# s-of-English-Literature

VOLUME II.

## E AGE OF SPENSER

1500-1600



BY

J. C. STOBART, M.A.

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EPOCHS OF ENGLISH LITERATURE

*VOLUME II.*

# THE AGE OF SPENSER

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1500—1600

BY

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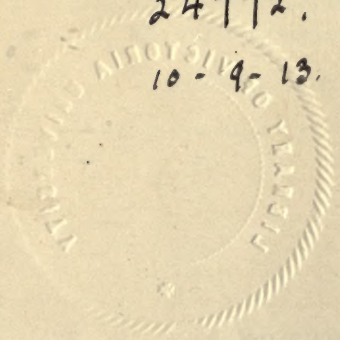

# PREFACE

THE series to which this little volume belongs may be said to have three purposes: First, to teach the history of our literature in a rational and orderly manner; second, to illuminate the history of England by exhibiting the thoughts of its men of letters in their own words; and, third, to display, as if in a gallery, some specimens of the inheritance into which every English-reading boy and girl has entered. It has been too long the practice to teach English literature in handbooks which give only the briefest examples, if any, of the works they profess to describe; and our many excellent school anthologies, from their want of a definite historical arrangement, and the absence of prose, fail almost entirely to give a connected view of the development of our language. Now, the history of our literature, falling, as it undoubtedly does, into a series of well-marked periods of excellence, appears to lend itself peculiarly to the historical treatment suggested by the word 'epoch.'

As to the principles of selection, I have tried to choose work of intrinsic interest only, work suitable for use in schools, and work which permitted of abstraction from its context without great detriment. 'Scrappiness' is a charge to which all anthologies are open, but I have tried to lessen its force by the preponderance of lyric songs, the admission of a canto of *The Faerie Queene*, and an eclogue from *The Shepherd's Calendar* complete. In the case of prose I have tried to choose episodes complete in themselves, and likely from their interest to send the student to the original.

I feel, next, that there is required some explanation of the principles of orthography here adopted. In a vexed and difficult problem I am wholly with those who prefer the original spelling or the nearest approach to it that our manuscripts permit. Yet it will be found that in some cases I have been compelled to modernize. This for two sufficient reasons: in the first place, the length of notes and glossary is thereby much economized; and, secondly, by making the way easier for the reader, you enable him to cover more ground in the same time. Moreover, the vagaries of Elizabethan spelling are, for the most part, innocent of any philological significance, and due to the mere caprice of the writer, or, in many cases, of the printer, who enlarged or contracted his lines by the addition or omission of the final *e*.

It is not easy to acknowledge all my debts. In a work of this nature one is bound to fish in many waters. I have always found *The Oxford Book of Verse* to be an admirable guide to the best in lyric verse. I have used Dr. Herford's school edition of *The Shepherd's Calendar*, and Mr. Payne's *Voyages of Elizabethan Seamen*. I have again to acknowledge the ready help of Mr. E. C. Gibson.

J. C. S.

*May*, 1906.

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'Nay he dooth, as if your iourney should lye through a fayre Vineyard, at the first give you a cluster of Grapes; that full of that taste, you may long to passe further.'

Sir Philip Sidney.

# THE AGE OF SPENSER

## INTRODUCTION

**The New Birth of Learning.**—In the first volume of this series, *The Age of Chaucer*, we traced the growth of our language from Anglo-Saxon to English, from Beowulf, the viking saga of our Frisian ancestors, to Geoffrey Chaucer, that remarkable genius who simply made our literary language, devised many of its poetical forms, and set it firmly upon the track which it was thereafter to follow. We saw in that volume how England got her foretaste of the New Birth of Letters largely through the happy accident which chose Geoffrey Chaucer for his all-important Embassy to Italy, where he learnt to know Dante, Petrarch, and Boccaccio. Chaucer died in 1400, and, though the influence of his pupils lasted for nearly a hundred years, the Wars of the Roses—as wars, and civil wars above all, are bound to do—threw back our civilization, and gave a check to letters, arts, and sciences. This meant that England must be born again, have a second and more real Renascence.

With this volume we are in the full throb of that New Birth. Although this Age of Spenser begins haltingly with the eccentric Skelton, before the end of it we have to choose invidiously among a host of admirable and imperishable achievements. Indeed, the flood of genius hereabouts seems to defy chronological arrangement. The three giants—Spenser (1552-1599), Shakespeare (1564-1616), and Milton (1608-1674)

—overlap one another in point of date, and yet, rightly considered, each does represent an epoch. For Spenser, in his language even more than his mind, represents for the English Renascence its infancy and boyhood, Shakespeare the full tide of its young manhood, and Milton the wise sobriety of its maturer years. In the Age of Spenser the literary craftsmen are still struggling with their material and their tools. In poetry we find, first, SKELTON improvising a quaint style of his own, then WYATT and SURREY importing new metres for love-songs out of Italy, and, finally, SPENSER still hesitating between the classical metres and the rhymes of his master, Chaucer, still distrusting the spoken language of his day, and hunting for obsolete Chaucerian phrases to give dignity to his own glorious style. Similarly, in prose we have SIR THOMAS MORE and ERASMUS still writing in Latin, as if Malory and Wyclif had never shown them how English prose could be written; we have ROGER ASCHAM writing, for patriotic purposes, in English, while he confesses that it would be much easier for him to have written in Latin or Greek; we have SIDNEY writing a prose that is more than half poetry, and LATIMER inventing a new style of preaching—namely, plain English, as his hearers spoke it. This is, in short, an age of endeavour. To that point we shall recur. Suffice it here to say that, in the history of all arts, the noblest works have appeared in the ages of endeavour, while the craft is still difficult, and the mastery still incomplete. Phidias, the greatest sculptor of all time, had much yet to discover on the technical side, and was learning new ways to treat marble till the day of his death. Praxiteles found his work much easier, and with Praxiteles the decadence of Greek sculpture set in. Giotto, the Florentine painter, could not draw hands and feet in true perspective, yet he left us some of the noblest pictures that the world has seen. It is the struggle against difficulties that brings forth the highest qualities in the artist and the man.

**The Influence of the Classics.**—The history of the Renascence in Europe begins with two facts: the invention of printing, about 1450, and the capture of Constantinople, with its consequent dispersal of Greek scholars and Greek manuscripts, in 1453. These two forces interact, for the invention of printing set the printers hunting for materials for their presses, and the discovery of the classics stimulated the art of printing. The result was the general diffusion of the classics in Europe. Europe went mad about the classics. Rich men vied with one another for the purchase of manuscripts; Princesses, as we shall see, set the fashion for Plato. These "classics" were not merely what they are to many of us, dead languages, to be read with all due allowances for the ignorance of their authors, who had the misfortune to live before the discovery of electricity and Adam Smith. They were *the* repositories of learning, *the* models of style. To quote Cicero was to clinch an argument. As we shall see in Ascham, and Lyly, and Sidney, there was no appeal beyond the classics. Aristotle and Pliny told them facts of natural history which Europe had forgotten. Even Xenophon's *Cyropædia* was a text-book of education. The world had now got back to the point at which Seneca left off, and had made an immense step forward in getting there. The physician could read his Galen, the lawyer his Justinian, the priest his New Testament. And now, under this flood of illumination, the intellect of Europe awoke. One result was the spread of the Reformation. The monasteries had professed a monopoly of learning, and now they were tried on the charge of deliberate obscurantism. Men saw what they had been allowed to forget.

**Education.**—Then the better sort of rich men made it their business to see that this splendid inheritance should never be lost again. Education became a supreme interest. On every side there came into being those "places of religious and wholesome learning," to whose influence much of the best in English life, then and afterwards, is attributable. Dean Colet

founded St. Paul's Grammar School in 1513. Edward VI. in his short reign was responsible for the foundation of a number of famous schools—some called "King Edward's Schools" to this day—among them King's School, Canterbury; King Edward's School, Birmingham; Christ's Hospital; and Shrewsbury (the school of Sidney), Sherborne, and Bedford Grammar Schools. In 1561 the Merchant Taylors' School began its career, with Spenser among its first scholars. In 1567 Lawrence Sheriffe, the grocer, founded Rugby; in 1571 John Lyon founded Harrow. Tonbridge, Uppingham, Blundell's, St. Olave's, Repton, Felsted, Highgate—all these well-known schools owe their origin to the days of Queen Elizabeth. All were founded on the same two-fold basis—religion and sound learning, and by "sound learning" was meant the classics. This age, then, brilliant as it was in literature, war, exploration, and policy, was also the most brilliant in educational progress that England has ever known.

**Henry VIII. and Erasmus.**—Although Caxton set up his printing-press at Westminster under the royal patronage in 1474, England was for some years too much occupied with its civil wars to benefit by the New Learning. In Scotland, Dunbar, though a true poet, was in intellect only the echo of Chaucer. But with the accession of Henry VIII. all this was changed. There was now peace, an established throne, and a considerable measure of liberty. The young Prince was genial and gifted, with a taste for theology, something of a musician, anxious to secure a reputation for learning. In the very year of Henry's accession (1509) appeared Erasmus' *Praise of Folly*. Erasmus was a cosmopolitan scholar. A Dutchman by birth, he visited both English Universities and taught Greek at Cambridge. His *Encomium Moriæ—Praise of Folly* (and of Sir Thomas More)—bantered the monastic system in elegant Ciceronian Latin. His *Colloquies*, in the same language, had the same effect. But Erasmus wrote in Latin, and his impor-

tance in the history of English literature is due rather to his position as the apostle of the New Culture, the inspirer of Sir Thomas More.

**Prose—Sir Thomas More.**—One of the features of this volume is the number of splendid men—considered as men—who contribute to its literature. We are apt in these days to consider the literary genius as a long-haired, unpractical sentimentalist. The typical Renascence writer was, on the contrary, either a *preux chevalier*—soldier and perfect knight—like Surrey and Sidney, or a bold traveller, like Sir Walter Raleigh, or a dauntless hero of religion, like Latimer, or of politics, like More.

Sir Thomas More was a Londoner by birth (1478), a page in the household of Archbishop Morton, a brilliant disciple of the New Greek learning at Oxford, a famous pleader at the Bar. In 1503 he was in Parliament boldly withstanding the King's demand for money, and suffering for his courage. With the accession of Henry VIII. he hopefully entered public life again, and was the acknowledged king of the law courts. He had already learnt the weight of a Tudor monarch's hand, and when (in 1515) the spirit moved him to put on record his dreams for the improvement of his country, he threw them into the form of fiction, after the model of Plato, in his *Utopia*. He wrote in Latin, and published the work in the Netherlands. Soon after this Henry, hearing his able advocacy in the law courts, claimed his services, and would not be denied. Though Henry's favour was showered upon him, More was too shrewd to be blind to its certain consequences. "I have no cause to be proud thereof," he said; "for if my head would win him a castle in France, it should not fail to go." Yet he obeyed the call. In 1523, on Wolsey's recommendation, he became Speaker of the House of Commons, and showed the same fearless integrity there even in opposition to the great Cardinal. At the fall of Wolsey in 1529 More became

Chancellor, yet he would not stoop to abet Henry in the crime of the Aragon divorce, and paid the price of his independence with his head. A life as stainless as it was fearless—a life typical of this glorious age! As for his *Utopia*, we can only say that it is a marvellous achievement for his age—so far in advance of its ideas, indeed, that in this twentieth century we are scarcely yet abreast of them. Plato before him had sketched an ideal republic, but Plato was an ideal philosopher, and his republic exists, he says, if anywhere, in heaven. More's republic is a political system, a socialistic State, and its capital is not heaven, but London. Taken by itself, his sketch of the position of soldiers in the new State, as despised mercenaries of the meanest of the people, is the proof of a mind of singular independence and courage.

**Roger Ascham.**—ROGER ASCHAM never attained to More's political importance, but from an English literary point of view must stand as high. For while More wrote his chief work in Latin, Ascham took the pains to create an English style of prose. His words about it are memorable:

> "If any man would blame me, either for taking such a matter in hand, or else for writing it in the English tongue, this answer I make him, that when the best of the realm think it honest for them to use, I, one of the meanest sort, ought not to suppose it vile for me to write. And though to have written it in another tongue had been more profitable for my study, and also more honest for my name, yet I can think my labour well bestowed if with a little hindrance of my profit and name may come any furtherance to the pleasure or commodity of the gentlemen and yeomen of England, for whose sake I took this matter in hand. And as for the Latin or Greek tongue, everything is so excellently done in them, that none can do better: in the English tongue contrary, everything in a manner so meanly, both for the matter and handling, that no man can do worse. . . . English writers by diversity of time have

taken divers matters in hand. In our fathers' time nothing was read but books of feigned chivalry, wherein a man by reading should be led to none other end, but only to manslaughter and bawdry. If any man suppose they were good enough to pass the time withal, he is deceived. . . . These books, as I have heard say, were made the most part in Abbeys and Monasteries, a very likely and fit fruit of such an idle and blind kind of living."—*Preface to "Toxophilus."*

So, though he could more easily have written in Latin and Greek, he chose English to teach to Englishmen "the use of the bow," because he believed that archery was the national safeguard of English liberty, as well as a wholesome pastime. His other work, *The Schoolmaster*, written, after twenty-three years' interval, in 1568, was equally patriotic in purpose, and not inferior to the *Utopia* in breadth of view and foresight. Considering the educational ideas then in vogue, it was notably brave and humane. Ascham's life was the life of a scholar; he won his way at St. John's College, Cambridge, to the high University distinctions of Public Orator and Professor. From Henry VIII. he received a pension in acknowledgment of his services. He was Latin Secretary to Edward VI., Mary, and Elizabeth, a striking testimony to his qualities, in view of the fact that he never swerved from his Protestant principles. He was employed under Edward VI. as Secretary to the German Embassy. He taught Latin and Greek to Queen Elizabeth. He finished his *Schoolmaster* in 1563, and in that year he died. His death was hastened by his imprudence in sitting up late to finish some Latin verses which he designed to present to the Queen as a New Year's gift. When she heard of his death Elizabeth declared that she would rather have lost £10,000 than her tutor Ascham—and Elizabeth was not one to underestimate the value of money. He was buried at St. Sepulchre's, London, one of the few authors in this book who died a natural death.

**Latimer.** — Another true and glorious Englishman was HUGH LATIMER, the preacher. Every schoolboy knows the story of his martyrdom at Oxford in the bloody persecution of Queen Mary—how he exhorted the good Bishop of London, who died with him, in these memorable words: "Play the man, Master Ridley; we shall this day light such a candle, by God's grace, in England as I trust shall never be put out." But this was not an isolated act of heroism on the part of a condemned man. Many a man has died well. Latimer made it the practice of his life to speak the Word of God, as he believed it, with the most perfect disregard of consequences—nay, in later life with a serene certainty of the consequences. The son of a Leicestershire yeoman, whose thrifty manner of life he here tells us, he caught the spirit of the New Learning at Cambridge, and then at Padua. He burned with indignation against the "unpreaching prelates," and earned their suspicion and displeasure by his outspoken sermons. Once his Bishop came secretly into church at Cambridge after the service was begun to catch him in heresy. But Hugh Latimer was too clever for him. He changed his text, and preached extempore on the duties of a Bishop. He was called before Wolsey and examined, but Henry befriended him, and Wolsey could find no handle against him. He was Court Chaplain to Henry VIII., and was appointed by him to the Bishopric of Worcester, which he resigned in 1539 on the passing of the Statute of the Six Articles. On the accession of Edward VI. he was appointed to preach the Lent sermons before the young King. These sermons we have, and remarkably outspoken utterances they are. He feared no man and spared no man. "Have at them, Master Latimer!" his admirers cried, as he walked towards Westminster. At this time he lodged with Cranmer at Lambeth Palace. His servant Bernher, the Swiss, says that he preached twice every Sunday during King Edward's reign. The first sermon was the most famous—the sermon on the Ploughers, of which our first selection is a

typical part, showing how fearlessly he attacked even his own congregation of citizens. As for his style, that speaks for itself: it is pure vernacular; he despises nothing that will attract attention. He is the ancestor in pulpit oratory of Spurgeon and Parker.

**Sir Philip Sidney.**—Next in order among the prose-writers of this age comes SIR PHILIP SIDNEY. He was born in 1554, and lived only thirty-two years; but in this short life he won the affection of his countrymen to a degree that history can scarcely parallel. He was the son of Sir Henry Sidney and Lady Mary Dudley, daughter of that Duke of Northumberland who was executed for the attempt to place upon the throne his daughter-in-law, Lady Jane Grey. Philip was educated at Shrewsbury and Oxford, and in his education imbibed the keenest love of learning, so that he was thereafter regarded as a patron by men of ability in all provinces of intellectual effort. After a period of European travel, in which he formed the acquaintance of all the leading spirits of the New Learning, his life was that of a courtier, and he has expressed in verse the tedium, the constant suit for office, the innumerable disappointments of the

> "Unhappy wight, born to disastrous end,
> That doth his life in so long tendence spend."

Many times his ambitions were fired by the stories of exploration in the New World, then on everyone's lips. He actually received from Queen Elizabeth a grant of about three million acres in Virginia, but never had the opportunity to cross the Atlantic. He was, indeed, on the point of joining the last expedition of Sir Francis Drake when recalled by an urgent summons from Queen Elizabeth. Although she kept him so long waiting at Court, Elizabeth was not blind to his merits. He was universally regarded as the brightest jewel in her brilliant retinue.

Handsome of person, lavish in splendour and generosity, accomplished and learned, he lived in Court with unblemished

purity. He was somewhat grave and reserved in manner from his earliest youth, yet exercised a singular fascination over men of the most diverse character. Upon one occasion he was sent upon an Embassy to Rudolph, Emperor of Germany, and made a profound impression there by his character no less than the splendour of his person. He formed one of those Elizabethan literary passions, which were a feature of the days of chivalry, for Penelope Devereux, daughter of the Earl of Essex. This lady, who married twice and was once divorced, was the Stella of his sonnet-series, *Astrophel and Stella*. Sidney married, in 1583, Frances Walsingham, by whom he had one daughter. He was knighted in the same year. But the most famous scene of Sidney's life is the death scene. He was appointed, in 1585, to serve under his uncle, the Earl of Leicester, on behalf of the Netherlands against Philip of Spain. On October 2, 1586, with a selected body of nobles and gentlemen on Leicester's staff, he was commissioned to attack a Spanish convoy attempting to carry provisions to the garrison of Zutphen. Deceived by a mist, the little English force of fifty suddenly found themselves face to face with a Spanish army of 3,000. They charged three times. At the first charge Sidney's horse was shot under him; at the third his leg was shattered by a bullet. Still he declined to dismount, and had to be carried into camp. Then, in Fulke Greville's words:

"In which sad progress, passing along by the rest of the army where his uncle the General was, and being thirstie with excess of bleeding, he called for drink, which was presently brought him; but as he was putting the bottle to his mouth, he saw a poore Souldier carryed along, who had eaten his last at the same Feast, gastly casting up his eyes at the bottle. Which Sir Philip perceiving, took it from his head, before he drank, and delivered it to the poor man, with these words, *Thy necessity is yet greater than mine.*"

The whole nation mourned for him as a friend.

**Euphues and Euphuism.**—Sidney's literary style will generally be judged, by modern taste, inferior to that of Ascham in the cloying excess of its rhetorical adornments. But we live now in an age which hates and distrusts rhetoric as rhetoric has never been hated before. In poetry we submit to any device; we like our prose plain and to the point. Previous ages have not had this feeling, and it is scarcely fair to judge the prose of Elizabeth's day by these modern standards. Elizabethan taste in literature was formed, as we have seen, principally by the classics, and its rhetoric was modelled upon that of Rome. We shall not therefore be surprised to find the typical prose of this age artificial and exotic. The name given to its antithetical, allusive, allegorical rhetoric is "euphuism," and that name we have now to explain. JOHN LYLY (the name is now generally so spelt, but there is no occasion to pronounce it otherwise than "Lily") was an Oxford scholar, a dramatist, and a wit of the Court of Elizabeth. He wrote many plays, most of which were performed before the Queen at Greenwich by the "children of Powles"—that is, the choir of St. Paul's Cathedral. He spent his life as a humble petitioner for favours which he never received, and no more need be said about it. But the works upon which his popularity in those days and his fame in these depends (if we except the song of *Cupid and Campaspe* from one of his plays), are the two prose works which bear the title of *Euphues*. Euphues is supposed to be a young Athenian who comes to England in the course of his education. But there is very little story in the book, and what there is serves merely as a peg for the long and ornate speeches to hang upon. The work was extremely popular in those days. Elizabeth herself talked euphuism, and the ladies of her Court used the language themselves, and expected it from their admirers. What that language was like will appear sufficiently in the extract here given. Sir Walter Scott has ridiculed euphuism under the character of Sir Percy Shafton

in *The Monastery*, and Charles Kingsley has defended Lyly in *Westward Ho!* But the work has now, I think, found its true level as an interesting literary curiosity, and no more. Throughout the history of literature in all countries there have been outbreaks of literary foppery like this—an excessive devotion to word-juggling. A little of it is amusing, much nauseates. It is, when carried to excess, a real menace to literature, and very often a sign of decadence. Even Shakespeare, in his weaker moments, betrays alarming symptoms of euphuism, but his virile good sense saved him and our language. The literature of Spain was destroyed by a similar tendency.

**Richard Hooker.**—The grandest literary achievement of this age (with the possible exception of the *The Faerie Queene*), from the nature of it, finds no place in this book. This is RICHARD HOOKER'S *Ecclesiastical Polity*, a magnificent work in eight books of weighty and dignified prose, always clear, forcible, and musical. It was designed to justify the practices of the English Church, and is certainly to be ranked among the finest achievements of English theology. Indeed, when one considers how short was the time of growth for English prose, it seems almost incredible that this majestic work could have appeared at such an early date. Hooker's dates are from 1553 or 1554 to 1600. He was educated at Oxford, became Master of the Temple, where he was unequally yoked with a man of Presbyterian tendencies, and gladly retired to the scholarly retreat of a country living. It would be absurd to make extracts from the *Ecclesiastical Polity*. We can only point to it as the finest example of what our prose language at this date was able to perform. Izaak Walton has pleasantly written Hooker's life.

**The Prose Style of the Period.**—Molière's Bourgeois Gentilhomme was surprised to be told, when he asked what prose was, that he had been talking it all his life; and, indeed,

if prose be simply anything that is not verse, we all speak and write prose. But there is an art of prose, none the less. This art depends largely for its effect, even as poetry does, upon rhythm and melody. Although the rhythm of prose has no certain rules, it is a thing essential to good style, and the least accomplished writer will find himself, unconsciously or consciously, rejecting one form of expression in favour of another because it sounds better. Good Elizabethan prose was much concerned with melody and balance. Its rhythm was originally derived from the style of Cicero, who never wrote a sentence without considering it as a piece of music. One of the finest achievements of the prose of this period is our Book of Common Prayer, with its grave and noble melodies. King Henry VIII. has himself been credited with the composition of the Litany, perhaps the most melodious part of it. Anyone, therefore, who reads Sidney's *Arcadia* or Lyly's *Euphues* without keeping his ears open to the rhythm of the words will miss half their virtues. The other notable feature of the style of this period is the "conceit," not only in prose, but in verse. By "conceit" we mean a play upon words or sounds, an intellectual trickery designed to arrest the attention and seize the memory. Here are some examples from this book:

"Using sonnets for psalms, and pastimes for prayers, reading the Epistle of a Lover, when they should peruse the Gospel of our Lord."—LYLY: *Euphues and his England.*

"Then shall you be like stars to the wise, who now are but staring-stocks to the foolish."—*Ibid.*

"Of an accompanable solitariness, and of a civil wildness."—SIDNEY: *Arcadia.*

"The one wanting no store, the other having no store but of want."—*Ibid.*

"Wanting little, because they desire not much."—*Ibid.*

"Thou weak, I wan; thou lean, I quite forlorn:
With mourning pine I; you with pining mourn."
SPENSER: *Shepheard's Calendar.*

"I love thilk lass (*alas!* why do I love?)"—*Ibid.*

The love-sonnets, also, which bulk so largely in the literature of the sixteenth century, generally depend for their very existence upon a "conceit," a quaint comparison, a single metaphor, or a play upon words. See how even our rugged son of the soil, Hugh Latimer, juggles desperately with words in his homely sermons. The "conceit" was at once the desire and the disease of the period. Now we shall understand Shakespeare's love of word-play, and all the verbal quibbling of his clowns, jesters, and wits. John of Gaunt upon his death-bed, Richard II. at his deposition, the Earl of Suffolk before his assassination, no less than Touchstome in his quips, Beatrice in her repartees, Macbeth's witches in their prophecies, Dogberry and Verges in their illiterate malapropisms, Hamlet in his soliloquies—all exhibit the same sleight of hand in playing with words.

**Poetry—The Amourist School.**—The middle of the sixteenth century saw the publication of innumerable anthologies containing Amourist poetry, chiefly the work of courtiers, gallants, and nobles. Such anthologies were *Tottel's Miscellany* (1557), *The Paradise of Dainty Devices* (1576), *The Gorgeous Gallery of Gallant Inventions* (1578), *The Handfull of Pleasant Delights* (1584). Their names fairly indicate their contents; they are all synonyms for the "conceit," and they are all concerned with the subject of love. Now love is a very elastic term, which we have no space here to analyze; but as it was understood by Wyatt and Surrey, Sidney and Spenser, and all the authors named or anonymous of the Gorgeous Gallery, etc., it presents a very singular phenomenon. There

is no trace of real passion in the Amourists. Neither between Sidney and his Stella, nor between Spenser and his Rosalind, nor between Surrey and his Geraldine, is there any trace of the ordinary human emotion which leads men nowadays to marriage, and sometimes to crime. It was a convention, a fashion, a romantic fiction. Surrey and Wyatt imported the fashion from Italy, where Dante and his Beatrice, Petrarch and his Laura had set it. It was a feature of the age of chivalry, and especially of expiring chivalry. In one of the Paston Letters (given in *The Age of Chaucer*), date 1440, we are told how a knight had come from Spain "with a kerchief of pleasaunce enwrapped about his arm; the which knight will run a course with a sharp spear for his sovereign lady's sake." Even so Don Quixote and his Dulcinea. No knight was complete without his lady to tilt for at the jousts in the days of chivalry; so, now that it was more the fashion to write sonnets than to break lances, every knight must have his ideal lady for that purpose. It is only fair to add that this romantic fiction did not impair their domestic felicity with someone else. We can understand Shakespeare's picture of

> "the lover sighing like furnace,
> With a woeful ballad to his mistress' eyebrow."

On the whole, a harmless and pleasant fashion, to which we owe very much delightful verse, as well as a great deal that is rather forced and tedious. It should be added that, whoever the lady might be, among Elizabeth's courtiers the Queen herself up to the last reserved her paramount right to the same sort of poetical devotion.

**Spenser.**—The appearance of EDMUND SPENSER requires no elaborate explanation. He is the chief star of a galaxy rather than a solitary comet like Geoffrey Chaucer. He was of good Lancashire family, though his father was a London clothier. He was born in 1552, and was one of the first scholars of Merchant Taylors' School, just founded in 1561,

under the headmastership of Mulcaster, himself a writer of plays in which, doubtless, the young Spenser acted. Spenser went in 1569 with an exhibition to Pembroke College, Cambridge, and there was the centre of a brilliant circle of literary men, of whom Gabriel Harvey and Edward Kirke were his best friends. From the college records we gather that he was at this time poor, and of indifferent health. He must have read and studied voraciously in English, Greek, Latin, French, and Italian, for, like that of all his contemporaries, his work is full of learning. He stayed at Cambridge longer than was customary—namely, seven years; he was beaten in competition for a fellowship by that great divine (afterwards Bishop) Lancelot Andrewes. When he left Cambridge he seems to have visited his relations in the North, and there met his "Rosalinde, the widowe's daughter of the glen," the unresponsive mistress of his romantic affection. Returning downhearted he formed, in 1579, his lasting friendship with Philip Sidney, who introduced him to his uncle Leicester, and became thenceforth his Mæcenas and patron. In Sidney's house at Penshurst the *Shepheard's Calendar* was completed and published anonymously, with a dedication to Sidney and a commentary by Edward Kirke. At this period the circle of literary friends who met under Leicester's roof seriously considered a return from the model of Chaucer to classical metres. Gabriel Harvey, in particular, recommended the change, but fortunately Spenser's exquisite ear saved him from such monstrosities. In 1580 he went to Ireland, as secretary to Lord Grey of Wilton, and as a result wrote his prose work, the *View of the Present State of Ireland*, an able and lucid treatise, which effectually proves that Spenser was, like his contemporaries, something more than a poetical dreamer. It was in Ireland that he made the acquaintance of that most typical of all the Elizabethans—Sir Walter Raleigh. To Raleigh he read the first three books of his *Faerie Queene* by the waters of Mulla. Raleigh was enchanted; he saw that

this sort of thing was genius, and might bring fortune at Court, so he hurried Spenser to London, and presented the poet and his work to the Queen. Spenser has narrated this visit in his *Colin Clout's Come Home Again*, under a pastoral disguise. One result was a pension of £50 from the Queen, another, and more important, the universal recognition of his genius. After a most flattering reception he returned to Ireland, where he possessed Kilcolman Castle and an estate of 3,000 acres. In 1598 he was made Sheriff of Cork. Then came the tragedy of his life. In Tyrone's rebellion his home was plundered and burnt, one of his children was destroyed in the flames, and Spenser himself barely escaped with his life to England, where he died (1599) in poverty at Westminster. The three of his works mentioned above are the most important, but two of his shorter poems, the *Prothalamion* and *Epithalamion*, rank among the most beautiful lyrics in our language.

**Spenser's Diction.**—The language which Spenser employed in his poetry was, it will be seen, not the ordinary speech of his time. He had the idea (erroneously, as Sidney thought, and most modern critics will agree) that poetry required a diction removed from the ordinary. He therefore introduces these three classes of words: 1. Archaisms; expressions and words from Chaucer, such as the prefix *y-* to past participles. These are very numerous, for Spenser was a devoted admirer and diligent student of Chaucer. Spenser is not consistent in his use of them; for example, we find Chaucer's "couth" side by side with the modern "could," and many similar cases. 2. Provincialisms; dialect forms chiefly from Lancashire (query: Are there any words or phrases due to his residence in Ireland?). In this second class is his love of the word "stoure," and such words as "lad," "heame" (home), and "witch" (ash); also such shepherd names as Cuddie, a familiar abbreviation of the Northern name Cuthbert. 3. Learned importations from Latin and Greek, French and

Italian, some apparently coined by Spenser.* Edward Kirke thus apologizes for Spenser's eccentric vocabulary:

"I graunt they be something hard, and of most men unused, yet both English & also used of most excellent Authors & most famous Poetes. In whom, whenas this our Poet hath bene much traveiled & thoroughly redd, how could it be, (as that worthy Oratour sayde) but that walking in the sonne; although for other cause he walked, yet needes he mought be sunburnt, & having the sound of those ancient Poetes still ringing in his eares, he mought needes, in singing, hit out some of theyr tunes. But whether he useth them by such casualtye & custome, or of set purpose & choyse, as thinking them fittest for such rusticall rudenesse of shepheards, eyther for that theyr rough sounde would make his rymes more ragged and rustical, or els because such olde and obsolete wordes are most used of country folke, sure I think, & think I think not amisse, that they bring great grace and, as one would say, auctoritie to the verse." Says Sidney in his *Apologie for Poetrie:* "That same framing of his stile to an old rustick language I dare not alowe." And Ben Jonson remarks: "Spenser, in affecting the ancients, writ no language: yet I would have him read for the matter."

**Spenser's Qualities.**—It cannot be denied that, compared with Milton, Shakespeare, and even Chaucer, Spenser seems to be falling into neglect at the present time. There is a fashion in these matters, but I doubt whether Spenser has ever been a popular poet, or ever will be. Charles Lamb shows his usual insight when he calls him "the poet's poet." The ordinary person who tries to read through the *Faerie Queene* will probably be bewildered by the want of apparent plan in the story; he will find himself frequently driven to search in notes for elucidation of the allegory, and frequently notes will fail him. He will often be puzzled by the archaic

* For fuller information on this subject the student is referred to Macmillan's school edition of the *Shepheard's Calendar* by Dr. Herford.

language, and inclined to resent these gratuitous obstacles to comprehension. These are reasons sufficient to account for Spenser's position to-day. But as a storehouse of beautiful things, as a source of inspiration for poet and painter, as a craftsman of exquisite music in words, Spenser will always retain his position among those who really care for these things. One of his great merits is the *colour* of his poem; everything is seen as a picture, and the smaller details are clearly painted. This makes him a superb allegorist. The House of Pride is built for the eye to see, and nothing omitted. Another notable quality is the romantic idealism of his work. Now Romance and Idealism are words very often used by critics and very seldom explained. In the real world men and women and things are generally a mixture of good and bad, and when it comes to describing them in literature our view of their qualities is determined by our own natures. Thus, to take a thatched cottage for an example, the idealist will see its beauty, will conjure up a picture of rustic innocence, simplicity, and health; the realist, on the other hand, will suggest that a slate roof would be more satisfactory to the tenants, and will assume that they are dirty, unhealthy, and mentally and morally degraded. The truth, as usual, lies in the middle. In Romance a man is either a hero or a villain. If a hero, he is brave, handsome, honourable; if a villain, he is ugly and cowardly, as well as base. Realism, on the other hand, in its revolt against Romance, is so apt to dwell upon the weaknesses of its heroes and the redeeming virtues of its villains, that it becomes very hard to know which is which, and the result is a sort of topsy-turvy Romance. Again the truth lies in the middle. It has been necessary to make this somewhat elaborate explanation of the terms, because Ideal and Romantic are the epithets which best describe Spenser's work and that of most of his contemporaries. Spenser is allegorizing the virtues and vices—it would be absurd, therefore, to expect to

find realism in Spenser. So, since we live in an age that cries out for realism, this is another reason why Spenser is neglected.

**Tudor Patronage of Literature.** — In describing the personalities of those who made the literature of the sixteenth century, we have formed the acquaintance of some of the most splendid figures that our history has to show. We have already mentioned how important a part King Henry VIII. played in giving an impetus to this outburst of genius. Edward VI. in his short reign showed the same love of learning and literature. Queen Elizabeth is glorified by the literary glory of her Court. Herself no unworthy pupil of Roger Ascham, she set the fashion for literature in her Court, and befriended its votaries with much encouragement, combined with a good deal of economy. Never has literature flourished in England as it flourished in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, and one reason is obvious: the only rulers who have cared for literature in England since the days of King Alfred have been these Tudors, and in a less degree the Stuarts. With literature, as with most things, the law of supply and demand holds good. Where there are patrons there will be poets.

**Exploration and Adventure.** — Among the influences which led to this remarkable outburst of genius in the sixteenth century we have enumerated these: Royal patronage, the Renascence and New Learning common to all Europe, liberty and peace in England, the Reformation, which meant the unchaining of reason and the translation of the Bible. Another notable cause was the new spirit of foreign adventure and exploration. These were the days of Cabot, Frobisher, Drake, and Raleigh. Every day new stories of marvellous lands came to England, quickening the imagination and breaking up the old grooves of thought. In 1589 RICHARD HAKLUYT published his *Navigation, Voyages, and Discoveries of the English*

*Nation*, a sober record of marvellous travel, which had an immense influence upon the English mind, as we shall see presently in Shakespeare. His work was continued by Samuel Purchas, who called himself *Hakluytus Posthumus*.

It is this fact of daily adventure and discovery that accounts for the hopeful spirit of English Renascence Literature. In the classics there is a Golden Age, an age of innocence, virtue, peace, and plenty ; but with them it lies away back in the distant past, the days when Jove's father Saturn held the sceptre of heaven. Throughout the reign of Elizabeth, on the contrary, there is an earnest looking forward to a brighter future ; all our writers are urging on a progress towards a future goal. The tales that Master Hythodaye has to tell in *Utopia* are feigned to exist in a distant land, but for More's readers they lay close at hand in no very distant future. Therefore Hakluyt,* the "silent listener," who put on record some of the marvellous tales that were then to be heard in every alehouse, performed a service for England not less important than that of the explorers themselves. These Elizabethan seamen are among the most attractive figures of our history, whatever the international lawyer may have to say about the legality, or the moralist about the morality of their proceedings. No Englishman can fail to enjoy Drake's singeing of the King of Spain's beard or Sir Richard Grenville's fight in the little *Revenge*. Sir Walter Raleigh is among the most attractive of them all. Though all his actions were stamped with failure, and his life ended miserably upon the scaffold, he is for most people the typical Elizabethan courtier. His *History of the World* was in its way as bold an undertaking as his Virginian voyage. It was, indeed, the work of several authors—Ben Jonson, for example, tells us that he was commissioned to write part of it—but the finest and most philosophic parts of it are probably the work of Raleigh himself.

* The name is purely English, and would now be spelt "Hacklewight"; there is, therefore, no occasion for any foreign pronunciation.

Though his fame be founded more upon his discoveries of those two friends of man, tobacco and the potato, he was a writer of singularly beautiful and pathetic lyrics, the finest of courtiers, and the most unfortunate of men. It has been said that the two personalities combined in him—the man of letters and the man of action—mutually impaired the other; that he would have been a better poet if he had been less of an adventurer, and a more successful leader of men if he had been less of a poet. But such was the characteristic of the Elizabethans—to attempt everything, to essay every side of life. These men were learned without pedantry, poetical without affectation, dreamers with the power of action. Above all ages, this age demonstrates Charles Lamb's important proposition of "the Sanity of True Genius."

**Translations.**—Another feature of the intellectual activity of this age was its many translations from the famous literature of other times and other lands. Amongst these the most popular and those of most value were: *The Æneid*, by Gawin Douglas; the *New Testament*, by Tyndale; Cranmer's Bible; Phaer's *Vergil;* Chapman's *Homer* (which excited the magnificent praise of Keats); Fairfax's *Tasso;* Florio's *Montaigne;* North's *Plutarch*, and many others. It was upon such works as these that the mind of men like Shakespeare was nourished, although all the principal authors in this volume were scholars capable of reading the originals. Historians like Holinshed and Stow enlarged the mental horizon of their age.

**Chronology.**—A note upon the chronology of this volume seems to be required. It professes to give an account only of the sixteenth century, and to give a complete account of that. Yet there are one or two inconsistencies which require explanation. Several lyrics of Sir Walter Raleigh, who did not die until 1618, have been introduced here because Raleigh was essentially a member of Spenser's circle. Conversely Marlowe and the early dramatists have been reserved for the Age of

Shakespeare because of their bearing upon his work, although in date they belong to this period. The following table of dates may be of use in extricating the somewhat complex problems of chronology :

| Reign. | Born. | Author. | Died. |
|---|---|---|---|
| Edward IV. | 1460 ? | John Skelton | 1528 ? |
| ,, | 1465 ? | William Dunbar | 1530 ? |
| ,, | 1467 | Desiderius Erasmus | 1536 |
| ,, | 1478 | Sir Thomas More | 1535 |
| Edward V. and Richard III. | 1483 | | |
| Henry VII. | 1485 | Hugh Latimer | 1555 |
| ,, | 1503 | Sir Thomas Wyatt | 1542 |
| Henry VIII. | 1509 | | |
| ,, | 1515 | Roger Ascham | 1568 |
| ,, | 1516 | John Foxe | 1587 |
| ,, | 1516 | Earl of Surrey | 1547 |
| Edward VI. | 1547 | | |
| ,, | 1552 | Edmund Spenser | 1599 |
| ,, | 1552 | Richard Hakluyt | 1616 |
| ,, | 1552 | Sir Walter Raleigh | 1618 |
| Mary | 1553 | | |
| ,, | 1554 | Sir Philip Sidney | 1586 |
| ,, | 1554 | Richard Hooker | 1600 |
| ,, | 1554 | John Lyly | 1606 |
| Elizabeth | 1558 | | |
| ,, | 1560 | Robert Greene | 1592 |
| ,, | 1561 | Sir Francis Bacon | 1626 |
| ,, | 1564 | Christopher Marlowe | 1593 |
| ,, | 1564 | William Shakespeare | 1616 |
| ,, | 1608 | John Milton | 1674 |

I.

## WILLIAM DUNBAR.

### IN HONOUR OF THE CITY OF LONDON.

LONDON, thou art of townes A per se.
Soveraign of cities, semeliest in sight,
Of high renoun, riches & royaltie;
Of lordis, barons, and many a goodly Knyght;
Of most delectable lusty Ladies bright;
Of famous Prelatis, in habitis clericall;
Of Merchauntis full of substaunce & myght;
London, thou art the flour of Cities all.

Gladdith anon, thou lusty Troynovaunt,
Citie that some tyme cleped was New Troy;
In all the erth, imperialle as thou stant,
Pryncesse of townes, of pleasure & of joy,
A richer restith under no Christen Roy;
For manly power, with craftis naturall,
Fourmeth none fairer sith the flode of Noy:
London, thou art the flour of Cities all.

Gemme of all joy, jaspre of jocunditie,
Most myghty carbuncle of vertue & valour;
Strong Troy in vigour & in strenuytie;
Of royall cities rose & geraflour;
Emperesse of townes, éxalt in honóur;
In beautie beryng the Crowne Imperiall;
Swete paradise precelling in pleasure;
London, thou art the flour of Cities all.

Above all ryvers thy Ryver hath renowne,
  Whose beryall stremys, pleasaunt & preclare,
Under thy lusty wallys renneth down,
  Where many a swanne doth swymme with wyngis fair;
  Where many a barge doth saile & row with are;
Where many a ship doth rest with toppe-royall.
  O, Towne of townes, patrone and not compare,
London, thou art the flour of Cities all.

Upon thy lusty Brigge of pylers white
  Been merchauntis full royall to behold;
Upon thy stretis go'th many a semely knyght
  In velvet gownes & in cheynes of gold.
  By Julyus Cesar thy Tour founded of old
May be the hous of Mars victoryall,
  Whose artillary with tonge may not be told:
London, thou art the flour of Cities all.

Strong be thy wallis that about thee standis;
  Wise be the people that within thee dwellis;
Fresh be thy ryver with his lusty strandis;
  Blith be thy chirches, wele sownyng be thy bellis;
  Rich be thy merchauntis in substaunce that excellis;
Fair be their wives, right lovesom, white & small;
  Clere be thy virgyns, lusty under kellis:
London, thou art the flour of Cities all.

Thy famous Maire, by pryncely governaunce,
  With swerd of Justice thee rulith prudently.
No Lord of Parys, Venyce, or Floraunce
  In dignytie or honour go'th to hym nigh.
  He is exempler, loode-ster, & guye;
Principall patrone & rose orygynalle,
  Above all Maires as maister most worthy:
London, thou art the flour of Cities all.

## II.

## JOHN SKELTON.

### TO MAYSTRESS MARGARET HUSSEY.

MIRRY Margaret
As mydsomer flowre ;
Gentill as fawcoun
Or hawke of the towre :
With solace and gladness,
Moche mirthe and no madness,
All good and no badness,
So joyously,
So maydenly,
So womanly,
Her demenyng
In everything
Far, far passyng
That I can endyght,
Or suffyce to wryghte,
Of mirry Margarete,
As mydsomer flowre,
Gentyll as fawcoun
Or hawke of the towre,
As pacient and styll,
And as full of good-wyll
As faire Isaphyll,
Colyaunder,
Swete pomaunder,
Goode Cassaunder ;
Stedfast of thought
Wele made, wele wrought ;
Far may be sought,

Erst that ye may fynde
So corteise, so kynde,
As mirry Margaret,
This mydsomer floure,
Gentyll as fawcoun
Or hawke of the towre.

## III.

## ROGER ASCHAM.

### TOXOPHILUS.

PHILOLOGUS. Surely, Toxophile, I thynke manye fletchers (although daylye they haue these thinges in ure) if they were asked sodeynly, what they coulde saye of a fether, they could not saye so moch. But I praye you let me heare you more at large expresse those thynges in a fether, the which you packed up in so narrowe a rowme. And fyrst whether any other thyng may be used for a fether or not.

TOXOPHILUS. That was ye fyrste poynte in dede, and bycause there foloweth many after, I wyll hye apace ouer them, as one that had manye a myle to ride. Shaftes to haue had alwayes fethers Plinius in Latin, and Julius Pollux in Greke, do playnlye shewe, yet onely the Lycians I read in Herodotus to haue used shaftes without fedders. Onelye a fedder is fit for a shafte for ii causes, fyrste bycause it is leathe weake to giue place to the bowe, than bycause it is of that nature, that it wyll starte up after ye bow. So, Plate, wood or horne can not serue, bycause they wil not gyue place. Againe, Cloth, Paper, or Parchment can not serue, bycause they wyll not ryse after the bowe, therfore a fedder is onely mete, bycause it onelye

wyl do bothe. Nowe to looke on the fedders of all maner of birdes, you shal se some so lowe weke and shorte, some so course, stoore and harde, and the rib so brickle, thin and narrow, that it can nether be drawen, pared, nor yet well set on, that except it be a swan for a dead shafte (as I knowe some good Archers haue used) or a ducke for a flyghte whiche lastes but one shoote, there is no fether but onelye of a goose that hath all commodities in it. And trewelye at a short but, which some man doth use, ye Peacock fether doth seldome kepe up ye shaft eyther ryght or leuel, it is so roughe and heuy, so that many men which haue taken them up for gayenesse, hathe layde them downe agayne for profyte, thus for our purpose, the Goose is best fether, for the best shoter.

PHI. No that is not so, for the best shoter that euer was used other fethers.

TOX. Ye are so cunninge in shootynge I pray you who was that.

PHI. Hercules whyche had hys shaftes fethered with Egles fethers as Hesiodus dothe saye.

TOX. Well as for Hercules, seynge nether water nor lande, heauen nor hell, coulde scarse contente hym to abyde in, it was no meruell thoughe a sely poore gouse fether could not plese him to shoote wythall, and agayne as for Egles they flye so hye and builde so far of, yat they be very hard to come by. Yet welfare the gentle gouse which bringeth to a man euen to hys doore so manye excedynge commodities. For the gouse is mans comforte in war, and in peace slepynge and wakynge. What prayse so euer is gyuen to shootynge the gouse may chalenge the beste parte in it. How well dothe she make a man fare at his table? Howe easelye dothe she make a man lye in hys bed? How fit euen as her fethers be onely for shootynge, so be her quylles fytte onely for wrytyng.

PHI. In deade Toxophyle that is the beste prayse you gaue to a gouse yet, and surelye I would haue sayde you had bene to blame yf you had ouerskypte it.

TOX. The Romaynes I trowe Philologe not so muche bycause a gouse wyth cryinge saued theyr Capitolium and head toure wyth their golden Jupiter, as Propertius doth say very pretely in thys verse,

*Anseris et tutum uoce fuisse Jouem.*
*Id est,*

Theues on a night had stolne Jupiter, had a gouse not a kekede,

Dyd make a golden gouse and set hir in the top of ye Capitolium, and appoynted also the Censores to alow out of ye common hutche yearly stipendes for ye findinge of certayne Geese, ye Romaynes did not I saye giue al thys honor to a gouse for yat good dede onely, but for other infinit mo which comme dayly to a man byn Geese, and surely yf I should declame in ye prayse of any maner of beste lyuyng, I would chose a gouse. But the gouse hath made vs flee to farre from oure matter. Nowe sir ye haue hearde how a fether must be had, and that a goose fether onely. It foloweth of a yong gose and an oulde, and the residue belonging to a fether: which thing I wyll shortlye course ouer: whereof, when you knowe the properties, you maye fitte your shaftes accordyng to your shotyng, which rule you must obserue in all other thynges too, bycause no one fashion or quantitie can be fitte for euery man, no more than a shooe or a cote can be. The oulde goose fether is styffe and stronge, good for a wynde, and fyttest for a deed shaft: the yonge goose fether is weake and fyne, best for a swyfte shaft, and it must be couled at the first shering, somewhat hye, for with shoting, it wyll sattle and faule very moche. The same thing (although not so moche) is to be consydered in a goose

and a gander. A fenny goose, euen as her flesh is blacker, stoorer, unholsomer, so is her fether for the same cause courser stoorer and rougher, and therfore I haue heard very good fletchers saye, that the seconde fether in some place is better than the pinion in other some. Betwixt the winges is lytle difference, but that you must haue diuerse shaftes of one flight, fethered with diuerse winges, for diuerse windes: for if the wynde and the fether go both one way the shaft wyll be caryed to moche. The pinion fethers as it hath the firste place in the winge, so it hath the fyrst place in good fetheringe. You maye knowe it afore it be pared, by a bought whiche is in it, and agayne when it is colde, by the thinnesse aboue, and the thicknesse at the grounde, and also by the stifnes and finesse which wyll cary a shaft better, faster and further, euen as a fine sayle cloth doth a shyppe.

The colour of the fether is lefte to be regarded, yet sommewhat to be looked on: for a good whyte, you haue sometyme an yll greye. Yet surelye it standeth with good reason to haue the cocke fether black or greye, as it were to gyue a man warning to nocke ryght. The cocke fether is called that which standeth aboue in ryght nocking, which if you do not obserue the other fethers must nedes run on the bowe, and so marre your shote. And thus farre of the goodnesse and choyse of your fether: now foloweth the setting on. Wherin you must looke that your fethers be not drawen for hastinesse, but pared euen and streyghte with diligence. The fletcher draweth a fether when he hath but one swappe at it with his knyfe, and then playneth it a lytle, with rubbynge it ouer his knyfe. He pareth it when he taketh leysure and hede to make euery parte of the ryb apt to stand streight, and euen upon the stele. This thing if a man take not heede on, he maye chaunce haue cause to saye so of his fletcher, as in dressinge of meate is communelye spoken

of Cookes : and that is, that God sendeth us good fethers, but the deuyll noughtie Fletchers. Yf any fletchers heard me saye thus, they wolde not be angrye with me, excepte they were yll fletchers : and yet by reason, those fletchers too, ought rather to amend them selues for doing yll, then be angry with me for saying truth. The ribbe in a styffe fether may be thinner, for so it wyll stande cleaner on : but in a weake fether you must leaue a thicker ribbe, or els yf the ryb which is the foundacion and grounde, wherin nature hath set euerye clefte of the fether, be taken to nere the fether it muste nedes folowe, that the fether shall faule, and droupe downe, euen as any herbe doeth whyche hath his roote to nere taken on with a spade. The lengthe and shortnesse of the fether, serueth for diuers shaftes, as a long fether for a long heauy, or byg shafte, the shorte fether for the contrary. Agayne the shorte may stande farther, the longe nerer the nocke. Youre fether muste stande almooste streyght on, but yet after that sorte, yat it maye turne rounde in flyinge. And here I consider the wonderfull nature of shootynge, whiche standeth all togyther by that fashion, which is moste apte for quicke mouynge, and that is by roundenesse. For firste the bowe must be gathered rounde, in drawyng it must come rounde compasse, the stryng muste be rounde, the stele rounde, the beste nocke rounde, the feather shorne somewhat rounde, the shafte in flyenge, muste turne rounde, and if it flye far, it flyeth a rounde compace. For eyther aboue or benethe a rounde compace, hyndereth the flyinge Moreouer bothe the fletcher in makynge your shafte, and you in nockynge your shafte, muste take heede that two fethers equallye runne on the bowe. For yf one fether runne alone on the bowe, it shal quickely be worne, and shall not be able to matche with the other fethers, and agayne at the lowse, yf the shafte be lyght, it wyl starte, if it be

heuye, it wil hoble. And thus as concernyng settyng on of your fether. Nowe of coulynge.

To shere a shafte hyghe or lowe, muste be as the shafte is, heauy or lyght, great or lytle, long or short. The swyne backed fashion, maketh the shaft deader, for it gathereth more ayer than the saddle backed, and therfore the saddle backe is surer for daunger of wether, and fitter for smothe fliing. Agayn to shere a shaft rounde, as they were wount somtime to do, or after the triangle fashion, whyche is muche used nowe a dayes, bothe be good. For roundnesse is apte for fliynge of his owne nature, and al maner of triangle fashion, (the sharpe poynte goyng before) is also naturally apte for quycke entrynge, and therfore sayth Cicero, that cranes taught by nature, obserue in flyinge a triangle fashion alwayes, bycause it is so apte to perce and go thorowe the ayer wythall. Laste of all pluckynge of fethers is noughte, for there is no suerty in it, therfore let euery archer haue such shaftes, that he maye bothe knowe them and trust them at euery chaunge of wether. Yet if they must nedes be plucked, plucke them as little as can be, for so shal they be the lesse vnconstante. And thus I haue knit vp in as shorte a roume as I coulde, the best fethers fetheringe and coulinge of a shafte.

## IV.

## ROGER ASCHAM.

### THE SCHOOLMASTER.

YET, some will say, that children, of nature, loue pastime, and mislike learning: bicause, in their kinde, the one is easie and pleasant, the other hard & werisom: which is an opinion not so trewe, as some men weene: For, the

matter lieth not so much in the disposition of them that be yong, as in the order & maner of bringing vp, by them that be old, nor yet in the differēce of learnyng & pastime. For, beate a child, if he daunce not well, & cherish him, though he learne not well, ye shall haue him, vnwilling to go to daunce, & glad to go to his booke. Knocke him alwaies, when he draweth his shaft ill, and fauor him againe, though he faut at his booke, ye shall haue hym verie loth to be in the field, and verie willing to be in the schole. Yea, I saie more, and not of my selfe, but by the iudgemēt of those, from whom few wisemen will gladlie dissent, that if euer the nature of man be giuen at any tyme, more than other, to receiue goodnes, it is, in innocencie of yong yeares, before, that experience of euill, haue taken roote in hym. For the pure cleane witte of a sweete yong babe, is like the newest wax, most hable to receiue the best & fayrest printing: and like a new bright siluer dishe neuer occupied, to receiue & kepe cleane, anie good thyng that is put into it.

And thus, will in children, wiselie wrought withall, maie easelie be won to be verie well willing to learne. And witte in childrē, by nature, namelie memorie, the onelie keie & keper of all learning, is readiest to recieue, and surest to kepe anie maner of thing, that is learned in yongth: This, lewde & learned, by common experiēce, know to be most trewe. For we remember nothyng so well when we be olde, as those things which we learned when were yong: And this is not straunge, but common in all natures workes. Euery man sees, (as I sayd before) new wax is best for printyng: new claie, fittest for working: new shorne woll, aptest for sone and surest dying: new fresh flesh, for good & durable salting. And this similitude is not rude, nor borowed of the larder house, but out of his scholehouse, of whom, the wisest of England, neede not be ashamed to learne. Yong Graftes grow not onelie

sonest, but also fairest, and bring alwayes forth the best & sweetest frute: yong whelpes learne easelie to carie: yong Popingeis learne quicklie to speake: And so, to be short, if in all other thinges, though they lacke reason, sens, & life, the similitude of youth is fittest to all goodnesse, surelie nature, in mankinde, is most beneficiall & effectuall in this behalfe.

Therfore, if to the goodnes of nature, be ioyned the wisedome of the teacher, in leading yong wittes into a right & plaine waie of learnyng, surelie, children, kept vp in Gods feare, & gouerned by his grace, maie most easelie be brought well to serue God and contrey both by vertue and wisedome.

But if will, and witte, by farder age, be once allured frō innocencie, delited in vaine sightes, filed with foull taulke, crooked with wilfulnesse, hardned with stubburnesse, & let louse to disobedience, surelie it is hard with ientlenesse, but vnpossible with seuere crueltie, to call them backe to good frame againe. For, where the one, perchance maie bend it, the other shall surelie breake it: and so in stead of some hope, leaue an assured desperation, and shamelesse contempt of all goodnesse, the fardest pointe in all mischief, as *Xenophon* doth most trewlie and most wittelie marke.

Therfore, to loue or to hate, to like or contemne, to plie this waie or that waie to good or to bad, ye shall haue as ye vse a child in his youth.

And one example, whether loue or feare doth worke more in a child, for vertue & learning, I will gladlie report: which may be hard with some pleasure, & folowed with more profit. Before I went into *Germanie*, I came to Brodegate in Lecestershire, to take my leaue of that noble Ladie *Iane Grey*, to whom I was exceding moch beholdinge. Hir parentes, the Duke & Duches, with all the houshould, Gentlemen & Gentlewomen, were

huntinge in the Parke: I founde her, in her Chamber, readinge *Phaedon Platonis* in Greeke, & that with as moch delite, as som ientleman wold read a merie tale in *Bocase*. After salutation, & dewtie done, with som other taulke, I asked hir, whie she wold leese soch pastime in the Parke? smiling she answered me: I wisse, all their sporte in the Parke is but a shadoe to that pleasure, that I find in Plato: Alas good folke, they neuer felt, what trewe pleasure ment. And howe came you Madame, quoth I, to this deepe knowledge of pleasure, and what did chieflie allure you vnto it: seinge, not many women, but verie fewe men haue atteined thereunto. I will tell you, quoth she, & tell you a troth, which perchance ye will meruell at. One of the greatest benefites, that euer God gaue me, is, that he sent me so sharpe & seuere Parentes, & so ientle a scholemaster. For whē I am in presence either of father or mother, whether I speake, kepe silence, sit, stand, or go, eate, drinke, be merie, or sad, be sowyng, plaiyng, dauncing, or doing anie thing els, I must do it, as it were, in soch weight, mesure, & number, euen so perfitelie, as God made the world, or else I am so sharplie taunted, so cruellie threatened, yea presentlie some tymes, with pinches, nippes, & bobbes, & other waies, which I will not name, for the honor I beare them, so without measure misordered, that I thinke my selfe in hell, till tyme cum, that I must go to *M. Elmer*, who teacheth me so ientlie, so pleasantlie, with soch faire allurementes to learning, that I thinke all the tyme nothing, whiles I am with him. And when I am called from him, I fall on weeping, because, what soeuer I do els, but learning, is ful of grief, trouble, feare, & whole misliking vnto me: And thus my booke, hath bene so moch my pleasure, & bringeth dayly to me more pleasure & more, that in respect of it, all other pleasures, in very deede, be but trifles & troubles vnto me. I re-

member this talke gladly, both bicause it is so worthy of memorie, & bicause also, it was the last talke that euer I had, & the last tyme, that euer I saw that noble & worthie Ladie.

## V.

## HUGH LATIMER.

### A REBUKING OF LONDON.

NOWE what shal we saye of these ryche citizens of London? What shall I saye of them? shal I cal them proude men of London, malicious men of London, mercylesse men of London. No, no, I may not saie so, they wil be offended wyth me than. Yet must I speake. For is there not reygning in London, as much pride, as much coueteousnes, as much crueltie, as much oppression, as much supersticion, as was in Nebo? Yes, I thynke and muche more to. Therfore I saye, repente O London. Repent, repente. Thou heareste thy faultes tolde the, amend them amend them. I thinke if Nebo had had the preachynge yat thou haste: they wold haue conuerted. And you rulers and officers be wise and circumspect, loke to your charge and see you do your dueties and rather be glad to amend your yll liuyng then to be angrye when you are warned or tolde of your faulte. What a do was there made in London at a certein man because he sayd, and in dede at that time on a just cause. Burgesses quod he, nay butterflies. Lorde what a do there was for yat worde. And yet would God they were no worse then butterflies. Butterflyes do but theyre nature, the butterflye is not couetouse, is not gredye of other mens goodes, is not ful of enuy and hatered, is not malicious, is not cruel, is not mercilesse. The butterflye gloriethe not in hyr owne dedes, nor preferreth the tradicions of men

before Gods worde; it committeth not idolatry nor worshyppeth false goddes. But London can not abyde to be rebuked, suche is the nature of man. If they be prycked, they wyll kycke. If they be rubbed on the gale: they wil wynce. But yet they wyll not amende theyr faultes, they wyl not be yl spoken of. But howe shal I speake well of them? If you could be contente to receyue and folowe the worde of God and fauoure good preachers, if you coulde beare to be toulde of your faultes, if you coulde amende when you heare of them: if you woulde be gladde to reforme that is a misse: if I mighte se anie suche inclinacion in you, that leaue to be mercilesse and begynne to be charytable I would then hope wel of you, I woulde then speake well of you. But London was neuer so yll as it is now. In tymes past men were full of pytie and compassion but nowe there is no pitie, for in London their brother shal die in the streetes for colde, he shall lye sycke at theyr doore betwene stocke and stocke. I can not tel what to call it, and peryshe there for hunger, was there any more unmercifulnes in Nebo? I thynke not. In tymes paste when any ryche man dyed in London, they were wonte to healp the pore scholers of the vniversitye wyth exhibition. When any man dyed, they would bequeth greate summes of money towarde the releue of the pore. When I was a scholer of Cambrydge my selfe, I harde verye good reporte of London and knewe manie that had releue of the rytche men of London, but nowe I can heare no such good reporte, and yet I inquyre of it, aud herken for it, but nowe charitie is waxed colde, none helpeth the scholer nor yet the pore. And in those dayes what dyd they whan they helped the scholers? Mary they maynteyned and gaue them liuynges that were verye papists and professed the popes doctrine and nowe that the knowledge of Gods word is brought to lyght, and many earnestelye

studye and laboure to set it forth now almost no man healpeth to maynteyne them.

Oh London London, repente repente, for I thynke God is more displeased wyth London than euer he was with the citie of Nebo. Repente therfore repent London and remembre that the same God liueth now yat punyshed Nebo, euen the same god and none other, and he wyl punyshe synne as well nowe as he dyd then, and he will punishe the iniquitie of London as well as he did then of Nebo. Amende therfore and ye that be prelates loke well to your office, for right prelatynge is busye labourynge and not lordyng. Therfore preache and teach and let your ploughe be doynge, ye lordes I saye that liue lyke loyterers, loke well to your office, the ploughe is your office and charge. If you lyue idle and loyter, you do not your duetie, you folowe not youre vocation, let your plough therfore be going and not cease, that the ground maye brynge foorth fruite. But now me thynketh I heare one saye vnto me, wotte you what you say? Is it a worcke? Is it a labour? how then hath it happened yat we haue had so manye hundred yeares so many vnpreachinge prelates, lording loyterers and idle ministers? Ye woulde haue me here to make answere and to showe the cause thereof. Nay thys land is not for me to ploughe, it is to stonye, to thorni, to harde for me to plough. They haue so many thynges yat make for them, so many things to laye for them selues that it is not for my weake teame to plough them. They haue to lay for them selues longe customes Cerimonyes, and authoritie, placyng in parliamente and many thynges more. And I feare me thys lande is not yet rype to be ploughed. For as the saying is, it lacketh wethering this geare lacketh wetheringe at leaste way it is not for me to ploughe. For what shall I loke for amonge thornes but prickyng and scrachinge? what among stones but stumblyng? What

(I had almost sayed) among serpenttes but stingyng? But thys muche I dare say, that sence lording and loytrying hath come vp, preaching hath come downe contrarie to the Apostells times. For they preached and lorded not. And nowe they lorde and preache not.

For they that be lordes wyll yll go to the plough. It is no mete office for them. It is not semyng for their state. Thus came vp lordyng loyterers. Thus crept in vnprechinge prelates, and so haue they longe continued.

For how many vnlearned prelates haue we now at this day? And no meruel. For if ye plough men yat now be, were made lordes they woulde cleane gyue ouer ploughinge, they woulde leaue of theyr labour and fall to lordyng outright, and let the plough stand. And then bothe ploughes not walkyng nothyng shoulde be in the common weale but honger. For euer sence the Prelates were made Loordes and nobles, the ploughe standeth, there is no worke done, the people sterue.

## VI.

## HUGH LATIMER.

### FIRST SERMON BEFORE EDWARD VI.

My lordes & maisters, I say also, that all suche procedynges which are agaynste the Kynges honoure (as I haue a part declared before and as far as I can perceiue), do intend plainly, to make the yomanry slauery & the Cleargye shavery. For suche worckes are al syngular, priuate welth and commoditye. We of the cleargye had to much, but that is taken away. And nowe we haue to little. But for myne owne part, I haue no cause to complaine, for I thanke God and the kyng. I haue sufficient, and God is my iudge I came not to craue of anye man,

any thyng; but I knowe theim that haue to litle. There lyeth a greate matter by these appropriacions, greate reformacions is to be had in them. I knowe wher is a great market Towne with diuers hamelets and inhabitauntes, wher do rise yereli of their labours to the value of .L. pounde, and the vicar that serueth (being so great a cure) hath but .XII. or .XIII. markes by yere, so that of thys pension he is not able to by him bokes, nor geue hys neyghboure dryncke, al the great gaine goeth another way. My father was a Yoman, and had no landes of his owne, onlye he had a farme of .III. or .IIII. pound by yere at the vttermost, and here vpon he tilled so much as kepte halfe a dosen men. He had walke for a hundred shepe, and my mother mylked .XXX. kyne. He was able and did find the king a harnesse, wyth hym selfe, and hys horsse, whyle he came to ye place that he should receyue the kynges wages. I can remembre, yat I buckled hys harnes, when he went vnto Blacke heeath felde. He kept me to schole, or elles I had not bene able to haue preached before the kinges maiestie nowe. He maryed my systers with .v. pounde or .XX. nobles a pece, so that he broughte them vp in godlines, and feare of God.

He kept hospitalitie for his pore neighbours. And sum almess he gaue to the poore, and all thys did he of the sayd farme. Wher he that now hath it, paieth .XVI. pounde by yere or more, and is not able to do any thing for his Prynce, for himselfe, nor for his children, or geue a cup of drincke to the pore. Thus al the enhansinge and rearing goth to your priuate commoditie and wealth. So that where ye had a single to much, you haue that: and syns the same, ye haue enhansed the rente, and so haue encreased an other to much. So now ye haue doble to muche, whyche is to to much. But let the preacher preach til his tong be worne to the stompes, nothing is amended. We haue good statutes made for the commen

welth as touching comeners, enclosers, many metinges and sessions, but in the end of the matter their commeth nothing forth. Wel, well, thys is one thynge I wyll saye vnto you, from whens it commeth I knowe, euen, from the deuill. I knowe his intent in it. For if ye bryng it to passe, that the yomanry be not able to put their sonnes to schole (as in dede vniuersities do wonderously decaye all redy) and that they be not able to mary their daughters, I say ye plucke saluation from the people and vtterly distroy the realme. For by yomans sonnes, the fayth of Christ is, and hath bene mayntained chefely. Is this realme taught by rich mens sonnes? No, no, reade the Cronicles ye shall fynde sumtime noble mennes sonnes, which haue bene vnpreaching byshoppes and prelates, but ye shall finde none of them learned men. But verilye, they that shoulde loke to the redresse of these thinges, be the greatest against them. In thys realme are a great meany of folkes, and amongest many, I knowe but one of tender zeale, at the mocion of his poore tennauntes, hath let downe his landes to the olde rentes for their reliefe. For goddes loue, let not him be a Phenix, let him not be alone, Let hym not be an Hermite closed in a wall, sum good man follow him and do as he geueth example. Surueiers there be, yat gredyly gorge vp their couetouse guttes, hande makers, I meane (honest men I touch not) but al suche as suruei thei make vp their mouthes but the commens be vtterlye vndone by them. Whose bitter cry ascendyng vp to the eares of the god of Sabaoth, the gredy pyt of hel burning fire (without great repentaunce) do tary and loke for them. A redresse God graunt. For suerly, suerly, but yat ii. thynges do comfort me, I wold despaire of the redresse in these maters. One is, that the kinges maiestie whan he commeth to age: wyll se a redresse of these thinges so out of frame. Geuing example by letting downe his

owne landes first and then enioyne hys subiectes to folowe him. The second hope I haue is, I beleue that the general accomptyng daye is at hande, the dreadfull day of iudgement I meane, whiche shall make an end of al these calamities and miseries. For as the scryptures be *Cum dixerint pax pax*, When they shal say peace, peace: *Omnia tuta*, all thynges are sure: Then is the day at hand, a mery day I saye, for al such as do in this worlde studye to serue and please god and continue in his fayth, feare and loue: and a dreadful, horrible day for them that decline from God walking in ther owne wayes, to whom as it is wrytten in the .xxv. of Mathew is sayd: *Ite maledicti in ignem eternum*. Go ye curssed into euerlastynge punyshment. Wher shalbe waylinge and gnashing of teeth. But vnto ye other he shal saye: *Venite benedicti* come ye blessed chyldren of my father, possesse ye the kyngdome prepared for you from the beginninge of the worlde, of the which god make vs al partakers. Amen.

## VII.

## SIR THOMAS MORE.

### UTOPIA.

#### (i.) Introduction.

The moste victorious and triumphant kyng of Englande Henrye, the eyght of that name, in al roial vertues a prince most perelesse, hadde of late in controversie with Charles, the right highe and mightye kyng of Castell, weighty matters and of great importaunce. For the debatement and final determination whereof, the kinges Majesty sent me ambassadour into Flaunders, joyned in commission with Cuthbert Tunstall, a man doutlesse out

of comparison, and whom the kynges Majestie of late, to the great rejoysynge of all men, dyd preferre to the office of Maister of the Rolles. There mette us at Bruges (for thus it was before agreed) thei whom their Prince hadde for that matter appoynted commissioners, excellent men all. After that we had once or twise mette, and upon certayne poyntes or articles coulde not fully and thoroughly agree, they for a certayne space tooke their leave of us, and departed to Bruxelle, there to know their Princes pleasure. I in the meane time (for so my busines laye) wente streighte thence to Antwerpe. Whiles I was there abidynge, often times amonge other, but whiche to me was more welcome then annye other, dyd visite me one Peter Giles, a citisen of Antwerpe, a man there in his countrey of honest reputation, and also preferred to high promotions, worthy truly of the hyghest. Upon a certayne daye when I hadde herde the divine service in our Ladies churche, which is the fayrest, the most gorgeous and curious churche of buyldyng in all the citie and also most frequented of people, and the service beynge doone, was readye to go home to my lodgynge, I chaunced to espye this foresayde Peter talkynge with a certayne straunger, a man well stricken in age, with a blacke sonneburned face, a longe bearde, and a cloke cast homly about his shoulders, whome by his favoure and apparell furthwith I judged to bee a mariner. But the sayde Peter seyng me, came unto me and saluted me.

And as I was aboute to answere him, "See you this man," sayth he, (and therewith he poynted to the man that I sawe hym talkynge with before); "I was mynded," quod he, "to brynge him strayghte home to you."

"He should have ben very welcome to me," sayd I, "for your sake."

"Nay" (quod he) "for his owne sake, if you knewe him; for there is no man thys day livyng, than can tell

you of so many estraunge and unknowen peoples and countreyes, as this man can: and I know wel that you be very desirous to heare of such newes."

"Then I conjectured not farre a misse" (quod I) "for even at the first syght I judged him to be a mariner."

"Naye" (quod he) "there ye were greatly deceyved: he hath sailed in deede, not as the mariner Palinure, but as the experte and prudent prince Ulisses; yea, rather as the auncient and sage philosopher Plato. For this same Raphael Hythlodaye (for this is his name) is very well lerned in the Latine tongue: but profounde and excellent in the Greke language, wherin he ever bestowed more studye then in the Latine; bycause he had geven himselfe wholy to the study of philosophy, whereof he knew that ther is nothyng extante in Latine that is to anye purpose, savynge a fewe of Senecaes and Ciceroes dooynges. His patrimonye that he was borne unto, he lefte to his brethern (for he is a Portugall borne), and for the desire that he had to see and knowe the farre countreyes of the worlde, he joyned himselfe in company with Amerike Vespuce; and in the iii. last voyages of those iiii., that be nowe in printe and abrode in every mannes handes, he continued styll in his company, savyng that in the last voyage he came not home agayne with him. For he made suche meanes and shift, what by intretaunce, and what by importune sute, that he gotte licence of mayster Americke, (though it were sore against his wyll), to be one of the xxiiii. whiche in the ende of the last voyage were left in the countrey of Galike. He was therefore lefte behynde for hys mynde sake, as one that tooke more thoughte and care for travailyng then dyenge: havyng customably in his mouth these saiynges: He that hathe no grave, is covered with the skye: and, The way to heaven out of all places is of like length and distaunce. Which fantasy of his (if God had not ben his better

frende) he had surely bought full deare. But after the departynge of mayster Vespuce, when he had travailed thorough and aboute many countreyes with v. of his companions Gulikianes, at the last by merveylous chaunce he arrived in Taprobane, from whence he went to Caliquit, where he chaunced to fynde certayne of hys countreye shippes, wherein he retourned agayne into his countreye, nothynge lesse then looked for."

All this when Peter hadde tolde me, I thanked him for his gentle kindnesse, that he had vouchsafed to brynge me to the speache of that man, whose communication he thoughte shoulde be to me pleasaunte and acceptable. And therewith I tourned me to Raphael; and when wee hadde haylsed eche other, and had spoken these commune woordes, that bee customablye spoken at the first meting and acquaintaunce of straungers, we went thence to my house, and there in my gardaine upon a bench covered with greene torves we satte downe talkyng together.

### (ii.) Of the Cities and namely of Amaurote.

As for their cities, who so knoweth one of them knoweth them all; they be al so like one to an other as farfurthe as the nature of the place permitteth. I will describe therefore to you one or other of them, for it skilleth not greatly which: but which rather then Amaurote? Of them all this is the worthiest and of most dignitie. For the resideu knowledge it for the head citie, because there is the counsell house. Nor to me anye of them all is better beloved, as wherein I lived five whole yeares together.

The citie of Amaurote standeth upon the side of a lowe hill in fashyon almost foure square. For the breadth of it beginneth a litle beneth the toppe of the hill, and still continueth by the space of two miles, untill

it come to the ryver of Anyder. The length of it which lieth by the ryvers syde is sumwhat more. The river of Anyder riseth four and twentie myles above Amaurote out of a little springe, but beynge increased by other smale rivers and broukes that runne into it, and amonge other two sumwhat bygge ons, before the citie it is half a mile broade, and farther broader; and fortie myles beyonde the citie it falleth into the Ocean sea. By all that space that liethe betwene the sea and the citie and certen myles also above the citie the water ebbeth and floweth sixe houres together with a swift tide. Whan the sea floweth in, for the length of thirtie miles it filleth all the Anyder with salte water and driveth backe the freshe water of the ryver. And sumwhat further it chaungeth the swetenes of the freshe water with saltnes. But a litle beyonde that the river waxeth swete and runneth foreby the citie freshe and pleasaunt; and when the sea ebbeth and goeth backe againe, the freshe water foloweth it almooste even to the verie fal into the sea. Ther goeth a bridge over the river, made not of piles or of timber but of stonewarke with gorgious and substancial arches, at that part of the citie that is farthest from the sea, to the intent that shippes maye passe alonge forbie all the side of the citie without let. They have also an other river which in dede is not verie great, but it runneth gentely & pleasauntly, for it riseth even oute of the same hill that the citie standeth upon and runneth downe a slope through the middes of the citie into Anyder: and, because it riseth a litle withoute the citie, the Amaurotians have inclosed the head springe of it with stronge fences & bulwarkes and so have joyned it to the citie. This is done to the intente that the water shoulde not be stopped nor turned away or poysoned if their enemies should chaunce to come upon them. From thence the water is derived and conveied downe in

cannels of bricke divers wayes into the lower partes of the citie. Where that cannot be done, by reason that the place wyll not suffer it, there they gather the raine water in great cisternes, whiche doeth them as good service.

The citie is compassed aboute with a heighe and thicke stone walle full of turrettes and bulwarkes. A drie diche, but deape and brode, and overgrowen with bushes briers and thornes, goeth aboute thre sides or quarters of the city. To the fourth side the river it selfe serveth for a ditche. The stretes be appointed & set furth very commodious and handsome, both for carriage & also againste the windes. The houses be of faire & gorgious building & on the strete side they stand joyned together in a long rowe through the whole streate without any partition or separation. The stretes be twentie foote brode. On the backe side of the houses, through the whole length of the streete, lye large gardens inclosed rounde aboute wyth the backe part of the streetes. Everye house hathe two doores, one into the streete, and a posterne doore on the backsyde into the garden. These doores be made with two leaves never locked nor bolted, so easie to be opened that they wil followe the least drawing of a fynger and shutte againe alone. Whoso will may go in, for there is nothinge within the houses that is private or anie mans owne: and every tenth yeare they chaunge their houses by lot. They set great store by their gardeins; in them they have vineyardes, all maner of fruite, herbes & flowres, so pleasaunt, so well furnished & so fynely kepte that I never sawe thynge more frutefull nor better trimmed in anye place. Their studie and deligence herin commeth not onely of pleasure, but also of a certen strife and contention that is betwene strete & strete, concerning the trimming, husbanding & furnisshing of their gardens, everye man

for his owne parte. And verelye you shall not lightelye finde in all the citie anye thinge that is more commodious, eyther for the profite of the citizens, or for pleasure; and, therfore, it maye seme that the first founder of the citie mynded nothing so much as these gardens. For they saye that kinge Utopus him selfe even at the first beginning, appointed and drewe furth the platte fourme of the citie into this fashion and figure that it hath nowe; but the gallant garnishings & the beautifull settinge furth of it, whereunto he sawe that one mannes age would not suffice, that he left to his posteritie. For their cronicles, whiche they kepe written with all deligente circumspection conteinynge the historie of M vii. C. Lx. yeares, even from the firste conquest of the ilande, recorde & witnesse that the houses in the beginning were very low & like homely cottages or poore sheppard houses, made at all adventures of everye rude pece of tymber that came firste to hande, with mudde walles & ridged rooffes thatched over with strawe. But nowe the houses be curiouslye buylded after a gorgious & gallante sorte with three storyes one over another. The outsides of the walles be made either of harde flynte or of plaster or els of bricke, and the inner sydes be well strengthened with tymber work. The roofes be plaine & flat, covered with a certen kinde of plaster that is of no coste & yet so tempered that no fyre can hurt or perishe it, & withstandeth the violence of the wether better then any leade. They kepe the winde oute of their windowes with glasse, for it is ther much used, and somhere also with fine linnen cloth dipped in oyle or ambre; and that for two commodities, for by thys meanes more lighte commeth in, and the winde is better kepte oute.

## VIII.

# SIR THOMAS WYATT.

### (i.) FORGET NOT YET.

FORGET not yet the tried intent
Of such a truth as I have meant;
My great travail so gladly spent
Forget not yet!
Forget not yet when first began
The wearie life ye know, since whan
The suit, the service, none tell can,
Forget not yet!
Forget not yet the great assays,
The cruel wrong, the scornful ways,
The painful patience in delays,
Forget not yet!
Forget not; oh! forget not this,
How long ago hath been, and is
The mind that never meant amiss,
Forget not yet!
Forget not yet thine own approved,
The which so long hath thee so loved,
Whose steadfast faith yet never moved:
Forget not this!

### (ii.) COMPLAINT FOR TRUE LOVE UNREQUITED.

WHAT 'vaileth truth, or by it to take pain?
To strive by steadfastness for to attain
How to be just, and flee from doubleness?
Since all alike, where ruleth craftiness,
Rewarded is, both crafty, false, and plain.
Soonest he speeds that most can lie and feign:
True meaning heart is had in high disdain.

Against deceit and cloakéd doubleness,
What 'vaileth truth, or perfect steadfastness?
Deceived is he by false and crafty train,
That means no guile and faithful doth remain
Within the trap, without help or redress;
But for to love, lo! such a stern mistress,
Where cruelty dwells, alas! it were in vain.
What 'vaileth truth?

(iii.) THAT TRUE LOVE AVAILETH NOT WHEN FORTUNE LIST TO FROWN.

To wish, and want, and not obtain;
To seek and sue ease of my pain,
Since all that ever I do is vain,
What may it avail me!
Although I strive both day and hour
Against the stream, with all my power,
If Fortune list yet for to lower,
What may it avail me!
If willingly I suffer woe;
If from the fire me list not go;
If then I burn to plain me so,
What may it avail me!
And if the harm that I suffer,
Be run too far out of measure,
To seek for help any further,
What may it avail me!
What though each heart that heareth me plain,
Pitieth and plaineth for my pain,
If I no less in grief remain,
What may it avail me!
Yea, though the want of my relief
Displease the causer of my grief,
Since I remain still in mischief,
What may it avail me!

Such cruel chance doth so me threat
Continually inward to freat,
Then of release for to treat
What may it avail me!
Fortune is deaf unto my call;
My torment moveth her not at all;
And though she turn as doth a ball,
What may it avail me!
For in despair there is no rede;
To want of ear, speech is no speed;
To linger still alive as dead,
What may it avail me!

(iv.) THE LOVER COMPLAINETH THE UNKINDNESS OF HIS LOVE.

My lute, awake! perform the last
Labour that thou and I shall waste;
And end that I have now begun:
And when this song is sung and past,
My lute! be still, for I have done.

As to be heard where ear is none,
As lead to grave in marble stone,
My song may pierce her heart as soon;
Should we then sing, or sigh, or moan?
No, no, my lute! for I have done.

The rock doth not so cruelly
Repulse the waves continually,
As she my suit and affection:
So that I am past remedy;
Whereby my lute and I have done.

Proud of the spoil that thou hast got
Of simple hearts thorough Love's shot,
By whom, unkind, thou hast them won;
Think not he hath his bow forgot,
Although my lute and I have done.

Vengeance shall fall on thy disdain,
That makest but game of earnest pain;
Trow not alone under the sun
Unquit to cause thy lover's plain;
Although my lute and I have done.

May chance thee lie withered and old
In winter nights, that are so cold,
Plaining in vain unto the moon;
Thy wishes then dare not be told:
Care then who list, for I have done.

And then may chance thee to repent
The time that thou hast lost and spent,
To cause thy lover's sigh and swoon:
Then shalt thou know beauty but lent,
And wish and want, as I have done.

Now cease, my lute! this is the last
Labour that thou and I shall waste,
And ended is that I begun:
Now is this song both sung and past;
My lute! be still, for I have done.

## IX.

## THE EARL OF SURREY.

### (i.) DESCRIPTION OF SPRING WHEREIN EVERY THING RENEWS, SAVE ONLY THE LOVER.

The soote seasón, that bud and bloom forth brings,
With green hath clad the hill, and eke the vale.
The nightingale with feathers new she sings;
The turtle to her make hath told her tale.
Summer is come, for every spray now springs,
The hart hath hung his old head on the pale;

The buck in brake his winter coat he flings ;
The fishes flete with new repaired scale ;
The adder all her slough away she slings ;
The swift swallow pursueth the flies smale ;
The busy bee her honey now she mings ;
Winter is worn that was the flowers' bale.
And thus I see among these pleasant things
Each care decays, and yet my sorrow springs !

(ii.) A COMPLAINT BY NIGHT OF THE LOVER NOT BELOVED.

Alas ! so all things now do hold their peace !
Heaven and earth disturbéd in no thing ;
The beasts, the air, the birds their song do cease,
The nightès car the stars about doth bring.
Calm is the sea ; the waves work less and less :
So am not I, whom love, alas ! doth wring,
Bringing before my face the great increase
Of my desires, whereat I weep and sing,
In joy and woe, as in a doubtful case.
For my sweet thoughts sometime do pleasure bring ;
But by and by, the cause of my disease
Gives me a pang, that inwardly doth sting,
When that I think what grief it is again,
To live and lack the thing should rid my pain.

(iii.) PRISONED IN WINDSOR, HE RECOUNTETH HIS PLEASURE THERE PASSED.

So cruel prison how could betide, alas,
As proud Windsor, where I in lust and joy,
With a Kinges son, my childish years did pass,
In greater feast than Priam's sons of Troy ?
Where each sweet place returns a taste full sour.
The large green courts, where we were wont to hove,
With eyes cast up into the Maiden's tower,
And easy sighs, such as folks draw in love.

The stately seats, the ladies bright of hue.
The dances short, long tales of great delight;
With words and looks, that tigers could but rue;
Where each of us did plead the other's right.
The palme-play, where, despoiled for the game,
With dazed eyes oft we by gleams of love
Have miss'd the ball, and got sight of our dame,
To bait her eyes, which kept the leads above.
The gravel'd ground, with sleeves tied on the helm,
On foaming horse, with swords and friendly hearts;
With chere, as though one should another whelm,
Where we have fought, and chased oft with darts.
With silver drops the mead yet spread for ruth,
In active games of nimbleness and strength,
Where we did strain, trained with swarms of youth,
Our tender limbs, that yet shot up in length.
The secret groves, which oft we made resound
Of pleasant plaint, and of our ladies' praise;
Recording oft what grace each one had found,
What hope of speed, what dread of long delays.
The wild forest, the clothed holts with green;
With reins availed, and swift y-breathed horse,
With cry of hounds, and merry blasts between,
Where we did chase the fearful hart of force.
The void vales eke, that harbour'd us each night;
Wherewith, alas! reviveth in my breast
The sweet accord, such sleeps as yet delight;
The pleasant dreams, the quiet bed of rest;
The secret thoughts, imparted with such trust;
The wanton talk, the divers change of play;
The friendship sworn, each promise kept so just,
Wherewith we passed the winter night away.
And with this thought the blood forsakes the face;
The tears berain my cheeks of deadly hue:
The which, as soon as sobbing sighs, alas!
Up-supped have, thus I my plaint renew:

"O place of bliss! renewer of my woes!
Give me account, where is my noble fere?
Whom in thy walls thou dost each night enclose;
To other lief; but unto me most dear
Echo, alas! that doth my sorrow rue,
Returns thereto a hollow sound of plaint.
Thus I alone, where all my freedom grew,
In prison pine, with bondage and restraint:
And with remembrance of the greater grief,
To banish the less, I find my chief relief."

## (iv.) THE FOURTH BOOK OF VIRGIL'S ÆNEID.

This said, unto the high degrees she mounted,
Embracing fast her sister now half dead,
With wailful plaint: whom in her lap she laid,
The black swart gore wiping dry with her clothes.
But Dido striveth to lift up again
Her heavy eyen, and hath no power thereto:
Deep in her breast that fixed wound doth gape,
Thrice leaning on her elbow gan she raise
Herself upward; and thrice she overthrew
Upon the bed: ranging with wand'ring eyes
The skies for light, and wept when she it found.
Almighty Juno having ruth by this
Of her long pains, and eke her lingering death,
From heaven she sent the Goddess Iris down,
The throwing sprite, and jointed limbs to loose.
For that neither by lot of destiny,
Nor yet by kindly death she perishéd,
But wretchedly before her fatal day,
And kindled with a sudden rage of flame,
Proserpine had not from her head bereft
The golden hair, nor judged her to Hell.
The dewy Iris thus with golden wings,
A thousand hues shewing against the Sun,

Amid the skies then did she fly a down
On Dido's head: where as she gan alight,
"This hair," quod she, "to Pluto consecrate,
Commanded I reave; and thy spirit unloose
From this body." And when she thus had said,
With her right hand she cut the hair in twain:
And therewithal the kindly heat gan quench,
And into wind the life forthwith resolve.

## X.

## JOHN LYLY.

### A GLASS FOR EUROPE.

THE Ladyes spend the morning in deuout prayer, not resembling the Gentlewoemen in *Greece & Italy*, who begin their morning at midnoone, & make their euening at midnight, vsing sonets for psalmes, & pastymes for prayers, reading ye Epistle of a Louer, when they should peruse the Gospell of our Lorde, drawing wanton lynes when death is before their face, as *Archimedes* did triangles & circles when the enimy was at his backe. Behold ladies in this glasse, that the seruice of God is to be preferred before all things, imitate the Englysh Damoselles, who haue theyr bookes tyed to theyr gyrdles, not feathers, who are as cunning in ye scriptures, as you are in *Ariosto* or *Petrack* or anye booke that lyketh you best, and becommeth you most.

For brauery I cannot say that you exceede them, for certainly it is ye most gorgious court that euer I haue seene, read, or heard of, but yet do they not vse theyr apperell so nicelye as you in *Italy*, who thinke scorn to kneele at seruice, for feare of wrinckles in your silks, who dare not lift vp your head to heauen, for feare of rumpling ye rufs in your neck, yet your hands I confesse

are holden vp, rather I thinke to shewe your ringes, then to manifest your righteousnesse. The brauerie they vse is for the honour of their Prince, the attyre you weare for the alluring of your pray, the ritch apparell maketh their beautie more seene, your disguising causeth your faces to be more suspected, they resemble in their rayment the *Estrich* who being gased on, closeth hir winges & hideth hir fethers, you in your robes are not vnlike the pecocke, who being praysed spreadeth hir tayle, & bewrayeth hir pride. Veluetts & Silkes in them are like golde about a pure Diamond, in you like a greene hedge about a filthy dunghill. Thinke not Ladies that bicause you are decked with golde, you are endued with grace, imagine not that shining like the Sunne in earth, ye shall climbe the Sunne in heauen, looke diligently into this English glasse, & then shall you see that the more costly your apparell is, the greater your curtesie should be, that you ought to be as farre from pride, as you are from pouertie, & as neere to princes in beautie, as you are in brightnes. Bicause you are braue, disdaine not those that are base, thinke with your selues that russet coates haue their Christendome, that the Sunne when he is at his hight shineth aswel upon course carsie, as cloth of tissue, though you haue pearles in your eares, Iewels in your breastes, preacious stones on your fingers, yet disdaine not the stones in the streat, which although they are nothing so noble, yet are they much more necessarie. Let not your robes hinder your deuotion, learne of the English Ladies, yat God is worthy to be worshipped with the most price, to whom you ought to giue all praise, then shall you be like stars to ye wise, who now are but staring stockes to the foolish, then shall you be praysed of most, who are now pointed at of all, then shall God beare with your folly, who nowe abhorreth your pride.

As the Ladies in this blessed Islande are deuout &

braue, so are they chast & beautifull, insomuch that when I first behelde them, I could not tell whether some mist had bleared myne eyes, or some strange enchauntment altered my minde, for it may bee, thought I, that in this Island, either some *Artimedorus*, or *Lisimandro*, or some odd *Nigromancer* did inhabit, who would shewe me Fayries, or the bodie of *Helen*, or the new shape of *Venus*, but comming to myselfe, & seeing that my sences were not chaunged, but hindered, that the place where I stoode was no enchaunted castell, but a gallant court, I could scarce restraine my voyce from crying, *There is no beautie but in England*. There did I behold them of pure complexion, exceeding the lillie, & the rose, of fauour (wherein ye chiefest beautie consisteth) surpassing the pictures that were fained, or the Magition that would faine, their eyes percing like the Sun beames, yet chast, their speach pleasant & sweete, yet modest & curteous, their gate comly, their bodies straight, their hands white, al things that man could wish, or women woulde haue, which howe much it is, none can set downe, when as ye one desireth as much as may be, the other more. And to these beautifull mouldes, chast mindes: to these comely bodies temperance, modestie, mildenesse, sobrietie, whom I often beheld merrie yet wise, conferring with courtiers yet warily: drinking of wine yet moderately, eating of delicates yet but their eare ful, listing to discourses of loue but not without reasoning of learning: for there it more delighteth them to talke of Robin hood, then to shoot in his bowe, & greater pleasure they take, to heare of loue, then to be in loue. Heere Ladies is a glasse that will make you blush for shame, & looke wan for anger, their beautie commeth by nature, yours by art, they encrease their fauours with faire water, you maintaine yours with painters colours, the haire they lay out groweth vpon their owne heads, your seemelines hangeth vpon

others, theirs is alwayes in their owne keeping, yours often in the Dyars, their beautie is not lost with a sharpe blast, yours fadeth with a soft breath: Not vnlike vnto Paper Floures, which breake as soone as they are touched, resembling the birds in *Aegypt* called *Ibes*, who being handled, loose their feathers, or the serpent *Serapie*, which beeing but toucht with a brake, bursteth. They vse their beautie, bicause it is commendable, you bicause you woulde be common, they if they haue little, doe not seeke to make it more, you that haue none endeauour to bespeake most, if theirs wither by age they nothing esteeme it, if yours wast by yeares, you goe about to keepe it, they knowe that beautie must faile if life continue, you sweare that it shall not fade if coulours last.

But to what ende (Ladies) doe you alter the giftes of nature, by the shiftes of arte? Is there no colour good but white, no Planet bright but *Venus*, no Linnen faire but Lawne? Why goe yee about to make the face fayre by those meanes, that are most foule, a thing loathsome to man, & therefore not louely, horrible before God, & therefore not lawefull.

Haue you not hearde that the beautie of the cradell is most brightest, that paintings are for pictures without sence, not for persons with true reason. Follow at the last Ladies the Gentlewomen of *England*, who being beautifull doe those things as shall become so amyable faces, if of an indifferent hew, those things as they shall make them louely, not adding an ounce to beautie, that may detract a dram from vertue. Besides this their chastitie & temparance is as rare, as their beautie, not going in your footesteppes, that drinke wine before you rise, to encrease your coulour, & swill it when you are vp, to prouoke your luste: They vse their needle to banish idlenes, not the pen to nourish it, not spending their times in answering ye letters of those that woe them, but

forswearing the companie of those that write them, giuing no occasion either by wanton lookes, vnseemely gestures, vnaduised speach, or any vncomly behauiour, of lightnesse, or liking. Contrarie to the custome of many countries, where filthie wordes are accompted to sauour of a fine witte, broade speach, of a bolde courage, wanton glaunces, of a sharpe eye sight, wicked deedes, of a comely gesture, all vaine delights, of a right curteous curtesie.

And yet are they not in England precise but wary, not disdainefull to conferre, but fearefull to offende, not without remorse where they perceiue trueth, but without replying where they suspect treacherie, when as among other nations, there is no tale so lothsome to chast eares but it is heard with great sport, & aunswered with great speade.

Is it not then a shame (Ladyes) that that little Island shoulde be a myrrour to you, to Europe, to the whole worlde?

Where is the temperance you professe when wine is more common then water? where the chastity when lust is thought lawful, where the modestie when your mirth turneth to vncleanes, vncleanes to shamelesnes, shamelesnesse to al sinfulnesse? Learne Ladies though late, yet at length, that the chiefest title of honour in earth, is to giue all honour to him that is in heauen, that the greatest brauerie in this worlde, is to be burning lampes in the worlde to come, that the clearest beautie in this life, is to be amiable to him that shall giue life eternall: Looke in the Glasse of England, too bright I feare me for your eyes, what is there in your sex that they haue not, & what that you should not haue?

They are in prayer deuoute, in brauery humble, in beautie chast, in feasting temperate, in affection wise, in mirth modest, in al their actions though courtlye, bicause woemen, yet Aungels bicause virtuous.

Ah (good Ladies) good, I say, for that I loue you, I would yee could a little abate that pride of your stomackes, that loosenesse of minde, that lycentious behauiour which I haue seene in you, with no small sorrowe, & can-not remedy with continuall sighes.

They in *England* pray when you play, sowe when you sleep, fast when you feast, & weepe for their sins, when you laugh at your sensualitie.

They frequent the Church to serue God, you to see gallants, they deck them-selues for cleanlinesse, you for pride, they maintaine their beautie for their owne lyking, you for others lust, they refraine wine, bicause they fear to take too much, you bicause you can take no more. Come Ladies, with teares I call you, looke in this Glasse, repent your sins past, refrain your present vices, abhor vanities to come, say thus with one voice, *we can see our faults only in the English Glasse:* a Glas of grace to them, of grief to you, to them in the steed of righteousnes, to you in place of repentance. The Lords & Gentlemen in that court are also an example for all others to follow, true types of nobility, the only stay & staf of honor, braue courtiers, stout soldiers, apt to reuell in peace, & ryde in warre. In fight fearce, not dreading death, in friendship firme, not breaking promise, curteous to all that deserue well, cruell to none that deserue ill. Their adversaries they trust not, that sheweth their wisdome, their enimies they feare not, that argueth their courage. They are not apt to proffer iniuries, nor fit to take any: loth to pick quarrels, but longing to reuenge them.

## XI.

# SIR PHILIP SIDNEY.

### ARCADIA.

MUSIDORUS—who, besides he was merely unacquainted in the country, had his wits astonished with sorrow—gave easy consent to that from which he saw no reason to disagree; and therefore, defraying the mariners with a ring bestowed upon them, they took their journey together through Laconia, Claius and Strephon by course carrying his chest for him, Musidorus only bearing in his countenance evident marks of a sorrowful mind supported by a weak body; which they perceiving, and knowing that the violence of sorrow is not, at the first, to be striven withal—being like a mighty beast, sooner tamed with following than overthrown by withstanding—they gave way unto it for that day and the next, never troubling him, either with asking questions or finding fault with his melancholy, but rather fitting to his dolour dolorous discourses of their own and other folk's misfortune; which speeches, though they had not a lively entrance to his senses, shut up in sorrow, yet, like one half asleep, he took hold of much of the matters spoken unto him, so as a man may say, ere sorrow was aware, they made his thoughts bear away something else beside his own sorrow, which wrought so in him that at length he grew content to mark their speeches, then to marvel at such wit in shepherds, after to like their company, and lastly to vouchsafe conference; so that the third day after, in the time that the morning did strow roses & violets in the heavenly floor against the coming of the sun, the nightingales, striving one with the other which could in most dainty variety recount their wrong-caused

sorrow, made them put off their sleep; and, rising from under a tree, which that night had been their pavilion, they went on their journey, which by-and-by welcomed Musidorus' eyes with delightful prospects. There were hills which garnished their proud heights with stately trees; humble valleys whose base estate seemed comforted with the refreshing of silver rivers; meadows enamelled with all sorts of eye-pleasing flowers; thickets which, being lined with most pleasant shade, were witnessed so to, by the cheerful disposition of many well-tuned birds; each pasture stored with sheep, feeding with sober security, while the pretty lambs, with bleating oratory, craved the dams' comfort: here a shepherd's boy piping, as though he should never be old; there a young shepherdess knitting, and withal singing: and it seemed that her voice comforted her hands to work, and her hands kept time to her voice-music. As for the houses of the country—for many houses came under their eye—they were all scattered, no two being one by the other, and yet not so far off as that it barred mutual succour; a show, as it were, of an accompanable solitariness, and of a civil wildness.

"I pray you," said Musidorus, then first unsealing his long-silent lips, "what countries be these we pass through, which are so diverse in show, the one wanting no store, the other having no store but of want?"

"The country," answered Claius, "where you were cast ashore, and now are passed through, is Laconia, not so poor by the barrenness of the soil—though in itself not passing fertile—as by a civil war, which, being these two years within the bowels of that estate, between the gentlemen & the peasants—by them named Helots—hath in this sort, as it were, disfigured the face of nature and made it so unhospitable as now you have found it; the towns neither of the one side nor the other willingly

opening their gates to strangers, nor strangers willingly entering, for fear of being mistaken.

"But this country, where now you set your foot, is Arcadia; and even hard by is the house of Kalander, whither we lead you. This country being thus decked with peace, and the child of peace, good husbandry, these houses you see so scattered are of men, as we two are, that live upon the commodity of their sheep, and therefore, in the division of the Arcadian estate, are termed shepherds—a happy people, wanting little, because they desire not much."

## XII.

## SIR PHILIP SIDNEY.

### AN APOLOGIE FOR POETRIE.

Now, for the outside of it, which is words, or (as I may tearme it) *Diction*, it is even well worse. So is that honny-flowing Matron Eloquence apparelled, or rather disguised, in a Curtizan-like painted affectation: one time with so farre fette words, that may seeme Monsters, but must seeme straungers, to any poore English man; another tyme, with coursing of a Letter, as if they were bound to followe the method of a Dictionary: an other tyme, with figures & flowers, extreamelie winter-starved. But I would this fault were only peculier to Versifiers, and had not as large possession among Prose-printers; and (which is to be mervailed) among many Schollers; and (which is to be pittied) among some Preachers. Truly I could wish, if at least I might be so bold to wish in a thing beyond the reach of my capacity, the diligent imitators of *Tullie* and *Demosthenes* (most worthy to be imitated) did not so much keep *Nizolian* Paper-bookes of their figures & phrases, as by attentive translation (as

it were) devoure them whole, & make them wholly theirs. For nowe they cast Sugar & Spice upon every dish that is served to the table; like those Indians, not content to weare eare-rings at the fit and naturall place of the eares, but they will thrust Iewels through their nose and lippes, because they will be sure to be fine. Tullie, when he was to drive out Cateline, as it were with a Thunderbolt of eloquence, often used that figure of repitition, *Vivit vivit? imo in Senatum venit etc.* Indeed, inflamed with a well-grounded rage, hee would have his words (as it were) double out of his mouth: and so doe that artificially, which we see men do in choller naturally. And wee, having noted the grace of those words, hale them in sometime to a familier Epistle, when it were to too much choller to be chollerick. Howe well store of *Similiter Cadences* doth sound with the gravity of the pulpit, I would but invoke Demosthenes' soul to tell, who with a rare dainteness useth them. Truly, they have made me think of the *Sophister*, that with too much subtlety would prove two eggs three; and, though he might be counted a *Sophister*, had none for his labour. So these men bringing in such a kind of eloquence, well may they obtain an opinion of a seeming fineness, but persuade few, which should be the end of their fineness.

Now for similitudes, in certaine printed discourses, I thinke all Herbarists, all stories of Beasts, Foules, and Fishes, are rifled up, that they come in multitudes to waite upon any of our conceits; which certainly is as absurd a surfet to the eares, as is possible. For the force of a similitude, not being to proove anything to a contrary Disputer, but onely to explane to a willing hearer, when that is done, the rest is a most tedious pratling: rather over-swaying the memory from the purpose whereto they were applied, then any whit informing the iudgement, already eyther satisfied, or by similitudes not to be

satisfied. For my part, I doe not doubt, when *Antonius* and *Crassus*, the great forefathers of *Cicero* in eloquence, the one (as *Cicero* testifieth of them) pretended not to know Arte, the other not to set by it: because with a playne sensiblenes they might win credit of popular eares; which credit is the neerest step to perswasion: which perswasion is the chiefe marke of Oratory;—I doe not doubt (I say) but that they used these knacks very sparingly, which who doth generally use, any man may see doth daunce to his owne musick: and so be noted by the audience, more careful to speake curiously, then to speake truly.

Undoubtedly (at least to my opinion undoubtedly) I have found in divers smally learned Courtiers, a more sounde stile, then in some professors of learning: of which I can gesse no other cause, but that the Courtier following that which by practise hee findeth fittest to nature, therein (though he know it not) doth according to Art, though not by Art: where the other, using Art to shew Art, and not to hide Art (as in these cases he should doe), flyeth from nature, and indeede abuseth Art.

But what? me thinkes I deserve to be pounded, for straying from Poetrie to Oratorie: but both have such an affinity in this wordish consideration, that I thinke this digression will make my meaning receive the fuller understanding: which is not to take upon me to teach Poets howe they should doe, but onely finding my selfe sick among the rest, to shewe some one or two spots of the common infection, growne among the most part of Writers: that acknowledging our selves somewhat awry, we may bend to the right use both of matter and manner; whereto our language gyveth us great occasion, beeing indeed capable of any excellent exercising of it. I know, some will say it is a mingled language. And why not so much the better, taking the best of both the other?

Another will say it wanteth Grammer. Nay truly, it hath that prayse, that it wanteth not Grammer: for Grammer it might have, but it needes it not; beeing so easie of it selfe, and so voyd of those cumbersome differences of Cases, Genders, Moodes, and Tenses, which I thinke was a peece of the Tower of *Babilons* curse, that a man should be put to schoole to learne his mother-tongue. But for the uttering sweetly and properly the conceits of the minde, which is the end of speech, that hath it equally with any other tongue in the world: and is particularly happy in compositions of two or three words together, neere the Greeke, far beyond the Latine: which is one of the greatest beauties can be in a language.

Now, of versifying there are two sorts, the one Auncient, the other Moderne: the Auncient marked the quantitie of each silable, & according to that, framed his verse: the Moderne, observing onely number (with some regarde of the accent), the chiefe life of it standeth in that lyke sounding of the words, which wee call Ryme. Whether of these be the most excellent, would beare many speeches. The Auncient (no doubt) more fit for Musick, both words and tune observing quantity, and more fit lively to expresse divers passions, by the low and lofty sounde of the well-weyed silable. The latter, likewise, with hys Ryme, striketh a certaine musick to the eare: and in fine, sith it dooth delight, though by another way, it obtaines the same purpose: there beeing in eyther sweetnes, and wanting in neither maiestie. Truely the English, before any other vulgar language I know, is fit for both sorts: for, for the Ancient, the Italian is so full of Vowels, that it must ever be cumbred with *Elisions*. The Dutch, so of the other side with Consonants, that they cannot yeeld the sweet slyding, fit for a Verse. The French, in his whole language, hath not one word, that hath his accent in the last silable saving two, called *Antepenultima*; and

little more hath the Spanish: and therefore, very gracelessly may they use *Dactiles*. The English is subiect to none of these defects.

Nowe, for the ryme, though wee doe not observe quantity, yet wee observe the accent very precisely; which other languages, eyther cannot doe, or will not doe so absolutely. That *Caesura*, or breathing place in the middest of the verse, neither Italian nor Spanish have, the French & we never almost fayle of. Lastly, even the very ryme it selfe the Italian cannot put in the last silable, by the French named Masculine ryme, but still in the next to the last, which the French call the Female; or the next before that, which the Italians terme *Sdrucciola*. The example of the former is *Buono*, *Suono*, of the *Sdrucciola*, *Femina*, *Semina*. The French, of the other side, hath both the Male, as *Bon*, *Son*, and the Female, as *Plaise*, *Taise*. But the *Sdrucciola* hee hath not: where the English hath all three, as *Due*, *True*, *Father*, *Rather*, *Motion*, *Potion*; with much more which might be sayd, but that I finde already the triflingnes of this discourse is much too much enlarged.

So that sith the ever-praise-worthy Poesie, is full of vertue-breeding delightfulnes, and voyde of no gyfte, that ought to be in the noble name of learning: sith the blames laid against it are either false or feeble: sith the cause why it is not esteemed in Englande is the fault of Poet-apes, not Poets: sith lastly, our tongue is most fit to honor Poesie, and to bee honored by Poesie, I coniure you all, that have had the evill lucke to reade this incke-wasting toy of mine, even in the name of the nyne Muses, no more to scorne the sacred mysteries of Poesie: no more to laugh at the name of Poets, as though they were next inheritours to Fooles: no more to iest at the reverent title of a Rymer. But to beleeve with *Aristotle*, that they were the auncient Treasurers of the Graecians Divinity.

To beleeve with *Bembus*, that they were first bringers in of all civilitie. To beleeve with *Scaligér*, that no Philosophers precepts can sooner make you an honest man, then the reading of *Virgill*. To beleeve with *Clauserus*, the Translator of *Cornutus*, that it pleased the heavenly Deitie, by *Hesiod* and *Homer*, under the vayle of fables, to give us all knowledge, Logick, Rethorick, Philosophy naturall and morall; and *Quid non?* To beleeve with me, that there are many mysteries contained in Poetrie, which of purpose were written darkely, least by prophane wits it should bee abused. To beleeve with *Landin*, that they are so beloved of the Gods, that whatsoever they write proceeds of a divine fury. Lastly, to beleeve themselves, when they tell you they will make you immortall by their verses.

Thus doing, your name shal florish in the Printers shoppes; thus doing, you shall bee of kinne to many a poeticall Preface; thus doing, you shall be most fayre, most ritch, most wise, most all. You shall dwell upon Superlatives. Thus dooing, though you be *Libertino patre natus*, you shall suddenly grow *Herculea proles:*

*Si quid mea carmina possunt.*

Thus doing, your soule shal be placed with *Dantes Beatrix*, or *Virgils Anchises*. But if (fie of such a but) you be borne so neere the dull making *Cataract* of *Nilus*, that you cannot heare the Plannet-like Musick of Poetrie; if you have so earth-creeping a mind, that it cannot lift it selfe up to looke to the sky of Poetry; or rather, by a certaine rusticall disdaine, will become such a Mome, as to be a *Momus* of Poetry: then, although I will not wish unto you the Asses eares of *Midas*, nor to bee driven by a Poets verses (as *Bubonax* was) to hang himselfe, nor to be rimed to death, as is sayd to be doone in Ireland: yet thus much curse must I send you in the behalfe of all

Poets, that while you live, you live in love, and never get favour for lacking skill of a *Sonnet:* and when you die, your memory die from the earth for want of an Epitaph.

## XIII.

## EDMUND SPENSER.

### THE SHEPHEARDS CALENDER.

#### (i.) Januarie.

*Aegloga Prima. Argument.*

In this fyrst Aeglogue Colin Cloute, a shepheardes boy, complaineth him of his unfortunate love, being but newly (as semeth) enamoured of a countrie lasse called Rosalinde: with which strong affection being very sorely traveled, he compareth his carefull case to the sadde season of the yeare, to the frostie ground, to the frosen trees, and to his owne winter-beaten flocke. And, lastlye, fynding himselfe robbed of all former pleasaunce and delights, hee breaketh his Pipe in peeces, and casteth him selfe to the ground.

Colin Cloute.

A shepheards boye, (no better doe him call,)
When Winters wastful spight was almost spent,
All in a sunneshine day, as did befall,
Led forth his flock, that had bene long ypent:
So faynt they woxe, and feeble in the folde,
That now unnethes their feete could them uphold.

All as the Sheepe, such was the Shepeheards looke,
For pale and wanne he was, (alas the while!)
May seeme he lovd, or els some care he tooke:
Well couth he tune his pipe and frame his stile:
Tho to a hill his faynting flocke he ledde,
And thus him playnd, the while his shepe there fedde.

"Ye Gods of love, that pitie lovers payne,
(If any gods the paine of lovers pitie)
Looke from above, where you in joyes remaine,
And bowe your eares unto my dolefull dittie:
And, Pan, thou shepheards God that once didst love,
Pitie the paines that thou thy selfe didst prove.

"Thou barrein ground, whome winters wrath hath wasted,
Art made a myrrhour to behold my plight;
Whilome thy fresh spring flowed, and after hasted
Thy sommer prowde, with Daffadillies dight;
And now is come thy wynters stormy state,
Thy mantle mard, wherein thou maskedst late.

"Such rage as winters reigneth in my heart,
My life-bloud friesing with unkindly cold;
Such stormy stoures do breede my balefull smart,
As if my yeare were wast and woxen old;
And yet, alas! but now my spring begonne,
And yet, alas! yt is already donne.

"You naked trees, whose shady leaves are lost,
Wherein the byrds were wont to build their bowre,
And now are clothd with mosse and hoary frost,
Instede of bloosmes, wherewith your buds did flowre:
I see your teares that from your boughes doe raine,
Whose drops in drery ysicles remaine.

"All so my lustfull leafe is drye and sere,
My timely buds with wayling all are wasted;
The blossome which my braunch of youth did beare
With breathed sighes is blowne away and blasted:
And from mine eyes the drizling teares descend,
As on your boughes the ysicles depend.

"Thou feeble flocke, whose fleece is rough and rent,
Whose knees are weake through fast and evill fare,
Mayst witnesse well, by thy ill government,
Thy maysters mind is overcome with care:
Thou weake, I wanne; thou leane, I quite forlorne:
With mourning pyne I; you with pyning mourne.

"A thousand sithes I curse that carefull hower
Wherein I longd the neighbour towne to see,
And eke tenne thousand sithes I blesse the stoure
Wherein I sawe so fayre a sight as shee:
Yet all for naught: such sight hath bred my bane.
Ah, God! that love should breede both joy and payne!

"It is not Hobbinol wherefore I plaine,
Albee my love he seeke with dayly suit;
His clownish gifts and curtsies I disdaine,
His kiddes, his cracknelles, and his early fruit.
Ah, foolish Hobbinol! thy gyfts bene vayne;
Colin them gives to Rosalind againe.

"I love thilke lasse, (alas! why doe I love?)
And am forlorne, (alas! why am I lorne?)
Shee deignes not my good will, but doth reprove,
And of my rurall musicke holdeth scorne.
Shepheards devise she hateth as the snake,
And laughes the songs that Colin Clout doth make.

"Wherefore, my pype, albee rude Pan thou please,
Yet for thou pleasest not where most I would:
And thou, unlucky Muse, that wontst to ease
My musing mynd, ye canst not when thou should;
Both pype and Muse shall sore the while abye."
So broke his oaten pype, and downe dyd lye.

By that, the welked Phœbus gan availe
His weary waine; and nowe the frosty Night
Her mantle black through heaven gan overhaile:
Which seene, the pensife boy, halfe in despight,
Arose, and homeward drove his sonned sheepe,
Whose hanging heads did seeme his carefull case to weepe.

COLINS EMBLEME.

*Anchôra speme.*

(ii.) MARCH.

THOMALIN.

It was upon a holiday,
When shepheardes groomes han leave to playe,
I cast to goe a shooting.
Long wandring up and downe the land,
With bowe and bolts in either hand,
For birds in bushes tooting,
At length within an Yvie todde,
(There shrouded was the little god)
I heard a busie bustling.
I bent my bolt against the bush,
Listening if any thing did rushe,
But then heard no more rustling:
Tho, peeping close into the thicke,
Might see the moving of some quicke,
Whose shape appeared not;
But were it faerie, feend, or snake,
My courage earnd it to awake,
And manfully thereat shotte.
With that sprong forth a naked swayne
With spotted winges, like Peacocks trayne,
And laughing lope to a tree;

His gylden quiver at his backe,
And silver bowe, which was but slacke,
Which lightly he bent at me :
That seeing, I levelde againe
And shott at him with might and maine,
As thicke as it had hayled.
So long I shott, that al was spent ;
The pumie stones I hastly hent
And threwe ; but nought availed :
He was so wimble and so wight,
From bough to bough he lepped light,
And oft the pumies latched.
Therewith affrayd, I ranne away ;
But he, that earst seemd but to playe,
A shaft in earnest snatched,
And hit me running in the heele :
For then I little smart did feele,
But soone it sore encreased ;
And now it ranckleth more and more,
And inwardly it festreth sore,
Ne wote I how to cease it.

WILLYE.

Thomalin, I pittie thy plight,
Perdie with Love thou diddest fight :
I know him by a token ;
For once I heard my father say,
How he him caught upon a day,
(Whereof he wil be wroken)
Entangled in a fowling net,
Which he for carrion Crowes had set
That in our Peere-tree haunted :
Tho sayd, he was a winged lad,
But bowe and shafts as then none had,
Els had he sore be daunted.

But see, the Welkin thicks apace,
And stouping Phebus steepes his face:
Yts time to hast us homeward.

WILLYES EMBLEME.

To be wise, and eke to love
Is graunted scarce to Gods above.

THOMALINS EMBLEME.

Of Hony and of Gaule in love there is store;
The Honye is much, but the Gaule is more.

## XIV.

## EDMUND SPENSER.

### EPITHALAMION.

YE learnéd sisters, which have oftentimes
Beene to me ayding, others to adorne,
Whom ye thought worthy of your gracefull rymes,
That even the greatest did not greatly scorne
To heare theyr names sung in your simple layes,
But joyéd in theyr praise;
And when ye list your owne mishaps to mourne,
Which death, or love, or fortunes wreck did rayse,
Your string could soone to sadder tenor turne,
And teach the woods and waters to lament
Your dolefull dreriment:
Now lay those sorrowfull complaints aside;
And, having all your heads with girlands crownd,
Helpe me mine owne loves prayses to resound;
Ne let the same of any be envide:
So Orpheus did for his owne bride!
So I unto my selfe alone will sing;
The woods shall to me answer, and my Eccho ring.

Early, before the worlds light-giving lampe
His golden beame upon the hils doth spred,
Having disperst the nights unchearefull dampe,
Doe ye awake; and, with fresh lusty-hed,
Go to the bowre of my belovéd love,
My truest turtle-dove;
Bid her awake; for Hymen is awake,
And long since ready forth his maske to move,
With his bright Tead that flames with many a flake,
And many a bachelor to waite on him,
In theyr fresh garments trim.
Bid her awake therefore, and soone her dight,
For lo! the wishéd day is come at last,
That shall, for all the paynes and sorrowes past,
Pay to her usury of long delight:
And, whylest she doth her dight,
Doe ye to her of joy and solace sing,
That all the woods may answer, and your eccho ring.

Bring with you all the Nymphes that you can heare
Both of the rivers and the forrests greene,
And of the sea that neighbours to her neare:
Al with gay girlands goodly wel beseene.
And let them also with them bring in hand
Another gay girland
For my fayre love, of lillyes and of roses,
Bound truelove wize, with a blew silke riband.
And let them make great store of bridale poses,
And let them eeke bring store of other flowers,
To deck the bridale bowers.
And let the ground whereas her foot shall tread,
For feare the stones her tender foot should wrong,
Be strewed with fragrant flowers all along,
And diapred lyke the discolored mead.

Which done, doe at her chamber dore awayt,
For she will waken strayt;
The whiles doe ye this song unto her sing,
The woods shall to you answer, and your Eccho ring.

Ye Nymphes of Mulla, which with carefull heed
The silver scaly trouts doe tend full well,
And greedy pikes which use therein to feed;
(Those trouts and pikes all others doo excell;)
And ye likewise, which keepe the rushy lake,
Where none doo fishes take;
Bynd up the locks the which hang scatterd light,
And in his waters, which your mirror make,
Behold your faces as the christall bright,
That when you come whereas my love doth lie,
No blemish she may spie.
And eke, ye lightfoot mayds, which keepe the deere,
That on the hoary mountayne used to towre;
And the wylde wolves, which seeke them to devoure,
With your steele darts doo chace from comming neer;
Be also present heere,
To helpe to decke her, and to help to sing,
That all the woods may answer, and your eccho ring.

Wake now, my love, awake! for it is time;
The Rosy Morne long since left Tithones bed,
All ready to her silver coche to clyme;
And Phœbus gins to shew his glorious hed.
Hark! how the cheerefull birds do chaunt theyr laies
And carroll of Loves praise.
The merry Larke hir mattins sings aloft;
The Thrush replyes; the Mavis descant playes;
The Ouzell shrills; the Ruddock warbles soft;
So goodly all agree, with sweet consent,
To this dayes merriment.

Ah! my deere love, why doe ye sleepe thus long?
When meeter were that ye should now awake,
T' awayt the comming of your joyous make,
And hearken to the birds love-learnéd song,
The deawy leaves among!
For they of joy and pleasance to you sing,
That all the woods them answer, and theyr eccho ring.

My love is now awake out of her dreames,
And her fayre eyes, like stars that dimméd were
With darksome cloud, now shew theyr goodly beams
More bright than Hesperus his head doth rere.
Come now, ye damzels, daughters of delight,
Helpe quickly her to dight:
But first come ye fayre houres, which were begot
In Joves sweet paradice of Day and Night;
Which doe the seasons of the yeare allot,
And al, that ever in this world is fayre,
Doe make and still repayre:
And ye three handmayds of the Cyprian Queene,
The which doe still adorne her beauties pride,
Helpe to addorne my beautifullest bride:
And, as ye her array, still throw betweene
Some graces to be seene;
And, as ye use to Venus, to her sing,
The whiles the woods shal answer, and your eccho ring.

Now is my love all ready forth to come:
Let all the virgins therefore well awayt:
And ye fresh boyes, that tend upon her groome,
Prepare your selves; for he is comming strayt.
Set all your things in seemely good aray,
Fit for so joyfull day:
The joyfulest day that ever sunne did see.
Faire Sun! shew forth thy favourable ray,
And let thy lifull heat not fervent be,

For feare of burning her sunshyny face,
Her beauty to disgrace.
O fayrest Phœbus! father of the Muse!
If ever I did honour thee aright,
Or sing the thing that mote thy mind delight,
Doe not thy servants simple boone refuse;
But let this day, let this one day, be myne;
Let all the rest be thine.
Then I thy soverayne prayses loud wil sing,
That all the woods shal answer, and theyr eccho ring.

Harke! how the Minstrils gin to shrill aloud
Their merry Musick that resounds from far,
The pipe, the tabor, and the trembling Croud,
That well agree withouten breach or jar.
But, most of all, the Damzels doe delite
When they their tymbrels smyte,
And thereunto do daunce and carrol sweet,
That all the sences they doe ravish quite;
The whyles the boyes run up and downe the street,
Crying aloud with strong confuséd noyce,
As if it were one voyce,
Hymen, iö Hymen, Hymen, they do shout;
That even to the heavens theyr shouting shrill
Doth reach, and all the firmament doth fill;
To which the people standing all about,
As in approvance, doe thereto applaud,
And loud advaunce her laud;
And evermore they Hymen, Hymen sing,
That al the woods them answer, and theyr eccho ring.

Loe! where she comes along with portly pace,
Lyke Phœbe, from her chamber of the East,
Arysing forth to run her mighty race,
Clad all in white, that seemes a virgin best.

So well it her beseemes, that ye would weene
Some angell she had beene.
Her long loose yellow locks lyke golden wyre,
Sprinckled with perle, and perling flowres atweene,
Doe lyke a golden mantle her attyre;
And, being crownéd with a girland greene,
Seeme lyke some mayden Queene.
Her modest eyes, abashéd to behold
So many gazers as on her do stare,
Upon the lowly ground affixéd are;
Ne dare lift up her countenance too bold,
But blush to heare her prayses sung so loud,
So farre from being proud.
Nathlesse doe ye still loud her prayses sing,
That all the woods may answer, and your eccho ring.

Tell me, ye merchants daughters, did ye see
So fayre a creature in your towne before;
So sweet, so lovely, and so mild as she,
Adornd with beautyes grace and vertues store?
Her goodly eyes lyke Saphyres shining bright,
Her forehead yvory white,
Her cheekes lyke apples which the sun hath rudded,
Her lips lyke cherryes charming men to byte,
Her brest like to a bowle of creame uncrudded,

* * * * *

Her snowie necke lyke to a marble towre;
And all her body like a pallace fayre,
Ascending up, with many a stately stayre,
To honors seat and chastities sweet bowre.
Why stand ye still ye virgins in amaze,
Upon her so to gaze,
Whiles ye forget your former lay to sing,
To which the woods did answer, and your eccho ring?

But if ye saw that which no eyes can see,
The inward beauty of her lively spright,
Garnisht with heavenly guifts of high degree,
Much more then would ye wonder at that sight,
And stand astonisht lyke to those which red
Medusaes mazeful hed.
There dwels sweet love, and constant chastity,
Unspotted fayth, and comely womanhood,
Regard of honour, and mild modesty;
There vertue raynes as Queene in royal throne,
And giveth lawes alone,
The which the base affections doe obay,
And yeeld theyr services unto her will;
Ne thought of thing uncomely ever may
Thereto approch to tempt her mind to ill.
Had ye once seene these her celestial threasures,
And unrevealéd pleasures,
Then would ye wonder, and her prayses sing,
That al the woods should answer, and your echo ring.

Open the temple gates unto my love,
Open them wide that she may enter in,
And all the postes adorne as doth behove,
And all the pillours deck with girlands trim,
For to receyve this Saynt with honour dew,
That commeth in to you.
With trembling steps, and humble reverence,
She commeth in, before th' Almighties view;
Of her ye virgins learne obedience,
When so ye come into those holy places,
To humble your proud faces:
Bring her up to th' high altar, that she may
The sacred ceremonies there partake,
The which do endlesse matrimony make;
And let the roring Organs loudly play

The praises of the Lord in lively notes ;
The whiles, with hollow throates,
The Choristers the joyous Antheme sing,
That al the woods may answere, and their eccho ring.

Behold, whiles she before the altar stands,
Hearing the holy priest that to her speakes,
And blesseth her with his two happy hands,
How the red roses flush up in her cheekes,
And the pure snow, with goodly vermill stayne
Like crimson dyde in grayne :
That even th' Angels, which continually
About the sacred Altare doe remaine,
Forget their service and about her fly,
Ofte peeping in her face, that seems more fayre,
The more they on it stare.
But her sad eyes, still fastened on the ground,
Are governéd with goodly modesty,
That suffers not one looke to glaunce awry,
Which may let in a little thought unsound.
Why blush ye, love, to give to me your hand,
The pledge of all our band !
Sing, ye sweet Angels, Alleluya sing,
That all the woods may answere, and your eccho ring.

Now al is done : bring home the bride againe ;
Bring home the triumph of our victory :
Bring home with you the glory of her gaine ;
With joyance bring her and with jollity.
Never had man more joyfull day than this,
Whom heaven would heape with blis,
Make feast therefore now all this live-long day ;
This day for ever to me holy is.
Poure out the wine without restraint or stay,
Poure not by cups, but by the belly full,
Poure out to all that wull,

And sprinkle all the postes and wals with wine,
That they may sweat, and drunken be withall.
Crowne ye God Bacchus with a coronall,
And Hymen also crown with wreathes of vine;
And let the Graces daunce unto the rest,
For they can doo it best:
The whiles the maydens doe theyr carroll sing,
To which the woods shall answer, and theyr eccho ring.

Ring ye the bels, ye yong men of the towne,
And leave your wonted labors for this day:
This day is holy; doe ye write it downe,
That ye for ever it remember may.
This day the sunne is in his chiefest hight,
With Barnaby the bright,
From whence declining daily by degrees,
He somewhat loseth of his heart and light,
When once the Crab behind his back he sees.
But for this time it ill-ordainéd was,
To chose the longest day in all the yeare,
And shortest night, when longest fitter weare:
Yet never day so long, but late would passe,
Ring ye the bels, to make it weare away,
And bonefiers make all day;
And daunce about them, and about them sing,
That all the woods may answer, and your eccho ring.

* * * * *

Let no lamenting cryes, nor dolefull teares
Be heard all night within, nor yet without:
Ne let false whispers, breeding hidden feares,
Breake gentle sleepe with misconceivéd dout.
Let no deluding dreames, nor dreadfull sights,
Make sudden sad affrights;
Ne let house-fyres, nor lightnings helpelesse harmes,
Ne let the Pouke, nor other evill sprights,

Ne let mischivous witches with theyr charmes,
Ne let hob Goblins, names whose sence we see not,
Fray us with things that be not:
Let not the shriech Oule nor the storke be heard,
Nor the night Raven, that still deadly yels;
Nor damnéd ghosts, cald up with mighty spels,
Nor griesly vultures, make us once affeard:
Ne let th' unpleasant Quyre of Frogs still croking
Make us to wish theyr choking,
Let none of these theyr drery accents sing;
Ne let the woods them answer, nor theyr eccho ring,

But let stil Silence trew night-watches keepe,
That sacred Peace may in assurance rayne,
And tymely Sleep, when it is tyme to sleepe,
May poure his limbs forth on your pleasant playne;
The whiles an hundred little wingéd loves,
Like divers-fethered doves,
Shall fly and flutter round about your bed,
And in the secret darke, that none reproves,
Their prety stealthes shal worke, and snares shal spread
To filch away sweet snatches of delight,
Concealed through covert night.
Ye sonnes of Venus, play your sports at will!
For greedy pleasure, carelesse of your toyes,
Thinks more upon her paradise of joyes,
Then what ye do, albe it good or ill.
All night therefore attend your merry play,
For it will soone be day:
Now none doth hinder you, that say or sing;
Ne will the woods now answer, nor your eccho ring.

And ye high heavens, the temple of the gods,
In which a thousand torches flaming bright
Doe burne, that to us wretched earthly clods
In dreadful darknesse lend desiréd light;

And all ye powers which in the same remayne,
More then we men can fayne !
Poure out your blessing on us plentiously,
And happy influence upon us raine,
That we may raise a large posterity,
Which from the earth, which they may long possesse
With lasting happinesse,
Up to your haughty pallaces may mount ;
And, for the guerdon of theyr glorious merit,
May heavenly tabernacles there inherit,
Of blesséd Saints for to increase the count.
So let us rest, sweet love, in hope of this,
And cease till then our tymely joyes to sing :
The woods no more us answer, nor our eccho ring !

*Song ! made in lieu of many ornaments,*
*With which my love should duly have been dect,*
*Which cutting off through hasty accidents,*
*Ye would not stay your dew time to expect,*
*But promist both to recompens ;*
*Be unto her a goodly ornament,*
*And for short time an endlesse moniment.*

## XV.

## EDMUND SPENSER.

### THE FAERIE QUEENE.

(Book I., Canto V.)

The faithfull knight in equall field
subdewes his faithlesse foe ;
Whom false Duessa saves, and for
his cure to hell does goe.

The noble hart, that harbours vertuous thought,
And is with child of glorious great intent,
Can never rest, untill it forth have brought
Th' eternall brood of glorie excellent.
Such restlesse passion did all night torment
The flaming corage of that Faery knight,
Devizing how that doughtie turnament
With greatest honour he atchieven might:
Still did he wake, and still did watch for dawning light.

At last, the golden orientall gate
Of greatest heaven gan to open faire,
And Phoebus, fresh as bridegrome to his mate,
Came dauncing forth, shaking his deawie haire,
And hurld his glistring beams through gloomy aire.
Which, when the wakeful Elfe perceiv'd, straightway
He started up, and did him selfe prepaire
In sunbright armes, and battailous array:
For with that Pagan proud he combat will that day.

And forth he comes into the commune hall;
Where earely waite him many a gazing eye,
To weet what end to straunger knights may fall.
There many minstrales maken melody,
To drive away the dull melancholy;
And many bardes, that to the trembling chord
Can tune their timely voices cunningly;
And many chroniclers, that can record
Old loves, and warres for ladies doen by many a lord.

Soon after comes the cruel Sarazin,
In woven maile all armed warily;
And sternly lookes at him, who not a pin
Does care for looke of living creatures eye.
They bring him wines of Greece and Araby,

And daintie spices fetcht from furthest Ynd,
To kindle heat of corage privily;
And in the wine a solemne oth they bynd
T' observe the sacred lawes of armes, that are assynd.

At last forth comes that far renowmed Queene,
With royall pomp and princely majestie:
She is ybrought into a paléd greene,
And placéd under stately canapee,
The warlike feates of both those knights to see.
On th' other side in all mens open vew
Duessa placéd is, and on a tree
Sansfoy his shield is hangd with bloudy hew:
Both those the lawrell girlonds to the victor dew.

A shrilling trumpet sounded from on hye,
And unto battaill bad themselves addresse:
Their shining shieldes about their wrestes they tye,
And burning blades about their heades doe blesse,
The instruments of wrath and heavinesse:
With greedy force each other doth assayle,
And strike so fiercely, that they do impresse
Deepe dinted furrowes in the battred mayle:
The yron walles to ward their blowes are weak and fraile.

The Sarazin was stout, and wondrous strong,
And heaped blowes like yron hammers great;
For after bloud and vengeance he did long.
The knight was fiers, and full of youthly heat,
And doubled strokes, like dreaded thunders threat:
For all for praise and honour he did fight.
Both stricken strike, and beaten both do beat,
That from their shields forth flyeth firie light,
And helmets hewen deepe shew marks of eithers might.

So th' one for wrong, the other strives for right:
As when a gryfon, seizéd of his pray,
A dragon fiers encountreth in his flight,
Through widest ayre making his ydle way,
That would his rightfull ravine rend away;
With hideous horror both together smight,
And souce so sore, that they the heavens affray:
The wise soothsayer, seeing so sad sight,
Th' amazéd vulgar tels of warres and mortall fight.

Lo th' one for wrong, the other strives for right,
And each to deadly shame would drive his foe:
The cruell steele so greedily doth bight
In tender flesh, that streames of bloud down flow;
With which the armes, that earst so bright did show,
Into a pure vermillion now are dyde;
Great ruth in all the gazers harts did grow;
Seeing the goréd woundes to gape so wyde,
That victory they dare not wish to either side.

At last the Paynim chaunst to cast his eye,
His suddein eye, flaming with wrathful fyre,
Upon his brothers shield, with hong thereby:
Therewith redoubled with his raging yre,
And said, Ah! wretched sonne of wofull syre,
Doest thou sit wayling by blacke Stygian lake,
Whilest here thy shield is hangd for victors hyre,
And, sluggish german, doest thy forces slake
To after-send his foe, that him may overtake?

Goe, caytive Elfe, him quickly overtake,
And soone redeeme from his long wandring woe:
Goe, guiltie ghost, to him my message make,
That I his shield have quit from dying foe.
Therewith upon his crest he stroke him so,

That twise he reeled, readie twise to fall :
End of the doubtfull battell deemed tho
The lookers on, and lowd to him gan call
The false Duessa, Thine the shield, and I, and all.

Soone as the Faerie heard his lady speake,
Out of his swouning dreame he gan awake ;
And quickning faith, that earst was woxen weake,
The creeping deadly cold away did shake ;
Tho mov'd with wrath, and shame, and ladies sake,
Of all attonce he cast aveng'd to be,
And with so' exceeding furie at him strake,
That forcéd him to stoupe upon his knee :
Had he not stoopéd so, he should have cloven bee.

And to him said, Goe now, proud miscreant,
Thyselfe thy message do to german deare ;
Alone he wandring thee too long doth want :
Goe say, his foe thy shield with his doth beare.
Therewith his heavie hand he high gan reare,
Him to have slaine ; when lo ! a darkesome clowd
Upon him fell ; he no where doth appeare,
But vanisht is. The elfe him calls alowd,
But answer none receives : the darknes him does shrowd.

In haste Duessa from her place arose,
And to him running said, O ! prowest knight,
That ever ladie to her love did chose,
Let now abate the terror of your might,
And quench the flame of furious despight
And bloudie vengeance ; lo ! th' infernall powres,
Covering your foe with cloud of deadly night,
Have borne him hence to Plutoes balefull bowres.
The conquest yours, I yours, the shield and glory yours.

Not all so satisfide, with greedie eye
He sought all round about, his thirstie blade
To bathe in bloud of faithlesse enemy ;
Who all that while lay hid in secret shade :
He standes amazéd how he thence should fade.
At last the trumpets triumph sound on hie
And running heralds humble homage made,
Greeting him goodly with new victorie,
And to him bring the shield, the cause of enmitie.

Wherewith he goeth to that soveraine Queene ;
And falling her before on lowly knee,
To her makes present of his service seene ;
Which she accepts with thankes and goodly gree,
Greatly advauncing his great chevalree.
So marcheth home, and by her takes the knight,
Whom all the people follow with great glee,
Shouting and clapping all their hands on hight,
That all the aire it fils, and flyes to heaven bright.

Home is he brought and laid on sumptuous bed :
Where many skilfull leaches him abide,
To salve his hurts, that yet still freshly bled.
In wine and oyle they wash his woundes wide,
And softly gan embalme on everie side.
And all the while most heavenly melody
About the bed sweet music did divide,
Him to beguile of grief and agony :
And all the while Duessa wept full bitterly.

As when a wearie traveller, that strayes
By muddy shore of broad seven-mouthed Nile,
Unweeting of the perillous wandring wayes,
Doth meete a cruell craftie crocodile,
Which, in false griefe hyding his harmefull guile,

Doth weepe full sore, and sheddeth tender teares;
The foolish man, that pitties all this while
His mournefull plight, is swallowed up unwares,
Forgetfull of his owne, that mindes anothers cares.

So wept Duessa untill eventide,
That shyning lampes in Joves high house were light:
Then forth she rose, ne lenger would abide;
But comes unto the place, where th' hethen knight,
In slombring swownd, nigh voyd of vitall spright,
Lay cover'd with inchaunted cloud all day:
Whom when she found, as she him left in plight,
To wayle his wofull case she would not stay,
But to the easterne coast of heaven makes speedy way.

Where griesly night, with visage deadly sad,
That Phoebus chearefull face durst never vew,
And in a foule blacke pitchy mantle clad,
She findes forth comming from her darksome mew,
Where she all day did hide her hated hew,
Before the dore her yron charet stood,
Already harnessed for journey new,
And cole blacke steedes yborne of hellish brood,
That on their rusty bits did champ, as they were wood.

Who when she saw Duessa sunny bright,
Adornd with gold and jewels shining cleare,
She greatly grew amazéd at the sight,
And th' unacquainted light began to feare;
(For never did such brightnes there appeare;)
And would have backe retyréd to her cave,
Untill the witches speech she gan to heare,
Saying, Yet, O thou dreaded dame! I crave
Abide, till I have told the message which I have.

She stayd, and foorth Duessa gan proceede,
O thou most auncient grandmother of all,
More old than Jove, whom thou at first didst breede,
Or that great house of gods caelestiall;
Which wast begot in Daemogorgons hall,
And sawst the secrets of the world unmade,
Why suffredst thou thy nephewes deare to fall
With elfin sword most shamefully betrade?
Lo! where the stout Sansjoy doth sleepe in deadly shade.

And him before, I saw with bitter eyes
The bold Sansfoy shrinke underneathe his speare;
And now the pray of fowles in field he lyes,
Nor wayld of friends, nor layd on groning beare,
That whylome was to me too dearely deare.
O! what of Gods then boots it to be borne,
If old Aveugles sonnes so evill heare?
Or who shall not great nightes children scorne,
When two or three her nephews are so fowle forlorne?

Up, then! up, dreary dame, of darknesse Queene;
Go, gather up the reliques of thy race;
Or else goe them avenge, and let be seene
That dreaded night in brightest day hath place,
And can the children of faire light deface.
Her feeling speeches some compassion mov'd
In hart, and chaunge in that great mothers face:
Yet pitty in her hart was never prov'd
Till then: for evermore she hated, never lov'd:

And said, Deare daughter, rightly may I rew
The fall of famous children borne of mee,
And good successes, which their foes ensew:
But who can turne the streame of destinee.
Or breake the chayne of strong necessitee,

Which fast is tyde to Joves eternall seat?
The sonnes of day he favoureth, I see,
And by my ruines thinkes to make them great:
To make one great by others losse is bad excheat.

Yet shall they not escape so freely all,
For some shall pay the price of others guilt:
And he, the man that made Sansfoy to fall,
Shall with his owne bloud price that he has spilt.
But what art thou, that telst of nephews kilt?
I, that do seeme not I, Duessa am,
(Quoth she) how ever now in garments gilt
And gorgeous gold arayd, I to thee came;
Duessa I, the daughter of deceit and shame.

Then bowing downe her agéd backe, she kist
The wicked witch, saying, In that faire face
The false resemblance of deceipt, I wist,
Did closely lurke; yet so true-seeming grace
It carried, that I scarse in darkesome place
Could it discerne, though I the mother bee
Of falshood, and roote of Duessaes race.
O welcome, child! whom I have longd to see,
And now have seene unawares. Lo! now I goe with thee.

Then to her yron wagon she betakes,
And with her beares the fowle welfavourd witch:
Through mirkesome aire her ready way she makes
Her twyfold teme, of which two blacke as pitch,
And two were browne, yet each to each unlich,
Did softly swim away, ne ever stamp,
Unlesse she chaunst their stubborne mouths to twitch;
Then, foming tarre, their bridles they would champ,
And trampling the fine element would fiercely ramp.

So well they sped, that they be come at length
Unto the place, whereas the Paynim lay,
Devoid of outward sense, and native strength,
Coverd with charmed cloud from vew of day,
And sight of men, since his late luckelesse fray.
His cruell wounds with cruddy bloud congeald
They binden up so wisely as they may,
And handle softly, till they can be heald:
So lay him in her charet, close in night conceald.

And all the while she stood upon the ground,
The wakefull dogs did never cease to bay,
As giving warning of th' unwonted sound,
With which her yron wheeles did them affray,
And her darke griesly looke them much dismay:
The messenger of death, the ghastly owle,
With drery shriekes did also her bewray;
And hungry wolves continually did howle
At her abhorred face, so filthy and so fowle.

Then turning backe in silence soft they stole,
And brought the heavy corse with easy pace
To yawning gulfe of deepe Avernus hole:
By that same hole an entrance, dark and bace,
With smoake and sulphur hiding all the place,
Descends to hell: there creature never past,
That backe returned without heavenly grace;
But dreadfull Furies, which their chaines have brast,
And damned sprights sent forth to make ill men aghast.

By that same way the direfull dames doe drive
Their mornefull charet, fild with rusty blood,
And doune to Plutoes house are come bilive:
Which passing through, on every side them stood
The trembling ghosts with sad amazéd mood.

Chattring their yron teeth, and staring wide
With stonie eyes; and all the hellish brood
Of feends infernall flockt on every side,
To gaze on earthly wight, that with the night durst ride.

They pas the bitter waves of Acheron,
Where many soules sit wailing woefully,
And come to fiery flood of Phlegeton,
Whereas the damned ghosts in torments fry,
And with sharp shrilling shriekes doe bootlesse cry,
Cursing high Jove, the which them thither sent.
The house of endlesse paine is built thereby,
In which ten thousand sorts of punishment
The curséd creatures doe eternally torment.

Before the threshold dreadfull Cerberus
His three deformed heads did lay along,
Curled with thousand adders venomous,
And lilled forth his bloody flaming tong:
At them he gan to reare his bristles strong,
And felly gnarre, untill dayes enemy
Did him appease; then downe his taile he hong,
And suffered them to passen quietly:
For she in hell and heaven had power equally.

There was Ixion turned on a wheele,
For daring tempt the Queene of heaven to sin
And Sisyphus an huge round stone did reele
Against an hill, ne might from labour lin;
There thirsty Tantalus hong by the chin;
And Tityus fed a vulture on his maw;
Typhoeus joynts were stretched on a gin;
Theseus condemnd to endlesse slouth by law;
And fifty sisters water in leake vessels draw.

They all, beholding worldly wights in place,
Leave off their worke, unmindfull of their smart,
To gaze on them; who forth by them doe pace,
Till they be come unto the furthest part;
Where was a cave ywrought by wondrous art,
Deepe, darke, uneasy, dolefull, comfortlesse,
In which sad Aesculapius far apart
Emprisond was in chaines remedilesse;
For that Hippolytus rent corse he did redresse.

Hippolytus a jolly huntsman was,
That wont in charet chace the foming bore:
He all his peeres in beauty did surpas:
But ladies love, as losse of time, forbore:
His wanton stepdame loved him the more;
But, when she saw her offred sweets refusd,
Her love she turnd to hate, and him before
His father fierce of treason false accusd,
And with her gealous termes his open eares abusd;

Who, all in rage, his sea-god syre besought
Some cursed vengeaunce on his sonne to cast:
From surging gulf two monsters streight were brought
With dread whereof his chacing steedes aghast
Both charet swifte and huntsman overcast.
His goodly corps, on ragged cliffs yrent,
Was quite dismembred, and his members chast
Scattered on every mountaine as he went,
That of Hippolytus was lefte no moniment.

His cruell stepdame, seeing what was donne,
Her wicked daies with wretched knife did end,
In death avowing th' innocence of her sonne.
Which hearing, his rash syre began to rend
His heare, and hasty tong that did offend:

Tho, gathering up the reliques of his smart,
By Dianes meanes, who was Hippolyts frend,
Them brought to Aesculape, that by his art
Did heale them all againe, and joyned every part.

Such wondrous science in mans witt to rain
When Jove avizd, that could the dead revive,
And fates expiréd could renew again,
Of endlesse life he might him not deprive,
But unto hell did thrust him downe alive,
With flashing thunderbolt ywounded sore:
Where long remaining, he did alwaies strive
Himselfe with salves to health for to restore,
And slake the heavenly fire, that ragéd evermore.

There auncient night arriving, did alight
From her nigh weary waine, and in her armes
To Aesculapius brought the wounded knight:
Whom having softly disarayd of armes,
Tho gan to him discover all his harmes,
Beseeching him with prayer, and with praise,
If either salves, or oyles, or herbes, or charmes
A fordonne wight from dore of death mote raise,
He would at her request prolong her nephews daies.

Ah Dame (quoth he), thou temptest me in vaine
To dare the thing, which daily yet I rew,
And the old cause of my continued paine
With like attempt to like end to renew.
Is not enough, that, thrust from heaven dew,
Here endlesse penance for one fault I pay,
But that redoubled crime with vengeance new
Thou biddest me to eeke? can Night defray
The wrath of thundring Jove, that rules both night and day?

Not so (quoth she), but sith that heavens king
From hope of heaven hath thee excluded quight,
Why fearest thou, that canst not hope for thing;
And fearest not, that more thee hurten might,
Now in the powre of everlasting Night?
Goe to then, O thou far renowmed sonne
Of great Apollo! shew thy famous might
In medicine, that else hath to thee wonne
Great pains, and greater praise, both never to be donne.

Her words prevaild: And then the learned leach
His cunning hand gan to his wounds to lay,
And all things else, the which his art did teach:
Which having seene, from thence arose away
The mother of dread darknesse, and let stay
Aveugles sonne there in the leaches cure;
And, backe returning, tooke her wonted way
To runne her timely race, while Phoebus pure
In westerne waves his weary wagon did recure.

The false Duessa, leaving noyous Night,
Returnd to stately pallace of Dame Pride;
Where when she came, she found the Faery knight
Departed thence, albe, his woundes wide
Not throughly heald, unready were to ride.
Good cause he had to hasten thence away;
For on a day his wary dwarfe had spide
Where in a dungeon deepe huge numbers lay
Of caytive wretched thralls, that wayléd night and day.

A ruefull sight, as could be seene with eie;
Of whom he learned had in secret wise
The hidden cause of their captivitie;
How mortgaging their lives to covetise,
Through wastfull pride and wanton riotise,

They were by law of that proud tyrannesse,
Provokt with wrath and envies false surmise,
Condemned to that dongeon mercilesse,
Where they should live in woe, and die in wretchednesse.

There was that great proud king of Babylon,
That would compell all nations to adore,
And him as onely God to call upon,
Till, through celestiall doome thrown out of dore,
Into an oxe he was transformd of yore.
There also was king Croesus, that enhaunst
His hart too high through his great richesse store;
And proud Antiochus, the which advaunst
His curséd hand gainst God, and on his altars daunst.

And them long time before, great Nimrod was,
That first the world with sword and fire warrayd;
And after him old Ninus far did pas
In princely pomp, of all the world obayd;
There also was that mightie monarch layd
Low under all, yet above all in pride,
That name of native syre did fowle upbrayd,
And would as Ammons sonne be magnifide,
Till, scornd of God and man, a shamefull death he dide.

All these together in one heape were throwne,
Like carkases of beasts in butchers stall.
And in another corner wide were strowne
The antique ruins of the Romanes fall:
Great Romulus, the grandsyre of them all,
Proud Tarquin, and too lordly Lentulus,
Stout Scipio, and stubborne Hanniball,
Ambitious Sylla, and sterne Marius,
High Caesar, great Pompey, and fierce Antonius.

Amongst these mightie men were wemen mixt,
Proud wemen, vaine, forgetfull of their yoke:
The bold Semiramis, whose sides transfixt
With sonnes own blade her fowle reproches spoke;
Faire Sthenoboea, that her selfe did choke
With wilfull chord, for wanting of her will;
High-minded Cleopatra, that with stroke
Of aspes sting her selfe did stoutly kill:
And thousands moe the like, that did that dongeon fill,

Besides the endlesse routs of wretched thralles,
Which thither were assembled day by day
From all the world, after their wofull falles
Through wicked pride and wasted wealthes decay.
But most of all which in that dongeon lay,
Fell from high princes courts, or ladies bowres;
Where they in idle pomp, or wanton play,
Consuméd had their goods, and thriftlesse howres,
And lastly thrown themselves into these heavy stowres.

Whose case when as the careful dwarfe had tould,
And made ensample of their mournfull sight
Unto his maister, he no lenger would
There dwell in perill of like painefull plight,
But early rose, and, ere that dawning light
Discovered had the world to heaven wyde,
He by a privy posterne tooke his flight,
That of no envious eyes he mote be spyde:
For doubtlesse death ensewd, if any him descryde.

Scarse could he footing find in that fowle way,
For many corses, like a great lay-stall,
Of murdred men, which therein strowed lay
Without remorse, or decent funerall:
Which all through that great princesse Pride did fall

And came to shamefull end. And them beside,
Forth ryding underneath the castell wall,
A donghill of dead carkases he spide;
The dreadfull spectacle of that sad house of Pride.

## XVI.

## SIR WALTER RALEIGH.

### (i.) A VISION UPON THIS CONCEIPT OF THE FAERY QUEENE.

Me thought I saw the graue where Laura lay,
Within that Temple, where the vestall flame
Was wont to burne; and passing by that way,
To see that buried dust of liuing fame,
Whose tombe faire loue and fairer vertue kept;
All suddeinly I saw the Faery Queene:
At whose approch the soule of Petrarke wept;
And from thenceforth, those graces were not seene,
For they this Queene attended: in whose steed
Obliuion laid him downe on Lauras herse:
Hereat the hardest stones were seene to bleed,
And grones of buried ghostes the heuens did perse,
Where Homers spright did tremble all for griefe,
And curst th' accesse of that celestiall theife.

### (ii.) HIS PILGRIMAGE.

Give me my Scallop-shell of Quiet,
My Staff of Faith to walk upon,
My Scrip of Joy, immortal Diet,
My Bottle of Salvation,
My Gown of Glory, (Hope's true Gage);
And thus I'll take my *Pilgrimage*.

Bloud must be my Bodie's Balmer ;
No other Balm will there be given ;
Whilst my Soul, like quiet Palmer,
Travelleth towards the Land of Heaven ;
Over the silver Mountains,
Where spring the Nectar Fountains :
There will I kiss
The bowl of bliss ;
And drink mine everlasting fill
Upon every Milken hill.
My soul will be a-drie before ;
But, after, it will thirst no more.

### (iii.) THE PASSIONATE SHEPHERD TO HIS LOVE.

(Christopher Marlowe.)

Come live with me and be my Love,
And we will all the pleasures prove
That hills and valleys, dales and fields,
Or woods or steepy mountain yields.

And we will sit upon the rocks,
And see the shepherds feed their flocks
By shallow rivers, to whose falls
Melodious birds sing madrigals.

And I will make thee beds of roses
And a thousand fragrant posies ;
A cap of flowers, and a kirtle
Embroider'd all with leaves of myrtle.

A gown made of the finest wool
Which from our pretty lambs we pull ;
Fair-linéd slippers for the cold,
With buckles of the purest gold.

A belt of straw and ivy-buds
With coral clasps and amber studs;
And if these pleasures may thee move,
Come live with me and be my Love.

The shepherds swains shall dance and sing
For thy delight each May morning:
If these delights thy mind may move,
Then live with me and be my Love.

## HER REPLY.

(Sir Walter Raleigh.)

If all the world and Love were young,
And truth in every shepherd's tongue,
These pretty pleasures might me move
To live with thee and be thy Love.

But Time drives flocks from field to fold;
When rivers rage and rocks grow cold;
And *Philomel* becometh dumb;
The rest complains of cares to come.

The flowers do fade, and wanton fields
To wayward Winter reckoning yeilds:
A honey tongue, a heart of gall,
Is fancy's spring, but sorrow's fall.

Thy gowns, thy shoes, thy beds of roses,
Thy cap, thy kirtle, and thy posies,
Soon break, soon wither—soon forgotten,
In folly ripe, in reason rotten.

Thy belt of straw and ivie-buds,
Thy coral clasps and amber studs,—
All these in me no means can move
To come to thee and be thy Love.

But could youth last, and love stil breed,
Had joys no date, nor age no need,
Then these delights my mind might move
To live with thee and be thy Love.

### (iv.) THE SILENT LOVER.

PASSIONS are likened best to flouds and streames:
The shallow murmur, but the deepe are dumbe,
Soe, when affections yeilds discourse, it seemes
The bottome is but shallowe whence they come.
They that are rich in wordes, in wordes discouer
That they are poore in that which makes a Louer.

### (v.) THE CONCLUSION.

EVEN such is Time, that takes in trust
Our youth, our joyes, our all we have,
And pays us but with Earth & Dust;
Who in the dark & silent Grave,
When we have wandred all our ways,
Shuts up the story of our days;
But from this Earth, this Grave, this Dust,
My God shall raise me up, I trust.

## XVII.

## ELIZABETHAN VOYAGES.

### (i.) INSULAE FORTUNATAE.

To speak somewhat of these islands, being called in old time *Insulae Fortunatae*, by the means of the flourishing thereof, the fruitfulness of them doth surely exceed far all other that I have heard of. For they make wine better than any in *Spain*, they have grapes of such

bigness that they may be compared to damsons, and in taste inferior to none. For sugar, suckets, raisins of the sun, and many other fruits, abundance. For rosin and raw silk there is great store. They want neither corn, pullets, cattle, nor yet wild fowl. They have many camels also, which, being young, are eaten of the people for victuals, and, being old, they are used for carriage of necessaries; whose property is, as he is taught, to kneel at the taking of his load, and unlading again. His nature is . . . contrary to other beasts; of understanding very good, but of shape very deformed, with a little belly, long misshapen legs, and feet very broad of flesh, without a hoof, all whole, saving the great toe; a back bearing up like a molehill, a large and thin neck, with a little head, with a bunch of hard flesh, which nature hath given him in his breast, to lean upon. This beast liveth hardly, and is contented with straw and stubble, but of force strong, being well able to carry 500 weight. In one of these islands, called *Ferro*, there is, by the reports of the inhabitants, a certain tree that raineth continually, by the dropping whereof the inhabitants and cattle are satisfied with water, for other water have they none in all the island. And it raineth in such abundance that it were incredible unto a man to believe such a virtue to be in a tree; but it is known to be a divine matter and a thing ordained by God, at whose power therein we ought not to marvel, seeing He did by His providence, as we read in the Scriptures, when the children of Israel were going into the land of promise, feed them with *manna* from heaven for the space of forty years. Of the trees aforesaid we saw in *Guinea* many, being of great height, dropping continually; but not so abundantly as the other, because the leaves are narrower, and are like the leaves of a pear-tree. About these islands are certain flitting islands, which have been oftentimes seen, and when men

approached near them, they vanished; as the like hath been of these islands now known, by the report of the inhabitants which were not found of long time one after the other. And therefore it should seem, he is not yet born to whom God hath appointed the finding of them. In this island of *Teneriffe* there is a hill called *The Peak*, because it is peaked, which is in height, by their reports, twenty leagues, having, both winter and summer, abundance of snow in the top of it. This *Peak* may be seen in a clear day 50 leagues off; but it showeth as though it were a black cloud a great height in the element. I have heard of none to be compared with this in height; but in the *Indias* I have seen many, and in my judgment not inferior to the *Peak*, and so the Spaniards write.

### (ii.) TOBACCO.

The Floridians, when they travel, have a kind of herb dried, who, with a cane and an earthen cup in the end, with fire and the dried herbs put together, do suck thorough the cane the smoke thereof, which smoke satisfieth their hunger, and therewith they live four or five days without meat or drink. And this all the Frenchmen used for this purpose.

### (iii.) AN EXECUTION.

In this port our General began to enquire diligently of the actions of Master *Thomas Doughty*, and found them not to be such as he looked for, but tending rather of contention or mutiny, or some other disorder, whereby, without redress, the success of the voyage might greatly have been hazarded. Whereupon the company was called together and made acquainted with the particulars of the cause, which were found, partly by Master *Doughty's* own confession, and partly by the evidence of the fact, to be

true. Which when our General saw, although his private affection to Master *Doughty*, as he then in the presence of us all sacredly protested, was great, yet the care he had of the state of the voyage, of the expectation of her Majesty, and of the honour of his country did more touch him, as indeed it ought, than the private respect of one man. So that the cause being thoroughly heard, and all things done in good order as near as might be to the course of our laws in *England*, it was concluded that Master *Doughty* should receive punishment according to the quality of the offence. And he, seeing no remedy but patience for himself, desired before his death to receive the communion, which he did at the hands of Master *Fletcher*, our minister, and our General himself accompanied him in that holy action. Which being done, and the place of execution made ready, he having embraced our General, and taken his leave of all the company, with prayers for the Queen's Majesty and our realm, in quiet sort laid his head to the block, where he ended his life. This being done, our General made divers speeches to the whole company, persuading us to unity, obedience, love, and regard of our voyage; and for the better confirmation thereof, willed every man the next Sunday following to prepare himself to receive the communion, as Christian brethren and friends ought to do. Which was done in very reverent sort; and so with good contentment every man went about his business.

### (iv.) THE PACIFIC SHORE.

THIS pilot brought us to the haven of *Guatulco*, the town whereof, as he told us, had but 17 Spaniards in it. As soon as we were entered this haven, we landed, and went presently to the town and to the town-house; where we found a judge sitting in judgment, being associated with three other officers, upon three negroes that had conspired

the burning of the town. Both which judges and prisoners we took, and brought them a-shipboard, and caused the chief judge to write his letter to the town to command all the townsmen to avoid, that we might safely water there. Which being done, and they departed, we ransacked the town; and in one house we found a pot, of the quantity of a bushel, full of reals of plate, which we brought to our ship. And here one *Thomas Moon*, one of our company, took a Spanish gentleman as he was flying out of the town; and, searching him, he found a chain of gold about him, and other jewels, which he took, and so let him go. At this place our General, among other Spaniards, set ashore his Portugal pilot which he took at the islands of *Cape Verde* out of a ship of *St. Mary* port, of *Portugal*. And having set them ashore we departed hence, and sailed to the island of *Canno;* where our General landed, and brought to shore his own ship, and discharged her, mended and graved her, and furnished our ship with water and wood sufficiently.

And while we were here we espied a ship and set sail after her, and took her, and found in her two pilots and a Spanish governor, going for the islands of the *Philippinas*. We searched the ship, and took some of her merchandises, and so let her go. Our General at this place and time, thinking himself, both in respect of his private injuries received from the Spaniards, as also of their contempts and indignities offered to our country and prince in general, sufficiently satisfied and revenged; and supposing that her Majesty at his return would rest contented with this service, purposed to continue no longer upon the Spanish coast, but began to consider and to consult of the best way for his country.

He thought it not good to return by the Straits, for two special causes; the one, lest the Spaniards should there wait and attend for him in great number and

strength, whose hands, he, being left but one ship, could not possibly escape. The other cause was the dangerous situation of the mouth of the Straits in the South Sea; where continual storms reigning and blustering, as he found by experience, besides the shoals and sands upon the coast, he thought it not a good course to adventure that way. He resolved, therefore, to avoid these hazards, to go forward to the islands of the *Malucos*, and therehence to sail the course of the Portugals by the Cape of *Buena Esperanza*. Upon this resolution he began to think of his best way to the *Malucos*, and finding himself, where he now was, becalmed, he saw that of necessity he must be forced to take a Spanish course; namely, to sail somewhat northerly to get a wind. We therefore set sail, and sailed 600 leagues at the least for a good wind; and thus much we sailed from the 16. of April till the third of June.

The fifth of June, being in 43 degrees towards the pole Arctic, we found the air so cold, that our men being grievously pinched with the same, complained of the extremity thereof; and the further we went, the more the cold increased upon us. Whereupon we thought it best for that time to seek the land, and did so; finding it not mountainous, but low plain land, till we came within 38 degrees towards the line. In which height it pleased God to send us into a fair and good bay, with a good wind to enter the same. In this bay we anchored; and the people of the country, having their houses close by the water's side, shewed themselves unto us, and sent a present unto our General. When they came unto us, they greatly wondered at the things that we brought. But our General, according to his natural and accustomed humanity, courteously intreated them, and liberally bestowed on them necessary things to cover their nakedness; whereupon they supposed us to be gods and would

not be persuaded to the contrary. The presents which they sent to our General, were feathers, and cauls of network. Their houses are digged round about with earth, and have from the uttermost brims of the circle, clifts of wood set upon them, joining close together at the top like a spire steeple, which by reason of that closeness are very warm. Their bed is the ground with rushes strowed on it, and lying about the house, have the fire in the midst. The men go naked; the women take bulrushes, and kemb them after the manner of hemp, and thereof make their loose garments, which being knit about their middles, hang down about their hips, having also about their shoulders a skin of a deer, with the hair upon it. These women are very obedient and serviceable to their husbands.

After they were departed from us, they came and visited us the second time, and brought with them feathers and bags of *tobacco* for presents. And when they came to the top of the hill, at the bottom of which we had pitched our tents, they stayed themselves; where one appointed for speaker wearied himself with making a long oration; which done, they left their bows upon the hill, and came down with their presents. In the meantime the women, remaining upon the hill, tormented themselves lamentably, tearing their flesh from their cheeks, whereby we perceived that they were about a sacrifice. In the meantime our General with his company went to prayer and to reading of the Scriptures, at which exercise they were attentive, and seemed greatly to be affected with it; but when they were come unto us, they restored again unto us those things which before we bestowed upon them. The news of our being there being spread through the country, the people that inhabited round about came down, and amongst them the king himself, a man of a goodly stature, and comely personage, with many other

tall and warlike men; before whose coming were sent two ambassadors to our General, to signify that their king was coming, in doing of which message, their speech was continued about half an hour. This ended, they by signs requested our General to send something by their hand to their king, as a token that his coming might be in peace. Wherein our General having satisfied them, they returned with glad tidings to their king, who marched to us with a princely majesty, the people crying continually after their manner; and as they drew near unto us, so did they strive to behave themselves in their actions with comeliness. In the forefront was a man of a goodly personage, who bare the sceptre or mace before the king; whereupon hanged two crowns, a less and a bigger, with three chains of a marvellous length. The crowns were made of knit work, wrought artificially with feathers of divers colours. The chains were made of a bony substance, and few be the persons among them that are admitted to wear them; and of that number also the persons are stinted, as some ten, some twelve, &c. Next unto him which bare the sceptre, was the king himself, with his guard about his person, clad with coney skins, and other skins. After them followed the naked common sort of people, every one having his face painted, some with white, some with black, and other colours, and having in their hands one thing or another for a present. Not so much as their children, but they also brought their presents.

### (v.) A SEA FIGHT.

THE fourth of November, the Desire and the Content beating up and downe upon the headland of California, which standeth in twenty three degrees and $\frac{2}{3}$ to the Northward, betweene seven and eight of the clocke in the morning, one of the company of our Admirall which was

the trumpeter of the ship going up into the toppe, espied a sayle bearing in from the sea with the Cape; whereupon he cryed out with no small joy to himselfe and the whole companie, A sayle, a sayle, with which cheerefull word the master of the ship, and divers others of the company went also up into the maine top, who perceiving the speech to be very true, gave information unto our Generall of these happy newes, who was no lesse glad then the cause required: whereupon he gave in charge presently unto the whole company to put all things in readinesse, which beeing performed we gave them chase some three or foure houres, standing with our best advantage, and working for the winde.

In the afternoone we gat up unto them, giving them the broad side with our great ordnance, and a volee of small shot, and presently laid the ship aboord, whereof the King of Spaine was owner, which was Admirall of the South-sea, called the S. Anna, and thought to be seven hundred tunnes in burthen. Now as we were readie on their ships side to enter her, beeing not past fiftie or sixty men at the uttermost in our ship, we perceived that the Captain of the said ship had made fights fore and after, and laid their sailes close on their poope, their mid-ship, with their fore-castle, and having not one man to be seene, stood close under their fights, with Lances, Javelings, Rapiers and Targets, and an innumerable sort of great stones, which they threw over boord upon our heads, and into our ship so fast, and beeing so many of them, that they put us off the shippe againe, with the losse of two of our men which were slaine, and with the hurting of foure or five. But for all this we new trimmed our sailes, and fitted every man his furniture, and gave them a fresh incounter with our great Ordnance, and also with our small shot, raking them thorough and thorough, to the killing and maiming of many of their men. Their Captaine still

like a valiant man with his companie, stood very stoutely unto his close fights, not yeelding as yet. Our Generall incouraging his men afresh with the whole noyse of trumpets, gave them the third encounter with our great Ordnance, and all our small shot to the great discomforting of our enemies, raking them through in diverse places, killing and spoyling many. They beeing thus discomforted, and their shippe beeing in hazard of sinking by reason of the great shot which were made, whereof some were under water, within five or sixe houres fight, set out a flagge of truce, and parled for mercie, desiring our Generall to save their lives, and to take their goods, and that they would presently yield. Our Generall promised them mercy, and willed them to strike their sayles, and to hoyse out their boat, & to come aboord: which newes they were full glad to heare, and presently stroke their sailes, hoysed their boat out, and one of their chiefe marchants came aboord unto our Generall: and falling downe upon his knees, offered to have kissed his feete, and craved mercie: the Captaine and their Pilote, at their comming used the like duetie and reverence as the former did. The Generall promised their lives and good usage. They declared what goods they had within boord, to wit, an hundreth and two and twenty thousand pezos of gold: and the rest of the riches that the ship was laden with, was in Silkes, Sattens, Damasks, with Muske and divers other marchandize, and great store of all manner of victualls, with the choise of many conserves of all sorts for to eate, and of sundry sorts of very good wines. These things beeing made knowne, they were commanded to stay aboord the Desire, and on the sixt day of November following, we went into an harbour, which is called by the Spaniards, Aguada Segura or Puerto Seguro.

Here the whole company of the Spaniards, both of men

and women to the number of an hundred and ninetie persons were set on shore: where they had a fayre river of fresh water, with great store of fresh-fish, fowle, and wood, and also many Hares and Conies upon the maine land. Our Generall also gave them great store of victualls, of Garvansas, Peason, and some Wine. Also they had all the sailes of their shippe to make them tents on shore, with licence to take such store of plankes as should be sufficient to make them a barke. Then we fell to hoysing in of our goods, sharing of the treasure, and alotting to every man his portion. In division whereof, the eight of this moneth, many of the company fell into a mutinie against our Generall, especially those which were in the Content, which neverthelesse were after a sort pacified for the time.

## XVIII.

## ALEXANDER MONTGOMERIE.

### THE NIGHT IS NEIR GONE.

Hey! now the day dawis;
The jolly cock crawis;
Now shroudis the shawis
Thro' Nature anon.
The thissel-cock cryis
On lovers wha lyis:
Now skaillis the skyis
The nicht is neir gone.

The fieldis ouerflowis
With gowans that growis,
Quhair lilies like low is
As red as the rone.

The turtle that true is,
With notes that renewis,
Her pairty pursuis:
  The nicht is neir gone.

Now hairtis with hindis
Conform to their kindis,
Hie tursis their tyndis
  On ground quhair they grone
Now hurchonis, with hairis,
Aye passis in pairis;
Quhilk duly declaris
  The nicht is neir gone.

The season excellis
Through sweetness that smellis;
Now Cupid compellis
  Our hairtis echone
On Venus wha waikis,
To muse on our maikis,
Syne sing for their saikis—
  "The nicht is neir gone!"

All courageous knichtis
Aganis the day dichtis
The breist-plate that bright is
  To fight with their fone.
The stonéd steed stampis
Through courage, & crampis,
Syne on the land lampis:
  The nicht is neir gone.

The freikis on feildis
That wight wapins weildis
With shyning bright shieldis
  As Titan in trone;

Stiff speiris in reistis
Ouer corseris crestis
Are broke on their breistis :
The nicht is neir gone.

So hard are their hittis,
Some sweyis, some sittis,
And some perforce flittis
On ground quhile they grone.
Syne groomis that gay is
On blonkis that brayis
With swordis assayis :—
The nicht is neir gone.

## XIX.

## QUEEN ELIZABETH.

### A DITTY.

THE doubt of future foes exiles my present joy,
And wit me warns to shun such snares as threaten mine annoy.
For falsehood now doth flow, and subject faith doth ebb ;
Which would not be if Reason rul'd, or Wisdom weav'd the web.
But clouds of toys untried do cloak aspiring minds,
Which turn to rain of late repent, by course of changed winds.
The top of hope suppos'd the root of ruth will be,
And fruitless all their graffed guiles, as shortly ye shall see.
Then dazzled eyes with pride, which great ambition blinds,
Shall be unseal'd by worthy wights, whose foresight falsehood finds.

The daughter of debate, that eke discórd doth sow,
Shall reap no gain where former rule hath taught still peace to grow.
No foreign banish'd wight shall anchor in this port,
Our realm it brooks no strangers' force, let them elsewhere resort.
Our rusty sword with rest shall first his edge employ
To *poll* their tops that seek such change, and gape for joy.

# NOTES

## I.—IN HONOUR OF THE CITY OF LONDON.

WILLIAM DUNBAR, the author of this poem, was, in the opinion of Sir Walter Scott, 'unrivalled by any poets which Scotland has produced,' and since his rediscovery by Allan Ramsay has generally been acknowledged as second only to Robert Burns among the poets of Scotland; and although (by reason of the difficulty of his dialect and spelling) he is here represented by this piece alone, he is of supreme importance as the one figure worthy to fill the long gap between Chaucer (died 1400) and the Renaissance school of poetry represented by Spenser. His finest poem is the *Dance of the Seven Deadly Sins*, and his most elaborate *The Golden Targe*. Born about 1460, he spent his youth in the adventurous career of a begging Franciscan friar, in which capacity he saw every side of life in Scotland, England, and France. Although in 1500 he received a pension from King James IV. of Scotland, and took his place at Court, his begging habits clung to him, and he spent his days in humorous importunacy for a 'kirk' or benefice. In 1501 he went to London to arrange his King's marriage with Margaret, the daughter of Henry VII. This Princess became warmly attached to him, and her royal father, of economical reputation, made our poet the handsome pension of £6 13s. 4d. The present poem is the outcome of that embassy. We never hear of Dunbar after 1513, and his editor, David Laing, suggests with much probability that he fell with the rest of the Scottish Court at Flodden.

This poem, which has been selected for its intrinsic interest rather than as the best example of his work, is of a highly elaborate metre. It may be explained as an improvement upon Chaucer's *Rime Royal*, having an additional line (making a fourth *b*-rhyme) inserted before the last line, which forms a refrain.

1. **A per se**, means 'absolutely the first.' The Lat. *per se*, of itself, is used by Shakespeare thus:

> 'They say he is a very man *per se*,
> And stands alone.'
> SHAKESPEARE: *Troilus and Cressida*, I. ii. 15.

The full phrase 'A *per se* A' was used by Gabriel Harvey, Spenser's friend, just in this way = 'absolutely the first.' So the proper name of the sign & is 'And *per se* And.' For 'A' meaning 'the first,' or best, *cf.* Dunbar, *Ballat of Our Lady*: 'Of Ladyis chois as is of letteris A.'

5. **lusty**, full of love or pleasure. Ger. *Lust* = pleasure.
6. **prelatis**, prelates. The termination *-is* is the Scottish form of the plural; it is not always to be pronounced as a separate syllable.
9. **gladdith anon**, rejoice again. The imperative in Chaucer's English ends in *-eth*. **Troynovaunt** and **New Troy**. The Trinobantes were the tribe Cæsar found in the neighbourhood of London, their chief Cassivelaunus, and their capital Colchester. Hence London was called by those who wished to give it a classical title, *Augusta Trinobantum*. By a curiously false etymology, the word 'Trinobantum' has been twisted into *Troy Novaunt*, or New Troy, to suit the legend, told by Geoffrey of Monmouth, and Layamon in his *Brut*, that Brutus, a relative of Æneas, fled from the sack of Troy and became the first King of Britain.
14. **craftis** = strength, as Ger. *Kraft*.
15. **sith the flode of Noy**, since the flood of Noah.
17. **jaspre**, jasper; a precious kind of blue marble. **jocunditie**, pleasantness; Lat. *jucunditas*.
18. **carbuncle**, another gem.
20. **geraflour**, gillyflower (July flower), which probably means our wallflower, or a kind of stock.
23. **precelling**, from Lat. *præcello*, to excel.
26. **beryall** = beryl, a precious stone, 'clear as crystal.' **preclare**, Lat. *præclarus*, famous. Spenser also writes of the clear Thames with its swans, in his beautiful *Prothalamion*.
30. **toppe-royall**, the top-sails of a square-rigged ship.
31. **patrone and not compare**, mistress and nonpareil.
33. **Brigge**, London Bridge, then a famous structure, 'with its white pillars,' on a stone foundation, built in the twelfth century, and regarded as one of the wonders of the world.
37. **thy Tour**. The Tower of London traditionally but falsely ascribed its foundation to Julius Cæsar, who never even mentions the site of London, much less visited it.
47. **Clere** = pure. **Kellis**, the later word 'caul,' a kind of head-dress.
53. **exempler**, Lat. *exemplar*, an example. **loodester**, lode-star, or leading star, by which mariners steered, explained by the next word, **guye** = guide.

## II.—TO MAYSTRESS MARGARET HUSSEY.

Like Dunbar, with whom he was almost exactly contemporary, John Skelton was a cleric of original genius and remarkably free humour. A splendid scholar—'the grace and glory of English scholars' according to Erasmus—and a notorious boon companion, one can trace his influence in both directions upon his illustrious pupil, Henry VIII. Most of his life was spent at his rectory of Diss in Norfolk, whence he poured forth a stream of satires and lampoons in this quaint short-lined rhythm of his, changing from English to dog-Latin and back at will, rhyming as often and as ingeniously as the fancy took him. He seems to be the literary ancestor of Barham, the author of *Ingoldsby Legends*. In his earlier days he wrote serious poetry, and a morality play of small interest, but the verse from which his fame is derived was the libellous and scandalous

production of his later years. He had the temerity to attack the great Cardinal in his *Why come ye not to Court?* and Wolsey replied by ordering his arrest. He fled for sanctuary to Westminster, and had to remain a prisoner there for two years—in fact, until his death, about 1529. His chief merit is, beside his spontaneous gaiety, his originality, for his language and his style are entirely his own invention, and sometimes rise to a peculiar melody as in this poem.

4. **hawke of the towre.** It is known that the royal stables at the Tower of London contained a certain number of the King's hawks used for the chase, and to these Skelton is probably alluding. On the other hand, to 'tower' was a technical term in hawking, and we hear of 'tower-hawks' in this sense. It would seem strange to compare a lady to hawk and falcon for gentleness, but we must remember that these birds were tamed to sit on the hunter's wrist, and were much petted.

14. **endyght,** indite, describe.

22. Skelton must not be taken too seriously in his choice of names, which was probably dictated largely by the rhyme. **Isaphyll** is probably Hypsipylé, Queen of Lemnos, who entertained Jason in the Quest for the Golden Fleece. **Colyaunder** is the grain coriander, often spelt 'coliander,' the grain to which manna is likened in the Book of Exodus.

24. **pomaunder,** a corruption of *pomme d'or*, was a ball of amber or some scented substance carried in the hand by fine ladies of that day.

25. **Cassaunder.** One Cassander succeeded Alexander the Great on the throne of Macedon, but history records nothing good of him, and this only confirms the idea that the names are chosen quite at random.

29. **erst that,** ere that, before.

## III.—TOXOPHILUS.

For the life and characteristics of Roger Ascham, see the Introduction. It may, however, be repeated here that this is the work of a great Cambridge scholar, patriotically intended to encourage the love of archery, which was rightly regarded as the peculiar safeguard and strength of England. Ascham tells us how it won the battles of Crecy and Agincourt and Flodden, and indeed changed the art of war in Europe by demonstrating the superiority of the yeomen with his yew bow over the knight in his costly armour. As a proof of the importance with which archery was invested in the eyes of the Government, one may quote the statute of 3 Henry VIII. (1511), which required, under penalty on default of twelvepence per month, all subjects under sixty, not lame, decrepit, or maimed, or having any other lawful impediment—the clergy, judges, etc., excepted—to use shooting in the long bow. Parents were to provide every boy from seven to seventeen years with a bow and two arrows; after seventeen he was to find himself a bow and four arrows. Every bower (bow-maker) for every ewe (yew) bow he made, was to make 'at the lest ij Bowes of Elme, Wiche, or other Wode of mean price under penalty of Imprisonment for 8 days.' Butts were to be provided in every town.

Aliens were not to shoot with the long bow without licence. Another similar statute, fixing the price at which bows were to be sold, was passed in 1541.

This book, *Toxophilus*, was written in 1544. Under the guise of a discussion between two Cambridge dons—Philologe (the scholar) and Toxophilus (the archer)—Ascham expounds the whole art of good shooting with as much care and detail as the modern writer of a *Badminton*, while he enforces his remarks by appeals to the classics in a manner which the modern writer would be as unable as unwilling to emulate.

Toxophilus has already described the nature of a 'stele' or arrow-shaft, and has just 'packed in a narrow rowme'—that is to say, outlined the headings of his discourse on feathers.

1. **fletchers**, arrow-makers. Fr. *flèche*, an arrow.
2. **ure** = use.
10. **hye**, haste; common in Chaucer as noun and verb.
12. **Plinius**, the elder Pliny, author of the *Natural History*. The reference is Book XVI., chap. xxxvi.
12. **Iulius Pollux** (fl. A.D. 180), an Alexandrine archæologist, to whom Ascham frequently refers. The reference here is I. 10.
14. **Herodotus**, VII. 92.
16. **leathe**. There is an old Yorkshire word 'leath-wake,' meaning 'supple,' which is doubtless intended here. The first part of the word = lithe.
18. **plate** = metal.
24. **stoore** = stiff, stubborn; survives in Northern dialect.
24. **brickle**, brittle.
26. **a swan for a dead shaft.** A dead shaft is a heavy arrow which flies with a low 'trajectory,' and is little liable to be turned by the wind, but does not carry far.
30. **man** is here collective as in German.
33. **for gayenesse**, for their bright appearance; so the yeoman in Chaucer's Prologue to the *Canterbury Tales* bears a sheaf of 'pecock-arroes.'
41. **Hesiodus**. See Hesiod, *Shield of Hercules*, 134. *διστοὶ . . . μόρφνοιο φλεγύαο καλυπτόμενοι πτερύγεσσιν.*
44. **sely**. This word is already in process of degradation from 'blessed' (Ger. *selig*) to our 'silly'; here it means 'simple.' Observe the inconsistency of the spelling; 'goose' has here become 'gouse.' These trifles were left to the discretion of the printer, who would add or omit a letter as his line required.
46. **yat** = that; *y* represents an extinct English letter ȝ.
47. **welfare**, an exclamation; 'well fare!' = 'blessed be!'
49. **commodities**, comforts, as Lat. *commodus* = convenient.
52. **chalenge** = claim; as in *Piers Plowman*, 'challenge his debts.'
59. **overskypte**, over-skipped, omitted.
62. **Propertius**, Eleg. IV., ii. 12. The translation is a free one.
67. **a kekede**, a-cackled. The *a* is a survival of the A.S. *ge-*, prefix of the past participle.
70. **hutche**. Lat. *fiscus*. Literally, a basket = the treasury.
73. **mo** = more, which is really its comparative.
75. **beste** = beast.

78. **It followeth**, etc. Paraphrase: 'The next question is between a young goose and an old, and the remaining properties of a feather.'
86. **deed shaft**, a dead shaft, as above.
88. **couled**, clipped.
89. **sattle**, settle, bend or droop.
91. **fenny gouse**, a wild goose, opposed to an 'uplandish' one.
102. **bought**, a bend or knot. Ger. *Bucht.*
103. **colde** = couled.
110. **cock feather.** A shaft has three feathers; the other two were closer together. **nocking** (or 'notching') is the act of fitting the notch of the arrow on the bow-string.
117. **drawen and pared.** Ascham proceeds to explain these technicalities.
123. **stele** is the shaft or body of the arrow.
148. **gathered round**—*i.e.*, the wood of the bow must be round to start with.
149. **round compass**—*i.e.*, when the bow is bent in shooting it must form a semicircle.
153. **flyeth a round compace**; its trajectory is the arc of a circle.
160. **start and hoble**, apparently mean 'rise or fall.'
165. **swine-backed**, with a convex edge (⌒).
166. **saddle-backed**, with a concave edge (⌣).
174. **Cicero.** The reference is to his *De Naturâ Deorum;* it is true that the crane from its projected beak to the tips of its outstretched wings presents an almost perfect triangle.
177. **plucking**—*i.e.*, pulling out parts of the feather by hand at the butts according to the wind.

## IV.—THE SCHOOLMASTER.

Roger Ascham in his preface to this work gives us an interesting account of how it came to be written. In the year of the Great Plague, 1563, a party of members of Queen Elizabeth's Court dined with her Secretary, Sir William Cecil, in his chamber at Windsor. Roger Ascham was among them as the Queen's tutor. 'Not long after our sitting down, I have strange news brought me, saith Mr. Secretary, that divers Scholars of Eton be run away from the School for fear of beating. Whereupon Mr. Secretary took occasion to wish that some more discretion were in many Schoolmasters, in using correction, than commonly there is.' A discussion followed upon this question, and later on Sir Richard Sackville persuaded Ascham to advise him concerning the choice of a schoolmaster for his little grandson Robert. The result was this admirable book, which, no less by the purity of its style than by the broadness of its views, ought to be read by everyone who is interested in education. His maxims on the teaching of Latin are as true as ever they were; indeed, in educational matters Roger Ascham is as much in advance of his day as Sir Thomas More in matters political. This piece has been selected for the charming glimpse it gives us of that tragic figure, Lady Jane Grey.

1. **of nature**, naturally.
7. **differēce.** In Elizabethan manuscripts *n*, and sometimes *m*, is thus indicated by a line over the letters.
12. **faut**, fault, make mistakes.

29. **lewde**, unlearned.
42. **Popingeies.** This word, variously spelt 'papegay,' 'popinjay,' etc., means the parrot.
53. **farder**, farther.
62. **Xenophon.** The reference is to the first chapter of his *Cyropædia*, an imaginative account of the education of the Persian Prince Cyrus, to which Ascham often refers.
65. **plie**, bend. Fr. *plier*.
69. **hard**, heard.
70. **Germanie.** In 1550 Roger Ascham went on an embassy to Germany, of which he has left us an account, *Discourse and Affaires of the State of Germanie*.
73. **Duke and Duchess**, of Suffolk. The Duchess Frances was the daughter of Mary, a younger daughter of Henry VII. Both Mary and Elizabeth Tudor were set aside as illegitimate by Edward VI.'s will. Lady Jane Grey was thus fatally brought into the direct succession, and so appointed by the will.
76. **Phædon Platonis**, Plato's great Socratic dialogue upon the immortality of the soul. Those were days when Princesses could enjoy not only literature but philosophy.
78. **Bocase**, Boccaccio; author of the witty but immoral tales of the *Decameron*. A Florentine of the fourteenth century.
79. **leese**, lose.
80. **wisse**, I think; more often spelt 'wis.' We have 'wist' in our Bible translation. The past tense 'I wot' still survives in poetry.
112. **that noble and worthie Lady.** She was executed by Mary's order in 1553 along with her father, husband (Lord Dudley), and uncle; this was before Ascham's return from Germany.

## V.—A REBUKING OF LONDON.

For the life and character of Hugh Latimer, Bishop of Worcester, see the Introduction.

The title to this his most famous sermon, called *The Ploughers*, is as follows: 'A Notable Sermon of ye reverende father Maister Hughe Latimer, whiche he preached in ye Shrouds at paules churche in London, on the xviii daye of Januarye. ¶ The yere of oure Lorde M.DXLVIII.'

In fine weather the sermons were delivered at Paul's Cross in the open air because the audience was very large. There were even among his congregation, as he tells us, men mounted on mules. But in bad weather the sermons were preached from 'the Shrouds,' a kind of wooden shed erected outside St. Paul's, and soon afterwards abolished. The sermons as we have them are not the originals of Latimer, for he preached without notes—almost extempore. An admirer, Thomas Some, however, took notes of them, and, with many apologies for his shortcomings, published them with a dedication to Latimer's patroness and champion the Duchess of Suffolk. This piece has been selected as typical of the finest quality of this splendid man, the outspoken way in which he told his hearers of their faults, and partly also because it is not altogether inapplicable to the London of to-day. This sermon is a continuation of others upon the Parable of the Sower. The text was: 'Quæcunque scripta sunt, ad

nostram doctrinam scripta sunt' ('Whatsoever things were written aforetime were written for our learning,' Rom. xv. 4).

8. **Nebo**, the city of Agag, chief town of the Amalekites, of which he has just spoken. **and** = if.
16. **a do**, now written (wrongly) as one word, as *Much Ado About Nothing* = a fuss.
18. **Burgesses, nay butterflies**. The 'certain man' was of course himself in some sermon which has not come down to us.
30. **gale**, gall, a sore place.
33. **fauoure**, favour.
36. **that is a misse**, what is amiss.
37. **that leave**, etc., any such inclination as to leave, etc.
43. **betwene stocke and stocke**. There were many stocks in London for the punishment of evil-doers—for example, in Cheapside. Though I have given these lines as they appear in Arber's reprint, it seems obvious that they are miswritten in the original, and should read thus: 'He shall lye sycke at theyr doore betwene stocke and stocke, and peryshe there for hunger. I cannot tel what to call it, was there any more unmercifulnes in Nebo?'
48. **exhibition**. As now used in this sense, a scholarship for their maintenance.
57. **Mary**, the exclamation more generally written 'Marry.' It is, of course, the name of the Virgin.
86. **make for them**, must mean 'hinder,' unless the text is corrupt.
88. **to laye**, perhaps part of the metaphor, to arrange.
92. **geare**, business.

## VI.—FIRST SERMON BEFORE EDWARD VI.

This extract is taken from the first of Latimer's sermons before Edward VI., preached on March 8, 1549. The text is the same, 'Quæcunque scripta sunt,' etc. He is preaching boldly upon the duty of a King, and here in particular of the rights of the commons against the great 'multitude of graziers, inclosers, and rent-rearers' who ground them down.

5. **shavery** implies Papists, from the tonsure worn by the priests; it stands for priestcraft generally. **singular**, selfish.
12. **lieth a great matter**, these confiscations are very serious.
17. **marks**, the mark was about 13s. 4d.
20. **a yeoman**, a tenant-farmer at Thurcaston in Leicestershire.
25. **harness**, armour.
28. **Blackheath field**, the scene of Cade's encampment in 1450, and of the defeat of the Cornish rebels in 1497. The allusion is here to the latter event. Latimer was then six years old. Blackheath is at the south-east corner of London, close to Greenwich, where the royal palace then was.
33. **enhansing and rearing**, the increase of the rents.
40. **a single to much**. He has admitted that in the old times the clergy got too much.
46. **comeners**, commoners; holders of common land.

67. **phenix**, the mythical bird which arose once in a hundred years from the ashes of its predecessor; as we might say, a *rara avis*.
69. **surueiers**, land-agents, bailiffs; as Buckingham's 'Surveyor' in Shakespeare's *Henry VIII.*
70. **hand-makers**, 'manufacturers' of their own wealth. 'To make a hand' is an old phrase for making profit. Shakespeare, *Henry VI.*: 'Y' have made a fine hand, fellows.'
75. **without great repentance**, unless there be great repentance.
86. **Pax, pax**, Jeremiah vi. 14.

## VII.—UTOPIA.

For the life and work of Sir Thomas More, see the Introduction.

The *Utopia* was written by More in Latin, and published at Louvain in 1516. It was, however, translated into English by Ralph Robinson in 1551, and his translation is here given. We have, therefore, in this selection the work of the finest mind of Henry VIII.'s reign, and an example of the great volume of Tudor translations. As for the work of the translator, it is extremely faithful, following almost too closely the Ciceronian idioms of More. The first extract, the introduction, is a piece of graphic and dramatic writing, the work of a man steeped in the dialogues of Plato and Cicero, yet of sufficiently original mind to give it an appropriate setting.

### (i.) Introduction.

2. **Henry**. We are perhaps astonished to find this King—to us a sort of ferocious and ungodly Bluebeard—spoken of with such reverence by the best men of his time. In his youth, however, such was the contrast between the debonair and accomplished Prince and his unpopular father that the highest hopes were formed of him. Indeed, he seems to have possessed a remarkable fascination of manner, so that not until the very last, when his bodily infirmities soured and degraded him, was he anything but popular. Sir Thomas More in particular accepted his friendship, and served him loyally, well knowing what a price he would have to pay for it.
4. **Charles . . . King of Castell.** This was the Emperor Charles V., who as King of Spain is here called King of Castille. He was nephew to Catherine of Aragon.
5. **weighty matters**. The subject in dispute was one of tariffs between England and the Netherlands, which formed part of the Emperor's vast dominions.
8. **Cuthbert Tunstall** was afterwards Bishop of Durham. He was a fellow-student with Latimer at Padua.
9. **out of comparison**—*i.e.*, incomparable.
22. **Peter Giles**, or 'Gilles,' was a scholar and friend of More and Erasmus; a rich man, and burgomaster of Antwerp.
26. **our Ladies churche**, the famous Cathedral of Antwerp, then in process of completion.
33. **favoure**, appearance.
50. **Palinure . . . Ulisses.** Palinurus was helmsman to Æneas in Vergil's poem. Ulysses was the much-travelled Prince, hero of Homer's *Odyssey*. Divested of the classical allusions, so characteristic of

the writer and the age, the phrase means, 'He has travelled not as a professional sailor, but as a distinguished passenger.'

52. **Plato** is said to have travelled throughout the world in search of wisdom, to study the manners and laws of different nations.
53. **Hythlodaye**, from Gr. *ὕθλος*, nonsense, old wives' tales. An example of More's quiet irony, which includes his own fine dreams in its scope.
61. **Portugall**, because the Portuguese were the great mariners of the time.
64. **Vespuce**, Amerigo Vespucci, who explored part of the coast of America, and gave his name to the continent. His book of travels was then in everyone's hands, and doubtless gave More the idea of his *Utopia*.
69. **importune sute**, importunate suit. Lat. *importunus*.
72. **Gulike**, an imaginary name, due to the translator.
83. **Taprobane**, classical name of Ceylon. **Caliquit**, Calcutta, known to the world through Vasco da Gama and the Portuguese.
86. **nothing less then looked for**. An ablative absolute construction of which Robinson is fond, influenced by his Latin original = nothing being then more unexpected.
92. **haylsed**, greeted.
96. **torves**, turves or turf.

The first book is mainly taken up with a philosophical discussion between More and Raphael Hythloday. The first chapter of Book II. describes the Island of Utopia. This is the second chapter of the second book.

(ii.) Of the Cities, etc.

Title. **namely** = especially.
99. **farfurthe**, as farforth, an expression surviving from Chaucer's time; 'as far as.'
101. **skilleth not**, does not matter.
102. **Amaurote**. The first part of the word in Greek signifies 'dark' or 'blind,' a fitting capital for Outopia or Nowhere.
104. **Nor to me any**, a distinctly Latin order of words. **Me** throughout is the fictitious Hythlodaye.
111. **Anyder**, Grk. 'waterless.' Quaint name for a river. The situation of Amaurote, it will be observed, bears a family likeness to that of London, which serves to point the contrasts.
124. **foreby** = past.
135. **another river**. Doubtless the reader would contrast this pure river with the Fleet and other unsavoury streams which then entered the Thames in London.
145. **derived** is here near to its original meaning (Lat. *de* and *rivus*)—to guide water by a channel from the main stream.
161. **twentie foote brode**. This would not astonish us now, but was doubtless a great improvement on the narrow alleys of Tudor London.
186. **Utopus**, an eponymous hero—that is to say, his name is derived from the name of his city, as Romulus from Rome.
188. **platte fourme**, ground plan. Fr. *plat*, flat.
197. **at all adventures**, at random.
200. **curiouslye**, carefully.

210. **linnen clothe.** This was actually used as a substitute for glass in houses of fair comfort in England; its use is also heard of in classical times. **Amber** is probably whale-oil or spermaceti, now called 'ambergris.' Distilled amber (succinic acid) was, however, called 'oil of amber,' which is probably the right reading here.

## VIII.—SIR THOMAS WYATT.

Sir Thomas Wyatt was born in Kent at Allington Castle in 1503. He was educated at Cambridge, was knighted in 1536, and served as High Sheriff of Kent. Like Surrey, he knew Italy well, and drew his models from the sonnets of Petrarch. Both were well read and well travelled. Surrey loved him, venerated him as his poetic master, and sang a lament for his death (1542). Anne Boleyn is said to have been the lady to whom his lyrical outpourings were addressed In the main Surrey and Wyatt are very much alike, but in the poem *Forget Not Yet* Wyatt strikes a deeper note than anything Surrey attempted. His sense of metre is, I think, more perfect. His poems bulk largely in *Tottel's Miscellany;* there are, in fact, ninety of Wyatt's to forty of Surrey's. Selected in anthologies Wyatt's verse appears charming and elegant, read in bulk it rather wearies us by those far-fetched images and verbal quibbles—those 'conceits,' to use the technical term, which were the delight and the besetting sin of Elizabethan literature.

### (i.) Forget Not Yet.

1. **tried intent**, etc., 'the attempted purpose of the faithfulness I have endeavoured to display.'
3. **travail**, labour.

### (ii.) Complaint for True Love unrequited.

A sonnet with a refrain, perfect in rhyme, and eloquent in expression.

10. **train**, a plot or stratagem.

### (iii.) That True Love availeth not . . .

7. **list yet for to lower**, 'chooses still to frown,' as in the title; 'list' is sometimes impersonal in its construction, as in l. 10. This was the old use, and probably Wyatt could not have written 'I list to . . .'
14. **measúre, suffér, and furthér** are doubtful rhymes.
17. **plain** = complain.
26. **freat**, our 'fret,' originally 'to eat,' as Ger. *fressen*, 'as a moth fretteth a garment.'
33. **rede**, counsel.

### (iv.) The Lover complaineth . . .

6, 7. 'My song may be heard as soon as a person can be heard by one without ears, or as soon as a person can cut marble with a leaden tool.'
24. **Unquit**, unrequited. **plain**, complaint.
26. **may chance thee lie**, 'may it be your fortune to lie.'

## IX.—THE EARL OF SURREY.

Henry Howard, Earl of Surrey, was born in 1516. He was the eldest son of the Duke of Norfolk, and among his cousins were two of the wives of Henry VIII., Anne Boleyn and Catherine Howard. He was brought up as a page at Court, served with distinction in Scotland and France, and finally fell a victim to the fury of jealousy which stained the later years of his King. The charge which brought this brave and accomplished man to the block was treason, the petty charge of quartering the arms of Edward the Confessor upon his shield. The real reason was, perhaps, his father's position as leader of the Roman Catholic party. The Duke of Norfolk was sent to the Tower in the same year, 1547. Surrey's position here, and his importance in the history of literature, is due to the fact that he was a pioncer of new literary forms. Leaving the models of Chaucer and Lydgate, he went to Italy for his inspiration, and naturalized the sonnets of Petrarch in the English language. He wrote poetry, not for fame, but because he was a scholar and a lover. His poems were not published until 1557, ten years after his death, when they appeared along with those of his friend Wyatt in *Tottel's Miscellany*. Surrey's beloved, 'the Lady Geraldine,' was probably Lady Elizabeth Fitzgerald, daughter of the Earl of Kildare. Surrey married the daughter of the Earl of Oxford.

### (i.) Description of Spring . . .

Like all Surrey's work, this poem must receive all the credit due to a poet struggling with a very difficult task. The sonnet is essentially a poem of fourteen lines of five feet each. There are many varieties in the scheme of rhyming. Surrey has chosen one of the most difficult, in which he has to find eight rhymes for the first line and six for the second. This effort was bound to be detrimental to the free structure of the verse.

1. **soote**, sweet. Chaucer's spelling is generally 'sote.'
4. **make**, mate, as in Chaucer; the **turtle** is, of course, the turtle-dove.
6. **hung his old head on the pale.** The antlers of the stag are covered in early spring with a soft-furred skin; he gets rid of this by rubbing it on trees, palings, etc.
7. **in brake**, in the fern or bracken.
10. **slough**, the snake, too, casts away its last year's skin.
11. **mings**, *may* mean 'mingles,' as usually explained.
12. **bale**, destruction.
14. **my sorrow springs.** Observe the failure here, the rhyme is the same word as in l. 5.

### (ii.) A Complaint by Night . . .

Another sonnet, with less careful rhymes, but of much beauty in the imagery.

13. **when that.** Note that in Early English 'that' was the one subordinating conjunction; 'when' is here still an adverb, so we have 'if that,' 'because that,' etc.

### (iii.) Prisoned at Windsor . . .

It was in 1546 that Surrey was imprisoned for a short time at Windsor for having spoken ill of his rival, the Earl of Hertford. The 'Kinge's son' with whom he played in his youth was the Duke of Richmond, a natural son of Henry VIII.

1. **how could betide,** 'how could there be such a cruel prison as Windsor, where,' etc.
6. **hove** = wander, our word 'heave.'
11. **rue** = pity.
13. **palm-play** (*jeu de paume*), tennis; originally the game was played with the hand. **despoiled** = stripped; or perhaps it is = 'spoilt,' unfitted to play.
16. 'Who kept on the roof above to feed her eyes.'
17. **with sleeves tied on the helm.** The young men wore badges or scarve of their ladies about their heads in their friendly tournaments.
18. **chere,** expression of face.
29. **holts,** woods. Ger. *Holz.*
30. **availed** = dropped. **y-breathed.** This past-participle prefix *y-* is the remnant of the Anglo-Saxon *ge-* (as in modern German), barely surviving at this period.
32. **hart of force,** *chasse à forcer*, means a hunt in which the quarry is run down, not shot.
33. **eke,** also.
44. **up-supped,** drunk up; 'sip' and 'sup' both mean 'to drink.'
46. **fere,** a Chaucerian word = company, or companion.
48. **lief,** dear; but apparently the word 'dear' is stronger.

### (iv.) The Fourth Book of Vergil's 'Æneid.'

Blank verse had already been tried in Italian and Spanish. This is the first experiment with it in English, and deserves careful attention as the inauguration of our noblest measure. Some of the lines fail entirely, and there is a want of that variety in the phrasing which is essential to blank verse; but on the whole it is successful. The translation is accurate and scholarly in the main. The situation is this: Dido, Queen of Carthage, has welcomed Æneas, a Trojan Prince, on his wanderings from the Sack of Troy. She loved him, but he was in the hands of the gods, and was forced to leave her to fulfil his high destiny—namely, the founding of the Roman race. The end of Book IV. recounts her self-sought death. The passage is *Æneid*, IV. 685.

'Sic fata gradus evaserat altos,
Semianimemque sinu germanam amplexa fovebat.'

1. **high degrees,** the steps of her funeral pyre.
4. An awkward line; we have to stress the second syllable of 'wiping.'
8. **doth gape.** Surrey wisely shuns Vergil's horribly realistic word '*stridit.*'
15. **jointed limbs.** Vergil's '*nexos artus,*' which really means 'prisoned limbs'—*i.e.*, the limbs tied to the spirit.
27. **reave** or 'reive' = rob.

Note that twenty lines of Latin make thirty of the translation. Blank verse is here suffering from its usual vice, excessive ease leading to diffuseness.

## X.—A GLASS FOR EUROPE.

For John Lyly, his life and work, and the whole art of euphuism, see the Introduction.

This extract is from a sort of Appendix to his *Euphues and His England*, which is called *Euphues' Glass for Europe*. Under the form of an address to the ladies of Europe, and especially of Italy, it is a piece of outrageous flattery of the ladies in Elizabeth's Court and of the Queen herself. It won him the popularity he sought among them, and for a time his book took the place of the Prayer-Books hung at their girdles. 'Euphuism' became the Court language of England. The secret of this queer and amusing style may be described as antithesis plus alliteration.

6. **drawing wanton lines** presumably means drawing pictures, or perhaps writing love-letters.
7. **Archimedes,** the most celebrated mathematician of antiquity. Marvellous are the tales related of his mechanical inventions. When Marcellus, the Roman General, besieged Syracuse in 214 B.C., Archimedes, then seventy-five years old, devised innumerable engines to keep them at bay. Among other things we are solemnly told by Livy that he used enormous burning-glasses to destroy the Roman ships. When at last the enemy entered the city the aged philosopher was so deeply engaged upon a geometrical problem which he was drawing on the sand that he failed to answer the question of a Roman soldier, and was slain.
13. **Ariosto and Petrack,** two of the greatest Italian poets. Ariosto is most famous for his epic, *Orlando Furioso* (1516-1552), and Petrarch (1304-1374) for his *Sonnets to Laura*.
28. **Estrich,** ostrich. The appeals to natural history, mostly of a highly apocryphal character, as here, are a feature of Lyly's style.
43. **Christendome,** Christianity—*i.e.*, that poor men may be Christians though their dress be sober.
44. **carsie,** now 'kersey,' a knitted, ribbed material.
52. **staring stockes,** things to be stared at (as 'laughing-stocks'); the word is chosen for the pun on 'stars.'
61. **Artimedorus or Lisimandro.** Artemidorus wrote a book on Dreams, in the reign of the Emperor Marcus Aurelius. Lisimandro remains a mystery.
62. **Nigromancer.** Lyly doubtless means this word to be derived from Lat. *niger*, black, a follower of 'Black Magic.' The word is really derived from the Greek *nekros* and *mantis*, and means 'seer of the dead,' like the witch of Endor.
69. **favour,** expression.
96. **Ibes.** This fact about the Ibis is unknown to the natural historians, so is the bursting serpent.
98. **brake** = bush.

## XI.—ARCADIA.

For the life and character of Sir Philip Sidney, see the Introduction.

Sidney's *Arcadia* must be set down as one of the failures of genius. Through sheer wealth of fancy he has made his story so intricate as to be overwhelming. So rapidly do his beautiful scenes and his beautiful characters shift and multiply that we lose the thread of his story. The

same is true of his style. Beautiful, poetical, rhetorical, full of music and colour, the very richness of it palls upon the taste. The result is that, while no one can open a page at random without finding there some jewel of thought or language, yet few indeed can boast that they have read and enjoyed the whole. The scenery here, as in the *Shepherd's Calendar*, is again pastoral and Arcadian, more Greek than before. It is unnecessary to recount the story. Sidney's *Arcadia* must be read for the style, not for the story. Suffice it to say that Musidorus is a traveller recently cast ashore, having lost his dearest friend, and Claius and Strephon are two shepherds of the country. The whole poem is allegorical in character. Musidorus is said to be Fulke Greville, and Musidorus' friend Pyrocles is Sidney himself. The scenery is said to have been taken from the neighbourhood of Scarborough.

1. Observe the portentous length of this sentence. **merely,** utterly. Lat. *merus*, unmixed.
4. **defraying**, paying their charges. Fr. *frais*.
6. **Laconia,** the district of which Lacedæmon or Sparta is the capital, borders on Arcadia, in S. Greece. **by course,** by turns.
29. **their wrong-caused sorrow,** an allusion to the classical story of Philomela bewailing her cruelly slain son Itys.
50. **accompanable solitariness,** companionable wilderness. This rhetorical figure of contrasting words is called 'oxymoron.'
61. **Helots.** There were really three different races in Sparta representing three different invasions and conquests. The Spartiates lived as masters in the city, with the Helots for their slaves. A third class, the Perioikoi, came between these two, and were occupied as farmers in the surrounding country.

## XII.—APOLOGIE FOR POETRIE.

A letter from Spenser to Gabriel Harvey, dated 1579, contains the following: 'Newe bookes I heare of none, but only one, that writing a certain booke called *The Schoole of Abuse*, and dedicating it to Maister Sidney, was for his labour scorned: if at leaste it be in the goodnesse of that nature to scorne.' The author of it was one Stephen Gosson, who had written plays himself in youth, but, having turned Puritan, was now attacking the drama, and especially the immorality of the playhouses. This is the work, although Sidney nowhere names it, which called forth this *Apologie*. The *Apologie* was, therefore, written about 1579 or 1580, though, like the *Arcadia*, it was not published until after Sidney's death. It exhibits quite another side of Spenser's genius, being a scholarly and thoughtful work. This extract, the conclusion of the work, which is of no great length, has been chosen as displaying the ideas upon style of one who was himself a stylist. The writer has just been admitting the poor quality of literature in England as he found it (and rightly, for nothing of any merit had then appeared since Chaucer), but expressing his conviction that it had great possibilities in the future.

4. **Curtizan,** courtesan; then the feminine of 'courtier.'
5. **fette,** fetched.
7. **coursing of a Letter,** alliteration, as we call it; originally the sole object of English verse, and always a prominent feature of it. It is

very noticeable in Spenser. But the phrase also includes acrostic verse, of which the initial letters formed a name, and similar literary *tours de force*. This has been a marked feature of Spanish verse, where, for example, a whole book has been written without using the vowel *a*.

9. **figures and flowers.** Another *tour de force*, the writing of verse in various shapes, as a pillar or a diamond.

17. **Nizolian paper-books.** Marius Nizolius, an Italian professor of rhetoric, wrote an elaborate phrase-book of Ciceronian idioms about 1535.

25. **Catiline** conspired against the State when Cicero was Consul (63 B.C.). Cicero spoke his famous oration against him, containing these words (*In Catil.*, I. 2): 'O tempora, O mores! Senatus haec intelligit, consul videt: hic tamen vivit. Vivit? Immo vero in senatum venit,' which, being translated, is: 'What times, what morals! The Senate understands his crimes; the consul sees them. Yet this man *lives*. *Lives?* *Nay, he comes down to this house.* . . .'

33. **to too much choller**, quite excessive anger. Note 'too' spelt in different ways indifferently. 'Too too,' = quite excessive, is apparently a common phrase of this period. We have it in Latimer's Sermon (VI. 43), and in Shakespeare's *Hamlet*, 'O that this too too solid flesh would melt!'

34. **Similiter cadences.** The 'cadence' is the rhythm of a closing sentence. Cicero's favourite is 'esse videatur,' which was much abused by his followers. We might, perhaps, quote 'that the world has ever seen' as a favourite 'cadence' of modern oratory.

37. **Sophister,** a rank in the University equivalent to our 'undergraduate,' so we hear the phrase 'undergraduate humour' used in the same disparaging sense. The title 'Junior Soph.' is still in use at Cambridge. It is from Gr. *σοφίζειν*, which means 'to dispute,' also 'to quibble.'

38. **would prove two eggs three,** a well-known logical trick or fallacy. It is done as follows: 'This is one egg, isn't it?' 'Yes.' 'And this is another; that makes two, doesn't it?' 'Yes.' 'And one and two make three, don't they?'

41. **fineness** = subtlety, as Fr. *finesse*.

44. **Herbarists,** botanists; for this common failing of the period see the selection from Lyly with its illustration of the 'estrich.'

54. **Antonius and Crassus,** two great orators of past times, appealed to by Cicero in his book *On the Orator*, and foremost characters of his dialogue. The first was grandfather of Shakespeare's Mark Antony. The second was famous for his wealth also. The passage alluded to is *De Oratore*, II.

61 **knacks,** tricks.

64. **then** = than, really the same word; the original construction being 'this is better, then that,' which explains why 'than' does not govern a case.

75. **to be pounded,** not in our slang sense, but rather 'impounded'; the 'pound' still is to be seen in many English villages; a place where strayed cattle were enclosed.

94. **the tower of Babylon,** of course, means 'the Tower of Babel'; apparently Babel was identified with Babylon.

99. **Composition of two or three words.** Sidney himself is excessively addicted to this—*e.g.*, such words as 'winter-starved,' 'self-wise-seeming.' It is a favourite trick with Tennyson. We connot, however, pretend to compete with Germany in this art. Aristophanes made much comic use of long compounds in Greek.

107. **Ryme.** The ordinary spelling, 'rhyme,' is founded on a confusion with 'rhythm' (Gr. *ῥυθμὸς*), therefore many modern critics spell it 'rime.' The word is really derived from A.S. *rim* = number.

119. **Elisions.** In Italian, as in 'classical' verse, a vowel at the end of a word elides or disappears before a vowel beginning the next word, otherwise there is 'hiatus.'

121. **The French.** French really accentuates equally every syllable in a word.

125. **Dactiles,** in classical metre are feet consisting of one long foot followed by two short ones, as in Tennyson's:

'Nō, bŭt ă | mōst būr | lēsque ‖ bārbărōŭs | ēxpĕrĭ | mēnt.'

English is, however, short of spondees, the foot of two long syllables, which with the dactyl makes up the ordinary classical metre.

127. **ryme** here = rhythm.

130. **Cæsura.** For example, in Longfellow's hexameter rhythm:

'This is the forest primeval | the murmuring pine and the hemlock.'

Spenser's Alexandrine (the long line which ends his *Faerie Queene* stanza) nearly always contains a cæsura exactly in the middle—*e.g.*:

'Still did he wake and still | did watch for dawning light.'

134. **Masculine ryme.** In French poetry the rhyme is alternately masculine and feminine; by 'feminine' is meant a rhyming syllable followed by *e* mute (which is, as a matter of fact, sounded in reading) or *-es* or *-ent*. The masculine is that which rhymes in the last syllable. Thus:

Source délicieuse, en misères *féconde*,
Que voulez-vous de moi, flatteuses voluptés ?
Honteux attachements de la chair et du *monde*
Que ne me quittez-vous, quand je vous ai quittés ?
Allez, honneurs, plaisirs, qui me livrez la *guerre* :
Tout votre félicité
Sujette a l'instabilité,
En moins de rien tombe par *terre* ;
Et comme elle a l'éclat du *verre*,
Elle en a la fragilité.

CORNEILLE: *Polyeucte.*

(The feminine rhymes are in italics.)

The normal Italian rhyme is on the *two* final syllables. Thus:

L'altra dubitazion che ti commove
Ha men velen però che sua mal*izia*
Non ti poria menar da me altrove.
Parere ingiusta la nostra giust*izia*
Negli occhi dei mortali ; e argomento
Di fede, e non d'eretica nequ*izia*.

DANTE: *Paradiso.*

Here the *sdrucciola* (sliding) rhymes are in italics.

137. **Buono** and **Suono** are, of course, pronounced 'bwono' and 'swono.'
157. **beleeve with Aristotle.** This statement is nowhere to be found in Aristotle's extant works.
159. **Bembus,** Cardinal Bembo (1470-1547), a notable Latinist and collector of manuscripts.
160. **Scaliger,** Julius Cæsar Scaliger (born 1484) was also a great Italian scholar of the Renascence. He wrote a book on Poetry with which Sidney was familiar. His son Joseph was an even greater scholar.
163. **Cornutus,** tutor of the Roman poets Persius and Lucan, and a Virgilian commentator of the reign of Nero. Conrad Clauser translated his book *On the Nature of God* about 1543.
164. **Hesiod and Homer,** the two early epic poets of Greece, who did much to crystallize the mythology of Greece.
166. **Quid non?** Why not?
169. **Landin,** or **Landino,** tutor to the famous Lorenzo de Medici, surnamed the Magnificent. Sidney is referring to a passage in his *Disputationes Camuldulenses,* where he is quoting from Plato's Ion.
178. **Libertino patre natus,** 'begotten of a freedman's son,' a quotation from Horace (*Sat.* I. vi. 45), who thus describes himself.
179. **Herculea proles,** 'offspring of Hercules'—*i.e.* of royal birth. The Kings of Sparta claimed to be Heracleidæ.
180. **Si quid mea carmina possunt,** 'if my songs have any power,' Vergil, Æneid, IX. 446.
181. **Dantes Beatrix,** the object of his romantic adoration. **Virgil's Anchises** the father of his Æneas, was found in the Elysian fields; the phrases mean 'in Paradise.'
183. **Cataract of Nilus.** There was an ancient legend that the tribes who lived near the cataracts were deaf.
184. **Plannet-like,** refers to a persistent belief, due originally to the early Greek philosopher, Pythagoras, that the planets in their rotation gave forth musical notes. So in Shakespeare's *Merchant of Venice* we have:

> 'There's not the smallest orb which thou beholdest
> But in his motion like an angel sings,
> Still quiring to the young-eyed cherubins.'

There are many allusions in poetry to 'the music of the spheres.'

186. **Mome as to be a Momus.** 'Mome' is an Elizabethan word of abuse = fool. 'Momus' (Grk. μῶμος, blame) means a harsh critic. They are the same in origin.
189. **Midas,** a wealthy King of Phrygia, who, having to judge between the musical powers of the god Apollo and the satyr Marsyas, had the boldness to prefer the satyr, and was rewarded by the god with this adornment. Ovid tells the story in his *Metamorphoses.*
190. **Bubonax.** There has been a mistake here. It was the Greek poet Hipponax who drove the sculptor Bupalus to hang himself.
191. **as is said to be doone in Ireland.** The Irish were said to stand in mortal terror of the satire of their bards. *Cf.* Shakespeare, *As You Like It,* Act III., Scene 2: 'I was never so be-rhymed since Pythagoras' time, that I was an Irish rat.'

## XIII.—THE SHEPHERD'S CALENDER.

For a general account of Spenser's life and works, see the Introduction.

The scheme of the Calender is to supply in a sort of lyric sequence poems of various moods suited to the various months under the conventional disguises of pastoral poetry. The pastoral fiction is by this time a regularly established code. Theocritus of Sicily, Vergil (about 39 B.C.), Petrarch (1346-1356), Mantuan the Italian Carmelite monk and elegant Latinist (1488-1516), Sannazaro (1495), and Clement Marot the French courtier (1544), had handed down the traditions of the artificial shepherd, whose disguise freely covers every sort of personality—Kings, poets, and ladies. Even the Christian God is 'pastoralized' into the pagan goat-god Pan. Here we shall find Spenser himself masquerading as Colin Clout, his friend and critic Gabriel Harvey as Hobbinol. The *Shepherd's Calender* was published anonymously in 1579, three years after Spenser left Cambridge, and was his first publication. It is introduced, in a letter to Gabriel Harvey, and annotated throughout by a person only revealed to us by the initials E. K. Some Spenserian scholars have maintained that this is Spenser himself. But various arguments, as, for instance, that E. K. often seems to misunderstand Spenser, that he disparages Clement Marot, the French poet to whom Spenser owes so much, and many other good reasons, are sufficient to prove that E. K. was Edward Kirke, another member of the brilliant circle which surrounded Spenser at Pembroke College, Cambridge.

### (i.) JANUARIE.

ARGUMENT.—**Aeglogue.** Each of the poems which go to make up Vergil's bucolics (pastorals) is called an 'eclogue,' from the Greek word *eklogē*, a selection. Spenser's spelling is founded on a mistaken etymology carefully explained by him in his introduction: 'They were first of the Greeks called *Aeglogai*, as it were *αἰγῶν*, or *αἰγονόμων* λόγοι, that is, Goteheard's tales.'

**Colin.** '. . . The word Colin is French, and used of the French poet Marot (if he be worthy of the name of a Poete) in a certain Aeglogue. Under which name this Poete secretly shadoweth himself, as sometimes did Virgil under the name of Tityrus, thinking it much fitter than such Latin names, for the great unlikelyhoode of the language.'—E. K. He also refers to Skelton's *Boke of Colin Clout*.

**Rosalinde,** described elsewhere as 'the widow's daughter of the glen.' E. K. tells us that the name 'being wel ordered will bewray the very name of hys love and mistresse, whom by that name he coloureth'—*i.e.*, that it is one of those anagrams so popular in Elizabethan times. Various guesses, all futile, have been made at her identity. She lived in Lancashire, and did *not* marry Spenser.

**traveled,** troubled.

**his Pipe.** The Vergilian 'shepherd' accompanied his songs on a pipe variously called an 'oat,' a 'reed,' a 'hemlock,' or a 'straw'; sometimes they were joined together with wax as our 'Pan-pipes.'

4. **y-pent.** This *y-* is the remnant of A.S. prefix *ge-* as in German, the mark of a past participle. It is one of Spenser's favourite Chaucerian affectations. See the Introduction.

5 **woxe**, past tense of the verb 'to wax,' grow.
6. **unnethes**, hardly.
7. *Cf.* Vergil: 'Idem amor exitio pecori pecorisque magistro.'
8. **pale and wanne.** Here we have the 'doubling' (*Zwillingsformeln*) of an English word with its Latin or French synonym (*pallidus*, pale), a characteristic of Elizabethan English. So in the Prayer-Book we have 'acknowledge and confess,' 'dissemble nor cloke them,' 'assemble and meet,' 'pray and beseech.' This feature is a sign of a people until lately bi lingual.
9. **some care he took**, he felt some grief.
10. **couthe**, the past tense of 'connen,' to know. As German *können* and *kennen*, so English 'con' and 'can' are the same words; 'couthe' is now 'could,' but 'uncouth' survives almost in its original sense of 'unknown.'
21. **whilome**, once upon a time.
27. **stoure**, 'a fitt' (E. K.); originally, 'tumult.'
37. **sere**, dry; another instance of coupling. *Cf.* 'the sere and yellow leaf.'
48. A good example of the Elizabethan 'conceit,' a merely rhetorical figure, with little meaning.
49. **sithe** = time, a common Chaucerian word.
51. **stoure.** According to Wilkinson 'stur' is a very common word in Lancashire dialect, meaning anything about which there is great commotion, from a public meeting to a large tea-party. 'Stoure' is a very common word in Spenser, who came of a Lancashire family. Here apparently it means simply 'the occasion.'
55. **Hobbinol**, according to E. K., was a common rustic name. Here he is supposed to be a shepherd friend of Colin; it is the pastoral disguise of Spenser's college friend, Gabriel Harvey.
57. **clownish**, rustic, not depreciatory in sense.
58. **cracknelles**, here, as now, a kind of biscuit.
61. E. K.'s note is 'a pretty Epanorthosis in these two verses; and withall a Paranomasia or playing with the word, where he sayth *I love thilke lass, alas!* etc.' Of these two figures of speech, 'epanorthosis' means a checking and correction of what has been said; 'paronomasia' is what we call a pun, *cf.* that on 'Muse' and 'musing' in line 69. Both of these are typical 'conceits.' **thilke** = that.
73. **welked** = dimmed. **availe**, lower or let down; Fr. *avaler*.
75. **overhaile**, draw over (E. K.).
77. **sonned**, sunned, warm with the sun.

**Colin's Embleme.** Each month closes with a motto or Embleme for each character generally in a foreign language. This is Italian, and means 'hope again.'

### (ii.) March.

Thomalin's song from the March Æglogue has been chosen partly for the prettiness of its story and partly as a specimen of one of Spenser's lightest and daintiest metres. The story is from the *Fourth Idyll* of the Greek poet Bion, who lived about the same time as Theocritus—that is to say, the third century B.C. In his story the boy vainly tries to snare Love, and then tells an old farmer how he has failed to catch the strange bird. Whereupon the old man points the moral:

'Thou wilt be happy so long as thou dost not catch him, but if thou comest to the measure of manhood, this bird that flees thee now, and hops away, will come uncalled, and of a sudden, and settle on thy heed.'

3. **cast,** intended.
7. **Yvie todde,** a thicke bush (E. K.).
13. **tho** = then.
14. **some quicke,** someone living.
17. **earnd** = yearned. **courage** = spirit. *Cf.* Chaucer, Prologue: 'So priketh hem Nature in hir corages.'
19. **swaine,** 'a boye.' E. K.
21. **lope,** past tense of the verb 'to leap'; lower down we have the more modern form 'lepped.' Many verbs which were strong in Chaucer's time are weak now.
29. **pumie-stones,** pumice-stones, pieces of lava; out of place in Spenser's English setting to the story. **hent,** seized; A.S. *hentan,* to seize.
31. **wimble and wight,** quicke and deliver (E. K.)—*i.e.*, light of foot.
33. **latch** = catch, a genuine old word found in Langland's *Vision of Piers Plowman,* 'as one that layeth lines for to latch fowls.'
37. **heele.** As E. K. explains, this is a reminiscence of Achilles, whose heel was his only vulnerable part.
42. **ne wote I,** nor know I.
44. **perdie,** a corruption of *pardieu* (Fr.).
48. **wroken,** avenged. 'wreche' in Chaucer is revenge, as Ger. *Rache.*
55. **Welkin,** the sky.

## XIV.—EPITHALAMION.

Spenser's romantic love for Rosalinde of the Glen endured long. But in 1594, the poet being then forty-two years of age, he met and loved Elizabeth, probably daughter of James Boyle, who became his wife. The *Amoretti,* a beautiful sonnet-series, mark his wooing, and in this *Epithalamion,* the Greek name for a marriage song, he proclaims its triumphant ending. Mr. Stopford Brooke justly calls this poem 'the most glorious love-song in the English tongue.'

1. **learnéd sisters,** the Muses.
9. **tenor** = tune.
16. **Orpheus** brought his wife Eurydice out of Hades by the power of his song, but lost her through disobeying the command not to look back at her.
25. **Hymen,** Greek god of marriage.
26. **maske,** here, is a procession of revellers.
27. **Tead** (Lat. *tæda*), a torch. **flakes** are probably the burning drops which fall from a torch.
34. **dight,** array or deck herself.
40. **beseene,** adorned; so also 'beseem.'
44. **true-love wise,** with the kind of bow called 'true-lover's knot.'
51. **diapred,** adorned with a diaper or pattern, a term used in embroidery or architecture; for a good example of the latter see the nave walls (inside) of Westminster Abbey. Here it is metaphorical. **discoloured** here means only 'diversely coloured.'

56. **Mulla**, the Irish river Awbeg, which flowed past Kilcolman, Spenser's Irish estate, about three miles from Doneraile, co. Cork.
75. **Tithone's Bed**. According to the beautiful Greek legend, Eos or Aurora, immortal goddess of the dawn, loved and wedded a mortal King, Tithonus, for whom she obtained the boon of immortality, but not of immortal youth; see Tennyson's fine poem.
81. **descant plays**. 'Descant' is an old musical term for a variation upon a theme, 'sings the accompaniment.'
82. **ruddock**, the robin, the first part of the word being the same as 'red' and 'ruddy.'
95. **Hesperus**, Lat. *Vesper*, the evening.
103. **three handmayds of the Cyprian Queene**, the Graces attendant upon Venus, who was worshipped in Cyprus.
118. **lifull**, lifeful, vital.
131. **tabor**, a small drum or tambourine. **croud**, a fiddle; so 'crowder' long survived in the North for a fiddler.
134. **tymbrels**, cymbals.
137. **the boyes run**. This poem is so largely 'classical' in spirit that we must not conclude from it that these were contemporary marriage customs, even in Ireland.
148. **portly**, stately; our word 'port' has the sense of a fine bearing, also 'deportment.'
149. **Phœbe**, another name of Diana, goddess of the moon, as sister to Phœbus, the sun.
155. **perling flowers**. To 'pearl' is to adorn with pearls, as was often done in the dresses of those days; hence it means merely 'adorning.'
165. **nathless**, short for nevertheless.
175. **uncrudded**. 'Crudded' (XV., 262) is clotted or curdled cream.
188. **red** = read, looked at. Medusa, one of the Gorgon sisters, was of so fearful a presence that she turned anyone who looked at her into stone. **mazeful** = amazing.
227. **crimson dyde in grain**. Grain is dye, from this we get our word 'ingrained'; 'dyed in grain' means deeply dyed. *Cf.* Shakespeare, *Comedy of Errors*, Act III., Scene ii., 105:

> '*Ant. S.* That's a fault that water will mend.
> *Dro. S.* No, sir, 'tis in grain; Noah's flood could not do it.'

250. **belly full**. It must be confessed that this phrase comes with a shock to modern ears; it illustrates the variation in the canons of taste. We may be quite certain that Spenser would not have used it if in his day it had been in the least offensive.
252. **postes**, door-posts; another piece of Roman ritual. The Romans paid much ceremonial attention to the threshold.
254. **coronall**, crown; the ancients used to crown the wine-bowl with flowers.
265. **Barnaby the bright**. St. Barnabas' Day is June 11.
268. **Crab**. The sun enters the zodiacal sign of Cancer on June 22.
283. **helpless**, here passive in sense, 'that cannot be helped.'
284. **Pouke**, a mischievous spirit Shakespeare's Puck. The 'pooka' in Ireland was a particularly dangerous person.

287. **fray**, frighten ; whence we get 'afraid.'
303. **that none reproves**, that reproaches no one.
329. **count**, account, total number.
333. These lines are what a modern poet would call 'L'Envoy,' the dedication to his wife. This is his bridal gift instead of jewels.

## XV.—THE FAERIE QUEENE (Book I., Canto V.).

Gloriana, 'Queen of Faerie,' has sent forth the Red Cross Knight (typical of Holiness) to fight with falsehood and wrong, and to avenge Una (Truth) on her enemies. These two set out on their journey accompanied by a dwarf (Commonsense). They are driven by a storm to take refuge in a wood close at hand, and discover in it the cave of Error, whom, in the form of a monster, half serpent, and half woman, the Red Cross Knight attacks and kills. Shortly after this they meet Archimago (Hypocrisy), and accept shelter for the night in his Hermitage. Archimago sends false dreams to delude them, with the result that the Red Cross Knight leaves Una and departs in the night. Una wanders forth in search of him, guarded by a lion which she had met in the wood and mastered by her beauty. They come to the house of Blind Devotion, where the lion kills Kirkrapine (the robber of churches), and soon after Archimago, disguised as the Red Cross Knight, joins them. The Paynim Sansloy meets them, unhorses Archimago, kills the lion, and drags Una away as his captive.

Meanwhile, the Red Cross Knight meets the Paynim Sansfoy, Sansloy's brother, and Duessa, or Fidessa (Falsehood) He kills the Paynim, and is led by Duessa to the palace of Lucifera, Queen of Pride. Thither comes Sansjoy, the third of the three brothers, and, seeing Sansfoy's shield in the possession of the knight, challenges him to fight, determined to avenge his brother. Lucifera commands them to settle their dispute on the morrow 'in equal lists.'

Historically Gloriana is probably to be identified with Queen Elizabeth, and Duessa with Mary, Queen of Scots. Archimago is intended either for the Pope or Philip II. of Spain, while the three Paynim brothers represent the growing power of the Saracens or Turks in the East.

15. **gan** = began.
16. An allusion to Psalm xix. 5.
19. **Elfe.** Spenser habitually applies the word to the knights of his 'faerie land.' *Cf.* 197, 'elfin sword.'
22. **Pagan** (Lat. *paganus*) originally meant 'rustic,' 'villager,' but afterwards came to be used for a heathen as opposed to a Christian.
34. **waite**, for 'waits.' Spenser uses it as if he had written 'many eyes.'
33. **woven**—*i.e.*, chain-mail.
36. No wines are known to have come from Arabia.
37. **Ynd**, India.
41. **renowmed** (from French *renommé*), old form of 'renowned.' The far-renowmed Queen is Lucifera.
43. **paléd greene**, a green enclosed with pales.

48. **Sansfoy his shield.** This old method of forming the genitive arose from a misapprehension of the old genitive ending in *-es* or *-is.*
49. **Both those**—*i.e.*, Duessa and the shield.
53. **blesse**, a verb used by Spenser several times. It is possibly attributable to an old use of the verb 'to bless' meaning 'to sanctify by making the sign of the cross,' and so to 'flourish in making the sign of the cross' (*New English Dictionary*).
54. **heavinesse** = anger.
63. **doubled**, redoubled, repeated.
69. **a gryphon seized of his fray**, a vulture that has seized on his prey. 'Seized' and 'disseized' are followed by 'of.'
86. **Paynim** (derived from the ecclesiastical Latin word *paganismus*) properly meant paganism, but came to be used as 'a pagan.' With this and the following lines *cf.* Vergil, *Æneid*, XII. 940.
90. Sansjoy must wander by the Styx until his slayer be sent down to the lower world to 'redeem him from his long-wandring woe.'
93. **german** (Lat. *germanus*), brother.
97. **my message make**—*i.e.*, give him my message.
98. **quit**, released, redeemed.
108. **ladies sake** = his lady's cause.
109. **attonce** = at once. **cast**, thought, as XIII. ii. 3.
123. **prowest** = bravest. *Cf.* prowess.
124. **to her love**—*i.e.*, for her love. *Cf. Faerie Queene*, I. xxviii. 7, 'with God to friend.'
128. As Phœbus Apollo covered Æneas with a dark cloud (Homer, *Il.* V.).
129. **Pluto** was King of the Lower World, and brother of Jupiter and Neptune.
142. **seene**—*i.e.*, tried in their sight.
143. **with . . . goodly gree**, with goodwill. *Cf.* French *de bon gré.* 'Gree' is derived from Latin *gratum.*
144. **advauncing**—*i.e.*, extolling, magnifying.
153. **embalme**, anoint.
155. 'Division' was a technical term used in music for a florid piece of melody. *Cf* 'Ditties . . . . Sung by a faerie Queene. . . . With ravishing division to her lute.'—Shakespeare, 1 *Henry IV.*, III. i. 209.
163. An allusion to the proverbial 'crocodiles' tears.' The legend is revived *à propos* of alligators in Hakluyt's *Voyages.*
168. The stars appear in the heavens.
171. **vitall spright**—*i.e.*, the breath of life. 'Spright' = spirit.
173. In the plight in which she had left him.
179. In the glossary of Urry's *Chaucer* we are told that 'mew was a kind of cage where hawks were wintered or kept when they mued, or changed their feathers; whence those great stables, belonging to Whitehall, took denomination: that place having been anciently full of mues, where the king's hawks were kept.' The word afterwards came to be used of any kind of cage or prison.
180. **hew**, as before = appearance.
181. **charet**, like the modern French word *charette*, may originally have been used only of two-wheeled vehicles. The word afterwards came to be synonymous with 'chariot,' and gradually became obsolete.

184. **wood** = mad.
195. Night was always regarded as the oldest of the gods, and is called in the Orphic hymn to Night 'mother of gods and men.' She was sister of Erebus, and mother of Æther (the air) and Hemera (day).
196. Spenser's mythology is inaccurate. Zeus was the son of Cronos and Rhea.
198. **Daemogorgon**, the great mediæval magician who was supposed to command the spirits of the Lower World.
206. **groning beare** = groaning bier. 'Groaning' here means 'sorrowing,' the epithet being transferred from the mourners to the bier.
209. Aveugle ('Blind') was the father of the three Paynims.
**so evil heare**, are spoken so ill of. *Cf.* the Greek construction with ἀκούω, and the Latin with *audio*.
229. **excheat** 'Escheat' was a legal term to denote property which reverted to the feudal lord on the death of the tenant if he left no heirs qualified to hold it.
233. **price**—*i.e.*, pay the price of.
255. **foming tarre**, their foam was black, like tar.
256. **the fine element**, the thin air.
271. The owl has always been regarded as a bird of ill omen, except by the Greeks, who looked on it rather as a bird of wisdom.
277. Lake Avernus, in Campania, was regarded by the Romans as the entrance to the Lower World owing to the sulphurous exhalations that hung over it. Compare with this description of Hades that in Vergil, *Æneid*, VI.
281. As Æneas and Odysseus went down to hell and returned 'with heavenly grace'—*i.e.*, by the grace of the gods.
282. **brast** = burst.
286. **bilive** or **belive** = with all speed. *Cf.* Scott, *Old Mortality*, 'Nearly a mile off? . . . We'll be there belive.'
287. 'On every side of them stood.'
293. **Acheron** is the river of woe, and **Phlegethon** the river of fire.
297. **bootlesse**, in vain.
302. **Cerberus** was the three-headed dog that guarded the approach to hell.
305. **lilled forth his . . . tongue**—*i.e.*, lolled forth.
307. **felly gnarre**, snarl terribly.
311. **Ixion** incurred the wrath of Zeus for trying to win Hera's love. He was hurled down to Tartarus, and bound to a perpetually revolving wheel.
313. **Sisyphus**, son of Æolus, King of Corinth. He was killed by Theseus, and doomed in the infernal regions to roll a stone uphill without respite, the stone always falling back again before it reached the top.
314. **lin**, 'nor might cease from labour.'
315. **Tantalus** was tormented in the infernal regions for disclosing the secrets of the gods. Spenser's description is inaccurate. He was not 'hong by the chin,' but placed in water reaching up to his chin, with a fruit-tree hanging above his head. Both the water and the tree retreated whenever he tried to get relief from the hunger and thirst that tormented him.

316. **Tityus** was killed by Apollo for attacking Latona, and stretched out over nine acres in the infernal regions. A vulture continually devoured his liver, which always grew again.
317. **Typhoeus** was buried under Mount Ætna by Zeus. That his 'joynts were stretched on a gin' (*i.e.*, an 'engine' of torture) is an embellishment of the story peculiar to Spenser.
318. **Theseus**. *Cf.* Vergil, *Æneid*, VI. 617, 'Sedet æternumque sedebit Infelix Thesus.' He was doomed to this punishment, according to the legend, for an attempt to carry off Persephone.
319. The fifty daughters of Danaus, founder of Argos, rather than marry the fifty sons of Ægyptus, their cousins, murdered them on the marriage night, with the exception of Hypermnestra, who saved her husband's life. They were condemned for this to pour water into vessels pierced with holes in the endless attempt to fill them. **leke** = leaky.
320. **in place** = there.
326. **Æsculapius**, the son of Apollo, was renowned for his great knowledge of medicine. The story of his punishment is not classical.
328. **Hippolytus**, son of Theseus and Hippolyte. **redresse** = restore, remake.
333. **his stepdame**—*i.e.*, Phædra.
334. **offered sweets**, the love she offered.
338. **his sea-god syre**, Poseidon, father of Theseus.
348. According to Euripides, Phædra hanged herself.
351. There is no classical authority for this rending of his tongue by Theseus. Spenser possibly intended some word such as 'blame' to be understood.
352. **reliques of his smart**, his 'smart' or grief = the dead Hippolytus.
356-357. 'When Jove considered how such wondrous science reigned in man's wit.' **aviz'd**, as Fr. *s'aviser*, to consider.
358. **fates expired**—*i.e.*, the thread of fate spun out.
369. **to him discover**—*i.e.*, to show Æsculapius the knight's wounds.
378. 'Is it not enough?' **heaven dew**, heaven that is my due.
380. 'But you bid me to increase and redouble my crime, and bring on myself new vengeance.' **eeke** = add, here a verb. **redoubled** is proleptic.
381. **defray**, pay the costs of, as in XI. 4.
386. 'that which might hurt thee more.'
390. **else**, probably = on other occasions. It has been explained by some editors as 'already.'
397. **cure**, charge. *Cf.* cure of souls.
399. **timely** here means 'at the proper time.'
400. **recure**, refresh. **weary wagon**: *cf.* 366.
419. Nebuchadnezzar, *vide* Dan. iv. Spenser is again inaccurate. We are not told that Nebuchadnezzar was actually changed into an ox, but that he ate grass like an ox; and it was Darius, not Nebuchadnezzar, who compelled the people to call on him 'as onely God.'
424. **Croesus**, King of Lydia.
428. **richesse store**—*i.e.*, store of his riches.
426. **Antiochus**. Epiphanes, King of Syria, 175-164 B.C., was bitterly hostile to the Jewish religion, and after capturing Jerusalem, pillaged the temple.

428. **Nimrod**, 'the mighty hunter,' mentioned in Gen. x. 8.
430. **Ninus**, founder of Nineveh.
432. Alexander the Great.
435. He was dignified with the title of 'son of Ammon' by the priests of Jupiter, Ammon's temple in Egypt.
436. His death was due to excessive drinking.
441. **Romulus**, founder of Rome.
442. **Tarquinius Superbus**, the last King of Rome.
It is not certain to which of the Lentuli Spenser refers; it is possibly to Publius Cornelius Lentulus, who was one of the accomplices of Catiline.
443. **Scipio**. Africanus major, who conquered Hannibal, is meant.
444. **Sylla**, Lucius Cornelius Sulla, the great Roman dictator. **Marius**, Caius Marius, Sulla's great opponent. He was seven times Consul at Rome.
445. **Cæsar**, Caius Julius Cæsar. **Pompey**, Cn. Pompeius Magnus, Cæsar's unsuccessful rival. He was murdered in Egypt in 48 B.C. **Antonius**, Marcus Antonius, defeated at Actium by Octavianus, afterwards Augustus (Shakespeare's Mark Antony).
447. 'forgetful of the submission expected from them as women.'
448. **Semiramis** (mythical), Queen of Assyria, and consort of Ninus.
450. **Sthenobœa**, wife of Proetus, King of Lycia. For love of Bellerophon she committed suicide. Aristophanes says she poisoned herself.
451. **wanting of**—*i.e.*, she could not obtain what she wanted.
452. **Cleopatra**, Queen of Egypt, was conquered with Anthony at Actium.
464. **careful**, full of care, anxious.
474. **for** = by reason of. **lay-stall**, a place in which rubbish is thrown. Laystall Street in London derives its name from this word.

## XVI.—SIR WALTER RALEIGH.

Born in 1552, executed in 1618, Sir Walter Raleigh belongs by date, as has been said in the Introduction, to the next epoch. Yet he comes here for two reasons, partly as an intimate friend of Spenser (one might almost call him his *impresario*), and partly as *the* typical Elizabethan. Everyone knows the story of the cloak which gained him his entrance to Court, and most of us know how great a part he played in the foundation of the Virginian colonies. The end of his life was tragic. James I. flung him into prison under sentence of death, liberated him in the promise of vast wealth to be secured in the gold mines of the Orinoco, and when that expedition failed dragged him back into prison, and executed him on the old sentence. A tragic record of failure in action, but a failure that to most men would be more desirable than the meaner sorts of success.

In the literary world his most notable achievement was the plan and beginning of his *History of the World*, written in prison—a characteristically vast and courageous enterprise. But these few songs and sonnets, though they are tinged with the melancholy of his impending doom, place him on a lyrical height only second to Spenser himself. There is in them precisely that intellectual quality, that undertone of feeling,

which one misses in the laborious and formal compositions of Wyatt and Surrey. But then it must not be forgotten that these poems date up to 1618, when Shakespeare's work was already before the world.

### (i.) A Vision upon this Conceipt of the Faery Queene.

The writer is extolling Spenser's great work at the expense of Petrarch's *Sonnets to Laura*. It is perhaps true to say that Spenser alone could successfully challenge Petrarch's supremacy in the field of lyrical composition, though the *Faerie Queene* is, of course, an epic. Laura was probably Laure de Noves, a lady of Avignon, where Petrarch lived for a time as member of a Florentine embassy. Petrarch was born in 1304, and died in 1374. His own claims rest rather upon his Latin epic, for which he was crowned by the Pope. It is evident that Milton had learnt something from the study of this grave sonnet when he wrote his famous *Methought I saw my late Espoused Saint*. In the early editions of the *Faerie Queene*, this sonnet is appended to Spenser's letter to Raleigh.

9. **steed** = stead, and the antecedent to 'whose' is 'graces.'
13. **Homer**, as representing epic poetry, is feigned to be agonized at his inferiority to Spenser.
14. **accesse**, arrival. **Theife**, only because he was stealing from Homer's glory.

### (ii.) His Pilgrimage.

This is the beginning of a poem of fifty-six lines, probably composed in 1603, in the interval between his sentence and his respite. The opening lines, here given, are purely beautiful in their complete imagery; but the latter part of the poem expresses in a manner rather offensive to modern taste his just indignation at the unfair treatment received at the hands of Coke, his prosecutor.

The opening lines depict in imagery the costume of a palmer or pilgrim. He carried a scallop shell as the sign of his profession and as a collecting-box for alms, and a scrip or wallet to carry his food in.

7. **Balmer**, embalmer.

### (iii.) The Passionate Shepherd.

This poetical dialogue is to be found in Izaak Walton's *Compleat Angler*. He describes the first as 'that smooth song which was made by Kit Marlow now' (1653) 'at least fifty years ago,' and gives the second as 'an answer to it, which was made by Sir Walter Raleigh in his yonger daies.' These facts are, however, open to criticism. The portion ascribed to Raleigh appeared first in *England's Helicon* (1600), with the initials W. R., over which letters 'Ignoto' (Anonymous) was afterwards pasted. The best argument in favour of their ascription to Raleigh is their intrinsic merit. An account of Christopher Marlowe, dramatist and boon companion, will be reserved to the next 'Epoch.' The 'shepherds' are, of course, the usual pastoral fiction.

19. **an if.** 'An' or 'and' was originally equivalent to 'if.' By this time 'and' has become a sort of adjunct to 'if'; it has here no connective force.
31. **Philomel**, the nightingale's classical name.

34. **yields** is, of course, to speak strictly, a false concord. The singular verb is due to the proximity of the singular object.
36. **fall** = autumn, as in modern American.

(iv.) The Silent Lover.

These lines form the introduction of a poem in eight four-line verses, which from many independent sources is confidently ascribed to Sir Walter Raleigh.

(v.) Lines written on the Night before His Death.

This fine and deeply religious fragment was almost certainly written by him in the Gatehouse on the night before his execution (1618). It was found in his Bible.

## XVII.—ELIZABETHAN VOYAGES.

(i.) This episode is contained in the *Principal Navigations* of Richard Hakluyt. The narrative is by John Sparke, one of the soldiers employed on the expedition, which is known as the 'Second Voyage of Sir John Hawkins.' The *Jesus*, a ship of 700 tons; the *Solomon*, of 140; the *Tiger*, a bark of 50; and the *Swallow*, of 30 (!), took part in it. The expedition, which started in October, 1564, and returned in September, 1565, visited the coast of Africa, the West Indies, and Florida. In spite of opposition by the Spanish officials, Hawkins managed to do some very good business by the sale of the slaves which he captured in Africa.

**Insulae Fortunatae.** There was a common legend in antiquity about certain far western islands, a sort of earthly paradise. These were afterwards identified with the Canary Islands, capital Santa Cruz, then and now in Spanish occupation. The chief product was the 'Canary sack,' a wine dear to our ancestors.

7. **suckets** are crystallized fruits.
8. **rosin** or **resin**, the sap of pine-trees; its use on violin strings is well known.
25. **a certain tree.** This is or was a fact: there grew on the island of Ferro an immense laurel-tree whose leaves condensed water from the morning mist. This water was collected in cisterns. The tree was blown down in 1612.
40. **flitting islands** This is probably a legend, though there are true accounts of islands which have risen by volcanic action from the bottom of the sea and sunk again. Also there are floating islands, composed of huge accumulations of weed, in the South Seas. John Sparke here alludes, doubtless, to the mythical Isle of St. Brandan.

(ii.) The introduction of the use of tobacco by Sir Walter Raleigh is well known. Its discovery by travellers was considerably earlier. Several accounts agree as to its use by the natives of America to stave off hunger.

(iii.) From the account by Francis Pretty, one of Sir Francis Drake's gentlemen of arms, concerning Drake's 'Famous Voyage,' in which he

circumnavigated the globe for the first time. The voyage took three years, from 1577 to 1580. It will be observed that this great feat of sailing round the world was due to the trifling circumstance that Drake preferred another way home rather than pass a second time through the Straits of Magellan. Cape Horn had not yet been discovered. It must be admitted that Master Pretty has scarcely done justice to this marvellous adventure in his rather dry narrative. The narrative is to be found in Hakluyt.

The expedition consisted at first of five ships and 164 men.

1. **in this port**, Port St. Julian, in South America.
2. **Master Thomas Doughty** was in command of the 'fly-boat,' which had got separated (probably with intent to desert), and been found with difficulty.

(iv.) The same voyage; they are now sailing up the West Coast of Mexico, plundering settlements, and seizing Spanish ships as they go.

13. **reals of plate**, the real (royal) was a small Spanish coin.
24. **graved**, scraped the sides and bottom, which would get foul with weed in a long voyage; this is the meaning of 'graving dock.'
49. **Malucos**, the Molucca Islands, in the Malay Archipelago.
51. **Buena Esperanza**, the Cape of Good Hope.
67. **a fair and good bay**, probably the Bay of San Francisco.
78. **cauls**, hair-nets.
86. **kemb**, to comb or card wool, etc.—*i.e.*, to divide the tissue into shreds.

(v.) This narrative is from *Purchas His Pilgrims* (see Introduction). The captain of this voyage is Thomas Candish or Cavendish. 'Written by Master Francis Pretty, lately of Ey in Suffolk' (the author of the previous extract), 'a Gentleman employed in the same action, published by Master Hukluyt, and now corrected and abbreviated.' This voyage to the South Seas, and thence round the world, took place in 1586 to 1588.

5. **Admirall** means the leading ship; the commander of the expedition is called 'General.'
7. **with the Cape**, ? within the Cape.
24. **seven hundred tons in burden**, a monster compared with the little *Desire*, 120 tons, and *Content*, 60 tons.
30. **fights** or **close fights** are bulkheads set up to protect the men while fighting.
31. **Targets**, shields.
65. **pezos of gold**, a pezo is eight shillings, says Purchas.
81. **Garvansas**, an unusual spelling of 'Calavances,' some kind of pulse, perhaps haricot beans; the name is Spanish. **Peason** = peas.

## XVIII.—THE NICHT IS NEIR GONE.

This quaint piece is given as a specimen of the Scottish literary dialect of the period, which, it may be observed, has varied little since the days of James I. of Scotland, the author of the *Kingis Quair*. Montgomerie's dates are from about 1540 to between 1605 and 1615. He was a Court poet living on a pension. He produced, also, much 'flyting' or abusive

verse. The poem is here taken from the *Oxford Book of Verse*. It is a song of spring, and while the subject is much the same as that of Surrey in *The Soote Sesoun*, there is much more fire and gaiety. For words not explained in the notes, see the Glossary.

1. **dawis,** dawns. *-is* in verbs the third person ending, singular and plural; in nouns it marks the plural or the possessive.
3. **shroudis,** clothe themselves. Cf. *Piers Plowman*, line 2: 'I shope me in shrouds, as I a sheep were.' A 'shaw' is a wood.
5. **thissel-cock,** threstle-cock, or throstle, is the thrush.
6. **lyis,** 'who lie' in bed, bidding them awake.
7. **skaillis.** To scale is to peel or clear.
10. **gowans** are daisies. *Cf.* 'And pu'd the gowans fine' in *Auld Lang Syne*.
11. **quhair,** where; this *quh* for our *wh* is common to all early Scottish poetry, and represents the Northern (and Irish) pronunciation, which is still a strong aspirate before the *w*.
12. **rone,** the rowan or mountain ash, with its red berries.
15. **pairty,** like Fr. *partie*, means 'match,' or 'mate.'
19. 'They carry their antlers on the ground where they groan.' 'Bell' is the right word for the cry of the stag in spring; 'turse' is a dialect form of 'truss'; 'tynd,' or 'tine,' is any kind of fork or prong, so an antler. **hie** = they, spelt earlier 'hij.'
21. **hurchonis,** the urchin (Lat. *echinus*) is our hedgehog; its **hairis** are its bristles.
23. **quhilk** = which, as 'ilk' = same, and 'thilk' = that.
30. **maikis,** makes or mates, as in IX. (i.) 4.
31. **Syne,** really 'since'; here it means 'then,' or 'afterwards.'
34. **dichtis,** put on their breastplates against, or in preparation for, the day.
36. **fone** = foes; this word exhibits the Early English plural in *-en*, surviving in 'oxen,' etc.
37. **stonéd steed,** stallion. **crampis;** the *Oxford Book of Verse* says this = prances. Query, whether it is not the noun 'cramps' or the verb 'rampis.'
41. **freikis** (*cf.* 'Fy on that freik that cannot love.' Montgomerie) = warriors, the original meaning of 'freke,' which is a word distinct from 'freak' = a monstrosity.
42. **wight,** nimble, active, as in XIII. (ii.) 31.
44. **As Titan in trone,** like the sun on its throne. According to Greek mythology the sun was Hyperion, a son of Earth, or Titan. The *Oxford Book of Verse* suggests this as an improvement on the reading 'at' (for 'as'), which is surely wrong.
45. **in reistis,** the spear is 'in rest' when it is in position for the charge.
51. **flittis,** fall, or die.
53. 'Then squires that are gaily dressed on neighing white palfreys attempt battle with swords'; **blonkis** from Fr. *blanc*.

## XIX.—QUEEN ELIZABETH.

I have given this curious effusion for its historical rather than its literary merit. I take it from Ellis's *Specimens of Early English Poetry*. He quotes Puttenham's introduction of it: 'I find none example, so well

maintaining this figure in English metre, (of the Gorgeous) [Exargasia] as that ditty of her Majesty's own making, passing sweet and harmonical.— And this was the action : our sovereign lady, perceiving how by the Scotish queen's residence within this realm, at so great liberty and ease as were scarce worthy of so great and dangerous a prisoner, bred secret factions among her people, and made many of her nobility incline to favour her party :— to declare that she was nothing ignorant in those secret favours, though she had long with great wisdom and patience dissembled it, writeth this ditty, most sweet and sententious,' etc. (Puttenham, *Arte of English Poesie*). As for its authenticity, Puttenham ought to know, and the *Ditty* itself, in its masculine vigour, ferocity, and affectation, corresponds very well with what we know of Elizabeth's character. As for the epithets 'sweet' and 'harmonical,' the reader must make allowances for the judgment of a courtier. The alliterations are overdone. The metre is curious.

5. **toys**, tricks, fancies of imagination.
6. **repent** = repentance.
7. **suppos'd** agrees with 'hope.' **ruth** = regret, repentance.
8. **graffed**, engrafted.
11. **the daughter of debate** is Mary, Queen of Scots.
16. **poll** = lop, or shorten.

# GLOSSARIAL INDEX

**Dyar**, dyer, x. 93
**dyde**, dyed, xv. 82

**earn**, yearn, xiii. (ii.) 17
**echone**, each one, xviii. 28
**eeke**, add to, xv. 381
**eke**, also, ix. (i.) 2
**elfin**, belonging to elfs—*i.e.*, 'faerie' knights, xv. 201
**else**, at another time, xv. 390
**enbalme**, anoint, xv. 153
**endyght**, indite, ii. 14
**enhansing**, increasing, vi. 38
**enhaunst**, lifted up, xv. 424
**ensample**, example, xv. 465
**ensew**, follow, xv. 223
**erst that**, before, ii. 29
**estraunge**, strange, vii. (i.) 44
**estrich**, ostrich, x. 28
**excheat**, gain, xv. 229
**exhibition**, maintenance, v. 48

**fall**, autumn, xvi. (iii ) 36
**farfurthe**, far, vii. (ii.) 99
**faut**, err, iv. 12
**favoure**, appearance, x. 69
**fawcoun**, falcon, ii. 3
**fayne**, feign, xiv. 320
**fere**, companion, ix. (iii.) 46
**fette**, fetched, xii. 5
**fights**, defences, xvii. (v.) 30
**filed**, defiled, iv. 54
**fletcher**, arrow-maker, iii. 1, etc.
**flode**, flood, i. 15
**fone**, foes, xviii. 36
**fordonne**, destroyed, xv. 372
**forebie**, past, vii. (ii.) 133
**forlorne**, utterly lost, xv. 211
**freat**, fret, viii. (iii.) 26
**freikis**, warriors, xviii. 41

**gage**, pledge, xvi. (ii.) 5
**gale**, gall, v. 30
**geraflour**, gilliflower, i. 20
**german**, brother, xv. 93
**geue**, give, vi. 18
**gin**, engine (of torture), xv. 317
**gladdith**, rejoice, i. 9
**gnarre**, snarl, xv. 307
**gowans**, daisies, xviii. 10
**graffed**, engrafted, xix. 8
**grave**, scrape, xvii. (iv.) 24
**grayne**, dye, xiv. 227
**gree**, satisfaction, xv. 143
**griesly**, grisly, horrible, xv. 176
**gryfon**, griffin, xv. 69
**guifts**, gifts, xiv. 186
**guye**, guide, i. 53
**gylden**, golden, xiii. 22

**hairis**, bristles, xviii. 21
**hairtis**, harts, xviii. 17
**hairtis**, hearts, xviii. 28
**han**, have, xiii. (ii.) 2
**hard**, heard, iv. 69
**haylsed**, greeted, vii. (i.) 91
**heare**, hair, xv. 351
**heavenly**, sent from heaven, xv. 364
**heavinesse**, anger, xv. 54
**hent**, seized, xiii. (ii.) 29
**herbarist**, botanist, xii. 44
**hew**, appearance, xv. 48
**hie**, they, xviii. 19
**hoble**, fall, iii. 161
**holt**, wood, ix. (iii.) 29
**homly**, homely, vii. (i.) 32
**hove**, roam, ix. (iii.) 6
**hurchonis**, urchins, xviii. 21
**hutche**, treasury, iii. 70
**hye**, hasten, iii. 10
**hyre**, reward, xv. 92

**intretaunce**, entreaty, vii. (i.) 68

**keie**, key, iv. 27
**kekede**, cackled, iii. 67
**kellis**, hoods, i. 47
**knacks**, tricks, xii. 61

**lampis**, gallops, xviii. 89
**latched**, caught, xiii. (ii.) 33
**laud**, praise, xiv. 148
**lay-stall**, rubbish-heap, xv. 474
**leachen**, physician, xv. 150
**leake**, leaky, xv. 319
**leatheweake**, supple, iii. 16
**leese**, lose, iv. 79
**lepped**, leaped, xiii. (ii.) 32
**let**, hindrance, vii. (ii.) 134
**lewde**, ignorant, iv. 29
**lief**, dear, ix. (iii.) 48
**lifull**, vital, xiv. 118
**lilled**, lolled, xv. 305

**stoore**, stiff, iii. 24
**stoure**, commotion, xiii. (i.) 27
**stowres**, perils, xv. 463
**suckets**, crystallized fruit, xvii. (i.) 7
**suddein**, quick, xv. 87
**swappe**, blow, iii. 119
**swart**, dark, ix. (iv.) 4
**swerd**, sword, i. 50
**swound**, swoon, xv. 171
**syne**, afterwards, xviii. 31

**targets**, shields, xvii. (v.) 31
**Tead**, torch, xiv. 27
**than**=then, v. 5
**then**=than, iii. 131, vii. (ii.) 101, x. 84, xii. 52, xiv. 187
**thilke**, that, xiii. (i.) 61
**thissel-cock**, thrush, xviii. 5
**tho**, then, xiii. (ii.) 13, 52, xv. 101
**throwing**, struggling, ix. (iv.) 15
**timely**, keeping time, xv. 29
**to**=too, v. 85, vi. 43
**todde**, bush, xiii. (ii.) 7
**tooting**, piping, xiii. (ii.) 6
**torves**, turf, vii. (i.) 96
**train**, plot, viii. (ii.) 10
**travail**, labour, viii. (i.) 3
**traveled**, troubled, xiii., Arg.
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