano (1454-1494), and Baptista Mantuanus (1448-1516); or (among other modern Frenchmen), Gervasius Sepinus of Saumur, writer of eclogues after the manner of Vergil and Mantuanus.

their chief energies. In *Italian Madrigalls Englished* (1590),¹ Watson gave the earliest hint of the sustenance that the Elizabethan lyric was to derive from the recent union of Italian music with Italian poetry. He translated the Italian words which Luca Marenzio, the Venetian composer, and other Italian musicians of eminence, had set to music. The verse was for the most part derived from the Italian sonneteers. One of the most famous of Petrarch's sonnets (cclxix.)—'Zefiro torna, e 'l bel tempo rimena'—is the original of the fourth of Watson's translated madrigals.² Watson rendered it from the reprint in Marenzio's music-book, without any indication of its authorship. That reticence illustrates how the taste for music silently opened a new path for the admission into Elizabethan England of the Italian master's poetry.

¹ This rare book, of which a copy is in the British Museum, is omitted from Arber's collection of Watson's poems. It was reprinted by Professor F. I. Carpenter, of Chicago, in the *Journal of Germanic Philology* (vol. ii. No. 3, p. 337), and by Wilhelm Bolle in *Die gedruckten englischen Liederbücher bis 1600* (*Palaestra*, xxix. pp. 39-56, Berlin, 1903). In both reprints the Italian originals of the madrigals are reprinted with the English.

² The whole of the same sonnet of Petrarch was set to music by Alfonso Ferabosco and Geronimo Conversi as well as by Marenzio, and is translated independently by another Elizabethan collector of words for music, Nicholas Yonge, in his *Musica Transalpina* (1588). (See *English Garner, Shorter Elizabethan Poems*, p. 77.) In like fashion, Petrarch's sonnet on the nightingale beginning (cclxx.), 'Quel rosignuol che si soave piagne,' appears in an English translation (beginning 'O nightingale that sweetly dothe complain') in Morley's *Madrigals to five Voices*, Nos. 19, 20, 1598, which were set to music by an English composer, Peter Phillips, who spent most of his life abroad. Of the general relation between English madrigals and Petrarch's sonnets light is thrown by the musical composer, Thomas Morley. In his *Plain and Easy Introduction to Practical Music* (1597), the first satisfactory musical treatise published in England, Morley wrote of the 'light music' which had lately become popular in English: 'The best kind of it is termed madrigal, a word for the etymologie of which I can give no reason; yet use showeth that it is a kind of musicke made upon songs and sonnets, such as Petrarcha and manie Poets of our time have excelled in.'

But Watson never deserted the sonnet in its pristine simplicity. In 1593, a year after his death, there was published a second sequence of amorous sonnets by him in strict metre. These numbered sixty in all, and bore the title *The Tears of Fancie, or Love Disdained*. Although the writer there gave no references to his authorities, the trail of France and Italy is unconcealed. In the opening sonnets he describes a skirmish between himself and Cupid in the Anacreontic manner which Ronsard especially affected. The remaining poems re-echo, in a somewhat piping key, the tearful sighs and groans which Petrarch and his imitators had already sounded with wearisome iteration. At times he adapts a Petrarchan canzone or ode to the purposes of his sonnet-sequence. His Sonnet lii., which describes how the sun and the moon bring joy to all living creatures except the despairing lover, reproduces with little change Petrarch's first sestina :

WATSON, Sonnet LII.

Each creature ioyes Apollo's happy sight,
And feed themselves with his fair beams reflecting
Night wandering travellers at Cynthia's sight,
Clere up their cloudy thoughts fond fear
rejecting.

PETRARCH, Sestina I.

A qualunque animale alberga in terra,
Se non se alquanti c' hanno in odio il Sole,
Tempo da travagliare è quanto è 'l giorno:
Ma poi, ch' il ciel accende le sue stelle.

In Sonnets xix. and xx., in which the power of the heart and eye in cherishing love are fantastically contrasted, he handles a Petrarchan conceit which was universally appropriated by Petrarch's disciples.¹ Sonnets xlvi., xlvi., and li. on Spring, Sonnets xxviii. and xxix. on Echo, are equally derivative in thought or expression.

¹ Petrarch's Sonnet lxiii., 'Occhi, piangete; accompagnate il core,' where the poet holds dialogue with his eyes, with its complement in cxvii., 'Che fai, alma? che pensi? avrem mai pace?' where the poet holds dialogue with his

Sir Philip Sidney died six years before Watson, but the long series of sonnets which occupied his leisure through the last six years of his life were not published till 1591. Then for the first time, in accordance with a common practice of the age, they were produced surreptitiously by an adventurous publisher, Thomas Newman, who acquired a written copy without consultation with the author's friends.¹ The pathetic circumstances of Sidney's early death in the war in Holland rendered him a national hero, and his writings exerted on Elizabethan thought an overwhelming influence which owed as much to his extraneous repute as to their intrinsic merit. Although it is probable that

heart, were especially favoured by the later Italian and French sonneteers as well as by the English. Cf. Desportes, *Diane*, Livre II. Sonnet ii. (dialogue between the poet and his heart), and the sonnet headed *Dialogue* (between the poet and his eyes), which follows Sonnet lxi. in the same collection. Cf. Ronsard's *Odes*, Livre IV. Ode xxii., where the eyes and heart address one another.

¹ The publisher, Thomas Newman, employed Thomas Nashe, then a young man of four and twenty, to write a preface, and he added an appendix of 'poems and sonnets of sundry other noblemen and gentlemen,' which included twenty-eight sonnets by the poet Samuel Daniel, and seven lyrics, one of the latter being assigned to E. O., *i.e.* Edward Vere, Earl of Oxford, and the rest being issued anonymously. Daniel's sonnets were published without the knowledge of the author from a manuscript copy which Newman had acquired irregularly. The publisher dedicated the volume to a mercantile friend, Francis Flower. Newman's transaction is identical at all points with that of Thomas Thorpe when he published Shakespeare's sonnets in 1609, and Newman's Francis Flower stands towards Sidney's sonnets in the same relation as Thorpe's friend, W. H., stands towards Shakespeare's sonnets. Protests against Newman's piratical procedure were made to the Stationers' Company, apparently by the poet Daniel. The first edition was suppressed, but another was immediately issued by Newman without Nashe's preface or the appendix. A third edition was undertaken in the same year by a second adventurer publisher, Matthew Lownes; a unique copy of Lownes' edition is in the Bodleian Library, with the title-page somewhat defaced. An authentic version of Sidney's sonnets, with additional poems by him which were not previously in print, was appended to the third edition of his *Arcadia*, 1598. There the songs with which Sidney had interspersed his sonnets were rightly distributed among them; Newman had placed them together by themselves after the sonnets.

Sidney's pursuit of the favour of Lady Rich, a coquettish friend of his youth who married another, led him to turn sonneteer, the imitative quality that characterises Watson's *Passionate Centurie of Love* is visible throughout Sidney's ample effort, and destroys most of those specious pretensions to autobiographic confessions which the unwary reader may discern in them.¹

Sidney had a far finer poetic faculty than Watson, but his reading in French and Italian was no less extended. He wrote under the glamour of Petrarchan idealism, and held that it was the function of the 'lyrical kind of songs and sonnets' to sing 'the praises of the immortal

¹ The relations described in the sonnets as subsisting between Astrophel (the title that Sidney bestowed on himself) and Stella (the name which he gave the lady of his poetic affections) closely resemble those indicated as subsisting between Petrarch and his poetic mistress, Laura, in the first series of the Italian poet's sonnets, which were written in the lifetime of his lady-love, Laura. There is no question that Stella was Penelope, daughter of Walter Devereux, first Earl of Essex, and sister of Robert Devereux, second Earl of Essex, Queen Elizabeth's favourite. When she was about fourteen years old her father destined her for Sidney's bride; but that project came to nothing. She married, in 1581, when about nineteen, Robert, second Lord Rich, and was soon the mother of a large family of children. Sidney plays upon her husband's name of Rich in his Sonnet xxiv. in something of the same artificial way in which Petrarch plays upon the name of his mistress, who was also another's wife, in his Sonnet v. Sidney himself married on 20th September 1583, and lived on the best possible terms with his wife, who long survived him. Lady Rich also survived Sidney's death in 1586, but her later life, during which she proved unfaithful to her husband and was divorced from him, does not concern us here. Sidney's poetic worship of Stella became a conventional theme in Elizabethan poetry, and enjoyed a popularity only second to that of Petrarch's poetic worship of Laura. The *locus classicus* for its treatment is the collection of elegies, entitled *Astrophel*, to which Spenser was the chief contributor. That volume was dedicated to Sidney's widow, and his sister, the Countess of Pembroke, wrote a poem for it. Throughout the work, Sidney's celebration of Stella is accounted his most glorious achievement in literature. The dedication of *Astrophel* to Sidney's wife deprives of serious autobiographical significance his description in the sonnets of his pursuit of Stella's affections.

beauty,' and of no more mundane passion.¹ Detachment from the realities of ordinary passion, which comes of much reading about love in order to write on the subject, is the central feature of Sidney's sonnets. Sidney's masters were Petrarch and Ronsard. His admirers dubbed him 'our English Petrarch,' or 'the Petrarch of our time.' His habit was to paraphrase and adapt foreign writings rather than literally translate them. But hardly any of his poetic ideas, and few of his 'swelling phrases,' are primarily of his invention. Songs, in accordance with the foreign practice, were interspersed in his sonnet-sequence, and they no less than his quatorzains are founded on foreign models.²

Sonnet xli. fairly represents Sidney's method when at its freest. He describes how he won a prize in a tournament owing to the presence of his lady-love among the spectators. The beams of her eyes lent him prowess. In like fashion Petrarch (Sonnet cci.) had described a brilliant court entertainment which was illumined by the light of Laura's countenance. The central idea of the two poems is the same. Sidney's tournament is the child of Petrarch's princely banquet. Sidney follows Ronsard with greater fidelity in reproaching his mistress with showing more

¹ 'If I were a mistress,' he added, 'sonneteers would never persuade me they were in love; so coldly they apply fiery speeches, as men that had rather read lovers' writings, and so caught up certain swelling phrases . . . than that in truth they feel those passions.'—*Apologie for Poetrie*, ed. A. S. Cook, Boston, 1901, p. 52.

² In the added sonnets and poetical translations, which were printed for the first time, as an appendix to the *Astrophel and Stella* collection (in the third edition of the *Arcadia*, 1598), two lyrics are stated to be translations from the romance *Diana* by the Spaniard, Montemayor, and many others are specially noted as adaptations of Italian 'tunes,' the titles of which are given. But Sidney's indebtedness is far greater than these hints suggest.

attention to her dog than to himself.¹ Petrarch's addresses to the River Po (Sonnet cxlvii.) and to the River Rhone (Sonnet clxxiii.) precisely adumbrate Sidney's address to the River Thames (*Astrophel*, ciii.). The apostrophe to the bed (Sonnet xcvi.), in which the English poet turns and tosses in the black horrors of the silent night, repeats the cry of whole flocks of Petrarchists in France and Italy.² His condolences with Stella in her sickness (ci.), and his lamentations on her absence (xci., cvi.); the appeals to sleep (*Astrophel*, xxxviii. and xxxix.), to the sonneteer's

¹ Ronsard, *Amours*, I. lxxviii. :—

'Ha ! petit chien que tu es bien-heureux.'

Sidney, *Astrophel and Stella*, lix. :—

'Dear, why make you more of a dog than me?'

Melin de St. Gelais seems to have inaugurated such addresses to lapdogs (cf. *Œuvres*, ed. Blanchemain, i. 97) in his poem 'Ha petit chien, que tu as de bonheur.' The theme was developed in *Pancharis* (1588), No. v., a collection of Latin poems by the French writer Jean Bonnefons, which were published with a French translation by Gilles Durant, and were well known in England (cf. *Pancharis*, ed. Blanchemain, pp. 21-25).

² The early sixteenth-century Italian sonneteer Tebaldeo, in *Opera d'Amore*, No. 15, begins a sonnet thus :—

'Letto, se per quiete e dolce pace
Trovato fosti da l'ingegno humano
Hor perche il corpo mio ti colca in vano,
E senza requie in le tue piume giace?'

Desportes adopted Tebaldeo thus (*Diane*, I. vii.) :—

'O licit ! s'il est ainsi que tu sois inventé
Pour prendre un doux repos, quand la nuit est venue.
D'où vient que dedans toy ma douleur continue,
Et que je sens par toy mon tourment augmenté?
Je ne fay que tourner d'un et d'autre costé.'

Sidney's Sonnet xcvi. has these lines :—

'Ah, bed ! the field where Joy's peace some do see . . .
With sweet soft shades thou oft invitest me
To steal some rest ; but, wretch, I am constrained . . .
With Care's hard hand, to turn and toss in thee.'

favoured bird, the nightingale, to the moon, and to his mistress's eyes, are all close echoes of his reading, even though they are at times touched by a finer feeling and music than English minds can discover in the foreign original.

Sidney conspicuously emulates the extravagance of French sonneteers in his reiteration of their habitual epithet 'sweet.' When he wrote

'Sweet kiss, thy sweets I fain would sweetly endite,
Which even of sweetness sweetest sweetner art.'

(Sonnet lxxix.)

Sidney clearly had in mind lines like these:—

'Baiser plus doux que le nectar des Dieux,
Que miel, que sucre, que manne éthérée
Baiser sucré d'une bouche sucrée.'

(Claude de Pontoux, *L'Idée*, Sonnet xxxii.)¹

Like Watson, Sidney follows Petrarch in closing his sonnets of love on Petrarch's most characteristic note. In his concluding sonnet he imitates the Italian poet's solemn and impressive renunciation of love's empire:—

'Leave me, O love, which reachest but to dust,
And thou, my mind, aspire to higher things.'

In one respect Sidney showed a loyalty to his foreign models in which he outran his sonneteing fellow-countrymen. He alone of all the sixteenth-century English sonneteers endeavoured to reproduce with any strictness the foreign metres as well as the foreign imagery and ideas. Sixteenth-century Italy, for the most part, observed the common Petrarchan scheme of *abba*, *abba*, *cde*, *cde*. France loyally followed the Italian

¹ The epithet 'sucré' is of constant occurrence in French sonnets, and clearly suggested the epithet 'sugared' which is frequently applied by English contemporaries to Elizabethan sonnets. Francis Meres wrote of Shakespeare's 'sugared sonnets.' 'Sugared talk' appears *infra*, ii. 60.

formula as far as the first eight lines were concerned, while introducing into the last six the modification *cc d, e d e*. But neither in France nor in Italy did the number of different rhymes in a sonnet exceed five. From the first England evinced an unwillingness to obey any such intricate metrical laws. Wyatt and Surrey adopted the simplest and (in Italy) the least common of the Petrarchan variations of the regular type; they closed their sonnets with a rhyming couplet. The last six lines were consequently no longer constructed of two tercets, but of a quatrain and a couplet. The concluding couplet came, in fact, to dominate the Elizabethan sonnet, and the dozen preceding lines gradually lost the demarcations and limitations of separate quatrains and tercets that were habitual to them abroad; they developed into an unbroken string of alternately rhymed lines. The five rhymes of the foreign sonnet thus grew into seven in the Elizabethan sonnet. The Elizabethan sonneteer, indeed, often dispensed with strongly marked pauses at any point in the poem, and the poem ran continuously from the first to the twelfth, if not to the fourteenth line. George Gascoigne, in his *Certayne Notes of Instruction concerning the making of Verse or Ryme in English*, defined the accepted Elizabethan practice when he wrote of sonnets thus:—'Fouretene lynes, every lyne conteyning tenne syllables. The first twelve to ryme in staves of foure lynes by cross metre and the last two ryming together, do conclude the whole' (published in Gascoigne's *Poesies*, 1575). The multiplicity of rhymes in Elizabethan sonnets was deplored by Samuel Daniel, himself a sonneteer on the English pattern, whose metrical dexterity left little to be desired. But he excused the rhyming excesses of himself

and other sonneteers by the reflection that 'ryme is no impediment' to a true poet's 'conceit, but gives him wings to mount . . . to a far happier flight.'¹

Spenser showed some familiarity with the French and Italian laws, but rarely put them into practice. Watson abandoned them altogether; and Shakespeare, like most of his contemporaries, was content to follow Watson's example. Sidney sought no such freedom. Alone of the Elizabethans he declined to obey the anglicised rules of sonneteering. In nearly all the one hundred and eight sonnets of which his collection entitled *Astrophel and Stella* consists, the principle of the double quatrain is faithfully respected. He very often adopted the orthodox Petrarchan scheme *a b b a*, *a b b a*. He made smaller resistance to the rhyming couplet at the close, but in twenty-one sonnets he avoided it. When he employed it, he so diversified the rhymes of the preceding four lines as to preserve much of the effect of the double tercet.

But whatever the fate of the Petrarchan metres, Petrarchan imagery completely dominated the thought of the Elizabethan circle of poets that gathered round Sidney and Spenser. The eight sonnets and the two canzone in which Petrarch pictured visions of Laura in a dream especially captivated the Elizabethan poet's imagination, and when Sir Walter Raleigh sought to give expression to the elation with which Elizabethan England welcomed (in 1590) the first instalment of Spenser's *Faery Queen*—the firstfruits of the mature Elizabethan spirit—he had recourse to a Petrarchan conceit wherewith to give his eulogy its pith and moment.

¹ Daniel, *A defence of Ryme*, 1607 (ed. Grosart, iv. 44).

Methought I saw the grave where Laura lay,
 Within that temple where the vestal flame
 Was wont to burn ; and passing by that way
 To see that buried dust of living fame,
 Whose tomb fair Love and fairer Virtue kept,
 All suddenly I saw the Fairy Queen ;
 At whose approach the soul of Petrarch wept ;
 And from thenceforth those Graces were not seen,
 For they this Queen attended ; in whose stead
 Oblivion laid him down on Laura's hearse.¹

Raleigh's compliment to Spenser's *Faery Queen* is a notable act of homage to Petrarch. The finely turned qualification of Petrarch's influence had little significance. The prophecy that at length 'oblivion had laid him down on Laura's hearse' was premature. The tide of Petrarchan inspiration was destined immediately to flow in England in fuller vigour than before.

VII

THE ZENITH OF THE SONNETEERING VOGUE IN ELIZABETHAN ENGLAND—DANIEL AND CONSTABLE

Before Sidney and Watson had laid down their pens, and before the vogue of the quatorzain had completed its conquest of England, there emerged in a very low rank of the literary hierarchy a writer of English sonnets, whose grotesque rusticity and plagiaristic habit were curious omens for the future. In 1584 there was printed a volume entitled 'Pandora. The Musyque of the beautie of his Mistresse Diana. Composed by John Soothern, Gentleman,

¹ This sonnet proved the parent of many later English sonnets, chief among them being Milton's Sonnet xxiii. :—

'Methought I saw my late espoused saint.'

and dedicated to the ryght honorable Edward Deuer, Earle of Oxenforde, etc.’¹ In discordant doggerel, and in a vocabulary freely strewn with French words and idioms, this writer composed a series of sonnets, odes, and ‘odellets,’ which were translated with an unsurpassable crudity from the French of Ronsard. Soothern’s ‘Diana’ is avowedly Ronsard’s ‘Cassandre’ or ‘Astrée.’ He declares himself a close observer of Ronsard’s worship of ‘an Astre divine.’ The eulogies which the French poet bestows on Henry II. of France and his courtiers, Soothern transfers without qualification to his patron, the Earl of Oxford. Ronsard’s recurring boasts that his pen is capable of making his patrons immortal are absorbed in Soothern’s verse with grotesque effect. Soothern affects to emulate the example of Ovid and Petrarch as well as of Ronsard. Pindar and Anacreon were, he pretends, also among his masters. But there is very little in his uncouth writing which is not the original property of the French poet. It was probably only in Ronsard’s adaptations that he studied Greek. Such rustic lines as

‘Vaunt us that never man before,
Now in England, knewe Pindar’s string.’

are merely Soothern’s grotesque rendering of Ronsard’s boast—

‘Le premier de France
J’ai Pindarisé.’
(Ronsard, *Odes*, Book ii. Ode 2.)

¹ Only two copies seem known: a perfect exemplar is in the Christie-Miller Library at Britwell; an imperfect copy, with manuscript notes by George Steevens (formerly in the Corser Collection), is in the British Museum. Of another alleged imperfect copy, which is said by Heber and by Corser to be among Capell’s books at Trinity College, Cambridge, nothing is known there. (See Capell’s *Shakespeareana*, by W. W. Greg, 1903.)

The brutality with which Soothern ravaged Ronsard's sonnets admits of endless illustration. The following parallelism is typical:—

Pandora, Sonnet iv.

When Nature made my Diana, that before
All other nymphes should force the hearts re-
bellant,
She gave her the masse of beauties excellent,
That she keepe since long, in her coffers in
store.

RONSARD, *Amours*, Bk. I. Sonnet ii.

Nature ornant la dame qui devoit
De sa douceur forcer les plus rebelles,
Lui fit présent des beautez les plus belles,
Que dès mille ans en espargne elle avoit.

A contemporary English critic, Puttenham, in his *Arte of English Poesie*, writing in 1589 in ignorance of the exalted English poetry that the near future had in store, blindly credited this halting English sonneteer with 'reasonable good facility in translation.' But the critic at the same time justly complained of his impudent thefts from Ronsard.¹ The episode of Soothern's strangely contrived robberies is merely of value as a straw denoting the quarter from which the wind was about to blow in full blast on the Elizabethan sonnet.

With 1591, the date of the publication (although not of the composition) of Sidney's *Astrophel and Stella*, the sonnet-earing rage opened in England in earnest. Between that date and 1597 amorous sequences came from the printing presses of London in a continuous stream. Many of the writers acknowledged that they emulated Sidney's

¹ Puttenham is especially wrathful with Soothern for his shameless use of 'these French wordes *fredden, egar, superbous, filanding, celest, calabrois, thebanois*, and a number of others, for English wordes, which haue no maner of conformitie with our language either by custome or deriuation which may make them tollerable.' (*The Arte of English Poesie*, ed. Arber, p. 259.) Puttenham makes many quotations by way of proving the unjustifiable clumsiness of Soothern's numerous Gallicisms. The whole passage is worth studying.

example. Of discipleship to him they made repeated boast; but their imitative temper did not restrict them to so narrow a field of study. Most of them pitched their tents in France, making occasional excursions into Italy. All worshipped at the shrine of Petrarch, but they were often content with second or third-hand knowledge of his achievement. Ariosto and Tasso were at times more immediate sources of inspiration; but the most popular of the French sonneteers, notably Ronsard and Desportes, were the masters who boasted the largest following. The names which the Elizabethans bestowed on their sonnet-sequences were invariably borrowed from France. 'Delia,' 'Diana,' 'Idea,' all did duty as titles of French collections of love-poetry before they were enlisted in the like service in Elizabethan England. The Elizabethans rang bold changes on the conventional phrases and sentiments to which the French tongue introduced them. They quickly proved that Soothern's clumsy endeavour was a crude freak, and that theft from France could be made with grace and dexterity. The frigid conceits were not always literally produced; they were at times amplified with a good deal of ingenuity, and were clothed in warmer tones. But they rarely bore any trace of genuine passion or substantive originality. The Elizabethan sonnet, as it multiplied, travelled further and further from personal emotion or experience.

Samuel Daniel may be reckoned Sidney's first successor on the throne of Elizabethan sonneteers. The adventurous publisher Newman issued piratically twenty-eight sonnets by Daniel at the end of his unauthorised edition of Sidney's *Astrophel and Stella*. In self-defence Daniel published on

his own account a collection of fifty-five sonnets to which he gave the general title *Delia*.¹

Daniel pretends to be a follower of Petrarch, although at a long interval. His 'attire,' he says, is 'base' compared with the great master's. His 'pen' cannot achieve the same 'consistent style.' He tells his poetic mistress that, 'thou, a Laura, hast no Petrarch found' (Sonnet xxxviii.), yet he hopes that his affections are not inferior to Petrarch's in warmth. This precise form of self-depreciation is a convention of the French sonneteers of the Pléiade, and serves as a warning that Daniel's claim of discipleship to Petrarch should not be taken too literally. Du Bellay had lately written in a sonnet which was probably the foundation of Daniel's:—

'Mais je n'ay pas ceste divine grace,
Ces hauts discours, ces traits ingénieux
Qu'avoit Pétrarque, et moins audacieux,
Mon vol aussi tire une aile plus basse.'²

There is a likelihood that Daniel was better read in the later Italian poetry which was produced in his own lifetime than in the Italian poetry of Petrarch. The verses entitled 'The Description of Beauty,' the last of three poems which he appended to his collected sonnets, are honestly described as 'translated out of Marino.' With a more characteristic secrecy Daniel failed to disclose that the immediately preceding 'Pastoral' was a literal rendering of a song

¹ The volume was licensed by the Stationers' Company to Simon Waterson, a publisher in whom Daniel had every confidence, on 4th February 1591-2. Daniel here abandoned nine of his previously published sonnets and added thirty-one. He revised and enlarged the sequence in a reissue two years later in the volume entitled *Delia and Rosamond augmented*, and it is in this shape that his collection is printed in these volumes.

² Du Bellay, ed. 1597, *Les Amours*, p. 308*b*, Sonnet x. Cf. Desportes' sonnet already quoted, pp. xxvi, xxvii, *supra*.

or 'choro' in Tasso's recently published pastoral play of *Aminta*.¹

But on the whole the signs of French influence in Daniel's sonnets are far greater than those of Italian influence. It was not Daniel's ordinary custom to adapt Italian poetry at first hand. Reminiscences of Petrarch undoubtedly abound in Daniel's sonnets, but they prove on examination to be borrowed from the adaptations of Petrarch's work by recent French disciples. Nor did he disdain recourse to the original work of French writers, especially Ronsard and Du Bellay.² From the work of the former he clearly drew those pathetic sonnets in which he prophetically describes the havoc that old age will work upon his strength and his mistress's beauty. To the example of Ronsard

¹ I give the opening stanza and the envoy in both English and Italian :—

TASSO, *Aminta*, Atto I. Sc. 2 (last chorus).

O Bella età de l'oro
Non già perche di latte
Sen' corse il fiume, e stillò mele il bosco,

Non perchè i frutti loro
Dier da l'aratro intatte
Le terre, e gli angui errar senz' ira, ò toscò,
Non perchè nuuol fosco
Non spiego allhor suo velo,
Ma, in Primavera eterna,
C' hora s'accende, e verna,
Rise di luce, e di sereno il Cielo,

Nè portò peregrino
O guerra, o merce, à gli altrui lidi il pino.
. . . .
Amiam, che'l Sol si muove, e poi rinasce.
A noi sua breve luce
S'asconde, e t' sonno eterna notte adduce.

DANIEL, *Delia*.

O happy Golden Age !
Not for that Rivers ran
With Streams of milk, and Honey dropt from
Trees ;
Not that the earth did gage
Unto the Husbandman
Her voluntary fruits, free without Fees,
Not for no cold did freeze,
Nor any cloud beguile,
Th' Eternal flow'ring Spring,
Wherein lived ev'ry thing ;
And whereon th' Heavens perpetually did
smile :
Not for no ship had brought
From foreign Shores, or wars or wanes ill
sought.
Let's love—the Sun doth set, and rise again ;
But when as our short Light
Comes once to set, it makes Eternal Night.

² *Delia*, the title of Daniel's collection, is clearly borrowed from France. Maurice Sève of Lyons first published in 1544 a very popular collection of dizains or epigrammes of love on the Petrarchan model, under the title of *Delie, objet de plus haute vertu*. Another edition was prepared at Paris in 1564. A beautiful reprint was issued at Lyons in 1862.

must be assigned, too, Daniel's insistence on his belief that his verses have the power of immortalising those whom they celebrate. That conceit spread from classical literature through the whole of Renaissance poetry. But Ronsard was mainly responsible for its universal vogue among the Elizabethan sonneteers.¹

But the French contemporary Desportes, of all foreign writers, is Daniel's most conspicuous creditor. It is to the French renderings of Petrarch's poetry by Desportes that Daniel's sonnet-sequence is at nearly all points indebted. The student of Petrarch will often detect a resemblance between the Italian text and Daniel's words, but will recognise at the same time variations in the English sonnet which he might easily be misled into assigning to the invention of the English poet. A reference to Desportes' adaptation of the same poem of Petrarch is needed to explain the situation. Daniel borrowed from Desportes the latter's version of the Italian, occasionally changing the French phraseology, but more often exhibiting a servility that a nice literary morality could hardly justify.

The evidence on this point is conclusive. Daniel's Sonnets xv. and xxxii. closely reflect Petrarch's Sonnets xxxvii. and clxxxviii. In the first, Petrarch reproaches Laura's looking-glass with absorbing her interests; in the

¹ See pp. xcvi, xcvi, *infra*. I have traced this conceit of the 'eternising' power of poetry through classical poetry in my *Life of Shakespeare*, p. 114. Cf. especially Pindar's *Olympic Odes*, xi. ; Horace's *Odes*, iii. 30 ; Ovid's *Metamorphoses*, xv. 871, *sq.* ; and Virgil's *Georgics*, iii. 9. The conceit was universal in Elizabethan poetry addressed to both men and women. Sidney, in his *Apologie for Poetrie* (1595), wrote of the habit of poets to 'tell you that they will make you immortal by their verses.' 'Men of great calling,' Nashe wrote in his *Pierce Pennilesse* (1593), take it of merit to have their 'names eternised by poets.'

second, he generally deplores the misery which comes of his loyalty to his mistress.¹ Daniel worked alone on Desportes' renderings of the Italian.

DANIEL, *Delia*, xxxii.

Why doth my mistress credit so her glass
Gazing her beauty, deigned her by the skies?

And doth not rather look on him, alas!

Whose state best shows the force of murder-
ing eyes.

The broken tops of lofty trees declare

The fury of a mercy-wanting storm;

And of what force your wounding graces are,
Upon myself, you best may find the form.

Then leave your glass, and gaze yourself on me!
That mirror shows the power of your face:

To admire your form too much may danger be,
Narcissus changed to flower in such a case.

I fear your change! not flower nor hyacinth;

Medusa's eye may turn your heart to flint.

DANIEL, *Delia*, xv.

If a true heart and faith unfeigned;
If a sweet languish with a chaste desire;
If hunger-starven thoughts so long retained,
Fed but with smoke, and cherished but with
fire:

And if a brow with Care's characters painted:
Bewray my love, with broken words have
spoken,

To her which sits in my thoughts' temple,
sainted:

And lay to view my vulture-gnawen heart
open:

DESPORTES, *Les Amours D'Hippolyte*, xviii.

Pourquoy si folement croyez-vous à un verre,
Voulant voir les beautez que vous avez des
cieux?

Mirez-vous dessus moy pour les connoistre
mieux,

Et voyez de quels traits vostre bel œil m'en-
ferre.

Un vieux chesne ou un pin, renversez contre
terre,

Monstrent combien le vent est grand et
furieux:

Aussi vous connoistrez le pouvoir de vos yeux,
Voyant par quels efforts vous me faites la
guerre.

Ma mort de vos beautez vous doit bien asseurer
Joint que vous ne pouvez sans peril vous
mirer:

Narcisse devint fleur d'avoir veu sa figure.
Craigner doncques, madame, un semblable
danger,

—Non de devenir fleur, mais de vous voir
changer,

Par vostre œil de Méduse, en quelque roche
dure.

DESPORTES, *Les Amours de Diane*, i. 8.

Si la foy plus certaine en une ame non feinte,
Un desir temeraire, un doux languissement,
Une erreur volontaire, et sentir vivement,
Avec peur d'en guarir, une profonde atteinte;

Si voir un pensée au front toute dépeinte,
Une voix empeschée, un morne estonnement,

De honte ou de frayeur naissans soudainement,

Une pasle couleur, de lis et d'amour teinte;

¹ Petrarch's Sonnet xxxvii. begins:—

'Il mio avversario, in cui veder solete
Gli occhi vostri, ch'Amore, e 'l ciel onora.'

Sonnet clxxxviii. begins:—

'S'una fede amorosa, un cor non finto,
Un languir dolce, un desiar cortese.'

If I have wept the day and sighed the night,
While thrice the sun approached his northern
bound;

If such a faith hath ever wrought aright,
And well deserved, and yet no favour found.

Let this suffice; the whole world it may see,
The fault is hers, though mine the most hurt
be.

Bref, si se mespriser pour une autre adorer,
Si verser mille pleurs, si toujours soupirer,

Faisant de sa douleur nourriture et breuvage;
Si, loin estre de flamme, et de pres tout
transi,

Sont cause que je meurs par default de mercy,
L'offense en est sur vous, et sur moy le dom-
mage.

Another example of Daniel's relations with Desportes may be quoted as an effective illustration of his ingenuity as a translator.¹

DANIEL, *Delia*, XXXIII.

Once may I see, when years may wreck my
wrong,

And golden hairs may change to silver wire:
And those bright rays (that kindle all this
fire),

Shall fail in force, their power not so strong.

Her beauty, now the burden of my song,
Whose glorious blaze the world's eye doth
admire,

Must yield her praise to tyrant Time's desire;
Then fades the flower, which fed her pride
so long.

When, if she grieve to gaze her in her glass,

Which then presents her winter-withered
hue,

Go you my verse! go tell her what she was!
For what she was, she best may find in you.

Your fiery heat lets not her glory pass,

But Phoenix-like to make her live anew.

DESPORTES, *Les Amours de Cleonice*, LXII.

Je verray par les ans, vengeurs de mon martire,

Que l'or de vos cheveux argenté deviendra,
Que de vos deux soleils la splendeur s'est-
cindra,

Et qu'il faudra qu'Amour tout confus s'en
retire.

La beauté qui, si douce, a présent vous inspire,
Cedant aux lois du tans, ses faveurs re-
prendra;

L'hiver de vostre teint les fleurettes perdra,
Et ne laissera rien des thresors que j'admire.

Cet orgueil desdaigneux qui vous fait ne
m'aimer,

En regret et chagrin se verra transformer,

Avec le changement d'une image si belle,
Et peut estre qu'alors vous n'aurez déplaisir

De revivre en mes vers, chauds d'amoureux
désir,

Ainsi que le phénix au feu se renouvelle.

A fourth instance may be cited in which Daniel, while following Desportes at no great interval, yet contrives somewhat greater changes in the phraseology.²

¹ Here, too, Desportes doubtless had an Italian original, but I have not yet discovered it.

² Desportes is here adapting one of Ronsard's madrigals which consists of sixteen lines. The first, fifth, and ninth lines run respectively:—

'Si c'est aimer, Madame, et de jour et de nuit rever.

Si c'est aimer de suivre un bonheur qui ne fuit,

Si c'est aimer de vivre en vous plus qu'en moy-mesme.—

<p>DANIEL, <i>Delia</i>, ix. (1592 edition). If this be Love, to draw a weary Breath, To paint on Floods, till the Shore cry to th' Air; With downward Looks, still reading on the Earth These sad Memorials of my Love's Despair: If this be Love to war against my Soul, Lie down to wail, rise up to sigh and grieve; The never-resting Stone of Care to roll; Still to complain my Griefs, whilst none relieve. If this be Love to cloath me with dark Thoughts, Haunting untrodden paths to wail apart; My Pleasure's Horror, Musick Tragick Notes; Tears in mine Eyes, and Sorrow at my Heart. If this be Love, to live a Living Death; Then do I love, and draw this weary breath.</p>	<p>DESPORTES, <i>L'Amours de Diane</i>, i. xxix. Si c'est aimer que porter bas la vue Que parler bas, que soupirer souvant, Que s'égarer solitaire en rêvant, Brûlé d'un feu qui point ne diminue; Si c'est aimer que de peindre en la nue, Semer sur l'eau, jeter ses cris au vant, Chercher la nuict par le soleil levant, Et le soleil quant la nuict est venue; Si c'est aimer que de ne s'aimer pas, Haïr sa vie, embrasser son trespas, Tous les amours sont campez en mon ame; Mais nonobstant, si me puis-je louer Qu'il n'est prison, ny torture, ny flame, Qui mes desirs me sceust faire avouer.</p>
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Probably the best known of all Daniel's sonnets is the finely phrased appeal to

'Care-charmer Sleep, son of the sable Night,
 Brother to Death, in silent darkness born.'

This is again for the most part a mere adaptation from Desportes (*Amours d'Hippolyte*, lxxv.):—

'Sommeil, paisible fils de la nuict solitaire, . . .
 O frère de la mort, que tu m'es ennemy !'

Even the epithet 'care-charmer' is borrowed. It renders the conventional *chasse-soin*, which is commonly applied to sleep (*sommeil*) by French sonneteers.¹

The last three lines run:—

'Si cela est aimer, furieux je vous aime,
 Je vous aime et sçay bien que mon mal est fatal.
 Le cœur le dit assez, mais la langue est muette.'

(Ronsard, ed. Blanchemain, vol. i. p. 311.) De Baif has a similar sonnet (*Amours de Francine*, Bk. i. p. 102, ed. Marty-Laveaux, 1881): 'Si ce n'est pas Amour, que sent doncques mon cœur?' So, too, Claude de Pontoux, *L'Idée*, cxxvi.: 'N'est Amour qu'est ce donc que ie sens?'

¹ Cf. Pierre de Brach, *Œuvres Poétiques*, ed. Dezeimeris, i. 59. The admirable epithet, 'care-charmer,' as well as the description of sleep as 'brother of

Sleep was, indeed, one of the most constant themes of French poetry of the epoch. Daniel was only one of a number of Elizabethans who applied to the topic the phraseology and imagery which prevailed in France. But his handling of it especially impressed the Elizabethan public, and was itself a fruitful parent of later English imitations. Bartholomew Griffin boldly plagiarised Daniel, when in his sonnet-sequence of *Fidessa* (No. xv.) he penned an address to 'Care-charmer sleep,' 'brother of quiet death.' So endless is the chain which links sonneteer to sonneteer in the sixteenth century.

The imitative habit of Daniel's Muse renders it unnecessary to inquire, with former critics, into the precise identity of the lady to whom he affected to inscribe his sonnet miscellany. Delia is a mere shadow of a shadow—a mere embodiment of what Petrarch wrote of Laura, and Ronsard wrote of Marie, and the other ladies of his poetic fancy. To Petrarch ultimately belong such lines by Daniel as these

death,' which Daniel borrowed from Desportes, is ultimately of Greek origin. Meleager in the Greek Anthology (*Pal.* xii. 127), sings of *λυσιπνονος ὕπνος*. Homer and Hesiod both called sleep 'brother of death.' Such imagery was thoroughly naturalised in France. Very numerous instances of its employment could be given from the Pléiade writers. Cf. Ronsard's ode to sleep (*Odes*, Book IV. Ode iv.) :—

'A grand tort Homère nomme
Frère de la morte la somme.'

De Baif, i. 113 :—

'Somme, que je te hay, vray frère de la mort.'

Desportes, p. 74 (*Prière au Sommeil*) :—

'Somme, doux repos de mes yeux,
Aimé des hommes et des dieux,
Fils de la nuit et du silence, . . .
On te dit frère de la mort.'

which have hitherto been mistaken for an attempt at a portrait from the life:—

‘Chastity and Beauty, which were deadly foes,
Live reconcilèd friends within her brow.’¹

(Sonnet vi.)

The theory that the hazy features of this phantom of Italian and French poetry were drawn directly from a lady residing in the west of England, whose home was on the banks of a river Avon, possibly that in Wiltshire, hardly merits discussion. There is no reason to quarrel with the suggestion that Daniel may have been acquainted with a lady dwelling by the Avon. He resided in the part of the country through which the Wiltshire Avon runs. Accordingly he wrote:—

‘Avon, poor in fame, and poor in waters,
Shall have my song, where Delia hath her seat.’

(Sonnet liii.)

But the example of Petrarch and his French imitators made it obligatory for sonneteers to apostrophise rivers of their acquaintance. Sidney had lately addressed a sonnet to the Thames. ‘Avon shall be my Thames’ echoed Daniel (Sonnet lvii.) by way of friendly emulation. Anxiety to conform at all points to the sonneteering fashions of his day at home and abroad, was Daniel’s dominating impulse. His *Delia* does not admit of examination from any more human point of view.

Despite the lack of originality, Daniel’s sonnets enjoyed

¹ Cf. Petrarch, Sonnet cclvi. (To Laura in Heaven):—

‘Due gran nemiche insieme erano aggiunte,
Bellezza, ed Onestà, con pace tanta,’ etc.

Ronsard’s Sonnet *Amours*, Second Part, ‘Sur la mort de Marie,’ Book II. Sonnet ix., adapts the same sonnet of Petrarch, with little change.

vast popularity. Spenser lauded their 'well tuned song.'¹ 'The sweet-tuned accents' of 'Delian sonnetry' rang, according to another admirer, through the whole country.² Their influence is especially perceptible in the sonnet-sequence called *Diana*, by Henry Constable, which came from the press immediately after the appearance of *Delia*—in the autumn of 1592.

Constable's rare volume contains only twenty-three poems. It was licensed for the press 22nd September 1592, and its full title ran: 'Diana, the praises of his Mistres in certaine sweete Sonnets, by H. C.' (London, Printed by I. C. for Richard Smith, 1592.)³ The publisher, Richard Smith, reissued the collection with very numerous additions in 1594. That reissue is a typical publishing venture of the age. The new title ran: 'Diana, or, The Excellent conceitful Sonnets of H. C. augmented with divers Quatorzains of honourable and learned personages. Divided into VIII. Decades.' With this miscellany Constable had small concern.

The printer, James Roberts, and the publisher, Richard Smith, who supplied dedications respectively to the reader and to Queen Elizabeth's ladies-in-waiting, had swept together sonnets in manuscripts from all quarters, and presented their customers with a disordered assembly of what they called 'orphan poems.' Besides the twenty-three sonnets which Constable claimed for himself in the original edition, the new issue contained eight by Sir Philip Sidney. Seventy-six sonnets were included in all; the 'honourable

¹ *Colin Clouts Come Home Againe*, l. 418.

² *Zepheria*, Introd. Sonn. l. 15.

³ Only one copy is known to be extant; it belongs to Mrs. Christie-Miller of Britwell.

and learned personages,' to whom the remaining forty-one quatorzains belonged, were not indicated, and have not been positively identified.

Apart from internal evidence, the Franco-Italian spirit of Constable's work is betrayed, both by the general title *Diana*, which is directly borrowed from Desportes' chief sonnet-sequence, and by the Italian words—sonetto primo, sonetto secundo, and so forth—which form the headlines of each poem in the authentic issue. Echoes of Sidney, Watson, and Daniel mingle with the foreign voices. Constable's 3rd Decade, Sonnet i., on his mistress's sickness, shows the influence of *Astrophel and Stella* (Sonnet ci.), as well as of Petrarch's lamentations on Laura's failing health (Sonnets cciii., cxcv., cxcvii.). The sorrow which the sonneteer affects at the waywardness of his mistress usually paraphrases Ronsard—at times clumsily and unimpressively.

' Unhappy day, unhappy month, and season
When first proud love, (my joys away adjourning)
(Decade v. Sonnet viii.),

is an awkward rendering of Ronsard's lines—

' Heureux le jour, l'an, le mois et la place,
L'heure et le temps, où vos yeux m'ont tué.
(*Amours*, Book. I. cxi.)

Most of the familiar conceits—how the lady's lips make the roses red (Decade I. Sonnet ix.),¹ how the eye and heart accuse each other of causing love's wounds (Decade VI.

¹ The notion that the flowers take their colour and smell from the poet's mistress, is very common in the sonnets of Ronsard and his friends. Cf. Ronsard, *Amours*, I. cxi. :—

' Du beau jardin de son printemps riant
Sort un parfum qui mesme l'orient
Embasmeroit de ses douces haleines.'—

Sonnet vii.), how verse has the faculty of immortalising its hero or heroine (Decade VIII. Sonnet iv.)—reappear with due precision. Obedient to convention, Constable likens Diana to sun, moon, and stars (Decade VI. Sonnet i.), and when he complains of the wounds with which Love's arrows have tortured his heart, he follows the old French poet Melin de St. Gelais in comparing his state with that of Saint Francis.¹ Constable's language, which can be on occasion tuneful and dignified, seems at times to owe more than Daniel's diction to the poet's invention. But the main poetic ideas offer convincing testimony of foreign origin. Evidence that Shakespeare read Constable's verse and borrowed from it probably gives it its most lasting interest.

The converse conceit, that the flowers lend their beauty to the lady, also recurs frequently. Cf. Du Bellay, *Olive*, ii. :—

'Eil' print son tein des beaux lis blanchissans,
 Son chef de l'or, ses deux leures de roses,
 Et du Soleil ses yeux resplendissans.'

The first of these conceits forms the topic of Shakespeare's Sonnet xcix. Shakespeare closely followed Constable's treatment of it.

¹ Constable writes :—

'Saint Francis had the like ; yet felt no smart,
 Where I in living torments never die. . . .
 Now, as Saint Francis, if a saint am I
 The bow that shot these shafts a relic is.'

(Decade II. Sonnet ix.).

Cf. Melin de St. Gelais :—

'Quand vous verrez S. François en peinture,
 D'un seraphin les playes recevant,
 Souvienne vous que plus forte ppointure
 Vous m'avez mis en l'ame plus avant.

(1873 edition (ed. Blanchemain, Paris), vol. ii.
 p. 10, No. xiii.).

VIII

LODGE, BARNES, AND FLETCHER

Until all the sonnet-literature that was produced in Italy and France, down to the end of the sixteenth century, has been read and re-read in conjunction with the Elizabethan sonnet-literature, none can state definitely the limits of the raids that the Elizabethan sonneteers made on their foreign neighbours. The efficient conduct of the investigation requires that one should enjoy access to the productions not merely of the greatest French and Italian masters, but of the whole swarm of Petrarchists whose writings are now very difficult to procure. How widely and into what remote recesses the Elizabethan poet flung his net, is curiously illustrated by the exploits of Thomas Lodge, not the least famous of Elizabethan sonneteers. Lodge possessed no small measure of poetic feeling and ability; yet when his achievement is closely examined, and compared with foreign poetry, it betrays a more startling indebtedness to his extraordinary width of reading than the work of any other Elizabethan.

Lodge's reading was immense. His prose tracts abound in acknowledged quotations not merely from familiar classical authors, but from obscure Latinists of the Middle Ages, and from French and Italian writers of every degree of reputation.¹

¹ Cf. *Wits Miseric* (London, 1596), where quotations are given usually with translations from (among numerous other authors) Demosthenes, Aristotle, Seneca, Horace, Martial, Ovid, Plautus, Juvenal, Lucan, Cicero, St. Augustine, Ausonius, Pausanias, Claudianus, and Manilius, as well as from Mantuanus, Du Bartas, Rabelais, and 'that divine Petrarch.'

In his romances called *The Life and Death of William Longbeard* (1593), and *Margarite of America* (1596), he throws some light on his methods as a sonneteer. In the first of these works he entitles a poem of twenty lines an 'Imitation of a Sonnet in an ancient French poet,' and he calls another lyric a 'briefe fancie . . . after the manner of the Italian rimes.' Two sonnets and one lyric, which appear in the *Margarite*, are described as written 'in imitation of Dolce, the Italian poet,' and in the case of the third effort he quotes the first words of Dolce's poem. Two other sonnets in the same romance are respectively assigned to the contemporary Italian poetasters, Lodovico Pascale and Vincenzo Martelli. Lodge's translation of Martelli's sonnet is worthy of study. The first four lines run in English and Italian thus:—

MARTELLI (*Rime*, Lucca edition, 1730, p. 96).

O chiuse valli, o ricche piagge apriche,
O freschi colli, o campi, o selve sante,

O fior vaghi, o verdi erbe, o liete piante,

Ch'avete or l'aure, a i parti vostri amiche:

LODGE (from *Margarite of America*).

O shadie vales, O faire enriched meades,
O sacred woodes, sweete fields, and rising
mountaines,

O painted flowers, greene herbes where Flora
treads,

Refresh't by wanton windes, and watrie foun-
taines.

Elsewhere Lodge is less plain-spoken. In *William Longbeard* he loosely adapts an Italian madrigal by Bianciardi ('When I admire the rose') without any warning of the fact.¹ In his *Romance of Rosalynd*, he places a song in the French language (beginning, 'Hélas! tirant plein de rigueur') in the mouth of his shepherd Montanus, and gives no hint that it is other than his own composition. It is

¹ Another translation of the same Italian madrigal figures in John Wilbye's *Madrigals* (1598), No. xi. It begins: 'Lady, when I behold the roses sprouting.'

a 'chanson' literally transcribed from the first book of Desportes' *Amours de Diane*.¹

But it is in the collected sonnet-sequence called *Phillis*, which was published in 1593, that Lodge sinks deepest into the mire of deceit and mystification.² In the dedication and the induction, both addressed to the Countess of Shrewsbury, he appeals to his patroness to 'like of Phillis in her country caroling, and to countenance her poore and affectionate sheepheard.' Artless simplicity is all he claims for his verse. He modestly deprecates comparison between himself and 'learned Colin' (*i.e.* Spenser), or Daniel, whom he hails as Delia's 'sweet prophet.' There is no word in the preface to indicate that in his sonnet-sequence he is anywhere wearing borrowed laurels. In his *Margarite of America* Lodge hints at a part of the truth when he wrote, 'Few men are able to second the sweet conceits of Philip Desportes, whose poetical writings [are] for the most part Englished, and ordinarily in everybody's hands.' But this admission does not prepare the reader for the discovery that the majority of Lodge's poetic addresses to the rustic Phillis—his village maiden's 'country carolling'—are ingeniously contrived literal translations of sonnets which are scattered through the collections of Ronsard, Desportes, Ariosto, and other French and Italian poets.

The source of the title of the collection is significant. Phillis, who owes her poetic fame originally to Ovid's *Heroides* (ii.), was a conventional name in French lyric poetry long

¹ Ed. Michiels, p. 30.

² The volume is arranged on the foreign model of sonnet-sequences. Not all its forty sonnets are of the regular length, and interspersed among them are three elegies and an ode. The sonnets alone are printed in this collection.

before it found a home in Elizabethan song.¹ The French poet Vauquelin de la Fresnaie, in his *Idillies et Pastoralles* (1560), seems first to have conferred the designation on the heroine of a long series of pastoral poems.² Thence it appears to have spread far and wide among English poets. Watson constantly introduced it into his *Italian Madrigalls Englished* (1590). In christening his pastoral heroine Phillis, Lodge fell an easy victim to a French fashion.

There is probably no French lyricist of his generation whose work Lodge did not assimilate in greater or less degree; but it was on the king of recent French poets, Ronsard, that he levied his heaviest loans. Most of his sonnets to Phillis were written with the first book of Ronsard's *Amours* at his elbow. Ronsard's volume had appeared in numerous editions since its first issue in 1552, and was one of the most accessible of French poetry-books. In order to realise the precise relations between Lodge's sonnets and Ronsard's *Amours*, the following six of

¹ It was commonly employed quite early in the sixteenth century. Wyatt, imitating a French version of Petrarch's Sonnet clxxxviii., heads his version, 'The lover confesseth him in love with *Phillis*.'—Tottel, p. 36.

² Many of Vauquelin's lyrics or madrigals begin with such lines as these, all of which will sound familiar to students of Elizabethan song:—

'Entre les fleurs, entre les lis
Doucement dormoit ma *Phillis*'—(*Id.* lx.);

or

'Au beau visage de *Phillis*,
Comme en un lit, Amour se couche
Entre les roses et les lis
Et sur les œillets de sa bouche :'²—(*Id.* vi.);

or

'*Phillis*, ton jeune cœur
Me traite à la rigueur.'²—(*Id.* xiv.).

Phillis's name figures with equal frequency in Vauquelin's sonnets and elegies.

Lodge's addresses to Phillis may be profitably studied with Ronsard's originals.¹

LODGE, *Phillis*, xxxv.

I hope and fear, I pray and hold my peace,
Now freeze my thoughts and straight they
fry again,

I now admire and straight my wonders cease,
I loose my bonds and yet myself restrain ;
This likes me most that leaves me discontent,
My courage serves and yet my heart doth
fail,

My will doth climb whereas my hopes are
spent,

I laugh at love, yet when he comes I quail ;
The more I strive, the duller bide I still,
I would be thrall'd, and yet I freedom love,
I would redress, yet hourly feed mine ill,

I would repine, and dare not once reprove ;
And for my love I am bereft of power,
And strengthless strive my weakness to devour.

LODGE, *Phillis*, ix.

The dewy roseate Morn had with her hairs
In sundry sorts the Indian clime adorned ;
And now her eyes apparel'd in tears,
The loss of lovely Memnon long had mourn'd,

RONSARD, *Amours*, i. xii.

J'espere et crain, je me tais et supplie,
Or' je suis glace, et ores un feu chaud,

J'admire tout, et de rien ne me chaut,
Je me delace, et puis je me relic.

Rien ne me plaist sinon ce qui m'ennuie,
Je suis vaillant et le cœur me défaut,

J'ai l'espoir bas, j'ay le courage haut,

Je doute Amour, et si je le desfie.

Plus je me pique, et plus je suis retif,

J'aime estre libre, et veux estre captif,

Cent fois je meurs, cent fois je prends nais-
sance.

Un Prométhée en passions je suis ;

Et, pour aimer perdant tout puissance,

Ne pouvant rien, je fay ce que je puis.

RONSARD, *Amours*, i. xciv.

De ses cheveux la rousoyante Aurore

Esparsément les Indes remplissoit,

Et ja le ciel à long traits rougissoit,

De maint émail qui le matin decore,

¹ Ronsard was not himself the inventor of the language or the theme in each case. One of these cited sonnets (Lodge, xxxv.) he adapted from Petrarch, and another (Lodge, xxxii.) from Bembo. By way of illustrating graphically the inveterate principle of transference, I print with my first example of Lodge's plagiaristic habits (Sonnet xxxv.), its Petrarchan prototype. The familiar sonnet in Petrarch (No. civ.) runs thus:—

' Pace non trovo, et non ho da far guerra ;
E temo, e spero, ed ardo, e son un ghiaccio ;
E volo sopra 'l cielo, e ghiaccio in terra ;
E nulla stringo, e tutto 'l mondo abbraccio.
Tal m' ha in prigion, che non m' apre, nè serra ;
Nè per suo mi riten, nè scoglie il laccio ;
E non m' ancide Amor, e non mi sferra ;
Nè mi vuol vivo, nè mi trae d' impaccio.
Veggio senz' occhi ; e non ho lingua, e grido ;
E bramo di perir, e cheggio aita ;
Ed ho in odio me stesso, ed amo altrui ;
Pascomi di dolor : piangendo rido :
Egualemente mi spiace morte, e vita.
In questo stato son, Donna, per vui.'

When as she spied the nymph whom I admire,
Combing her locks, of which the yellow gold
Made blush the beauties of her curled wire,
Which heaven itself with wonder might behold;

Then red with shame, her reverend locks she rent,

And weeping hid the beauty of her face,
The flower of fancy wrought such discontent;
The sighs which midst the air she breathed
a space,

A three-days' stormy tempest did maintain,
Her shame a fire, her eyes a swelling rain.

Lodge, *Phyllis*, xxxi.

Devoid of reason, thrall to foolish ire,
I walk and chase a savage fairy still,
Now near the flood, straight on the mounting
hill,
Now midst the woods of youth, and vain
desire.

For leash I bear a cord of careful grief;
For brach I lead an over-forward mind;
My hounds are thoughts, and rage despairing
blind,

Pain, cruelty, and care without relief.
But they perceiving that my swift pursuit
My flying fairy cannot overtake,
With open mouths their prey on me do make,
Like hungry hounds that lately lost their suit.

And full of fury on their master feed,
To hasten on my hapless death with speed.

Lodge, *Phyllis*, xxxii.

A thousand times to think and think the same,
To two fair eyes to show a naked heart,
Great thirst with bitter liquor to restrain,
To take repast of care and crooked smart;
To sigh full oft without relent of ire,
To die for grief and yet conceal the tale,
To others' will to fashion my desire,
To pine in looks disguised through pensive
pale;

A short despite, a faith unfeignèd true,
To love my foe, and set my life at naught,
With heedless eyes mine endless harms to
view,

A will to speak, a fear to tell the thought;
To hope for all, yet for despair to die,
Is of my life the certain destiny.

Lodge, *Phyllis*, xxxiii.

When first sweet Phyllis, whom I most adore,
Gan with her beauties bless our wond'ring sky,
The son of Rhea, from their fatal store
Made all the gods to grace her majesty.

Quand elle veid la nymphe que j'adore
Tresser son chef, dont l'or qui jaunissoit
Le cresse honneur du sien éblouissoit,
Voire elle-mesme et tout le ciel encore.

Lors ses cheveux vergongneuse arracha,

Si qu'en pleurant sa face elle cacha,
Tant la beauté des beautés lui ennuyé;
Et ses souspirs, parmi l'air se suivants,

Trois jours entiers enfanterent des vents,
Sa honte un feu ses yeux une pluye.

Ronsard, *Amours*, I. cxix.

Franc de raison, esclave de fureur,
Je vay chassant une fere sauvage,
Or' sur un mont, or' le long d'un rivage,

Or' dans le bois de jeunesse et d'erreur.

J'ay pour ma laisse un long trait de malheur,
J'ay pour limier un trop ardent courage,
J'ay pour mes chiens l'ardeur et le jeune âge,

J'ay pour piqueurs l'espoir et la douleur.
Mais eux, voyans que plus elle est chassée,
Loin, loin, devant plus s'enfuit élançée,
Tournant sur moi leur rigoureux effort,
Comme mastins affamés de repaistre,
A longs morceaux se paissent de leur maistre,
Et sans mercy me traînent à la mort.

Ronsard, *Amours*, I. xxii.

Cent et cent fois penser un penser mesme,
A deux beaux yeux monstrier à nud son cœur,
Boire tousjours d'une amere liqueur,
Manger tousjours d'une amertume extrême;
Avoir la face et triste, et morne, et blesme,
Plus souspirer, moins flechir la rigueur.
Mourir d'ennuy, receler sa langueur,
Du vueil d'autruy des loix faire à soy-mesme.

Un court despit, une aimantine foy,
Aimer trop mieux son ennemy que soy,
Peindre en ses yeux mille vaines figures;

Vouloir parler et n'oser respirer,
Espérer tout et se desesperer,
Sont de ma mort les plus certains augures.

Ronsard, *Amours*, I. xxxii.

Quand au premier la dame que j'adore
Des ses beautez vint embellir les cieux,
Le fils de Rhée appela tous les dieux.
Pour faire encor d'elle une autre Pandore.

Apollo first his golden rays among,
 Did form the beauty of her bounteous eyes ;
 He graced her with his sweet melodious song,
 And made her subject of his poesies.
 The warrior Mars bequeathed her fierce disdain,
 Venus her smile, and Phœbe all her fair,
 Python his voice, and Ceres all her grain,
 The morn her locks and fingers did repair.
 Young Love, his bow, and Thetis gave her feet ;
 Clio her praise, Pallas her science sweet.

LODGE, *Phillis*, xxxiv.

I would in rich and golden-coloured rain,
 With tempting showers in pleasant sort descend
 Into fair Phillis' lap, my lovely friend,
 When sleep her sense with slumber doth restrain.
 I would be changèd to a milk-white bull,
 When midst the gladsome fields she should appear,
 By pleasant fineness to surprise my dear,
 Whilst from their stalks, she pleasant flowers did pull.
 I were content to weary out my pain,
 To be Narcissus so she were a spring,
 To drown in her those woes my heart do wring.
 And more ; I wish transformèd to remain,
 That whilst I thus in pleasure's lap did lie,
 I might refresh desire, which else would die.

Lors Apollon richement la décore,
 Or' de ses rais luy façonnant les yeux,
 Or' luy donnant son chant melodieux,
 Or' son oracle et ses beaux vers encore.
 Mars luy donna sa fiere cruauté,
 Venus son ris, Diane sa beauté,
 Python sa voix, Cerés son abondance,
 L'Aube ses doigts et ses crins deliés,
 Amour son arc, Thetis donna ses piés,
 Clion sa gloire, et Pallas sa prudence.

RONSARD, *Amours*, l. xx.

Je voudrois bien, richement jaunissant,
 En pluye d'or goutte à goutte descendre
 Dans le giron de ma belle Cassandre,
 Lors qu'en ses yeux le somme va glissant ;
 Puis je voudrois, en taureau blanchissant
 Me transformer, pour sur mon dos la prendre
 Quand elle va sur l'herbe la plus tendre
 Seule, à l'écart, mille fleurs ravissant.
 Je voudrois bien, pour alleguer ma peine,
 Estre un Narcisse, et elle une fontaine,
 Pour m'y plonger une nuit à sejour,
 Et voudrois bien que ceste nuit encore
 Fust eternelle, et que jamais l'Aurore
 Pour m'éveiller ne r'allumast le jour.

A comparison of these six pairs of sonnets can lead to only one conclusion. Here at least Lodge's servile dependence on Ronsard stands confessed. Not that he was invariably quite so docile. Occasionally he handles a conceit of Ronsard with greater freedom, and seeks with success to enhance its effect. His beautiful lines—

' Sweet bees have hived their honey on thy tongue,
 And Hebe spiced her nectar with thy breath '—(*Phillis*, xxii.)

are obviously an improvement on Ronsard's—

' Une mignarde abeille
 Dans vos lèvres forma son nectar savoureux.'—(*Amours*, II. ii.)

But in spite of the embellishment, the loan remains undisguised.

Lodge's indebtedness to Ronsard has been strangely ignored by modern critics, but it did not (as might be guessed) escape the attention of contemporaries. In an anonymous tract entitled *Tarlton's News out of Purgatory* (1590), the author of which has been doubtfully identified with Thomas Nashe, a company of poets of all nations is represented as meeting in Purgatory. Prominent in the assembly sits 'old Ronsard,' 'with a scroll in his hand, wherein was written the description of Cassandra his mistress.' There follows an English parody of Ronsard's lyrics, which the satiric author slyly introduces with the words, 'because [Ronsard's] style is not common, nor have I heard our English authors write in that vein, mark it, and I will rehearse it, for I have learnt it by heart.' The quoted poem assigned to Ronsard, is an obvious skit on one of the lyrics which figures in Lodge's *Romance of Rosalynd*.¹ The whole passage ironically suggests that Lodge's debt to Ronsard was known to be discreditably large.

Ronsard, however, was only one of Lodge's many foreign masters. His indebtedness to Desportes is hardly less pronounced. Of the two examples of translations from that poet which I give below, it is worth noting that Lodge had already published a literal rendering of the first as an original poem in his early volume of verse, which he called *Scillaes Metamorphosis* (1589). He also turned the same sonnet of Desportes into a lyric, which appears in his

¹ Mr. A. H. Bullen, in his valuable volume of *Lyrics from Elizabethan Romances* (1890), calls attention to this satiric reference to Lodge, and also quotes some very interesting illustrations of Lodge's indebtedness to Desportes. —(Introduction, pp. vii.-xv.)

Rosalynd. Neither in its original shape nor in its adaptations can this poem be commended. Lodge usually seems indeed to have been attracted by the worst examples of Desportes' art. The second sonnet, cited below, is justly denounced by Desportes' modern French editor as 'une merveille de recherche et de mauvais goût.' It is worth noting that Lodge, in this second example,¹ put himself, with clumsy effect, to the pains of following Desportes' scheme of rhymes.

LODGE, *Phyllis*, xxxvi.

If so I seek the shades, I presently do see
The god of love forsakes his bow and sits
me by ;
If that I think to write, his Muses pliant be ;
If so I plain my grief, the wanton boy will
cry.
If I lament his pride, he doth increase my pain ;
If tears my cheek attain, his cheeks are
moist with moan ;
If I disclose the wounds the which my heart
hath slain,
He takes his fascia off, and wipes them dry
anon.
If so I walk the woods, the woods are his
delight ;
If I myself torment, he bathes him in my
blood ;
He will my soldier be if once I wend to fight,
If seas delight, he steers my bark amidst the
flood.
In brief, the cruel god doth never from me go,
But makes my lasting love eternal with my woe.

LODGE, *Phyllis*, xxxvii.

These fierce incessant waves that stream along
my face,
Which show the certain proof of my ne'er-
ceasing pains,
Fair Phyllis, are no tears that trickle from
my brains ;
For why? Such streams of ruth within me
find no place.

DESPORTES, *Diane*, n. iii.

Si je me sies à l'ombre, aussi soudainement
Amour, laissant son arc, s'assied et se repose ;
Si je pense à des vers, je le voy qui compose ;
Si je plains mes douleurs, il se plaint haute-
ment.
Si je me plains au mal, il accroist mon tourment ;
Si je respan des pleurs, son visage il arrose ;
Si je monstre ma playe, en ma poitrine
enclose,
Il defait son bandeau, l'essuyant doucement.
Si je vais par les bois, aux bois il m'accom-
pagne.
Si je me suis cruel, dans mon sang il se
bagne.
Si je vais à la guerre, il devient mon soldart.
Si je passe la nuit, il conduit ma nacelle ;
Bref, jamais l'importun de moy ne se depart,
Pour rendre mon desir et ma peine eternelle.

DESPORTES, *Diane*, l. xlix.

Ces eaux qui, sans cesser, coulent dessus ma
face,
Les temoins découverts des couvertes
douleurs,
Diane, hélas ! voyez, ce ne sont point des
eurs ;
Tant de pleurs dedans moy ne scauroient
trouver place.

¹ Desportes seems to have himself adapted his poem from Pontus de Tyard, *Les Erreurs Amoureuses* (1548), Livre I., No. xxiii. ('L'eau sur ma face en ce point distillante').

These floods that wet my cheeks are gathered from thy grace	C'est une eau que je fay, de tout ce que j'amasse
And thy perfections, and from hundred thousand flowers	De vos perfections, et de cent mille fleurs
Which from thy beauties spring; whereto I medley showers	De vos jeunes beautez, y meslant les odeurs,
Of rose and lilies too, the colours of thy face.	Les roses et les lis de votre bonne grace.
My love doth serve for fire, my heart the furnace is,	Mon amour sert de feu, mon cœur sert de fourneau,
The aperries of my sighs augment the burn- ing flame,	Le vent de mes soupirs nourrit sa vehemence,
The limbec is mine eye that doth distil the same.	Mon œil sert d'alambic par où distile l'eau.
And by how much my fire is violent and sly, By so much doth it cause the waters mount on high,	Et d'autant que mon feu est violent et chaud, Il fait ainsi monter tant de vapeurs en haut,
That shower from out mine eyes, for to assuage my miss.	Qui coulent par mes yeux en si grand' abondance.

From many obscure Italians (Dolce, Pascale, and Martelli), Lodge also drew without any hint of acknowledgment several of his sonnets to Phillis. To illustrate his method in dealing with Italian poets of eminence, I print his Sonnet xxi., together with its original in Ariosto.¹

¹ This sonnet of Ariosto was popular with French sonneteers; the following rendering is in Claude de Pontoux's sonnet-sequence entitled *L'Idée* (Sonnet clxxxvi.). But Lodge followed the Italian and not the French version.

'O heraux de mon cœur, mes soupîrs trop hastifs !
 O mes pleurs qu'en veillant je ne cele qu'a peine !
 O mon prier semé sur l'infertile arène !
 O tousjours en un vœu mes pensers intentifs !
 O durables tourments ! ô souldas fugitifs !
 O desirs ou raison jamais ne tient domaine !
 O très certaine erreur, ô esperance vaine !
 O contre un dur desdain mes regrets trop retifs !
 Helas ! quand cessera ou s'alentira l'ire,
 De vostre long travail et de mon long martire ?
 N'aurez vous jamais fin ? gagnerez-vous le temps ?
 Las ! je vous quitteray l'excessive despense
 Que vous faites chez moy, si me donnez dispense
 Seulement de iouyr de ce que ie pretens.'

Lodge, *Phillis*, XXI.

Ye heralds of my heart, mine ardent groans,
 O tears which gladly would burst out to
 brooks !
 Oh spent on fruitless sand my surging moans,
 O thoughts enthralled unto care-boding
 looks !
 Ah just laments of my unjust distress,
 Ah fond desires whom reason could not
 guide !
 O hopes of love that intimate redress,
 Yet prove the loadstars unto bad betide !
 When will you cease? or shall pain never-
 ceasing,
 Seize on my heart? Oh mollify your
 rage,
 Lest your assaults with over-swift increasing,
 Procure my death, or call on timeless age.
 What if they do? They shall but feed the fire,
 Which I have kindled by my fond desire.

Lodovico Ariosto, from Gobbi, *Scelta di
 Sonetti* (1729), i. 290.

O messaggi del cor, sospiri ardenti,
 O lagrime, che'l giorno io celo a pena ;

 O preghi sparsi in non feconda arena ;
 O sempre in un voler pensieri intenti ;

 O del mio ingiusto mal giusti lamenti,
 O desir, che ragione mai non raffrena ;

 O speranze, ch' Amor dietro si mena,
 Quando a gran salti, e quando a passi lenti ;
 Sarà, che cessi, o che s'allenti mai

 Vostro lungo travaglio, e il mio martire,

 O pur fia l'uno, e l'altro insieme eterno?
 Che fia non so, ma ben chiaro discerno,
 Che'l mio poco consiglio, e troppo ardire
 Soli posso incolpar, ch'io viva in guai.

It is unnecessary to pursue Lodge further. The general opinion hitherto held of his sonnets is thus expressed by Professor Minto:—‘There is a seeming artlessness in Lodge’s sonnets, a winning directness, that constitutes a great part of their charm. They seem to be uttered through a clear and pure medium straight from the heart; their tender fragrance and music come from the heart itself.’¹ Facts require the substitution in this passage for the word ‘heart’ of the words ‘French and Italian sonneteers.’ Lyric faculty need not be denied Lodge, even after his habits of plagiarism have been brought to light; but it is a misuse of terms to describe him as an original poet seeking to give voice to his individuality. He is a clever and spirited adapter of foreign texts, whose sense of rhythm and literary sensibility are not altogether obscured in his borrowed lines; but no trace of his own personality remains there when his methods of composition are rightly apprehended. Of the morality of

¹ *Characteristics of English Poets*, p. 198.

those methods little that is agreeable can be said. The censure which was bestowed by a contemporary critic on Soothern, the clumsiest of English plagiarists from Ronsard, applies with small qualification to Lodge, despite his infinitely superior dexterity: 'This man deserues to be endited of pety *larceny* for pilfering other mens deuises from them and conuerting them to his owne use, for in deede as I would wish every inventour which is the very Poet to receaue the prayses of his inuention, so would I not haue a translatur to be ashamed to be acknowen of his translation.'¹

Barnabe Barnes, who made his reputation as a sonneteer in the same year as Lodge (1593), was more voluminous than any of his English contemporaries. The utmost differences of opinion have been expressed by modern critics as to the value of his work. One denounces him as 'a fool'; another eulogises him as 'a born singer.' He clearly had a native love of literature, and gave promise of lyric power which was never quite fulfilled. His Sonnet lxvi. on 'Content' reaches a very high level of artistic beauty, and many single stanzas and lines ring with true harmony. But as a whole his work is crude, and lacks restraint. He frequently sinks to meaningless doggerel, and many of his grotesque conceits are offensive.²

To the historian of the Elizabethan sonnet his work is, however, of first-rate importance. No thorough investigator into the history of Shakespeare's sonnet can afford to overlook it. Constantly he strikes a note which Shakespeare

¹ Puttenham, *The Arte of English Poesie*, 1589. Ed. Arber, 1869, p. 260.

² Cf. Sonnet lxiii., where, not content with wishing himself to be his mistress's gloves, her pearl-necklace, and her 'belt of gold,' the poet prays to be also metamorphosed into 'That sweet wine which down her throat doth trickle.'

clearly echoed in fuller tones.¹ There are circumstances, too, in his biography and in the estimation in which he was held, that make it probable that he was the poet whose rivalry in the pursuit of the favour of a common patron is one of Shakespeare's themes.²

In May 1593 there appeared Barnes' interminable series of love-poems. It bore the title, '*Parthenophil and Parthenophe: Sonnets, Madrigals, Elegies, and Odes. To the right noble and virtuous gentleman, M. William Percy, Esq., his dearest friend.*'³ Here a hundred and five sonnets are interspersed with twenty-six madrigals, five sestines, twenty-one elegies, three 'canzons,' twenty odes (one in sonnet form), and what purports to be a translation of Moschus' first 'Eidillion.'

Barnes' Muse has no greater claim than that of other Elizabethan sonneteers to English birth. Her paternity is indeed distributed with more than ordinary catholicity. Many of Barnes' poems are echoes of Sidney's verse, both in the *Arcadia* as well as in *Astrophel and Stella*. His

¹ Cf. Barnes' Sonnet lvi., 'The dial ! love, which shows how my days spend'; or lxiv., 'If all the loves were lost, and should be found'; or xv.,

'Where or to whom, then, shall I make complaint? . . .
When I shall resign
Thy love's large charter and thy bonds again.'

Shakespeare followed Barnes in his free use of law terms, by which the latter illustrates what he calls 'the tenure of love's service' (xx.); (cf. Barnes' Sonnet iv., 'suborners,' Sonnet viii., 'mortgage,' Sonnet xx., 'rents'). The parallels between Shakespeare's and Barnes' sonnets are far more numerous than my present space permits me to indicate.

² Barnes' dedicatory sonnet to Shakespeare's patron, the Earl of Southampton, is printed at p. 314. Cf. my *Life of Shakespeare*, pp. 132-4.

³ Only one copy is known to be extant, and that—with a defaced title-page—belongs to the Duke of Devonshire. The book was licensed to John Wolf by the Stationers' Company, on 10th May 1593.

Canzon 2 is a spirited tribute to Sidney under his poetic name of Astrophel.¹ Of his debt to Petrarch he openly boasted. The kindly contemporary critic, Thomas Churchyard, paid him the compliment of dubbing him 'Petrarch's scholar.' In Sonnet xlv. he makes handsome, if ungraceful, acknowledgment to the Italian master:—

'That sweet Tuscan, Petrarch, which did pierce
His Laura with love sonnets.'

But Petrarch was only one of many masters. Barnes knew much of the classics. With Petrarch he associates, in the sonnet just quoted, Ovid and Musaeus. He made curious experiments in adapting to his poetry not merely classical conceits but classical metres. One of his Odes (xvii.) is in unrhymed Anacreontics; another (xviii.) is in Sapphics; a third (xx.) he describes as an Asclepiad. His 21st Elegy is regularly written in elegiac hexameters and pentameters.

The name of Barnes' heroine, Parthenophe, reflects his reading of the Latin verse of a very popular Neapolitan of the early sixteenth century, Hieronymus Angerianus, who entitled a brief section of his collected poetry 'De Parthenope,' and included those two words in his title-page. The Neapolitan was paying court to his native city under her alternative Greek name, but he apostrophised Naples with the warmth that befitted an address to a mistress.

¹ The first stanza runs:

'Sing! sing Parthenophil! sing! pipe! and play!
The feast is kept upon this plain,
Among th' Arcadian shepherds everywhere,
For Astrophel's birthday! Sweet Astrophel!
Arcadia's honour! mighty Pan's chief pride,
Where be the Nymphs? The Nymphs all gathered be
To sing sweet Astrophel's sweet praise!'

French influence at the same time largely affected the drift of Barnes' literary efforts. It is indeed to be suspected that French example impelled Barnes to classical imitation, and that he was often content to follow the French adaptation of classical poetry rather than classical poetry in its original form. He wrote largely in an Anacreontic vein, and most of his knowledge of the Greek lyrists probably reached him through France.

The poem which Barnes introduces in the course of his miscellany, under the heading, *The first Eidillion of Moschus describing Love*, describes Venus' hue and cry after her straying son Cupid. This Greek poem was extremely popular in French versions. Clément Marot had first adapted it about 1540, in a poem of over one hundred and fifty lines, called *L'Amour Fugitif*.¹ De Baif, having met the poem anew in Greek some thirty years later, composed a second poem on Moschus' theme.² The conceit had thus been completely Gallicised before Barnes worked on it, and he doubtless owed more to the French adaptations than to the Greek original.

The exceptionally miscellaneous character of Barnes' volume, with its elegies in addition to its odes and madrigals, though it can be nearly matched in Italian literature of the century, seems to bear a deeper impress of contemporary France.³ His reading in French was obviously far-reaching. In his 12th Madrigal ('Like to the mountains

¹ Marot called the Greek author of the poem Lucian, apparently in error. Cf. *Les Œuvres*, Part II. 14-15b.

² Cf. De Baif, *Poèmes*, Livre v. à Mademoiselle Victoire (ed. Marty-Laveaux, ii. pp. 276 sq.).

³ The introduction of elegies into collections of love poetry is very common among sixteenth-century French poets—e.g. Théodore de Bèze, Desportes, and Vauquelin.

are my high desires') he paraphrases Melin de St. Gelais' popular sonnet :

'Voyant ces monts de veue ainsi lointaine,
Je les compare à mon long déplaisir.'

When he apostrophises jealousy, as

'Thou poisoned canker of much beauteous love'
(Sonnet lxxxii.)

he recalls De Magny's sonnet (*Amours*, liii.) :—

'O Jalousie horrible aux Amoureux . . .
O fier serpent, terrible, et malheureux,
Caché au sein d'une fleur désirable.'

In Sonnet xci. he develops Petrarch's conceit (Sonnet clvi.) that his love-stricken soul is a storm-tossed ship in imminent peril of destruction. But it is Desportes' rendering of the Italian poem which seems to have directly inspired Barnes. His 'fancy's ship tossed here and there by troubled seas,' floating 'in danger, ranging to and fro,' is a mere echo of Desportes' story of his heart's vagaries :—

'Ma nef passe au destroit d'une mer courroucée ;
Un aveugle, un enfant, sans souci la conduit,
Désireux de la voir sous les eaux renversée.'

(*Amours de Diane*, Livre I. lxviii.)

In accordance with the practice of the most degenerate of his French and Italian contemporaries, Barnes repeatedly succumbs to the temptation of chaining the planets to his poetic car. In a sequence of twelve sonnets (xxxii.-xliii.), he likens the progress of his passion to the passage of the sun through the twelve signs of the Zodiac.¹ The strained conceit

¹ Astrology was pressed into their service by Renaissance poets of all countries—notably in France; cf. Pontus de Tyard's *Mantice*, 1558 (see his *Œuvres*, ed. Marty-Laveaux, 233, 254-6), and Milles de Norry's *L'Univers*, 1583. In

is valueless from all literary points of view, but it is interesting to learn the immediate channel through which it gained entrance into English poetry, and the path which it subsequently followed there. Gilles Durant, the French versifier, published in 1588 an exceptionally ample development of the extravagant fancy in a poem entitled *Stances du Zodiaque* (in thirty-three six-line stanzas). Barnes wrote his twelve sonnets with his eye on Durant's verses. But he contented himself with a general paraphrase. His acceptance of the theme, however, stirred contemporaries to further action. Barnes' slender treatment of foreign notions about the Zodiac fired a more eminent Elizabethan poet, George Chapman, to give English readers a literal rendering of the standard account by the Frenchman Durant of the Zodiac's figurative relations with mundane love. Chapman's poem was called *The Amorous Zodiac*, and was published in his volume called *Ovid's Banquet of Sense* in 1595, two years after the publication of Barnes' sonnet collection. Chapman reproduced with almost miraculous exactness Durant's stanzas; the metre is the same throughout, and at times Chapman contrives to employ the identical rhyming syllables.¹ Barnes contributed no little to the

'Le second Curieux, ou second discours de la nature du monde et de ses parties,' a chapter of the poet's *Discours Philosophiques*, De Tyard writes: 'Le Zodiac a lieu icy; car entre luy et l'homme il y a un merveilleux consentement par sympathie.' Cf. Chaucer's *Treatise of the Astrolabe*, i. § 21: 'Everich of these 12 signes [of the Zodiac] hath respecte to a certain parcelle of the body of a man and hath it in governance; as Aries hath thyn heved [*i.e.* head], and Taurus thy nekke and thy throte, Gemini thyn armholes and thyn armes, and so forth.'

¹ The first stanzas in French and English run thus:

Jamais vers le soleil ie ne tourne la veuë
 Que soudain, de dépit, ie n'aye l'ame émeuë
 En moy mesme jaloux de sa felicité :

I never see the sun, but suddenly
 My soul is moved with spite and jealousy
 Of his high bliss, in his sweet course dis-
 cem'd;

circulation in England of the sentiments and phraseology of foreign poetry.

Barely four months passed after the publication of Barnes' encyclopædic effort than there was offered to the Elizabethan reading public a somewhat smaller volume of very similar temper. The author, Giles Fletcher, a former Fellow of King's College, Cambridge, was forty-four years old,¹ and he made no secret of his method of work in his capacity of sonneteer. He bears, in fact, useful testimony to the procedure in vogue among his sonneteering contemporaries by announcing on his title-page that his 'poems of love' were written 'to the imitation of the best Latin poets and others.' In the address to his patroness, the wife of Sir Richard Molineux, he deprecates the notion that his book enshrines any episode in his own experience. He merely claims to follow the fashion, and to imitate the 'men of learning and great parts' of Italy, France, and England, who have already written 'poems and sonnets of

Et porte à cōtre-cœur, quād ie uoy tant de signes	And am displeas'd to see so many signs,
Luyre dedans le Ciel, ores qu'ils soient in- dignes	As the bright sky unworthily shines,
De iouyr d'un honneur qu'ils n'ont point meritē. (Durant's <i>Amours et Meslanges</i> , etc., 1588 ed., p. 44a.)	Enjoy an honour they have never earn'd.

The rest of Chapman's poem is equally plagiaristic, but he omits five of the Frenchman's stanzas towards the end. Chapman gives no hint of his plagiarism. Mr. Arthur Acheson in a recent volume, *Shakespeare and the Rival Poet*, finds most inconclusively in Chapman's *Amorous Zodiac* evidence that Shakespeare had Chapman and that poem in mind when he attacked, in Sonnet xxi, the practice in sonnets of making 'a couplement of proud compare with sun and moon,' etc. Every sonneteer of France, Italy, and England offers equally notable examples of such figurative extravagance. Mr. Acheson cites Chapman's poem on the Zodiac in ignorance of Barnes' previous treatment of the theme, or of Chapman's indebtedness to Durant's French poem.

¹ He was father of the poets Phineas and Giles Fletcher, and uncle of John Fletcher, the great dramatist.

love.' Most men, he explains, have some personal knowledge of the passion, but experience is not an essential preliminary to the penning of amorous verse. 'A man may write of love and not be in love, as well as of husbandry and not go to the plough, or of witches and be none, or of holiness and be flat profane.' He regrets the English poets' proclivities to borrow 'from Italy, Spain, and France their best and choice conceits,' and expresses a pious preference for English homespun; but this is counsel of perfection, and he makes no pretence to personal independence of foreign models. He laughingly challenges his critics to identify his lady-love Licia with any living woman. 'If thou muse, What my Licia is? Take her to be some Diana, or some Minerva: no Venus, fairer far. It may be she is Learning's Image, or some heavenly wonder: which the Precisest may not mislike. Perhaps under that name I have shadowed "Discipline" [*i.e.* the ideal of puritanism]. It may be, I mean that kind courtesy which I found at the Patroness of these Poems, it may be some Colledge. It may be my conceit, and pretend nothing. Whatsoever it be, if thou like it, take it.' To his sonnets Fletcher appends an ode, three elegies, and a verse rendering of Lucian's dialogue 'concerning Polyphemus.'

Fletcher's verse is quite passable, and shows a command of the sonnet form and metre which few of his contemporaries excelled. His ideas are mainly borrowed from minor Latin poetry by Italian or French writers, of recent or contemporary date. He does not, however, disdain levying loans on Watson and Sidney, as well as on French and Italian sonneteers writing in their own tongue. Though his phrases are very often plagiarised, his adaptations are felicitous;

and, unlike Lodge and Daniel, he rarely descends to wholesale literal translation.

Fletcher very often betters his instruction. In Sonnet xxvii., where he represents his nymph heating, by force of her passion, the water of the fountain in which she bathes, he reproduces with effect an epigram from the Greek anthology which was familiar in a Latin version, and was utilised by Shakespeare, probably after reading Fletcher's effort.¹ Fletcher's next sonnet (xxviii.)—

' In time the strong and stately turrets fall,
In time the rose and silver lilies die, . . . '

shows a poetic feeling that is superior to the Latin poem which suggested it—

' Tempore tecta ruunt Praetoria, tempore vires,
Tempore quaesitae debilitantur opes.
Tempore vernaes flores, argentea et arent
Lilia ; praefulgens tempore forma fluit. . . . '

In Fletcher's Sonnet xlv., 'There shone a comet, and it was full west,' he had in mind the Latin hexameters of Jean Bonnefons, the far-famed contemporary writer of France, whose Latin verses were turned into French,

¹ Cf. Shakespeare's *Sonnets* cliii., cliv. ; Palatine anthology, ix. 627 ; Mackail's *Selections*, p. 191, and my *Life of Shakespeare*, p. 113, note 2.

² *Hieronymi Angeriani Neapolitani 'Eρωτοπαχυλον* (Paris, 1582), p. 28. The general idea is often met with. Cf. Watson's 'Εκατομπαθια, xlvii. :—

' In time the bull is brought to bear the yoke . . .
In time the marble wears with weakest showers ' ;

and lxxvii. :—

' Time wasteth years and months and hours . . .
Time kills the greenest herbs and sweetest flowers. '

In both cases Watson adapted Italian sonnets by Serafino, who himself was rendering a passage from Ovid's *Troia*, IV. vi. 1-16.

just before Fletcher wrote, by his poetic friend, Gilles Durant.¹

Fletcher in his penultimate Sonnet li, renders anew the sonnet of Ronsard (*Amours*, I. xxxii.) which Lodge had already translated in *Phyllis*, xxxiii. The subject is the familiar conceit, how the mistress's beauty was the gift of the gods and goddesses, who endowed her with their most characteristic features. Fletcher's rendering is somewhat freer than Lodge's literal translation, although at times the phraseology is almost identical:—

'Apollo placed his brightness in her eyes,
Python a voice, Diana made her chaste,
Ceres gave plenty, Cupid lent his bow,
Thetis his feet, there Pallas wisdom placed.'²

¹ Bonnefons' Latin poem begins: 'Qualiter exoriens ferali crine cometes'; Durant's French rendering begins: 'Comme un comète naissant va parmi l'air amassant.' See *La Pancharis, Avec les imitations françoises de Gilles Durant*, ed. Blanchemain (Paris, 1878), p. 48. Ben Jonson, who expressed, in conversation with Drummond, great admiration for Bonnefons' poetic capacity as illustrated by his *Pervigilium Veneris*, is stated by Gifford and all succeeding editors to have literally translated in his well-known song, 'Still to be neat, still to be dressed,' verses by Bonnefons beginning, 'Semper munditias, semper, Basilissa, decores.' But these Latin verses, although commonly assigned to Bonnefons by English editors, are not to be met with in that poet's works. The alternative attribution of them to Petronius Arbiter by Upton, an early editor of Ben Jonson, proves equally misleading. They are quoted as a well-known composition without any author's name in Nicolaus Heinsius's edition of Ovid, 1652, ii. 394, and in *Colomesii Opuscula*, 1668, p. 220.

² Cf. Ronsard's sonnet and Lodge's translation at pp. lxi, lxx, *supra*. In de Pontoux' *L'Idée* the conceit was worked out in much the same way (Sonnet ccxviii.):—

. . . lui donna Junon
Sa grâce, and Apollon sa perruque dorée ;
Venus les yeux rians, Iuppin sa gravité,
Pallas son beau parler, bref toute sa beauté
Fut ouvrage des Dieux.²

Ronsard lightly touches again on the fancy in *Amours*, II. No. ii. :—

'De Junon sont vos bras, des Graces vostre sein.'

Lodge had already anglicised Ronsard to this effect:—

‘Apollo first his golden rays among
Did form the beauty of her bounteous eyes. . . .
Python [*sc.* bequeathed] his voice, and Ceres all her grain . . .
Young Love his bow, and Thetis gave her feet ;
Clio her praise, Pallas her science sweet.’

Fletcher’s concluding Sonnet lii. which apostrophises Licia’s ‘sugared talk,’ smile, voice, and the like—

‘O ! pearls enclosed in an ebon pale !
O ! rose and lilies in a field most fair !’

appears to be an ingenious mosaic of phrases derived from Claude de Pontoux’ *L’Idée*.¹

IX

DRAYTON AND SPENSER

Early in 1594 a more imposing figure in the annals of Elizabethan sonneteering first took the field. Michael Drayton, a reputed friend of Shakespeare, wrote sonnets at intervals through more than a quarter of a century. But the greater number of his poems in this kind were completed before 1600, and an important instalment was published in 1594 when the sonneteering rage was at its height. It is in one of his latest sonnets that his sonnet-

¹ Cf. Claude de Pontoux’ *L’Idée*, Sonnet cxl. :—

‘O doux regard, O parole sucrée,’

and Sonnet cc. :—

‘O tresse d’or frizé, O petit arcs d’ebene,
O iardain plein de lys, iardin delicieux,
Plein de roses d’œletz, de thym, de marioleine,
O petis rancs de perle agencez.’

eering power shows to best advantage.¹ Elsewhere he rarely maintains a high level of melody or diction; signs of haste and carelessness in composition abound; he gives the reader the impression that it was with reluctance, if not with his tongue in his cheek, that he yielded to the sonnet-eering craze. In Sonnet ix. he asks:—

‘As other men, so I myself, do muse
Why in this sort I wrest Invention so.’

In Sonnet xxxi. he expresses the hope that his wit will not ‘keep the pack-horse way,’

‘That every dudgeon low Invention goes,
Since Sonnets thus in bundles are imprest.’

He admits that his sonnets have little connection one with another; they lack any single thread of sentiment to justify their publication as a sequence. In a preliminary address ‘To the Reader’ he disavows passion:—

‘Into these Loves, who but for Passion looks;
At this first sight, here let him lay them by!
And seek elsewhere in turning other books,
Which better may his labour satisfy.
No far-fetched Sigh shall ever wound my breast!
Love from mine eye, a Tear shall never wring!
No “Ah me!”’s my whining sonnets drest!
A libertine! fantastically I sing.’

¹ The 1619 edition of Drayton’s sonnets prints for the first time his finest effort, ‘Since there’s no help, come, let us kiss and part!’ (No. lxi.). Only the sixty-three sonnets, together with the one ‘To the Reader,’ in that edition, are included in the present collection. The first edition of 1594, entitled *Ideas Mirroor, Amours in Quatorzains*, contains fifty-two sonnets in all. Several of these were dropped and others added in the numerous subsequent editions (cf. vol. ii. p. 180, bibliographical note). No complete collection of Drayton’s sonnets exists. The nearest approach to completeness is found in *Poems by Michael Drayton*, edited by J. P. Collier for the Roxburghe Club, 1856.

Drayton ranges over a variety of subjects. Writing in general terms on topics like the celestial numbers, imagination, folly, and the soul, he constantly ignores the lady to whom he professes to owe his inspiration.¹ Elsewhere his references to his mistress are the merest conventionalities. In Sonnet xxi. he narrates how he was employed by a 'witless gallant' to write a sonnet to the wench whom the young man wooed, with the result that his suit was successful. There is other evidence to prove that such commissions were familiar to most of the professional sonneteers, and Drayton doubtless speaks truth when he claims personal experience of the practice.

Nevertheless, while he acknowledged that the art as it was ordinarily practised in England was a bastard product, Drayton affected anxiety to persuade his public that, unlike his literary colleagues, he handled none of their well-worn weapons of plagiarism. He announced to 'his ever kind Mecænas, Ma. Anthony Cooke, Esquire,' to whom he dedicated his first volume of sonnets in 1594:—

¹ Drayton makes no sustained effort to identify the object of his passion beyond associating her in two sonnets with a Warwickshire stream called Ankor, which ran near his birthplace through the Warwickshire forest of Arden.

'Arden's sweet Ankor, let thy glory be,
That fair Idea only lives by thee !'

(Sonnet xxxii.)

'Fair Arden, thou my Tempe art alone !
And thou, sweet Ankor, art my Helicon !'

(Sonnet liii.)

Both sonnets bear the heading, 'To the river Ankor,' and in general temper are identical with Petrarch's addresses to the Rhone and to the Po, which had been very literally imitated in France and Italy, and had already inspired Sidney's sonnet to the river Thames, and Daniel's sonnet to the river Avon.

‘ Yet these mine owne : I wrong not other men,
 Nor trafique further than thys happy Clyme,
 Nor filch from *Portes*, nor from *Petrarchs* pen,
 A fault too common in thys latter tyme.
 Divine Syr Phillip, I auouch thy writ,
 “ I am no Pickpurse of anothers wit.”¹

But these protests prove on examination to be unworthy of attention.

The title of Drayton’s sonnet-sequence, *Idea*, gives a valuable clue to one source of his inspiration. The title was directly borrowed from a very extended sonnet-sequence called *L’Idée*, by Claude de Pontoux, a poetic physician of Chalon. *L’Idée*, a sequence of two hundred and eighty-eight regular French sonnets, was published, with a few odes, chansons, and other verse, in 1579, just after the author’s death.²

L’Idée is to a very large extent based on classical and Italian originals, and presents an unimpressive series of extravagant conceits illustrating a lover’s despairing grief.³ The name symbolises the Platonic *idée* of beauty, which was especially familiar to Du Bellay and Pontus de Tyard in

¹ The reference in the third line is of course to Desportes. The last line is a verbatim quotation from Sir Philip Sidney’s Sonnet lxxiv. l. 8.

² I have to thank M. Vaganay of Lyons for the loan of a copy of this very rare and valuable volume.

³ De Pontoux’ angry denunciation of his disdainful lady-love is a specially ludicrous example of a formula common to most sonneteers of the period. His Sonnet ccviii. runs:—

‘ Affamee Meduse, enragee Gorgonne,
 Horrible, espouvantable, et felonne tigresse,
 Cruelle et rigoureuse, allechante et traistresse,
 Meschante abominable, et sanglante Bellonne,
 Enyon, Alecto, Megere, Tisiphonne,
 Pariuré Niobé, Medee charmeresse,
 Impudente, sans foy, sorciere, piperesse,
 Brute gloutonne, affreuse ourse, louue, lyonne;

France, and to Spenser in England. Drayton's 'soul-shrined saint,' his 'divine Idea,' his 'fair Idea,' is the child of de Pontoux' 'Céleste Idée,' 'Fille de Dieu' (Sonnet x.)¹ Drayton adopted many of de Pontoux' developments of this traditional theme. The English writer's enumeration of the contrasted sensations which he endures at one and the same moment, is found in the work of every sonneteer who wrote since Petrarch. Ronsard's lines (*Amours*, Livre I. lxxxviii.)—

'Estre indigent et donner tout le sien, . . .
Posséder tout et ne jouir de rien,'

may have suggested Drayton's self-contradictory strain, *e.g.*

'Where most I lost, there most of all I wan.'
(Sonnet lxii.)

Hayneuse et ennemie, et pleine de rapine,
Cuisiniere d'enfer et fiere Proserpine,
Bourrelle impitoyable, inconstante et legere,
Pandore de tous maux, qui te fuyuent par troupepe,
Orgueilleuse Chimere et filandiere Atrope,
Mettras tu iamais fin à ma longue misere ?'

¹ Cf. de Pontoux (Sonnet xiv.) :—

'S'on dit que i'ayme une beauté mortelle,
Je dy que non : car i'ayme ceste Idée,
Qui de l'esprit de Dieu s'est debordee,
Pour donner forme au monde universelle.'

Sonnet lxxxvii. :—

'Puis donc qu'elle a tout ce que souhaitter
On peut de beau, dois ie pas me vanter
En concevant ce Tout qui est en elle,
Que de Platon l'Idée ie connois
Et d'Aristote ensemble ie conçois
En mon esprit l'essence vniverselle.'

In Sonnet cxi. de Pontoux boasts of his superiority to college professors who only depend on Aristotle and Plato for their knowledge of 'Idéea' (cf. Sidney's *Astrophel*, lxiv. : 'I do not envie Aristotle's wit').

But Drayton's full handling of the established convention perhaps bears a closer resemblance to de Pontoux' treatment of it than that of any other. Such lines as

' Ravished with joy amidst a hell of woe ;
Burnt in a sea of ice, and drowned amidst a fire '

repeat without much change de Pontoux'

' Ores de ioye, or' de dueil ie me pais,
Ore une glace or' un feu me martire.'

(Sonnet c.)

Drayton's defiance of his critics (see Sonnets xxxi. and xxxix.) echoes de Pontoux' confident appeals to his 'Muse' and 'Minerva' to protect him from the assaults of 'Zoile mordant' (Sonnet cxliii.).

But Drayton by no means confined his sonneteering studies to the volume whence he took his shadowy mistress's name. He worked with equal zeal on the labours of other foreign poets. Drayton's sonnet on the Phoenix's regeneration by fire (No. xvi.) is traceable through a long series of French adaptations to Petrarch himself (Sonnet clii.). The sonnet on the belief that young eagles are proved to be of the true breed by their power of facing the glare of the sun (No. lvi.) was probably suggested by Watson's 'Εκατομπαθία (No. xcix.), which is itself an imitation of Serafino (1550 ed., *Sonnetto Primo*); but the tradition of the genuine eagle's visual capacity was quite as accessible, in the shape that Drayton handled it, in French and Latin verse as in Italian and English.¹ His treatment of the perennial dispute between

¹ Jacques de Billy (in *Sonnets Spirituels*, No. 25, Paris, 1577, p. 74) seems to translate Serafino's version of the tradition in a sonnet which is nevertheless

Love and Reason, in which Reason is ignominiously defeated (*Idea*, xxxviii.), is an obvious copy of Ronsard's *Sonnets pour Hélène* (No. xxi.), which has for burden, 'La Raison contre Amour ne peut chose qui vaille.' Perhaps, too, an added touch or two was derived by Drayton from Desportes' lyric, 'Procez entre Amour au siege de la Raison,'¹ to which Ronsard's sonnet had already given birth. Drayton's imitative appeals to night, to his lady's fair eyes, to rivers; his classical allusions, his insistence that his verse is eternal: all these themes recall at every turn expressions from Ronsard, and Desportes, or from their humbler disciples. A little is usually added, and a little taken away; but such slight substance as the sentiments possess is, with rare exception, a foreign invention. Doubtless Drayton was more conscious than his companions of the absurd triviality of the sonnetting habit. No precise foreign origin seems accessible for his sonnet (xv.) entitled 'His Remedy for Love,' in which he describes a potion concocted of the powder of a dead woman's heart, moistened with another woman's tears, boiled in a widow's sighs, and breathed upon by an old maid. This satire is clearly intended to apply to the simples out of which the conventional type of sonnet was for the most part exclusively compounded.

described as 'imité de Grégoire de Nazienze.' The French rendering opened thus:—

'L'aigle estant incertain des petits, qu'il eslève
S'ils sont siens, que fait-il pour tel doute vuider?
Tout droit au lieu les met, où Phebus vient darder
Ses rais, et de soupçon aussi tost se relève.'

The conceit is well known to late Latin poetry (cf. Claudian, *Cons. Hon. Praef.*, 1-18).

¹ See the first book of the *Amours de Diane*, ed. Michiels, p. 53.

Apart from Shakespeare, Spenser was the most richly endowed of Elizabethan poets who engaged in sonneteering. We have already seen how his earliest work was an avowed adaptation of the sonnets of Petrarch and Du Bellay; but nearly a generation passed before he addressed himself to the composition of a sonnet-sequence of the conventional pattern. It was in 1595 that there was printed for the first time his collection of eighty-eight sonnets. There is every reason to believe that he wrote them about 1592, while he was wooing, at the mature age of forty, the lady who became his wife on 11th June 1594. His sonnet-sequence was thus no fruit of his callow youth, as in the case of most of his contemporaries. It came from his pen when his poetic powers were at their zenith. He had already made substantial progress with his greatest literary achievement, *The Faery Queen*. But any expectation that his sonnets as a whole consequently claim a far loftier rank than that to which the contemporary efforts mainly belong, is belied by a close study of them.

William Ponsonby, on his own responsibility during the author's absence in Ireland, published Spenser's sonnets in 1595. The author bestowed on them the Italian title of *Amoretti*.¹ The publisher described them as 'sweet' and

¹ The volume also contained four epigrams translated from the Greek anthology, and the poet's fine Epithalamium. The only epigram of any length or interest (No. iv.), appended to the *Amoretti*, notably illustrates Spenser's identity with prevailing French taste, and its influence upon him. The subject of the epigram—Cupid's complaint to his mother of a bee's sting—has been traced to a spurious Theocritean idyll (xix.), and was also adapted by Anacreon (B. 33). Watson read it in a Latin epigrammatist, and based on it his *Passion* liii. in *Ἐκατομυαθία*. But there were in existence when Spenser wrote at least eight different recent renderings of it into French by as many French poets. Ronsard, De Baif, De Magny, and five others handled the fancy. There can be little doubt that Spenser's French reading impelled him to work upon it.

'conceited.' Such warnings prepare the reader for the knowledge that most of them illustrate the fashionable vein of artifice, and are founded on Italian models.

Not that Spenser failed on occasion to escape from the conventional chains. A few of his sonnets betray rare capacity for the treatment, with poetic directness, of original ideas. His familiar sonnet (No. lxxxv.)—'One day I wrote her name upon the strand'—is evidence of the highest poetic faculty.

Amid all the conventional imagery, Spenser makes at least three autobiographical statements in his sonnets. Sonnet xxxiii. is addressed by name to his friend Lodowick Briskett, and is an apology for the poet's delay in completing his *Faery Queen*. In Sonnet lx. Spenser states that he is forty-one years old, and that one year has passed since he came under the influence of the winged god. Sonnet lxxiv. apostrophises the 'happy letters' which comprise the name Elizabeth, which he states was borne alike by his mother, his sovereign, and his wife, Elizabeth Boyle.

In their metrical effects, too, Spenser's sonnets showed greater originality than most of his English contemporaries. He declined to follow exactly either the ordinary English or foreign model. He formed most of his sonnets of three quatrains alternately rhymed and a concluding couplet. The alternate rhymes were unknown abroad. But he restricted the total number of rhymes in a single sonnet to five, after the foreign fashion instead of employing seven, after the English fashion. The first line of his second quatrain rhymes with the last line of his first quatrain, and the first line of his third quatrain with the last line of his second. Thus each quatrain was insensibly absorbed into its successor, and a

continuity which was rare in Elizabethan sonnets was achieved. In two sonnets (x. and xlv.), the poet ventured on a further innovation by winding up the sonnet with an Alexandrine.

But, despite all his metrical versatility and his genuine poetic force, the greater part of Spenser's sonneteering efforts abound, like those of his contemporaries, in strained conceits, which are often silently borrowed from foreign literature without radical change of diction. Spenser sought his main inspiration in Petrarch. The first friendly critic (Gabriel Harvey) of Spenser's sonnet-sequence greeted him as a Petrarchist, and defended him from censure based on the ground of his subservience to the prevailing habit of imitating the Italian master. 'Petrarch's invention,' Harvey pointed out, 'is pure love itself; Petrarch's elocution pure beauty itself.' 'All the noblest French, Italian, and Spanish poets,' continued Spenser's champion, 'have in their several veins Petrarchised, and it is no dishonour for the daintiest or divinest muse to be his scholar whom the amiablest invention and beautifullest elocution acknowledged their master.'¹

The metaphors from ships and tempests (Sonnets xxxiv. and lxiii.) are of true Petrarchan lineage. Spenser's avowal of sensibility to ice and fire (xxx.), and his appeal to his lady to forsake her 'glass of crystal clean' (Sonnet xlv.), echo with slight variations the Italian phraseology. In identical terms, too, does Spenser follow Petrarch in describing his imprisonment in the net of his mistress's golden tresses, which on occasion wave in 'the loose wind.'²

¹ Harvey's *Pierces Supererogation* (1593), p. 61.

² Petrarch, Sonnet lxix.; Spenser, Sonnets xxxvii., lxxxii.

But vast as is Spenser's manifest debt to Petrarch alike in his general scheme and in its details, he did not disdain to borrow at the same time from Petrarch's French and Italian disciples. It is not always possible to determine whether he is the immediate debtor of Petrarch or of Petrarch's followers in Italy and France. His heroine is the wayward mistress, the 'sweet warrior' (Sonnet lvii.) of every sixteenth-century sonneteer. But difference of view is inevitable as to whether she owe most to Petrarch's 'dolce guerrera,' or to De Baif's 'belle ennemie,' or to Desportes' 'douce adversaire.' Spenser had clearly immersed his thought in French poetry. Adopting Ronsard's imagery, he denounces his mistress in her wrath as a 'tigress.' Like the lady-loves of all the Pléiade, her features are fairer than the flowers or precious stones.¹ Desportes, de Pontoux, and Tyard never tire of likening their mistress's eyes to pinks (*œillets*), her cheeks to roses, or her lips to gilliflowers or marjorams. Spenser is not too proud to accept this florid choice of similes (Sonnet lxiv.). Ronsard when in the presence of his mistress noted

'Du beau jardin de son printemps riant
Sort un parfum qui mesme l'Orient
Embasmeroit de ses douces haleines.'

(*Amours*, Livre I. cxl.)

Spenser expressed a like experience thus—

'Meseemed, I smelt a garden of sweet flowers,
That dainty odours from them threw around.'

(*Amoretti*, Sonnet lxiv.)

¹ It is hardly necessary to quote examples of this characteristic feature of the French school. Probably Ronsard's sonnets (*Amours*, I. xxiii. and liv.) are as representative as any of this aspect of his and his friends' work. The former sonnet enumerates coral, marbre, ébène, albâtre, saphyrs, jaspe, porphyre, diamans, rubis, œillets, roses, and fin or, as meeting together in the features of his mistress. Spenser cites almost all these objects in the like connection.

Sun, moon, stars, fire, lightning, diamonds, crystal, glass, sapphires, all pale before his lady's eyes (Sonnets ix. and xv.) in precisely the same manner as other ladies' eyes eclipse a like series of objects in the poetry of contemporary France. No traders, Spenser tells us, who spoil 'the Indias of their treasure,' secure merchandise more precious than his lady-love's beauty—

'Ye tradeful Merchants, that, with weary toil,
Do seek most precious things to make your gain,
And both the Indias of their treasure spoil;
What needeth you to seek so far in vain?
For lo, my Love doth in herself contain
All this world's riches that may far be found.
If sapphires, lo, her eyes be sapphires plain;
If rubies, lo, her lips be rubies sound;
If pearls, her teeth be pearls, both pure and round;
If ivory, her forehead ivory ween;
If gold, her locks are finest gold on ground;
If silver, her fair hands are silver sheen.'

(Sonnet xv.)

Ronsard had already told the world, that no searcher going from the shores of Spain to India could find 'si riche gemme en Orient' as the hue (*teint*) of his mistress.

'Ny des Indois la gemmeuse largesse,
Ny tous les biens d'un rivage estranger,
A leurs tresors ne sçauroient eschanger,
Le moindre honneur de sa double richesse.'

(*Amours*, I. clxxxix.)¹

Similarly Desportes, whom Spenser followed here with greater literalness, had bidden

¹ Cf. Ronsard's *reductio ad absurdum* of the same conceit—

'Aller en marchandise aux Indes précieuses,
Sans acheter ny or, ny parfum, ny joyaux.'

(*Sonnets pour Hélène*, xxiii.).

Marchands, qui recherchez tout le rivage more . . .
 Venez seulement voir la beauté que j'adore,
 Et par quelle richesse elle a sçeu m'attiser :
 Et je suis seur qu'après vous ne pourrez priser
 Le plus rare tresor dont l'Afrique se dore.
 Voyez les filets d'or de ce chef blondissant,
 L'éclat de ces rubis, ce coral rougissant,
 Ce cristal, cet ebene, et ces graces divines,
 Cet argent, cet yvoire ; et ne vous contentez
 Qu'on ne vous montre encor mille autres raretez,
 Mille beaux diamans et mille perles fines.'

(*Diane*, I. xxxii.)

Shakespeare alone excepted, no sonneteer repeated with greater emphasis than Spenser Ronsard's favourite conceit that his verses are immortal, and give immortality to those they commemorate :—

'This verse, that never shall expire. . . .
 Fair ! be no longer proud of that shall perish,
 But that, which shall you make immortal, cherish.'
 (Sonnet xxvii.)

'Even this verse, vow'd to eternity,
 Shall be thereof immortal monument ;
 And tell her praise to all posterity,
 That may admire such world's rare wonderment.'
 (Sonnet lxix.)

'My verse your virtues rare shall eternise.'
 (Sonnet lxxv.)

Despite the many classical precedents for this familiar conceit, Spenser here plainly speaks in the voice of Ronsard alone. It was Ronsard who had, just before Spenser wrote, promised his patron that his lute

'Par cest hymne solennel
 Respandra dessus ta race
 Je ne sçay quoy de sa grace,
 Qui te doit faire éternel'—(*Odes*, I. vii.) ;

who had declared of his mistress

'Victorieuse des peuples et des Rois
S'en voleroit sus l'aile de ma ryme'—(*Amours*, I. lxxii.);

or

'Longtemps après la mort je vous feray revivre, . . .
Vous vivrez et croistrez comme Laure en grandeur,
Au moins tant que vivront les plumes et le livre.'
(*Sonnets pour Hélène*, II.)

In two sonnets Spenser identifies his heroine with the Petrarchan *idée* of beauty which had lately played its part in numberless French sonnets by Du Bellay, Desportes, Tyard, de Pontoux, and others. He catches the true idealistic note far more completely than Drayton, who, in conferring on his sonnets the title of 'Idea,' professed to range himself with the Italian and French Platonists. Spenser writes in Sonnet xlv. :—

'Within my heart (though hardly it can shew
Thing so divine to view of earthly eye),
The fair Idea of your celestial hew
And every part remains immortally.'

This reflects Desportes' familiar strain :—

'Sur la plus belle Idée au ciel vous fustes faite,
Voulant nature un jour monstrier tout son pouvoir,
Depuis vous luy servez de forme et de miroir,
Et toute autre beauté sur la vostre est portraite.'
(*Diane*, II. lxvii.)

Like the French writers, Spenser ultimately in Sonnet lxxxvii. disclaims any mortal object of adoration in an ecstatic recognition of the superior fascination of the *idée* :—

'Ne ought I see, though in the clearest day,
When others gaze upon their shadows vain,
But th' onely image of that heavenly ray,

Whereof some glance doth in mine eye remain,
 Of which beholding the Idaea plain,
 Through contemplation of my purest part,
 With light thereof I do myself sustain,
 And thereon feed my love-affamish'd heart.'

Pontus de Tyard had already closed the last book of his *Les Erreurs Amoureuses* on the identical note :—

' Mon esprit a heureusement porté,
 Au plus beau ciel sa force outrecuidée,
 Pour s'abbreuuer en la plus belle Idée
 D'où le pourtrait i'ay pris de la beauté.'
 (*Les Erreurs Amoureuses*, Bk. III. xxxiii.)

When he was in his most solemn mood, Spenser invariably cast his anchor in a foreign port. His sonnet to Christ at Eastertide (Sonnet lxviii.) was clearly suggested by Desportes' ejaculation at the same season which unexpectedly fills a niche in the poet's *Amours de Diane*. Petrarch's gravest tone resounds in Spenser's impressive sonnet (lxxxiii.) :—

' Let not one spark of filthy lustful fire
 Break out, that may her sacred peace molest.'

Watson and Sir Philip Sidney had already taught the Elizabethan sonneteer to check any wanton tendencies in his Muse by seeking inspiration at the Petrarchan oracle. In that regard there is much in Spenser's sonnets that reminds the reader more especially of Sidney's *Astrophel and Stella*. The richer tones of Spenser's mature genius give the greater part of his *Amoretti* a literary rank above that reached by the *Astrophel* of former days. But Spenser, no less than Sidney, to a large extent handled the sonnet as a poetic instrument whereon to repeat in his mother-tongue what he regarded as the finest and most serious examples of poetic feeling and diction in Italy and France.

X

POETÆ MINIMI

None of the remaining collections of sonnets, which are brought together in these volumes, are of sufficient interest to justify minute study. They imitate and exaggerate the least admirable characteristics of the better endowed writers who immediately preceded them. They illustrate all the worst features of the Elizabethan passion for sonneteering.

First in chronological order among these debased developments of the vogue comes a work of William Percy, a son of the Earl of Northumberland, and a college friend of Barnabe Barnes. It was to Percy that Barnes dedicated his ample sequence of *Parthenophil and Parthenophe*. His own collection of twenty poems was entitled *Sonnets to the fairest Cœlia*.¹ Spenser's publisher, William Ponsonby, undertook the publication.² The author explains in an address to the reader, that out of courtesy he had lent the sonnets to friends, who had secretly committed them to the press. Making a virtue of necessity he had accepted the situation, but begged the reader to treat them as 'toys and amorous devices.' There is no likeli-

¹ Cœlia, a name very familiar in classical poetry, was applied to his poetic mistress by the very popular Latin poet Hieronymus Angerianus of Naples, in his *Ἐρωτοπαγίων* (Paris, 1582). Angerianus' work was well known to Giles Fletcher and others of his contemporaries. A sequence of twenty-six sonnets was addressed to an imaginary Cœlia by the Scottish poet, Sir David Murray of Gorthy (see 'The Tragical death of Sophonisba,' *ad fin.* London, 1611. 8vo).

² Only two copies seem now known; the one belongs to the Duke of Northumberland and the other to Mr. Huth.

hood that the reader will treat them as anything else. Percy shows some reading in home and foreign literature. Emulating Drayton, he bids his lute 'rehearse the songs of Rowland's rage' (Sonnet viii.). He employs musical terms (viii.) very much in the manner of the French sonneteer Pontus de Tyard, and with Ronsard he finds 'a Gorgon shadowed under Venus' face' (Sonnet xiii.). At times he echoes the words of his friend Barnes. But his poetic faculty was exiguous; he is invariably grotesque and at times coarse, while his rhymes constantly strike the most discordant notes.

Zepheria, a collection of forty sonnets or 'canzons,' as the anonymous poetaster calls them, appeared in 1594. No author's name was given in the volume. Drummond of Hawthornden, who read it in 1611, immediately after Lodge's *Phillis*, merely attributed it to the pen of 'some uncertaine writter.' The book is dedicated in verse 'Alli veri figlioli delle Muse.' There Daniel is congratulated on 'the sweet-tuned accents of his Delian sonnetry.' Among other English 'modern Laureates' who have roused Ovid and the Tuscan Petrarch from the sleep of death, the writer specially singles out Sir Philip Sidney (under his poetic designation of Astrophel). A reference in Canzon xiv. 'to that Divine *Idea*' betrays knowledge of Drayton or Spenser. *Zepheria* limps clumsily along a most cacophonous path. The author was a law-student who mistook legal technicalities for poetic imagery. To help out his rhyme he invented a vocabulary of his own. The verbs 'imparadise,' 'portionize,' 'partialize,' 'thesaurize,' are some of the fruits of his ingenuity. He claims that his Muse is capable of 'hyperbolised trajections'; he apostrophises his

lady's eyes as 'illuminating lamps,' and calls his pen his 'heart's solicitor.' His modest admission—

'My slubbering pencil casts too gross a matter,
Thy beauty's pure divinity to blaze'—

truthfully characterises his literary ability.

'R. L. Gentleman,' probably Richard Linche, a miscellaneous writer of some little repute, published in 1596 thirty-nine sonnets under the title *Diella*,—a crude anagram on 'Delia.'¹ The publisher, Henry Olney, who dedicated the volume to Anne, wife of Sir Henry Glenham, and daughter of Thomas Sackville, the literary Earl of Dorset, had lately produced Sir Philip Sidney's *Apologie for Poetrie* (1595). R. L.'s sonnets are typically servile in their repetition of well-worn phrases and imagery. The apostrophes to Time and to the poet's lute, the description of sunrise and of the crystal fountains in his lady's eyes, are dull echoes of Ariosto and Desportes. But authors at home, notably Sir Philip Sidney, were also freely plagiarised. But the author did not claim for his 'passionate sonnets,' as the publisher figuratively called them, that they were anything beyond literary exercises.² They were issued by way of prelude to a verse translation of Bandello's love-story of *Dom Diego and Ginevra*.

To the same year (1595) belongs a collection of somewhat higher merit: Bartholomew Griffin's *Fidessa*, sixty-two sonnets inscribed to 'William Essex, Esq.' Griffin desig-

¹ It is barely possible that the sonneteer is the 'Maister R. L.,' the friend of Richard Barnfield, to whom Barnfield inscribed the fine sonnet 'In praise of Musique and Poetrie' on the opening page of his poems *For Divers Humours*, 1598. Barnfield credits his friend with special devotion to music, of which there is no evidence in Linche's work.

² This volume is very rare. There are copies in the British Museum and in the Bodleian Library.

nates his sonnets as the 'firstfruits of a young beginner.'¹ He had some genuine poetic faculty, but plagiarised with exceptional boldness. He did not put himself, as a rule, to the trouble of going abroad for his inspiration. He freely appropriated home products. He absorbs in his Sonnet xv. Daniel's address to 'Care-charmer sleep.' In Sonnet xxxiii., where he imagines his wrinkled face and silver hairs to be a mirror reflecting the cruelty of his mistress, he echoes Drayton's treatment (*Idea*, 1594, xiv.) of the sonneteing convention which makes every unrequited lover see in a looking-glass his face prematurely withered and deformed by despair. In Sonnet xliii., beginning, 'Tell me of love, sweet Love, who is thy sire?' Griffin rewrote Watson's Ἐκατομπαθία (lii.), of which the first line runs, 'When wert thou born, sweet Love? who was thy sire?'² No sincerity can be attached to this mosaic of borrowed conceits and diction.

William Smith, the author of *Chloris*—a third collection of sonnets which appeared in 1596—was a very humble disciple of Spenser.³ The two opening sonnets, which are

¹ Of Griffin's volume only three copies seem to be known—in the Bodleian, Huth, and Britwell Libraries respectively. Griffin's Sonnet iii., beginning, 'Venus and young Adonis sitting by her,' is almost identical with the fourth poem—a sonnet beginning, 'Sweet Cytheræa, sitting by a brook'—in Jaggard's piratical miscellany, *The Passionate Pilgrim*, which bore Shakespeare's name on the title-page.

² Watson based this effort on a sonnet which he attributes to Serafino; but though it appears in later editions of Serafino's sonnets, it appears to be the work of another Italian sonneteer, Pamphilo Sasso. Desportes rendered the Italian sonnet very literally in *Amours de Diane*, Livre i. xxxvii.

³ 'Chloris' was the name of one of the ladies to whom Théodore de Bèze addressed himself in his early and very popular collection of Latin *Poemata*, 1548 (ed. Machard, 1879, p. 197). In 1600 a licence was issued by the Stationers Company for the issue of *Amours* by W. S. This no doubt refers to a second collection of sonnets by William Smith. The projected volume is not extant.

unnumbered, are, like the forty-ninth and last, inscribed to his master. Smith describes his poems as the 'budding springs of his study.' They are mere reminiscences of his reading, and the phraseology and metre have no literary value.

Finally, in 1597, there came out a similar volume by Robert Tofte, entitled *Laura, the Joys of a Traveller, or the Feast of Fancy*. The book is divided into three parts, each consisting of forty 'sonnets' in very irregular metres. The rules of the sonnet form are for the most part ignored. There is a prose dedication to a well-known patroness of poets, Lucy, sister of Henry Percy, ninth Earl of Northumberland, afterwards wife of James Hay, first Earl of Carlisle. Tofte tells his patroness that most of his 'toys' 'were conceived in Italy,' and he distributes about his pages the names of Italian cities—Padua (p. 359), Siena (p. 372), Pisa (p. 382), Rome (p. 386), Florence (p. 396), Mantua (p. 417), Pesaro (p. 419), and Fano (p. 420)—by way of indicating the places where he held communion with his Muse. As its name of *Laura* implies, his work is a pale reflection of Petrarch.¹

The fifteen collections included in these volumes by no means represent the whole of the amorous sonneteering activity of the era, but they give as large a picture of it as any student is likely to need. Of the excluded collections of sonnet-sequences of love, mention may be made of a very rare collection of forty sonnets, echoing English and French

¹ A postscript by a friend—'R. B.'—complains that the publisher had intermingled with Tofte's genuine efforts 'more than thirty sonnets not his.' But the style throughout is so uniformly tame that it is not possible to distinguish the work of a second hand.

models, by an unidentified writer, 'E. C., Esq.,' under the title of *Emaricdulfe* (1595),¹ and two efforts of greater interest, which although written in Elizabeth's time were published later: viz. William Alexander's *Aurora*, a hundred and six sonnets, with a few songs and elegies interspersed on French patterns (published in 1604), and *Cælica*, a miscellany of lyrics in varied metres, by Sir Fulke Greville, afterwards Lord Brooke, the intimate friend of Sir Philip Sidney. Both Alexander and Greville amply illustrated the influence of foreign workers. Of collections of sonnets which belong altogether to a somewhat later epoch, one alone is of first-rate literary interest. About 1607 William Drummond of Hawthornden penned a series of sixty-eight sonnets, interspersed with songs, madrigals, and sextains. Nearly all were translated or adapted from modern Italian sonneteers. But Drummond's dexterity was exceptional. The writer's native poetic fire is by no means dimmed by his dependence on foreign effort.²

XI

CONCLUSION

The sonnet-sequence of love died hard in England, but, after a time, it fell a victim to ridicule. The dissemination

¹ This volume, which was dedicated by 'E. C.' to his 'two very good friends, John Zouch and Edward Fitton, Esquiers,' was reprinted for the Roxburghe Club in *A Lamport Garland*, 1881, edited by Mr. Charles Edmonds. 'Emaricdulfe' is an anagram on the name of one Marie Cufeld, or Cufaud, of Cufaud Manor, near Basingstoke.

² Practically to the same category as these collections of sonnets belong the voluminous laments of lovers, in six, eight, or ten-lined stanzas, which, though not in strict sonnet form, closely resemble in temper the sonnet-sequences.

of borrowed sentiment by the sonneteers, and their monotonous and mechanical plagiarisms, had the natural effect of bringing their endeavours into disrepute. The air in England during the last years of the sixteenth century rang with sarcastic protests.

In early life Gabriel Harvey, Spenser's admiring critic, wittily parodied the mingling of adulation and vituperation in the conventional sonnet-sequence, in his 'Amorous Odious Sonnet intituled The Student's Looove or Hatrid.' Chapman, in 1595, in a series of sonnets entitled, 'A Coronet for his Mistress Philosophy,' appealed to his literary comrades to abandon 'the painted cabinet' of a love-sonnet for a coffer of genuine worth.

But the most resolute of the censors of the sonneteering vogue was the poet and lawyer, Sir John Davies. In a sonnet addressed about 1596 to his friend, Sir Anthony Cooke (the patron of Drayton's *Idea*), he inveighed against the 'bastard sonnets,' which 'base rhymers daily begot to their own shames and poetry's disgrace.' In his anxiety to stamp out the folly, he wrote and circulated, in manuscript, a

Such are *Willobie's Avis*, 1594; *Alcilia: Philoparthen's Loving Folly*, by I. C., 1595 (reprinted in *Some Longer Elizabethan Poems*, ed. A. H. Bullen, in the present series, pp. 319-362); *Arbor of Amorous Devices*, 1597 (containing two regular sonnets), by Nicholas Breton; *Alba, the Months Minde of a Melancholy Lover*, by Robert Tofte, 1598; *Daiphantus, or the Passions of Love*, by Anthony Scoloker, 1604 (reprinted in *Some Longer Elizabethan Poems*, pp. 363-404); Breton's *The Passionate Shepheard, or The Shepherdes Love: set downe in passions to his Shepheardesse Aglaia; with many excellent conceited poems and pleasant sonets fit for young heads to pass away idle houres*, 1604 (none of the 'sonets' are in sonnet metre); and John Reynolds' *Dolarnys Primerose . . . wherein is expressed the liuely passions of Zeale and Loue*, 1606. Though George Wither's similar productions—his exquisitely fanciful *Fidelia* (1617) and his *Faire-Virtue, the Mistresse of Phil'Arcté* (1622)—were published at a later period, they were probably designed in the opening years of the seventeenth century.

specimen series of nine 'gulling sonnets,' or parodies of the conventional efforts. Even Shakespeare does not seem to have escaped Davies's condemnation. Sir John is especially severe on the sonneteers who handled conceits based on legal technicalities. In his eighth 'gulling sonnet,' he ridicules effectively the application of law terms to affairs of the heart. Although Sir John here directly aims his shafts at the insignificant author of the most clumsy of the extant collections, *Zepheria*, many an expert practitioner—even Shakespeare in his Sonnets lxxxvii. and cxxxiv.—had laid himself equally open to attack.

'My case is this. I love Zepheria bright,
 Of her I hold my heart by fealty :
 Which I discharge to her perpetually,
 Yet she thereof will never me acquit[e],
 For now supposing I withhold her right,
 She hath distrained my heart to satisfy
 The duty which I never did deny,
 And far away impounds it with despite.
 I labour therefore justly to repleave [*i.e.* recover]
 My heart which she unjustly doth impound.
 But quick Conceit which now is Love's high shrieve,
 Returns it as esloyned [*i.e.* absconded], not to be found.
 Then what the law affords—I only crave
 Her heart, for mine inwit her name to have.'

(Davies's *Sonnets*, No. viii.)

Echoes of the critical hostility are heard, it is curious to note, in nearly all the references that Shakespeare himself makes to sonneteing in his plays. 'Tush, none but minstrels like of sonneting,' impatiently exclaims Biron in *Love's Labour's Lost* (IV. iii. 158). In the *Two Gentlemen of Verona* (III. ii. 68 *seq.*) there is a satiric touch in the recipe for the conventional love-sonnet which Proteus offers the amorous Duke;—

'You must lay lime to tangle her desires
 By wailful sonnets, whose composèd rime
 Should be full-fraught with serviceable vows . . .
 Say that upon the altar of her beauty
 You sacrifice your tears, your sighs, your heart.'

Mercutio treats Elizabethan sonneteers even less respectfully when alluding to them in his flouts at Romeo:—

'Now is he for the numbers that Petrarch flow'd in : Laura
 to his lady was but a kitchen wench ; marry, she had a
 better love to be-rime her.'—(*Romeo and Juliet*, II. iv. 41-4.)

When the sonnet-sequence of love had grown out of date, Ben Jonson, in his play of *Volpone* (Act iii. sc. 2), looked back on the past 'days of sonneting,' and reproached its votaries with their debt to 'passionate' Petrarch. Jonson condemned the artificial principles of the sonnet root and branch, when he told Drummond of Hawthornden that 'he cursed Petrarch for redacting verses to sonnets which he said were like that tyrant's bed, where some who were too short were racked, others too long cut short.' (Jonson's *Conversation*, p. 4.)

In England no more than on the continent did love, which was nearly always feigned, constitute the sole topic of the sonnet-sequence. But abroad and at home sonnets on religion, metaphysics, and astrology were interpolated at one point or another in many amorous collections. There were also several volumes of sonnets consecrated exclusively to religion and philosophy. Barnes and Constable each wrote an extended series of 'Spiritual Sonnets.' Henry Locke issued in 1597 a collection of no less than three hundred and twenty-eight 'Sundrie Sonets of Christian Passions, with other Affectionate Sonets of a Feeling Conscience.'

The imitative character of the Elizabethan sonnet was

not obscured when it was diverted to the service of religion. The English 'Spiritual Sonnets' are all closely modelled on the two series of *Sonnets Spirituels*, which the Abbé Jacques de Billy published in Paris in 1577.¹

Very many separate sonnets, too, were penned throughout Europe, altogether apart from either the amorous or the religious sequences. Elizabethan England was hardly less rich than France or Italy in isolated sonnets inscribed to great patrons and to personal friends. Of detached sonnets to friends or patrons specimens can be found at the beginning or end of nearly every published book of the period. In sonnets of this class Petrarch still remains the predominating influence, modified by later Italian and by French examples. Elizabethan sonnets to patrons commonly echo that affectionate note which the Tuscan master struck in his famous sonnet to his friend and patron, Colonna—a note which was often afterwards developed by his Italian and French, no less than by his English disciples, into a pæan of impassioned devotion to a Mæcenas.

The more closely the different manifestations of the sonneteering vogue in sixteenth-century Europe are studied, the more closely is each seen to conform to one or other of a very limited number of fixed types, all of which owe their birth to Petrarch. However varied the language in which the sixteenth-century sonnet was clothed, its spirit never diverges very far from that of the Petrarchan archetype. 'In his sweete mourning sonets,' wrote Sir John Harington, a typical Elizabethan, in 1591, 'the dolefull Petrarke . . .

¹ A long series of very similar *Sonnets Spirituels*, written by Anne de Marquets, a sister of the Dominican order, who died at Poissy in 1598, was published in Paris in 1605.

seemes to have comprehended all the passions that all men of that humour have felt.'¹

Shakespeare was the greatest poetic genius who was drawn into the sonneteering current of the sixteenth century. His supremacy of poetic power and invention creates a very wide interval between his efforts and those of his contemporaries. Nevertheless the Elizabethan age was too completely steeped in the Petrarchan conventions to permit him full freedom from their toils. His commanding powers converted into gold most of the base ore which is the fabric of the Elizabethan sonnet in others' hands. Yet, as soon as Shakespeare's endeavour is minutely scrutinised, the processes of assimilation, which were characteristic of contemporary sonneteers, are seen to be at work in it also. Many a phrase and sentiment of Petrarch and Ronsard, or of English sonneteers who wrote earlier than he, give the cue to Shakespeare's noblest poems. Only when the Elizabethan sonnet is studied comparatively with the sonnet of France and Italy are the elements of its composition revealed. When the analysis is completed, Shakespeare's sonnets, despite their exalted poetic quality, will be acknowledged to owe a very large debt to the vast sonneteering literature of sixteenth-century Europe on which they set a glorious crown.

SIDNEY LEE.

5th March 1904.

¹ Harington's translation of Ariosto's *Orlando Furioso*, p. 30, edit. 1634.

Syr P. S.

His Astrophel and Stella.

Wherein the excellence of sweet

Poesy is concluded.

(:.)

*To the end of which are added, sundry
other rare Sonnets of divers Noble
men and Gentlemen.*

(*)




At London,

Printed for Thomas Newman.

Anno. Domini. 1591.

[Title-page of first (surreptitious) impression.]

 SIR P. S. HIS
ASTROPHEL AND
STELLA.

Wherein the excellence of sweet
Poesy is concluded.




At London,
Printed for Thomas Newman.

Anno Domini, 1591.

[Title-page of second revised impression.]



 *To the worshipful and his very
good friend, Master FRANCIS FLOWER Esquire :
increase of all content.*

[This dedication only appears in the first (surreptitious) impression of 1591.]



IT was my fortune, Right Worshipful, not many days since, to light upon the famous device of *ASTROPHEL and STELLA*, which carrying the general commendation of all men of judgment, and being reported to be one of the rarest things that ever any Englishmen set abroad, I have thought good to publish it under your name ; both for I know the excellency of your Worship's conceit, above all other to be such as is only fit to discern of all matters of wit ; as also for the credit and countenance your patronage may give to such a work.

Accept of it, I beseech you, as the firstfruits of my affection, which desires to approve itself in all duty unto you : and though the argument, perhaps, may seem too light for your grave view ; yet considering the worthiness of the author, I hope you will entertain it accordingly.

For my part, I have been very careful in the printing of it: and whereas being spread abroad in written copies, it had gathered much corruption by ill writers; I have used their help and advice in correcting and restoring it to his first dignity, that I know were of skill and experience in those matters.

And the rather was I moved to set it forth, because I thought it pity anything proceeding from so rare a man should be obscured; or that his fame should not still be nourished in his works: whom the works with one united grief, bewailed.

Thus craving pardon for my bold attempt, and desiring the continuance of your Worship's favour unto me: I end.

Your's always to be commanded,

THOMAS NEWMAN.





Somewhat to read, for them that list.

[This preface, by Thomas Nashe, only appears in the first (surreptitious) edition of 1591.]



TEMPUS adest plausus aurea pompa venit. So ends the scene of idiots ; and enter ASTROPHEL in pomp. Gentlemen that have seen a thousand lines of folly drawn forth *ex uno puncto impudentiæ*, and two famous mountains to go to the conception of one mouse ; that have had your ears deafened with the echo of Fame's brazen towers, when only they have been touched with a leaden pen ; that have seen PAN sitting in his bower of delights, and a number of MIDASES to admire his miserable hornpipes : let not your surfeited sight—newly come from such puppet-play—think scorn to turn aside into this Theatre of Pleasure : for here you shall find a paper stage strewed with pearl, an artificial heaven to overshadow the fair frame, and crystal walls to encounter your curious eyes ; whiles the tragi-comedy of love is performed by starlight.

The chief actor here is MELPOMENE, whose dusky robes, dipped in the ink of tears [which] as yet seem to drop, when I view them near ; the argument, cruel Chastity ; the prologue, Hope ; the epilogue, Despair. *Videte quæso et linguis animisque favete.*

And here, peradventure, my witless youth may be taxed with a margent note of presumption, for offering to put up any motion of applause in the behalf of so excellent a poet (the least syllable of whose name sounded in the ears of judgment, is able to give the meanest line he writes, a dowry of immortality) yet those that observe how jewels oftentimes come to their hands that know not their value; and that the coxcombs of our days, like ÆSOP'S cock, had rather have a barley kernel wrapt up in a ballet, than they will dig for the wealth of wit in any ground that they know not; I hope will also hold me excused, though I open the gate to his glory, and invite idle ears to the admiration of his melancholy.

Quid petitur sacris nisi tantum fama poetis.

Which although it be oftentimes imprisoned in ladies caskets, and the precedent books of such as cannot see without another man's spectacles; yet, at length, it breaks forth in spite of his keepers, and useth some private pen, instead of a pick-lock, to procure his violent enlargement.

The sun, for a time, may mask his golden head in a cloud; yet in the end, the thick veil doth vanish and his embellished blandishment appears. Long hath ASTROPHEL—England's sun—withheld the beams of his spirit from the common view of our dark sense; and night hath hovered over the gardens of the Nine Sisters: while *ignis fatuus*, and gross fatty flames (such as commonly arise out of dunghills) have taken occasion, in the midst eclipse of his shining perfections, to wander abroad with a wisp of paper at their tails, like hobgoblins; and lead men up and down, in a circle of absurdity a whole week, and they never know where they are. But now that cloud of sorrow is dissolved, which fiery Love exhaled from

his dewy hair ; and Affection hath unburdened the labouring streams of her womb in the low cistern of his grave : the Night hath resigned her jetty throne unto LUCIFER, and clear daylight possesseth the sky that was dimmed. Wherefore, break off your dance, you fairies and elves ! and from the fields, with the torn carcasses of your timbrels ! for your kingdom is expired. Put out your rushlights, you poets and rhymers ! and bequeath your crazed quatorzains to the chandlers ! for lo, here he cometh that hath broken your legs.

APOLLO hath resigned his ivory harp unto ASTROPHEL ; and he, like MERCURY, must lull you asleep with his music. Sleep ARGUS ! sleep ignorance ! sleep impudence ! for MERCURY hath Io : and only *Io Pæan* belongeth to ASTROPHEL.

Dear ASTROPHEL ! that in the ashes of thy love, livest again, like the Phoenix. O might thy body, as thy name, live again likewise here amongst us ! but the earth—the mother of mortality—hath snatched thee too soon into her chilled cold arms ; and will not let thee, by any means, be drawn from her deadly embrace : and thy divine soul, carried on angels' wings to heaven, is installed in HERMES' place, sole *prolocutor* to the gods. Therefore mayest thou never return from the Elysian fields, like ORPHEUS. Therefore must we ever mourn for our ORPHEUS.

Fain would a second spring of passion here spend itself on his sweet remembrance—but Religion, that rebuketh profane lamentation, drinks in the rivers of those despairful tears, which languorous ruth hath outwelled ; and bids me look back to the House of Honour : where from one and the self-same root of renown, I shall find many goodly branches derived ; and such as, with the spreading increase of their virtues, may somewhat overshadow the grief of his loss.

Amongst the which; fair sister of PHÆBUS! and eloquent secretary of the Muses! most rare Countess of PEMBROKE! thou art not to be omitted: whom arts do adore as a second MINERVA, and our poets extol as the patroness of their invention. For in thee, the Lesbian SAPPHO with her lyric harp is disgraced; and the laurel garland, which thy brother so bravely advanced on his lance, is still kept green in the temple of PALLAS. Thou only sacrificest thy soul to contemplation! Thou only entertainest emptyhanded HOMER! and keepest the springs of Castalia from being dried up! Learning, wisdom, beauty and all other ornaments of nobility whatsoever, seek to approve themselves in thy sight; and get a further seal of felicity from the smiles of thy favour.

O Jove digna viro ni Jove nata fores.

I fear I shall be counted a mercenary flatterer, for mixing my thoughts with such figurative admiration: but general report that surpasseth my praise, condemneth my rhetoric of dulness for so cold a commendation. Indeed, to say the truth, my style is somewhat heavy-gaited, and cannot dance trip and go so lively; with "O my love!" "Ah my love!" "All my love's gone!"—as other shepherds that have been fools in the morris, time out of mind: nor hath my prose any skill to imitate the "almond leap verse," and sit tabering, five years together, nothing but "to be," "to he," on a paper drum. Only I can keep pace with Gravesend barge; and care not, if I have water enough to land my ship of fools with the Term (the tide, I should say). Now every man is not of that mind. For some, to go the lighter away, will take in their freight of spangled feathers, golden pebbles, straw, reeds, bulrushes, or anything; and then they bear out their sails as proudly, as if they were ballasted with bull beef.

Others are so hardly bestead for a loading, that they are fain to retail the cinders of Troy, and the shivers of broken trunchions, to fill up their boat; that else should go empty: and if they have but a pound's weight of good merchandise, it shall be placed at the poop, or plucked into a thousand pieces to credit their carriage.

For my part every man as he likes. *Mens cujusque is est quisque.* 'Tis as good to go in cut-fingered pumps as cork shoes: if one wear Cornish diamonds on his toes. To explain it by a more familiar example. An ass is no great statesman in the beasts' commonwealth, though he wear his ears, *upsevant muffle*, after the Muscovy fashion, and hang the lip like a cap-case half open; or look as demurely as a sixpenny brown loaf; for he hath some imperfections that do keep him from the common Council: yet, of many, he is deemed a very virtuous member, and one of the honestest sort of men that are. So that our opinion—as SEXTIUS EMPEDOCUS affirmeth—gives the name of good or ill to every thing. Out of whose works—lately translated into English, for the benefit of unlearned writers—a man might collect a whole book of this argument: which, no doubt, would prove a worthy commonwealth matter; and far better than wit's wax kernel. Much good worship have the author!

Such is this golden age wherein we live, and so replenished with golden asses of all sorts: that if learning had lost itself in a grove of genealogies; we need do no more but set an old goose over half a dozen pottle pots (which are, as it were, the eggs of invention) and we shall have such a breed of books, within a while after, as will fill all the world with the wild fowl of good wits.

I can tell you this is a harder thing than making gold of quicksilver; and will trouble you more than the moral of

ÆSOP'S glowworm hath troubled our English apes: who, striving to warm themselves with the flame of the philosopher's stone, have spent all their wealth, in buying bellows to blow this false fire.


Gentlemen! I fear I have too much presumed on your idle leisure; and been too bold, to stand talking all this while in another man's door: but now I will leave you to survey the pleasures of Paphos, and offer your smiles on the altars of VENUS.

Yours, in all desire to please,

THOMAS NASHE.






 Sir P[HILIP] S[IDNEY]
 HIS
ASTROPHEL AND STELLA.

I.



OIVING IN truth, and fain in verse my love
 to show,
 That She, dear She! might take some
 pleasure of my pain;
 Pleasure might cause her read, reading
 might make her know,
 Knowledge might pity win, and pity grace
 obtain :

I sought fit words to paint the blackest face of woe,
 Studying inventions fine, her wits to entertain;
 Oft turning others' leaves, to see if thence would flow
 Some fresh and fruitful showers upon my sunburnt brain :

But words came halting forth, wanting Invention's stay.
 Invention Nature's child, fled step-dame's Study's blows;
 And others' feet still seemed but strangers' in my way.

Thus great with child to speak, and helpless in my throes;
 Biting my trewand pen, beating myself for spite :
 "Fool!" said my Muse, "look in thy heart, and write!"

I I.

NOT AT THE first sight, nor with a dribbed shot, [bleed :
 LOVE gave the wound, which while I breathe, will
 But known worth did in mine of time proceed,
 Till, by degrees, it had full conquest got.

I saw and liked, I liked but loved not ;
 I loved, but straight did not what LOVE decreed :
 At length to LOVE's decrees, I forced, agreed ;
 Yet with repining at so partial lot.

Now even that footstep of lost liberty
 Is gone ; and now, like slave-born Muscovite,
 I call it praise to suffer tyranny :

And now employ the remnant of my wit
 To make me self believe that all is well ;
 While with a feeling skill, I paint my hell.

I I I.

LET DAINTY wits cry on the Sisters nine,
 That bravely maskt, their fancies may be told ;
 Or PINDAR's apes flaunt they in phrases fine,
 Enamelling with pied flowers their thoughts of gold ;

Or else let them in statelier glory shine,
 Ennobling new-found tropes with problems old ;
 Or with strange similes enrich each line,
 Of herbs or beasts which Inde or Afric hold :

For me, in sooth, no Muse but one I know.
 Phrases and problems from my reach do grow,
 And strange things cost too dear for my poor sprites.

How then? Even thus. In STELLA's face I read
 What love and beauty be. Then all my deed
 But copying is, what in her Nature writes.

IV.

VIRTUE! ALAS, now let me take some rest.
Thou sett'st a bate between my will and wit :
If vain love have my simple soul opprest ;
Leave what thou lik'st not ! deal not thou with it
Thy sceptre use in some old CATO's breast :
Churches or schools are for thy seat more fit.
I do confess, pardon a fault confest !
My mouth too tender is for thy hard bit.
But if that needs thou wilt usurping be
The little reason that is left in me ;
And still th'effect of thy persuasions prove :
I swear my heart, such one shall show to thee,
That shrines in flesh so true a deity ;
That VIRTUE ! thou thyself shalt be in love !

V.

IT IS MOST true—that eyes are formed to serve
The inward light ; and that the heavenly part
Ought to be King ; from whose rules, who doth swerve,
(Rebels to Nature) strive for their own smart :
It is most true—what we call CUPID's dart,
An image is ; which for ourselves we carve,
And, fools ! adore, in temple of our heart ;
Till that good GOD make church and churchman starve :
True—that true beauty, Virtue is indeed ;
Whereof this beauty can be but a shade,
Which elements with mortal mixture breed :
True—that on earth, we are but pilgrims made ;
And should in soul, up to our country move :
True—and yet true, that I must STELLA love.

VI.

SOME LOVERS speak, when they their Muses entertain,
Of hopes begot by fear, of wot not what desires,
Of force of heavenly beams infusing hellish pain,
Of living deaths, dear wounds, fair storms, and freezing
fires.

Some one his song, in JOVE and JOVE's strange tales attires ;
Bordered with bulls and swans, powdered with golden rain :
Another humbler wit to shepherd's pipe retires,
Yet hiding royal blood full oft in rural vein.

To some a sweetest plaint, a sweetest style affords ; [words :
While tears pour out his ink, and sighs breathe out his
His paper, pale despair ; and pain, his pen doth move.

I can speak what I feel, and feel as much as they ;
But think that all the map of my state I display,
When trembling voice brings forth, that I do STELLA love.

VII.

WHEN NATURE made her chief work—STELLA's eyes ;
In colour black, why wrapt she beams so bright ?
Would she in beamy black, like painter wise,
Frame daintiest lustre, mixed of shades and light ?

Or did she else that sober hue devise,
In object best to knit and strength our sight ?
Lest if no veil these brave gleams did disguise,
They sun-like should more dazzle than delight.

Or would she her miraculous power show ?
That whereas black seems beauty's contrary ;
She, even in black, doth make all beauties flow !

But so and thus, she minding LOVE should be
Placed ever there, gave him this mourning weed ;
To honour all their deaths, which for her bleed.

VIII.



LOVE BORN in Greece, of late fled from his native place;
Forced by a tedious proof, that Turkish hardened
heart

Is no fit mark to pierce with his fine pointed dart :
And pleased with our soft peace, stayed here his flying race.

But finding these North climes do coldly him embrace ;
Not used to frozen clips, he strave to find some part
Where, with most ease and warmth, he might employ his art.
At length he perched himself in STELLA's joyful face ;

Whose fair skin, beamy eyes, like morning sun on snow :
Deceived the quaking boy ; who thought from so pure light,
Effects of lively heat must needs in nature grow. [flight

But she most fair, most cold, made him thence take his
To my close heart ; where, while some firebrands he did lay,
He burnt un'wares his wings, and cannot fly away.

IX.



QUEEN VIRTUE's Court—which some call STELLA's
Prepared by Nature's choicest furniture ; [face—
Hath his front built of alabaster pure.

Gold is the covering of that stately place.

The door, by which sometimes comes forth her Grace,
Red porphyry is, which lock of pearl makes sure :
Whose porches rich (which name of cheeks endure)
Marble mixt red and white do interlace.

The windows now—through which this heavenly guest
Looks o'er the world, and can find nothing such
Which dare claim from those lights the name of best—

Of touch they are, that without touch do touch ;
Which CUPID's self, from Beauty's mind did draw :
Of touch they are, and poor I am their straw.

X.

REASON! IN faith, thou art well served! that still
 Wouldst brabbling be with SENSE and LOVE in me.
 I rather wisht thee climb the Muses' hill,
 Or reach the fruit of Nature's choicest tree,

Or seek heaven's course, or heaven's inside to see.
 Why shouldst thou toil, our thorny soil to till?
 Leave SENSE! and those which SENSE's objects be.
 Deal thou with powers! of thoughts, leave LOVE to will!

But thou wouldst needs fight both with LOVE and SENSE
 With sword of wit, giving wounds of dispraise;
 Till downright blows did foil thy cunning fence.

For soon as they strake thee with STELLA's rays;
 REASON! thou kneel'dst; and offeredst straight to prove
 By reason good, good reason her to love.

XI.

IN TRUTH, O LOVE! with what a boyish kind
 Thou dost proceed in thy most serious ways;
 That when the heaven to thee his best displays,
 Yet of that best, thou leav'st the best behind:

For like a child, that some fair book doth find,
 With gilded leaves or coloured vellum plays;
 Or, at the most, on some fair picture stays:
 But never heeds the fruit of writer's mind.

So when thou saw'st in Nature's cabinet,
 STELLA: thou straight look'st babies in her eyes;
 In her cheek's pit, thou didst thy pitfold set;

And in her breast, bo-peep or couching lies:
 Playing and shining in each outward part.
 But, fool! seek'st not to get into her heart!

XII.

CUPID! BECAUSE thou shin'st in STELLA's eyes ;
That from her locks, thy dances none 'scapes free ;
That those lips swelled, so full of thee they be,
That her sweet breath makes off thy flames to rise ;
That in her breast, thy pap well sugared lies ;
That her grace, gracious makes thy wrongs ; that she
What words so e'er she speak, persuades for thee :
That her clear voice lifts thy fame to the skies :
Thou countest STELLA thine, like those whose powers
Having got up a breach by fighting well,
Cry, " Victory ! this fair day all is ours !"
O no ! Her heart is such a citadel,
So fortified with wit, stored with disdain ;
That to win it, is all the skill and pain.

XIII.

PHŒBUS WAS judge between JOVE, MARS and LOVE ;
Of those three gods, whose arms the fairest were.
JOVE's golden shield did eagle sables bear,
Whose talons held young GANYMEDE above.
But in vert field, MARS bare a golden spear,
Which through a bleeding heart his point did shove.
Each had his crest. MARS carried VENUS' glove ;
JOVE on his helm, the thunderbolt did rear.
CUPID then smiles. For on his crest there lies
STELLA's fair hair. Her face, he makes his shield ;
Where roses gules are borne in silver field.
PHŒBUS drew wide the curtains of the skies
To blaze these last : and sware devoutly then,
The first, thus matched, were scanty gentlemen.

XIV.



ALAS! HAVE I not pain enough? my friend!
 Upon whose breast, a fiercer gripe doth tire,
 Than did on him who first stole down the fire;
 While LOVE on me, doth all his quiver spend:

But with your rhubarb words ye must contend
 To grieve me worse in saying, "That Desire
 Doth plunge my well-formed soul even in the mire
 Of sinful thoughts, which do in ruin end."

If that be sin, which doth the manners frame
 Well stayed with truth in word, and faith of deed;
 Ready of wit, and fearing nought but shame:

If that be sin, which in fixt hearts doth breed
 A loathing of all loose unchastity:
 Then love is sin, and let me sinful be!

XV.



YOU THAT do search for every purling spring
 Which from the ribs of old Parnassus flows;
 And every flower, not sweet perhaps, which grows
 Near thereabouts, into your poesy wring:

You that do dictionary's method bring
 Into your rhymes-running in rattling rows;
 You that poor PETRARCH's long deceased woes,
 With newborn sighs and denizenèd wit do sing:

You take wrong ways! Those far-fet helps be such
 As do bewray a want of inward touch;
 And sure at length, stolen goods do come to light.

But if (both for your love and skill) your name
 You seek to nurse at fullest breasts of Fame:
 STELLA behold! and then begin to endite.

XVI.

IN NATURE apt to like, when I did see
Beauties which were of many carats fine ;
My boiling sprites did thither soon incline,
And, LOVE ! I thought that I was full of thee.

But finding not those restless flames in me,
Which others said did make their souls to pine :
I thought those babes, of some pin's hurt did whine ;
By my soul judging what love's pains might be.

But while I thus with this lion played,
Mine eyes (shall I say curst or blest ?) beheld
STELLA. Now she is named, need more be said ?

In her sight, I a lesson new have spelled.
I now have learned love right ; and learned even so,
As who by being poisoned doth poison know.

XVII.

HIS MOTHER dear, CUPID offended late ;
Because that MARS grown slacker in her love,
With pricking shot he did not throughly move,
To keep the pace of their first loving state.

The boy refused for fear of MARS' hate ;
Who threatened stripes, if he his wrath did prove :
But she, in chafe, him from her lap did shove ;
Brake bow, brake shafts : while weeping CUPID sate.

Till that his grandame Nature pitying it,
Of STELLA's brows, made him two better bows ;
And in her eyes, of arrows infinite.

O how for joy, he leaps ! O how he crows !
And straight therewith—like wags new got to play—
Falls to shrewd turns ; and I was in his way.

XVIII.

WITH WHAT sharp checks I in myself am shent,
When into REASON'S audit I do go;
And by just counts, myself a bankrupt know
Of all those goods which heaven to me hath lent.

Unable quite, to pay even Nature's rent,
Which unto it by birthright I do owe:
And which is worse, no good excuse can show,
But that my wealth I have most idly spent.

My youth doth waste, my knowledge brings forth toys;
My wit doth strive those passions to defend,
Which for reward, spoil it with vain annoys.

I see my course to lose myself doth bend;
I see, and yet no greater sorrow take,
Than that I lose no more for STELLA'S sake.

XIX.

ON CUPID'S bow, how are my heart-strings bent!
That see my wrack, and yet embrace the same.
When most I glory, then I feel most shame.

I willing run; yet while I run, repent.

My best wits still their own disgrace invent.
My very ink turns straight to STELLA'S name;
And yet my words—as them, my pen doth frame—
Advise themselves that they are vainly spent.

For though she pass all things, yet what is all
That unto me; who fares like him that both
Looks to the skies and in a ditch doth fall?

O let me prop my mind, yet in his growth,
And not in nature for best fruits unfit!

“Scholar!” saith LOVE, “bend hitherward your wit!”

XX.



FLY! FLY! my friends; I have my death wound, fly!

See there that boy! that murdering boy, I say!

Who, like a thief, hid in dark bush doth lie,

Till bloody bullet get him wrongful prey!

So, tyrant! he no fitter place could spy,

Nor so fair level in so secret stay,

As that sweet black which veils the heavenly eye:

There himself with his shot, he close doth lay.

Poor passenger! pass now thereby I did,

And stayed, pleased with the prospect of the place;

While that black hue from me the bad guest hid:

But straight I saw motions of lightning grace,

And then descried the glistening of his dart;

But ere I could fly hence, it pierced my heart.

XXI.



OUR WORDS, my friend! (right healthful caustics!)

blame

My young mind marred, whom love doth windlass so;

That mine own writings (like bad servants) show

My wits quick in vain thoughts; in virtue, lame.

“That PLATO I read for nought, but if he tame

Such coltish years; that to my birth I owe

Nobler desires: lest else that friendly foe

Great Expectation, wear a train of shame.”

“For since mad March great promise made of me;

If now the May of my years much decline,

What can be hoped my harvest time will be?”

Sure you say well! Your wisdom's golden mine,

Dig deep with learning's spade! Now tell me this,

Hath this world ought so fair as STELLA is?

XXII.

IN HIGHEST way of heaven, the sun did ride,
 Progressing then from fair Twins' golden place;
 Having no scarf of clouds before his face,
 But shining forth of heat in his chief pride:
 When some fair ladies, by hard promise tied,
 On horseback met him in his furious race;
 Yet each prepared with fan's well-shading grace,
 From that foe's wounds, their tender skins to hide.
 STELLA alone, with face unarmèd, marchèd;
 Either to do like him which open shone,
 Or careless of the wealth because her own:
 Yet were the hid and meaner beauties parched;
 Her daintiest bare, went free. The cause was this.
 The sun which others burnt, did her but kiss.

XXIII.

THE CURIOUS wits, seeing dull pensiveness
 Bewray itself in my long settled eyes:
 Whence those same fumes of melancholy rise,
 With idle pains and missing aim, do guess.
 Some that know how my Spring I did address,
 Deem that my Muse some fruit of knowledge plies:
 Others, because the Prince my service tries,
 Think that I think State errors to redress.
 But harder judges judge ambition's rage—
 Scourge of itself, still climbing slippery place—
 Holds my young brain captived in golden cage.
 O fools! or overwise! alas, the race
 Of all my thoughts hath neither stop nor start,
 But only STELLA's eyes and STELLA's heart.

XXIV.

RICH FOOLS there be, whose base and filthy heart
Lies hatching still the goods wherein they flow :
And damning their own selves to TANTAL's smart,
Wealth breeding want ; more blest, more wretched grow.

Yet to those fools, heaven such wit doth impart,
As what their hands do hold, their heads do know ;
And knowing, love and loving lay apart,
As sacred things, far from all danger's show :

But that rich fool, who by blind Fortune's lot,
The richest gem of love and life enjoys ;
And can with foul abuse, such beauties blot :

Let him deprived of sweet but unfelt joys,
(Exiled for aye from those high treasures, which
He knows not) grow in only folly rich !

XXV.

THE WISEST scholar of the wight most wise,
By PHŒBUS' doom, with sugared sentence says :
" That virtue, if it once met with our eyes,
Strange flames of love it in our souls would raise :

But for that man, with pain this truth descries,
Whiles he each thing in sense's balance weighs :
And so nor will, nor can behold those skies,
Which inward sun to heroic minds displays."

Virtue, of late, with virtuous care to stir
Love of herself, takes STELLA's shape ; that she
To mortal eyes might sweetly shine in her.

It is most true. For since I her did see,
Virtue's great beauty in that face I prove,
And find th'effect : for I do burn in love.

XXVI.



ALTHOUGH DUSTY wits dare scorn astrology ;
 And fools can think those lamps of purest light—
 Whose number, ways, greatness, eternity,
 Promising wonders ; wonder do invite—
 To have, for no cause, birthright in the sky ;
 But for to spangle the black weeds of Night :
 Or for some brawl, which in that chamber high,
 They should still dance to please a gazer's sight.
 For me, I do Nature unidle know ;
 And know great causes, great effects procure ;
 And know those bodies high reign on the low :
 And if these rules did fail, proof makes me sure.
 Who oft fore-judge my after-following race,
 By only those two stars in STELLA's face.

XXVII.



BECAUSE I OFT in dark abstracted guise,
 Seem most alone in greatest company ;
 With dearth of words, or answers quite awry,
 To them that would make speech of speech arise.
 They deem, and of their doom the rumour flies,
 That poison foul of bubbling pride doth lie
 So in my swelling breast ; that only I
 Fawn on me self, and others do despise.
 Yet pride, I think, doth not my soul possess,
 Which looks too oft in his unflattering glass :
 But one worse fault, ambition, I confess,
 That makes me oft my best friends overpass
 Unseen, unheard ; while thought to highest place
 Bends all his powers, even to STELLA's grace.

XXVIII.

YOU THAT with allegory's curious frame,
Of others' children, changelings use to make :
With me, those pains for GOD's sake do not take.
I list not dig so deep for brazen fame.

When I say STELLA! I do mean the same
Princess of Beauty; for whose only sake
The reins of love I love, though never slack :
And joy therein, though nations count it shame.

I beg no subject to use eloquence,
Nor in hid ways do guide philosophy :
Look at my hands for no such quintessence !

But know! that I, in pure simplicity,
Breathe out the flames which burn within my heart,
Love only reading unto me this art.

XXIX.

LIKE SOME weak lords—neighbour'd by mighty kings—
To keep themselves and their chief cities free ;
Do easily yield that all their coasts may be
Ready to store their camp of needful things :

So STELLA's heart, finding what power LOVE brings,
To keep itself in life and liberty ;
Doth willing grant that in the frontiers he
Use all to help his other conquerings :

And thus her heart escapes, but thus her eyes
Serve him with shot ; her lips, his heralds are ;
Her breasts, his tents ; legs, his triumphal car ;
Her flesh, his food ; her skin, his armour brave.
And I, but for because my prospect lies
Upon that coast, am given up for slave.

XXX.



WHETHER the Turkish new moon minded be
To fill his horns this year on Christian coast?
How Poles' right King means, without leave of host,
To warm with ill-made fire, cold Muscovy?

If French can yet three parts in one agree?
What now the Dutch in their full diets boast?
How Holland's hearts—now so good towns be lost—
Trust in the shade of pleasing Orange tree?

How Ulster likes of that same golden bit,
Wherewith my father once made it half tame?
If in the Scotch Court be no welt'ring yet?

These questions, busy wits to me do frame:
I—cumbered with good manners—answer do;
But know not how, for still I think on you.

XXXI.



ITN how sad steps, O Moon! thou climb'st the skies!
How silently! and with how wan a face!
What! may it be that even in heavenly place
That busy archer his sharp arrows tries?

Sure, if that long with love-acquainted eyes
Can judge of love, thou feel'st a lover's case.
I read it in thy looks. Thy languisht grace
To me that feel the like, thy state describes.

Then even of fellowship, O Moon! tell me
Is constant love deemed there, but want of wit?
Are beauties there, as proud as here they be?

Do they above love to be loved; and yet
Those lovers scorn whom that love doth possess?
Do they call virtue there, ungratefulness?

XXXII.



ORPHEUS! the lively son of deadly SLEEP,
Witness of life to them that living die.

A prophet oft, and oft an history,
A poet eke; as humours fly and creep:
Since thou in me so sure a power dost keep,
That never I with close up sense do lie,
But by thy work, my STELLA I descry;
Teaching blind eyes both how to smile and weep.

Vouchsafe of all acquaintance this to tell!
Whence hast thou ivory, rubies, pearl and gold,
To show her skin, lips, teeth and head so well?
“Fool!” answers he, “no Indies such treasures hold;
But from thy heart, while my sire charmeth thee,
Sweet STELLA’S image I do steal to me.”

XXXIII.



MIGHT—unhappy word, O me!—I might,
And then would not, or could not see my bliss:
Till now, wrapt in a most infernal night,

I find, how heavenly day, wretch! I did miss.
Heart rent thyself! thou dost thyself but right.
No lovely PARIS made thy HELEN his;
No force, no fraud robbed thee of thy delight;
No Fortune, of thy fortune author is;
But to myself, myself did give the blow;
While too much wit (forsooth!) so troubled me,
That I, respects for both our sakes must show:
And yet could not by rising morn foresee
How fair a day was near. O punisht eyes!
That I had been more foolish or more wise!

XXXIV.



OME, LET me write. "And to what end?" To ease
A burthened heart. "How can words ease, which are
The glasses of thy daily vexing care?"

Oft, cruel fights well pictured forth do please.

"Art not ashamed to publish thy disease?"

Nay that may breed my fame. It is so rare.

"But will not wise men think thy words fond ware?"

Then be they close, and so none shall displease.

"What idler thing, than speak and not be heard?"

What harder thing, than smart and not to speak?

"Peace! foolish wit!" With wit, my wit is marred.

Thus write I, while I doubt to write; and wreak
My harms on ink's poor loss. Perhaps some find
STELLA's great powers, that so confuse my mind.

XXXV.



HAT MAY words say, or what may words not say;

Where truth itself must speak like flattery?

Within what bounds, can one his liking stay;

Where Nature doth with infinite agree?

What NESTOR's counsel can my flames allay,

Since REASON's self doth blow the coal in me?

And ah! what hope that hope should once see day,

Where CUPID is sworn page to CHASTITY?

HONOUR is honoured, that thou dost possess

Him as thy slave; and now long needy FAME

Doth even grow rich, naming my STELLA's name.

WIR learns in thee perfection to express;

Not thou by praise, but PRAISE in thee is raised.

It is a praise to praise, where thou art praised.

XXXVI.



STELLA! WHENCE doth this new assault arise?
A conquered, yielded, ransacked heart to win!
Where to, long since, through my long battered eyes,
Whole armies of thy beauties entered in.

And there, long since, LOVE thy Lieutenant lies:
My forces razed, thy banners raised within.
Of conquest, do not these effects suffice?
But wilt now war upon thine own begin

With so sweet voice, and by sweet Nature so
In sweetest strength; so sweetly skilled withal
In all sweet stratagems sweet Art can show:

That not my soul, which at thy foot did fall,
Long since forced by thy beams; but stone nor tree
By SENSE's privilege. can 'scape from thee.

XXXVII.

[This Sonnet was first printed in the 1598 folio edition, appended to Sidney's *Arcadia*.]



MY MOUTH doth water, and my breast doth swell,
My tongue doth itch, my thoughts in labour be:
Listen then Lordings with good ear to me!

For of my life I must a riddle tell.

Towards AURORA's Court, a nymph doth dwell
Rich in all beauties which man's eye can see:
Beauties so far from reach of words, that we
Abuse her praise saying she doth excel.

Rich in the treasure of deserved renown.
Rich in the riches of a royal heart.

Rich in those gifts, which give th'eternal crown:

Who, though most rich in these and every part,
Which make the patents of true worldly bliss;
Hath no misfortune, but that RICH she is.

XXXVIII.

THIS NIGHT, while sleep begins with heavy wings
To hatch mine eyes, and that unbitted thought
Doth fall to stray; and my chief powers are brought
To leave the sceptre of all subject things:

The first that straight my fancy's error brings
Unto my mind, is STELLA's image; wrought
By LOVE's own self, but with so curious draught,
That she, methinks, not only shines but sings:

I start! look! hark! but what in closed up sense
Was held, in open sense it flies away;
Leaving me nought but wailing eloquence.

I, seeing better sights in sight's decay;
Called it anew, and wooed sleep again:
But him her host, that unkind guest had slain.

XXXIX.

COME SLEEP! O SLEEP! the certain knot of peace!
The baiting place of wit! the balm of woe!
The poor man's wealth! the prisoner's release!
Th'indifferent judge between the high and low!

With shield of proof, shield me from out the press
Of those fierce darts, DESPAIR at me doth throw!
O make in me those civil wars to cease!
I will good tribute pay if thou do so.

Take thou of me, smooth pillows, sweetest bed,
A chamber deaf to noise and blind to light,
A rosy garland, and a weary head:

And if these things as being thine by right,
Move not thy heavy Grace; thou shalt in me
Livelier than elsewhere, STELLA's image see.

XL.



AS GOOD to write, as for to lie and groan.
O STELLA dear! how much thy power hath wrought
Thou hast my mind, none of the basest, brought
My still-kept course, while others sleep, to moan.

Alas, if from the height of Virtue's throne,
Thou canst vouchsafe the influence of a thought
Upon a wretch, that long thy grace hath sought;
Weigh then, how I, by thee, am overthrown!

And then, think thus, "Although thy beauty be
Made manifest by such a victory;
Yet noblest conquerors do wracks avoid."

Since then thou hast so far subdued me
That in my heart I offer still to thee.
O do not let thy temple be destroyed!

XLI.



HAVING THIS day, my horse, my hand, my lance
Guided so well; that I obtained the prize:
Both by the judgment of the English eyes;
And of some sent by that sweet enemy, France!

Horsemen, my skill in horsemanship advance;
Townfolk, my strength; a daintier judge applies
His praise to sleight, which from good use doth rise;
Some lucky wits impute it but to chance;

Others, because, of both sides, I do take
My blood from them who did excel in this;
Think Nature me a man-at-arms did make.

How far they shot awry! The true cause is,
STELLA lookt on, and from her heavenly face
Sent forth the beams which made so fair my race.

XLII



EYES! which do the spheres of beauty move ;
Whose beams be joys ; whose joys, all virtues be ;
Who while they make LOVE conquer, conquer LOVE.

The schools where VENUS hath learned chastity.

O eyes ! where humble looks most glorious prove ;
Only, loved tyrants ! just in cruelty,
Do not ! O do not from poor me remove !
Keep still my zenith ! Ever shine on me !

For though I never see them, but straightways
My life forgets to nourish languisht sprites ;
Yet still on me, O eyes ! dart down your rays !

And if from majesty of sacred lights
Oppressing mortal sense, my death proceed :
Wracks, triumphs be ; which love (high set) doth breed.

XLIII.



AIR EYES ! sweet lips ! dear heart ! that foolish I
Could hope, by CUPID's help, on you to prey :

Since to himself, he doth your gifts apply ;
As his main force, choice sport, and easeful stay.

For when he will see who dare him gainsay ;
Then with those eyes, he looks. Lo ! by and by,
Each soul doth at LOVE's feet, his weapons lay ;
Glad if for her he give them leave to die.

When he will play ; then in her lips, he is ;
Where blushing red, that LOVE's self them doth love ;
With either lip, he doth the other kiss.

But when he will for quiet's sake, remove
From all the world ; her heart is then his room :
Where, well he knows, no man to him can come.

XLIV.

MY WORDS, I know, do well set forth my mind;
 My mind bemoans his sense of inward smart:
 Such smart may pity claim of any heart;
 Her heart, sweet heart! is of no tigress kind:
 And yet she hears, and yet no pity I find;
 But more I cry, less grace she doth impart.
 Alas, what cause is there, so overthwart,
 That Nobleness itself makes thus unkind?
 I much do guess, yet find no truth save this;
 That when the breath of my complaints do touch
 Those dainty doors unto the Court of Bliss,
 The heavenly nature of that place is such,
 That once come there, the sobs of my annoys
 Are metamorphosed straight to tunes of joys.

XLV.

STELLA OFT sees the very face of woe
 Painted in my beclouded stormy face;
 But cannot skill to pity my disgrace,
 Not, though thereof the cause herself she know:
 Yet hearing late a fable which did show
 Of lovers never known, a piteous case;
 Pity thereof gat in her breast such place
 That from that sea derived, tears' spring did flow.
 Alas, if Fancy drawn by imaged things,
 Though false, yet with free scope more grace doth breed
 Than servant's wrack, where new doubts honour brings;
 Then think, my Dear! that you in me do read
 Of lovers' ruin, some sad tragedy.
 I am not I, pity the tale of me!

XLVI.



CURST THEE oft, I pity now thy case,
Blind-hitting boy! since she, that thee and me
Rules with a beck, so tyrannizeth thee,
That thou must want or food or dwelling place.

For she protests to "banish thee her face."
Her face! O LOVE, a rogue thou then shouldst be!
"If LOVE learn not alone to love and see,
Without desire to feed of further grace."

Alas, poor wag! that now a scholar art
To such a schoolmistress, whose lessons new
Thou needs must miss; and so, thou needs must smart!

Yet Dear! let me his pardon get of you,
So long (though he from book myche to desire)
Till without fuel, you can make hot fire.

XLVII.



HAT! HAVE I thus betrayed my liberty?
Can those black beams, such burning marks engrave
In my free side? or am I born a slave,
Whose neck becomes such yoke of tyranny?

Or want I sense to feel my misery?
Or sprite, disdain of such disdain to have?
Who for long faith, though daily help I crave,
May get no alms, but scorn of beggary.

VIRTUE, awake! BEAUTY, but beauty is.
I may, I must, I can, I will, I do
Leave following that which it is gain to miss.

Let her do! Soft! but here she comes. Go to!
"Unkind! I love you not." O me! that eye
Doth make my heart give to my tongue the lie.

XLVIII.

SOUL's joy! bend not those morning stars from me!
Where Virtue is made strong by Beauty's might,
Where Love is Chasteness, Pain doth learn Delight,
And Humbleness grows one with Majesty :

Whatever may ensue, O let me be
Co-partner of the riches of that sight!
Let not mine eyes be hell-driven from that light!
O look! O shine! O let me die and see!

For though I oft myself of them bemoan,
That through my heart their beamy darts be gone;
Whose cureless wounds, even now, most freshly bleed :

Yet since my death wound is already got;
Dear Killer! spare not thy sweet cruel shot!
A kind of grace it is, to slay with speed.

XLIX.

I, ON MY horse; and LOVE on me, doth try
Our horsemanships: while by strange work I prove
A horseman to my horse, a horse to LOVE;

And now man's wrongs in me poor beast! descry.

The reins wherewith my rider doth me tie
Are Humbled Thoughts, which bit of Reverence move;
Curbed in with Fear, but with gilt boss above
Of Hope, which makes it seem fair to the eye.

The wand is Will, thou Fancy saddle art,
Girt fast by Memory; and while I spur
My horse, he spurs with Sharp Desire my heart.

He sits me fast, however I do stir;
And now hath made me to his hand so right,
That in the menage myself takes delight.

L.



STELLA! THE fulness of my thoughts of thee
 Cannot be stayed within my panting breast;
 But they do swell and struggle forth of me
 Till that in words, thy figure be exprest.

And yet as soon as they so formèd be,
 According to my lord LOVE's own behest:
 With sad eyes, I their weak proportion see,
 To portrait that which in this world is best.

So that I cannot choose but write my mind;
 And cannot choose but put out what I write;
 While these poor babes their death in birth do find.

And now my pen, these lines had dashed quite,
 But that they stopt his fury from the same;
 Because their forefront bare sweet STELLA's name.

L I.



PARDON MINE ears! both I and they do pray,
 So may your tongue still fluently proceed
 To them, that do such entertainment need:
 So may you still have somewhat new to say.

On silly me do not the burden lay
 Of all the grave conceits, your brain doth breed:
 But find some HERCULES to bear (instead
 Of ATLAS tired) your wisdom's heavenly sway.

For me, while you discourse of courtly tides;
 Of cunning fishers in most troubled streams;
 Of straying ways, when valiant error guides:

Meanwhile, my heart confers with STELLA's beams,
 And is even irkt that so sweet comedy
 By such unsuited speech, should hindered be.

LII.



STRIFE IS grown between VIRTUE and LOVE ;
While each pretends that STELLA must be his.

“ Her eyes, her lips, her all,” saith LOVE “ do this,”

Since they do wear his badge, “ most firmly prove.”

But VIRTUE thus that title doth disprove.

“ That STELLA,” O dear name ! “ that STELLA is

That virtuous soul, sure heir of heavenly bliss :

Not this fair outside which our hearts doth move.

And therefore though her beauty and her grace

Be LOVE’s indeed : in STELLA’s self he may

By no pretence claim any manner place.”

Well, LOVE ! since this demurrer our suit doth stay,

Let VIRTUE have that STELLA’s self ; yet thus

That VIRTUE but that body grant to us.

LIII.



IN MARTIAL sports I had my cunning tried ;

And yet to break more staves did me address :

While with the people’s shouts, I must confess,

Youth, luck and praise even filled my veins with pride.

When CUPID having me, his slave, descried

In MARS’ livery, prancing in the press.

“ What now, Sir Fool ! ” said he (I would no less)

“ Look here, I say ! ” I looked, and STELLA spied ;

Who, hard by, made a window send forth light :

My heart then quaked, then dazzled were mine eyes,

One hand forgot to rule, th’other to fight.

Nor trumpets’ sound I heard ; nor friendly cries ;

My foe came on, and beat the air for me :

Till that her blush taught me my shame to see.

LIV.

BECAUSE I breathe not love to every one,
Nor do not use set colours for to wear,
Nor nourish special locks of vowèd hair,
Nor give each speech a full point of a groan.

The courtly nymphs, acquainted with the moan
Of them who in their lips, LOVE's standard bear:
"What he!" say they of me, "now I dare swear
He cannot love. No, no, let him alone!"

And think so still! so STELLA know my mind.
Profess indeed I do not CUPID's art:
But you, fair maids! at length, this true shall find,
That his right badge is but worn in the heart.
Dumb swans not chattering pies, do lovers prove.
They love indeed who quake to say they love.

LV.

MUSES! I oft invoked your holy aid,
With choicest flowers my speech t'engarland so,
That it, despised in true but naked show,
Might win some grace in your sweet grace arrayed.

And oft whole troops of saddest words I stayed,
Striving abroad a foraging to go;
Until by your inspiring, I might know
How their black banner might be best displayed.

And now I mean no more your help to try,
Nor other sugaring of my speech to prove;
But on her name incessantly to cry.

For let me but name her whom I do love,
So sweet sounds straight mine ear and heart do hit,
That I well find no eloquence like it.

LVI.

FIE! SCHOOL of PATIENCE, fie! your lesson is
Far far too long to learn it without book.
What! a whole week without one piece of look!
And think I should not your large precepts miss?
When I might read those letters fair of bliss
Which in her face teach virtue: I could brook
Somewhat thy leaden counsels; which I took
As of a friend that meant not much amiss.
But now that I, alas, do want her sight;
What! dost thou think that I can ever take
In thy cold stuff a phlegmatic delight?
No, PATIENCE! If thou wilt my good; then make
Her come, and hear with patience my desire:
And then, with patience bid me bear my fire!

LVII.

WOE, HAVING made with many fights his own,
Each sense of mine, each gift, each power of mind:
Grown now his slaves; he forced them out to find
The thoroughest words, fit for WOE's self to groan.
Hoping that when they might find STELLA alone,
Before she could prepare to be unkind;
Her soul, armed but with such a dainty rind,
Should soon be pierced with sharpness of the moan.
She heard my plaints, and did not only hear,
But them (so sweet is she) most sweetly sing;
With that fair breast making WOE's darkness clear.
A pretty case! I hoped her to bring
To feel my griefs: and she with face and voice,
So sweets my pains; that my pains me rejoice.

LVIII.

DOUBT THERE hath been—when, with his golden chain,
 The Orator so far men's hearts doth bind ;
 That no pace else their guided steps can find,
 But as he them more short or slack doth rein—
 Whether with words, this sovereignty he gain ;
 Clothed with fine tropes, with strongest reasons lined :
 Or else pronouncing grace, wherewith his mind
 Prints his own lively form in rudest brain ?
 Now judge by this. In piercing phrases, late,
 The anatomy of all my woes I wrote.
 STELLA'S sweet breath the same to me did read.
 O voice ! O face ! maugre my speeches' might
 Which wooed woe : most ravishing delight,
 Even those sad words, even in sad me, did breed.

LIX.

DEAR ! WHY make you more of a dog, than me ?
 If he do love ; I burn, I burn in love !
 If he wait well ; I never thence would move !
 If he be fair ; yet but a dog can be.
 Little he is, so little worth is he.
 He barks ; my songs, thine own voice oft doth prove.
 Bidden perhaps, he fetcheth thee a glove ;
 But I unbid, fetch even my soul to thee !
 Yet while I languish ; him, that bosom clips,
 That lap doth lap, nay, lets in spite of spite,
 This sour-breathed mate taste of those sugared lips.
 Alas, if you grant only such delight
 To witless things ; then LOVE I hope (since wit
 Becomes a clog) will soon ease me of it.

L X .



WHEN MY good angel guides me to the place
Where all my good I do in STELLA see;
That heaven of joys throws only down on me
Thundered disdain and lightnings of disgrace.

But when the rugged'st step of Fortune's race
Makes me fall from her sight; then sweetly she
With words—wherein the Muses' treasures be—
Shows love and pity to my absent case.

Now I—wit-beaten long by hardest Fate—
So dull am, that I cannot look into
The ground of this fierce love and lovely hate.

Then some good body tell me how I do!
Whose presence, absence; absence, presence is:
Blessed in my curse, and cursèd in my bliss.

L X I .



FT WITH true sighs, oft with uncallèd tears,
Now with slow words, now with dumb eloquence;
I STELLA's eyes assailed, invade her ears:

But this, at last, is her sweet breathed defence.

“That who indeed infelt affection bears,
So captives to his saint both soul and sense;
That wholly hers, all selfness he forbears:
Thence his desires he learns, his life's course thence.”

Now since her chaste mind hates this love in me:
With chastened mind, I needs must show that she
Shall quickly me from what she hates, remove.

O Doctor CUPID! thou for me, reply!
Driven else to grant by angel's sophistry,
That I love not, without I leave to love.

LXII.

LATE TIRED with woe, even ready for to pine
 With rage of love, I called my love "unkind!"
 She in whose eyes love, though unfelt, doth shine
 Sweetly said, "That I, true love in her should find."

I joyed; but straight thus watered was my wine.
 "That love she did, but loved a love not blind;
 Which would not let me, whom she loved, decline
 From nobler course, fit for my birth and mind:

And therefore by her love's authority,
 Willed me, these tempests of vain love to fly;
 And anchor fast myself on Virtue's shore."

Alas, if this the only metal be
 Of love new coined to help my beggary:
 Dear! love me not, that ye may love me more!

LXIII.

GRAMMAR rules! O now your virtues show!
 So children still read you with awful eyes;
 As my young Dove may in your precepts wise
 Her grant to me, by her own virtue know.

For late, with heart most high, with eyes most low;
 I craved the thing which ever she denies:
 She lightning love, displaying VENUS' skies,
 Lest once should not be heard; said twice "No!" "No!"

Sing then my Muse! now *Io Pæan* sing!
 Heavens! envy not at my high triumphing;
 But Grammar's force with sweet success confirm!

For Grammar says (O this dear STELLA's "Nay!")
 For Grammar says (to Grammar, who says "Nay"?)
 "That in one speech, two negatives affirm."

LXIV.

NO MORE! my Dear! no more these counsels try!
O give my passions leave to run their race!
Let Fortune lay on me her worst disgrace!
Let folk o'ercharged with brain, against me cry!
Let clouds bedim my face, break in mine eye!
Let me no steps but of lost labour trace!
Let all the earth in scorn recount my case;
But do not will me from my love to fly!
I do not envy ARISTOTLE'S wit;
Nor do aspire to CÆSAR'S bleeding fame;
Nor ought do care, though some above me sit;
Nor hope, nor wish another course to frame:
But that which once may win thy cruel heart.
Thou art my Wit, and thou my Virtue art.

LXV.

LOVE! BY sure proof I may call thee unkind;
That giv'st no better ear to my just cries!
Thou, whom to me, such my good turns should bind,
As I may well recount, but none can prize.
For when, naked boy! thou couldst no harbour find
In this old world, grown now so too too wise;
I lodged thee in my heart: and being blind
By nature born, I gave to thee mine eyes.
Mine eyes! my light! my heart! my life! Alas!
If so great services may scornèd be:
Yet let this thought, thy tigerish courage pass.
That I, perhaps, am somewhat kin to thee;
Since in thine arms, if learned Fame truth hath spread,
Thou bar'st the arrow; I, the arrow head.

LXVI.



AND DO I see some cause a hope to feed?
Or doth the tedious burden of long woe
In weakened minds, quick apprehending breed
Of every image, which may comfort show?

I cannot brag of word, much less of deed;
Fortune's wheel's still with me in one sort slow;
My wealth no more, and no whit less my need:
Desire still on the stilts of fear doth go.

And yet amid all fears, a hope there is
Stolen to my heart, since last fair night (nay, day!)
STELLA'S eyes sent to me the beams of bliss;

Looking on me, while I lookt other way:
But when mine eyes back to their heaven did move;
They fled with blush, which guilty seemed of love.

LXVII.



HOPE! ART thou true, or dost thou flatter me?
Doth STELLA now begin with piteous eye,
The ruins of her conquest to espy?

Will she take time, before all wrackèd be?

Her eye's speech is translated thus by thee:
But fail'st thou not in phrase so heavenly high?
Look on again! the fair text better try!

What blushing notes dost thou in margin see?

What sighs stolen out, or killed before full born?
Hast thou found such, and such like arguments?
Or art thou else to comfort me foresworn?

Well! how so thou interpret their contents:
I am resolved thy error to maintain;
Rather than by more truth to get more pain.

LXVIII.



STELLA! THE only planet of my light!
Light of my life! and life of my desire!
Chief good! whereto my hope doth only aspire:
World of my wealth! and heaven of my delight!

Why dost thou spend the treasures of thy sprite,
With voice more fit to wed AMPHION's lyre;
Seeking to quench in me the noble fire,
Fed by thy worth, and blinded by thy sight?

And all in vain, for while thy breath so sweet,
With choicest words; thy words, with reasons rare;
Thy reasons firmly set on Virtue's feet;

Labour to kill in me this killing care:
O think I then, what paradise of joy
It is, so fair a virtue to enjoy?

LXIX.



JOY! too high for my low style to show.

O bliss! fit for a nobler seat than me.

ENVY! put out thine eyes! lest thou do see

What oceans of delight in me do flow.

My friend! that oft saw, through all masks, my woe.

Come! come! and let me pour myself on thee!

Gone is the winter of my misery!

My spring appears! O see what here doth grow!

For STELLA hath with words (where faith doth shine),

Of her high heart given me the monarchy:

I! I! O I may say that she is mine.

And though she give but thus conditionally

This realm of bliss, "while virtuous course I take:"

No kings be crowned, but they some covenant make,

LXX.

MY MUSE may well grudge at my heavenly joy,
 If still I force her in sad rhymes to creep;
 She oft hath drunk my tears, now hopes t'enjoy
 Nectar of mirth, since I, JOVE's cup do keep.

Sonnets be not bound 'prentice to ANNOY:
 Trebles sing high, as well as basses deep:
 Grief, but LOVE's winter livery is: the boy
 Hath cheeks to smile as well as eyes to weep.

Come then, my Muse! show thou height of delight
 In well-raised notes: my pen, the best it may
 Shall paint out joy, though but in black and white.

"Cease! eager Muse!" "Peace! pen! For my sake, stay!"
 I give you here my hand for truth of this:
 "Wise silence is best music unto bliss."

LXXI.

WHO WILL in fairest book of Nature know
 How virtue may best lodged in beauty be;
 Let him but learn of love to read in thee!
 STELLA! those fair lines which true goodness show.

There, shall he find all vices' overthrow;
 Not by rude force, but sweetest sovereignty
 Of REASON: from whose light those night birds fly.
 That inward sun in thine eyes shineth so.

And not content to be perfection's heir,
 Thyself dost strive all minds that way to move;
 Who mark in thee, what is in thee most fair:

So while thy beauty draws the heart to love,
 As fast thy virtue bends that love to good.
 But ah! DESIRE still cries, "Give me some food!"

LXXII.

DESIRE! though thou my old companion art,
And oft so clings to my pure love, that I
One from the other scarcely can descry;
While each doth blow the fire of my heart:
Now from thy fellowship, I needs must part.
VENUS is taught with DIAN's wings to fly.
I must no more in thy sweet passions lie.
VIRTUE's gold now, must head my CUPID's dart.
Service and Honour, Wonder with Delight,
Fear to offend, Will worthy to appear,
Care shining in mine eyes, Faith in my sprite:
These things are left me by my only Dear.
But thou, DESIRE! because thou wouldst have all;
Now banisht art: but yet, alas, how shall?

LXXIII.

LOVE STILL a boy, and oft a wanton is;
Schooled only by his mother's tender eye.
What wonder then, if he his lesson miss;
When for so soft a rod, dear play he try?
And yet my Star, because a sugared kiss
In sport I suckt, while she asleep did lie:
Doth lower; nay, chide; nay, threat for only this!
"Sweet! It was saucy LOVE, not humble I."
But no 'scuse serves; she makes her wrath appear
In Beauty's throne. See now! who dares come near
Those scarlet judges, threat'ning bloody pain?
O heavenly fool! Thy most kiss-worthy face,
Anger invests with such a lovely grace;
That ANGER's self! I needs must kiss again!

LXXIV.



NEVER drank of Aganippe's well ;
Nor never did in shade of Tempe sit :
And Muses scorn with vulgar brains to dwell.

Poor layman, I ! for sacred rites unfit.

Some do, I hear, of poets' fury tell ;
But (GOD wot) wot not what they mean by it :
And this I swear by blackest brook of hell ;
I am no pick-purse of another's wit.

How falls it then, that with so smooth an ease
My thoughts I speak ? and what I speak doth flow
In verse ? and that my verse best wits doth please ?

Guess we the cause. What is it thus ? Fie, no !
Or so ? Much less ! How then ? Sure thus it is.
My lips are sweet, inspired with STELLA's kiss.

LXXV.



IF ALL the Kings that ever here did reign ;
EDWARD named FOURTH ; as first in praise I name.
Not for his fair outside, nor well-lined brain ;
Although less gifts imp feathers oft on Fame.

Nor that he could young-wise wise-valiant, frame
His sire's revenge, joined with a kingdom's gain :
And gained by MARS ; could yet mad MARS so tame,
That balance weighed what sword did late obtain.

Nor that he made the *fleur de luce* so 'fraid,
Though strongly hedged, ✎ bloody lion's paws ;
That witty LOUIS to him a tribute paid.

Nor this, nor that, nor any such small cause ;
But only for this worthy Knight durst prove
To lose his crown, rather than fail his love.

LXXVI.

SHE COMES! and straight therewith her shining
 twins do move

Their rays to me; who, in her tedious absence, lay
 Benighted in cold woe: but now appears my day,
 The only light of joy, the only warmth of love. [prove

She comes with light and warmth! which like AURORA
 Of gentle force, so that mine eyes dare gladly play
 With such a rosy morn; whose beams, most freshly gay,
 Scorch not: but only do dark chilling sprites remove.

But lo! while I do speak, it groweth noon with me;
 Her flamy glistening lights increase with time and place:
 My heart cries, "Ah! It burns!" Mine eyes now dazzled be.

No wind, no shade can cool. What help then in my case?
 But with short breath, long looks, stayed feet, and walking
 head;

Pray that my Sun go down with meeker beams to bed.

LXXVII.

THOSE LOOKS! whose beams be joy, whose motion is
 delight; [is;

That face! whose lecture shows what perfect beauty
 That presence! which doth give dark hearts a living light;
 That grace! which VENUS weeps that she herself doth miss;
 That hand! which without touch, holds more than ATLAS'
 might;

Those lips! which make death's pay, a mean price for a kiss;
 That skin! whose past-praise hue scorns this poor term of white;
 Those words! which do sublime the quintessence of bliss;

That voice! which makes the soul plant himself in the ears;
 That conversation sweet! where such high comforts be,
 As construed in true speech, the name of heaven it bears:

Make me in my best thoughts and quiet'st judgment see
 That in no more but these, I might be fully blest;

Yet, ah! My maiden Muse doth blush to tell the rest.

LXXVIII.



How THE pleasant airs of true love be
 Infected by those vapours, which arise
 From out that noisome gulf, which gaping lies
 Between the jaws of hellish JEALOUSY.

A monster! others' harm! self's misery!
 BEAUTY's plague! VIRTUE's scourge! succour of lies!
 Who his own joy to his own hurt applies;
 And only cherish doth with injury!

Who since he hath—by Nature's special grace—
 So piercing paws, as spoil when they embrace;
 So nimble feet, as stir still though on thorns;
 So many eyes, aye seeking their own woe;
 So ample ears, that never good news know:
 Is it not evil that such a devil wants horns?

LXXIX.



SWEEP KISS! thy sweets I fain would sweetly endite:
 Which even of sweetness, sweetest sweet'ner art!
 Pleasing'st consort! where each sense holds a part;
 Which coupling doves guide VENUS' chariot right.

Best charge and bravest retreat in CUPID's fight!
 A double key! which opens to the heart.
 Most rich, when most his riches it impart!
 Nest of young joys! schoolmaster of delight!
 Teaching the mean at once to take and give.
 The friendly fray! where blows both wound and heal.
 The pretty death! while each in other live.

Poor hope's first wealth! hostage of promised weal!
 Breakfast of love! But lo! lo! where she is,
 Cease we to praise. Now pray we for a kiss?

LXXX.



SWEET SWELLING lip! well mayest thou swell in pride;
Since best wits think it wit, thee to admire:
Nature's praise! Virtue's stall! CUPID's cold fire!

Whence words, not words but heavenly graces slide.

The new Parnassus! where the Muses bide.

Sweet'ner of music! wisdom's beautifier!

Breather of life! and fast'ner of Desire!

Where Beauty's blush in Honour's grain is dyed.

Thus much my heart compelled my mouth to say,

But now spite of my heart, my mouth will stay;

Loathing all lies, doubting this flattery is:

And no spur can his resty race renew;

Without how far this praise is short of you,

Sweet lip! you teach my mouth with one sweet kiss!

LXXXI.



KISS! WHICH dost those ruddy gems impart,
Or gems or fruits of new-found Paradise;
Breathing all bliss and sweet'ning to the heart;
Teaching dumb lips a nobler exercise.

O kiss! which souls, even souls together ties

By links of love, and only Nature's art:

How fain would I paint thee to all men's eyes

Or of thy gifts at least shade out some part?

But she forbids. With blushing words, she says

"She builds her fame on higher-seated praise:"

But my heart burns, I cannot silent be.

Then since, dear life! you fain would have me peace;

And I, mad with delight, want wit to cease:

Stop you my mouth with still still kissing me!

LXXXII.

NYMPH OF the garden! where all beauties be;
 Beauties which do in excellency surpass
 His, who till death lookt in a wat'ry glass;
 Or hers, whom naked the Trojan boy did see.

Sweet garden nymph! which keeps the cherry tree,
 Whose fruit doth far th'Hesperian taste surpass:
 Most sweet fair! most fair sweet! do not, alas,
 From coming near those cherries, banish me!

For though full of desire, empty of wit,
 Admitted late by your best gracèd grace;
 I caught at one of them a hungry bite:

Pardon that fault! Once more grant me the place;
 And I do swear even by the same delight,
 I will but kiss, I never more will bite.

LXXXIII.

GOOD BROTHER PHILIP! I have born you long.
 I was content you should in favour creep,
 While craftily you seemed your cut to keep;
 As though that fair soft hand did you great wrong.

I bare (with envy) yet I bare your song,
 When in her neck you did love ditties peep;
 Nay, more fool I! oft suffered you to sleep
 In lilies' nest, where LOVE's self lies along.

What! doth high place ambitious thoughts augment?
 Is sauciness, reward of courtesy?
 Cannot such grace your silly self content;

But you must needs, with those lips billing be?
 And through those lips drink nectar from that tongue?
 Leave that Sir PHIP! lest off your neck be wrung!

LXXXIV.

HIGHWAY! SINCE you my chief Parnassus be;
And that my Muse to some ears not unsweet,
Tempers her words to trampling horses' feet
More oft than to a chamber melody.

Now blessed you! bear onward blessed me
To her, where I my heart safest shall meet.
My Muse and I must you of duty greet
With thanks and wishes, wishing thankfully.

Be you still fair! honoured by public heed!
By no encroachment wronged! nor time forgot!
Nor blamed for blood, nor shamed for sinful deed!

And that you know I envy you no lot
Of highest wish, I wish you so much bliss:
Hundreds of years you STELLA'S feet may kiss!

LXXXV.

SEE THE house! My heart! thyself contain!
Beware full sails drown not thy tottering barge!
Lest joy—by Nature apt, spirits to enlarge—
Thee to thy wrack, beyond thy limits strain.

Nor do like lords, whose weak confused brain,
Not 'pointing to fit folks each undercharge;
While every office themselves will discharge,
With doing all, leave nothing done but pain:

But give apt servants their due place! Let eyes
See Beauty's total sum summed in her face!
Let ears hear speech, which wit to wonder ties!

Let breath suck up those sweets! Let arms embrace
The globe of weal! Lips, love's indentures make!
Thou but of all, the Kingly tribute take!

LXXXVI.



ALAS! WHENCE came this change of looks? If I
Have changed desert, let mine own conscience be
A still felt plague to self-condemning me!

Let woe gripe on my heart! shame load mine eye!

But if all faith, like spotless ermine, lie
Safe in my soul; which only doth to thee
(As his sole object of felicity)

With wings of love in air of wonder fly:

O ease your hand! treat not so hard your slave!

In justice, pains come not till faults do call:

Or if I needs, sweet Judge! must torments have;

Use something else to chasten me withal,

Than those blest eyes, where all my hopes do dwell.

No doom should make once heaven become his hell.

LXXXVII.



WHEN I WAS forced from STELLA ever dear—

STELLA! food of my thoughts, heart of my heart;

STELLA! whose eyes make all my tempests clear—

By iron laws of duty to depart:

Alas, I found that she with me did smart;

I saw that tears did in her eyes appear;

I saw that sighs, her sweetest lips did part;

And her sad words, my saddest sense did hear.

For me, I wept to see pearls scattered so;

I sighed her sighs; and wailèd for her woe:

Yet swam in joy; such love in her was seen.

Thus while th'effect most bitter was to me,

And nothing than the cause more sweet could be;

I had been vext, if vext I had not been.

LXXXVIII.



UT! TRAITOR ABSENCE! Darest thou counsel me
From my dear Captainess to run away?

Because, in brave array, here marcheth she
That to win me, oft shows a present pay.

Is faith so weak, or is such force in thee?
When sun is hid, can stars such beams display?
Cannot heaven's food, once felt, keep stomachs free
From base desire, on earthly cates to prey?

Tush! ABSENCE! while thy mists eclipse that light,
My orphan sense flies to the inward sight;
Where memory sets forth the beams of love.

That where before heart loved and eyes did see;
In heart both sight and love both coupled be.
United powers make each the stronger prove.

LXXXIX.



OW THAT of absence the most irksome night,
With darkest shade, doth overcome my day:
Since STELLA's eyes wont to give me my day;
Leaving my hemisphere, leave me in night.

Each day seems long, and longs for long-stayed night;
The night as tedious, woos th'approach of day.
Tired with the dusty toils of busy day;
Languisht with horrors of the silent night:

Suffering the evils both of the day and night;
While no night is more dark than is my day,
Nor no day hath less quiet than my night.

With such bad mixture of my night and day;
That living thus in blackest winter night,
I feel the flames of hottest summer's day.

XC.

STELLA! THINK not that I by verse seek fame ;
 Who seek, who hope, who love, who live but thee.
 Thine eyes my pride ; thy lips mine history :
 If thou praise not, all other praise is shame.
 Not so ambitious am I as to frame
 A nest for my young praise in laurel tree :
 In truth I swear, I wish not there should be
 Graved in my epitaph, a Poet's name.
 Ne if I would, I could just title make
 That any laud to me thereof should grow,
 Without my plumes from others' wings I take.
 For nothing from my wit or will doth flow :
 Since all my words, thy beauty doth indite ;
 And love doth hold my hand and makes me write.

XCI.

STELLA! WHILE now, by honour's cruel might,
 I am from you—light of my life misled !
 And that fair you, my sun, thus overspread,
 With absence veil ; I live in sorrow's night.
 If this dark place yet show, like candlelight,
 Some beauty's piece, as amber-coloured head,
 Milk hands, rose cheeks, or lips more sweet, more red ;
 Or seeing gets black, but in blackness bright :
 They please, I do confess, they please mine eyes.
 But why ? Because of you they models be.
 Models ! Such be wood globes of glistening skies.
 Dear ! Therefore be not jealous over me,
 If you hear that they seem my heart to move.
 Not them, O no ! but you in them I love.

XCII.

BE YOUR words made, good Sir! of Indian ware;
 That you allow me them by so small rate?
 Or do you cutted Spartan's imitate?
 Or do you mean my tender ears to spare?
 That to my questions, you so total are.
 When I demand of Phœnix STELLA's state;
 You say, forsooth! "You left her well of late."
 O GOD! think you that satisfies my care?
 I would know whether she sit or walk?
 How clothed? how waited on? sighed she or smiled?
 Whereof? with whom? how often did she talk?
 With what pastime Time's journey she beguiled?
 If her lips deigned to sweeten my poor name?
 Say all! and all well said, still say the same!

XCIII.

FATE! O fault! O curse! child of my bliss!
 What sobs can give words grace my grief to show?
 What ink is black enough to paint my woe?
 Through me, wretched me! even STELLA vexèd is.
 Yet TRUTH—if caitiff's breath may call thee!—this
 Witness with me, that my foul stumbling so
 From carelessness did in no manner grow;
 But wit confused with too much care, did miss.
 And do I then myself this vain 'scuse give?
 I have (live I, and know this!) harmèd thee!
 Though worlds quite me, shall I me self forgive?
 Only with pains, my pains thus eased be,
 That all thy hurts in my heart's rack I read:
 I cry thy sighs, my Dear! thy tears I bleed.

XCIV.



GRIEF! FIND the words! For thou hast made my brain
So dark with misty vapours, which arise
From out thy heavy mould, that inbent eyes
Can scarce discern the shape of mine own pain.

Do thou then (for thou canst!) do thou complain
For my poor soul! which now that sickness tries:
Which even to sense, sense of itself denies,
Though harbingers of death lodge there his train.

Or if thy love of plaint yet mine forbears—
As of a caitiff worthy so to die—

Yet wail thyself! and wail with causefull tears!

That though in wretchedness thy life doth lie;
Yet grow'st more wretched than thy nature bears,
By being placed in such a wretch as I!

XCV.



ET SIGHS! dear SIGHS! indeed true friends you are,
That do not leave your left friend at the worst:
But as you with my breast I oft have nurst;
So grateful now, you wait upon my care.

Faint coward Joy no longer tarry dare;
Seeing HOPE yield, when this woe strake him first:
DELIGHT protests he is not for the accurst,
Though oft himself my mate in arms he sware.

Nay, SORROW comes with such main rage, that he
Kills his own children, TEARS; finding that they
By LOVE were made apt to consort with me.

Only true SIGHS! you do not go away!
Thank may you have for such a thankful part;
Thankworthiest yet, when you shall break my heart!

XCVI.



THOUGHT! with good cause thou likest so well the night!

Since kind or chance gives both one livery :

Both sadly black, both blackly darkened be ;

Night barred from sun ; thou, from thine own sunlight.

Silence in both displays his sullen might ;

Slow heaviness in both holds one degree ;

That full of doubts ; thou, of perplexity :

Thy tears express night's native moisture right.

In both a mazeful solitariness.

In night, of sprites the ghastly powers do stir ;

In thee, or sprites or sprited ghastliness :

But, but, alas, night's side the odds hath far :

For that, at length, yet doth invite some rest ;

Thou, though still tired, yet still dost it detest !

XCVII.



DIAN, THAT fain would cheer her friend the NIGHT,

Shows her oft at the full her fairest face :

Bringing with her those starry nymphs, whose chase

From heavenly standing, hits each mortal wight.

But, ah, poor NIGHT ! in love with PHÆBUS' light,

And endlessly despairing of his grace ;

Herself (to show no other joy hath place)

Silent and sad in mourning weeds doth dight.

Even so, alas, a lady, DIAN's peer !

With choice delights and rarest company,

Would fain drive clouds from out my heavy cheer :

But woe is me ! though Joy itself were she ;

She could not show my blind brain ways of joy ;

While I despair my sun's sight to enjoy.

XC VIII.



H, BED! the field where joy's peace some do see;
The field where all my thoughts to war be trained:
How is thy grace by my strange fortune stained!

How thy lee shores by my sighs stormèd be!

With sweet soft shades, thou oft invitest me

To steal some rest; but, wretch! I am constrained—
Spurred with LOVE's spur, though gold; and shortly reined
With CARE's hard hand—to turn and toss in thee!

While the black horrors of the silent night
Paint WOE's black face so lively to my sight;
That tedious leisure marks each wrinkled line.

But when AURORA leads out PHŒBUS' dance,
Mine eyes then only wink: for spite perchance;
That worms should have their sun, and I want mine.

XC IX.



WHEN FAR-SPENT night persuades each mortal eye,
To whom nor art nor nature granteth light;
To lay his then mark-wanting shafts of sight,
Closed with their quivers, in sleep's armoury:

With windows ope then most my mind doth lie,
Viewing the shape of darkness and delight;
Takes in that sad hue, which with th'inward night
Of his mazed powers keeps perfect harmony.

But when birds charm, and that sweet air which is
Morn's messenger, with rose-enamelled skies,
Call each wight to salute the hour of bliss;

In tomb of lids, then buried are mine eyes:
Forced by their lord; who is ashamed to find
Such light in sense, with such a darkened mind.

C.



TEARS! NO tears but rain from beauty's skies
Making those lilies and those roses grow;
Which aye most fair, now more than most fair show;
While graceful pity, beauty beautifies.

O honeyed Sighs! which from that breast do rise,
Whose pants do make unspilling cream to flow:
Winged with whose breath, so pleasing zephyrs blow
As can refresh the hell where my soul fries.

O Complaints! conserved in such a sugared phrase,
That eloquence itself envies your praise.
While sobbed out words a perfect music give.

Such Tears, Sighs, Complaints, no sorrow are but joy:
Or if such heavenly signs must prove annoy;
All mirth, farewell! Let me in sorrow live!

CI.



STELLA IS sick, and in that sick bed lies
SWEETNESS, which breathes and pants, as oft as she;
And GRACE, sick too, such fine conclusions tries,
That Sickness brags itself best graced to be.

BEAUTY is sick, but sick in such fair guise
That in that paleness BEAUTY'S white we see;
And JOY, which is inseparate from those eyes.
STELLA now learns—strange case!—to weep in thee.

LOVE moves thy pain, and like a faithful page,
As thy looks stir, comes up and down to make
All folks prest at thy will, thy pain to assuage.

Nature with care sweats for her darling's sake:
Knowing worlds pass ere she enough can find
Of such heaven stuff, to clothe so heavenly a mind.

CII.



HERE BE those roses gone, which sweetened so our
eyes ?

Where those red cheeks, which oft with fair increase
did frame

The height of honour, in the kindly badge of shame ?

Who hath the crimson weeds stolen from my morning skies ?

How doth the colour vade of those vermilion dyes

Which Nature's self did make, and self engrained the same ?

I would know by what right this paleness overcame

That hue, whose force my heart still unto thraldom ties ?

GALEN's adoptive sons, who by a beaten way

Their judgments hackney on, the fault on sickness lay :

But feeling proof makes me (say they) mistake it far.

It is but LOVE that makes his paper perfect white,

To write therein more fresh the story of delight :

While beauty's reddest ink, VENUS for him doth stir.

CIII.



HAPPY THAMES ! that didst my STELLA bare.

I saw thyself with many a smiling line

Upon thy cheerful face, JOY's livery wear ;

While those fair planets on thy streams did shine.

The boat, for joy could not to dance forbear :

While wanton winds, with beauties so divine,

Ravished ; stayed not, till in her golden hair

They did themselves (O sweetest prison !) twine.

And fain those ÆOL's youths there would their stay

Have made ; but forced by Nature still to fly ;

First did with puffing kiss, those locks display.

She so dishevelled, blushed. From window, I,

With sight thereof, cried out, " O fair disgrace !

Let honour's self to thee grant highest place ! "

CIV.

ENVIOUS wITS! what hath been mine offence,
That with such poisonous care my looks you mark?
That each word, nay sigh of mine you hark,
As grudging me my sorrows' eloquence?

Ah! is it not enough, that I am thence!
Thence! so far thence! that scarcely any spark
Of comfort dare come to this dungeon dark;
Where rigour's exile locks up all my sense?

But if I by a happy window pass;
If I but stars upon mine armour bear;
Sick, thirsty, glad (though but of empty glass!)

Your moral notes straight my hid meaning tear
From out my ribs; and puffing prove that I
Do STELLA love. Fools! who doth it deny?

CV.

UNHAPPY SIGHT! And hath she vanished by?
So near! in so good time! so free a place!
Dead glass! dost thou thy object so embrace,
As what my heart still sees thou canst not spy?

I swear by her I love and lack, that I
Was not in fault, who bent thy dazzling race
Only unto the heaven of STELLA's face;
Counting but dust what in the way did lie.

But cease mine eyes! your tears do witness well
That you guiltless thereof, your nectar missed:
Curst be the page from whence the bad torch fell!

Curst be the night which did your strife resist!
Curst be the coachman that did drive so fast!
With no worse curse than absence makes me taste.

C VI.



ABSENT presence! STELLA is not here!
False flattering hope! that with so fair a face
Bare me in hand that in this orphan place
STELLA, I say, my STELLA! should appear.

What sayest thou now? Where is that dainty cheer
Thou told'st mine eyes should help their famished case?
But thou art gone now; that self-felt disgrace
Doth make me most to wish thy comfort near.

But here I do store of fair ladies meet;
Who may with charm of conversation sweet,
Make in my heavy mould, new thoughts to grow.

Sure they prevail as much with me, as he
That bade his friend, but then new-maimed, to be
Merry with him and not think of his woe.

C VII.



STELLA! SINCE thou so right a Princess art
Of all the powers which life bestows on me;
That ere by them ought undertaken be,
They first resort unto that sovereign part.

Sweet! for a while give respite to my heart,
Which pants as though it still should leap to thee;
And on my thoughts give thy Lieutenancy
To this great cause, which needs both use and art.

And as a Queen, who from her presence sends
Whom she employs, dismiss from thee my wit!
Till it have wrought what thy own will attends.

On servants' shame oft master's blame doth sit.
O let not fools in me thy works reprove;
And scorning, say, "See! what it is to love!"

CVIII.

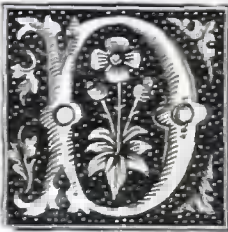
WHEN SORROW, using mine own fire's might,
 Melts down his lead into my boiling breast :
 Through that dark furnace to my heart opprest,
 There shines a joy from thee, my only light !
 But soon as thought of thee breeds my delight,
 And my young soul flutters to thee his nest !
 Most rude DESPAIR, my daily unbidden guest,
 Clips straight my wings, straight wraps me in his night.
 And makes me then bow down my head, and say,
 " Ah what doth PHŒBUS' gold that wretch avail,
 Whom iron doors do keep from use of day ? "
 So strangely, alas, thy works in me prevail :
 That in my woes for thee, thou art my joy ;
 And in my joys for thee, my only annoy.

THE END OF
 ASTROPHEL and STELLA.





FIRST SONG.



DOUBT YOU to whom my Muse these notes
intendeth;
Which now my breast o'ercharged to
music lendeth?
To *you!* to *you!* all song of praise is due:
Only in *you*, my song begins and endeth.

Who hath the eyes which marry State with Pleasure?
Who keeps the key of Nature's chiefest treasure?
To *you!* to *you!* all song of praise is due:
Only for *you*, the heaven forgot all measure.

Who hath the lips, where Wit in fairness reigneth?
Who womankind at once both decks and staineth?
To *you!* to *you!* all song of praise is due:
Only by *you*, CUPID his crown maintaineth.

Who hath the feet, whose steps all sweetness planteth?
Who else; for whom Fame worthy trumpets wanteth?
To *you!* to *you!* all song of praise is due:
Only to *you*, her sceptre VENUS granteth.

Who hath the breast, whose milk doth passions nourish?
Whose grace is such, that when it chides doth cherish?
To *you!* to *you!* all song of praise is due:
Only through *you*, the tree of life doth flourish.

Who hath the hand, which without stroke subdueth?
Who long dead beauty with increase reneweth?
To *you!* to *you!* all song of praise is due:
Only at *you*, all envy hopeless rueth.

Who hath the hair, which loosest fasteth tieth?
Who makes a man live then glad when he dieth?
To *you!* to *you!* all song of praise is due:
Only of *you*, the flatterer never lieth.

Who hath the voice, which soul from senses sunders?
Whose force but yours the bolts of beauty thunders?
To *you!* to *you!* all song of praise is due:
Only with *you*, not miracles are wonders.

Doubt you to whom my Muse these notes intendeth;
Which now my breast o'ercharged to music lendeth?
To *you!* to *you!* all song of praise is due:
Only in *you*, my song begins and endeth.

SECOND SONG.



HAVE I CAUGHT my heavenly jewel,
Teaching sleep most fair to be?
Now will I teach her, that she,
When she wakes, is too too cruel.

Since sweet sleep her eyes hath charmèd,
The two only darts of LOVE;
Now will I with that boy prove
Some play, while he is disarmèd.

Her tongue, waking, still refuseth;
Giving frankly, niggard "No:"
Now will I attempt to know
What "No" her tongue sleeping, useth.

See the hand that waking, guardeth;
Sleeping, grants a free resort:
Now will I invade the fort;
Cowards, LOVE with loss rewardeth.

But, O fool! think of the danger
Of her just and high disdain;
Now will I, alas, refrain,
LOVE fears nothing else but anger.

Yet those lips, so sweetly swelling,
Do invite a stealing kiss:
Now will I but venture this,
Who will read must first learn spelling.

O sweet kiss! but ah! she is waking.
Low'ring beauty chastens me:
Now will I away hence flee;
Fool! more fool! for no more taking.

THIRD SONG.



F ORPHEUS' voice had force to breathe such music's
love

Through pores of senseless trees, as it could make
them move:

If stones good measure danced the Theban walls to build,
To cadence of the tunes which AMPHION'S lyre did yield:
More cause a like effect at least wise bringeth.

O stones! O trees! learn hearing! STELLA singeth!

If love might sweeten so a boy of shepherd brood,
To make a lizard dull, to taste love's dainty food:
If eagle fierce could so in Grecian maid delight,
As his light were her eyes, her death his endless night:
Earth gave that love. Heaven, I trow, love refineth.
O beasts! O birds! look! love! lo, STELLA shineth!

The beasts, birds, stones and trees feel this; and feeling, love.
And if the trees nor stones stir not the same to prove;
Nor beasts nor birds do come unto this blessed gaze:
Know that small love is quick, and great love doth amaze.
They are amazed: but you, with reason armed,
O eyes! O ears of men! how are you charmed!

FOURTH SONG.



ONLY JOY! now here you are,
Fit to hear and ease my care.
Let my whispering voice obtain
Sweet reward for sharpest pain.
Take me to thee, and thee to me!

No, no, no, no, my Dear! let be.

Night hath closed all in her cloak,
Twinkling stars love thoughts provoke,
Danger hence, good care doth keep;
JEALOUSY itself doth sleep.
Take me to thee, and thee to me!

No, no, no, no, my Dear! let be.

Better place no wit can find,
CUPID'S yoke to loose or bind;
These sweet flowers on fine bed too,
Us in their best language woo.
Take me to thee, and thee to me!

No, no, no, no, my Dear! let be.

This small light the moon bestows,
Serves thy beams but to disclose:
So to raise my hap more high.
Fear not else! none can us spy.
Take me to thee, and thee to me!

No, no, no, no, my Dear! let be.

That you heard was but a mouse,
Dumb SLEEP holdeth all the house :
Yet asleep, methinks they say
“ Young folks, take time while you may ! ”
Take me to thee, and thee to me !

No, no, no, no, my Dear ! let be.

Niggard time threats, if we miss
This large offer of our bliss ;
Long stay ere he grant the same.
Sweet ! then, while each thing doth frame,
Take me to thee, and thee to me !

No, no, no, no, my Dear ! let be.

Your fair mother is abed,
Candles out, and curtains spread :
She thinks you do letters write.
Write ! but let me first indite
“ Take me to thee, and thee to me ! ”

No, no, no, no, my Dear ! let be.

Sweet ! alas, why strive you thus ?
Concord better fitteth us.
Leave to MARS the force of hands ;
Your power in your beauty stands.
Take me to thee, and me to thee !

No, no, no, no, my Dear ! let be.

Woe to me ! and do you swear
 Me to hate, but I forbear ?
 Cursed be my destinies all !
 That brought me so high to fall.
 Soon with my death I will please thee !

No, no, no, no, my Dear ! let be.

FIFTH SONG.



WHILE favour fed my hope, delight with hope was
 brought ;
 Thought waited on delight ; and speech did follow
 thought.

Then grew my tongue and pen records unto thy glory.
 I thought all words were lost that were not spent of thee ;
 I thought each place was dark, but where thy lights would be ;
 And all ears worse than deaf, that heard not out thy story.

I said thou wert most fair, and so indeed thou art.
 I said thou art most sweet, sweet poison to my heart.
 I said my soul was thine, O that I then had lied !
 I said thine eyes were stars, thy breasts the milken way,
 Thy fingers CUPID'S shafts, thy voice the Angels' lay :
 And all I said so well, as no man it denied.

But now that hope is lost, unkindness kills delight ;
 Yet thought and speech do live, thought metamorphosed quite :
 For RAGE now rules the reins, which guided were by
 PLEASURE.

I think now of thy faults, who late thought of thy praise.
 That speech falls now to blame which did thy honour raise.
 The same key open can, which can lock up a treasure.

Thou then whom partial heavens conspired in one to frame
The proof of beauty's worth, th'inheritrix of fame,
The mansion seat of bliss, and just excuse of lovers :
See now those feathers pluckt, wherewith thou flew most
high !
See what clouds of reproach shall dark thy honour's sky !
Whose own fault casts him down, hardly high seat recovers.

And O my Muse ! though oft you lulled her in your lap ;
And then a heavenly child, gave her ambrosian pap ;
And to that brain of hers, your hidnest gifts infused !
Since she disdainning me, doth you in me disdain ;
Suffer not her to laugh, while both we suffer pain.
Princes in subjects wronged, must deem themselves abused.

Your client poor, my self ; shall STELLA handle so ?
Revenge ! revenge ! my Muse ! Defiance trumpet blow !
Threaten what may be done ! yet do more than you threaten !
Ah ! my suit granted is. I feel my breast doth swell.
Now child ! a lesson new you shall begin to spell.
Sweet babes must babies have, but shrewd girls must be
beaten.

Think now no more to hear of warm fine-odoured snow,
Nor blushing lilies, nor pearls ruby-hidden row,
Nor of that golden sea whose waves in curls are broken :
But of thy soul, so fraught with such ungratefulness,
As where thou soon might'st help ; most faith thou dost
oppress.
Ungrateful who is called, the worst of evils is spok'n.

Yet worse than worst, I say thou art a Thief! A thief!
Now GOD forbid! A Thief! and of worst thieves, the
chief.

Thieves steal for need; and steal but goods, which pain
recovers:

But thou, rich in all joys, dost rob my joys from me;
Which cannot be restored by time nor industry.
Of foes, the spoil is evil: far worse of constant lovers'.

Yet gentle English thieves do rob, but will not slay.
Thou English murdering thief! wilt have hearts for thy
prey.

The name of Murderer now on thy fair forehead sitteth.
And even while I do speak, my death wounds bleeding be;
Which, I protest, proceed from only cruel thee.
Who may and will not save; murder in truth committeth.

But murder's private fault seems but a toy to thee.
I lay then to thy charge unjustest Tyranny!
If rule by force without all claim, a tyrant showeth.
For thou dost lord my heart, who am not born thy slave;
And which is worse, makes me most guiltless torments
have.

A rightful Prince by unright deeds a Tyrant groweth.

Lo! you grow proud with this! For tyrants make folk
bow.

Of foul Rebellion then I do appeach thee now!
Rebel by Nature's laws, Rebel by law of reason.
Thou sweetest subject wert born in the realm of Love;
And yet against thy Prince, thy force dost daily prove.
No virtue merits praise, once touched with blot of treason.

But valiant rebels oft in fools' mouths purchase fame.
I now then stain thy white with vagabonding shame ;
Both Rebel to the Son and Vagrant from the Mother.
For wearing VENUS' badge, in every part of thee ;
Unto DIANA's train thou Runaway didst flee !
Who faileth one is false, though trusty to another.

What, is not this enough ? Nay, far worse cometh here.
A Witch ! I say thou art, though thou so fair appear.
For I protest my sight never thy face enjoyeth,
But I in me am changed ; I am alive and dead,
My feet are turned to roots, my heart becometh lead.
No witchcraft is so evil, as which man's mind destroyeth.

Yet witches may repent. Thou art far worse than they.
Alas ! that I am forced such evil of thee to say.
I say thou art a Devil ! though clothed in angel's shining ;
For thy face tempts my soul to leave the heavens for
thee,
And thy words of refuse do pour even hell on me.
Who tempt, and tempted plague ; are Devils in true
defining.

You then ungrateful Thief ! you murdering Tyrant you !
You Rebel ! Runaway ! to Lord and Lady untrue.
You Witch ! you Devil ! Alas, you still of me beloved !
You see what I can say. Mend yet your froward mind !
And such skill in my Muse you, reconciled, shall find ;
That by these cruel words, your praises shall be proved.

SIXTH SONG.



YOU THAT hear this voice !
 O you that see this face !
 Say whether of the choice
 Deserves the former place ?
 Fear not to judge this bate,
 For it is void of hate.

This side doth BEAUTY take.
 For that doth MUSIC speak.
 Fit orators to make
 The strongest judgments weak.
 The bar to plead the right,
 Is only True Delight.

Thus doth the voice and face,
 These gentle lawyers wage,
 Like loving brothers' case,
 For father's heritage :
 That each, while each contends,
 Itself to other lends.

For beauty beautifies,
 With heavenly hue and grace,
 The heavenly harmonies :
 And in this faultless face,
 The perfect beauties be
 A perfect harmony.

MUSIC more lofty swells
In speeches nobly placed ;
BEAUTY as far excels
In actions aptly graced.
A friend each party draws
To countenance his cause.

LOVE more affected seems
BEAUTY's lovely light ;
And WONDER more esteems
Of MUSIC's wondrous might :
But both to both so bent
As both in both are spent.

MUSIC doth witness call
The ear, his truth to try ;
BEAUTY brings to the hall
The judgment of the eye :
Both in their objects such,
As no exceptions touch.

The common SENSE which might
Be arbiter of this ;
To be forsooth upright,
To both sides partial is :
He lays on this side chief praise ;
Chief praise on that he lays.

Then REASON, Princess high !
Whose throne is in the mind ;
Which music can in sky,
And hidden beauties find.
Say ! whether thou wilt crown
With limitless renown ?

SEVENTH SONG.



HOSE SENSES in so evil consort their stepdame
Nature lays,
That ravishing delight in them most sweet tunes
doth not raise :

Or if they do delight therein, yet are so closed with wit ;
As with sententious lips to set a title vain on it.

O let them hear these sacred tunes, and learn in
WONDER'S schools

To be (in things past bounds of wit) fools, if they be
not fools.

Who have so leaden eyes, as not to see sweet BEAUTY'S
show ;

Or seeing, have so wooden wits as not that worth to know ;
Or knowing, have so muddy minds as not to be in love ;
Or loving, have so frothy thoughts as easy thence to move :

O let them see these heavenly beams! and in fair letters
read

A lesson fit, both sight and skill, love and firm love to
breed.

Hear then! but then with wonder hear ; see! but adoring
see

No mortal gifts, no earthly fruits, now here discerned be.
See! do you see this face ? A face ! nay image of the skies ;
Of which the two life-giving lights are figured in her eyes.

Hear you this soul-invading voice! and count it but a
voice ?

The very essence of their tunes when Angels do rejoice.

EIGHTH SONG.



IN A GROVE most rich of shade,
Where birds wanton music made ;
May then young, his pied weeds showing,
New perfumed with flowers fresh growing ;

ASTROPHEL with STELLA sweet,
Did for mutual comfort meet ;
Both within themselves oppressed,
But each in the other blessed.

Him great harms had taught much care ;
Her fair neck a foul yoke bare :
But her sight his cares did banish,
In his sight her yoke did vanish.

Wept they had, alas the while,
But now tears themselves did smile ;
While their eyes by love directed,
Interchangeably reflected.

Sigh they did, but now betwixt
Sighs of woe were glad sighs mixt ;
With arms crossed, yet testifying
Restless rest, and living dying.

Their ears hungry of each word,
Which the dear tongue would afford :
But their tongues restrained from walking,
Till their hearts had ended talking.

But when their tongues could not speak,
 Love itself did silence break :
 Love did set his lips asunder,
 Thus to speak in love and wonder.

“STELLA ! Sovereign of my joy !
 Fair triumpher of annoy !
 STELLA ! Star of heavenly fire !
 STELLA ! Loadstar of desire !”

“STELLA ! in whose shining eyes,
 Are the lights of CUPID’S skies ;
 Whose beams where they once are darted,
 Love therewith is straight imparted.”

“STELLA ! whose voice when it speaks,
 Senses all asunder breaks.
 STELLA ! whose voice when it singeth,
 Angels’ to acquaintance bringeth.”

“STELLA ! in whose body is
 Writ each character of bliss.
 Whose face all, all beauty passeth ;
 Save thy mind which yet surpasseth.”

“Grant ! O grant ! but speech, alas,
 Fails me, fearing on to pass :
 Grant ! O me ! what am I saying ?
 But no fault there is in praying.”

“Grant ! O Dear ! on knees I pray”
 Knees on ground he then did stay
 “That not I ; but since I love you,
 Time and place for me may move you !”

“ Never season was more fit :
Never room more apt for it.
Smiling air allows my reason ;
These birds sing : now use the season ! ”

“ This small wind which so sweet is,
See how it the leaves doth kiss !
Each tree in his best attiring,
Sense of love to love inspiring. ”

“ Love makes earth, the water drink ;
Love to earth makes water sink :
And if dumb things be so witty,
Shall a heavenly grace want pity ? ”

There his hands in their speech, fain
Would have made tongue's language plain :
But her hands, his hands repelling,
Gave repulse, all grace excelling.

Then she spake, her speech was such,
As not ears, but heart did touch ;
While such wise she love denied,
As yet love she signified.

[The remaining stanzas of this song were first printed in the edition of 1598.]

“ ASTROPHEL ! ” said she, “ my love !
Cease in these effects to prove.
Now be still ! yet still believe me,
Thy grief more than death would grieve me. ”

“ If that any thought in me,
Can taste comfort but of thee ;
Let me fed with hellish anguish,
Joyless, hopeless, endless languish. ”

“ If those eyes you praised, be
Half so dear as you to me ;
Let me home return, stark blinded
Of those eyes ; and blinder minded ! ”

“ If to secret of my heart,
I do any wish impart ;
Where thou art not foremost placed :
Be both wish and I defaced ! ”

“ If more may be said, I say
All my bliss on thee I lay.
If thou love, my love content thee !
For all love, all faith is meant thee. ”

“ Trust me, while I thee deny,
In myself the smart I try.
Tyrant HONOUR doth thus use thee.
STELLA'S self might not refuse thee ! ”

“ Therefore, Dear ! this no more move :
Lest, though I leave not thy love,
Which too deep in me is framed ;
I should blush when thou art named ! ”

Therewithal away she went,
Leaving him to passion rent,
With what she had done and spoken ;
That therewith my song is broken.

NINTH SONG.



O MY FLOCK ! go get you hence !
Seek a better place of feeding ;
Where you may have some defence
Fro the storms in my breast breeding
And showers from mine eyes proceeding.

Leave a wretch in whom all woe
Can abide to keep no measure :
Merry flock ! such one forego,
Unto whom mirth is displeasure :
Only rich in mischief's treasure.

Yet, alas, before you go,
Hear your woeful master's story ;
Which to stones I else would show.
Sorrow only then hath glory,
When 'tis excellently sorry.

STELLA ! fiercest shepherdess !
Fiercest but yet fairest ever !
STELLA ! whom O heavens do bless !
Though against me she persèvere ;
Though I bliss inherit never.

STELLA hath refusèd me !
STELLA, who more love hath provèd
In this caitiff heart to be ;
Than can in good ewes be movèd,
Towards lambkins best belovèd.

STELLA hath refusèd me !
ASTROPHEL that so well servèd,
In this pleasant spring, must see,
While in pride flowers be preservèd
Himself only winter-starvèd.

Why, alas, doth she then swear
That she loveth me so dearly ?
Seeing me so long to bear
Coals of love that burn so clearly :
And yet leave me helpless merely ?

Is that love? Forsooth, I trow,
 If I saw my good dog grievèd,
 And a help for him did know;
 My love should not be believèd,
 But he were by me relievèd.

No, she hates me, welaway!
 Feigning love somewhat to please me:
 For she knows, if she display
 All her hate; death would soon seize me,
 And of hideous torments ease me.

Then adieu, dear flock! adieu!
 But, alas, if in your straying,
 Heavenly STELLA meet with you:
 Tell her in your piteous blaying,
 Her poor slave's unjust decaying.

TENTH SONG.



DEAR life! when shall it be
 That mine eyes, thine eyes may see?
 And in them, thy mind discover,
 Whether absence have had force
 Thy remembrance to divorce
 From the image of the lover?

Or if I myself find not,
 After parting ought forgot;
 Nor be barred from Beauty's treasure;
 Let no tongue aspire to tell
 In what high joys I shall dwell.
 Only Thought aims at the pleasure.

Thought therefore I will send thee!
To take up the place for me;
Long I will not after tarry.
There, unseen, thou mayest be bold,
Those fair wonders to behold,
Which in them, my Hopes do carry.

Thought! see thou no place forbear!
Enter bravely everywhere!
Seize on all to her belonging!
But if thou wouldst guarded be,
Fearing her beams; take with thee
Strength of Liking, Rage of Longing!

[The next three stanzas first appeared in the edition of 1598.]

Think of that most grateful time!
When my leaping heart will climb
In my lips to have his bidding!
There those roses for to kiss,
Which do breathe a sugared bliss;
Opening rubies, pearls dividing.

Think of my most princely power!
When I blessed shall devour
With my greedy lickorous senses
Beauty, Music, Sweetness, Love:
While she doth against me prove
Her strong darts, but weak defences.

Think! think of those dallyings!
When with dovelike murmurings,
With glad moaning passed anguish;
We change eyes, and heart for heart
Each to other do depart:
Joying till joy make us languish.

O my Thought ! my Thoughts surcease !
 Thy delights, my woes increase.
 My life melts with too much thinking.
 Think no more ! but die in me,
 Till thou shalt revivèd be ;
 At her lips my nectar drinking.

FINIS .

Sir P[HILIP] S[IDNEY].

ELEVENTH SONG.

[This song was first printed in the edition of 1598.]



Ho is it that this dark night,
 Underneath my window plaineth ?
*It is one who from thy sight,
 Being, ah ! exiled ; disdaineth
 Every other vulgar light.*

Why, alas ! and are you he ?
 Be not yet those fancies changèd ?
*Dear ! when you find change in me,
 Though from me you be estrangèd ;
 Let my change to ruin be.*

Well in absence this will die.
 Leave to see ! and leave to wonder !
*Absence sure will help, if I
 Can learn how myself to sunder
 From what in my heart doth lie.*

But time will these thoughts remove :
Time doth work what no man knoweth.
*Time doth as the subject prove,
With time still th'affection groweth
In the faithful turtle dove.*

What if you new beauties see !
Will not they stir new affection ?
*I will think thy pictures be
(Image-like of saints' perfection)
Poorly counterfeiting thee.*

But your reason's purest light
Bids you leave such minds to nourish !
*Dear ! do reason no such spite !
Never doth thy beauty flourish
More than in my reason's sight.*

But the wrongs love bears, will make
Love at length leave undertaking.
*No, the more fools it do shake
In a ground of so firm making,
Deeper still they drive the stake.*

Peace ! I think that some give ear !
Come no more ! lest I get anger.
*Bliss ! I will my bliss forbear ;
Fearing, Sweet ! you to endanger !
But my soul shall harbour thee.*

Well begone ! begone I say !
Lest that ARGUS' eyes perceive you.
*O unjust Fortune's sway !
Which can make me thus to leave you ;
And from louts to run away.*

POEMS & SONNETS

OF SUNDRY OTHER

NOBLEMEN AND GENTLEMEN.

THE AUTHOR OF THIS POEM, S[AMUEL]. D[ANIEL].

[The following section, consisting of twenty-eight sonnets and seven songs, which ends at p. 108, alone figures in the first (surreptitious) quarto of 1591; it was not reprinted in the authorised folio edition of Sidney's *Arcadia* and other works in 1598. Twenty-three of these sonnets reappeared in Daniel's authorised sonnet-collection, entitled *Delia* of 1592, and twenty-two in what Daniel designed to be the finally revised edition of *Delia* of 1594. Cf. vol. ii., 116 *seq.* Five of these sonnets which are duly indicated below, were not reprinted by Daniel at any time.]



O, wailing verse! the infant of my love—
 MINERVA-like, brought forth without a
 mother—
 That bears the image of the cares I prove;
 Witness your father's grief exceeds all
 other.

Sigh out a story of her cruel deeds,
 With interrupted accents of despair:

A monument that whosoever reads,
 May justly praise and blame my loveless Fair.

Say! her disdain hath dried up my blood,
 And starvèd you, in succours still denying.
 Press to her eyes! importune me some good!

Waken her sleeping cruelty with crying!

Knock at her hard heart! Say! I perish for her!
 And fear this deed will make the world abhor her.

SONNET I.

IF so IT hap the offspring of my care,
These fatal anthems and afflicted songs,
Come to their view, who like to me do fare ;
May move them sigh thereat, and moan my wrongs.
But untouched hearts ! with unaffected eye,
Approach not to behold my soul's distress !
Clearsighted, you will note what is awry,
Whilst blind ones see no error in my verse.
You blinded souls ! whom hap and error lead.
You outcast eaglets dazzled with the sun !
Ah you, and none but you, my sorrow read !
You best can judge the wrong that she hath done :
That she hath done, the motive of my pain ;
Who whilst I love, doth kill me with disdain.

SONNET II.

THESSE SORROWING sighs, the smokes of mine annoy,
These tears, which heat of sacred fire distils ;
These are the tributes that my faith doth pay ;
And these my tyrant's cruel mind fulfil.
I sacrifice my youth and blooming years
At her proud feet ; that yet respects no whit
My youth, untimely withered with my tears ;
By winter woes, for spring of youth unfit.
She thinks a look may recompense my care,
And so with looks prolongs my long lookt ease :
As short the bliss, so is the comfort rare ;
Yet must that bliss my hungry thoughts appease.
Thus she returns my hopes to fruitless ever ;
Once let her love indeed or eye me never !

SONNET III.

[Not reprinted in *Delia*, Daniel's authorised collection, 1592-4.]

THE ONLY bird alone that Nature frames,
When weary of the tedious life she lives
By fire dies, yet finds new life in flames;
Her ashes to her shape new essence give.

When only I, the only wretched wight,
Weary of life that breathes but sorrow's blasts;
Pursue the flame of such a beauty bright,
That burns my heart; and yet my life still lasts.

O sovereign light! that with thy sacred flame
Consumes my life, revive me after this!
And make me (with the happy bird) the same
That dies to live, by favour of thy bliss!

This deed of thine will show a goddess' power;
In so long death to grant one living hour.

SONNET IV.



TEARS, vows and prayers gain the hardest hearts:
Tears, vows and prayers have I spent in vain.
Tears cannot soften flint, nor vows convert.

Prayers prevail not with a quaint disdain.

I lose my tears, where I have lost my love,
I vow my faith, where faith is not regarded,
I pray in vain a merciless to move;
So rare a faith ought better be rewarded.

Though frozen will may not be thawed with tears,
Though my soul's idol scorneth all my vows,
Though all my prayers be made to deafened ears,
No favour though the cruel Fair allows;

Yet will I weep, vow, pray to cruel She:

Flint, frost, disdain; wears, melts and yields, we see.

SONNET V.

WHY DOTH my mistress credit so her glass
Gazing her beauty, deigned her by the skies?
And doth not rather look on him, alas!

Whose state best shows the force of murdering eyes.

The broken tops of lofty trees declare
The fury of a mercy-wanting storm:
And of what force your wounding graces are,
Upon myself, you best may find the form.

Then leave your glass, and gaze yourself on me!
That mirror shows the power of your face:
To admire your form too much may danger be,
NARCISSUS changed to flower in such a case.

I fear your change! Not flower nor hyacinth;
MEDUSA'S eye may turn your heart to flint.

SONNET VI.

THESE AMBER locks are those same nets, my Dear!
Wherewith my liberty thou didst surprise.
Love was the flame that fired me so near.

The darts transpiercing were these crystal eyes.

Strong is the net, and fervent is the flame,
Deep is the stroke, my sighs can well report:
Yet do I love, adore and praise the same;
That holds, that burns, that wounds me in that sort.

I list not seek to break, to quench, to heal
This bond, this flame, this wound that festereth so;
By knife, by liquor or by salve to deal:
So much I please to perish in my woe.

Yet, lest long travels be above my strength
Good Lady! loose, quench, heal me now at length!

SONNET VII.

BEHOLD WHAT hap PYGMALION had, to frame
 And carve his grief himself upon a stone :
 My heavy fortune is much like the same,
 I work on flint, and that's the cause I moan.

For hapless lo even with mine own desires,
 I figured on the table of my heart ;
 The goodliest shape that the world's eye admires :
 And so did perish by my proper art.

And still I toil to change the marble breast
 Of her whose sweet Idea I adore :
 Yet cannot find her breathe unto my rest.
 Hard is her heart, and woe is me therefore.

O blessed he that joys his stone and art !
 Unhappy I ! to love a stony heart.

SONNET VIII.

[Reprinted in Daniel's *Delia*, edition 1592, but *not* in the final edition 1594.]

OFT AND in vain my rebel thoughts have ventured
 To stop the passage of my vanquished heart ;
 And close the way, my friendly foe first entered :
 Striving thereby to free my better part.

Whilst guarding thus the windows of my thought,
 Where my heart's thief to vex me made her choice ;
 And thither all my forces to transport :
 Another passage opens at her voice.

Her voice betrays me to her hand and eye,
 My freedom's tyrant, glorying in her art :
 But, ah ! sweet foe ! small is the victory,
 With three such powers to plague one silly heart.

Yet my soul's sovereign ! since I must resign ;
 Reign in my thoughts ! My love and life are thine !

SONNET IX.

REIGN IN my thoughts! fair hand! sweet eye! rare voice!
 Possess me whole, my heart's Triumvirate!
 Yet heavy heart! to make so hard a choice
 Of such as spoil thy whole afflicted state.

For whilst they strive which shall be Lord of all,
 All my poor life by them is trodden down:
 They all erect their triumphs on my fall,
 And yield me nought; who gains them there renown.

When back I look, and sigh my freedom past,
 And wail the state wherein I present stand,
 And see my fortune ever like to last:
 Finding me reined with such a cruel hand,
 What can I do but yield? and yield I do;
 And serve them all, and yet they spoil me too!

SONNET X.

[Not reprinted in *Delia*, Daniel's authorised collection, 1592-4.]

THE SLY Enchanter, when to work his will
 And secret wrong on some forespoken wight;
 Frames wax in form to represent aright
 The poor unwitting wretch he means to kill:

And pricks the image, framed by magic's skill,
 Whereby to vex the party day and night.
 Like hath she done, whose show bewitched my sight
 To beauty's charms, her lover's blood to spill.

For first, like wax she framed me by her eyes;
 Whose "Nays!" sharp-pointed set upon my breast
 Martyr my life; and plague me in this wise
 With ling'ring pain to perish in unrest.

Nought could, save this, my sweetest fair suffice,
 To try her art on him that loves her best.

SONNET XI.

RESTORE THY treasure to the golden ore!
 Yield CYTHEREA'S son those arks of love!
 Bequeath the heavens, the stars that I adore!
 And to the Orient do thy pearls remove!
 Yield thy hands' pride unto the ivory white!
 To Arabian odour give thy breathing sweet!
 Restore thy blush unto AURORA bright!
 To THETIS give the honour of thy feet!
 Let VENUS have the graces she resigned!
 And thy sweet voice yield to HERMONIUS' spheres!
 But yet restore thy fierce and cruel mind
 To Hyrcan tigers and to ruthless bears!
 Yield to the marble thy hard heart again!
 So shalt thou cease to plague, and I to pain.

SONNET XII.

[Not reprinted in *Delia*, Daniel's authorised collection, 1592-4.]

THE TABLET of my heavy fortunes here
 Upon thine altar, Paphian Power! I place.
 The grievous shipwrack of my travels dear
 In bulged bark, all perished in disgrace.
 That traitor LOVE! was pilot to my woe;
 My sails were Hope, spread with my Sighs of Grief;
 The twin lights which my hapless course did show
 Hard by th'inconstant sands of false relief,
 Were two bright stars which led my view apart.
 A SIREN'S voice allured me come so near
 To perish on the marble of her heart:
 A danger which my soul did never fear.
 Lo, thus he fares that trusts a calm too much
 And thus fare I whose credit hath been such.

SONNET XIII.

MY CYNTHIA hath the waters of mine eyes,
The ready handmaids on her Grace attending,
That never fall to ebb, nor ever die ;
For to their flow she never grants an ending.
The Ocean never doth attend more duly
Upon his sovereign, the night wand'ring Queen ;
Nor ever hath his impost paid more truly,
Than mine, to my soul's Queen hath ever been.
Yet her hard rock, firm fixt for aye removing,
No comfort to my cares she ever giveth :
Yet had I rather languish in her loving,
Than to embrace the fairest she that liveth.
I fear to find such pleasure in my reigning ;
As now I taste in compass of complaining.

SONNET XIV.

IF A TRUE heart and faith unfeigned ;
If a sweet languish with a chaste desire ;
If hunger-starven thoughts so long retained,
Fed but with smoke, and cherished but with fire ;
And if a brow with CARE's characters painted ;
Bewray my love, with broken words half spoken,
To her which sits in my thoughts' temple, sainted ;
And lay to view my vulture-gnawen heart open :
If I have wept the day and sighed the night,
While thrice the sun approached his northern bound ;
If such a faith hath ever wrought aright,
And well deserved, and yet no favour found.
Let this suffice ; the whole world it may see,
The fault is hers, though mine the most hurt be.

SONNET XV.

SINCE THE first look that led me to this error,
To this thoughts' maze to my confusion tending;
Still have I lived in grief, in hope, in terror;
The circle of my sorrows never ending.

Yet cannot have her love, that holds me hateful;
Her eyes exact it, though her heart disdains me.
See what reward he hath that serves th'ungrateful?
So long and pure a faith no favour gains me.

Still must I whet my young desires abated,
Upon the flint of such a heart rebelling:
And all in vain; her pride is so imated,
She yields no place at all for PITY'S dwelling.

Oft have I told her that my soul did love her,
And that with tears: yet all this will not move her.

SONNET XVI.

[Not reprinted in *Delia*, Daniel's authorised collection, 1592-4.]

WEIGH BUT the cause! and give me leave to plain me,
For all my hurt, that my heart's Queen hath
wrought it;

She whom I love so dear, the more to pain me,
Withholds my right, where I have dearly bought it.

Dearly I bought that was so highly rated,
Even with the price of blood and body's wasting;
She would not yield that ought might be abated,
For all she saw my love was pure and lasting:

And yet now scorns performance of the passion;
And with her presence JUSTICE overruleth.
She tells me flat her beauty bears no action;
And so my plea and process she excludeth.

What wrong she doth, the world may well perceive it:
To accept my faith at first, and then to leave it.

SONNET XVII.

WHILST BY her eyes pursued, my poor heart flew it
 Into the sacred bosom of my Dearest ;
 She there, in that sweet sanctuary, slew it,
 When it had hoped his safety to be nearest.

My faith of privilege could no whit protect it ;
 That was with blood, and three years' witness signed :
 Whereby she had no cause once to suspect it,
 For well she saw my love, and how I pined.

Yet no hope's letter would her brow reveal me,
 No comfort's hue which falling spirits erecteth ;
 What boots to laws of succour to appeal me ?
 Ladies and tyrants never laws respecteth.

Then there I die, where I had hope to liven ;
 And by her hand that better might have given.

SONNET XVIII.

LOOK IN my griefs ! and blame me not to mourn,
 From thought to thought that lead a life so bad :
FORTUNE's orphan ! Her's and the world's scorn !
 Whose clouded brow doth make my days so bad.

Long are their nights, whose cares do never sleep ;
 Loathsome their days, whom never sun yet joyed ;
 A pleasing grief impressèd hath so deep,
 That thus I live both day and night annoyed.

Yet since the sweetest root doth yield thus much,
 Her praise from my complaint I must not part :
 I love the effect, because the cause is such ;
 I praise her face, and blame her flinty heart.

Whilst that we make the world admire at us ;
 Her for disdain, and me for loving thus.

SONNET XIX.

HAPPY IN sleep; waking, content to languish;
 Embracing clouds by night; in day time mourn;
 All things I loathe save her and mine own anguish;
 Pleased in my heart moved to live forlorn.

Nought do I crave but love, death or my lady.
 Hoarse with crying, "Mercy!" (Mercy yet my merit),
 So many vows and prayers ever made I;
 That now at length to yield, mere pity were it.

Yet since the Hydra of my cares renewing,
 Revives still sorrows of her fresh disdain:
 Still must I go the summer winds pursuing,
 And nothing but her love and my heart's paining.

Weep hours! grieve days! sigh months! and still
 mourn yearly!

Thus must I do because I love her dearly.

SONNET XX.

IF BEAUTY bright be doubled with a frown,
 That PITY cannot shine through to my bliss;
 And DISDAIN's vapours are thus overgrown,
 That my life's light to me quite darkened is.

Why trouble I the world then with my cries,
 The air with sighs, the earth below with tears?
 Since I live hateful to those ruthless eyes;
 Vexing with my untuned moan, her dainty ears.

If I have loved her dearer than my breath,
 (My breath that calls the heaven to witness it)
 And still hold her most dear until my death;
 And if that all this cannot move one whit:

Yet let her say that she hath done me wrong,
 To use me thus and know I loved so long.

SONNET XXI.

COME DEATH! the anchor hold of all my thoughts,
My last resort whereto my soul appealeth :
For all too long on earth my Fancy dotes,
While dearest blood my fiery passions seaeth.
That heart is now the prospective of horror
That honoured hath the cruel'st Fair that liveth;
The cruelest Fair that knows I languish for her,
And never mercy to my merit giveth ;
This is the laurel and her triumph's prize,
To tread me down with foot of her disgrace ;
Whilst I did build my fortune in her eyes,
And laid my soul's rest on so fair a face.
That rest I lost ; my love, my life and all :
Thus high attempts to low disgrace do fall.

SONNET XXII.

IF THIS be love, to draw a weary breath,
To paint on floods till the shore cry to the air ;
With prone aspect still treading on the earth.
Sad horror! pale grief! prostrate despair!
If this be love, to war against my soul,
Rise up to wail, lie down to sigh, to grieve me,
With ceaseless toil CARE's restless stones to roll,
Still to complain and moan, whilst none relieve me.
If this be love, to languish in such care
Loathing the light, the world, myself and all,
With interrupted sleeps, fresh griefs repair ;
And breathe out horror in perplexed thrall.
If this be love, to live a living death :
Lo then love I, and draw this weary breath.

SONNET XXIII.

[Not reprinted in *Delia*, Daniel's authorised collection, 1594.]

MY YEARS¹ draw on my everlasting night,
 And HORROR's sable clouds dim my life's sun;
 That my life's sun, and Thou my worldly light
 Shall rise no more to me. My days are done!

I'll go before unto the myrtle shades,
 To attend the presence of my world's dear:
 And dress a bed of flowers that never fade,
 And all things fit against her coming there.

If any ask, "Why that so soon I came?"
 I'll hide her fault, and say "It was my lot."
 In life and death I'll tender her good name;
 My life and death shall never be her blot.

Although the world this deed of hers may blame;
 The Elysian ghosts shall never know the same.

SONNET XXIV.

THE STAR of my mishap imposed my paining
 To spend the April of my years in crying;
 That never found my fortune but in waining,
 With still fresh cares my blood and body trying.

Yet her I blame not, though she might have blest me;
 But my DESIRE's wings so high aspiring:
 Now melted with the sun that hath possest me
 Down do I fall from off my high desiring.

And in my fall do cry for mercy speedy,
 No piteous eye looks back upon my mourning;
 No help I find, when now most favour need I:
 My ocean tears drown me, and quench my burning.

And this my death must christen her anew,
 Whiles faith doth bid my cruel Fair, "Adieu!"

¹ *Var. lect. cares.*

SONNET XXV.

TO HEAR the impost of a faith not feigning,
That duty pays, and her disdain extorteth :
These bear the message of my woeful paining,
These olive branches mercy still exhorteth.
These tributary complaints with chaste desires,
I send those eyes, the cabinets of love ;
The paradise whereto my soul aspires,
From out this hell, which my afflictions prove :
Wherein, poor soul ! I live exiled from mirth,
Pensive alone, none but despair about me.
My joys' liberties perished in their birth,
My cares long lived, and will not die without me.
What shall I do, but sigh and wail the while ;
My martyrdom exceeds the highest style.

SONNET XXVI.

TONCE MAY see, when years may wreck my wrong;
And golden hairs may change to silver wire ;
And those bright rays (that kindle all this fire)
Shall fail in force, their power not so strong.
Her beauty, now the burden of my song,
Whose glorious blaze the world's eye doth admire ;
Must yield her praise to tyrant TIME's desire :
Then fades the flower, which fed her pride so long.
When if she grieve to gaze her in her glass,
Which then presents her winter-withered hue :
Go you my verse ! go tell her what she was !
For what she was, she best may find in you.
Your fiery heat lets not her glory pass,
But Phoenix-like to make her live anew.

SONNET XXVII.

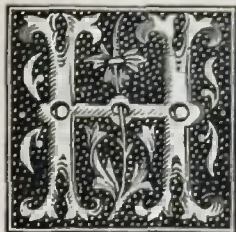
RAISING MY hope on hills of high desire,
 Thinking to scale the heaven of her heart ;
 My slender mean presumes too high a part :
 For DISDAIN'S thunderbolt made me retire,
 And threw me down to pain in all this fire.
 Where lo, I languish in so heavy smart
 Because th'attempt was far above my art :
 Her state brooks not poor souls should come so nigh her.
 Yet I protest my high aspiring will
 Was not to dispossess her of her right :
 Her sovereignty should have remained still,
 I only sought the bliss to have her sight.
 Her sight contented thus to see me spill,
 Framed my desires fit for her eyes to kill.

FINIS.

[SAMUEL] DANIEL.



Canto primo.



ARK ALL you ladies that do sleep !
The Fairy Queen PROSERPINA
Bids you awake ! and pity them that weep !
You may do in the dark
What the day doth forbid ;
Fear not the dogs that bark,
Night will have all hid.

But if you let your lovers moan ;
The Fair Queen PROSERPINA
Will send abroad her fairies every one :
That shall pinch black and blue
Your white hands and fair arms ;
That did not kindly rue
Your paramours' harms.

In myrtle arbours on the downs,
The Fairy Queen PROSERPINA
This night by moonshine, leading merry rounds,
Holds watch with sweet LOVE,
Down the dale, up the hill.
No plaints nor griefs may move
Their holy vigil.

All you that will hold watch with LOVE,
The Fairy Queen PROSERPINA
Will make you fairer than DIANA'S dove.
Roses red, lilies white,
And the clear damask hue ;
Shall on your cheeks alight.
LOVE will adorn you.

All you that love! or loved before!
 The Fairy Queen PROSERPINA
 Bids you increase that loving humour more!
 They that have not yet fed
 On delight amorous;
 She vows that they shall lead
 Apes in Avernus.

Canto secundo.

WHAT FAIR pomp have I spied of glittering Ladies;
 With locks sparkled abroad, and rosy coronet
 On their ivory brows, trackt to the dainty thighs
 With robes like Amazons, blue as violet,
 With gold aiglets adorned, some in a changeable
 Pale; with spangs wavering taught to be movable.

Then those Knights that afar off with dolorous viewing,
 Cast their eyes hitherward: lo, in an agony
 All unbraced, cry aloud, their heavy state ruing:
 Moist cheeks with blubbering, painted as ebony
 Black; their feltred hair torn with wrathful hand:
 And whiles astonied, stark in a maze they stand.

But hark! what merry sound! what sudden harmony!
 Look! look near the grove! where the Ladies do tread
 With their Knights the measures weighed by the melody.
 Wantons! whose traversing make men enamoured;
 Now they fain an honour, now by the slender waist
 He must her aloft, and seal a kiss in haste.

Straight down under a shadow for weariness they lie
 With pleasant dalliance, hand knit with arm in arm;
 Now close, now set aloof, they gaze with an equal eye,
 Changing kisses alike; straight with a false alarm,
 Mocking kisses alike, pout with a lovely lip.
 Thus drowned with jollities, their merry days do slip.

But stay! now I discern they go on a pilgrimage
 Towards LOVE's holy land, fair Paphos or Cyprus.
 Such devotion is meet for a blithesome age;
 With sweet youth, it agrees well to be amorous.
 Let old angry fathers lurk in an hermitage:
 Come, we'll associate this jolly pilgrimage!

Canto tertio.

MY LOVE bound me with a kiss
 That I should no longer stay:
 When I felt so sweet a bliss,
 I had less power to pass away.
 Alas! that women do not know,
 Kisses make men loth to go.

Canto quarto.

LOVE WHETS the dullest wits, his plagues be such:
 But makes the wise by pleasing, dote as much.
 So wit is purchased by this dire disease.
 O let me dote! so LOVE be bent to please,

Canto quinto.

DAY, a night, an hour of sweet content
 Is worth a world consumed in fretful care.
 Unequal gods! in your arbitrement!
 To sort us days whose sorrows endless are!
 And yet what were it? as a fading flower;
 To swim in bliss a day, a night, an hour.

What plague is greater than the grief of mind?
 The grief of mind that eats in every vein,
 In every vein that leads such clods behind,
 Such clods behind as breed such bitter pain.
 So bitter pain that none shall ever find,
 What plague is greater than the grief of mind?

Doth sorrow fret thy soul? O direful spirit!
 Doth pleasure feed thy heart? O blessed man!
 Hast thou been happy once? O heavy plight!
 Are thy mishaps forepast? O happy then!
 Or hast thou bliss in eld? O bliss too late!
 But hast thou bliss in youth? O sweet estate!

FINIS.

CONTENT.



Megliora spero.



ACTION THAT ever dwells in Court where
wit excels,

Hath set defiance.

FORTUNE and LOVE have sworn that they
were never born

Of one alliance.

CUPID which doth aspire to be god of Desire,

Swears he "gives laws ;

That where his arrows hit, some joy, some sorrow it :

FORTUNE no cause."

FORTUNE swears "weakest hearts," the books of CUPID's arts,
"turned with her wheel,

Senseless themselves shall prove. Venture hath place in love.

Ask them that feel!"

This discord it begot atheists, that honour not.

NATURE thought good

FORTUNE should ever dwell in Court where wits excel ;

LOVE keep the wood.

So to the wood went I, with LOVE to live and die.

FORTUNE's forlorn.

Experience of my youth made me think humble TRUTH

In deserts born.

My saint I keep to me, and JOAN herself is free,
 JOAN fair and true!
 She that doth only move passions of love with LOVE.
 FORTUNE! adieu!

FINIS.

E. O. [*i.e.* EDWARD DE VERE, Earl of OXFORD.]



FLOODS of tears could cleanse my follies past
 And smokes of sighs might sacrifice for sin;
 If groaning cries might salve my fault at last;
 Or endless moan for error, pardon win:
 Then would I cry, weep, sigh, and ever
 moan
 Mine error, fault, sins, follies past and gone.

I see my hopes must wither in their bud,
 I see my favours are no lasting flowers,
 I see that words will breathe no better good
 Than loss of time, and lightning but at hours.
 Then when I see, then this I say therefore,
 That favours, hopes and words can blind no more.

FINIS.



Sir PHILIP SIDNEY.

Sonnets and Poetical Translations.

[The following pieces were not printed in the quartos of 1591. They all appeared in the 1598 edition of Sidney's works. The opening sonnet and seven others, which are duly indicated here, were printed for the first time in Constable's *Diana*, 1594. See vol. ii. pp. 89, 95.]



INCE shunning pain, I ease can never find;
 Since bashful dread seeks where he knows
 me harmed;
 Since will is won, and stoppèd ears are
 charmed;
 Since force doth faint, and sight doth make
 me blind;

Since loosing long, the faster still I bind;
 Since naked sense can conquer reason armed;
 Since heart in chilling fear, with ice is warmed;
 In fine, since strife of thought but mars the mind:
 I yield, O LOVE! unto thy loathèd yoke.
 Yet craving law of arms, whose rule doth teach;
 That hardly used, whoever prison broke—
 In justice quit—of honour makes no breach:
 Whereas if I a grateful Guardian have;
 Thou art my lord! and I, thy vowèd slave.

[First printed in Constable's *Diana*, 1594. See vol. ii. p. 89.]

WHEN LOVE, puft up with rage of high disdain,
 Resolved to make me pattern of his might ;
 Like foe, whose wits inclined to deadly spite,
 Would often kill, to breed more feeling pain ;
 He would not, armed with beauty, only reign
 On those affects, which easily yield to sight ;
 But virtue sets so high, that reason's light,
 For all his strife, can only bondage gain.

So that I live to pay a mortal fee.
 Dead palsy sick of all my chiefest parts :
 Like those, whom dreams make ugly monsters see,
 And can cry, " Help ! " with nought but groans and starts.
 Longing to have, having no wit to wish :
 To starving minds, such is god CUPID'S dish !

To the tune of Non credo gia che piu infelice amante.



THE FIRE to see my wrongs, for anger burneth ;
 The Air in rain, for my affliction weepeth ;
 The Sea to ebb, for grief, his flowing turneth ;
 The Earth with pity dull, the centre keepeth :
 Fame is with wonder blazed ;
 Time runs away for sorrow ;
 Peace standeth still, amazed,
 To see my night of evils, which hath no morrow.
 Alas, a lovely She no pity taketh,
 To know my miseries ; but, chaste and cruel,
 My fall her glory maketh :
 Yet still her eyes give to my flames, their fuel.

Fire, burn me quite, till sense of burning leave me !
 Air, let me draw no more thy breath in anguish !

Sea, drowned in thee, of tedious life bereave me !
 Earth, take this earth, wherein my spirits languish !
 Fame, say I was not born !
 Time, haste my dying hour !
 Place, see my grave upturn !
 Fire, air, sea, earth, fame, time, place show your power !
 Alas, from all their help, I am exiled :
 For hers am I, and death fears her displeasure.
 Fie, death ! thou art beguiled !
 Though I be hers, she makes of me no treasure.

To the same tune.




THE Nightingale—as soon as April bringeth
 Unto her rested sense, a perfect waking ;
 While late bare earth, proud of new clothing,
 springeth—

Sings out her woes, a thorn her song book making.
 And mournfully bewailing,
 Her throat in tunes expresseth
 What grief her breast oppresseth
 For THEREUS' force, on her chaste will prevailing.
 O PHILOMELA fair ! O take some gladness !
 That here is juster cause of plaintful sadness.
 Thine earth now springs ! mine fadeth ;
 Thy thorn without ! my thorn my heart invadeth.

Alas, she hath no other cause of anguish
 But THEREUS' love ; on her, by strong hand wroken ;
 Wherein she suffering, all her spirits languish,
 Full woman-like, complains her will was broken.
 But I—who, daily craving,
 Cannot have to content me—
 Have more cause to lament me ;
 Since wanting is more woe than too much having.

O PHILOMELA fair! O take some gladness!
 That here is juster cause of plaintful sadness.
 Thine earth now springs! mine fadeth:
 Thy thorn without! my thorn my heart invadeth.

To the tune of Basciami vita mia.

“LEEP, baby mine, DESIRE!” Nurse BEAUTY
 singeth.
 “Thy cries, O baby! set mine head on aching.”
 The babe cries “Way! thy love doth keep me
 waking.”

“Lully, lully, my babe! HOPE cradle bringeth;
 Unto my children always good rest taking.”
 The babe cries “Way! thy love doth me keep waking.”

“Since, baby mine! from me, thy watching springeth,
 Sleep then a little! pap, CONTENT is making:”
 The babe cries “Nay! for that abide I waking.”



*To the tune of the Spanish song Se tu señora
 no dueles de mi.*



FAIR! O sweet! when I do look on thee,
 In whom all joys so well agree;
 Heart and soul do sing in me.

This you hear is not my tongue,
 Which once said what I conceived;
 For it was of use bereaved,
 With a cruel answer stung.

No! though tongue to roof be cleaved,
 Fearing lest he chastised be;
 Heart and soul do sing in me,

*O fair ! O sweet ! when I do look on thee,
In whom all joys so well agree ;
Heart and soul do sing in me.*

Just accord all music makes :
In thee just accord excelleth ;
Where each part in such peace dwelleth,
One of other, beauty takes.
Since then truth to all minds telleth
That in thee, lives harmony :
Heart and soul do sing in me.

*O fair ! O sweet ! when I do look on thee,
In whom all joys so well agree ;
Heart and soul do sing in me.*

They that heaven have known, do say
That whoso that grace obtaineth
To see what fair sight there reigneth,
Forcèd are to sing alway.
So then, since that heaven remaineth
In thy face, I plainly see :
Heart and soul do sing in me.

*O fair ! O sweet ! when I do look on thee,
In whom all joys so well agree ;
Heart and soul do sing in me.*

Sweet ! think not I am at ease,
For because my chief part singeth :
This song, from death's sorrow springeth ;
As to swan in last disease.
For no dumbness, nor death bringeth
Stay to true love's melody :
Heart and soul do sing in me.



*These four following Sonnets were made, when
his Lady had pain in her face.*

[These four sonnets were first printed in Constable's *Diana*, 1594. See vol. ii. p. 89.]



THE scourge of life, and death's extreme disgrace,
The smoke of hell, the monster callèd PAIN;
Long shamed to be accurst in every place,
By them who of his rude resort complain;

Like crafty wretch, by time and travail taught,
His ugly evil in others' good to hide;
Late harbours in her face, whom Nature wrought
As Treasure House where her best gifts do bide.

And so, by privilege of sacred seat—
A seat where beauty shines, and virtue reigns—
He hopes for some small praise, since she hath great;
Within her beams, wrapping his cruel stains.

Ah, saucy PAIN! Let not thy error last.

More loving eyes she draws, more hate thou hast!



WOE! woe to me! On me, return the smart!
My burning tongue hath bred my mistress pain.
For oft, in pain, to PAIN, my painful heart,
With her due praise, did of my state complain.

I praised her eyes, whom never chance doth move;
Her breath, which makes a sour answer sweet;
Her milken breasts, the nurse of childlike love;
Her legs, O legs! Her aye well stepping feet:

PAIN heard her praise, and full of inward fire
(First sealing up my heart, as prey of his)
He flies to her; and boldened with desire,
Her face, this Age's praise, the thief doth kiss!

O PAIN! I now recant the praise I gave,

And swear she is not worthy thee to have.



THOU PAIN! the only guest of loathed CONSTRAINT,
The child of CURSE, MAN'S WEAKNESS' foster-child,
Brother to WOE, and father of COMPLAINT:

Thou PAIN! thou hated PAIN! from heaven exiled.

How hold'st thou her, whose eyes constraint doth fear?
Whom curst, do bless; whose weakness, virtues arm;
Who, other's woes and plaints can chastely bear;
In whose sweet heaven, angels of high thoughts, swarm.

What courage strange, hath caught thy caitiff heart?
Fear'st not a face that oft whole hearts devours?
Or art thou from above bid play this part,
And so no help 'gainst envy of those powers?

If thus, alas, yet while those parts have woe,
So stay her tongue, that she no more say, "No!"



AND have I heard her say, "O cruel pain!"

And doth she know what mould her beauty bears?
Mourns she, in truth; and thinks that others feign?
Fears she to feel, and feels not other's fears?

Or doth she think all pain the mind forbears;
That heavy earth, not fiery spirits may plain?
That eyes weep worse than heart in bloody tears?
That sense feels more that what doth sense contain?

No! no! She is too wise! She knows her face
Hath not such pain, as it makes others have.
She knows the sickness of that perfect place
Hath yet such health, as it my life can save.

But this she thinks, "Our pain, high cause excuseth:
Where her who should rule pain; false pain abuseth."

Translated from HORACE, which begins Rectius vives.

YOU better sure shall live, not evermore
 Trying high seas; nor while seas rage, you flee,
 Pressing too much upon ill harboured shore.

The golden mean who loves, lives safely free
 From filth of foresworn house; and quiet lives,
 Released from Court, where envy needs must be.

The winds most oft the hugest pine tree grieves;
 The stately towers come down with greater fall;
 The highest hills, the bolt of thunder cleaves.

Evil haps do fill with hope; good haps appal
 With fear of change, the courage well prepared:
 Foul winters, as they come; away, they shall!

Though present times and past with evils be snared,
 They shall not last: with cithern, silent Muse,
 APOLLO wakes; and bow, hath sometimes spared.

In hard estate; with stout show, valour use!
 The same man still, in whom wise doom prevails,
 In too full wind, draw in thy swelling sails!



Out of CATULLUS.

NULLI se dicit mulier mea nubere malle,
 Quam mihi non si se JUPITER ipse petat,
 Dicit sed mulier CUPIDO quæ dicit amanti,
 In vento aut rapida scribere optet aqua.

“**U**NTO nobody,” my woman saith, “she had rather a wife be
Than to myself; not though Jove grew a suitor of hers.”

These be her words, but a woman’s words to a love that is eager,
In wind or water’s stream do require to be writ.

Q*UI sceptrā scævus duro imperio regit,
Timet timentes, metus in authorem redit.*

AIR! seek not to be feared. Most lovely! beloved by thy servants!
For true it is, “that they fear many; whom many fear.”



LIKE as the dove, which, sealed up, doth fly;
Is neither free, nor yet to service bound:
But hopes to gain some help by mounting high,
Till want of force do force her fall to ground.

Right so my mind, caught by his guiding eye,
And thence cast off, where his sweet hurt he found,
Hath never leave to live, nor doom to die;
Nor held in evil, nor suffered to be sound.

But with his wings of fancies, up he goes
To high conceits, whose fruits are oft but small;
Till wounded, blind and wearied spirit lose
Both force to fly, and knowledge where to fall.

O happy dove, if she no bondage tried!
More happy I, might I in bondage 'bide!



Sonnet by [Sir] E[DWARD]. D[YER].

PROMETHEUS, when first from heaven high,
 He brought down fire, ere then on earth not seen ;
 Fond of delight, a Satyr, standing by,
 Gave it a kiss, as it like sweet had been.

Feeling forthwith the other burning power,
 Wood with the smart, with shouts and shrieking shrill,
 He sought his ease in river, field, and bower ;
 But, for the time, his grief went with him still.

So, silly I, with that unwonted sight,
 In human shape an Angel from above
 Feeding mine eyes, the impression there did light ;
 That since, I run and rest as pleaseth love.

The difference is, the Satyr's lips, my heart ;
 He, for a while ; I evermore have smart.

[Answering Sonnet by Sir PHILIP SIDNEY.]

ASATYR once did run away for dread,
 With sound of horn, which he himself did blow :
 Fearing and feared, thus from himself he fled ;
 Deeming strange evil in that he did not know.

Such causeless fears, when coward minds do take ;
 It makes them fly that which they fain would have :
 As this poor beast who did his rest forsake
 Thinking not " Why ! " but how himself to save.

Even thus might I, for doubts which I conceive
 Of mine own words, my own good hap betray :
 And thus might I, for fear of " May be," leave
 The sweet pursuit of my desired prey.

Better like I thy Satyr, dearest DYER !
 Who burnt his lips to kiss fair shining fire.



MY MISTRESS lowers, and saith I do not love!
 I do protest, and seek with service due,
 In humble mind, a constant faith to prove:
 But for all this, I cannot her remove
 From deep vain thought that I may not be true.

If oaths might serve, even by the Stygian lake,
 Which poets say, the gods themselves do fear,
 I never did my vowèd word forsake.
 For why should I; whom free choice, slave doth make?
 Else what in face, than in my fancy bear.

My Muse therefore—for only thou canst tell—
 Tell me the cause of this my causeless woe?
 Tell how ill thought disgraced my doing well?
 Tell how my joys and hopes, thus foully fell
 To so low ebb, that wonted were to flow?

O this it is! The knotted straw is found!
 In tender hearts, small things engender hate.
 A horse's worth laid waste the Trojan ground.
 A three-foot stool, in Greece, made trumpets sound.
 An ass's shade, ere now, hath bred debate.

If Greeks themselves were moved with so small cause
 To twist those broils, which hardly would untwine:
 Should ladies fair be tied to such hard laws,
 As in their moods to take a lingering pause?
 I would it not. Their metal is too fine.

“My hand doth not bear witness with my heart.”
 She saith, “because I make no woful lays,
 To paint my living death, and endless smart.”
 And so, for one that felt god CUPID's dart,
 She thinks I lead and live too merry days.

Are poets then, the only lovers true?
 Whose hearts are set on measuring a verse;
 Who think themselves well blest, if they renew
 Some good old dump, that CHAUCER'S mistress knew;
 And use you but for matters to rehearse.

Then, good APOLLO! do away thy bow!
 Take harp! and sing in this our versing time!
 And in my brain some sacred humour flow,
 That all the earth my woes, sighs, tears may know.
 And see you not, that I fall now to rhyme!

As for my mirth—how could I but be glad
 Whilst that, me thought, I justly made my boast
 That only I, the only mistress had.
 But now, if e'er my face with joy be clad;
 Think HANNIBAL did laugh, when Carthage lost!

Sweet Lady! As for those whose sullen cheer,
 Compared to me, made me in lightness found;
 Who Stoic-like in cloudy hue appear;
 Who silence force, to make their words more dear;
 Whose eyes seem chaste, because they look on ground:
 Believe them not! For physic true doth find,
 Choler adust is joyed in womankind.

[First printed in Constable's *Diana*, 1594. See vol. ii. p. 89.]

IN WONTED walks, since wonted fancies change,
 Some cause there is, which of strange cause doth
 rise;

For in each thing whereto my eye doth range,
 Part of my pain, me seems, engravèd lies.

The rocks, which were of constant mind the mark,
 In climbing steep, now hard refusal show;

And shading woods seem now my sun to dark ;
And stately hills disdain to look so low.

The restful caves, now restless visions give ;
In dales, I see each way a hard ascent ;
Like late mown meads, late cut from joy I live ;
Alas, sweet brooks do in my tears augment.

Rocks, woods, hills, caves, dales, meads, brooks answer
me :

Infected minds infect each thing they see.



IF I COULD think how these my thoughts to leave ;
Or thinking still my thoughts might have good end :
If rebel sense would reason's law receive ;
Or reason foiled would not in vain contend :
Then might I think what thoughts were best to think ;
Then might I wisely swim, or gladly sink.

If either you would change your cruel heart ;
Or cruel still, time did your beauty stain ;
If from my soul, this love would once depart ;
Or for my love, some love I might obtain :
Then might I hope a change or ease of mind ;
By your good help, or in myself to find.

But since my thoughts in thinking still are spent,
With reason's strife, by sense's overthrow ;
You fairer still, and still more cruel bent ;
I loving still a love, that loveth none :
I yield and strive ; I kiss and curse the pain,
Thought, reason, sense, time, you and I maintain.



A Farewell.

[First printed in Constable's *Diana*, 1594. See vol. ii. p. 95.]



OFT HAVE I mused, but now at length I find
 Why those that die, men say, "they do depart."
 "Depart!" A word so gentle, to my mind,
 Weakly did seem to paint death's ugly dart.

But now the stars, with their strange course do bind
 Me one to leave, with whom I leave my heart :
 I hear a cry of spirits, faint and blind,
 That parting thus, my chiefest part, I part.

Part of my life, the loathed part to me,
 Lives to impart my weary clay some breath :
 But that good part, wherein all comforts be,
 Now dead, doth show departure is a death.

Yea, worse than death ! Death parts both woe and joy.
 From joy I part, still living in annoy.



FINDING those beams, which I must ever love,
 To mar my mind ; and with my hurt, to please :
 I deemed it best some absence for to prove,
 If further place might further me to ease.

My eyes thence drawn, where lived all their light,
 Blinded, forthwith in dark despair did lie :
 Like to the mole, with want of guiding sight,
 Deep plunged in earth, deprived of the sky.

In absence blind, and wearied with that woe ;
 To greater woes, by presence, I return :
 Even as the fly, which to the flame doth go ;
 Pleased with the light, that his small corse doth burn,
 Fair choice I have, either to live or die ;
 A blindèd mole, or else a burnèd fly !



The Seven Wonders of England.



NEAR Wilton sweet, huge heaps of stones are found,
 But so confused, that neither any eye
 Can count them just; nor reason, reason try,
 What force brought them to so unlikely ground ?

To stranger weights, my mind's waste soil is bound.
 Of Passion, hills; reaching to reason's sky;
 From Fancy's earth, passing all numbers bound.
 Passing all guess, whence into me should fly
 So mazed a mass? or if in me it grows?
 A simple soul should breed so mixed woes.

The Bruertons have a lake, which when the sun
 Approaching, warms—not else; dead logs up sends
 From hideous depth: which tribute, when its ends;
 Sore sign it is, the lord's last thread is spun.

My lake is Sense, whose still streams never run,
 But when my sun her shining twins there bends;
 Then from his depth with force, in her begun,
 Long drowned Hopes to watery eyes it lends:
 But when that fails, my dead hopes up to take;
 Their master is fair warn'd, his will to make.

We have a fish, by strangers much admir'd,
 Which caught, to cruel search yields his chief part:
 (With gall cut out) closed up again by art,
 Yet lives until his life be new required.

A stranger fish! myself, not yet expired,
 Though rapt with Beauty's hook, I did impart
 Myself unto th'anatomy desired:
 Instead of gall, leaving to her, my heart.
 Yet lived with Thoughts closed up; till that she will
 By conquest's right, instead of searching, kill.

Peak hath a cave, whose narrow entries find
 Large rooms within : where drops distil amain,
 Till knit with cold, though there unknown remain,
 Deck that poor place with alabaster lined.

Mine Eyes the strait, the roomy cave, my Mind ;
 Whose cloudy Thoughts let fall an inward rain
 Of Sorrow's drops, till colder Reason bind
 Their running fall into a constant vein
 Of Truth, far more than alabaster pure !
 Which, though despised, yet still doth Truth endure.

A field there is ; where, if a stake be prest
 Deep in the earth, what hath in earth receipt
 Is changed to stone ; in hardness, cold, and weight :
 The wood above, doth soon consuming rest.

The earth, her Ears ; the stake is my Request :
 Of which how much may pierce to that sweet seat
 To Honour turned, doth dwell in Honour's nest ;
 Keeping that form, though void of wonted heat :
 But all the rest, which Fear durst not apply ;
 Failing themselves, with withered conscience, die.

Of ships, by shipwreck cast on Albion's coast,
 Which rotting on the rocks, their death do die ;
 From wooden bones and blood of pitch doth fly
 A bird, which gets more life than ship had lost.

My ship, Desire ; with wind of Lust long tost,
 Brake on fair cliffs of Constant Chastity :
 Where plagued for rash attempt, gives up his ghost ;
 So deep in seas of Virtue's beauties lie.
 But of this death, flies up a purest Love,
 Which seeming less, yet nobler life doth move.

These wonders, England breeds. The last remains.
 A lady, in despite of nature, chaste;
 On whom all love, in whom no love is placed;
 Where fairness yields to wisdom's shortest reins.

An humble pride, a scorn that favour stains;
 A woman's mould, but like an angel graced;
 An angel's mind, but in a woman cast;
 A heaven on earth, or earth that heaven contains.
 Now thus this wonder to myself I frame;
 She is the cause, that all the rest I am.



To the tune of Wilhemus van Nassau, &c.

Who hath his fancy pleased,
 With fruits of happy sight;
 Let here his eyes be raised,
 On Nature's sweetest light.
 A light, which doth dissever
 And yet unite the eyes;
 A light, which dying never,
 Is cause the looker dies.

She never dies, but lasteth
 In life of lover's heart:
 He ever dies that wasteth
 In love his chiefest part.
 Thus is her life still guarded
 In never dying faith,
 Thus is his death rewarded,
 Since she lives in his death.

Look then and die! The pleasure
 Doth answer well the pain.
 Small loss of mortal treasure,
 Who may immortal gain.
 Immortal be her graces,
 Immortal is her mind:
 They fit for heavenly places,
 This heaven in it doth bind.

But eyes these beauties see not,
 Nor sense that grace descries:
 Yet eyes; deprived be not,
 From sight of her fair eyes.
 Which as of inward glory
 They are the outward seal;
 So may they live still sorry,
 Which die not in that weal.

But who hath fancies pleased
 With fruits of happy sight;
 Let here his eyes be raised
 On Nature's sweetest light!



The smokes of Melancholy.

WHO HATH ever felt the change of love,
 And known those pangs that the losers prove,
 May paint my face, without seeing me;
 And write the state how my fancies be:
 The loathsome buds grown on Sorrow's Tree.

But who, by hearsay speaks, and hath not fully felt
 What kind of fires they be in which those spirits melt,
 Shall guess, and fail, what doth displease:
 Feeling my pulse; miss my disease.

O no ! O no ! trial only shows
 The bitter juice of forsaken woes ;
 Where former bliss, present evils do stain :
 Nay, former bliss adds to present pain ;
 While remembrance doth both states contain.

Come learners then to me ! the model of mishap !
 Engulfèd in despair ! slid down from fortune's lap !
 And as you like my double lot,
 Tread in my steps, or follow not !

For me, alas, I am full resolved
 These bands, alas, shall not be dissolved ;
 Nor break my word, though reward come late ;
 Nor fail my faith in my failing fate ;
 Nor change in change, though change change my state.

But always one myself, with eagle-eyed truth to fly
 Up to the sun ; although the sun my wings do fry :
 For if those flames burn my desire,
 Yet shall I die in Phoenix's fire.



WHEN, to my deadly pleasure ;
 When, to my lively torment,
 Lady ! mine eyes remained
 Joined, alas, to your beams.

With violence of heav'nly
 Beauty tied to virtue,
 Reason abash'd retired ;
 Gladly my senses yielded.

Gladly my senses yielding,
Thus to betray my heart's fort ;
Left me devoid of all life.

They to the beamy suns went ;
Where by the death of all deaths :
Find to what harm they hastened.

Like to the silly Sylvan ;
Burned by the light he best liked,
When with a fire he first met.

Yet, yet, a life to their death,
Lady ! you have reservèd !
Lady, the life of all love !

For though my sense be from me
And I be dead, who want sense ;
Yet do we both live in you !

Turned anew, by your means,
Unto the flower that aye turns,
As you, alas, my sun bends.

Thus do I fall to rise thus,
Thus do I die to live thus,
Changed to a change, I change not.

Thus may I not be from you !
Thus be my senses on you !
Thus what I think is of you !
Thus what I seek is in you !
All what I am, it is you !



*To the tune of a Neapolitan Song, which
beginneth No, no, no, no.*



*O, NO, no, no, I cannot hate my foe,
Although with cruel fire,
First thrown on my desire,
She sacks my rendered sprite.*
For so fair a flame embraces
All the places
Where that heat of all heats springeth,
That it bringeth
To my dying heart some pleasure :
Since his treasure
Burneth bright in fairest light. No, no, no, no.

*No, no, no, no, I cannot hate my foe,
Although with cruel fire,
First blown on my desire,
She sacks my rendered sprite.*
Since our lives be not immortal,
But to mortal
Fetters tied, do wait the hour
Of death's power,
They have no cause to be sorry
Who with glory
End the way, where all men stay. No, no, no, no

*No, no, no, no, I cannot hate my foe,
Although with cruel fire,
First thrown on my desire,
She sacks my rendered sprite.*
No man doubts ; whom beauty killeth,
Fair death feeleth ;
And in whom fair death proceedeth,
Glory breedeth.

So that I, in her beams dying,
 Glory trying ;
 Though in pain, cannot complain. No, no, no, no.



To the tune of a Neapolitan Villanelle.



ALL my sense thy sweetness gained ;
 Thy fair hair my heart enchained ;
 My poor reason thy words moved,
 So that thee, like heaven, I loved.

Fa la la leridan, dan dan dan deridan ;
 Dan dan dan deridan deridan dei.
 While to my mind, the outside stood
 For messengers of inward good.

Now thy sweetness sour is deemed,
 Thy hair, not worth a hair esteemed,
 Reason hath thy words removed,
 Finding that but words they proved.

Fa la la leridan, dan dan dan deridan ;
 Dan dan dan deridan deridan dei.
 For no fair sign can credit win,
 If that the substance fail within.

No more in thy sweetness, glory !
 For thy knitting hair, be sorry !
 Use thy words, but to bewail thee !
 That no more thy beams avail thee.
 Dan, dan, [*i.e.*, *Fa la la leridan*, &c.]
 Dan, dan.

Lay not thy colours more to view !
 Without the picture be found true.

Woe to me! alas, she weepeth!
 Fool in me! What folly creepeth!
 Was I to blaspheme enraged,
 Where my soul I have engaged?
 Dan, dan,
 Dan, dan.
 And wretched! I must yield to this;
 The fault I blame, her chasteness is.

Sweetness! sweetly pardon folly!
 Tie me, hair! your captive wholly!
 Words! O words of heavenly knowledge!
 Know my words, their faults acknowledge.
 Dan, dan,
 Dan, dan.
 And all my life, I will confess
 The less I love, I live the less.



Translated out of Diana of MONTEMAYOR in Spanish, where SIRENO, a shepherd, pulling out a little of his mistress DIANA's hair, wrapt about with green silk; who had now utterly forsaken him: to the hair, he thus bewailed himself.



WHAT changes here, O hair!
 I see? since I saw you.
 How ill fits you, this green to wear,
 For hope the colour due.
 Indeed I well did hope,
 Though hope were mixed with fear,
 No other shepherd should have scope
 Once to approach this hair.

Ah, hair! how many days
 My DIANA made me show,
 With thousand pretty childish plays,
 If I wore you or no?
 Alas, how oft with tears,
 O tears of guileful breast!
 She seemèd full of jealous fears;
 Whereat I did but jest.

Tell me, O hair of gold!
 If I then faulty be,
 That trust those killing eyes, I would,
 Since they did warrant me.
 Have you not seen her mood?
 What streams of tears she spent!
 Till that I swear my faith so stood,
 As her words had it bent.

Who hath such beauty seen
 In one that changeth so?
 Or where one's love so constant been,
 Who ever saw such woe?
 Ah hair! are you not grieved?
 To come from whence you be:
 Seeing how once you saw I lived;
 To see me, as you see?

On sandy bank, of late,
 I saw this woman sit,
 Where "Sooner die, than change my state."
 She, with her finger, writ.
 Thus my belief was stayed.
 "Behold love's mighty hand
 On things," were by a woman said,
 And written in the sand.

The same SIRENO in MONTEMAYOR holding his mistress's glass before her; looking upon her, while she viewed herself; thus sang:



THIS high grace, with bliss conjoined,
 No further debt on me is laid;
 Since that in selfsame metal coined
 Sweet lady! you remain well paid.
 For if my place give me great pleasure,
 Having before me Nature's treasure;
 In face and eyes unmatched being:
 You have the same in my hands, seeing
 What in your face, mine eyes do measure.

Nor think the match unev'nly made,
 That of those beams in you do tarry!
 The glass to you, but gives a shade;
 To me, mine eyes the true shape carry.
 For such a thought most highly prized,
 Which ever hath love's yoke despised,
 Better than one captived perceiveth.
 Though he the lively form receiveth;
 The other sees it but disguised.



ING out your bells! let mourning shows be spread,
 For LOVE is dead.

All love is dead, infected
 With the plague of deep disdain;
 Worth as nought worth rejected,
 And faith, fair scorn doth gain.

*From so ungrateful fancy,
 From such a female frenzy,
 From them that use men thus,
 Good Lord deliver us!*

Weep! neighbours, weep! Do you not hear it said
That LOVE is dead.

His deathbed, peacock's Folly;
His winding sheet is Shame;
His will, False Seeming wholly;
His sole executor, BLAME.

*From so ungrateful fancy,
From such a female frenzy,
From them that use men thus,
Good Lord deliver us!*

Let *dirige* be sung, and trentals rightly read.
For LOVE is dead.

Sir WRONG his tomb ordaineth,
My mistress' marble heart;
Which epitaph containeth
"Her eyes were once his dart."

*From so ungrateful fancy,
From such a female frenzy,
From them that use men thus,
Good Lord deliver us!*

Alas, I lie. Rage hath this error bred.
LOVE is not dead.

LOVE is not dead, but sleepeth
In her unmatched mind;
Where she his counsel keepeth,
Till due deserts she find.

*Therefore from so vile fancy,
To call such wit a frenzy:
Who love can temper thus,
Good Lord deliver us!*





THOU blind man's mark! thou fool's self-chosen snare!
 Fond fancy's scum! and dregs of scattered thought!
 Band of all evils! cradle of causeless care!
 Thou web of will! whose end is never wrought.

DESIRE! DESIRE! I have too dearly bought,
 With price of mangled mind, thy worthless ware!
 Too long! too long asleep thou hast me brought!
 Who should my mind to higher things prepare;
 But yet in vain, thou hast my ruin sought!
 In vain, thou mad'st me to vain things aspire!
 In vain, thou kindlest all thy smoky fire!
 For virtue hath this better lesson taught.

Within myself, to seek my only hire:
 Desiring nought, but how to kill DESIRE.



LEAVE me, O love! which reachest but to dust!
 And thou, my mind! aspire to higher things!
 Grow rich in that, which never taketh rust!
 Whatever fades, but fading pleasure brings.

Draw in thy beams, and humble all thy might
 To that sweet yoke, where lasting freedoms be!
 Which breaks the clouds, and opens forth the light
 That doth both shine, and give us sight to see.

O take fast hold! Let that light be thy guide!
 In this small course which birth draws out to death:
 And think how evil becometh him to slide,
 Who seeketh heaven, and comes of heavenly breath!
 Then farewell, world! Thy uttermost I see!
 Eternal Love, maintain Thy love in me!

Splendidis longum valedico nigris.

THE
TEARS OF
Fancie.

OR,
Loue Disdained.

Ætna grauius Amor.



Printed at London for William Barley, dwelling
in Gratiuous streete ouer against Leaden
Hall. 1593.

{Reprinted from the only known copy in the collection of Mrs. Christie-Miller at Britwell.}



GOE Idle lines vnpolisht rude and base,
Vnworthy words to blason beauties glory :
(Beauty that hath my restless hart in chase,
Beauty the subiect of my ruefull story.)
I warne thee shunne the bower of her abiding,
Be not so bold ne hardy as to view her :
Least shee intraged with thee fall a chiding,
And so her anger proue thy woes renewer.
Yet if shee daigne to rew thy dreadfull smart,
And reading laugh, and laughing so mislike thee :
Bid her desist, and looke within my hart,
Where shee may see how ruthles shee did strike mee
If shee be pleasede though shee reward thee not,
What others say of me regard it not.





SONNET I.

IN PRIME of youthly yeares as then not wounded,
With Loues poisoned dart or bitter gall :
Nor minde nor thought son fickle Fancie grounded,
But carelesse hunting after pleasures ball.

I tooke delight to laugh at Louers follie,
Accounting beautie but a fading blossome :
What I esteemed prophane, they deemed holie,
Ioying the thraldome which I counted loathsome.
Their plaints were such as no thing might relieue them,
Their harts did wellnie breake loues paine induring :
Yet still I smild to see how loue did grieue them,
Vnwise they were their sorrowes selfe procuring.
Thus whilst they honoured *Cupid* for a God,
I held him as a boy not past the rod.

SONNET II.

LONG time I fought, and fiercely waged warre,
Against the God of amarous Desire :
Who sets the senses mongst themselues at iarre,
The hart inflaming with his lustfull fire.

The winged boy vpon his mothers knee,
Wantonlie playing neere to *Paphos* shrine :
Scorning that I should checke his Deitie,
VVhose dreaded power tam'd the gods diuine.
From forth his quiuer drew the keenest dart,
VVherewith high *Ioue* he oftentimes had wounded :
And fiercely aimd it at my stubborne hart,
But backe againe the idle shaft rebounded.
Loue saw and frownd, that he was so beguiled,
I laught outright, and *Venus* sweetly smiled.

SONNET III.



HEE smild to see her sonne in such a rage,
 I laught to thinke how I had Loue preuented:
 He frownd and vowd nought should his ire asswage,
 Till I had stoopt to Loue, and loue repented.

The more he rag'd the greater grew our laughter,
 The more we laught the fiercer was his ire:
 And in his anger sware my poore harts slaughter,
 VVhich in my breast beautie should set on fire.
 Faire *Venus* seeing her deere sonne in chollar,
 Fearing mishap by his too hasty anger:
 Perswaded him that shee would worke my dollor,
 And by her meanes procure my endles langor.
 So Loue and loues Queene (Loue hauing consented,)
 Agreed that I by Loue should be tormented.

SONNET IV.



HO taking in her lap the God of loue,
 Shee lightly mounted through the Christall aire:
 And in her Coach ydrawne with siluer Doues,
 To *Vulcans* smokie Forge shee did repaire.

VVhere hauing wonne the Ciclops to her will,
 Loues quiuer fraught with arrowes of the best:
 His bended bow in hand all armed to kill,
 He vowd reuenge and threatned my vnrest.
 And to be sure that he would deadly strike me,
 His blindfold eies he did a while vncouer:
 Choosing an arrow that should much mislike me,
 He bad wound him that scornes to be a Louer.
 But when he saw his bootles arrow shiuer,
 He brake his bow, and cast away his quiuer.

SONNET V.



HOPELES and helpeles too, poore loue amated,
To see himselfe affronted with disdaine :
And all his skill and power spent in vaine,
At me the onely obiect that he hated.

Now *Cytherea* from *Olimpus* mount,
Descending from the sphere with her deere sonne :
VVith Douelike wings to *Alcidalyon*,
Loue on her knee, shee by the Christall fount ;
Aduisde the boy what scandall it would bee,
If Fame should to the open world discouer
How I surui'd and scornd Loues sacred power.
Then *Cupid* lightly leaping from her knee,
Vnto his mother vovd my discontenting :
Vnhappie vowe the ground of my lamenting.

SONNET VI.



THEN on the sodaine fast away he fled,
He fled apace as from pursuing foe :
Ne euer lookt he backe, ne turnd his head
Vntill he came whereas he wrought my woe.
Tho casting from his backe his bended bow.
He quickly clad himselfe in strange disguise :
In strange disguise that no man might him know,
So coucht himselfe within my Ladies eies.
But in her eies such glorious beames did shine,
That welnigh burnt loues party coloured wings,
VVhilst I stood gazing on her sunne-bright eien,
The wanton boy shee in my bosome flings.
He built his pleasant bower in my brest,
So I in loue, and loue in me doth rest.

SONNET VII.



OW Loue triumphed hauing got the day,
Proudly insulting, tyrannizing still:
As Hawke that ceazeth on the yeelding pray,
So am I made the scorne of Victors will.

Now eies with teares, now hart with sorrow fraught,
Hart sorrowes at my watry teares lamenting:
Eyes shed salt teares to see harts pining thought,
And both that then loue scornd are now repenting.
But all in vaine too late I pleade repentance,
For teares in eies and sighs in hart must weeld me:
The feathered boy hath doomd my fatall sentence,
That I to tyrannizing Loue must yeeld me.
And bow my necke erst subiect to no yoke,
To Loues false lure (such force hath beauties stroke).

SONNET VIII.



WHAT a life is it that Louers ioy,
VVherein both paine and pleasure shrouded is:
Both heauenly pleasures and eke hells annoy,
Hells fowle annoyance and eke heauenly blisse,
VVherein vaine hope doth feede the Louers hart,
And brittle ioy sustaine a pining thought:
VVhen blacke dispaire renewes a Louers smart,
And quite extirps what first content had wrought.
VVhere faire resemblance eke the mind allureth,
To wanton lewd lust giuing pleasure scope:
And late repentance endles paines procureth,
But none of these afflict me saue vaine hope.
And sad dispaire, dispaire and hope perplexing,
Vaine hope my hart, dispaire my fancie vexing.

[Two leaves containing eight sonnets (IX.-XVI.) are missing from the only known copy of this volume.]

SONNET XVII.

WHEN from her fled my hart in sorrow wrapped.
Like vnto one that shund pursuing slaughter:
All welnigh breathles told me what had happed,
How both in Court and countrie he had fought her.
The drerie teares of many loue repenting,
Corriuals in my loue whom fancie stroked;
Partners in loue and partners in lamenting,
My fellow thralls whose necks as mine were yoked.
The shepherds praises and their harts amis,
Vrged by my Mistres ouerweening pride;
For none that sees her but captiued is,
And last he told which to my hart did glide;
How all the teares I spent were vaine and forceles,
For shee in hart had vovd to be remorceles.

SONNET XVIII.

WHO with a showre of teares I entertained,
My wounded hart into my breast accloied:
VVith thousand sundrie cares and griefes vn-
fained,
Vnfained griefes and cares my hart annoied.
Annoying sorrowes at my harts returning,
Assaild my thoughts with neuer ceasing horror:
That euen my hart, hart like to Ætna burning,
Did often times conspire for to abhorre her.
But enuious loue still bent to eke my morning,
A grieuous pennance for my fault inflicted:
That eies should weepe and hart be euer groaning;
So loue to worke my sorrowes was addicted.
But earths sole wonder whose eies my sense appalled,
The fault was loues, then pardon me, for loue is franticke
called.

SONNET XIX.



MY HART impos'd this penance on mine eies,
 (Eies the first causers of my harts lamenting):
 That they should weepe till loue and fancie dies,
 Fond loue the last cause of my harts repenting.
 Mine eies vpon my hart inflict this paine,
 (Bold hart that dard to harbour thoughts of loue)
 That it should loue and purchase fell disdain,
 A grieuous penance which my hart doth proue.
 Mine eies did weepe as hart had them imposed,
 My hart did pine as eies had it constrained:
 Eies in their teares my paled face disclosed,
 Hart in his sighs did show it was disdaind.
 So th'one did weepe th'other sighed, both gricued,
 For both must liue and loue, both vnrelieued.

SONNET XX.



MY HART accus'd mine eies and was offended,
 Vowing the cause was in mine eies aspiring:
 Mine eies affirmd my hart might well amend it,
 If he at first had banisht loues desiring.
 Hart said that loue did enter at the eies,
 And from the eies descended to the hart:
 Eies said that in the hart did sparkes arise,
 Which kindled flame that wrought the inward smart,
 Hart said eies tears might soone haue quencht that fl[ame,]
 Eies said harts sighs at first might loue exile:
 So hart the eies and eies the hart did blame,
 VVhilst both did pine for both the paine did feele.
 Hart sighed and bled, eies wept and gaz'd too much,
 Yet must I gaze because I see none such.

SONNET XXI.

FORTUNE forwearied with my bitter mone,
Did pittie seldome seene my wretched fate:
And brought to passe that I my loue alone
Vnwares attacht to plead my hard estate.

Some say that loue makes louers eloquent,
And with diuine wit doth them inspire:
But beautie my tongues office did preuent,
And quite extinguished my first desire.
As if her eies had power to strike me dead,
So was I dased at her crimson die:
As one that had beheld Medusaes head,
All senses failed their Master but the eie.
Had that sense failed and from me eke beene taken,
Then I had loue and loue had me forsaken.

SONNET XXII.

ISAW the obiect of my pining thought,
VVithin a garden of sweete natures placing:
VVhere in an arbour artificall wrought,
By workemans wondrous skill the garden gracing.

Did boast his glorie, glorie farre renowned,
For in his shadie boughs my Mistres slept:
And with a garland of his branches crowned,
Her daintie forehead from the sunne ykept.
Imperious loue vpon her eielids tending,
Playing his wanton sports at euery becke,
And into euerie finest limbe descending,
From eies to lips from lips to yuorie necke.
And euerie limbe supplide and t'euery part,
Had free accesse but durst not touch her hart.

SONNET XXIII.



YE me that loue wants power to pierce the hart,
 Of my harts obiect beauties rarest wonder :
 VVhat is become of that hart-thrilling dart,
 VVhose power brought the heauenly powers
 vnder.

Ah gentle loue if empty be thy quiuer,
 Vnmaske thy selfe and looke within my brest :
 VVhere thou shalt find the dart that made me shiuer,
 But can I liue and see my loue distrest.
 Ah no that shaft was cause of sorrow endles,
 And paine perpetuall should my Lady proue :
 If hart were pierst, the deare loue be not friendles,
 Although I neuer found a friend of loue,
 If not without her hart, her loue be gained,
 Let me liue still forlorne and diee disdained.

SONNET XXIV.



TILL let me liue forlorne and diee disdained,
 My hart consenting to continuall languish :
 If loue (my harts sore) may not be obtained,
 But with the danger of my Ladies anguish.

Let me oppose my selfe gainst sorrowes force,
 And arme my hart to beare woes heauy load :
 Vnpittied let me diee without remorse,
 Rather than monster fame shall blase abroad ;
 That I was causer of her woes induring,
 Or brought faire beauty to so fowle a damage :
 If life or death might be her ioyes procuring,
 Both life, loue, death, and all should doe her homage.
 But shee liues safe in freedomes liberty,
 I liue and diee in loues extremitie.

SONNET XXV.

THE priuate place which I did choose to waile,
And deere lament my loues pride was a groue;
Plac'd twixt two hills within a lowlie dale,
Which now by fame was cald the vale of loue.

The vale of loue for there I spent my plainings,
Plaints that bewraïd my sicke harts bitter wounding:
Loue sicke harts deepe wounds with dispaire me paining,
The bordering hills my sorrowing plaints resounding.
Each tree did beare the figure of her name,
Vvhich my faint hand vppon their backs ingraued:
And euery tree did seeme her sore to blame,
Calling her proud that mee of ioyes depraued.
But vaine for shee had vowed to forsake mee,
And I to endles anguish must betake mee.

SONNET XXVI.

IT PLEASED my Mistris once to take the aire,
Amid the vale of loue for her disporting.
The birds perceauing one so heauenly faire,
With other Ladies to the groue resorting.

Gan dolefully report my sorrowes endles,
But shee nill listen to my woes repeating:
But did protest that I should sorrow friendle
So liue I now and looke for ioyes defeating.
But ioyfull birds melodious harmonie,
Whose siluer tuned songs might well haue moued her:
Inforst the rest to rewe my miserie,
Though shee denyd to pittie him that lou'd her.
For shee had vovd her faire should neuer please me,
Yet nothing but her loue can once appease me.

SONNET XXVII.

THE banke whereon I leand my restles head,
 Placd at the bottome of a mirtle tree :
 I oft had watered with the teares I shed,
 Sad teares did with the fallen earth agree.

Since when the flocks that grase vpon the plaine,
 Doe in their kind lament my woes though dumbe :
 And euery one as faithfull doth refraine
 To eate that grasse which sacred is become.
 And euerie tree forbeareth to let fall,
 Their dewie drops mongst any brinish teares :
 Onelie the mirth¹ whose hart as mine is thrall,
 To melt in sorrowes sourse no whit forbear.
 So franticke loue with grieve our paind harts wringing,
 That still we wept and still the grasse was springing.

SONNET XXVIII.

FAST flowing teares from watery eies abounding,
 In tract of time by sorrow so constrained :
 And framd a fountaine in which Eccho founding,
 The'nd of my plaints (vaine plaints of Loue
 disdained.)

VWhen to the wel of mine owne eies weeping,
 I gan repaire renewing former greeuing :
 And endles moane Eccho me companie keeping,
 Her vnreuealed woe my woe reuealing.
 My sorrowes ground was on her sorrow grounded,
 The Lad was faire but proud that her perplexed :
 Her harts deepe wound was in my hart deepe wounded,
 Faire and too proud is she that my hart vexed,
 But faire and too proud must release harts pining,
 Or hart must sigh and burst with ioies declining.

¹ ? myrrh.

SONNET XXIX.



MAKING a truce with teares sweete pleasures foe,
 I thus began hard by the fountayne side:
 O deere copartner of my wretched woe,
 No sooner saide but woe poore eccho cride.
 Then I againe what woe did thee betide,
 That can be greater than disdayne, disdayne:
 Quoth eccho. Then sayd I O womens pride,
 Pride answered echo. O inflicting payne,
 When wofull eccho payne agayne repeated,
 Redoubling sorrow with a sorrowing sound:
 For both of vs were now in sorrow seated,
 Pride and disdaine disdainefull pride the ground.
 That forst poore Eccho mourne ay sorrowing euer,
 And me lament in teares ay ioyning¹ neuer.

SONNET XXX.



ABOUT the well which from mine eies did flow,
 The woefull witnes of harts desolation:
 Yet teares nor woe nor ought could worke
 compassion,
 Did diuers trees of sundry natures growe.
 The mirrhe sweet bleeding in the latter wound,
 Into the christall waues her teares did power:
 As pittying me on whome blind loue did lower,
 Vpon whose backe I wrote my sorrows ground,
 And on her rugged rind I wrote forlorne,
 Forlorne I wrote for sorrowe me oppressed:
 Oppressing sorrowe had my hart distressed,
 And made the abiect outcast of louses scorne,
 The leaues conspiring with the winds sweet sounding,
 With gentle marmor playnd my harts deepe wounding.

¹ ? ioying.

SONNET XXXI.



I VVROTE vpon there sides to eke their plaining,
 If sad laments might multiply their sorrowe :
 My loues faire lookes and eke my loues disdainig,
 My loues coy lookes constraines me pine for woe.
 My loues disdaine which was her louers dolour :
 My loues proud hart which my harts blisse did banish :
 My loues transparent beames and rosy colour,
 The pride of which did cause my ioyes to vanish.
 My loues bright shining beeautie like the starre,
 That early riseth fore for the sunnes appearance :
 A guide vnto my thoughts that wandring arre,
 Doth force me breath abroad my woes indurance.
 O life forlorne, O loue vnkindly frowning,
 Thy eies my heart dispaire my sad hope drowning.

SONNET XXXII.



THOSE whose kind harts sweet pittie did attaint,
 With ruthfull teares bemand my miseries :
 Those which had heard my neuer ceasing plaint,
 Or read my woes ingrauen on the trees.
 At last did win my Ladie to consort them,
 Vnto the fountaine of my flowing anguish :
 VVhere she vnkind and they might boldly sport them,
 VVhilst I meanwhile in sorrows lappe did languish,
 Their meaning was that she some teares should shed,
 Into the well in pittie of my pining :
 She gaue consent and putting forth her head,
 Did in the well perceauē her beautie shining.
 VVhich seeing she withdrew her head puft vp with prid
 And would not shed a teare should I haue died.

SONNET XXXIII.



OME say that women loue for to be praised,
But droope when as they thinke their faire must
die:
Ioying to haue their beauties glorie raised,
By fames shril trompe about the starrie skie.
I then whome want of skill might be with drawing,
Extold her beautie not as yet deserued:
She said my words were flatterie and fayning,
For good intent to bad euent soone swerued.
Some say againe they will denie and take it,
I gaue my hart, my hart that dearly cost me:
No sooner offerd but she did forsake it,
Scorning my proffered gift so still she crost me.
But were I (alas I am not) false and truthles:
Then had she reason to be sterne and ruthles.

SONNET XXXIV.



HY liue I wretch and see my ioyes decay,
VVhy liue I and no hope of loues aduancing:
VVhy doe myne eies behold the sunnie day,
VVhy liue I wretch in hope of better chancing.
O wherefore tells my tounge this dolefull tale,
That euery eare may heare my bitter plaint:
VVas neuer hart that yet bemoind my bale,
VVhy liue I wretch my pangs in vaine to paint,
VVhy striue I gainst the streame or gainst the hill,
VVhy are my sorrowes buried in the dust:
VVhy doe I toile and loose my labour still,
VVhy doe I feede on hope or bild on trust.
Since hope had neuer hap and trust finds treason,
VVhy liue I wretch disdainde and see no reason?

SONNET XXXV.



AMONGST the Idle toys that tosse my brayne,
 And reauē my troubled mynd from quiet rest:
 Vyle cruell loue I find doth still remayne,
 To breede debate within my griued brest.
 VVhen weary woe doth worke to wound my will,
 And hart surchargd with sorrow liues opressed:
 My sowlen eyes then cannot wayle there fill,
 Sorrow is so far spent and I distressed.
 My toung hath not the cunning skill to tell,
 The smallest greife that gripes my throbbing hart:
 Myne eies haue not the secret power to swell,
 Into such hugie seas of wounding smart.
 That will might melt to waues of bitter woe,
 And I might swelt or drowne in sorrowes so.

SONNET XXXVI.



MY WATERIE eies let fall no trickling teares,
 But flouds that ouer flow abundantly:
 VVhose spring and fountaine first inforst by
 feares,
 Doth drowne my hart in waues of misery.
 My voice is like vnto the raging wind,
 VVhich roareth still and neuer is at rest:
 The diuers thoughts that tumble in my minde,
 Are restlesse like the wheele that wherles away.
 The smokie sighes that boyle out of my brest,
 Are farre vnlike to those which others vse:
 For Louers sighes sometimes doe take their rest,
 And lends their minds a little space to muse.
 But mine are like vnto the surging seas,
 VVhom tempest calme nor quiet can appease.

SONNET XXXVII.



HERE may I now my carefull corps conuay,
From company the worker of my woe :
How may I winke or hide mine eies alwaies,
VVhich gase on that whereof my griefe doth
growe,
How shall I seeme my sighes for to suppress,
VVhich helpe the hart which else would swelt in sunder,
VVhich hurts the helpe that makes my torment lesse :
VVhich helps and hurts, O woefull wearie wonder,
How now, but thus in solitarie wise :
To step aside and make hie waie to moane,
To make two fountaines of my dasled eies,
To sigh my fill till breath and all be gone.
To die in sorrow and in woe repent me,
That loue at last would though too late lament me.

SONNET XXXVIII.



VVOULD my loue although too late lament mee,
And pittie take of teares from eies distilling :
To beare these sorrowes well I could content me,
And ten times more to suffer would be willing.
If she would daine to grace me with her fauour,
The thought thereof sustained greife should banish :
And in beholding of her rare behauiour,
A smyle of her should force dispaire to vanishe :
But she is bent to tiran[i]ze vpon me,
Dispaire perswades there is no hope to haue her :
My hart doth whisper I am woe begone me,
Then cease my vaine plaints and desist to craue her.
Here end my sorrowes, here my salt teares stint I,
For shes obdurate, sterne, remorseles, flintie.

SONNET XXXIX.



HERE end my sorrow, no here my sorrow springeth,
 Here end my woe, no here begins my wailing:
 Here cease my grieffe, no here my grieffe deepe
 wringeth

Sorrow, woe, grieffe, nor ought else is auailing.
 Here cease my teares, no here begins eies weeping,
 Here end my plaints, no here begins my pining:
 Here hart be free, no sighes in hart still keeping,
 Teares, plaints, and sighes, all cause of ioyes declining.
 Here end my loue, no here doth loue inspire me,
 Here end my life, no let not death desire me,
 Loue, hope, and life, and all with me must perish.
 For sorrow, woe, grieffe, teares, and plaints oft plained,
 Sighes, loue, hope, life, and I, must die disdained.

SONNET XL.



THE common ioye, the cheere of companie,
 Twixt myrth and mone doth plague me euermore:
 For pleasant talke or musicks melodie,
 Yelds no such salue vnto my secret sore.

For still I liue in spight of cruell death,
 And die againe in spight of lingring life:
 Feede still with hope which doth prolong my breath,
 But choackt with feare and strangled still with strife,
 VVitnes the daies which I in dole consume,
 And weary nights beare record of my woe:
 O wronge full world which makst my fancie fume,
 Fie fickle Fortune fie, thou art my foe.
 O heaue hap so froward is my chance,
 No daies nor nights nor worlds can me aduance.

SONNET XLI.



IMPERIOUS loue who in the prime of youth,
I light esteemed as an idle toy:
Though late thy fierie dart hath causd my ruth,
And turned sweet happines to dark annoy.
VVhy hast thou pleasure in my harts deepe groning,
And dost not rew and pittie my vexations?
VVhy hast thou ioy at my laments and moning,
And art not moued at my imprecations?
VVhy hast thou stroke my hart with swift desire,
And perst my Ladies eies with fell disdain?
VVhy hath fond fancie set my thoughts on fire,
And pent my hart in prison of sad paine?
VVhy am I drown'd in dolours neuer ceasing,
My ioies still fading, and my woes increasing.

SONNET XLII.



THOU that rulest in *Ramnis* golden gate,
Let pittie pierce the vnrelenting mind:
Vnlade me of the burthen cruell fate,
(Fell enuious fates too cruell and vnkind)
Haue heapt vpon me by too froward loue,
Too froward loue the enemie of fortune:
Whose fierce assaults my hart (too late) did proue,
My sillie hart which sorrow did importune.
Yet in thy power is my harts redeeming,
My harts redeeming from vile thraldomes force:
Vile thrall to one my sorrowes not esteeming,
Though shee be cruell yet haue thou remorse.
Be thou to me no more inconstant variable,
But let thy fickle wheele rest firme and stable.

SONNET XLIII.

LONG haue I swome against the wished waue,
 But now constrained by a lothsome life :
 I greedilie doe seeke the greedie graue,
 To make an end of all these stormes and strife.
 Sweete death giue end to my tormenting woes,
 And let my passions penetrate thy brest :
 Suffer my heart which doth such griefes inclose
 By timelie fates inioie eternall rest.
 Let me not dwell in dole sith thou maist ease me,
 Let me not languish in such endles durance :
 One happie stroke of thy sad hand will please me,
 Please me good death it is thy procurance.
 To end my harts grieffe (heart shee did abhorre thee)
 O hast thee gentle death I linger for thee.

SONNET XLIV.

LONG haue I sued to fortune death and loue,
 But fortune, loue, nor death will daine to hear me :
 I fortunes frowne, deaths spight, loues horror
 proue,
 And must in loue despairing liue I feare me.
 Loue wounded me, yet nill recure my wounding,
 And yet my plaints haue often him inuoked :
 Fortune hath often heard my sorrowes sounding,
 Sorrowes which my poore hart haue welnigh choked.
 Death well might haue beene moued when I lamented,
 But cruell death was deafe when I complained :
 Death, loue, and fortune all might haue relented,
 But fortune, loue, and death, and all disdained.
 To pittie me or ease my restles minde,
 How can they choose since they are bold and blinde.

SONNET XLV.



WHEN neither sighs nor sorrowes were of force
I let my Mistres see my naked brest:
Where view of wounded hart might worke re-
morce,

And moue her mind to pittie my vnrest.
VVith stedfast eie shee gazed on my hart,
Wherein shee saw the picture of her beautie:
Which hauing seene as one agast shee start,
Accusing all my thoughts with breach of duetie.
As if my hart had robd her of her faire,
No, no, her faire bereaud my hart of ioy:
And fates disdain hath kild me with dispaire,
Dispaire the fountaine of my sad annoy.
And more, alas, a cruell one I serued,
Lest loued of her whose loue I most deserued.

SONNET XLVI.



MY MISTRES seeing her faire counterfet
So sweetelie framed in my bleeding brest
On it her fancie shee so firmelie set,
Thinking her selfe for want of it distrest.

Enuyng that anie should inioy her Image
Since all vnworthie were of such an honor:
Tho gan shee me command to leaue my gage,
The first end of my ioy, last cause of dolor.
But it so fast was fixed to my hart.
Ioind with vnseparable sweete commixture,
That nought had force or power them to part:
Here take my hart quoth I, with it the picture.
But oh coy Dame intollerable smart,
Rather then touch my hart or come about it,
She turnd her face and chose to goe without it.

SONNET XLVII.

BEHOLD deare Mistres how each pleasant greene,
Will now renew his sommers liuerie :
The fragrant flowers which haue not long beene
seene,

Will flourish now ere long in brauerie.
But I alas within whose mourning mind,
The grafts of griefe are onelie giuen to grow :
Cannot inioy the spring which others find,
But still my will must wither all in woe.
The lustie ver that whilome might exchange,
My griefe to ioy, and my delight increase :
Springs now else where and showes to me but strange,
My winters woe therefore can neuer cease.
In other coasts his sunne doth clearly shine,
And comfort lend to euery mould but mine.

SONNET XLVIII.

THE tender buds whom cold hath long kept in,
And winters rage inforst to hide their head :
Will spring and sprowt as they doe now begin,
That euerie one will ioy to see them spread.

But cold of care so nips my ioies at roote,
There is no hope to recouer what is lost :
No sunne doth shine that well can doe it boote,
Yet still I striue but loose both toile and cost.
For what can spring that feeles no force of ver,
What flower can flourish where no sunne doth shine :
These balles deare loue, within my brest I beare,
To breake my barke and make my pith to pine.
Needs must I fall, I fade both root and rinde,
My branches bowe at blast of euerie winde.

SONNET XLIX.



DIANA and her nimphs in siluane brooke,
Did wash themselues in secret farre apart :
But bold *Acteon* dard on them to looke,
For which faire *Phœbe* turnd him to a Hart.

His hounds vnweeting of his sodaine change,
Did hale and pull him downe with open crie :
He then repenting that he so did range,
Would speake but could not, so did sigh and die.
But my Diana fairer and more cruel,
Bereft me of my hart and in disdain :
Hath turnd it out to feede on fancies fuel,
And liue in bondage and eternal paine.
So hartles doe I liue yet cannot die,
Desire the dog, doth chase it to and fro :
Vnto her brest for succour it doth flie,
If shee debarre it whither shall it go.
Now liues my hart in danger to be slaine,
Vnlesse her hart my hart wil entertaine.

SONNET L.



HAND, hart and eie, tucht thought and did behold,
The onelie glorie that on earth doth grow :
Hand quakt, hart sighd, but eie was foolish bold,
To gaze til gazing wrought harts grounded woe

The obiect of these senses heauenlie saint,
With such a maiestie did me appall :
As hand to write her praise did feare and faint,
And heart did bleede to thinke me Beauties thrall.
But eie more hardie than the hand or hart,
Did glorie in her eies reflecting light :
And yet that light did breede my endles smart.
And yet mine eies nill leaue there former sight.
But gazing pine, which eie, hand, hart doth trie,
And what I loue, is but hand, hart, and eie.

SONNET LI.

EACH tree did boast the wished spring times pride,
 When solitarie in the vale of loue,
 I hid my selfe, so from the world to hide
 The vncouth passions which my hart did proue.
 No tree whose branches did not brauelie spring,
 No branch whereon a fine bird did not sit :
 No bird but did her shrill notes sweetelie sing,
 No song but did containe a louelie dit.
 Trees, branches, birds, and songs were framed faire.
 Fit to allure fraile minde to careles ease :
 But carefull was my thought, yet in dispaire,
 I dwelt, for brittle hope me cannot please.
 For when I view my loues faire eies reflecting,
 I entertaime dispaire, vaine hope reiecting.

SONNET LII.

EACH Creature ioyes Appollos happie sight,
 And feede them selues with his fayre beames
 reflecting.
 Nyght wandering trauelers at Cinthias sight,
 Clere vp their clowdy thoughts fond fere reiecting
 But darke disdayne eclipsed hath my sun,
 Whose shining beames my wandering thought were
 guiding,
 For want whereof my little worlde is done
 That I vnneath can stay my mind from sliding :
 O happie birds that at your pleasure maie,
 Behold the glorious light of sols a raies :
 Most wretched I borne in some dismall daie,
 That cannot see the beames my sun displaies,
 My glorious sun in whome all vertue shrowds,
 That light the world but shines to me in clowds.

SONNET LIII.

IN CLOWDES she shines and so obscurely shineth,
That like a mastles shipe at seas I wander :
For want of her to guide my hart that pineth,
Yet can I not entreat ne yet command her.

So am I tied in Laborinths of fancy,
In darke and obscure Laborinths of loue :
That euerie one may plaine behold that can see,
How I am fetterd and what paines I proue.
The Lampe whose light should lead my ship about,
Is placed vpon my Mistres heauenlie face.
Her hand doth hold the clew must lead me out,
And free my hart from thraldomes lothed place.
But cleaue to lead me out or Lampe to light me,
She scornefullie denide, the more to spight me.

SONNET LIV.

BLAME me not deere loue though I talke at randon.
Terming thee scornefull, proud, vnkind, disdaineful
Since all I doe cannot my woes abandon,
Or ridde me of the yoake I feele so painefull.

If I doe paint thy pride or want of pittie,
Consider likewise how I blase thy beautie :
Inforced to the first in mournefull dittie,
Constrained to the last by seruile dutie :
And take thou no offence if I misdeemed,
Thy beauties glorie quenchem thy prides blemish :
Better it is of all to be esteemed,
Faire and too proud than not faire and too squemish.
And seeing thou must scorne and tis aprooued,
Scorne to be ruthles since thou art beloued.

SONNET LV.



MY LOUE more bright than *Cinthias* horned head,
 That spreads her wings to beautifie the heauens
 When Titan coucheth in his purple bed,
 Thou liuest by Titan and inioiest his beames.
 Shee flies when he begins to run his race,
 And hides her head, his beautie staines her brightnes :
 Thou staiest, thy beautie yeelds the sunne no place,
 For thou excelst his beames in glories sweetnes.
 Shee hath eclips, thou neur doest eclips,
 Shee sometimes wanes, thy glorie still doth waxe :
 None but Endymyon hangeth at her lips,
 Thy beautie burnes the world as fire doth flaxe.
 Shee shines by months, thou houres, months, and yeares
 Oh that such beautie should inforce such teares.

SONNET LVI.



WERE words dissolved to sighs, sighs into teares,
 And euerie teare to torments of the mind :
 The minds distresse into those deadly feares,
 That find more death than death it selfe can find
 VVere all the woes of all the world in one,
 Sorrow and death set downe in all their pride :
 Yet were they insufficient to bemone,
 The restles horrors that my hart doth hide.
 Where blacke dispaire doth feede on euerie thought,
 And deepe dispaire is cause of endles grieve :
 Where euerie sense with sorrowes ouer-wrought,
 Liues but in death despairing of reliefe.
 Whilst thus my heart with loues plague torne asunder,
 May of the world be cald the wofull wonder.

SONNET LVII.



HE hunted Hare sometime doth leaue the Hound,
My Hart alas is neuer out of chace :
The liue-hounds life sometime is yet vnbound,
My bands are hopeles of so high a grace.
For natures sickenes sometimes may haue ease,
Fortune though fickle sometime is a friend :
The minds affliction patience may appease,
And death is cause that many torments end.
Yet I am sicke, but shee that should restore me,
VVithholds the sacred flame that would recure me :
And fortune eke (though many eyes deplore me,)
Nill lend such chance that might to ioy procure me.
Patience wants power to appease my weeping,
And death denies what I haue long beene seeking.

SONNET LVIII.



WHEN as I marke the ioy of euery wight,
Howe in their mindes deepe throbbing sorrow
ceaseth
And by what meanes they nourish their delight,
Their sweet delight my paine the more increaseth.
For as the Deare that sees his fellow feede,
Amid the lusty heard, himselfe sore brused :
Or as the bird that feeles her selfe to bleede,
And lies aloofe of all her pheeres refused.
So haue I found and now too deerely trie,
That pleasure doubleth paine and blisse annoy :
Yet still I twit my selfe of Surcuidrie,
As one that am vnworthy to inioy.
The lasting frute of such a heauenly loue,
For whom these endles sorrowes I approue.

SONNET LIX.



OFT haue I raild against loue many waies,
 But pardon loue I honour now thy power:
 For were my Pallace Greece Pyramides,
Cupid should there erect a stately bower.
 And in my Pallace sing his sugred songs,
 And *Venus* Doues my selfe will finely feede:
 And nurce her sparrowes and her milke white Swans.
 Yea, in my restles bosome should they breede.
 And thou deare Ladie sacred and diuine,
 Shalt haue thy place within my hart assignd:
 Thy picture yea thy fierie darting eien,
 Ile carrie painted in my griued mind.
 The chiefest coullers shall be scarlet blood,
 Which *Cupid* pricketh from my wofull hart:
 And teares commixt shall further forth my good,
 To paint thy glories cording their desart.
 I now am changed from what I woont to be,
Cupid is God, And there is none but he.

SONNET LX.



WHO taught thee first to sigh Alasse sweet heart? *loue.*
 VVho taught thy tongue to marshall words
 of plaint? *loue.*
 VVho fld thine eies with teares of bitter
 smart? *loue.*
 VVho gaue thee griefe and made thy ioyes so faint? *loue.*
 VVho first did paint with coullers pale thy face? *loue.*
 VVho first did breake thy sleepes of quiet rest? *loue.*
 VVho forst thee vnto wanton loue giue place? *loue.*
 VVho thrald thy thoughts in fancie so distrest? *loue.*
 VVho made thee bide both constant firme and sure? *loue.*
 VVho made thee scorne the world and loue thy friend? *loue.*
 VVho made thy mind with patience paines indure? *loue.*
 VVho made thee settle stedfast to the end. *loue.*
 Then loue thy choice though loue be neuer gained,
 Still liue in loue, dispaire not though disdained.

FINIS. T. W.



Parthenophil and Parthenophe.

Sonnets, Madrigals, Elegies, and
Odes.

To the right noble and virtuous gentleman,
M. WILLIAM PERCY, Esq., his dearest friend.



[The lower part of the Title-page is torn away in the only copy at present known (in the library of the Duke of Devonshire); but there is the following entry in the Stationers' Registers in 1593.

10 Maij.

JOHN WOLF. Entred for his copies twoo bookes aucthorised by
master HARTWELL vnder his hand. th[e]one . . .
th[e]other intituled. *PARTHENOPHIL and PARTHE-*
NOPE &c. By B. BARNES xijdS.

Transcript &c. xx. 631. Ed. 1875.]



To the Learned Gentlemen Readers,
the Printer

GENTLEMEN!



THESE labours following, being come of late into my hands barely, without title or subscription; partly moved by certain of my dear friends, but especially by the worth and excellency of the Work, I thought it well deserving my labour, to participate them to your judicial views: where, both for variety of conceits, and sweet Poesy, you shall doubtless find that which shall be most commendable, and worth your reading.

The Author, though at the first unknown (yet [has been] enforced to accord to certain of his friends' importunacy herein, to publish them, by their means, and for their sakes) [is] unwilling, as it seemeth, to acknowledge them, for their levity; till he have redeemed them, with some more excellent work hereafter. Till when, he requesteth your favourable and indifferent censures of these his over-youthful Poems; submitting them to your friendly patronages.

Farewell! this of May, 1593.





O, BASTARD Orphan! Pack thee hence!
 And seek some Stranger for defence!
 Now 'gins thy baseness to be known!
 Nor dare I take thee for mine own;
 Thy levity shall be descried!
 But if that any have espied,
 And questioned with thee, of thy Sire;
 Or Mistress of his vain Desire;
 Or ask the Place from whence thou came:
 Deny thy Sire! Love! Place! and Name!
 And if I chance, un'wares to meet thee,
 Neither acknowledge me, nor greet me!
 Admit I blush (perchance, I shall),
 Pass by! regard me not at all!
 Be secret, wise, and circumspect!
 And modesty sometimes affect!

Some good man, that shall think thee witty,
 Will be thy Patron! and take pity;
 And when some men shall call thee base
 He, for thy sake, shall them disgrace!
 Then, with his countenance backed, thou shalt
 Excuse the nature of thy fault.

Then, if some lads, when they go by,
 Thee, "Bastard!" call; give them the lie!

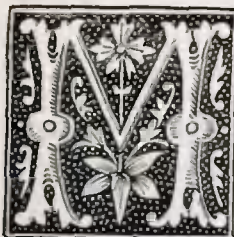
So, get thee packing! and take heed!
 And, though thou go in beggar's weed,
 Hereafter (when I better may)
 I'll send relief, some other day!



[SONNETS.]




SONNET I.




MISTRESS! Behold, in this true speaking
 Glass,
 Thy Beauty's graces! of all women rarest!
 Where thou may'st find how largely they
 surpass
 And stain in glorious loveliness, the fairest.
 But read, sweet Mistress! and behold it
 nearer!

Pond'ring my sorrow's outrage with some pity.
 Then shalt thou find no worldly creature dearer,
 Than thou to me, thyself, in each Love Ditty!
 But, in this Mirror, equally compare
 Thy matchless beauty, with mine endless grief!
 There, like thyself none can be found so fair;
 Of chiefest pains, there, are my pains the chief.
 Betwixt these both, this one doubt shalt thou find!
 Whether are, here, extremest, in their kind?

SONNET II.


WHILES, with strong chains of hardy tempered steel,
 I bound my thoughts, still gadding fast and faster;
 When they, through time, the diff'rences did feel,
 Betwixt a Mistress' service and a Master.
 Keeping in bondage, jealously enthralled,
 In prisons of neglect, his nature's mildness;
 Him, I with solitary studies walled,
 By thraldom, choking his outrageous wildness.
 On whom, my careful thoughts I set to watch,
 Guarding him closely, lest he should out issue
 To seek thee, LAYA! who still wrought to catch
 And train my tender boy, that could not miss you
 (So you bewitched him once! when he did kiss you),
 That, by such slights as never were found out,
 To serve your turn, he daily went about.

SONNET III.


HE, WHEN continual vigil moved my Watch
 Somedea, by chance, with careful guard to slumber:
 The prison's keys from them did slowly snatch;
 Which of the five, were only three in number.
 The first was Sight, by which he searched the wards;
 The next was Hearing, quickly to perceive,
 Lest that the Watchmen heard, which were his guards;
 Third, Touch, which VULCAN's cunning could deceive.
 These (though the springs, wards, bolts, or gimboles were
 The miracles of VULCAN's forgery)
 Laid open all, for his escape. Now, there,
 The watchmen grinned for his impiety.
 What crosses bred this contrariety,
 That by these keys, my thoughts, in chains be left;
 And by these keys, I, of mine heart bereft?

SONNET IV.

LAYA, soon sounding out his nature throughly,
Found that he was a lovely virgin Boy.
Causeless, why did thou then deal with him roughly?
Not yet content with him, sometimes, to toy;
But jealously kept, lest he should run from thee!
Whom if thou kindly meant to love, 'twas needless!
Doubtless lest that he should run back to me!
If of him, any deal thou didst stand heedless.

Thou coop'st him in thy closet's secret corners;
And then, thy heart's dear playfellow didst make him!
Whom thou in person guardest! (lest suborners
Should work his freelege, or in secret take him)
And to this instant, never would forsake him!
Since for soft service, slavish bonds be changed!
Why didst thou, from thy jealous master range?

SONNET V.

IT CHANCED, after, that a youthful Squire,
Such as, in courting, could the crafty guise,
Beheld light LAYA. She, with fresh Desire,
Hoping th'achievement of some richer prize,
Drew to the Courtier; who, with tender kiss,
(As are their guileful fashions which dissemble)
First him saluted; then (with forged bliss
Of doubtless hope) sweet words, by pause, did tremble.
So whiles she slightly glosed with her new prey,
My heart's eye (tending his false mistress' train)
Unyoked himself, and closely 'scaped away;
And to PARTHENOPHE did post amain,
For liberal pardon; which she did obtain.
"And judge! PARTHENOPHE! (for thou canst tell!)
That his escape from LAYA pleased me well."

SONNET VI.

HIM when I caught, what chains had I provided !
 What fetters had I framed ! What locks of Reason !
 What Keys of Continnence had I devised
 (Impatient of the breach) 'gainst any treason !
 But fair *PARTHENOPHE* did urge me still
 To liberal pardon, for his former fault ;
 Which, out alas ! prevailèd with my will.
 Yet moved I bonds, lest he should make default :
 Which willingly She seemed to undertake,
 And said, " As I am virgin ! I will be
 His bail for this offence ; and if he make
 Another such vagary, take of me
 A pawn, for more assurance unto thee !"
 " Your love to me," quoth I, " your pawn shall make !
 So that, for his default, I forfeit take."

SONNET VII.

HER love to me, She forthwith did impawn,
 And was content to set at liberty
 My trembling Heart ; which straight began to fawn
 Upon his Mistress' kindly courtesy.
 Not many days were past, when (like a wanton)
 He secretly did practise to depart ;
 And to *PARTHENOPHE* did send a canton,
 Where, with sighs' accents, he did loves impart.
 And for because She deigned him that great sign
 Of gentle favours, in his kind release ;
 He did conclude, all duty to resign
 To fair *PARTHENOPHE* : which doth increase
 These woes, nor shall my restless Muses cease !
 For by her, of mine heart am I deprived ;
 And by her, my first sorrows' heat revived.

SONNET VIII.



AHEN to PARTHENOPHE, with all post haste
(As full assurèd of the pawn fore-pledged),
I made; and, with these words disordered placed,
Smooth (though with fury's sharp outrages edged).
Quoth I, "Fair Mistress! did I set mine Heart
At liberty, and for that, made him free;
That you should arm him for another start,
Whose certain bail you promised to be!"
"Tush!" quoth PARTHENOPHE, "before he go,
I'll be his bail at last, and doubt it not!"
"Why then," said I, "that Mortgage must I show
Of your true love, which at your hands I got
Ay me! She was, and is his bail, I wot:
But when the Mortgage should have cured the sore
She passed it off, by Deed of Gift before.

SONNET IX.



SO did PARTHENOPHE release mine Heart!
So did She rob me of mine heart's rich treasure!
Thus shall She be his bail before they part!
Thus in her love She made me such hard measure!
Ay me! nor hope of mutual love by leisure,
Nor any type of my poor Heart's release
Remains to me. How shall I take the seizure
Of her love's forfeiture? which took such peace
Combined with a former love. Then cease
To vex with sorrows, and thy griefs increase
'Tis for PARTHENOPHE! thou suffer'st smart.
Wild Nature's wound 's not curable by Art.
Then cease, which choking sighs and heart-swoll'n throbs,
To draw thy breath, broke off with sorrow's sobs!

SONNET X.



ET give me leave, since all my joys be perished,
 Heart-less, to moan for my poor Heart's departure !
 Nor should I mourn for him, if he were cherished.
 Ah, no ! She keeps him like a slavish martyr.
 Ah, me ! Since merciless, she made that charter,
 Sealed with the wax of steadfast continence,
 Signed with those hands which never can unwrite it,
 Writ with that pen, which (by preeminence)
 Too sure confirms what's ever was indightit :
 What skills to wear thy girdle, or thy garter ;
 When other arms shall thy small waist embrace ?
 How great a waste of mind and body's weal !
 Now melts my soul ! I, to thine eyes appeal !
 If they, thy tyrant champions, owe me grace.

SONNET XI.



HY didst thou, then, in such disfigured guise,
 Figure the portrait of mine overthrow ?
 Why, man-like, didst thou mean to tyrannize ?
 No man, but woman would have sinned so !
 Why, then, inhuman, and my secret foe !
 Didst thou betray me ? yet would be a woman !
 From my chief wealth, outweaving me this woe,
 Leaving thy love in pawn, till time did come on
 When that thy trustless bonds were to be tried !
 And when, through thy default, I thee did summon
 Into the Court of Steadfast Love, then cried,
 "As it was promised, here stands his Heart's bail !
 And if in bonds to thee, my love be tied ;
 Then by those bonds, take Forfeit of the Sale !"

MADRIGAL 1.



POWERS Celestial! with what sophistry
Took She delight, to blank my heart by sorrow!
And in such riddles, act my tragedy:
Making this day, for him; for me, to-morrow!

Where shall I Sonnets borrow?

Where shall I find breasts, sides, and tongue,
Which my great wrongs might to the world dispense?

Where my defence?

My physic, where? For how can I live long,
That have foregone my Heart? I'll steal from hence,
From restless souls, mine hymns! from seas, my tears!
From winds, my sides! from concave rocks and steel
My sides and voice's echo! reeds which feel
Calm blasts still moving, which the shepherd bears
For wailful plaints, my tongue shall be!
The land unknown to rest and comfort me.

MADRIGAL 2.



RIGHT not this be for man's more certainty,
By Nature's laws enactit,
That those which do true meaning falsify,
Making such bargains as were precontractit,
Should forfeit freelege of love's tenancy

To th' plaintiff grieved, if he exact it.

Think on my love, thy faith! yet hast thou cracked it.
Nor Nature, Reason, Love, nor Faith can make thee
To pity me! My prisoned heart to pity,
Sighs, no fit incense, nor my plaints can wake thee!
Thy nose, from savour, and thine ears, from sound
Stopped and obdurate, nought could shake thee!

Think on, when thou such pleasure found

To read my lines! and reading, termed them witty!
Whiles lines, for love; and brains, for beauty witless;
I for Thee, fever scorched; yet Thou still fitless!

SONNET XII.



EXT with th'assaults of thy conceivèd beauty,
 I restless, on thy favours meditate!
 And though despairful love, sometimes, my suit tie
 Unto these faggots (figures of my state),
 Which bound with endless line, by leisure wait
 That happy moment of your heart's reply!
 Yet by those lines I hope to find the gate;
 Which, through love's labyrinth, shall guide me right.
 Whiles (unacquainted exercise!) I try
 Sweet solitude, I shun my life's chief light!
 And all because I would forget thee quite.
 And (working that) methinks, it's such a sin
 (As I take pen and paper for to write)
 Thee to forget; that leaving, I begin!

SONNET XIII.



WHEN none of these, my sorrows would allege;
 I sought to find the means, how I might hate thee!
 Then hateful Curiousness I did in-wedge
 Within my thoughts, which ever did await thee!
 I framed mine Eyes for an unjust controlment;
 And mine unbridled Thoughts (because I dare not
 Seek to compel) did pray them, take enrolment
 Of Nature's fault in her! and, equal, spare not!
 They searched, and found "her eyes were sharp and fiery,
 A mole upon her forehead coloured pale,
 Her hair disordered, brown, and crispèd wiry,
 Her cheeks thin speckled with a summer's male."
 This told, men weened it was a pleasing tale
 Her to disgrace, and make my follies fade.
 And please, it did! but her, more gracious made.

MADRIGAL 3.

QNCE in an arbour was my Mistress sleeping,
 With rose and woodbine woven,
 Whose person, thousand graces had in keeping,
 Where for mine heart, her heart's hard flint was
 cloven
 To keep him safe. Behind, stood, pertly peeping,
 Poor CUPID, softly creeping,
 And drave small birds out of the myrtle bushes,
 Scared with his arrows, who sate cheeping
 On every sprig; whom CUPID calls and hushes
 From branch to branch: whiles I, poor soul! sate weeping
 To see her breathe (not knowing)
 Incense into the clouds, and bless with breath
 The winds and air; whiles CUPID, underneath,
 With birds, with songs, nor any posies throwing,
 Could her awake.
 Each noise, sweet lullaby was, for her sake!

MADRIGAL 4.

THERE, had my ZEUXIS place and time, to draw
 My Mistress' portrait; which, on platane table,
 (With Nature, matching colours), as he saw
 Her leaning on her elbow; though not able,
 He 'gan with vermil, gold, white, and sable
 To shadow forth; and with a skilful knuckle
 Lively set out my fortunes' fable.
 On lips, a rose; on hand, a honeysuckle.
 For Nature framed that arbour, in such orders
 That roses did with woodbines buckle;
 Whose shadow trembling on her lovely face,
 He left unshadowed. There Art lost his grace!
 And that white lily leaf, with fringed borders
 Of angels' gold, veiled the skies
 Of mine heaven's hierarchy, which closed her eyes.

SONNET XIV.

AHEN him controlling, that he left undone,
 Her eyes' bright circle thus did answer make;
 "Rest's mist, with silver cloud, had closed her sun.
 Nor could he draw them, till she were awake."
 "Why then," quoth I, "were not these leaves' dark shade
 Upon her cheeks, depainted, as you see them?"
 "Shape of a shadow cannot well be made!"
 Was answered "for shade's shadows, none can eye them!"
 This reason proves sure argument for me,
 That my grief's image, I can not set out;
 Which might with lively colours blazèd be.
 Wherefore since nought can bring the means about,
 That thou, my sorrow's cause, should view throughout;
 Thou wilt not pity me! But this was it!
 ZEUXIS had neither skill, nor colours fit.

SONNET XV.

WHERE, or to whom, then, shall I make complaint?
 By guileful wiles, of mine heart's guide deprived!
 With right's injustice, and unkind constraint:
 Barred from her loves, which my deserts achieved!
 This though thou sought to choke, far more revived
 Within mine restless heart, left almost senseless.
 O, make exchange! Surrender thine, for mine!
 Lest that my body, void of guide, be fenceless.
 So shalt thou pawn to me, sign for a sign
 Of thy sweet conscience; when I shall resign
 Thy love's large Charter, and thy Bonds again.
 O, but I fear mine hopes be void, or menceless!
 No course is left, which might thy loves attain,
 Whether with sighs I sue, or tears complain!

SONNET XVI.



YEA, that accursed Deed, before unsealed,
Is argument of thy first constancy !
Which if thou hadst to me before revealed ;
I had not pleaded in such fervency.
Yet this delights, and makes me triumph much,
That mine Heart, in her body lies imprisoned !
For, 'mongst all bay-crowned conquerors, no such
Can make the slavish captive boast him conquered,
Except PARTHENOPHE ; whose fiery gleams
(Like Jove's swift lightning raging, which rocks pierceth)
Heating them inly with his sudden beams,
And secret golden mines with melting searseth
Eftsoons with cannon, his dread rage rehearseth ;
Yet nought seems scorched, in apparent sight.
So first, She secret burnt ; then, did affright !

SONNET XVII.



HOW then succeedeth that, amid this woe,
(Where Reason's sense doth from my soul divide)
By these vain lines, my fits be specified ;
Which from their endless ocean, daily flow ?
Where was it born ? Whence, did this humour grow,
Which, long obscured with melancholy's mist,
Inspires my giddy brains unpurified
So lively, with sound reasons, to persist
In framing tuneful Elegies, and Hymns
For her, whose names my Sonnets note so trims ;
That nought but her chaste name so could assist ?
And my Muse in first tricking out her limbs,
Found in her lifeless Shadow such delight ;
That yet She shadows her, when as I write.

SONNET XVIII.

WRITTE! write! help! help, sweet Muse! and never
 cease!
 In endless labours, pens and paper tire!
 Until I purchase my long wished Desire.
 Brains, with my Reason, never rest in peace!
 Waste breathless words! and breathful sighs increase!
 Till of my woes, remorseful, you espy her;
 Till she with me, be burnt in equal fire.
 I never will, from labour, wits release!
 My senses never shall in quiet rest;
 Till thou be pitiful, and love alike!
 And if thou never pity my distresses;
 Thy cruelty, with endless force shall strike
 Upon my wits, to ceaseless writs address!
 My cares, in hope of some revenge, this lesses.

SONNET XIX.

IMPERIOUS JOVE, with sweet lipped MERCURY;
 Learned MINERVA; PHŒBUS, God of Light;
 Vein-swelling BACCHUS; VENUS, Queen of Beauty;
 With light-foot PHŒBE, Lamp of silent Night:
 These have, with divers deities beside,
 Borrowed the shapes of many a mortal creature;
 But fair PARTHENOPHE, graced with the pride
 Of each of these, sweet Queen of lovely feature!
 As though she were, with pearl of all their skill,
 By heaven's chief nature garnished. She knits
 In wrath, JOVE's forehead; with sweet noting quill,
 She matcheth MERCURY, MINERVA's wits;
 In goldy locks, bright TITAN; BACCHUS sits
 In her hands conduit pipes; sweet VENUS' face;
 DIANA's leg, the Tyrian buskins grace.

SONNET XX.



THESE Eyes (thy Beauty's Tenants!) pay due tears
For occupation of mine Heart, thy Freehold,
In Tenure of Love's service! If thou behold
With what exaction, it is held through fears;
And yet thy Rents, extorted daily, bears.
Thou would not, thus, consume my quiet's gold!
And yet, though covetous thou be, to make
Thy beauty rich, with renting me so roughly,
And at such sums: thou never thought dost take,
But still consumes me! Then, thou dost misguide all!
Spending in sport, for which I wrought so toughly!
When I had felt all torture, and had tried all;
And spent my Stock, through 'strain of thy extortion;
On that, I had but good hopes, for my portion.

SONNET XXI.



YEA, but uncertain hopes are Anchors feeble,
When such faint-hearted pilots guide my ships,
Of all my fortune's Ballast with hard pebble,
Whose doubtful voyage proves not worth two chips.
If when but one dark cloud shall dim the sky,
The Cables of hope's happiness be cut;
When bark, with thoughts-drowned mariners shall lie,
Prest for the whirlpool of grief's endless glut.
If well thou mean, PARTHENOPHE! then ravish
Mine heart, with doubtless hope of mutual love!
If otherwise; then let thy tongue run lavish!
For this, or that, am I resolved to prove!
And both, or either ecstasy shall move
Me! ravished, end with surfeit of relief;
Or senseless, daunted, die with sudden grief.

SONNET XXII.



FROM thine heart's ever burning Vestal fire,
 The torchlight of two suns is nourished still ;
 Which, in mild compass, still surmounting higher,
 Their orbs, which circled harmony fulfil ;
 Whose rolling wheels run on meridian's line,
 And turning, they turn back the misty night.
 Report of which clear wonder did incline
 Mine eyes to gaze upon that uncouth light.
 On it till I was sunburnt, did I gaze !
 Which with a fervent agony possessed me ;
 Then did I sweat, and swelt ; mine eyes daze
 Till that a burning fever had oppressed me :
 Which made me faint. No physic hath repressed me ;
 For I try all ! yet, for to make me sound,
 Ay, me ! no grass, nor physic may be found.

SONNET XXIII.



WHEN, with the Dawning of my first delight,
 The Daylight of love's Delicacy moved me ;
 Then from heaven's disdainful starry light,
 The Moonlight of her Chastity reproved me.
 Her forehead's threatful clouds from hope removed me,
 Till Midnight reared on the mid-noctial line ;
 Her heart whiles Pity's slight had undershoved me,
 Then did I force her downward to decline
 Till Dawning daylight cheerfully did shine ;
 And by such happy revolution drew
 Her Morning's blush to joyful smiles incline.
 And now Meridian heat dries up my dew ;
 There rest, fair Planets ! Stay, bright orbs of day !
 Still smiling at my dial, next eleven !

S O N N E T X X I V .


THese, mine heart-eating Eyes do never gaze
Upon thy sun's harmonious marble wheels,
But from these eyes, through force of thy sun's
blaze,

Rain tears continual, whiles my faith's true steels,
Tempered on anvil of thine heart's cold Flint,
Strike marrow-melting fire into mine eyes;
The Tinder, whence my Passions do not stint
As Matches to those sparkles which arise.
Which, when the Taper of mine heart is lighted,
Like salamanders, nourish in the flame:
And all the Loves, with my new Torch delighted,
Awhile, like gnats, did flourish in the same;
But burnt their wings, nor any way could frame
To fly from thence, since JOVE's proud bird (that bears
His thunder) viewed my sun; but shed down tears.


S O N N E T X X V .

THEN count it not disgrace! if any view me,
Sometime to shower down rivers of salt tears,
From tempest of my sigh's despairful fears.
Then scorn me not, alas, sweet friends! but rue me!
Ah, pity! pity me! For if you knew me!
How, with her looks, mine heart amends and wears;
Now calm, now ragious, as my Passion bears:
You would lament with me! and She which slew me,
She which (Ay me!) She which did deadly wound me,
And with her beauty's balm, though dead, keeps lively
My lifeless body; and, by charms, hath bound me,
For thankless meed, to serve her: if she vively
Could see my sorrow's maze, which none can tread;
She would be soft and light, though flint and lead!

SONNET XXVI.

HEN lovely wrath, my Mistress' heart assaileth,
 LOVE's golden darts take aim from her bright eyes;
 And PSYCHE, VENUS' rosy couch empaeth,
 Placed in her cheeks, with lilies, where she lies!
 And when She smiles, from her sweet looks and cheerful,
 Like PHŒBUS, when through sudden clouds he starteth
 (After stern tempests, showers, and thunder fearful);
 So She, my world's delight, with her smiles hearteth!
 AURORA, yellow looks, when my Love blushes,
 Wearing her hair's bright colour in her face!
 And from love's ruby portal lovely rushes,
 For every word She speaks, an angel's grace!
 If She be silent, every man in place
 With silence, wonders her! and if She sleep,
 Air doth, with her breath's murmur, music keep!

SONNET XXVII.

HY do I draw this cool relieving air,
 And breathe it out in scalding sighs, as fast?
 Since all my hopes die buried in despair;
 In which hard soil, mine endless knots be cast.
 Where, when I come to walk, be sundry Mazes
 With Beauty's skilful finger lined out;
 And knots, whose borders set with double daisies,
 Doubles my dazed Muse with endless doubt.
 How to find easy passage through the time,
 With which my Mazes are so long beset,
 That I can never pass, but fall and climb
 According to my Passions (which forget
 The place, where they with Love's Guide should have met):
 But when, faint-wearied, all (methinks) is past;
 The Maze returning, makes me turn as fast.

SONNET XXVIII.

SO BE my labours endless in their turns.
 Turn! turn, PARTHENOPHE! Turn, and relent!
 Hard is thine heart, and never will repent!
 See how this heart within my body burns!
 Thou see'st it not! and therefore thou rejournes
 My pleasures! Ill my days been overspent.
 When I beg grace, thou mine entreaty spurns;
 Mine heart, with hope upheld, with fear returns.
 Betwixt these Passions, endless is my fit.
 Then if thou be but human, grant some pity!
 Or if a Saint? sweet mercies are their meeds!
 Fair, lovely, chaste, sweet spoken, learned, witty;
 These make thee Saint-like! and these, Saints besit:
 But thine hard heart makes all these graces, weeds!

SONNET XXIX.

BLESS still the myrrh tree, VENUS! for thy meed!
 For to the weeping myrrh, my Tears be due.
 Contentious winds, which did from TITAN breed!
 The shaking Aspine tree belongs to you:
 To th' Aspine, I bequeath my ceaseless Tongue!
 And PHÆBUS, let thy laurels ever flourish!
 To still-green laurel, my Loves do belong.
 Let mighty JOVE, his oak's large branches nourish!
 For to strong oak, mine Heart is consecrate.
 Let dreadful PLUTO bless black heben* tree! [**Ebony.*]
 To th' Heben, my Despair is dedicate.
 And Naiads, let your willows lovèd be!
 To them, my Fortunes still removèd be.
 So shall my tears, tongue, Passions never cease;
 Nor heart decay, nor my despair decrease.

SONNET XXX.

SO THIS continual fountain of my Tears,
 From that hard rock of her sweet beauty trickling ;
 So shall my Tongue on her love's music tickling ;
 So shall my Passions, fed with hopes and fears ;
 So shall mine Heart, which wearing, never wears,
 But soft, is hardened with her beauty's prickling ;
 On which, Despair, my vulture seized, stands pickling
 Yet never thence his maw full gorgèd bears ;
 Right so, my Tears, Tongue, Passions, Heart, Despair ;
 With floods, complaints, sighs, throbs, and endless
 sorrow ;
 In seas, in volumes, winds, earthquakes, and hell ;
 Shall float, chant, breathe, break, and dark mansion borrow !
 And, in them, I be blessed for my Fair ;
 That in these torments, for her sake I dwell.

SONNET XXXI.

BURN, yet am I cold ! I am a cold, yet burn !
 In pleasing, discontent ! in discontentment, pleased !
 Diseased, I am in health ! and healthful, am
 diseased !
 In turning back, proceed ! proceeding, I return !
 In mourning, I rejoice ! and in rejoicing, mourn !
 In pressing, I step back ! in stepping back, I pressed !
 In gaining, still I lose ! and in my losses, gain !
 Grounded, I waver still ! and wavering, still am grounded !
 Unwounded, yet not sound ! and being sound, am wounded !
 Slain, yet am I alive ! and yet alive, am slain !
 Hounded, my heart rests still ! still resting, is it hounded !
 In pain, I feel no grief ! yet void of grief, in pain !
 Unmoved, I vex myself ! unvexed, yet am I moved !
 Beloved, She loves me not ; yet is She my beloved !

7
SONNET XXXII.

SARCE twice seven times had PHÆBUS' waggon wheel
Obliquely wandered through the Zodiac's line,
Since Nature first to OPS did me resign,
When in mine youthful vein, I well could feel
A lustful rage, which, Reason's chains of steel
(With headstrong force of Lust) did still untwine.
To wanton Fancies I did then incline ;
Whilst mine unbridled PHÆTON did reel
With heedless rage, till that his chariot came
To take, in fold, his resting with the Ram.
But bootless, all ! For such was his unrest
That, in no limits, he could be contained !
To lawless sports and pleasures, ever prest ;
And his swift wheels, with their sweet oil distained !

8
SONNET XXXIII.

NEXT, when the boundless fury of my sun
Began in higher climates, to take fire ;
And with it, somewhat kindled my Desire.
Then, lest I should have wholly been undone ;
(For now mine age have thrice seven winters run)
With studies, and with labours did I tire
Mine itching Fancies ! which did still aspire.
Then, from those objects (which their force begun,
Through wandering fury, to possess mine heart),
Mine eyes, their vain seducers, I did fix
On PALLAS, and on MARS ! home, and in field !
And armed strongly (lest my better part
To milder objects should itself immix),
I vowed, " I never would, to Beauty yield ! "

II
SONNET XXXIV.

BUT when, in May, my world's bright fiery sun
 Had past in Zodiac, with his golden team,
 To place his beams, which in the Twins begun :
 The blazing twin stars of my world's bright beam,
 My Mistress' Eyes! mine heaven's bright Sun and Moon!
 The Stars by which, poor Shepherd I, am warned
 To pin in late, and put my flocks out soon ;
 My flocks of Fancies, as the signs me learned :
 Then did my love's first Spring begin to sprout,
 So long as my sun's heat in these signs reigned.
 But wandering all the Zodiac throughout,
 From her May's twins, my sun such heat constrained :
 That where, at first, I little had complained ;
 From Sign to Sign, in such course he now posteth !
 Which, daily, me, with hotter flaming toasteth.

III
SONNET XXXV.

NEXT, when my sun, by progress, took his hold
 In Cancer, of my Mistress' crafty mind ;
 How retrograde seemed She! when as I told
 That "in his claws, such torches I did find ;
 Which if She did not to my tears lay plain
 That they might quenched be from their outrage ;
 My love's hot June should be consumed in pain,
 Unless her pity make my grief assuage."
 O, how She frowns! and like the Crab, back turns!
 When I request her put her beams apart ;
 Yet with her beams, my soul's delight, She burns!
 She pities not to think upon my smart!
 Nor from her Cancer's claws can I depart :
 For there, the torch of my red-hot Desire
 Grieves and relieves me, with continual fire.

Ω

SONNET XXXVI.



AND thus continuing with outrageous fire,
My sun, proceeding forward (to my sorrow !),
Took up his Court; but willing to retire
Within the Lion's den, his rage did borrow.
But whiles within that Mansion he remained,
How cruel was PARTHENOPHE to me !
And when of my great sorrows I complained,
She Lion-like, wished "they might tenfold be !"
Then did I rage; and in unkindly Passions,
I rent mine hair, and razed my tender skin;
And raving in such frantic fashions,
That with such cruelty she did begin
To feed the fire which I was burnèd in.
Can woman brook to deal so sore with men?
She, man's woe ! learned it in the Lion's den !

η

SONNET XXXVII.



UT Pity, which sometimes doth lions move,
Removed my sun from moody Lion's cave;
And into Virgo's bower did next remove
His fiery wheels. But then She answer gave
That "She was all vowed to virginity !"
Yet said, "'Bove all men, She would most affect me !"
Fie, Delian goddess ! In thy company
She learned, with honest colour, to neglect me !
And underneath chaste veils of single life,
She shrouds her crafty claws, and lion's heart !
Which, with my senses, now, do mingle strife
'Twixt loves and virtues, which provoke my smart.
Yet from these Passions can I never part,
But still I make my suits importunate
To thee ! which makes my case unfortunate.

SONNET XXXVIII.



WHEN thine heart-piercing answers could not hinder
 Mine heart's hot hammer on thy steel to batter ;
 Nor could excuses cold, quench out that cinder
 Which in me kindled was : She weighed the matter,
 And turning my sun's chariot, him did place
 In *Libra's* equal Mansion, taking pause,
 And casting, with deep judgement, to disgrace
 My love, with cruel dealing in the cause.
 She, busily, with earnest care devised
 How She might make her beauty tyrannous,
 And I, for ever, to her yoke surprised :
 The means found out, with cunning perilous,
 She turned the wheels, with force impetuous,
 And armed with woman-like contagion
 My sun She lodgèd in the *Scorpion*.

SONNET XXXIX.



WHEN (from her *Venus*, and bright *Mercury*,
 My heaven's clear planets), did She shoot such blazes
 As did infuse, with heat's extremity,
 Mine heart, which on despair's bare pasture grazes.
 Then, like the *Scorpion*, did She deadly sting me ;
 And with a pleasing poison pierced me !
 Which, to these utmost sobs of death, did bring me,
 And, through my soul's faint sinews, searched me.
 Yet might She cure me with the *Scorpion's Oil* !
 If that She were so kind as beautiful :
 But, in my bale, She joys to see me boil ;
 Though be my Passions dear and dutiful,
 Yet She, remorseless and unmerciful.
 But when my thought of her is such a thing
 To strike me dead ; judge, if herself can sting !

†
 SONNET XL.

BUT, ah, my plague, through time's outrage, increased!
 For when my sun his task had finished
 Within the Scorpion's Mansion, he not ceased,
 Nor yet his heat's extremes diminished,
 Till that dead-aiming Archer 'dressed his quiver,
 In which he closely couchèd, at the last!
 That Archer, which does pierce both heart and liver,
 With hot gold-pointed shafts, which rankle fast!
 That proud, commanding, and swift-shooting Archer;
 Far-shooting PHÆBUS, which doth overshoot!
 And, more than PHÆBUS, is an inward pacher!
 That with thy notes harmonious and songs soot
 Allured my sun, to fire mine heart's soft root!
 And with thine ever-wounding golden arrow,
 First pricked my soul, then pierced my body's marrow!

‡
 SONNET XLI.

WHEN my sun, CUPID, took his next abiding
 'Mongst craggy rocks and mountains, with the Goat;
 Ah then, on beauty did my senses doat!
 Then, had each Fair regard, my fancies guiding!
 Then, more than blessed was I, if one tidings
 Of female favour set mine heart afloat!
 Then, to mine eyes each Maid was made a moat!
 My fickle thoughts, with divers fancies sliding,
 With wanton rage of lust, so me did tickle!
 Mine heart, each Beauty's captived vassal!
 Nor vanquished then (as now) but with love's prickle!
 Not deeply moved (till love's beams did discover
 That lovely Nymph, PARTHENOPHE!), no lover!
 Stop there, for fear! Love's privilege doth pass all!

≡

SONNET XLII.

PAss all! Ah, no! No jot will be omitted,
 Now though my sun within the water rest;
 Yet doth his scalding fury still infest
 Into this sign. While that my PHŒBUS flitted,
 Thou moved these streams; whose courses thou committed
 To me, thy Water-man bound! and adrest
 To pour out endless drops upon that soil
 Which withers most, when it is watered best!
 Cease, floods! and to your channels, make recoil!
 Strange floods, which on my fire burn like oil!
 Thus whiles mine endless furies higher ran,
 Thou! thou, PARTHENOPHĒ! my rage begun;
 Sending thy beams, to heat my fiery sun:
 Thus am I Water-man, and Fire-man!

✕

SONNET XLIII.

Now in my Zodiac's last extremest sign,
 My luckless sun, his hapless Mansion made;
 And in the water, willing more to wade,
 To Pisces did his chariot wheels incline:
 For me (poor Fish!) he, with his golden line
 Baited with beauties, all the river lade,
 (For who, of such sweet baits would stand afraid?)
 There nibbling for such food as made me pine,
 LOVE's Golden Hook, on me took sudden hold;
 And I down swallowed that impoisoned gold.
 Since then, devise what any wisher can,
 Of fiercest torments! since, all joys devise!
 Worse griefs, more joys did my true heart comprise!
 Such, were LOVE's baits! my crafty Fisherman.

MADRIGAL 5.



UCH strange effects wrought by thought-wounding
CUPID,

In changing me to fish, his baits to swallow;
With poison choking me, unless that you bid
Him to my stomach give some antidote!

Fly, little god, with wings of swallow!

Or if thy feathers fast float,

That antidote from my heart's Empress bring!

My feeble senses to revive:

Lest (if thou wave it with an eagle's wing)

Too late thou come, and find me not alive!



MADRIGAL 6.



WHY loved I? For love, to purchase hatred!
Or wherefore hates She? but that I should love her!
Why were these cheeks with tears bewatered?

Because my tears might quench those sparks

Which with heat's pity move her!

Her cloudy frown, with mist her beauty darks,
To make it seem obscured at my smiles.

In dark, true diamonds will shine!

Her hate, my love; her heat, my tears beguiles!

Fear makes her doubtful; yet her heart is mine!

MADRIGAL 7.



YOUTH's wanton Spring, when in the raging Bull
 My sun was lodged, gave store of flowers,
 With leaves of pleasure, stalks of hours; [full
 Which soon shook off the leaves, when they were
 Of pleasures, beauty dewed, with April showers.
 My Summer love, whose buds were beautiful,
 Youthful desires, with heats unmerciful,
 Parched; whose seeds, when harvest time was come,
 Were cares, against my suits obdurate.
 With sheaves of scorn bound up, which did benumb
 Mine heart with grief; yet made her heart indurate.
 O chaste desires, which held her heart immature
 In walls of adamant unfoiled!
 My Winter spent in showers of sorrow's tears!
 Hailstones of hatred! frosts of fears!
 My branches bared of pleasure, and despoiled!

MADRIGAL 8.



WHy am I thus in mind and body wounded?
 O mind, and body mortal, and divine!
 On what sure rock is your fort grounded?
 On death? Ah, no! For at it, you repine!
 Nay, both entombed in her beauty's shrine
 Will live, though shadow-like; that men astounded
 At their anatomies, when they shall view it,
 May pitifully rue it.
 Yea, but her murdering beauty doth so shine,
 (O yet much merciless!)
 That heart desires to live with her, that slew it!
 And though She still rest pitiless,
 Yet, at her beauty, will I wonder!
 Though sweet graces (past repeat)
 Never appear, but when they threat;
 Firing my secret heart, with dart and thunder.

SONNET XLIV.



DART and thunder! whose fierce violence
Surmounting Rhetoric's dart and thunder bolts,
Can never be set out in eloquence!
Whose might all metals' mass asunder moults!
Where be the famous Prophets of old Greece?
Those ancient Roman poets of account?
MUSÆUS, who went for the Golden Fleece
With JASON, and did HERO's love recount!
And thou, sweet NASO, with thy golden verse;
Whose lovely spirit ravished CÆSAR's daughter!
And that sweet Tuscan, PETRARCH, which did pierce
His LAURA with Love Sonnets, when he sought her!
Where be all these? That all these might have taught her,
That Saints divine, are known Saints by their mercy!
And Saint-like beauty should not rage with pierce eye!

SONNET XLV.



SWEEET Beauty's rose! in whose fair purple leaves,
LOVE's Queen, in richest ornament doth lie;
Whose graces, were they not too sweet and high,
Might here be seen, but since their sight bereaves
All senses; he (that endless bottom weaves,
Which did PENELOPE) who that shall try,
Then wonder, and in admiration die
At Nature-passing Nature's holy frame!
Her beauty, thee revives! Thy Muse upheaves
To draw celestial spirit from the skies!
To praise the Work and Worker whence it came!
This spirit, drawn from heaven of thy fair eyes!
Whose gilded cognizance, left in mine heart,
Shews me thy faithful servant, to my smart!

SONNET XLVI.



AH, PIERCE-EYE piercing eye, and blazing light !
 Of thunder, thunder blazes burning up !
 O sun, sun melting ! blind, and dazing sight !
 Ah, heart ! down-driving heart, and turning up !
 O matchless beauty, Beauty's beauty staining !
 Sweet damask rosebud ! VENUS' rose of roses !
 Ah, front imperious, duty's duty gaining !
 Yet threatful clouds did still inclose and closes.
 O lily leaves, when JUNO lily's leaves
 In wond'ring at her colours' grain distained !
 Voice, which rock's voice and mountain's hilly cleaves
 In sunder, at my loves with pain complained !
 Eye, lightning sun ! Heart, beauty's bane unfeigned !
 O damask rose ! proud forehead ! lily ! voice !
 Ah, partial fortune ! sore chance ! silly choice !

SONNET XLVII.



GIVE me my Heart ! For no man liveth heartless !
 And now deprived of heart, I am but dead,
 (And since thou hast it ; in his tables read !
 Whether he rest at ease, in joys and smartless ?
 Whether beholding him, thine eyes were dartless ?
 Or to what bondage, his enthrallment leads ?)
 Return, dear Heart ! and me, to mine restore !
 Ah, let me thee possess ! Return to me !
 I find no means, devoid of skill and artless.
 Thither return, where thou triumphed before !
 Let me of him but repossessor be !
 And when thou gives to me mine heart again ;
 Thyself, thou dost bestow ! For thou art She,
 Whom I call Heart ! and of whom, I complain.

SONNET XLVIII.



WISH no rich refined Arabian gold !
Nor orient Indian pearl, rare Nature's wonder !
No diamonds, th' Egyptian surges under !
No rubies of America, dear sold !
Nor sapphires, which rich Afric sands enfold !
(Treasures far distant, from this isle asunder)
Barbarian ivories, in contempt I hold !
But only this ; this only, VENUS, grant !
That I, my sweet PARTHENOPHE may get !
Her hairs, no grace of golden wires want ;
Pure pearls, with perfect rubines are inset ;
True diamonds, in eyes ; sapphires, in veins :
Nor can I, that soft ivory skin forget !
England, in one small subject, such contains !

SONNET XLIX.



FOOL ! cool in waves, thy beams intolerable,
O sun ! No son, but most unkind stepfather !
By law, nor Nature, Sire ; but rebel rather !
Fool ! fool ! these labours are inextricable ;
A burden whose weight is importable ;
A Siren which, within thy breast, doth bathe her ;
A Fiend which doth, in Graces' garments grath her ;
A fortress, whose force is impregnable ;
From my love's 'lembic, still 'stilled tears. O tears !
Quench ! quench mine heat ! or, with your sovereignty,
Like NIOBE, convert mine heart to marble !
Or with fast-flowing pine, my body dry,
And rid me from Despair's chilled fears ! O fears,
Which on mine heben harp's heartstrings do warble !

SONNET L.



O WARBLE out your tragic notes of sorrow,
 Black harp of liver-pining Melancholy !
 Black Humour, patron of my Fancy's folly !
 Mere follies, which from Fancy's fire, borrow
 Hot fire ; which burns day, night, midnight, and morrow.
 Long morning which prolongs my sorrows solely,
 And ever overrules my Passions wholly :
 So that my fortune, where it first made sorrow,
 Shall there remain, and ever shall it plow
 The bowels of mine heart ; mine heart's hot bowels !
 And in their furrows, sow the Seeds of Love ;
 Which thou didst sow, and newly spring up now
 And make me write vain words : no words, but Vowels !
 For nought to me, good Consonant would prove.

SONNET LI.



NAME Consonants, of member-Vowels robbed !
 What perfect sounding words can you compose,
 Wherein you might my sorrow's flame disclose ?
 Can you frame maimed words, as you had throbb'd ?
 Can you with sighs, make signs of Passions sobbed ?
 Or can your Characters, make Sorrow's shows ?
 Can Liquids make them ? I, with tears make those !
 But for my tears, with taunts and frumps are bobbed.
 Could Mutes procure good words, mute would I be !
 But then who should my Sorrow's Image paint ?
 No Consonants, or Mutes, or Liquids will
 Set out my sorrows ; though, with grief I faint.
 If with no letter, but one Vowel should be ;
 An A, with H, my Sonnet would fulfil.

SONNET LII.

METHOUGHT, CALLIOPE did from heaven descend
To sing, fair Mistress! thy sweet beauty's praise.
Thy sweet enchanting voice did ORPHEUS raise;
Who, with his harp (which down the gods did send)
Celestial concord to the voice did lend.
His music, all wild beasts so did amaze
That they, submissive to thy looks did bend.
Hills, trees, towns, bridges, from their places wend.
Hopping and dancing. All the winds be still
And listen; whiles the nightingales fulfil,
With larks and thrushes, all defects of pleasure.
Springs sang thy praises, in a murmur shrill.
While I, enraged by music, out of trance,
Like BACCHUS's priest, did, in thy presence dance.

MADRIGAL 9.

FOR glory, pleasure, and fair flourishing;
Sweet singing, courtly dancing, curious love,
A rich remembrance; virtue's nourishing;
For sacred care of heavenly things;
For voice's sweetness, music's notes above,
When she divinely speaks or sings:
CLIO, dismount! EUTERPE, silent be!
THALIA, for thy purple, put on sackcloth!
Sing hoarse, MELPOMENE! with JOVE's Harpies three!
TERPSICHORE, break off thy galliard dances!
Leave, ERATO, thy dalliance! court in black cloth!
Thy praises, POLYHYMNIA! She enhances.
For heavenly zeal, URANIA, She outreacheth.
Plead not, CALLIOPE! Sing not to thy lute!
JOVE and MNEMOSINE, both, be mute!
While my PARTHENOPHE, your daughters teacheth.

MADRIGAL 10.

[Cf. Percy's *Coelia*, vol. ii. p. 146, and *Diella*, vol. ii. p. 304, *infra*.]

Thou scaled my fort, blind Captain of Conceit !
 But you, sweet Mistress ! entered at the breach !
 There, you made havoc of my heart !
 There, you to triumph, did my tyrant teach !
 Beware ! He knows to win you by deceit !
 Those ivory Walls cannot endure his dart !
 That Turret, framed with heaven's rare art,
 Immured with whitest porphyry, and inset
 With roses, checking Nature's pride of ruby !
 Those two true diamonds which their Windows fret,
 Arched with pure gold, yet mourn in sable shade !
 Warn not these, that in danger you be ?
 Vanquish her, little tyrant ! I will true be !
 And though She will not yield to me ;
 Yet none could thrall my heart, but She !

MADRIGAL 11.



THINE Eyes, mine heaven ! (which harbour lovely rest,
 And with their beams all creatures cheer)
 Stole from mine eyes their clear ;
 And made mine eyes dim mirrolds of unrest.
 And from her lily Forehead, smooth and plain,
 My front, his withered furrows took ;
 And through her grace, his grace forsook.
 From soft Cheeks, rosy red,
 My cheeks their leanness, and this pallid stain.
 The Golden Pen of Nature's book,
 (For her Tongue, that task undertook !)
 Which to the Graces' Secretary led,
 And sweetest Muses, with sweet music fed,
 Inforced my Muse, in tragic tunes to sing :
 But from her heart's hard frozen string,
 Mine heart his tenderness and heat possest.

MADRIGAL 12.

LIKE to the Mountains, are mine high desires ;
Level to thy love's highest point :
Grounded on faith, which thy sweet grace requires.
For Springs, tears rise in endless source.
For Summer's flowers, Love's fancies I appoint.
The Trees, with storms tossed out of course,
Figure my thoughts, still blasted with Despair.
Thunder, lightning, and hail
Make his trees mourn : thy frowns make me bewail !
This only difference ! Here, fire ; there, snows are !



SONNET LIII.

WHY do I draw my breath, vain sighs to feed ;
Since all my sighs be breathed out in vain ?
Why be these eyes the conduits, whence proceed
These ceaseless tears, which, for your sake ! do rain ?
Why do I write my woes ! and writing, grieve
To think upon them, and their sweet contriver ;
Begging some comfort, which might me relieve,
When the remembrance is my cares' reviver ?
Why do I sue to kiss ; and kiss, to love ;
And love, to be tormented ; not beloved ?
Can neither sighs, nor tears, my sorrows move
By lines, or words ? nor will they be removed ?
Then tire not, Tyrant ! but on mine heart tire !
That unconsumed, I burn, in my Desire.

SONNET LIV.

WHEN I was young, indued with Nature's graces ;
I stole blind LOVE's strong bow and golden arrows,
To shoot at redbreasts, goldfinches, and sparrows ;
At shrewd girls ; and at boys, in other places.

I shot, when I was vexèd with disgraces.

I pierced no skin, but melted up their marrows.

How many boys and girls wished mine embraces !

How many praised my favour, 'bove all faces !

But, once, *PARTHENOPHE* ! by thy sweet side sitting,

LOVE had espied me, in a place most fitting :

Betrayed by thine eyes' beams (which make blind see)

He shot at me ; and said, " for thine eyes' light ;

This daring boy (that durst usurp my right)

Take him ! a wounded slave to LOVE and Thee ! "

SONNET LV.

NYMPHS, which in beauty mortal creatures stain,
And Satyrs, which none but fair Nymphs behold ;
They, to the Nymphs ; and Nymphs to them,
complain :

And each, in spite, my Mistress' beauty told.

Till soundly sleeping in a myrtle grove,

A wanton Satyr had espied her there ;

Who deeming she was dead, in all haste strove

To fetch the Nymphs ; which in the forests were.

They flocking fast, in triumph of her death,

Lightly beheld : and, deeming she was dead,

Nymphs sang, and Satyrs dancèd out of breath.

Whilst Satyrs, with the Nymphs *La Voltas* led ;

My Mistress did awake ! Then, they which came

To scorn her beauty, ran away for shame !

SONNET LVI.

THE Dial! love, which shews how my days spend.
The leaden Plummets sliding to the ground!
My thoughts, which to dark melancholy bend.
The rolling Wheels, which turn swift hours round!
Thine eyes, PARTHENOPHE! my Fancy's guide.
The Watch, continually which keeps his stroke!
By whose oft turning, every hour doth slide;
Figure the sighs, which from my liver smoke,
Whose oft invasions finish my life's date.
The Watchman, which, each quarter, strikes the bell!
Thy love, which doth each part exanimate;
And in each quarter, strikes his forces fell.
That Hammer and great Bell, which end each hour!
Death, my life's victor, sent by thy love's power.

SONNET LVII.

THY beauty is the Sun, which guides my day,
And with his beams, to my world's life gives
light;
With whose sweet favour, all my fancies play,
And as birds singing, still enchant my sight.
But when I seek to get my love's chief pleasure,
Her frowns are like the night led by the Lamp
Of PHŒBE's chaste desires; whilst, without leisure,
Graces like Stars, through all her face encamp.
Then all my Fancy's birds lie whisht, for fear;
Soon as her frowns procure their shady sorrow:
Saving my heart, which secret shot doth bear,
And nature from the nightingale doth borrow;
Which from laments, because he will not rest,
Hath love's thorn-prickle pointed at his breast.

SONNET LVIII.

FAIR CLYTIE doth flourish with the Spring;
 And, eftsoons, withered like thy golden Hair!
 And Io's violets grow flourishing, [bear!
 But soon defaced; which thine Eyes semblance
 Anemone with hyacinth, Spring's pride,
 (Like to thy Beauty!) lose their lovely gloss:
 So will thy Cheeks, with graces beautified,
 Return to wrinkles, and to Nature's dross!
 Roses, as from thy lips, sweet odours send,
 Which herbs (in them whilst juice and virtues rest)
 From some diseases' rigour, life defend:
 These (as Thyself!) once withered, men detest!
 Then love betimes! These withered flowers of yore
 Revive! Thy beauty lost, returns no more!

SONNET LIX.

AH ME! sweet beauty lost, returns no more.
 And how I fear mine heart fraught with disdain!
 Despair of her disdain, casts doubt before;
 And makes me thus of mine heart's hope
 complain.
 Ah, me! nor mine heart's hope, nor help. Despair!
 Avoid my Fancy! Fancy's utter bane!
 My woes' chief worker! Cause of all my care!
 Avoid my thoughts! that Hope may me restore
 To mine heart's heaven, and happiness again!
 Ah, wilt thou not? but still depress my thought!
 Ah, Mistress! if thy beauty, this hath wrought,
 That proud disdainfulness shall in thee reign:
 Yet, think! when in thy forehead wrinkles be;
 Men will disdain thee, then, as thou dost me!

SONNET LX.



HILST some, the Trojan wars in verse recount,
And all the Grecian conquerors in fight ;
Some, valiant Roman wars 'bove stars do mount,
With all their warlike leaders, men of might :
Whilst some, of British ARTHUR's valour sing,
And register the praise of CHARLEMAGNE ;
And some, of doughty GODFREY tidings bring,
And some, the German broils, and wars of Spain :
In none of those, myself I wounded find,
Neither with horseman, nor with man on foot ;
But from a clear bright eye, one Captain blind
(Whose puissance to resist, did nothing boot)
With men in golden arms, and darts of gold,
Wounded my heart, and all which did behold !

SONNET LXI.



TO NONE but to PROMETHEUS, me compare !
From sacred heaven, he stole that holy fire.
I, from thine eyes, stole fire ! My judgements are
For to be bound, with chains of strong Desire,
To that hard rock of thy thrice cruel heart !
The ceaseless waves, which on the rocks do dash
Yet never pierce, but forcèd, backward start ;
Those be these endless tears, my cheeks which wash !
The vulture, which is, by my goddess' doom,
Assigned to feed upon mine endless liver ;
Despair, by thee procured ! which leaves no room
For JOCULUS to jest with CUPID's quiver.
This swallows worlds of livers, spending few ;
But not content—O god ! shall this be true ?

SONNET LXII.

“**F**IE! fie, fierce Tyrant! Quench this furious rage!
 O quench this rageous fury, little god!
 Nay, mighty god! my fury's heat assuage!
 Nor are thine, little darts, nor brittle rod!
 Ah, that thou hadst a sweet recurring dart!
 Or such a rod, as into health might whip me!
 With this, to level at my troubled heart;
 To warn with scourge, that no bright eye might trip me!”
 Vain words, which vanish with the clouds, why speak I!
 And bootless options, buildèd with void air!
 How oft, enraged in hopeless Passions, break I!
 How oft, in false vain hope, and blank despair!
 How oft, left lifeless at thy cloudy frown!
 How oft, in Passion mounted, and plucked down!

MADRIGAL 13.

SOFT, lovely, rose-like lips, conjoined with mine!
 Breathing out precious incense such!
 (Such as, at Paphos, smoke to VENUS' shrine)
 Making my lips immortal, with their touch!
 My cheeks, with touch of thy soft cheeks divine;
 Thy soft warm cheeks, which VENUS favours much!
 Those arms, such arms! which me embraced,
 Me, with immortal cincture girding round
 Of everlasting bliss! then bound
 With her enfolded thighs in mine entangled;
 And both in one self-soul placed,
 Made a hermaphrodite, with pleasures ravished!
 There, heat for heat's, soul for soul's empire wrangled!
 Why died not I, with love so largely lavished?
 For 'wake (not finding truth of dreams before)
 It secret vexeth ten times more!

MADRIGAL 14.



H, TEN times worse tormented than before !
Ten times more pity shouldst thou take of me !
I have endured ; then, Sweet ! restore
That pleasure, which procured this pain !
Thou scorn'st my lines ! (a Saint, which make of thee !)
Where true desires of thine hard heart complain,
There thou, 'bove STELLA placed ;
'Bove LAURA ; with ten thousand more installed :
And now, proud, thinks me graced,
That am to thee (though merciless !) enthralled.



SONNET LXIII.



LOVE for EUROPA'S love, took shape of Bull ;
And for CALISTO, played DIANA'S part :
And in a golden shower, he filled full
The lap of DANAE, with celestial art.
Would I were changed but to my Mistress' gloves,
That those white lovely fingers I might hide !
That I might kiss those hands, which mine heart loves !
Or else that chain of pearl (her neck's vain pride)
Made proud with her neck's veins, that I might fold
About that lovely neck, and her paps tickle !
Or her to compass, like a belt of gold !
Or that sweet wine, which down her throat doth trickle,
To kiss her lips, and lie next at her heart,
Run through her veins, and pass by Pleasure's part !

SONNET LXIV.

IF ALL the Loves were lost, and should be found ;
 And all the Graces' glories were decayed :
 In thee, the Graces' ornaments abound !
 In me, the Loves, by thy sweet Graces laid !
 And if the Muses had their voice foregone ;
 And VENUS' husband's forge had lost his fire :
 The Muses' voice should, by thy voice, be known !
 And VULCAN's heat be found in my Desire !
 I will accuse thee to the gods, of theft !
 For PALLAS' eye, and VENUS' rosy cheek,
 And PHOEBE's forehead ; which thou hast bereft !
 Complain of me, to CUPID ! Let him seek
 In vain, for me, each where, and in all parts
 For, 'gainst my will, I stole one of his darts.

SONNET LXV.

O THAT I had no heart ! as I have none.
 (For thou, mine heart's full spirit hast possessed !)
 Then should mine Argument be not of moan !
 Then under Love's yoke, should I not be pressed !
 O that without mine eyes I had been born !
 Then had I not my Mistress' beauty viewed !
 Then had I never been so far forlorn !
 Then had I never wept ! Then, never rued !
 O that I never had been born at all !
 Or being, had been born of shepherds' brood !
 Then should I not in such mischances fall !
 Quiet, my water ; and Content, my food !
 But now disquieted, and still tormented ;
 With adverse fate, preforce, must rest contented !

SONNET LXVI.



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

SONNET LXVII.



F CUPID keep his quiver in thine eye,
And shoot at over-daring gazers' hearts!
Alas, why be not men afraid! and fly
As from MÈDUSA's, doubting after smarts?
Ah, when he draws his string, none sees his bow!
Nor hears his golden-feathered arrows sing!
Ay me! till it be shot, no man doth know;
Until his heart be prickèd with the sting.
Like semblance bears the musket in the field:
It hits, and kills unseen! till unawares,
To death, the wounded man his body yield.
And thus a peasant, CÆSAR's glory dares.
This difference left 'twixt MARS his field, and LOVE's;
That CUPID's soldier shot, more torture proves!

SONNET LXVIII.



WOULD GOD (when I beheld thy beauteous face,
 And golden tresses rich with pearl and stone) !
 MEDUSA'S visage had appeared in place,
 With snaky locks, looking on me alone !
 Then had her dreadful charming looks me changed
 Into a senseless stone. O, were I senseless !
 Then rage, through rash regard, had never ranged :
 Whereas to Love, I stood disarmed and fenceless.
 Yea, but that divers object of thy face
 In me contrarious operations wrought.
 A moving spirit pricked with Beauty's grace.
 No pity's grace in thee ! which I have sought :
 Which makes me deem, thou did'st MEDUSA see !
 And should thyself, a moving marble be.

SONNET LXIX.



THE leafless branches of the lifeless boughs,
 Carve Winter's outrage in their withered barks :
 The withered wrinkles in my careful brows,
 Figure from whence they drew those crooked marks !
 Down from the Thracian mountains, oaks of might
 And lofty firs, into the valley fall :
 Sure sign where BOREAS hath usurped his right ;
 And that, long there, no Sylvans dally shall.
 Fields, with prodigious inundations drowned ;
 For NEPTUNE'S rage, with AMPHITRITE weep.
 My looks and Passions likewise shew my wound ;
 And how some fair regard did strike it deep.
 These branches, blasted trees, and fields so wat' red ;
 For wrinkles, sighs, and tears, foreshew thine hatred !

SONNET LXX.



WHAT can these wrinkles and vain tears portend,
But thine hard favour, and indurate heart?
What shew these sighs, which from my soul I send,
But endless smoke, raised from a fiery smart?
Canst thou not pity my deep wounded breast?
Canst thou not frame those eyes to cast a smile?
Wilt thou, with no sweet sentence make me blest?
To make amends, wilt thou not sport a while?
Shall we not, once, with our opposed ey'n,
In interchange, send golden darts rebated?
With short reflexion, 'twixt thy brows and mine;
Whilst love with thee, of my griefs hath debated?
Those eyes of love were made for love to see!
And cast regards on others, not on me!

SONNET LXXI.



THOSE hairs of angels' gold, thy nature's treasure.
(For thou, by Nature, angel-like art framed!)
Those lovely brows, broad bridges of sweet pleasure,
Arch two clear springs of Graces gracious named;
There Graces infinite do bathe and sport!
Under, on both sides, those two precious hills,
Where PHŒBE and VENUS have a several fort.
Her couch, with snowy lilies, PHŒBE fills,
But VENUS, with red roses, hers adorneth;
There, they, with silent tokens, do dispute
Whilst PHŒBE, VENUS; VENUS, PHŒBE scorneth!
And all the Graces, judgers there sit mute
To give their verdict; till great JOVE said this,
"DIANA'S arrows wound not, like thy kiss!"

SONNET LXXII.

MY MISTRESS' beauty matched with the Graces'
 'Twixt PHŒB' and JUNO should be judgèd there:
 Where She, with mask, had veiled the lovely places;
 And Graces, in like sort, i-maskèd were.
 But when their lovely beauties were disclosed;
 "This Nymph," quoth JUNO, "all the Graces passeth!
 For beauteous favours, in her face disposed,
 Love's goddess, in love's graces she surpasseth!"
 "She doth not pass the Graces!" PHŒBE said,
 "Though in her cheeks the Graces richly sit;
 For they be subjects to her beauty made.
 The glory for this fair Nymph is most fit!
 There, in her cheeks, the Graces blush for shame!
 That in her cheeks to strive, the subjects came."

SONNET LXXIII.

WHY did rich Nature, Graces grant to thee?
 Since Thou art such a niggard of thy grace!
 Or how can Graces in thy body be?
 Where neither they, nor pity find a place!
 Ah, they be Handmaids to thy Beauty's Fury!
 Making thy face to tyrannize on men.
 Condemned before thy Beauty, by Love's Jury;
 And by thy frowns, adjudged to Sorrow's Den:
 Grant me some grace! for Thou, with grace art wealthy;
 And kindly may'st afford some gracious thing.
 Mine hopes all, as my mind, weak and unhealthy;
 All her looks gracious, yet no grace do bring
 To me, poor wretch! Yet be the Graces there!
 But I, the Furies in my breast do bear!

SONNET LXXIV.



EASE, over-tired Muses! to complain!
 In vain, thou pours out words! in vain, thy tears!
 In vain, thou writes thy verses! all in vain!
 For to the rocks and wall, which never hears,
 Thou speakes! and sendes complaints, which find no grace!
 But why compare I thee to rocks, and walls?
 Yes, thou descendes from stones and rocks, by race!
 But rocks will answer to the latter calls.
 Yea, rocks will speak each sentence's last word,
 And in each syllable of that word agree;
 But thou, nor last, nor first, wilt me afford!
 Hath Pride, or Nature, bred this fault in thee?
 Nature and Pride have wrought in thee these evils:
 For women are, by Nature, proud as devils!

SONNET LXXV.



LOVE is a name too lovely for the god!
 He naked goes, red coloured in his skin,
 And bare, all as a boy fit for a rod.
 Hence into Afric! There, seek out thy kin
 Amongst the Moors! and swarthy men of Ind!
 Me, thou, of joys and sweet content hast hindered!
 Hast thou consumed me! and art of my kind?
 Hast thou enraged me! yet art of my kindred?
 Nay, Ismarus, or Rhodope thy father!
 Or craggy Caucasus, thy crabbed sire!
 Vesuvius, else? or was it Etna rather?
 For thou, how many dost consume with fire!
 Fierce tigers, wolves, and panthers gave thee suck!
 For lovely VENUS had not such evil luck!

SONNET LXXVI.

BE BLIND, mine Eyes! which saw that stormy frown.
 Wither, long-watering Lips! which may not kiss.
 Pine, Arms! which wished-for sweet embraces miss.
 And upright parts of pleasure! fall you down.
 Waste, wanton tender Thighs! Consume for this;
 To her thigh-elms, that you were not made vines!
 And my long pleasure in her body grafted.
 But, at my pleasure, her sweet thought repines.
 My heart, with her fair colours, should be wafted
 Throughout this ocean of my deep despair:
 Why do I longer live? but me prepare
 My life, together with my joys, to finish!
 And, long ere this, had I died, with my care;
 But hope of joys to come, did all diminish.

SONNET LXXVII.

HOW can I live in mind's or body's health,
 When all four Elements, my griefs conspire?
 Of all heart's joys depriving me, by stealth,
 All yielding poisons to my long Desire.
 The Fire, with heat's extremes mine heart enraging.
 Water, in tears, from Despair's fountain flowing.
 My soul in sighs, Air to Love's soul engaging.
 My Fancy's coals, Earth's melancholy blowing.
 Thus these, by Nature, made for my relief;
 Through that bold charge of thine imperious eye!
 Turn all their graces into bitter grief.
 As I were dead, should any of them die!
 And they, my body's substance, all be sick;
 It follows, then, I cannot long be quick!

SONNET LXXVIII.



HE proudest Planet in his highest sphere,
Saturn, enthronist in thy frowning brows!
Next awful Jove, thy majesty doth bear!
And unto dreadful Mars, thy courage bows!
Drawn from thy noble grandfathers of might.
Amongst the laurel-crowned Poets sweet,
And sweet Musicians, take the place by right!
For Phœbus, with thy graces thought it meet.
Venus doth sit upon thy lips, and chin!
And Hermes hath enriched thy wits divine!
Phœbe with chaste desires, thine heart did win!
The Planets thus to thee, their powers resign!
Whom Planets honour thus, is any such?
My Muse, then, cannot honour her too much!

SONNET LXXIX.



OVETOUS Eyes! What did you late behold?
My Rival gracèd with a sun-bright smile!
Where he, with secret signs, was sweetly told
Her thoughts; with winks, which all men might
beguile!
Audacious, did I see him kiss that hand
Which holds the reins of my unbridled heart!
And, softly wringing it, did closely stand
Courting with love terms, and in lover's art!
Next (with his fingers kissed) he touched her middle!
Then saucy, (with presumption uncontrolled)
To hers, from his eyes, sent regards by riddle!
At length, he kissed her cheek! Ah me! so bold!
To bandy with bel-guards in interchange.
Blind mine eyes, Envy! that they may not range!

SONNET LXXX.

LONG-wished for Death! sent by my Mistress' doom;
 Hold! Take thy prisoner, full resolved to die!
 But first as chief, and in the highest room,
 My Soul, to heaven I do bequeath on high;
 Now ready to be severed from Thy love!
 My Sighs, to air! to crystal springs, my Tears!
 My sad Complaints (which Thee could never move!
 To mountains desolate and deaf! My Fears,
 To lambs beset with lions! My Despair,
 To night, and irksome dungeons full of dread!
 Then shalt Thou find (when I am past this care)
 My torments, which thy cruelties have bred,
 In heavens, clouds, springs, hard mountains, lambs, and
 night:
 Here, once united; then, dissevered quite.

SONNET LXXXI.

QUINELY Jealousy! which canst admit
 No thought of compeers in thine high Desire!
 Love's bastard daughter, for true-loves unfit,
 Scalding men's hearts with force of secret fire!
 Thou poisoned Canker of much beauteous Love!
 Fostered with Envy's paps, with wrathful rage!
 Thou (which dost still thine own destruction move)
 With eagle's eyes, which secret watch doth wage!
 With peacock's feet, to steal in unawares!
 With PROGNE's wings, to false suspect which flies!
 Which virtues hold in durance, rashly dares!
 Provoker and maintainer of vain lies!
 Who, with rich virtues and fair love possessed,
 Causeless! hast All, to thine heart's hell addressed!

SONNET LXXXII.



THE Chariot, with the Steed is drawn along.
Ships, winged with Winds, swift hover on the waves.
The stubborn Ploughs are hauled with Oxen strong.
Hard Adamant, the strongest Iron craves.
But I am with thy beauty strongly forced ;
Which, full of courage, draws me like the Steed.
Those Winds, thy spirit ; whence cannot be divorced.
My heart the Ship, from danger never freed.
That strong conceit on thy sweet beauty lade ;
The strong-necked Ox which draws my Fancy's Plow,
Thine heart that Adamant, whose force hath made
My strong desires stand subject unto you !
Would I were Horse, Ox, Adamant, or Wind !
Then had I never cared for Womankind.

SONNET LXXXIII.



DARK Night ! Black Image of my foul Despair !
With grievous fancies, cease to vex my soul !
With pain, sore smart, hot fires, cold fears, long
care !
(Too much, alas, this ceaseless stone to roll).
My days be spent in penning thy sweet praises !
In pleading to thy beauty, never matched !
In looking on thy face ! whose sight amazes
My Sense ; and thus my long days be despatched.
But Night (forth from the misty region rising),
Fancies, with Fear, and sad Despair, doth send !
Mine heart, with horror, and vain thoughts agrising.
And thus the fearful tedious nights I spend !
Wishing the noon, to me were silent night ;
And shades nocturnal, turned to daylight.

SONNET LXXXIV.

MY SWEET PARTHENOPHE ! within thy face,
 My Passions' Calendar may plain be read !
 The Golden Number told upon thine head !
 The Sun days (which in card, I holy place,
 And which divinely bless me with their grace)
 Thy cheerful Smiles, which can recall the dead !
 My Working days, thy Frowns, from favours fled !
 Which set a work the furies in my breast.
 These days are six to one more than the rest.
 My Leap Year is (O when is that Leap Year ?)
 When all my cares I overleap, and feast
 With her, fruition ! whom I hold most dear.
 And if some Calendars, the truth tell me ;
 Once in few years, that happy Leap shall be !

SONNET LXXXV.

FROM East's bed rosy, whence AURORA riseth ;
 Be thy cheeks figured, which their beams display
 In smiles ! whose sight mine heart with joy surpriseth ;
 And which my Fancy's flowers do fair array,
 Cleared with the gracious dews of her regard.
 The West, whence evening comes ; her frowning brow,
 Where Discontentment ploughs his furrows hard !
 (There doth She bury her affections now !)
 The North, whence storms with mists and frosts proceed ;
 My black Despair ! long Sorrows ! and cold Fear !
 The South, whence showers, in great abundance breed,
 And where hot sun doth to meridian rear ;
 My Eyes, whose object nought but tears require !
 And my soft Heart, consumed with rage of fire !

SONNET LXXXVI.



FIERY Rage! when wilt thou be consumed?
Thou, that hast me consumed, in such sort
As never was, poor wretch! (which so presumed)
But for surveying of that beauteous Fort!
Kept in continual durance, and enchained
With hot desires, which have my body pined;
My mind, from pleasures and content restrained;
My thoughts, to Care, and Sorrow's Ward assigned:
There, with continual melancholy placed,
In dismal horror, and continual fear,
I pass these irksome hours! scorned and disgraced
Of her; whose cruelty no breast can bear!
No thought endure! no tortures can outmatch!
Then burn on, Rage of Fire! but me despatch!

SONNET LXXXVII.



URN on, sweet Fire! For I live by that fuel,
Whose smoke is as an incense to my soul!
Each sigh prolongs my smart. Be fierce and cruel,
My fair PARTHENOPHE! Frown and control!
Vex! torture! scald! disgrace me! Do thy will!
Stop up thine ears! With flint, immure thine heart!
And kill me with thy looks, if they would kill!
Thine eyes (those crystal phials which impart
The perfect balm to my dead-wounded breast!)
Thine eyes, the quivers, whence those darts were drawn,
Which me, to thy love's bondage have addrest.
Thy smile, and frown! night star, and daylight's dawn!
Burn on! Frown on! Vex! Stop thine ears! Torment me!
More, for thy beauty borne! would not repent me.

SONNET LXXXVIII.



WITHIN thine eyes, mine heart takes all his rest !
 In which, still sleeping, all my sense is drowned.
 The dreams, with which my senses are opprest,
 Be thousand lovely fancies turning round
 The restless wheel of my much busy brain.
 The morning ; which from resting doth awake me,
 Thy beauty ! banished from my sight again,
 When I to long melancholy betake me.
 Then full of errors, all my dreams I find !
 And in their kinds contrarious, till the day
 (Which is her beauty) set on work my mind ;
 Which never will cease labour ! never stay !
 And thus my pleasures are but dreams with me ;
 Whilst mine hot fevers, pains quotidian be.

SONNET LXXXIX.

[For similar 'echo' poems, see pp. 273-6, and 301 *infra*, and vol. ii. pp. 148 and 337.]



WHAT be those hairs dyed like the marigold ?
 ECHO, Gold !
 What is that brow, whose frown make any moan ?
 ECHO, Anemone !
 What were her eyes, when the great lords controlled ?
 ECHO, Rolled !
 What be they, when from them, be loves thrown ?
 ECHO, LOVE'S throne !
 What were her cheeks (when blushes rose) like ?
 ECHO, Rose-like !
 What are those lips, which 'bove pearls' rew be ?
 ECHO, Ruby !
 Her ivory shoulders, what be those like ?
 ECHO, Those like !

What saints are like her? speak, if you be!

ECHO, Few be!

Thou dwell'st in rocks, hart-like! somewhat then?

ECHO, What then?

And rocks dwell in her heart! is 'tis true?

ECHO, 'Tis true!

Whom she loves best? know this, cannot men!

ECHO, Not men!

Pass him, she loathes! Then I dismiss you!

ECHO, Miss you!

What sex to whom, men sue so vain much?

ECHO, Vain much!

Furies there fires, and I complain such?

ECHO, Plain such!

SONNET XC.



MY MISTRESS' Arms, are these; fair, clear, and bright.

Argent in midst, where is an Ogress set,

Within an azure ann'let, placèd right.

The Crest, two golden bows, almost near met:

And by this Crest, her power abroad is known.

These Arms, She beareth in the Field of Love,

By bloody colours, where LOVE's wrath is shown:

But in kind Passion, milder than the dove,

Her goodly silver ensign, She displays,

Semi de roses: at whose lovely sight,

All lovers are subdued; and vanquished, praise

Those glorious colours, under which they fight.

I, by these Arms, her captive thrall was made!

And to those Colours, in that Field, betrayed!

SONNET XCI.

THESSE bitter gusts, which vex my troubled seas,
And move with force, my sorrow's floods to flow;
My Fancy's ship tost here and there by these,
Still floats in danger, ranging to and fro.

How fears my Thoughts' swift pinnace, thine hard rock!
Thine heart's hard rock, least thou mine Heart (his pilot)
Together with himself, should rashly knock
And being quite dead-stricken, then should cry late,
"Ah me!" too late to thy remorseless self.
Now when thy mercies all been banished,
And blown upon thine hard rock's ruthless shelf;
My soul in sighs is spent and vanished.
Be pitiful, alas! and take remorse!
Thy beauty too much practiseth his force!

SONNET XCII.

WILT thou know wonders, by thy beauty wrought?
Behold (not seen) an endless burning fire
Of Fancy's fuel! kindled with a thought!
Without a flame, yet still inflamèd higher!

No flames' appearance, yet continual smoke!
Drawn cool, to kindle; breathed out hot again!
Two diamonds, which this secret fire provoke;
Making two crystals, with their heat, to rain!
A skin, where beauteous Graces rest at ease!
A tongue, whose sweetness mazes all the Muses!
And yet, a heart of marble matched with these!
A tongue, besides, which sweet replies refuses!
These wonders, by thy beauty wrought alone,
Through thy proud eye, which made thine heart a stone.

SONNET XCIII.

BEGS LOVE! which whilom was a deity?
I list no such proud beggars at my gate!
For alms, he, 'mongst cold Arctic folk doth wait;
And sunburnt Moors, in contrariety:
Yet sweats, nor freezes more! Then is it piety
To be remorseful at his bare estate!
His reach, he racketh at a higher rate.
He joins with proudest in society!
His eyes are blind, forsooth! and men must pity
A naked poor boy, which doth no man harm!
He is not blind! Such beggar boys be witty!
For he marks, hits, and wounds hearts with his arm;
Nor coldest North can stop his naked race;
For where he comes, he warmeth every place!

SONNET XCIV.

NORTH from mine eyes, with full tide, flows a river;
And in thine eyes, two sparkling chrysolites.
Mine eye, still covet to behold those lights.
Thine eye, still filled with arrows, is LOVE's Quiver!
Through mine eye, thine eyes' fire inflames my liver.
Mine eyes, in heart, thine eyes' clear fancies write;
Thus is thine eye to me, my fancies giver!
Which from thine eyes, to mine eyes take their flight.
Then pierce the secret centre of my heart;
And feed my fancies with inflamèd fuel!
This only grieves! Mine eyes had not that art
Thine to transpierce: thy nature was so cruel!
But eyes and fancies, in this, triumph make;
That they were blind and raging, for her sake!

SONNET XCV.



How bright beam-spreading LOVE's thrice happy
 Star!
 Th' Arcadian Shepherd's ASTROPHYL's clear guide!
 Thou that, on swift-winged Pegasus, dost ride,
 AURORA's harbinger! Surpassing, far!
 AURORA carried in her rosy car.
 Bright Planet! Teller of clear evening-tide!
 Star of all stars! Fair favoured night's chief pride!
 Which day, from night; and night, from day dost bar!
 Thou that hast worlds of hearts, with thine eye's glance,
 To thy love's pleasing bondage, taken thrall!
 Behold (where Graces, in love's circles dance!)
 Of two clear stars, outsparkling Planets all!
 For stars, her beauty's arrow-bearers be!
 Then be the subjects; and superior, She!

SONNET XCVI.



HE Sun in Pisces; VENUS did intend
 To seek sick FLORA; whose soil (since by Kind
 TITAN to th'Antipodes, his beams resigned)
 No pleasant flowers, to welcome her did send.
 To whom, for need, PARTHENOPHE did lend
 At Nature's suit, rich Heliochrise, which shined
 In her fair hair; white lilies which combined
 With her high-smoothed brows, which bent, love bend.
 Violets from eyes, sweet blushing eglantine
 From her clear cheeks, and from her lips, sweet roses.
 Thus VENUS' Paradise was made divine
 Which such, as Nature in my Lady closes.
 Then, since with her, LOVE's Queen was glorified!
 Why was not my sweet Lady deified?

SONNET XC VII.



WHY should Envy, with sweet Love consort?
But that, with Love's excess, Seven Sins unite!
Pride, that, in high respect of my delight,
I scorn all others! Lust, that with disport
In thought of her, I sometimes take comfort!
Wrath, that, with those, in secret heart I fight,
Which smile on her! and Envy, that, I spite
Such meats and wines, as to her lips resort
And touch that tongue, which I can never kiss!
Sloth, that, secure in too much love, I sleep;
And nuzzled so, am to be freed remiss!
And Covetous, I never mean can keep
In craving, wishing, and in working this;
Though still I kiss and touch, still touch and kiss!

SONNET XC VIII.



THE Sun, my Lady's Beauty represents!
Whose fiery-pointed beams each creature heats:
Such force her grace, on whom it counterbeats,
Doth practice; which the patient still torments.
And to her virtues, the bright Moon assents;
With whose pure Chastity, my love she threats!
Whose thought itself in her cool circle seats.
And as the Moon, her bright habiliments,
Of her bright brother PHŒBUS, borroweth;
So from her beauty, doth her chaste desire,
Her brightness draw. For which, none dare aspire
To tempt so rare a beauty. Yet forgive!
He that, for thy sake! so long sorroweth,
Cannot but longer love, if longer live!

SONNET XCIX.

HIS careful head, with divers thoughts distressed,
 My Fancy's Chronicler! my Sorrow's Muse!
 These watchful eyes, whose heedless aim I curse,
 Love's Sentinels! and Fountains of Unrest!
 This tongue still trembling, Herald fit addressed
 To my Love's grief! (than any torment worse!)
 This heart, true Fortress of my spotless love,
 And rageous Furnace of my long desire!
 Of these, by Nature, am I not possessed
 (Though Nature, their first means in me did move)
 But thou, dear Sweet! with thy love's holy fire,
 My head, Grief's Anvil made! with cares oppressed;
 Mine eyes, a Spring! my tongue, a Leaf wind-shaken!
 My heart, a wasteful Wilderness forsaken!

SONNET C.

LEADING for pity to my Mistress' eyes;
 Urging on duty favours as deserts;
 Complaining mine hid flames, and secret smarts:
 She, with disdainful grace, in jest, replies,
 "Her eyes were never made man's enemies!"
 Then me with my conceit she overthwarts,
 Urging my Fancy (which vain thoughts imparts)
 To be the causer of mine injuries,
 Saying, "I am not vexed, as I complained!
 How Melancholy bred this light conceit!"
 Hard-hearted Mistress! Canst thou think I feigned?
 That I, with fancies vain, vain woe repeat?
 Ah, no! For though thine eyes none else offend;
 Yet by thine Eyes and "Noes!" my woes want end!


SONNET CI.

HAD I been banished from the native soil,
Where, with my life, I first receivèd light!
For my first cradles, had my tomb been dight!
Or changed my pleasure for a ceaseless toil!
Had I for nurse, been left to lion's spoil!
Had I for freedom, dwelt in shady night,
Cooped up in loathsome dungeons from men's sight!
These first desires, which in my breast did boil,
From which, thy loves (Unkind!) thou banishèd!
Had not been such an exile to my bliss.
If life, with my love's infancy, were vanishèd;
It had not been so sore a death as this,
If lionesses were, instead of nurses;
Or night, for day! Thine hate deserves more curses!


SONNET CII.

VAIN gallants! whose much longing spirits tickle;
Whose brains swell with abundance of much wit,
And would be touched fain with an amorous fit:
O lend your eyes, and bend your fancies fickle!
You, whom Affection's dart did never prickle!
You, which hold lovers, fools; and argue it!
Gaze on my Sun! and if tears do not trickle
From your much mastered eyes (where Fancies sit):
Then, Eagles! will I term you, for your eyes;
But Bears! or Tigers! for your savage hearts!
But, if it chance, such fountains should arise,
And you made like partakers of my smarts;
Her, for her piercing eyes, an Eagle, name!
But, for her heart, a Tiger, never tame!

MADRIGAL 15.


NATURE's pride, Love's pearl, Virtue's perfection,
 In sweetness, beauty, grace,
 Of body, face, affection
 Hath glory, brightness, place
 In rosy cheeks, clear eyes, and heavenly mind ;
 All which, with wonder, honour, praise, take race
 To charm, to shine, to fly, with Fame's protection.
 Mine heart the first, mine eyes next, third my thought
 Did wound, did blind, did bind ;
 Which grieved, obscured, and wrought
 Heart, eyes, and senses with such imperfection,
 That in their former comfort, sight, and kind
 They moved, gazed, and sought,
 Yet found not, in what order, sort, and case
 Of tears, plaints, sighs, with seas, with murmur, wind
 To find, to get, t' embrace
 Nature's pride, Love's pearl, Virtue's perfection.

MADRIGAL 16.


SLEEP PHŒBUS still, in glaucy THETIS' lap !
 JOVE's eagle's piercing eyes, be blind.
 Soft things whose touch is tickle to the mind,
 Give no like touch, all joys in one to wrap.
 All instruments, all birds and voices
 Make no such heavenly music in their kind.
 No fruits have such sweet sap,
 No root such juices,
 No balm so much rejoices.
 O breath, exceeding every rich perfume !

For love, all pleasures in a Kiss did lap.
Her eyes did give bright glances.
Sight is no sight, all light with that consume.
She touched my cheek! at which touch, mine heart dances.
Mine eyes, in privy combat, did presume,
Charging my hands, to charge her middle;
Whilst they threw wounding darts, and healing lances.
She kissed and spoke, at once, a riddle,
But such sweet meaning in dark sense,
As shewed the drift of her dear sweet pretence,
More pleasing than the chord of harp or lute.
On heavenly cherries then I feed,
Whose sap deliciouser than angels' food,
Whose breath more sweet than gum, herb, flower, or bood.
O kiss! that did all sense exceed!
No man can speak those joys! Then, Muse, be mute!
But say! for sight, smell, hearing, taste, and touch;
In any one thing, was there ever such?

MADRIGAL 17.



ENVIOUS air, all Nature's public nurse,
Lend to my life, no spirit!
Not that I prosper worse
Than erst of yore; for I, the state inherit,
Which gods in Paradise, 'bove man demerit:
But for I highly scorn
Thy common vapour should
With her sweet breath immix! I cannot bear it!
Cold air's infusion cannot be foreborn;
O kiss! O soul, which could

All wailings have outworn !
Angel of Bliss ! which cheers me night and morn !
Sweet Cloud ! which now, with my soul dost enfold !
Salve to my Soul ! once sick.
Let men in Inde iborn
Cease boasting of rich drugs, and sweet perfume !
Egyptian gums, and odours Arabic,
I loath ! and wood, dear sold,
From myrrh and cypress torn !
Tarry, sweet kiss ! Do not in clouds consume !
Yet can I feel thy spirit moving quick.
O why should air presume
To be her spirit's rival ?
What do I speak ? Nor am I lunatic !
I cannot live ; else would I not assume
Cold air, to contrive all
My sorrows, with immixion.
Then die ! whilst this sweet spirit thee doth prick !
Whilst thy sweet comfort's kisses are alive all !
And love's sweet jurisdiction
Will make thee die possessed
Of all heaven's joys ; which, for most comfort, strive all !
Lest Death, to Pleasure should give interdiction,
Ah let my lips be pressed !
And, with continual kisses,
Pour everlasting spirit to my life .
So, shall I always live ! so, still be blessed !
Kiss still ! and make no misses !
Double ! redouble kisses !
Murmur affections ! War in pleasing strife !
Press lips ! Lips, rest oppressed !
This Passion is no fiction.

MADRIGAL 18.



AFTER AURORA's blush, the sun arose
And spread his beams!
With whose clear gleams
My prickless rosebud veils his purple leaves!
In whose sweet folds, Morning did pearls enclose,
Where sun his beams, in orb-like circle weaves,
And then t'enrich, stole those
Nature's beauty, PHÆBUS' virtue, Love's incense;
Whose favour, sap, and savour, my sense 'reaves.
My Muse had these for themes:
They, to my Muse; my Muse, to them, defence.
PHÆBUS, sometimes, LOVE's Oracles sends thence.
Thus by my sun, a rose,
(Though a sweet rose prickless!)
Prickles arose; dear prickle!
Which me diseaseth much, though I be sickless.
Nought me of joy bereaves;
Save favour, sap, and favour, all be fickle.
Blush not for shame that thy sun spread his wings!
My soul in sunder cleaves!
After AURORA's blush, the sun arose!

MADRIGAL 19.



HY love's conceits are wound about mine heart!
Thy love itself within mine heart, a wound!
Thy torches all a row stick,
Which thy sweet grace about mine heart hath bound!
There, gleaming arrows stick in every part,
Which unto my marrow prick.
Thy beauty's fancy to mine heart is thrall;
Mine heart, thy beauty's thrall is found!

And thou mine heart a Bulwark art !
 Conquered by Beauty ! battered to the ground !
 And yet though conquered will not yield at all.
 For in that conflict, though I fall,
 Yet I myself a conqueror repute
 In fight continual, like victorious mart
 Yet ever yield, as ever overthrown.
 To be, still, prisoner ! is my suit.
 I will be, still, thy captive known !
 Such pleasing Servitude
 Victorious Conquest is, and Fortitude !



MADRIGAL 20.

MY LOVE, alas, is sick ! Fie, envious Sickness !
 That, at her breast (where rest all joys and ease),
 Thou shouldst take such despite, her to displease,
 In whom, all virtue's health hath quickness !
 Thou durst not come in living likeness !
 For hadst thou come, thou couldst not her disease !
 Her beauty would not let thee press !
 Sweet graces, which continually attend her,
 At her short breath, breathe short ! and sigh so deep !
 Which Sickness's sharp furies might appease :
 Both Loves and Graces strive to mend her.
 O never let me rest ; but sigh and weep !
 Never but weep and sigh ! " Sick is my Love ;
 And I love-sick ! Yet physic may befriend her !
 But what shall my disease remove ? "

SONNET CIII.



SLEPT, when (underneath a laurel shade,
My face upreared aloft unto the heaven)
Methought I heard this spoken in a sweaven,
“ Nature, on earth, Love’s miracle hath made ! ”
With this, methought, upon a bank was laid
An earthly body which was framed in heaven,
To whom, such graces (by the Graces given)
Sweet music in their several organs played.
In chief, the silent music of her eye
Softly recorded, with heaven’s harmony,
Drew down URANIA from celestial sphere ;
Who mazed, at mazy turning of her ey’n,
(To make Divine perfection) glazed there
Those eyes, with clearest substance crystalline.

MADRIGAL 21.



WHEN this celestial goddess had indued
Her eyes with spheric revolution,
VESTA, with the next gift ensued,
And lent to Nature that twice sacred fire,
To which, once, JAPHET’S offspring did aspire.
Which made a dissolution
Of a strange ore, engendered by the sun,
In grace, and worth more pure than gold,
Which (’gainst the Cyprian triumphs should be done)
Gilded those wheels, which CUPID’S chariot rolled.

MADRIGAL 22.



IN CENTRE of these Stars of Love,
(’Bove all conceits in man’s capacity,)
An orient jet which did not move,
To CUPID’S chariot wheel, made for the naffe,

Was fixed ; which could, with mild rapacity,
Of lighter lovers, draw the lighter chaff.

This, shadow gives to clearer light,
In which, as in a mirrold, there was framed
For those (which love's conditions treat upon)

A glass which should give semblance right
Of all their physiognomies impassionate.
Those hearts, which tyrant Love doth beat upon,

May here behold, what CUPID works !
Yielding in it, that figure fashionate
Which in the jetty mirror lurks.

MADRIGAL 23.



HERBUS, rich father of eternal light !

And in his hand, a wreath of Heliochrise

He brought, to beautify those tresses,
Whose train, whose softness, and whose gloss
more bright,

APOLLO's locks did overprize.

Thus, with this garland, whiles her brows he blesses

The golden shadow, with his tincture,
Coloured her locks, I gilded with the cincture.

MADRIGAL 24.



HUS, as She was, 'bove human glory graced,

The Saint, methought, departed ;

And suddenly upon her feet, she started.

JUNO beheld, and fain would have defaced

That female miracle ! proud Nature's wonder !

Least JOVE, through heaven's clear windows, should espy her ;

And (for her beauty) JUNO's love neglect !

Down she descends ; and as she walkèd by her,

A branch of Lilies, JUNO tears in sunder.

Then, from her sphere, did VENUS down reflect,
Lest MARS, by chance, her beauty should affect.
And with a branch of Roses
She beat upon her face! Then JUNO closes!
And with white lilies, did her beauty chasten.
But lovely Graces, in memorial,
Let both the Rose and Lily's colour fall
Within her cheeks, which, to be foremost hasten.

MADRIGAL 25.



WHILES these two wrathful goddesses did rage,
The little god of might
(Such as might fitter seem with cranes to fight,
Than, with his bow, to vanquish gods and kings)
In a cherry tree sat smiling;
And lightly waving, with his motley wings,
(Fair wings, in beauty! boys and girls beguiling!)
And cherry garlands, with his hands compiling:
Laughing, he leaped light
Unto the Nymph, to try which way best might
Her cheer; and, with a cherry branch, he bobbed!
But her soft lovely lips,
The cherries, of their ruddy ruby robbed!
Eftsoons, he, to his quiver skips
And brings those bottles, whence his mother sips
Her Nectar of Delight;
Which in her bosom, claimed place by right.

MADRIGAL 26.



DARE not speak of that thrice holy hill,
Which, spread with silver lilies, lies;
Nor of those violets which void veins full fill,
Nor of that maze on love's hill-top:

These secrets must not be surveyed with eyes!
 No creature may those flowers crop!
 Nor bathe in that clear fountain,
 Where none but PHŒBE with chaste virgins wash!
 In bottom of that sacred mountain—
 But, whither, now? Thy verses overlash!

S E S T I N E 1 .



WHEN I waked out of dreaming,
 Looking all about the garden,
 Sweet PARTHENOPHE was walking:
 O what fortune brought her hither!
 She much fairer than that Nymph,
 Which was beat with rose and lilies.

Her cheeks exceed the rose and lilies.
 I was fortunate in dreaming
 Of so beautiful a Nymph.
 To this happy blessed garden,
 Come, you Nymphs! come, Fairies! hither.
 Wonder Nature's Wonder walking!

So She seemèd, in her walking,
 As she would make rose and lilies
 Ever flourish. O, but hither
 Hark! (for I beheld it dreaming)
 Lilies blushed within the garden,
 Stained with beauties of that Nymph.

The Rose for anger at that Nymph
 Was pale! and, as She went on walking,
 When She gathered in the garden,
 Tears came from the Rose and Lilies!
 As they sighed, their breath, in dreaming
 I could well perceive hither.

When PARTHENOPHE came hither,
At the presence of that Nymph,
(That hill was heaven! where I lay dreaming)
But when I had espied her walking,
And in hand her Rose and Lilies
As sacrifice given by that garden;

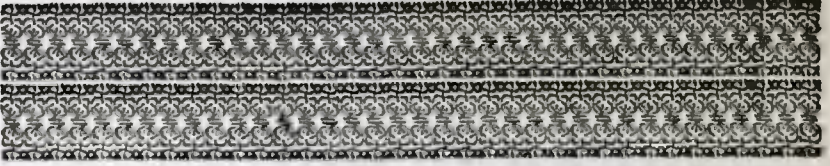
(To Love, stood sacred that fair garden!)
I dared the Nymphs to hasten hither.
Make homage to the Rose and Lilies!
Which are sacred to my Nymph.
Wonder, when you see her walking!
(Might I see her, but in dreaming!)
Even the fancy of that Nymph
Would make me, night and day, come hither,
To sleep in this thrice happy garden.

SONNET CIV.



OLD! matchless Mirror of all Womankind!
These Pens and Sonnets, servants of thy praise!
Placed in a world of graces, which amaze
All young beholders, through Desire blind.
Thou, to whom conquered CUPID hath resigned
His bow and darts, during thy sunny days!
Through thine eyes' force enfeebled by the rays
Which wonderers, to their cost, in thine eyes find!
That there, with beauty's excellence unable,
To write, or bear, my pens, and books refuse;
Thine endless graces are so amiable!
Passing the spirit of mine humble Muse.
So that the more I write, more graces rise!
Which mine astonished Muse cannot comprise.

FINIS.



ELEGIES.




ELEGY I.



HY did the milk, which first **ALCIDES**
nourished,
Ingend'ring with **CYBELE**, breed the lily?
Th' Assyrian hunter's blood, why hath it
flourished
The rose with red? Why did the daf-
fadilly

Spring from **NARCISSUS'** self-conceited love?
Why did great **JOVE**, for the **Pœneian** cow,
Devise the marble coloured violet?
Or what for **PHÆBUS'** love, from mountains hilly
Did hyacinth to rosy blushes move?
Since my sweet Mistress, under **PHÆBUS'** brow,
JUNO'S and fair **ADONIS'** flowers hath set,
Adown her neck, **NARCISSUS'S** gold doth bow,
Io's grey violets in her crystal lights
Th'Æbalian boy's complexion still alights
Upon her hyacinthine lips, like ruby.
And with love's purest sanguine, **CUPID** writes






The praise of beauty, through her veins which blue be
Conducted through love's sluice, to thy face rosy,
Where doves and redbreasts sit for VENUS' rights.
In sign that I to Thee, will ever true be ;
The rose and lilies shall adorn my posy !
The violets and hyacinths shall knit
With daffodil, which shall embellish it !
Such heavenly flowers, in earthly posies few be !

ELEGY II.



THAT, some time, thou saw mine endless fits ;
When I have somewhat of thy beauty pondered !
Thou could not be persuaded that my wits
Could once retire so far from Sense asundered !
Furies, themselves, have at my Passions wondered !
Yet thou, PARTHENOPHE ! well pleasèd, sits,
Whilst in me, so thy moisture's heat hath thundered,
And thine eyes' darts, at every Colon, hits
My soul with double pricks, which mine heart splits :
Whose fainting breath, with sighing Commas broken,
Draws on the sentence of my death, by pauses ;
Ever prolonging out mine endless clauses
With " Ifs " Parenthesis, yet find no token
When with my grief, I should stand even or odd.
My life still making preparations,
Through thy love's darts, to bear the Period ;
Yet stumbleth on Interrogations !



These are those scholar-like vexations
Which grieve me, when those studies I apply.
I miss my lesson still! but, with love's rod,
For each small accent sounded but awry,
Am I tormented! Yet, I cannot die!

ELEGY III.



W^HET thraldom, by LOVE's sweet impression wrought.
LOVE! in that bondage ever let me live!
For LOVE hath brought me bondslave, with a
thought!
And to my thoughts, LOVE did me bondman give!
Ah me, my thoughts' poor prisoner, shall I rest?
And shall my thoughts make triumph over me?
First, to fierce famished lions stand address!
Or let huge rocks and mountains cover thee!
Behold one, to his fancies made a prey!
A poor ACTÆON, with his hounds devoured!
An oak, with his green ivy worn away!
A wretch consumed with plenties great down poured!
A garment with his moth despoiled, and rotten!
A thorn, with his bred caterpillar cankered!
A buried CÆSAR, with his fame forgotten!
A friend betrayed by those on whom he anchored!
Behold a fire consumed with his own heat!
An iron worn away with his own rust!

But were mine heart of oak, this rage would eat,
Still fresh as ivy, mine hard oak to dust!
And were my pleasures durable as steel,
Despair would force they should Time's canker feel!

ELEGY IV.



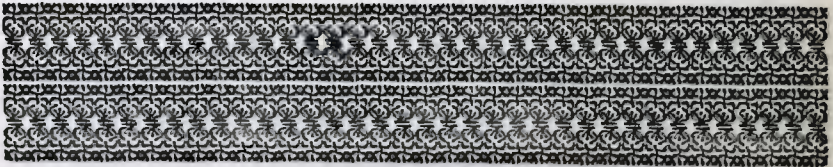
HIS day, sweet Mistress! you to me, did write
(When for so many lines, I begged replyal),
That "From all hope, you would not bar me quite!
Nor grant plain *Placet*! nor give dead denial!"
But in my chamber window, while I read it,
A waspish bee flew round about me buzzing
With full-filled flanks, when my Time's flower had fed it,
(Which there lay strewed); and in my neck, with huzzing,
She fixed her sting! Then did I take her out;
And in my window left her, where she died.
My neck still smarts, and swelleth round about;
By which her wrath's dear ransom may be tried.
A mirror to thee, Lady! which I send
In this small schoede, with commendations tied;
Who, though the sting and anguish stay with me,
Yet for revenge, saw his unlucky end.
Then note th' example of this hapless bee!
And when to me, thou dost thy sting intend;
Fear some such punishment should chance to thee!



ELEGY V.

TO PARTHENOPHIL.

ARE you so waspish that, from time to time,
You nourish bees! and to so good an end,
That having sucked your honey, they must climb
Into your bosom, to bethank their friend!
And for a sign, that they come to defend,
Reward you with such weapons as they have!
Nor was it more than your deserts did crave!
Not much unlike unto the viper's youngling,
Who (nourished with the breeder's dearest blood)
Snarls with his teeth, nor can endure the bongling
Within the viper's belly, but makes food
Of her! Thus Nature worketh in her brood.
So you, forsooth! (nor was it much amiss!)
Feed snakes, which thankfully both sting and hiss!
But if that any of our sex did sting you,
Know this, moreover! Though you bear the prick;
And though their frowns, to Melancholy bring you:
Yet are we, seldom, or else never, sick!
Nor do we die, like bees! but still be quick!
And soon recovering what we lost before,
We sting apace! yet still keep stings in store!



ELEGY VI.

BEHOLD these tears, my love's true tribute payment!
These plaintive Elegies, my griefs' bewrayers;
Accoutered, as is meet, in mournful raiment!
My red-swollen eye, which were mine heart's
betrayers!

And yet, my rebel eye, excuse prepares,
That he was never worker of my wayment,
Plaining my thoughts, that my confusion they meant.
Which thoughts, with sighs (for incense), make dumb
prayers

T'appease the furies of my martyred breast;
Which witness my true loves, in long lament.
And with what agonies I am possesst!
Ah me, poor man! where shall I find some rest?
Not in thine eyes, which promise fearful hope!
Thine heart hath vowed, I shall be still distresst!
To rest within thine heart, there is no scope!

All other places made for body's ease,
As bed, field, forest, and a quiet chamber;
There, ever am I, with sad cares oppresst!
Each pleasant spectacle doth me displease!
Grief and Despair so sore on me did seize,
That day, with tediousness, doth me molest!
And PHŒBE, carried in her couch of amber,
Cannot close up the fountains of my woe!

Thus days from nights, my chargèd heart doth not know;
Nor nights, from days! All hours, to sorrows go!
Then punish Fancy! cause of thy disease!


ELEGY VII.



YOUTH, full of error! whither dost thou hail me?
Down to the dungeon of mine own conceit!
Let me, before, take some divine receipt;
For well I know, my Gaoler will not bail me!
Then, if thou favour not, all helps will fail me!
That fearful dungeon, poisoned with Despair,
Affords no casement to receive sweet air;
There, ugly visions ever will appall me,
Vain Youth misguideth soon, with Love's deceit!
Deeming false paintèd looks most firmly fair.
Now to remorseless judges must I sue
For gracious pardon; whiles they do repeat
Your bold presumption! threatening me, with you!
Yet am I innocent, though none bewail me!
Ah, pardon! pardon! Childish Youth did view
Those two forbidden apples, which they wished for!
And children long for that, which once they rue.
Suffice, he found Repentance! which he fished for,
With great expense of baits and golden hooks.
Those living apples do the suit pursue!
And are you Judges? See their angry looks!

Where, underneath that wrathful canopy,
They use to open their condemning books!
Expect now, nothing but extremity!
Since they be Judges, and in their own cause
Their sights are fixed on nought but cruelty:
Ruling with rigour, as they list! their laws.
O grant some pity! (placed in Pity's Hall!)
Since our Forefather (for the like offence)
With us, received sufficient recompense
For two fair apples, which secured his fall.

ELEGY VIII.


“ EASE, Sorrow! Cease, O cease thy rage a little!
Ah, Little Ease! O, grant some little ease!
O Fortune, ever constant, never brittle!
For as thou 'gan, so dost thou still displease.
Ah, ceaseless Sorrow! take a truce with me!
Remorseless tyrants, sometimes, will take peace
Upon conditions; and I'll take of thee
Conditions; so thou wilt, thy fury cease!
And dear conditions! for to forfeit life,
So thou wilt end thy plagues, and vex no more!”
But, out alas! he will not cease his strife!
Lest he should lose his privilege before!
For were I dead, my Sorrow's rule were nought,

And, whiles I live, he, like a tyrant rageth !
 " Ah, rage, fierce Tyrant ! for this grief is wrought
 By Love, thy counsel ; which my mind engageth
 To thy fierce thralldom, while he spoils mine heart ! "
 So be my mind and heart imprisoned fast
 To two fierce Tyrants, which this empire part.
 " O milder Goddess ! Shall this, for ever, last ?
 If that I have these bitter plagues deserved ;
 Yet let Repentance (which my soul doth melt)
 Obtain some favour, if you be not swerved
 From laws of mercy ! " Know what plagues I felt !
 Yea, but I doubt enchantment in my breast !
 For never man, so much aggrieved as I,
 Could live with ceaseless Sorrow's weight opprest,
 But twenty thousand times, perforce, should die !
 And with eyes, She did bewitch mine heart ;
 Which lets it live, but feel an endless smart.

ELEGY IX.

WITH humble suit, upon my bended knee,
 (Though absent far from hence, not to be seen ;
 Yet, in thy power, still present, as gods be)
 I speak these words (whose bleeding wounds be
 green)


To thee, dread CUPID! and thy mother Queen!
" If it, at any time, hath lawful been
Men mortal to speak with a deity;
O you great guiders of young Springing Age;
Whose power immortal ever was, I ween,
As mighty as your spacious monarchy!
O spare me! spare my tedious pilgrimage!
Take hence the least brand of your extreme fires!
Do not, 'gainst those which yield, fierce battle wage!
I know by this, you will allay your rage!
That you give life unto my long desires:
Which still persuades me, you will pity take.
Life is far more than my vexed soul desires.
O take my life! and, after death, torment me!
Then, though in absence of my chief delight,
I shall lament alone! My soul requires
And longs to visit the Elizian fields!
Then, that I loved, it never shall repent me!
There (till those days of Jubilee shall come),
Would I walk pensive, pleased, alone, and dumb!
Grant this petition, sweet love's Queen! (which wields
The heart of forelorn lovers evermore!)
Or else Zanclæan CHARBID' me devour!
And through his waters, sent to Stygian power!
Or patient, let me burn in Etna's flame!
Or fling myself, in fury, from the shore,
Into the deep waves of the Leucadian god!



Rather than bear this tumult and uproar ;
 And, through your means, be scourged with mine own rod !
 O let me die, and not endure the same !
 The suit I make, is to be punished still ;
 Nor would I wish not to be wretched there,
 But that I might remain in hope and fear !
 Sweet lovely Saints ! Let my suit like your will ! ”

ELEGY X.

IN QUIET silence of the shady night,
 All places free from noise of men and dogs,
 When PHŒBE, carried in her chariot bright,
 Had cleared the misty vapours, and night fogs :
 Then (when no care the quiet shepherd clogs,
 Having his flock safe foddered in the fold)
 A lively Vision, to my Fancy's sight
 Appeared ; which, methought, wake I did behold.
 A fiery boy, outmatching the moonlight,
 Who, softly whispering in mine ear, had told
 “ There, thou, thy fair PARTHENOPHE may see ! ”
 I quickly turning, in a hebene bed
 With sable covering, and black curtains spread
 With many little LOVES in black, by thee !
 Thee ! thee, PARTHENOPHE ! left almost dead !
 Pale cold with fear I did behold. Ay me !



Ah me! left almost senseless in my bed,
My groans perceived by those which near me lay;
By them, with much ado recovered.
Which fearful vision so did me affray
That, in a fury set beside my wit,
Sick as before, methought, I saw thee yet
VENUS, thy face, there covered with a veil;
(Mine heart with horror chills, to think on it!)
The Graces kissed thy lips, and went away.
Then I, with furious raging, did assail
To kiss thee! lest thou should depart before!
And then (in sight of those, which there did stand),
Thinking that I should never see thee more,
Mistaking thee, I kissed a firebrand!
Burnt with the fire, my senses (which did fail)
Freshly recalled into their wits again;
I found it was a dream! But, Sweet! expound it!
For that strange dream, with tears renews my pain;
And I shall never rest, till I have found it.

ELEGY XI.



As it decreed by Fate's too certain doom
That under Cancer's Tropic (where the Sun
Still doth his race, in hottest circuit run)
My mind should dwell (and in none other room),

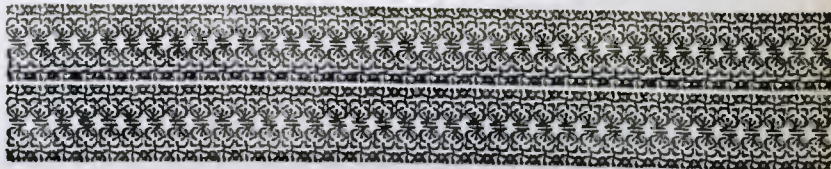


Where comforts all be burnt before the bloom?
 Was it concluded by remorseless Fate
 That underneath th' Erymanthian Bear,
 Beneath the Lycaonian axletree
 (Where ceaseless snows, and frost's extremity
 Hold jurisdiction) should remain my Fear;
 Where all mine hopes be nipt before the Bear?
 Was it thus ordered that, till my death's date,
 When PHŒBUS runs on our meridian line,
 When mists fall down beneath our hemisphere,
 And CYNTHIA, with dark antipodes doth shine,
 That my Despair should hold his Mansion there?
 Where did the fatal Sisters this assign?
 Even when this judgement to them was awarded;
 The silent Sentence issued from her eyne,
 Which neither pity, nor my cares regarded.

ELEGY XII.



NEVER can I see that sunny light!
 That bright contriver of my fiery rage!
 Those precious Golden Apples shining bright:
 But, out alas! methinks, some fearful sight
 Should battle, with the dear beholders wage.



I fear such precious things should have some force
Them to preserve, lest some beholders might
Procure those precious apples by their slight.
Then cruel ATLAS, banished from remorse,
Enters my thoughts, and how he feared away
The poor inhabitants which dwelt about ;
Lest some, of his rich fruit should make a prey :
Although the Orchard, circummured throughout
With walls of steel was ; and a vigil stout
Of watchful dragons guarded everywhere,
Which bold attempters vexed with hot pursuit,
So that none durst approach his fruit for fear.
Thus, ATLAS like, thine heart hath dragons set
Tyrannous Hatred, and a Proud Disdain,
Which in that Orchard cruelly did reign,
And with much rigour rule thy lovely eyes !
Immured in steelly walls of chaste Desire,
Which entrance to poor passengers denies,
And death's high danger to them that require,
And even as ATLAS (through fierce cruelty,
And breach to laws of hospitality ;
When lodging to a stranger he denied)
Was turnèd to a stony mountain straight ;
Which on his shoulders, now, supports heaven's weight :
(A just revenge for cruelty and pride !)
Even so, thine heart (for inhumanity,
And wrath to those, that thine eyes' apples love !

And that it will not lodge a lovely guest)
Is turned to rock, and doth the burden bear
Of thousand zealous lovers' dear complaints ;
Whom thou, with thy fierce cruelty, didst tear !
A huge hard rock, which none can ever move ;
And of whose fruit, no man can be possesst.
Thy golden smiles make none attempts too dear :
But when attempted once those apples be,
The vain Attempter, after, feels the smart ;
Who, by thy dragons, Hatred and Disdain,
Are torn in sunder with extremity !
For having entered, no man can get forth
(So those enchanting apples hinder thee),
Of such dear prize be things of such rare worth ;
But even as PERSEUS, JOVE's thrice valiant son,
(Begot of DANAE in a golden shower)
Huge ATLAS conquered, when he first begun ;
Then killed the dragons with his matchless power :
At length, the beauteous Golden Apples won.
So right is he born in a golden hour
(And for his fortune, may from JOVE descend),
Who first thine heart (an ATLAS !) hath subdued ;
Next, Hatred and Disdain brought to their end ;
Fierce dragons, which Attempters all pursued,
And which, before, none ever have eschewed.
At length, who shall these golden apples gain,
He shall, alone, be PERSEUS, for his pain !


ELEGY XIII.

SWIFT ATALANTA (when she lost the prize
By gathering golden apples in her race)
Shews how, by th'apples of thine heavenly eyes,
(Which Fortune did, before my passage place,
When for mine heart's contentment, I did run)
How, I was hindered, and my wager lost!
When others did the wager's worth surprise;
I viewed thine eyes! Thus eyes viewed to my cost!
Nor could I them enjoy, when all was done!
But seeming (as they did) bright as the sun,
My course I stayed to view their fiery grace;
Whose sweet possession I could not comprise.
Th'Idæan Shepherd, when the strife begun
Amongst three goddesses, as Judge decreed,
The golden apple to VENUS did award
(Cause of the waste and downfall of proud Troy).
But when the Graces had a sweet regard,
How fair PARTHENOPHE did her exceed;
And VENUS, now, was from the world debarred:
One so much fairer far, as too much coy,
PARTHENOPHE, they chose in VENUS stead.
And since her beauty VENUS' did outgo,
Two golden apples were to her assigned!
Which apples, the outrageous tumults breed
That are heaped up in my distressed mind:
Whose figure, in inflamed Troy I find;
The chief occasion of mine endless woe.

ELEGY XIV.

WHEN I remember that accursed night,
 When my dear Beauty said "She must depart!
 And the next morning, leave the City's sight,"
 Ah, then! Even then, black Sorrow shewed his
 might!

And placed his empire in my vanquished heart:
 Mine heart still vanquished, yet assaulted still,
 Burnt with Love's outrage; from whose clear torchlight,
 Fierce Sorrow finds a way to spoil and kill.
 Ah, Sorrow! Sorrow! never satisfied!
 And if not satisfied, work on thy will!
 O dear departure of mine only bliss!
 When willing, from the City thou didst ride;
 And I made offer (though then wounded wide)
 To go with thee; thou, rashly, didst refuse
 With me distressed, to be accompanied!
 And binding words (imperious) didst use!
 Commanding me another way to choose.
 Ah then! even then, in spirit crucified,
 Mine eyes, with tears; mine heart, with sighs and throbs;
 Those, almost blind! that, hard swollen, almost burst!
 My brains abjuring harbour to my Muse
 Did leave me choked almost, with strait sobs.
 Ah! be that hour and day, for ever curst;
 Which me, of my life's liberty did rob!
 For, since that time, I never saw my Love!




Long can we not be severed ! I will follow
Through woods, through mountains, waves, and caves
made hollow !

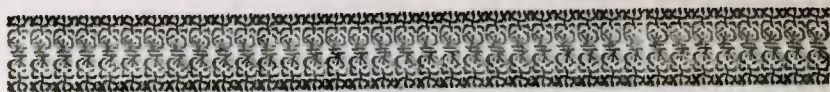
O Grief ! of grief's extremity the worst !
Still, will I follow ! till I find thee out !
And, if my wish, with travel, shall not prove ;
Yet shall my sorrows travel round about
In wailful Elegies, and mournful Verse,
Until they find ! and Thee, with pity pierce !
Meanwhile, to see Thee more, standing in doubt ;
I'll sing my Plain Song with the turtle dove ;
And Prick Song, with the nightingale rehearse !

E L E G Y X V.



DEAR remembrance of my Lady's eyes,
In mind whose revolutions I revolve !
To you, mine heart's bright guide stars ! my Soul cries
Upon some happy Sentence to resolve.
A Sentence either of my life or death !
So bail me from the dungeon of Despair !
On you ! I cry, with interrupted breath,
On you ! and none but you ! to cross my care.
My care to cross, least I be crucified,
Above the patience of a human soul !
Do this ! ah this ! and still be glorified !
Do this ! and let eternities enrol





Thy fame and name! Let them enrol for ever
 In lasting records of still lasting steel!
 Do this! ah this! and famous still persèver!
 Which in another Age, thy ghost shall feel.
 Yet, howsoever, thou, with me shall deal;
 Thy beauty shall persèver in my Verse!
 And thine eyes' wound, which thine heart would not heal!
 And my complaints, which could not thine heart pierce!
 And thine hard heart, thy beauty's shameful stain!
 And that foul stain, thine endless infamy!
 So, though Thou still in record do remain,
 The records reckon but thine obloquy!
 When on the paper, which my Passion bears,
 Relenting readers, for my sake! shed tears.

ELEGY XVI.



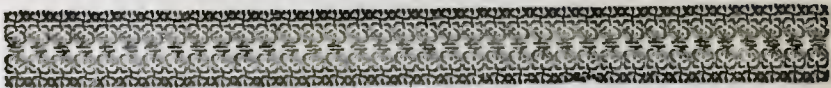
H, WERE my tears, as many writers' be,
 Mere drops of ink proceeding from my pen!
 Then in these sable weeds, you should not see
 Me severed from society of men!
 Ah me! all colours do mine eyes displease,
 Save those two colours of pure white, and red!
 And yet I dare not flourish it in these,
 Because I cannot! For my colour's dead.
 Those colours flourish round about each where,
 But chiefly with my Mistress, in their kind:



And fain I would her lovely colours wear ;
So that it might be pleasing to her mind !
But nought will please her over-cruel eye,
But black and pale, on body, and in face ;
Then She triumphs in beauty's tyranny,
When she sees Beauty, Beauty can disgrace !
When her sweet smiling eyes dry VESTA's throne !
Can blubbered blear-eyes, drown in seas of tears !
And laughs to hear poor lovers, how they moan !
Joys in the paper, which her praises bears !
And, for his sake than sent, that schedule tears !
What but pale Envy doth her heart assail ?
When She would be still fair, and laugh alone ;
And, for her sake, all others mourn and pale !

ELEGY XVII.

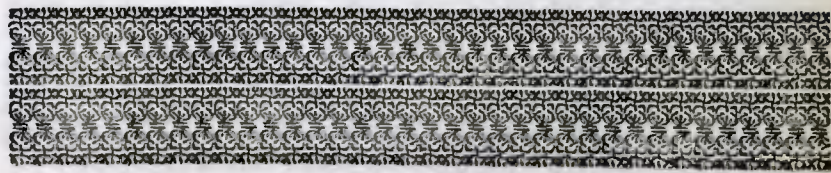
DEAR Mistress ! than my soul, to me much dearer !
Wonder not that another writes my letter ;
For Sorrow, still, mine heart oppresseth nearer,
And extreme sickness doth my sinews fetter.
Of my dear life, to thy love am I debtor !
Thine is my soul ! Than soul, what can be meerer ?
Thine, my chief best ! Than that, what can be better ?
Absented far and (that which is far worse)
Unable either for to go or ride ;
Here am I, in perpetual bondage tied !



Than if with savage Sauromates, far worse !
This air is loathsome ; and this air, I curse ;
Because, with thy sweet breath it is not blest !
Though hot ; cool waters I cannot abide,
Since the which thy clear eyes as all the rest.
Be not, as they sometimes were, purified !
The ground I tread, my footing doth infest ;
Because it is not hallowed with thy feet !
I loathe all meat ; for all meat is unmeet,
Which is not eaten, where thy sweet self feedest !
Nothing is pleasant, lovely, rich, or sweet ;
Which doth not with his grace, thy beauty meet !
Ah, too dear absence ! which this sickness breedest
Of thy dear Sweet, which cannot be too dear !
Yet, if thou will vouchsafe my life to save,
Write but one line ! One line, my life will cheer !
The ransom of my life, thy name will pay !
And I be freed from my much doubtful fear.

ELEGY XVIII.

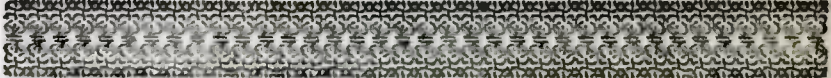
IF NEITHER Love, nor Pity can procure
Thy ruthless heart subscribe to my content ;
But if thou vow that I shall still endure
This doubtful fear, which ever doth torment !
If to thine eyes, thine heart can lend a fire,



Whiles cold disdain, upon them sets a lock
To bar forth Pity, which kind hearts desire,
Whiles the distressèd make prayers to a rock !
If that thine eyes send out a sunny smile
From underneath a cloudy frown of hate !
Plain love with counterfeasance, to beguile ;
Which, at thy windows, for some grace await !
If thou, thine ears can open to thy praise,
And them, with that report delighted, cherish.
And shut them, when the Passionate assays
To plead for pity, then about to perish !
If thou canst cherish graces in thy cheek,
For men to wonder at, which thee behold !
And they find furies, when thine heart they seek,
And yet prove such as are extremely cold !
Now as I find no thought to man's conceit ;
Then must I swear, to woman's, no deceit !

E L E G Y X I X.

DEAR Sorrow ! Give me leave to breathe a while !
A little leave, to take a longer breath !
Whose easy passage, still, thou dost beguile,
Choked up with sighs, proclaimers of my death.
O let the tears of ever-thirsty eyes
Return back to the channels of mine heart !




They, to my sight be vowèd enemies
 And made a traitorous league not to depart ;
 Under the colour of tormenting those
 Which were first causers of mine heart's distress.
 And closely with mine heart, by guile, did close
 Through blinding them, to make my torment less ;
 O let those fearful thoughts, which still oppress me,
 Turn to the dungeon of my troubled brain !
 Despair t' accompany ! which doth possess me,
 And with his venom poisoneth every vein.
 Ugly Despair ! who, with black force, assaults
 Me vanquished with conceit, and makes me dwell
 With Horror, matched in Melancholy's vaults !
 Where I lie burning in my Fancies' Hell.
 O thou, dread Ruler of my sorrows' rage !
 Of thee ! and none but thee, I beg remorse !
 With thy sweet breath, thou may my sighs assuage !
 And make my sorrows' fountains stay their course,
 And banish black Despair ! Then help me, now !
 Or know, Death can do this, as well as thou !

ELEGY XX.



DEAR vexation of my troubled soul !
 My life, with grief, when wilt thou consumate ?
 The dear remembrance of my passing soul ;
 Mine heart, with some rests, hope doth animate.



How many have those conquering eyes subdued !
How many vanquished captives to thine heart !
Head iron-hearted Captains (when they viewed)
Were drawn, till they were wounded with thy dart !
O when, I, their haired bodies have beheld,
Their martial stomachs, and oft-wounded face ;
Which bitter tumults and garboils foretelled ;
In which, it seemed they found no coward's place :
Then, I recalled how far Love's power exceeds,
Above the bloody menace of rough war !
Where every wounded heart close inward bleeds ;
And sudden pierced, with the twinkling of a star !
Then (when such iron-hearted Captains be,
To thine heart's Bulwark, forcèd for to try
Which way to win that Fort by battery ;
And how all Conquerors, there conquered lie !)
Methinks, thine heart, or else thine eyes be made
(Because they can such iron objects force)
Of hardest adamant ! that men (which laid
Continual siege) be thrall'd, without remorse.
Thine heart, of adamant ! because it takes
The hardest hearts, drawn prisoners unto thine.
Thine eye ! because it, wounded many makes.
Yet no transpiercing beams can pierce those eyne !
Thine heart of adamant, which none can wound !
Thine eye of adamant, unpiercèd found !



ELEGY XXI.

HAPPY! depart with speed! Than me, more fortunate
ever!
Poor Letter, go thy ways! unto my sweet Lady's
hands!

She shall look on thee! and then, with her beautiful eyes
bless!

Smiling eyes (perhaps, thee to delight with a glance)
She shall cast on a line; if a line, there, pleaseth her
humour!

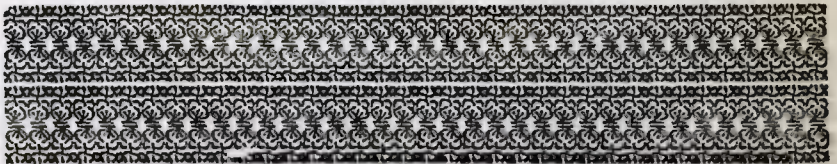
But if a line displease; then shall appear a frown!
How much she dislikes thy loves, and saucy salutings!

O my life's sweet Light! know that a frown of thine eye
Can transpierce to my soul, more swift than a Parthian
arrow;

And more deeply wound than any lance, or a spear!
But thy sweet Smiles can procure such contrary motions;
Which can, alone, that heal, wound afore by thine eyes!
Like to the lance's rust, which healed whilom warlike

ACHILLES

With right hand valiant, doughtily wounded afore.
Not unlike to the men, whose grief the scorpion helpeth
(Whom he, before, did sting), ready to die through pain:
Thou, that Beauty procures to be thy Chastity's handmaid,
With Virtue's regiment glorious, ordered alone!
Thou, that those smooth brows, like plates of ivory planèd,



(When any look on them) canst make appear like a cloud !
Thou, that those clear eyes, whose light surpasseth a star's
light,

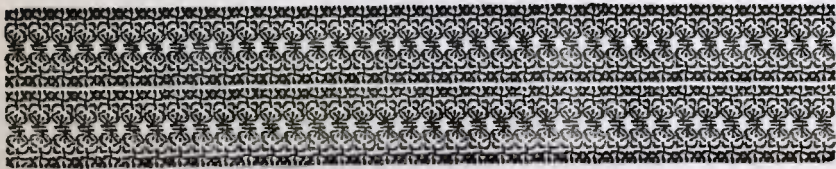
Canst make Love's flames shoot, with cruel anger, abroad !
Thou, that those fair cheeks, when a man thy beauty
beholdeth,

(Deeply to wound), canst make sweetly to blush like a rose !
Make thy brows (to delight mine heart !) smooth ! Shadow
thy clear eyes !

(Whose, smile is to my soul, like to the sun from a cloud,
When he shines to the world in most pride, after a tempest ;
And with his heat provokes all the delights of the ground)
Grant me, sweet Lady ! this ! This, grant ! kind Pity
requesteth !

Tears and sighs make a suit ! Pity me ! pity my suit !
Thus to thy sweet graces, will I leave my dreary bewailings !
And to thy gracious heart, I recommend my laments !
Thrice blessed ! go thy way, to my Dear ! Go, thrice speedy
Letter !

And for me, kiss them ! since I may not kiss her hands.





CANZON I.



ALL beauty's far perfections rest in thee!
 And sweetest grace of graces
 Decks thy face, 'bove faces!
 All virtue takes her glory from thy mind!
 The Muses in thy wits have their places!
 And in thy thoughts all mercies be!
 Thine heart from all hardness free!
 An holy place in thy thoughts, holiness doth find!
 In favourable speech, kind!
 A sacred tongue and eloquent!
 Action sweet and excellent!
 Music itself, in joints of her fair fingers is!
 She, Chantress of singers is!
 Her plighted faith is firm and permanent!
 O now! now, help! Wilt thou take some compassion?
 She thinks I flatter, writing on this fashion!

Thy beauty past, with disorder stained is!
 In thee, no graces find rest!
 In thee, who sought it, saw least!
 And all thy thoughts be vain and vicious!
 Thy brains with dulness are opprest!
 Of thee, no mercy gainèd is!

Thine heart, hard and feignèd is !
A mind profane, and of the worst suspicious !
In speech not delicious !
A tongue tied, which cannot utter !
Gesture lame, like words which stutter !
Thy hands and mind, unapt in music to rejoice !
For songs unfit, an hoarse voice !
Thy faith unconstant, whatsoe'er thou mutter !
Be gracious ! No ! She thinks my words be bitter !
Through my misfortunes, they for myself be fitter !

O how long ! how long shall I be distresst !
How long in vain shall I moan !
How long in pain shall I groan !
How long shall I bathe in continual tears !
How long shall I sit sad, and sigh alone !
How long shall fear discomfort give !
How long shall hopes let me live !
How long shall I lie bound in despairs and fears !
With sorrow still my heart wears !
My sundry fancies subdue me !
Thine eyes kill me, when they view me !
When thou speaks with my soul ; thy voice music maketh,
And souls from silence waketh !
Thy brow's smiles quicken me ; whose frowns slew me !
Then fair Sweet ! behold ! See me, poor wretch ! in torment !
Thou perceivest well ! but thine heart will not relent.

Mine Eyes and Sleep be fierce professèd foes !
Much care and tears did make it :
Nor yet will they forsake it ;
But they will vex my brains, and troubled eyes !
If any sorrow sleep, they will wake it !

Still, sighing mine heart overthrows !
 Yet art Thou cause of these woes !
 But what avails ! if I make to the deaf, such horrible out-
 cries ?

She hears not my miseries !
 O Sorrow ! Sorrow, cease a while !
 Let her but look on me and smile !
 And from me, for a time, thou shalt be banished !
 My comforts are vanished !
 Nor hope, nor time, my sorrows can beguile !
 Yet cease I not to cry for mercy ! vexèd thus ;
 But thou wilt not relieve us, which perplexèd us !

Ah, would Thou set some limits to my woes !
 That, after such a time set
 (As penance to some crime set),
 Forbearance, through sweet hope, I might endure !
 But as bird (caught in the fowler's lime set)
 No means for his liberty knows ;
 Me such despair overgoes,
 That I can find no comfortable hope of cure !
 Then since nothing can procure
 My sweet comfort, by thy kindness ;
 (Armed in peace, to bear this blindness)
 I voluntarily submit to this sorrow,
 As erst, each even and morrow.
 Can women's hearts harbour such unkindness ?
 O, relent ! Relent, and change thy behaviour !
 Foul is the name of Tyrant ; sweet, of Saviour !

Long to the rocks, have I made my complaints !
 And to the woods desolate,
 My plaints went early and late !
 To the forsaken mountains and rivers !

Yet comfortless, and still disconsolate ;
Mine heart, as it was wonted, faints !
Such small help comes from such Saints !
Why should men which in such pain live, be called, Livers ?
Such arrows bear love's quivers.
Now, since rocks and woods will not hear ;
Nor hills and floods, my sorrows bear :
In sounding echoes and swift waves, the world about,
These papers report it out !
Whose lasting Chronicles shall Time outwear !
Then, take remorse, dear Love ! and to these, united
Shall be thy mercies ! with matchless prayers recited.

You hapless winds ! with my sighs infected
Whose fumes, you never let rise
To please her with sacrifice !
But evermore, in gross clouds them choked ;
So that my Dear could never them comprise !
O you (that never detected
My plaints, but them neglected !
Which in your murmurs brought, might have her provoked !
When them in clouds you cloaked !)
Know that a prouder spirit flies,
Bearing them to posterities !
And lays them open wide, that the world may view them ;
That all which read, may rue them ;
When they shall pierce thine ears, though not thine eyes !
Then, sweet Fair ! pity my long service and duty !
Lest thine hard heart be more famous than thy beauty !
Then do no longer despise,
But, with kind pity, relent thee !
Cease to vex and torment me !
If Shame's fear move not (which all discovers),
Fear plague of remorseless lovers !



The First Eidillion of
M O S C H U S describing Love.



VENUS aloud, for her son CUPID cried,
 "If any spy LOVE gadding in the street,
 It is my rogue! He that shall him
 betray,
 For hire, of VENUS shall have kisses
 sweet!
 But thou that brings him, shall have more
 beside,
 Thou shalt not only kiss, but as guest stay!
 By many marks, the Boy thou mayst bewray!
 'Mongst twenty such beside, thou shalt perceive him!
 Not of a pale complexion, but like fire!
 Quick rolling eyes, and flaming in their gyre!
 False heart! Sweet words, which quickly will deceive him,
 To whom he speaks! Sweet speech, at your desire;
 But vex him! then, as any wasp he stingeth!
 Lying, and false! if you receive him;
 A crafty lad! and cruel pastimes bringeth!

A fair curled head, and a right waggish face!
 His hands are small; yet he shoots far away!
 For even so far as Acheron, he shooteth!
 And to the Infernal Monarch, his darts stray.
 Clothesless, he, naked goes in every place!
 And yet to know his thoughts, it no man booteth!

Swift, as a bird, he flies ! and quickly footeth,
Now to these men ! and women, now to those !
But yet he fits within their very marrow
A little bow, and in that bow, an arrow !
A small flight-shaft, but still to heavenward goes !
About his neck, a golden dart-barrow !
In which, he placeth every bitter dart ;
Which, often, even at me ! he throws !
All full of cruelty ! all full of smart !
And yet this thing more wondrous ! A small brand
That even the very sun itself doth burn !

If him thou take ; pitiless, lead him, bound !
And, if thou chance to see him weep, return !
Then (lest he thee deceive), his tears withstand !
And if he laugh, draw him along the ground !
If he would kiss, refuse ! His lips confound !
For those alone be poisoned evermore !
But if he say, 'Take ! these I give to thee !'
All those my weapons which belong to me !'
Touch them not, when he lays them, thee before !
Those gifts of his, all false and fiery be !"

F I N I S .





ODES PASTORAL.



SESTINE 2.



N SWEETEST pride of youthful May,
 Where my poor flocks were wont to stay
 About the valleys and high hills,
 Which FLORA with her glory fills;
 PARTHENOPHIL, the gentle Swain,
 Perplexèd with a pleasing pain,

Despairing how to slack his pain;
 To woods and floods, these words did say,
 "PARTHENOPHE, mine heart's Soverain!
 Why dost thou, my delights delay?
 And with thy cross unkindness kills,
 Mine heart, bound martyr to thy wills!"

But women will have their own wills,
 Alas, why then should I complain?
 Since what She lists, her heart fulfils.
 I sigh! I weep! I kneel! I pray!
 When I should kiss, She runs away!
 Sighs! knees! tears! prayers! spent in vain!

My verses do not please her vain,
Mine heart wears with continual thrills
His Epilogue about to play !
My Sense, unsound ; my Wits, in wane ;
I still expect a happy day !
Whilst harvest grows, my winter spills !

PARTHENOPHE mine harvest spills !
She robs my storehouse of his grain !
Alas, sweet Wench ! thy rage allay !
Behold, what fountain still distils ;
Whiles thine heat's rage in me doth rain !
Yet moisture will not his flame stay.

PARTHENOPHE ! thy fury stay !
Take hence ! the occasion of these ills
Thou art the cause ! but come again !
Return ! and FLORA's pride disdain !
Her lilies, rose, and daffodils !
Thy cheeks and forehead disarray

The roses and lilies of their grain ;
What swans can yield so many quills
As all her glories can display ?

ODE I.



WHEN I walk forth into the Woods,
With heavy Passion to complain
I view the trees with blushing buds
Ashamed, or grieved at my pain !
There amaranthe, with rosy stain
(Me pitying) doth his leaves ingrain !

When I pass pensive to the Shore,
The water birds about me fly,
As if they mourned ! when rivers roar,
Chiding thy wrathful cruelty ;
Halcion watcheth warily
To chide thee, when thou comest by !

If to the City, I repair
Mine eyes thy cruelty betray !
And those which view me, find my care :
Swoll'n eyes and sorrows it betray !
Whose figures in my forehead are,
These curse the cause of mine ill fare !

When I go forth to feed my Flocks
As I, so they hang down their heads !
If I complain to ruthless Rocks,
(For that it seems, hard rocks her bred)
Rocks' ruth, in rivers may be read !
Which from those rocks down trickled.

When shepherds would know how I fare,
And ask, " How doth *PARTHENOPHIL* ? "
" Ill," *ECHO* answers, in void air ;
And with these news, each place doth fill !
Poor herdgrooms, from each cottage, will
Sing my complaints, on every hill !

O D E 2.

[For 'echo' poems, cf. pp. 220-1 *supra*, and p. 301 *infra* ; also vol. ii. pp. 148 and 337.]



PEAK, *ECHO* ! tell

With lilies, columbines, and roses,
What their *PARTHENOPHIL* composes ? *ECHO*, Posies !
O sacred smell !

For those, which in her lap she closes,
The gods like well !

Speak, ECHO! tell
With daffodillies, what she doth plet
Which in such order, she doth set
For LOVE to dwell?
As She should FLORA's chapel let? ECHO, Chaplet!
This LOVE likes well!

Speak, ECHO! tell
Why lilies and red roses like her? ECHO, Like her!
No pity with remorse will strike her!
Did Nature well,
Which did, from fairest Graces, pike her
To be mine hell?

Speak, ECHO! tell
Why columbines she entertains?
Because the proverb "Watchet" feigns,
"True loves like well!"
And do these therefore like her veins? ECHO Her veins!
There CUPIDS dwell!

Speak, ECHO, tell
Wherefore her chaplets yellow were like,
When others here, were more her like? ECHO, Hair-like!
Yet, I know well!
Her heart is tiger-like, or bear-like,
To rocks itsell.

CANZON 2.



ING! sing, PARTHENOPHIL! sing! pipe! and play!
This feast is kept upon this plain,
Amongst th' Arcadian shepherds everywhere,
For ASTROPHEL's birthday! Sweet ASTROPHEL!
Arcadia's honour! mighty PAN's chief pride!
Where be the Nymphs? The Nymphs all gathered be
To sing sweet ASTROPHEL's sweet praise!

ECHO! record what feasts be kept to-day
 Amongst th'Arcadian shepherd swains!
 What keep they, whiles they do the Muses cheer?
 ECHO, Cheer!

He cheered the Muses with celestial skill!
 All Shepherds' praise died with him, when he died!
 He left no peer! Then, what deserved he,
 At whose pipe's sound, the lambkin bays?
 ECHO, Bays!

The bullocks leap! the fawns dance in array!
 Kids skip! the Satyrs friskins fain!
 Here stand a herd of Swains! Fair Nymphs stand there!
 Swains dance! while Nymphs with flowers their baskets fill!
 What was he to those Nymphs with garlands tied?
 ECHO, Tied!

What tied him? Hath he to tell there bound t'ee?
 ECHO, Bounty!
 How! To report his martial days?
 ECHO, All days!
 Thrice happy man! that found this happy way!
 His praise all Shepherds' glory stains!
 What doth *PARTHENOPHIB*, my purchase dear?
 ECHO, Chase dear!
 What saith She, to her *PARTHENOPHIL*?
 ECHO, O fill!

Shepherds! I fill sweet wines repurified,
 And to his blessed Soul, this health have we!
 Singing sweet Odes and Roundelays!

Let every man drink round besides this bay!
Where are the Nymphs and Fairy train?
STELLA, three garlands in her hand doth bear;
And those, for his sweet sake! she proffer will,
Unto th'Elizian souls! And I have spied
PARTHENOPHE, with spoil returns to me,
Of three great hearts. Sing Virelays!

Those golden darts fly never void of prey,
And STELLA sits (as if some Chain
Of Fancies bound her!) by that motley bier!
Where, with sweet eglantine and daffodil,
She, chaplets makes, with gold and scarlet dyed.
Here, COLIN sits, beneath that oaken tree!
ELIZA singing in his Lays!

Blest is Arcadia's Queen! Kneel Swains, and say
That "She (which here chief Nymph doth reign)
May blessèd live! to see th'extremest year!"
For sacrifice, then, lambs and kidlings kill!
And be, by them, ELIZA glorified!
The Flower of Loves, and pure Virginity!
This Delian Nymph doth amaze!

The fairest deers, which in the forests stay!
Those harts (which proudest herds disdain;
And range the forests as without compeer!)
Submissive, yield themselves! that if She will,
She, them may wound! or on their swift backs ride!
Lions and bears, with beauty tameth She!
Shepherds! for Her! your voices raise!

ECHO! this favour, if I purchase may!

Do not herdgrooms there feign?

ECHO, They're fain!

What want they? Speak! now, they be blest, if e'er!

ECHO, Fear!

What be the confines? Rebels they be still!

ECHO, They be still!

What is She, that so many Swains doth there guide?

ECHO, Their guide!

None but herself hath that ability

To rule so many ways!

Her thoughts, sure grounded on Divinity;

For this sweet Nymph, each Shepherd prays!

O D E 3.



PON a holy Saintès Eve

As I took my pilgrimage,

Wand'ring through the forest wary,

Blest be that holy Saint!

I met the lovely Virgin, MARY!

And kneelèd, with long travel faint,

Performing my due homage.

My tears foretold my heart did grieve,

Yet MARY would not me relieve!

Her I did promise, every year,

The firstling female of my flock;

That in my love she would me further.

(I curst the days of my first love,

My comfort's spoils, my pleasures' murder.)

She, She, alas, did me reprove!

My suits, as to a stony rock,

Were made; for she would not give ear:

Ah love! dear love! love bought too dear!

MARY, my Saint chaste and mild!
Pity, ah, pity my suit!
Thou art a virgin, pity me!
Shine eyes, though pity wanting;
That she, by them, my grief may see!
And look on mine heart panting!
But her deaf ears, and tongue mute,
Shews her hard heart unreconciled!
Hard heart, from all remorse exiled!

O D E 4.



ACCHUS! Father of all sport!
Worker of Love's comfort!
VENUS' best beloved brother!
(Like beloved is none other!)
Greater Father of Felicity!
Fill full, with thy divinity,
These thirsty and these empty veins!
Thence, fuming up into my brains,
Exceed APOLLO, through thy might!
And make me, by thy motion light,
That, with alacrity, I may
Write pleasing Odes! and still display
PARTHENOPHE, with such high praises,
(Whose beauty, Shepherds all amazes)
And, by those means, her loves obtain!
Then, having filled up every vein,
I shall be set in perfect state
The rights of love to celebrate!
Then, each year, fat from my sheepcot,
Thy sacrifice, a tydie goat!
And 'Ιώ ἐβοῖ shall be
Loud chanted, everywhere, to thee!

ODE 5.

PARTHENOPHE ! See what is sent !
By me (fair Nymph !) these Saints salute thee !
Whose presents in this basket here,
Faithful *PARTHENOPHIL* doth bear !
Nor will I prove ingrate ! nor mute be !
If my power were,
Such gifts as these
(If they would please)
Here willingly I would present !

And these, those presents present be !
First, *JUNO* sent to thee, these lilies !
In whose stead chaste Affection moves.
VENUS hath sent two turtle doves !
NARCISSUS gives thee daffodillies !
For doves, true loves !
For daffodillies
My golden wills !
Which countervails what here is sent thee !

FLORA doth greet thee, with sweet roses !
THETIS, with rich pearls orient !
LEUCOTHOE, with frankincense !
For roses, my love's chaste pretence !
For pearls, those tears which I have spent !
My sighs' incense,
For sweet perfume !
Thus I presume,
Poor Shepherd ! to present these posies !

Though I be rude, as shepherds are,
Lilies, I know, do stand for whiteness!
And daffodillies, thy golden hair!
And doves, thy meekness! figures bear.
Red roses, for a blushing brightness!
Thy teeth, pearls were!
That incense showed
Thy breath that blowed,
A sacrifice! for which gods care.

Blest is that Shepherd, nine times nine!
Which shall, in bosom, these flowers keep
Bound in one posy; whose sweet smell,
In Paradise may make him dwell!
And sleep a ten times happy sleep!
I dare not mell!
Else with good will
PARTHENOPHIL
Would to thy lips, one kiss assign!

ODE 6.



FAIR sweet glove!
Divine token
Of her sweet love,
Sweetly broken!
By words, sweet loves She durst not move!
These gifts, her love to me do prove!
Though never spoken.

On her fair hand,
This glove once was!
None in this land
Did ever 'pass

Her hands' fair white! Come Loves! here stand!
 Let Graces' with yours, match her hand!
 Hide! hide, alas!

Graces would smile
 If you should match!
 Hers, yours beguile!
 Hers, garlands catch
 From all the Nymphs! which blush the while
 To see their white outmatched a mile!
 Which praise did watch.

This glove, I kiss!
 And, for thy sake,
 I will not miss,
 But ballads make!
 And every shepherd shall know this;
PARTHENOPHIL in such grace is!
 Muses, awake!

For I will sing
 Thy matchless praises!
 And my pipes bring,
 Which floods amazes!
 Wild Satyrs, friskins shall outfling!
 The rocks shall this day's glory ring!
 Whiles Nymphs bring daisies.

Some, woodbines bear!
 Some, damask roses!
 The Muses were
 A-binding posies.
 My goddess' glove to herrye here
 Great *PAN* comes in, with flowers sear,
 And crowns composes!

I note this day
Once every year!
An holiday
For Her kept dear!
A hundred Swains, on pipes shall play!
And for the Glove, masque in array
With jolly cheer!

A Glove of Gold,
I will bring in!
For which Swains bold,
Shall strife begin!
And he, which loves can best unfold;
And hath in Songs, his mind best told;
The Glove shall win!

Nymphs shall resort!
And they, with flowers,
Shall deck a Fort
For paramours,
Which for this Glove, shall there contend!
Impartial Nymphs shall judgement end!
And in those bowers,

Pronounce who best
Deserved, of all!
Then by the rest
A Coronal
Of Roses, freshly shall be drest!
And he, with that rich Glove possesst,
As Principal!

ODE 7.



WHEN I did think to write of war,
 And martial chieftens of the field,
 DIANA did enforce to yield
 My Muse to praise the Western Star!
 But PALLAS did my purpose bar,
 My Muse as too weak, it to wield!

ELIZA's praises were too high!
 Divinest Wits have done their best!
 And yet the most have provèd least;
 Such was her Sacred Majesty!
 Love's Pride! Grace to Virginity!
 O could my Muse, in her praise rest!

VENUS directed me to write
 The praise of peerless Beauty's Wonder!
 A theme more fit for voice of thunder!
 PARTHENOPHE, from whose eyes bright,
 Ten thousand Graces dared my might,
 And willed me, five degrees write under!

But yet her Fancy wrought so much,
 That my Muse did, her praise adventure!
 Wherein, of yore, it durst not enter.
 And now her beauty gives that touch
 Unto my Muse, in number such;
 Which makes me more and more repent her!

ODE 8.

IN A shady grove of myrtle,
Where birds musical resorted,
With FLORA's painted flowers fert'le,
Which men with sight and scent comforted,
Whilst turtles equally disported,
Where each Nymph looses
Bunches of posies,
Which into chaplets sweet they sorted!

There, seated in that lovely shade,
With LAYA beautiful, there sate
A gentle Shepherd, which had made,
'Gainst evening twilight, somewhat late,
An arbour built in sylvan state,
Where, in exchange,
Their eyes did range,
Giving each other, the checkmate.

He said, "Sweet comfort of my Life!
Come and embrace PARTHENOPHIL!"
"Met we," said She, "to fall at strife!
I will be gone! Ay, that I will!"
"I loved you long!" "Why, do so still!"
"I cannot choose,
If you refuse!
But shall myself, with sorrow kill."

With that, he sighed, and would have kissed!
And viewed her with a fearful smile:
She turned, and said, "Your aim missed!"
With sighs redoubled, the meanwhile,

The Shepherd sate, but did compile
 Green-knotted rushings ;
 Then roundelays sings !
 And pleasant doth twilight beguile !

At length, he somewhat nearer presst,
 And, with a glance, the Nymph deceiving,
 He kissed her ! She said, " Be at rest !"
 Willing displeas'd, in the receiving !
 Thence, from his purpose, never leaving,
 He pressed her further !
 She would cry " Murder !"
 But somewhat was, her breath bereaving !

At length, he doth possess her whole !
 Her lips ! and all he would desire !
 And would have breathed in her, his soul !
 If that his soul he could inspire :
 Eft that chanced, which he did require,
 A live soul possesst
 Her matron breast—
 Then waking, I found Sleep a liar !

O D E 9.

BEHOLD, out walking in these valleys,
 When fair *PARTHENOPHE* doth tread,
 How joysome *FLORA*, with her dallies !
 And, at her steps, sweet flowers bred !
 Narcissus yellow,
 And *Amaranthus* ever red,
 Which all her footsteps overspread :
 With *Hyacinth* that finds no fellow.

Behold, within that shady thick,
Where my PARTHENOPHE doth walk,
Her beauty makes trees moving quick,
Which, of her grace, in murmur talk!
The Poplar trees shed tears;
The blossomed Hawthorn, white as chalk;
And Aspen trembling on his stalk;
The tree which sweet frankincense bears;

The barren Hebene coaly black;
Green Ivy, with his strange embraces;
Daphne, which scorns JOVE's thundercrack;
Sweet Cypress, set in sundry places;
And singing Atis tells
Unto the rest, my Mistress's graces!
From them, the wind, her glory chases
Throughout the West; where it excels.

O D E 10.



WHY doth heaven bear a sun
To give the world a heat?
Why, there, have stars a seat?
On earth, when all is done!
PARTHENOPHE's bright sun
Doth give a greater heat!

And in her heaven there be
Such fair bright blazing stars;
Which still make open wars
With those in heaven's degree.
These stars far brighter be
Than brightest of heaven's stars!

Why doth earth bring forth roses,
 Violets, or lilies,
 Or bright daffodillies?
 In her clear cheeks, she closes
 Sweet damask roses!
 In her neck, white lilies!

Violets in her veins!
 Why do men sacrifice
 Incense to deities?
 Her breath more favour gives,
 And pleaseth heavenly veins
 More than rich sacrifice!

O D E I I .



LOVELY MAYA! HERMES' mother,
 Of fair FLORA much befriended,
 To whom this sweet month is commended,
 This month more sweet than any other,
 By thy sweet sovereignty defended.

Daisies, cowslips, and primroses,
 Fragrant violets, and sweet mynthe,
 Matched with purple hyacinth:
 Of these, each where, Nymphs make trim posies,
 Praising their mother BERYCINTH.

Behold, a herd of jolly Swains
 Go flocking up and down the mead!
 A troupe of lovely Nymphs do tread!
 And dearnly dancing on yon plains:
 Each doth, in course, her hornpipe lead!

Before the grooms, plays PEERS the Piper,
They bring in hawthorn and sweet briar:
And damask roses, they would bear;
But them, they leave till they be riper.
The rest, round Morrises dance there!

With frisking gambols, and such glee,
Unto the lovely Nymphs they haste!
Who, there, in decent order placed,
Expect who shall Queen FLORA be;
And with the May Crown, chiefly graced?

The Shepherds poopen in their pipe,
One leads his wench a Country Round;
Another sits upon the ground;
And doth his beard from drivel wipe,
Because he would be handsome found.

To see the frisking, and the scouping!
To hear the herdgrooms wooing speeches!
Whiles one to dance, his girl beseeches.
The lead-heeled lazy luskins louping,
Fling out, in their new motley breeches!

This done, with jolly cheer and game,
The batch'lor Swains, and young Nymphs met;
Where in an arbour, they were set.
Thither, to choose a Queen, they came,
And soon concluded her to fet.

There, with a garland, they did crown
PARTHENOPHE, my true sweet Love!
Whose beauty all the Nymphs above,
Did put the lovely Graces down.
The Swains, with shouts, rocks' echoes move!

To see the Rounds, the Morris Dances,
 The leaden galliards, for her sake !
 To hear those songs, the Shepherds make !
 One with his hobby horse still prances !
 Whiles some, with flowers, an highway make !

There in a mantle of light green,
 (Reserved, by custom, for that day)
 P A R T H E N O P H E , they did array !
 And did create her, Summer's Queen !
 And Ruler of their merry May !

S E S T I N E 3 .



You loathed fields and forests,
 Infected with my vain sighs !
 You stony rocks, and deaf hills,
 With my complaints, to speak taught !
 You sandy shores, with my tears,
 Which learn to wash your dry face !

Behold, and learn in my face,
 The state of blasted forests !
 If you would learn to shed tears,
 Or melt away with oft sighs ;
 You shall, of me, be this taught,
 As I sit under these hills,

Beating mine arms on these hills,
 Laid grovelling on my lean face !
 My sheep, of me to bleat taught ;
 And to wander through the forests !
 The sudden winds learn my sighs !
 AURORA's flowers, my tears !

But She that should see my tears,
Swift scuddeth by the high hills,
And sees me spent with long sighs,
And views my blubbered lean face ;
Yet leaves me to the forests,
Whose solitary paths taught

My woes, all comforts untaught.
These sorrows, sighs, and salt tears
Fit solitary forests !
These outcries meet for deaf hills !
These tears, best fitting this face !
This air, most meet for these sighs !

Consume ! consume, with these sighs !
Such sorrows, they to die taught !
Which printed are in thy face,
Whose furrows made with much tears !
You stony rocks ! and high hills !
You sandy shores ! and forests !

Report my seas of salt tears !
You ! whom I nothing else taught,
But groanings ! tears ! and sad sighs !

O D E I 2 .



ONE night, I did attend my sheep,
Which I, with watchful ward, did keep
For fear of wolves assaulting :
For, many times, they broke my sleep,
And would into the cottage creep,
Till I sent them out halting !

At length, methought, about midnight,
 (What time clear CYNTHIA shineth bright)
 Beneath, I heard a rumbling !
 At first, the noise did me affright ;
 But nought appeared in my sight,
 Yet still heard something tumbling.

At length, good heart I took to rise,
 And then myself crossed three times thrice ;
 Hence, a sharp sheephook raught
 I feared the wolf had got a prize ;
 Yet how he might, could not devise !
 I, for his entrance sought.

At length, by moonlight, could I espy
 A little boy did naked lie
 Frettished, amongst the flock :
 I, him approachèd somewhat nigh.
 He groaned, as he were like to die ;
 But falsely did me mock !

For pity, he cried, " Well a day !
 Good master, help me, if you may !
 For I am almost starved ! "
 I pitied him, when he did pray ;
 And brought him to my couch of hay.
 But guess as I was served !

He bare about him a long dart,
 Well gilded with fine painter's art ;
 And had a pile of steel.
 On it I lookèd every part :
 Said I, " Will this pile wound a heart ? "
 " Touch it ! " quoth he, " and feel ! "

With that, I touched the javelin's point !
Eftsoons it piercèd to the joint !
And rageth now so fierce,
That all the balms which it anoint
Cannot prevail with it, a point ;
But it mine heart will pierce.

O D E 13.



IN THE plains,
Fairy trains
Were a treading measures,
Satyrs played,
Fairies stayed
At the stops' set leisure.

Nymphs begin
To come in
Quickly, thick, and threefold !
Now the dance !
Now the prance,
Present there to behold !

On her breast
That did best
A jewel rich was placed !
FLORA chose
Which of those
Best the measures graced.

When he had
Measures lad
PARTHENOPHE did get it !
Nymphs did chide
When they tried,
Where the judgement set it.

Thus they said
 "This fair Maid,
 Whom you gave the jewel,
 Takes no pleasure
 To keep measure ;
 But it is too too cruel !"

O D E 14.



ARK! all you lovely Nymphs forlorn!
 With VENUS, chaste DIANA meets!
 And one another friendly greets!
 Did you not hear her wind a horn?
 Then cease, fair Ladies! Do not mourn!

Virgins, whom VENUS made offend,
 Resort into the wood at even;
 And every one shall be forgiven!
 There shall all controversies end!
 DIANA shall be VENUS' friend!

Hark, Nymphs forlorn! what is decreed!
 Spotless DIANA must not fail,
 But be addressed with VENUS' veil;
 VENUS must wear DIANA'S weed.
 This veil will shadow, when you need!

If any think a virgin light;
 DIAN' in VENUS veil excuseth,
 And her Nymph PHŒBE'S habit useth.
 These quaint attires befit you right,
 For each a diverse garment chooseth.

O D E 15.



ULCAN, in Lemnos Isle,
Did golden shafts compile
For CUPID's bow.
Then VENUS did, with honey sweet,
To make it please, anoint the pile.
CUPID below
Dipped it in gall, and made it meet
Poor wounded creatures to beguile.

When MARS returned from war,
Shaking his spear afar ;
CUPID beheld !
At him, in jest, MARS shook his spear !
Which CUPID, with his dart did bar
(Which millions quelled).
Then, MARS desired his dart to bear :
But soon the weight, his force did mar !

Then MARS subdued, desired
(Since he was with it tired)
CUPID to take it.
" Nay, you shall keep it ! " CUPID said ;
" For first to feel it you required.
Wound I will make it
As deep as yours ! You me did fear ;
And for that, you shall be fired ! "

C A N Z O N 3 .



WEET is the golden Cowslip bright and fair !
Ten times more sweet, more golden, fair, and bright,
Thy Tresses ! in rich trammelled knots, resembling.
VENUS' swan's back is lovely, smooth, and white !
More lovely, smooth, and white his feathers are,
The silver lustre of thy Brows dissembling !

Bright are the Sunbeams, on the water trembling!
 Much brighter, shining like love's holy fire,
 On well watered diamonds of those eyes,
 Whose heat's reflection, Love's Affection tries!
 Sweet is the Censer, whose fume doth aspire
 Appeasing LOVE, when for revenge he flies!
 More sweet the Censer, like thy seemly Nose!
 Whose beauty (than Invention's wonder higher!)
 Nine times nine Muses never could disclose.

Sweet Eglantine, I cannot but commend
 Thy modest rosy blush! pure, white, and red!
 Yet I thy white and red praise more and more
 In my sweet Lady's Cheeks since they be shed.
 When Grapes to full maturity do tend,
 So round, so red, so sweet, all joy before
 Continually I long for them therefore
 To suck their sweet, and with my lips to touch!
 Not so much for the Muses' nectar sake,
 But that they from thy Lips their purpose take.
 Sweet! pardon, though I thee compare to such.
 Proud Nature, which so white LOVE's doves did make,
 And framed their lovely heads, so white and round.
 How white and round! It doth exceed so much,
 That nature nothing like thy Chin hath found!

Fair Pearls, which garnish my sweet Lady's neck:
 Fair orient pearls! O, how much I admire you!
 Not for your orient gloss, or virtue's rareness,
 But that you touch her Neck, I much desire you!
 Whose whiteness so much doth your lustre check,
 As whitest lilies the Primrose in fairness;
 A neck most gorgeous, even in Nature's bareness.
 Divine Rosebuds, which, when Spring doth surrender
 His crown to Summer, he last trophy reareth;
 By which he, from all seasons, the palm beareth!
 Fair purple crispèd folds sweet-dewed and tender;

Whose sweetness never wears, though moisture weareth,
Sweet ripe red Strawberries, whose heavenly sap
I would desire to suck; but Loves ingender
A nectar more divine in thy sweet Pap!

O lovely tender paps! but who shall press them?
Whose heavenly nectar, and ambrosial juice
Proceed from Violets sweet, and asier-like,
And from the matchless purple *Fleur de luce*.
Round rising hills, white hills (sweet VENUS bless them!)
Nature's rich trophies, not those hills unlike,
Which that great monarch, CHARLES, whose power did
From th' Arctic to the Antarctic, dignified [strike
With proud *Plus ultra*: which *Cerography*
In unknown Characters of Victory,
Nature hath set; by which she signified
Her conquests' miracle reared up on high!
Soft ivory balls! with which, whom she lets play,
Above all mortal men is magnified,
And wagers 'bove all price shall bear away!

O Love's soft hills! how much I wonder you!
Between whose lovely valleys, smooth and straight,
That glassy moisture lies, that slippery dew!
Whose courage touched, could dead men animate!
Old NESTOR (if between, or under you!
He should but touch) his young years might renew!
And with all youthful joys himself indue!
O smooth white satin, matchless, soft, and bright!
More smooth than oil! more white than lily is!
As hard to match, as Love's Mount hilly is!
As soft as down! clear, as on glass sunlight!
To praise your white, my tongue too much silly is!
How much, at your smooth soft, my sense amazed is!
Which charms the feeling, and enchants the sight: [is!
But yet her bright, smooth, white, soft Skin more praised

How oft have I, the silver Swan commended
For that even chesse of feather in her wing!
So white! and in such decent order placed!
When she, the doly Dirge of Death did sing,
With her young mournful cygnets' train attended!
Yet, not because the milk-white wings her graced,
But when I think on my Lady's Waist,
Whose ivory sides, a snowy shadow gives
Of her well-ordered ribs, which rise in falling!
How oft, the swan I pitied, her death calling,
With dreary notes! Not that she so short lives,
And 'mongst the Muses sings for her installing;
But that so clear a white should be disdained
With one that for Love's sugared torment lives!
And makes that white a plague to lovers pained.

O, how oft! how oft did I chide and curse
The brethren Winds, in their power disagreeing!
East, for unwholesome vapour! South, for rain!
North, for, by snows and whirlwinds, bitter being!
I loved the West, because it was the Nurse
Of FLORA's gardens, and to CERES' grain!
Yet, ten times more than these, I did curse again!
Because they are inconstant and unstable
In drought! in moisture! frosty cold! and heat!
Here, with a sunny smile! there, stormy threat!
Much like my Lady's fancies variable!
How oft with feet, did I the marble beat;
Harming my feet, yet never hurt the stone!
Because, like her, it was impenetrable,
And her heart's nature with it, was all one?

O that my ceaseless sighs and tears were able
To counter charm her heart! to stone converted.
I might work miracles to change again
The hard to soft! that it might rue my pain.

But of herself she is so straitly skirted
 (Falsely reputed True Love, Honour's Stain)
 That I shall never move, and never die,
 So many ways her mind I have experted !
 Yet shall I live, through virtue of her eye !

O D E 16.

BEFORE bright TITAN raised his team
 Or lovely Morn with rosy cheek,
 With scarlet dyed the Eastern stream,
 On PHÆBUS' day, first of the week ;
 Early, my goddess did arise,
 With breath to bless the morning air.
 O heavens, which made divine mine eyes !
 Glancing on such a Nymph ! so fair !
 Whose Hair, downspread in curled tresses,
 PHÆBUS his glitter and beams withstood :
 Much like him, when, through cypresses,
 He danceth on the silver flood ;
 Or like the golden purlèd down,
 Broached upon the palmed-flowered willows,
 Which downward scattered from her crown,
 Loosely dishevelled on love's pillows.
 Covering her swan-like back below
 Like ivory matched with purest gold ;
 Like PHŒBE when on whitest snow
 Her gilded shadow taketh hold.
 Her Forehead was like to the rose
 Before ADONIS pricked his feet !
 Or like the path to heaven which goes,
 Where all the lovely Graces meet !
 CUPID's rich Chariot stood under !
 Moist pearl about the wheels was set !
 Grey agate spokes, not much asunder !

The axletree of purest jet!
 Her seemly Nose, the rest which graced,
 For CUPID's Trophy was upreared!
 Th' imperial Thrones, where LOVE was placed
 When, of the world, he would be feared.
 Where CUPID, with sweet VENUS sate
 Her cheeks with rose and lilies decked,
 Nature upon the coach did wait,
 And all in order did direct.
 Her Cheeks to damask roses sweet,
 In scent and colour were so like;
 That honey bees in swarms would meet
 To suck; and, sometimes, She would strike
 With dainty plume, the bees to fear!
 And being beaten, they would sting!
 They found such heavenly honey there;
 CUPID, which there sate triumphing,
 When he perceived the bee did sting her
 Would swell for grief, and curse that bee,
 More than the bee that stinged his finger!
 Yet still about her they would flee!
 Then LOVE to VENUS would complain
 Of Nature, which his chariot drest!
 Nature would it excuse again,
 Saying, "She then shewed her skill best!"
 When she drank wine, upon her face,
 BACCHUS would dance! and spring to kiss!
 And shadow, with a blushing grace,
 Her cheeks, where lovers build their bliss:
 Who, when she drank, would blush for shame
 That wanton BACCHUS she should use;
 Who, VENUS' brother, might defame
 Her, that should such acquaintance choose!
 What gloss the scarlet curtains cast
 On a bedstead of ivory.
 Such like, but such as much surpass

All gloss, her cheeks did beautify.
Her roseate Lips, soft lovely swelling,
And full of pleasure as a cherry ;
Her Breath of divine spices smelling,
Which, with tongue broken, would make merry
Th' infernal souls ; and, with her voice,
Set heaven gates open, hell gates shut,
Move melancholy to rejoice,
And thrall'd in Paradise might put.
Her Voice, not human, when she speaketh
I think some angel or goddess,
Into celestial tunes which breaketh,
Speaks like her, with such cheerfulness.
All birds and instruments may take
Their notes divine and excellent,
Melodious harmony to make,
From her sweet voices' least accent.
This we Love's Sanctuary call !
Whence Sacred Sentences proceed,
Rolled up in sounds angelical ;
Whose place, sweet Nature hath decreed,
Just under CUPID'S Trophy fixed,
Where music hath its excellence
And such sweets, with Love's spirit mixed,
As please far more than frankincense,
Thence, issue forth Love's Oracles
Of Happiness, and luckless Teen !
So strange be Love's rare miracles
In her, as like have never been !
Her Neck that curious axletree,
Pure ivory like, which doth support
The Globe of my Cosmography :
Where, to my Planets I resort
To take judicial signs of skill,
When tempests to mine heart will turn ?
When showers shall my fountains fill ?

And extreme droughts mine heart shall burn ?
 There, in that Globe, shall I perceive
 When I shall find clear Element ;
 There, gloomy mists shall I conceive,
 Which shall offend the Firmament !
 On this, my studies still be bent,
 Where even as rivers from the seas
 In branches through the land be sent,
 And into crooked sinews press,
 Throughout the globe such wise the veins
 Clear crystalline throughout her neck
 Like sinuous, in their crooked trains,
 Wildly the swelling waves did check.
 Thence, rise her humble seemly Shoulders,
 Like two smooth polished ivory tops ;
 Of Love's chief Frame, the chief upholders,
 Whiter than that was of PELOPS !
 Thence, CUPID's five-grained mace out brancheth ;
 Which fivefold, the five Senses woundeth.
 Whose sight the mind of lookers lanceth.
 Whose force, all other force astoundeth.
 Thence, to that bed, where LOVE's proud Queen,
 In silent majesty, sweet sleepeth ;
 Where her soft lovely pillows been,
 Where CUPID, through love's conduits creepeth.
 Pillows of VENUS' turtles' down !
 Pillows, than VENUS' turtles softer !
 Pillows, the more where LOVE lies down
 More covets to lie down and offer !
 Pillows, on which two sweet Rosebuds,
 Dewed with ambrosial nectar lie ;
 Where Love's Milk-Way, by springs and floods,
 Through violet paths, smooth slideth by.
 But now, with fears and tears, proceed
 LOVE's Place of Torture to declare !
 Which such calamity doth breed

To those which there imprisoned are ;
 Which, once in chains, are never free !
 Which still for want of succour pine !
 Dry sighs, salt-wat'ry tears, which be
 For dainty cakes and pleasant wine !
 Immured with pure white ivory,
 Fetters of adamant to draw,
 Even steel itself, if it be nigh !
 A bondage without right or law !
 With poor ACTEON overthrown
 But for a look ! and with an eye
 In his clear arms, LOVE'S Sergeant known,
 Arrests each lover that goes by.
 This is her Heart ! Love's Prison called !
 Whose conquest is impregnable.
 Whence, who so chance to be enthralled,
 To come forth after, are unable.
 Further to pass than I have seen,
 Or more to shew than may be told ;
 Were too much impudence ! I ween :
 Here, therefore, take mine anchor hold !
 And with the Roman Poet, deem
 Parts unrevealed to be most sweet ;
 Which here described, might evil besem
 And for a modest Muse unmeet.
 Such blessed mornings seldom be !
 Such sights too rare when men go by !
 Would I but once the like might see ;
 Then I might die, before I die !

SESTINE 4.

[For 'echo' poems, cf. pp. 220-1 and 272-6 *supra*, and vol. ii. pp. 148 and 337 *infra*.]



CHO ! What shall I do to my Nymph, when I go to behold
 her ? ECHO, Hold her !
 So dare I not ! lest She should think that I make her a prey
 then ! ECHO, Pray then !

Yea, but at me, She will take scorn, proceeded of honour!

ECHO, On her!

Me bear will She (with her, to deal so saucily) never!

ECHO, Ever!

Yea, but I greatly fear She will have pure thoughts to refuse such.

ECHO, Few such!

Then will I venture again more bold, if you warn me to do so!

ECHO, Do so!

I must write with tears and sighs, before that I do so!

ECHO, Do so!

But what if my tears and sighs be too weak to remove her?

ECHO, Move her!

So shall ye move huge Alps with tears and sighs, if you may such!

ECHO, You may such!

If any that, shall affirm for a truth; I shall hold that they lie then!

ECHO, Lie then!

If I study to death, in kind, shall I lie never!

ECHO, Ever!

O! what is it to lie? Is't not dishonour?

ECHO, 'Tis honour!

Then to flatter a while her, is't not dishonour?

ECHO, Honour!

Then will I wrest out sighs, and wring forth tears when I do so?

ECHO, Do so!

Lest She find my craft, with her I may toy never?

ECHO, Ever!

Then, if you jest in kind with her, you win her?

ECHO, You win her!

Then, what time She laughs from her heart, shall I smile then?

ECHO, Ey, smile then!

They that like my toys! is it harm, if I kiss such?

ECHO, Ey, kiss such!

Yea, but most Ladies have disdainful minds, to refuse such !

ECHO, Few such !

In what space, shall I know, whether her love resteth in honour ?

ECHO, In one hour !

O for such a sweet hour ! My life of hours will I pray then !

ECHO, Ay then !

Then if I find, as I would ; more bold to urge her, I may be so ?

ECHO, Be so !

But if she do refuse ! then, woe to th' Attempter !

ECHO, Attempt her !

She will proudly refuse ! She speaks in jest never !

ECHO, Ever !

So though still She refuse, She speaks in jest ever !

ECHO, Ever !

Then such as these, be the true best signs to seek out such ?

ECHO, Seek out such !

Such will I seek ! But what shall I do, when I first shall attempt her !

ECHO, Tempt her !

How shall I tempt her, ere She stand on terms of her honour ?

ECHO, On her !

O might I come to that ! I think 'tis even so.

ECHO, 'Tis even so !

Strongly to tempt and move, at first, is surely the best then ?

ECHO. The best then !

What, when they do repugn, yet cry not forth ! will they do then ?

ECHO, Do then !

With such a blunt Proem, Ladies, shall I move never ?

ECHO, Ever !

I must wait, on an inch, on such Nymphs whom I regard so ;

ECHO, Guard so !

Those whom, in heart, I love ; my faith doth firmly deserve such.

ECHO, Serve such !

Then to become their slaves, is no great dishonour ?

ECHO, Honour !

But to the Muses, first, I will recommend her !

ECHO, Commend her !

They that pity lovers ; is't good, if I praise such ?

ECHO, Ey, praise such !

If that I write their praise ; by my verse, shall they live never ?

ECHO, Ever !

If thy words be true ; with thanks, take adieu then.

ECHO, Adieu then !

CARMEN ANACREONTIUM.

ODE 17.



REVEAL, sweet Muse ! this secret !

Wherein the lively Senses

Do most triumph in glory ?

Where others talk of eagles,

Searching the sun with quick sight ;

With eyes, in brightness piersant,

PARTHENOPHE, my sweet Nymph,

With Sight more quick than eagle's,

With eyes more clear and piersant,

(And, which exceeds all eagles,

Whose influence gives more heat

Than sun in Cancer's Tropic)

With proud imperious glances

Subduing all beholders,

Which gaze upon their brightness,

Shall triumph over that Sense.

Reveal, sweet Muse, this secret !

Wherein the lively Senses

Do most triumph in glory ?

Where some of heavenly nectar

The Taste's chief comfort talk of

For pleasure and sweet relish ;

Where some, celestial syrups

And sweet Barbarian spices,
For pleasantness, commend most:
PARTHENOPHE, my sweet Nymph,
With Lips more sweet than nectar,
Containing much more comfort
Than all celestial syrups;
And which exceeds all spices,
On which none can take surfeit,
Shall triumph over that Sense.

Reveal, sweet Muse, this secret!
Wherein the lively Senses
Do most triumph in glory?
When some Panchaian incense,
And rich Arabian odours,
And waters sweet distilled,
Where some of herbs and flowers
Of Ambergrease and sweet roots,
For heavenly spirit, praise most:
PARTHENOPHE, my sweet Nymph,
With Breath more sweet than incense,
Panchaian or Arabic,
Or any sorts of sweet things.
And which exceeds all odours;
Whose spirit is Love's godhead,
Shall triumph over that Sense.

Reveal, sweet Muse, this secret!
Wherein the lively Senses
Do most triumph in glory?
Where Music rests in voices,
As SOCRATES supposed;
In voice and bodies moving,
As though ARISTOXINUS;
In mind, as THEOPHRASTUS:

Her Voice exceeds all music,
 Her body's comely carriage,
 Her gesture, and divine grace
 Doth ravish all beholders.
 Her mind, it is much heavenly,
 And which exceeds all judgement ;
 But such sweet looks, sweet thoughts tell
 And makes her conquer that Sense.

Reveal, sweet Muse, this secret !
 Wherein the lively Senses
 Do most triumph in glory ?
 Where some of sacred hands talk,
 Whose blessing makes things prosper ;
 Where some of well skilled fingers,
 Which makes such heavenly music
 With wood and touch of sinews :
 PARTHENOPHE'S divine Hands,
 Let them but touch my pale cheeks !
 Let them but any part touch,
 My sorrow shall assuage soon !
 Let her check the little string !
 The sound to heaven shall charm me.
 Thus She, the Senses conquers.

ODE 18.



THAT I could make her, whom I love best,
 Find in a face, with misery wrinkled ;
 Find in a heart, with sighs over ill-pined,
 Her cruel hatred !
 O that I could make her, whom I love best,
 Find by my tears, what malady vexeth ;
 Find by my throbs, how forcibly love's dart,
 Wounds my decayed heart !

O that I could make her, whom I love best,
Tell with a sweet smile, that she respecteth
All my lamentings; and that, in her heart,
Mournfully she rues!

For my deserts were worthy the favours
Of such a fair Nymph, might she be fairer!
O then a firm faith, what may be richer?

Then to my love yield!

Then will I leave these tears to the waste rocks!
Then will I leave these sighs to the rough winds!

O that I could make her, whom I love best,
Pity my long smart!

ODE 19.



Why should I weep in vain, poor and remedyless?
Why should I make complaint to the deaf wilder-
ness?

Why should I sigh for ease? Sighs, they breed
malady!

Why should I groan in heart? Groans, they bring misery!
Why should tears, plaints, and sighs, mingled with heavy
groans,

Practise their cruelty, whiles I complain to stones?

O what a cruel heart, with such a tyranny,
Hardly she practiseth, in grief's extremity?

Such to make conquered whom she would have depressed,
Such a man to disease, whom she would have oppressed.

O but, PARTHENOPHE! turn, and be pitiful!

Cruelty, beauty stains! Thou, Sweet! art beautiful!

If that I made offence, my love is all the fault

Which thou can charge me with, then do not make assault
With such extremities, for my kind hearty love!

But for love's pity sake, from me, thy frowns remove!

So shalt thou make me blest ! So shall my sorrows cease !
 So shall I live at ease ! So shall my joys acrease !
 So shall tears, plaints, and sighs, mingled with heavy groans,
 Weary the rocks no more ! nor lament to the stones !

O D E 20.

A S C L E P I A D.



SWEET, pitiless eye, beautiful orient
 (Since my faith is a rock, durable everywhere),
 Smile ! and shine with a glance, heartily me to joy !
 Beauty taketh a place ! Pity regards it not !
 Virtue findeth a throne, settled in every part !
 Pity found none at all, banished everywhere !
 Since then, Beauty triumphs (Chastity's enemy),
 And Virtue cleped is, much to be pitiful ;
 And since that thy delight is ever virtuous :
 My tears, *PARTHENOPHE!* pity ! Be pitiful !
 So shall men Thee repute great ! as a holy Saint !
 So shall Beauty remain, mightily glorified !
 So thy fame shall abound, durably chronicled !
 Then, sweet *PARTHENOPHE!* pity ! Be merciful !

S O N N E T C V.



AH ME ! How many ways have I assayed,
 To win my Mistress to my ceaseless suit !
 What endless means and prayers have I made
 To thy fair graces ! ever deaf and mute.
 At thy long absence, like an errand page,
 With sighs and tears, long journeys did I make
 Through paths unknown, in tedious pilgrimage ;
 And never slept, but always did awake.

And having found Thee ruthless and unkind ;
Soft skinned, hard hearted ; sweet looks, void of pity ;
Ten thousand furies ragèd in my mind,
Changing the tenour of my lovely Ditty ;
By whose enchanting Saws and magic Spell,
Thine hard, indurate heart, I must compel.

SESTINE 5.

HEN, first, with locks dishevelled and bare,
Strait girded, in a cheerful calmy night,
Having a fire made of green cypress wood,
And with male frankincense on altar kindled ;
I call on threefold HECATE with tears !
And here, with loud voice, invoke the Furies !

For their assistance to me, with their furies ;
Whilst snowy steeds in coach, bright PHOEBE bare.
Ay me ! PARTHENOPHE smiles at my tears !
I neither take my rest by day or night ;
Her cruel loves in me such heat have kindled.
Hence, goat ! and bring her to me raging wood !

HECATE tell, which way she comes through the wood !
This wine about this altar, to the Furies
I sprinkle ! whiles the cypress boughs be kindled.
This brimstone, earth within her bowels bare !
And this blue incense, sacred to the night !
This hand, perforce, from this bay his branch tears !

So be She brought ! which pitied not my tears !
And as it burneth with the cypress wood,
So burn She with desire, by day and night !
You gods of vengeance ! and avengeful Furies !
Revenge, to whom I bend on my knees bare.
Hence, goat ! and bring her, with love's outrage kindled !

HECATE! make signs, if She with love come kindled!
 Think on my Passions! HECATE! and my tears!
 This Rosemarine (whose branch She chiefly bare,
 And lovèd best) I cut, both bark and wood:
 Broke with this brazen axe, and, in love's furies,
 I tread on it, rejoicing in this night,

And saying, " Let her feel such wounds this night!"
 About this altar, and rich incense kindled,
 This lace and vervine (to love's bitter furies!)
 I bind, and strew; and, with sad sighs and tears,
 About, I bear her Image, raging wood.
 Hence, goat! and bring her from her bedding bare!

HECATE! reveal if She like Passions bare!
 I knit three true-lovers-knots (this is Love's night!)
 Of three discoloured silks, to make her wood;
 But She scorns VENUS, till her loves be kindled,
 And till She find the grief of sighs and tears.
 " Sweet Queen of Loves! For mine unpitied furies,

Alike torment her, with such scalding fires!
 And this Turtle, when the loss she bare
 Of her dear Make, in her kind, did shed tears
 And mourning; did seek him, all day and night:
 Let such lament in her, for me be kindled!
 And mourn she still! till she run raging wood

Hence, goat! and bring her to me raging wood!
 These letters, and these verses to the Furies,
 Which She did write, all in this flame be kindled.
 Me, with these papers, in vain hope She bare,
 That She, to day would turn mine hopeless night,
 These, as I rent and burn, so fury tears.

Her hardened heart, which pitied not my tears.

The wind-shaked trees make murmur in the wood,
The waters roar at this thrice sacred night,
The winds come whisking shrill to note her furies ;
Trees, woods, and winds, a part in my complaints bare,
And knew my woes ; now joy to see her kindled !

See! whence She comes, with loves enraged and kindled !
The pitchy clouds, in drops, send down their tears !
Owls screech ! Dogs bark to see her carried bare !
Wolves yowle and cry ! Bulls bellow through the wood !
Ravens croape ! Now, now ! I feel love's fiercest furies !
Seest thou, that black goat ! brought, this silent night,

Through empty clouds, by th' Daughters of the Night !
See how on him, She sits ! with love rage kindled !
Hither, perforce, brought with avengeful Furies !
Now, I wax drowsy ! Now, cease all my tears ;
Whilst I take rest, and slumber near this wood !
Ah me ! *PARTHENOPHE* naked and bare !

Come, blessed goat, that my sweet Lady bare !
Where hast thou been, *PARTHENOPHE* ! this night ?
What, cold ! Sleep by this fire of cypress wood,
Which I, much longing for thy sake, have kindled !
Weep not ! Come Loves and wipe away her tears !
At length yet, wilt Thou take away my furies ?

Ay me ! Embrace me ! See those ugly Furies !
Come to my bed ! lest they behold thee bare ;
And bear thee hence ! They will not pity tears !
And these still dwell in everlasting night !
Ah, Loves, (sweet love!) sweet fires for us hath kindled !
But not inflamed with frankincense or wood.

The Furies, they shall hence into the wood !
 Whiles CUPID shall make calmer his hot furies,
 And stand appeased at our fires kindled.
 Join ! join PARTHENOPHE ! Thyself unbare !
 None can perceive us in the silent night !
 Now will I cease from sighs, laments, and tears !

And cease, PARTHENOPHE ! Sweet ! cease thy tears !
 Bear golden apples, thorns in every wood !
 Join heavens ! for we conjoin this heavenly night !
 Let alder trees bear apricots ! (Die Furies !)
 And thistles, pears ! which prickles lately bare !
 Now both in one, with equal flame be kindled !

Die magic boughs ! now die, which late were kindled !
 Here is mine heaven ! Loves drop, instead of tears !
 It joins ! it joins ! Ah, both embracing bare !
 Let nettles bring forth roses in each wood !
 Last ever verdant woods ! Hence, former Furies !
 O die ! live ! joy ! What ? Last continual, night !

Sleep PHŒBUS still with THETIS ! Rule still, night !
 I melt in love ! Love's marrow-flame is kindled !
 Here will I be consumed in Love's sweet furies !
 I melt ! I melt ! Watch CUPID, my love tears !
 If these be Furies, O let me be wood !
 If all the fiery element I bare ;

'Tis now acquitted ! Cease your former tears !
 For as She once, with rage my body kindled ;
 So in hers, am I buried this night !

F I N I S .



[DEDICATORY SONNETS.]

TO THE RIGHT NOBLE LORD
HENRY, EARL OF NORTHUMBERLAND.



DEIGN, mighty Lord! these verses to peruse,
Which my black mournful Muse presenteth here!

Blushing, at her first entrance, in for fear;
Where of herself, her self She doth accuse,

And seeking Patronage, bold means doth use

To shew that duty, which in heart I bear
To your thrice noble House! which shall outwear
Devouring Time itself, if my poor Muse
Divine aright: whose virtuous excellence
She craves, her ruder style to patronise.
Vouchsafe, then, noble Lord! to give defence:
Who, when her brighter glory shall arise,
Shall fly to fetch Fame, from her Fort of Brass;
Which, with your virtues, through the world shall pass!

TO THE RIGHT

HONOURABLE, MOST RENOWNED AND VALIANT
ROBERT, EARL OF ESSEX AND EWE.



VOUCHSAFE, thrice valiant Lord! this Verse to read,
When time from cares of more import, permits;
The too dear charge of my unchargèd wits!
And that I do my lighter Muses lead
To kiss your sacred hands! I mildly plead
For pardon; where all gracious virtue sits.
Since time of yore, their Lord's firstfruits admits;
My bashful Muse (which lost her maidenhead
In too dear travail of my restless Love)
To you, my Lord! her first-born babe presents!
Unworthy such a patron! for her lightness.
Yet deign her zeal! though not the light contents;
Till, from your virtues (registered above),
To make her Love more known, she borrow brightness.

TO THE RIGHT NOBLE AND VIRTUOUS LORD,
HENRY, EARL OF SOUTHAMPTON.



RECEIVE, sweet Lord! with thy thrice sacred hand,
(Which sacred Muses make their instrument)
These worthless leaves! which I, to thee present!
(Sprung from a rude and unmanured land)
That with your countenance graced, they may withstand
Hundred-eyed Envy's rough encounterment;
Whose Patronage can give encouragement
To scorn back-wounding ZOILUS his band.
Vouchsafe, right virtuous Lord! with gracious eyes,
(Those heavenly lamps which give the Muses light,

Which give and take, in course, that holy fire)
To view my Muse with your judicial sight ;
Whom, when time shall have taught, by flight, to rise
Shall to thy virtues, of much worth, aspire.

T O T H E M O S T V I R T U O U S , L E A R N E D A N D B E A U T I F U L
L A D Y , M A R Y , C O U N T E S S O F P E M B R O K E .

PRIDE of our English Ladies ! never matched !
Great Favourer of PHŒBUS' offspring !
In whom, even PHŒBUS is most flourishing !
Muse's chief comfort ! Of the Muses, hatched !
On whom, URANIA hath so long time watched
In Fame's rich Fort, with crown triumphing
Of laurel, ever green in lusty Spring,
After thy mortal pilgrimage, despatched
Unto those planets, where thou shalt have place
With thy late sainted Brother, to give light !
And with harmonious spheres to turn in race.
Vouchsafe, sweet Lady ! with a forehead bright,
To shine on this poor Muse ; whose first-born fruit,
That you (of right) would take, she maketh suit !

T O T H E R I G H T V I R T U O U S A N D M O S T B E A U T I F U L
L A D Y , T H E L A D Y S T R A N G E .

SWEET Lady ! Might my humble Muse presume
Thy beauties' rare perfection to set out
(Whom she, Pride of our English Court reposes)
Ambitious, she would assume
To blazon everywhere about

Thy beauty! whose dumb eloquence disputes
 With fair Loves' Queen; and her, by right confutes!
 But since there is no doubt
 But that thy beauty's praise (which shall consume
 Even Time itself) exceedeth
 All British Ladies; deign my Muse's suits!
 Which, unacquainted of your beauty, craves
 Acquaintance! and proceedeth
 T'approach so boldly! and behaves
 Herself so rudely! daunted at your sight;
 As eyes in darkness, at a sudden light.

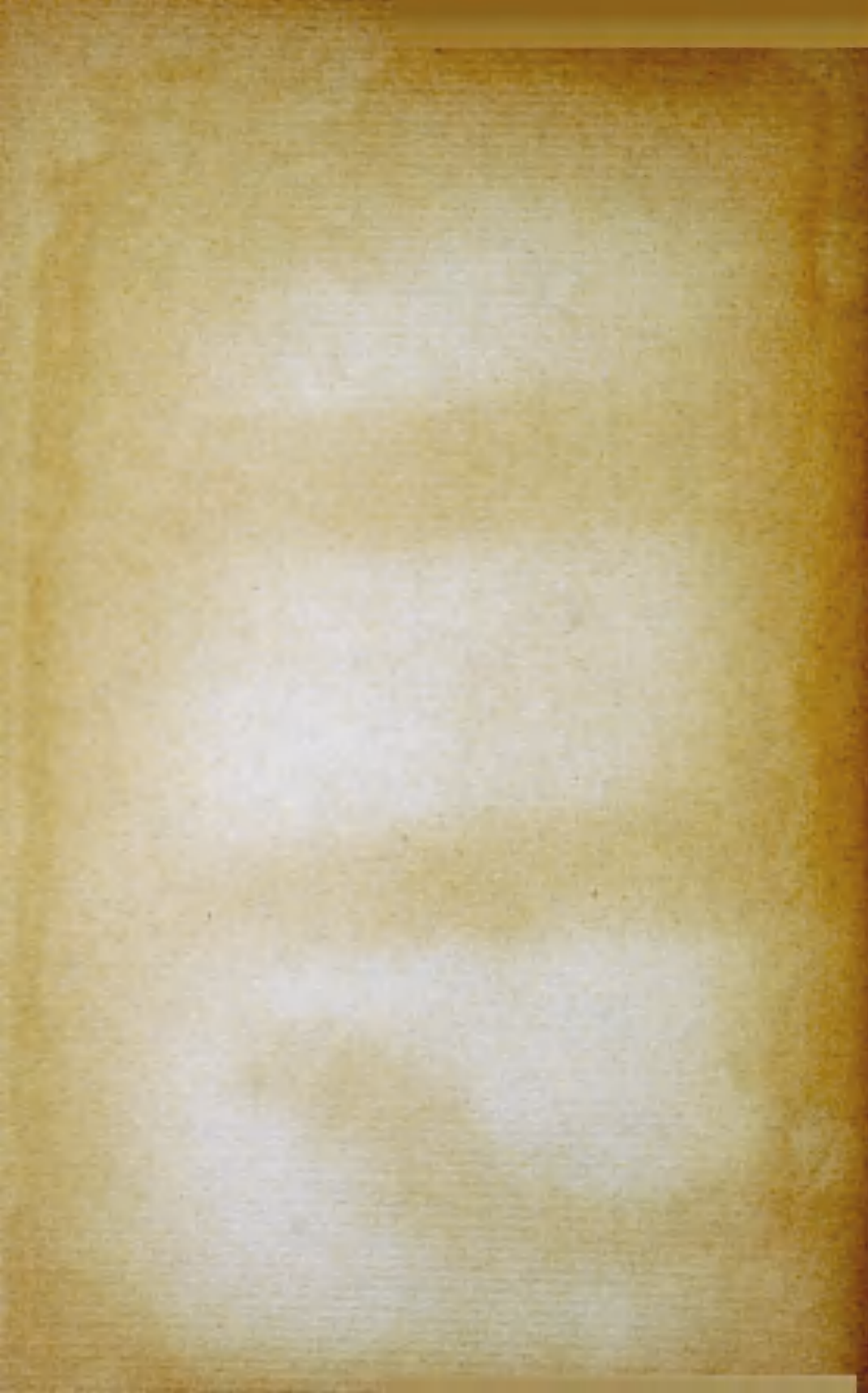
TO THE BEAUTIFUL LADY,
 THE LADY BRIDGET MANNERS.

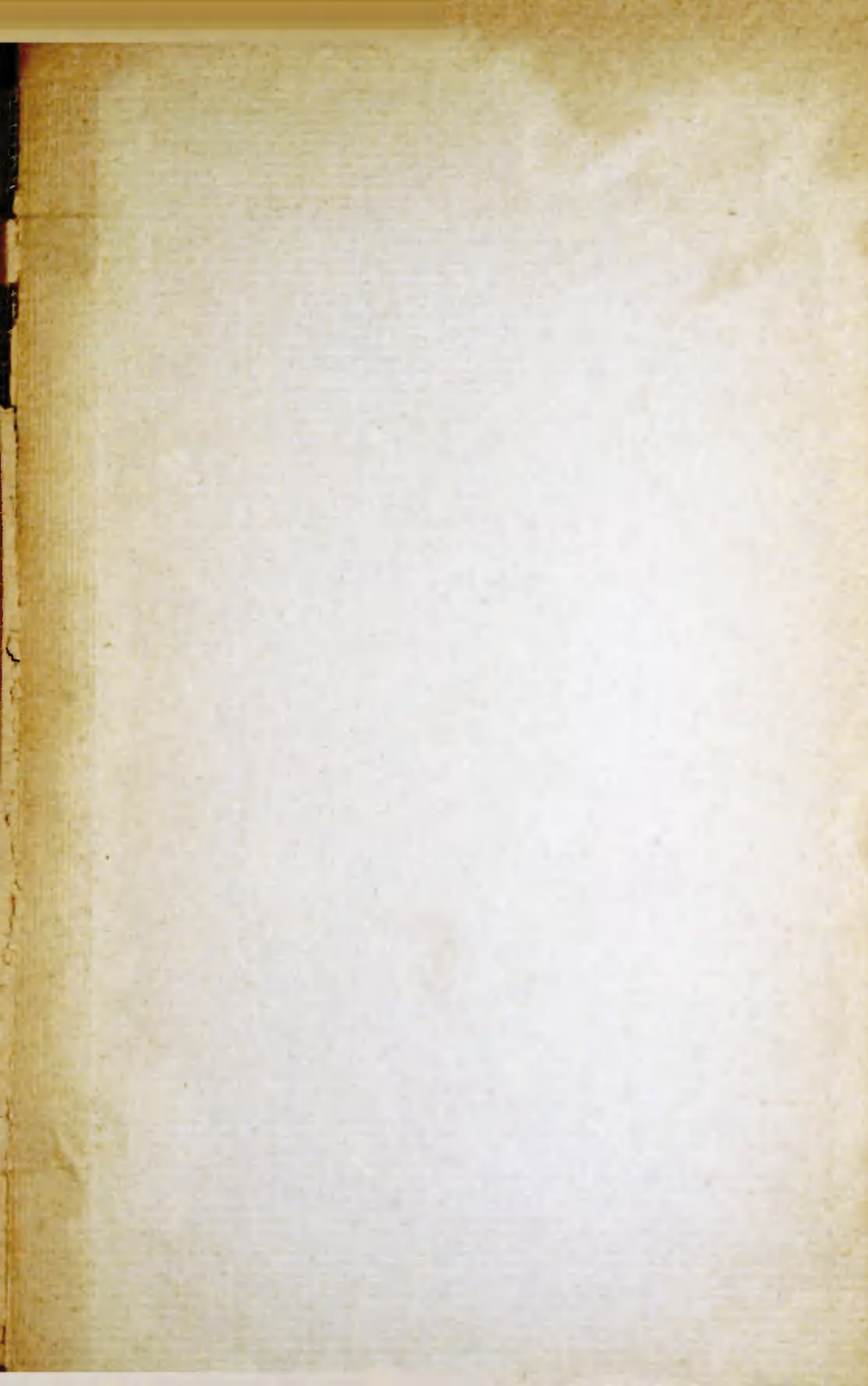
ROSE of that Garland! fairest and sweetest
 Of all those sweet and fair flowers!
 Pride of chaste CYNTHIA's rich crown!
 Receive this Verse, thy matchless beauty meetest!
 Behold thy graces which thou greetest,
 And all the secret powers
 Of thine, and such like beauties, here set down!
 Here shalt thou find thy frown!
 Here, thy sunny smiling!
 Fame's plumes fly with thy Love's, which should be fleetest!
 Here, my loves' tempests and showers!
 These, read, sweet Beauty! whom my Muse shall crown!
 Who for thee! such a Garland is compiling,
 Of so divine scents and colours,
 As is immortal, Time beguiling!

Your Beauty's most affectionate servant,

BARNABE BARNES.







GretagMachbeth™ ColorChecker Color Rendition Chart

