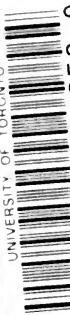


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Issue No. 10

JUVENILIA

P O E M S

BY

GEORGE WITHER

CONTAINED IN THE COLLECTIONS OF HIS
JUVENILIA WHICH APPEARED IN

1626 AND 1633

107C

PART II

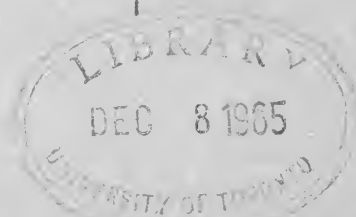
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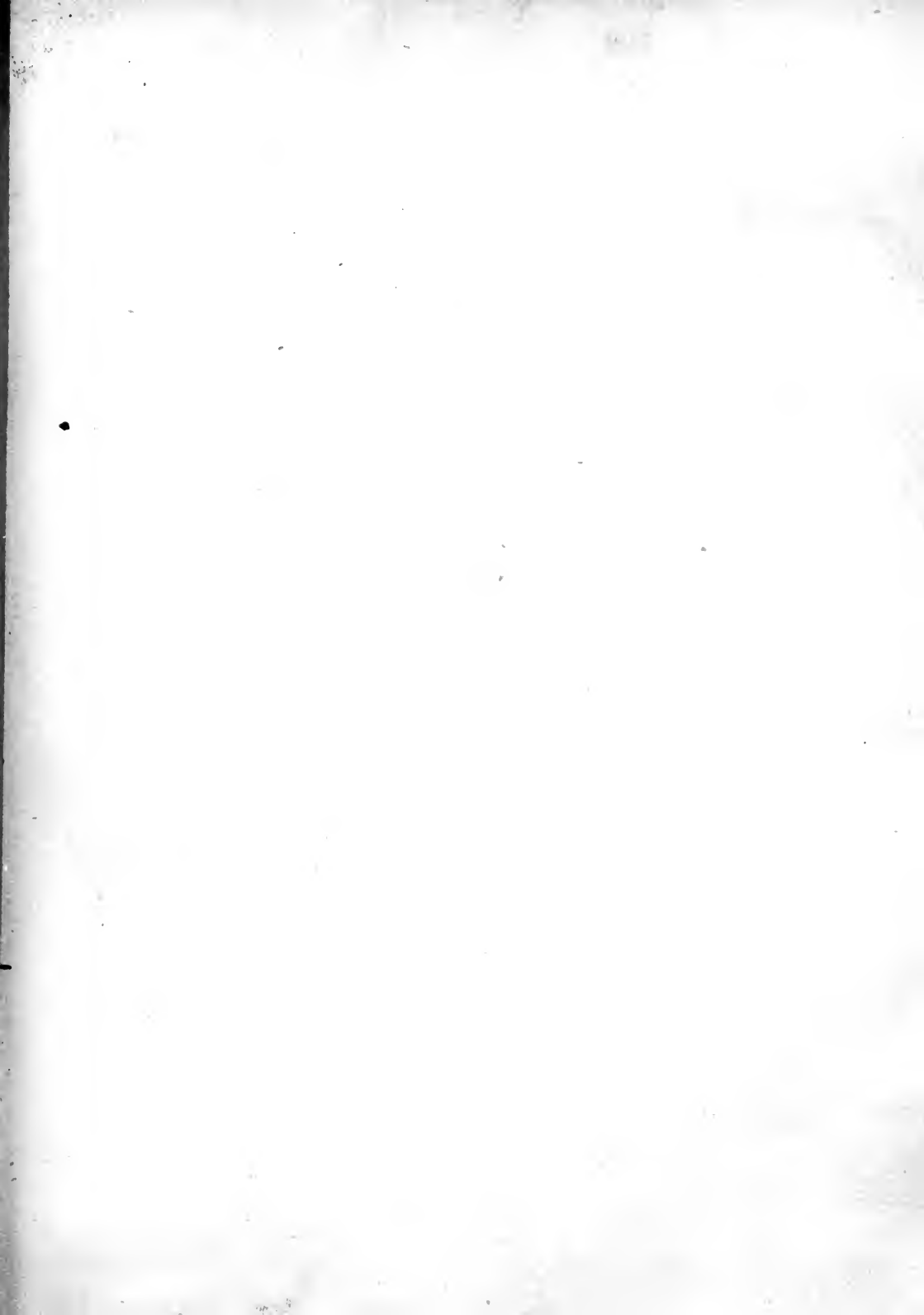
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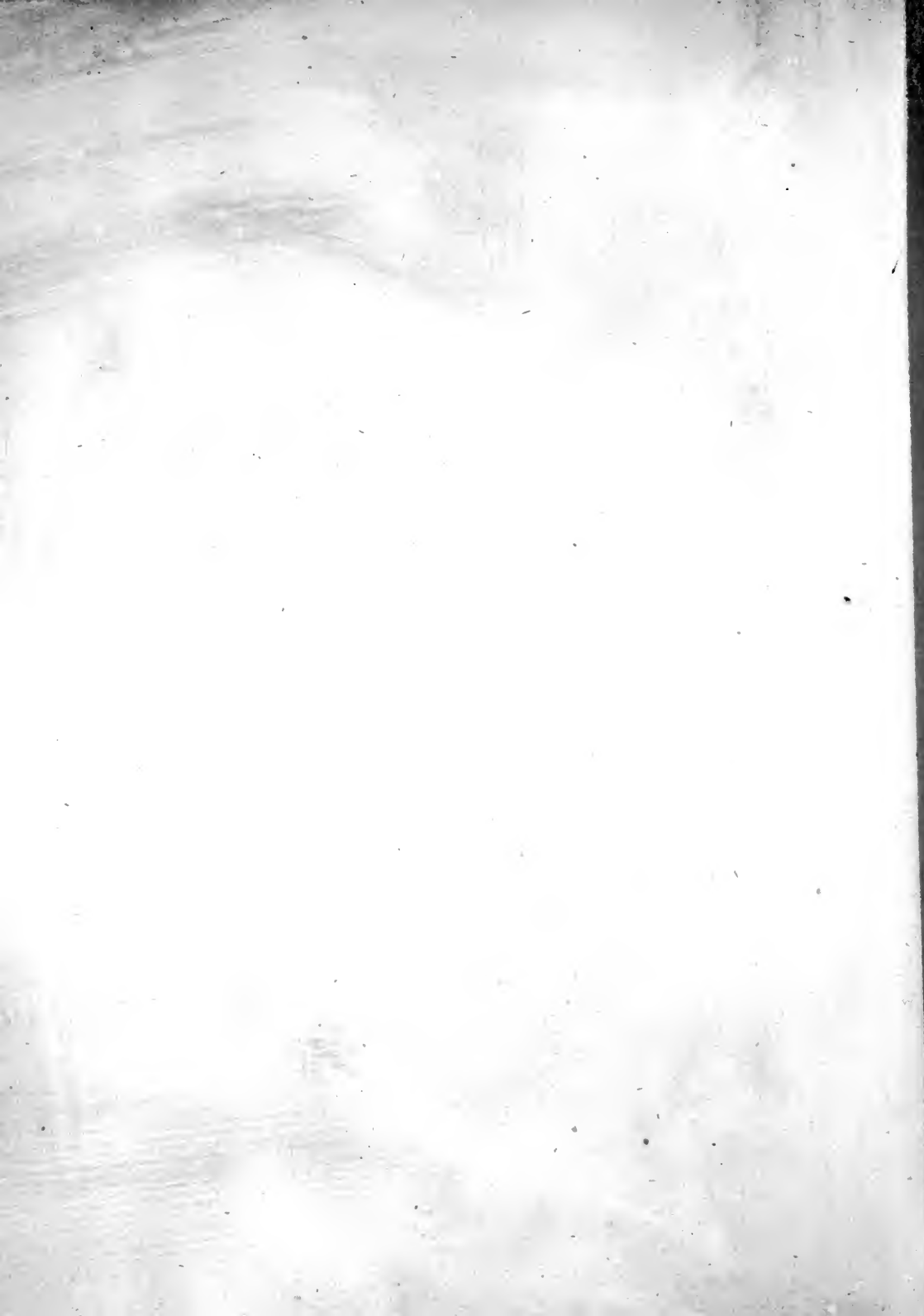
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THE SCORGE.

If thou perceiue some, as some will doe then,
 Keepe out a many worthy Gentlemen,
 And let a Laundresse or a Scoundrell passe,
 Giue him a ierke, and tell him hee's an Affe.

But lest thou spy what may make thee asham'd,
 (Or speake of that for which thou maist be blam'd)
 Leaue thou the Court, if thine owne selfe thou pitty,
 And come a while to walke about the City.
 As soone, as there thou entrest, thou shalt meet
 Great store of Gallants pasing out the street.
 A part, from Dice, or Fence, or Dancing come,
 And peradventure, from a whore-houise some :
 These, are good fellowes that will frankly spend,
 While Lands doe last, or any man will lend ;
 And yet to see (more fooles the world had neuer)
 They are so proud, as if 'twould last for euer.
 And though these lightly cannot haue a worse,
 Or deadlier sickenefse, than an empty purse,
 Which will ensue ; yet tell them, they must meet,
 At the Kings-bench, the Counters, or the Fleet.

Then, step vnto the Lawyers : peradventure
 They'l by some *Writ* command thee not to enter.
 Yet feare them not ; but looke and thou shalt spy
 Vnder their gownes, a masse of knauery.
 Pluck off the maske of Law, that cloaks their drifts,
 And thou shalt see a world of lawlesse shifts.
 But, tell them there's a Iudge will not be feed :
 And that perhaps will make their Conscience bleed.

Then tell the Scriueners as thou passest by,
 That they were best to leaue their forgery,

Y

Or

THE SCORGE.

Or else, why is't their eares doe scape so well?
The Diuell meanes to beare them whole, to hell.

Tell the Physicians (if thou meet with any)
Their Potions and their Drugs haue murther'd many,
For which, thou wouldst haue lasht, but dost delay them,
Because the Diuell meanes to pay them :
But if they'l prooue conclusions, bid them then,
Try't on themselues, and not on other men.

Desire the Brokers that they would not yawne
After the forfeit of anothers pawne.
It is their right by Law they'l say, 'tis true ;
And so's their foule, perhaps, anothers due :
But sting them ; if their conscience quite be fled,
Then shall they pay, what they haue forfeited.

Entreat the Taylor next, if that he can,
To leaue his theft, and proue an honest man.
And if he thinke the matter be too hard,
Knocke him about the Noddle with his yard.
If he be rich and take the same in snuffe,
Tell him his substance is but stollen stuffe :
And, that the Iay would hardly brooke the weather,
If euery Bird should take away her feather.
So hauing whipt him ; let the Priest goe shriue him
And (if he haue authoritie) forgiue him.

Go warne the Crafts-man that he doe not lurke
All day at Ale-house, and neglect his worke :
And then suruey the ware of euery Trade,
For much (I tell thee) is deceitfull made.
Which if thou find ; I charge thee do not friend it,
But call him knaue, and bid him go and mend it.

Oh

THE SCORGE.

Oh fee, if thou the Marchant-man canst finde,
 For heele be gone at turning of the winde :
 Bid him keepe touch, or tell his worship how
 His heart will tremble when the Seas are rough :
 Desire him too, if he doe trauell thither
 Where Conscience is, that he would bring some hither ;
 Here's little, some will haue it ; if none will,
 He shall gaine by it, though he keepe it still :
 If he bring none, 'twere charity I thinke,
 To pray some storme may make his vessell sinke.

Looke in their ships, for I haue knowne deceit
 Hath been in both the owner, and the freight ;
 Yea, note them well, and thou shalt find their books
 Are Woodcocks ginnes, and barbed fishing hooks :
 But he thereby great store of wealth obtaines,
 And cares not how, so he encrease his gaines :
 Yet, leaft his riches hap to make him proud,
Satyr, I pray thee, tell him this aloud
 To make him smart ; *that, whilst he like a mome,*
Playes fast abroad, his wife playes loose at home :
 Nor shall his ill-got masse of wealth hold out,
 But he, or his, become a banquerout.

Now to thy rest, 'tis night. But here approaches
 A troope with Torches, hurried in their Coaches.
 Stay and behold, what are they ? I can tell,
 Some bound for Shorditch, or for Clarcken-well :
 Oh these are they which thinke that Fornication,
 Is but a youthfull, sportfull, recreation :
 These to hold out the game, maintaine the backe
 With Marrow-Pies, Potato-roots, and Sacke :

Y 2

And

THE SCOURGE.

And when that Nature hath consum'd her part,
 Can hold out a Luxurious course by Art :
 Goe, stop the horses quickly (least thou misse)
 And tell the Coachmans wanton carriage this,
 They of their guide must be advised well,
 For they are running downe the hill to hell.
 Their Venery, will soone consume their stocks,
 And bring them to repentance with a pocks.

For other crimes committed without light,
 Let such reueale as see like Owles by night :
 For many men a secret fault can finde,
 But in apparant roageries are blinde.
 Or else, they will not see ; but thou wert best
 Leaue whipping, and betake thee to thy rest.
 If in an Inne it be, before thou sup,
 Will that the Tapster call his Master vp,
 And bid him kindly, sith there lodge thou must
 To vse plaine-dealing like an honest Host.
 Diffembling's nought, hard reckonings they are worfe ;
Light gaine (they say) *will make a heavy purse.*
 And let him not (a fault with many rife)
 For base aduantage prostitute his wife ;
 For many men (who are not what they should be)
 Do make their wiues more wanton than they would be.
 Thereby they gaine, their Innes are ill frequented ;
 But such ill courses are too late repented.
 So schoole him well, but, doe thy whip refraine,
 And send him to his other guefts againe.

Then thou shalt see the nimble Tapster fly,
 Still yauling, *Here, anon sir, by and by.*

So

THE SCOURGE.

So diligent that time, more knowne must make him,
 Or, for an honest man thou wilt mistake him ;
 His best reuene is by *Nicke* and *Froth* ;
 Which priuiledge to loose, they would be loth.
 And, there's an old shift (if they leaue it not)
 There must be something added to the shot.
 But wilt thou swagger with him for it? No :
 But take him as he is, and let him goe.

Now for most Hostlers if you hap to try them,
 Knaues thou maist say they are, and not belie them ;
 For, they deceiue the poore dumbe traouelling beast,
 And for the same deserue a ierke at least ;
 Yet, doe thou spare them : for there is no doubt,
 Some gwest will find a time to pay the lout.

Well, hauing rested, and discharg'd thine Host,
 Ile send thee downe into the Country, Post :
 For I haue businesse, no man would belieue,
 With whom d'ye thinke? e'ne with the vnder-Shrieue :
 Tell him thou heardst (and that's a fault indeed)
 That in some causes he is double-feed.
 And that moreouer he deserues a portion
 With those that are indited for extortion ;
 Yea and for other things as well as that,
 Tell him the countrey termes him, he knowes what.
 Whereat if thou perceiue, he make a sport
 Thou whip him shalt, till he be sorry for't.
 Say to our Knights ; their much formality,
 Hath made them leaue their Hospitality :
 And say (although they angry, be therefore)
 That many of themselues ar'not onely poore,

Y 3

But

THE SCORGE.

But that they haue to (or they are belied)
Quite begger'd their posterity with pride.

And sith thou art so neere them ; doe not cease
Vntill thou see our Iustices of Peace :
There, try if thou canst get but so much fauour,
To binde the Country to the good behaiour,
And tell them, how, thou hast enformed beene,
That they haue granted Warrants vpon spleene ;
Are partiall, and haue ouer-sway'd by might
The poore mans cause that's innocent and right :
If this thou finde be true, thou hast permission
To lash, or put them out of the Commission.

The Constable, if he were bid, I wisse,
Be good in's office, 'twere not much amisse :
For he, they say, a many meanes may haue
If so he be dispos'd to play the knaue ;
See how he deales, and make thy message knowne,
For he hath stocks, and whipping-poets of's owne.

There are Church-wardens too, I shame to see
How they runne into wilfull periurie.
Partly in fauour, and in part for feare,
They winke at much disorder in a yeare :
But if thou hap to take them in the lurch,
Ierke them, as euill members of the Church.
If they reply, offenders are so friended
Though they present, 'tis little thing amended :
Yet tell them 'tis their dutie to discharge
Their consciences in euery thing at large ;
Which if they doe, ill doers shall be sham'd,
Or the corrupted Visitors be blam'd.

And

THE SCOURGE.

And prethee tell the B. Chancellors
 That thou art sent to be their counsellors :
 And will them, if they meane not to be stript,
 And to be once againe like schoole-boyes whipt
 Their worships would not so corrupted be ;
 To hinder Iustice for a scuruy fee.

Then next goe tell their reuerend good Masters,
 That thou and they are like to fall to wasters :
 Faith ; thou shalt finde their Doctordships, perhaps,
 Disputing of their Surpleses and Caps,
 About the holy Crosse, a Gowne, a Hood,
 Or some such matter for the Churches good :
 But tell them, there are other things to do,
 A great deale fitter to be lookt into ;
 And if they please to goe their Visitation,
 There's waightier matters looke for reformation.
 Yea, say there's many an infirmity
 Which they both may, and ought to remedy :
 But touch them with remembrance of their place,
 And they perhaps will alter then the case.

Then bid those Dunces in our Colledges,
 That they provide them good Apologies ;
 For 'tis reported lately, they haue both
 Betooke themselues to venery, and sloth,
 And seeke not learning onely, as they should,
 But are back-friends to many a man that would :
 'Twere fit they made a publique recantation,
 And were well whipt before a Congregation.

So leauing them their wits for to refine,
 Thou shalt be bold to looke on the Diuine ;

Y 4

They

THE SCOURGE.

They fay he's growne more carefull of his stocke,
 Of profits and of tithes, than of his flocke :
 Now if thou finde report hath not belid him,
 With good respect vnto his Calling, chide him.

I had almost forgot our ciuill Doctōrs ;
 I pray thee warne them and their lazie Proctōrs,
 They would not vse to make so many pauses,
 Before they doe determine poore mens causes,
 And let them not suppose their fees are small,
 Sith they at last will get the Diuell and all.

There be Court-Barons, many in thy way,
 Thus maist thou to the Steward of them fay ;
 Their policie in raising fines and rents,
 Hath put poore men besides their Tenements :
 And tell them (let them answer if they can)
 Their false Court-roles haue vndone many a man.
 Say thou hast seene what to their place belong'd,
 And knowst oft-times both Lord and Tenants wrong'd :
 Yet spare thy whip ; for why ? the peoples curse
 Already hath prepared them a worse.

So when thou thus hast punished Vices slaues,
 And roundly ierkt the Country petty knaues,
 Then march thou to the Campe, and tell thou, there
 The lusty ruffling, shuffling Cauallere,
 (Whose hardned heart can brooke to rob and pill
 His friend or foe ; to ruine, wound or kill)
 That he will one day finde a misery
 Will dog him to reuenge his cruelty :
 And see that thou the Ruffians courage quaille,
 Or lash him, till the stocke and whip-cord faile.

Walke

THE SCOURGE.

Walke but the Round, and thou maist hap to catch
 The carelesse Souldiers sleeping in their watch ;
 Or in a march perhaps they'l goe astray :
 But, if thou see them out of their array,
 And without leaue and warrant roming out,
 To fetch some desperate booty there about,
 Remember them ; and for their stout brauado's,
 See thou reward them with sound bastinado's.
 Then bid the Captaines in their Garifons,
 Not lay to pawne their rich Caparifons,
 Nor runne vpon the score till they are forc't
 To be disarm'd for payment, or vnhors't,
 Nor keepe the Souldiers hire, lest they be faine
 To make an insurrection, or complaine.
 For, that indeed, proues oftentimes the cause
 They doe so much transgresse the Martiall lawes.
 Yea, tell them tis a scandall to be drunke,
 And drown their valour ; or maintaine a Punke.
 Then if they mend it not, to blot their fame,
 In steed of honour, whip them for't with fhame.

Lastly, there are some selfe-conceited wits,
 Whose stomacks nought but their owne humor fits ;
 Detraacting Critriks ; who e'ne at the best,
 Doe bite with enuy, or else snarle at least :
 And in thy Progressse if discern'd thou be,
 'Tis out of question they will snap at thee.
 To spight them then, the waie's not to out-brawle them :
 But say thou car'st not, and that lash will gaule them.

Now *Satyr*, leaue me to my selfe alone ;
 Thou hast thy message, and thou maist be gone :

Whip

THE SCOURGE.

Whip any that shall offer to withstand thee
In executing that which I command thee.

And yet, (*so ho, ho, ho,*) come backe againe,
Be sure that thou doe vnderstand me plaine.
First note ; I from my Scourge doe here except
The Guard by whom the Kingdomes peace is kept,
The vertuous Peeres ; know, that I nothing grutch them :
And on my blessing see thou doe not touch them.

And, if in all our Offices there's any
That is an honest man, among so many,
Him did I euer meane that thou should'ft spare ;
Because I know that such an one is rare.

Phyficke and Law I honour (as tis fit),
With euery vertuous man professing it ;
I doe not ayme at such as they : Nor when
I flout our Gallants, meane I Gentlemen,
That well and decently maintained be
According to their fashion and degree :
No, those I loue ; and what can I lesse doe,
Sith I of them am well-beloued too ?

To blame all Marchants, neuer was my will ;
Nor doe I thinke all Trades-mens worke is ill :
My meaning must not so be vnderstood ;
For the last shooes I had were very good.

Yea, and so farre am I from such a thought
Thou should'ft against the Vertuous doe ought :
That if thou but an honest Tapster see,
Tell him I wish we might acquainted be ;
And Ile that Hostler loue, which in amends
Will vse my horse well, that we may be friends.

And

THE SCOURGE.

And to be briefe, Good *Satyr* vnderstand,
 That thou maist not mistake what I command :
 'Tis not my meaning, neither doe I like
 That thou at this time should'ft in speciall strike :
 Because my hatred might appeare as then,
 Not to the vice, but rather to the men.
 Which is not so ; for though some malice me,
 With euery one I am in charity.

And if that thou doe euer come to fight,
 And bring thy yet concealed charge to light ;
 I wish it might be tooke as 'twas intended,
 And then no vertuous man will be offended.
 But, if that any man will thinke amis,
 Vpon my life that party guilty is :
 And therefore lash him. So, get th'out of dore ;
 Come what come will, Ile call thee backe no more.

Well now he's gone the way that I direct him,
 And goe he shall how ere the world respect him :
 If any meruaile why he was not bolder,
 Perhaps he may be when that he is older :
 He hath too smooth a chin, a looke too milde,
 A token that he is not wholly wilde ;
 But may I reach the yeeres of other men,
 If this loose world be not amended then,
 I'le fend a *Satyr* rougher than a Beare,
 That shall not chide & whip, but scratch and teare ;
 And so I'le teach him, he shall be too strong.
 For all your *Paris-garden dogs* to wrong.
 This *Satyr* hath a Scourge, (but it wants weight :
 Your *Spanish* whips were worfe in eighty-eight)

That

THE SCOURGE.

That, shall not onely make them howle for paine,
But touse them, till they hold their peace againe.

Now, if the world doe frowne vpon me for't :
Shall I be forry? No, 'twill mend my sport ;
But what if I my selfe should hap to stray
Out of my bounds, into my *Satyrs* way ?
Why then ; (and that's as much as I need doo)
I'll giue him leaue to come and lash me too.

So now my *Muse* a resting time requires
For shee's o'rewearied, and her Spirit tires.

Πάντοτε δοξα Θεῶ.

FINIS.



Certaine Epigrams to the *Kings*
 most excellent Maiefty, the Queene, the
 Prince, the Princeffe, and other Noble
 and Honourable Perfonages, and
 Friends, to whom the Author
 gaue any of his Books.

To the Kings Maieftie.

EPIGRAM. I.

Loe here dread Sou'raign, and great Britaines King,
 First, to thy view, I haue presum'd to bring
 These my Effaies; On which but gently looke,
 I doe not make thee Patron of my Booke;
 For, 'tis not fit our Faiths-Defender (still)
 Take the protection of each trifling quill.
 No, yet because thy wisdom able is
 Of all things to make vse; I giue thee this:
 The Picture of a beast in Humane shape;
 Tis neither Monkey, nor Baboone, nor Ape,
 Though neere condition'd. I haue not sought it
 In Affrick Deserts, neither haue I brought it
 Out of Ignota terrà, those wilde Lands
 Beyond the fartihest Megalanick strands

Yeeld

EPIGRAMS.

*Yeeld not the like ; the Fiend liues in this Ile,
 And I much mus'd thou spi'dst not all this while
 That man-like Monster. But (alas !) I saw,
 The looke of Maiesty kept him in awe :
 He will not, (for he dares not) before thee
 Shew what (indeed) it is his vse to be.
 But, in thy presence he is meeke, demure
 Deuout, chaste, honest, innocent, and pure :
 (Seeming an Angel, free from thought of ill,)
 And therefore, thou must needs so thinke him still.
 But, for because thy Soueraigne place denies
 The sight of what is view'd by meaner eyes,
 This I haue brought thee with much care and paine :
 'Twas like to haue beene forced backe againe.
 So loath the world was, that thine eye should view
 The Portraiture that I haue drawne so true :
 Yea, yet (I feare) she findes her selfe so gall'd,
 That some will studie how to hau't recall'd :
 But tis too late ; for now my Muse doth trust,
 When thou hast seen't, thou wilt approue what's iust.
 And if I may but once perceiue, or heare,
 That this sound's pleasing in thy Kingly eare,
 Ile make my Muses to describe him fuller,
 And paint him foorth in a more liuely colour.
 Yea I will to the worlds great shame vnfold
 That which is knowne, but neuer yet was told.
 Mean-while, great King, a happy Monarch raigne,
 In spight of Rome, the Diuell, Hell, and Spaine.*

Another



Another to his Maiestie.

EPIGRAM. 2.

A *S* hee that feeds on no worſe meat than Quails,
 And with choiſe dainties pleaſeth Appetite,
 Will neuer haue great liſt to gnaw his nailes,
 Or in a courſe thin diet take delight :
 So thou great KING that ſtill doſt ouer-looke
 The learned works that are moſt deep, moſt rare,
 Canſt not perhaps my ruder Satyrs brooke,
 Nor doſt thou for ſuch ſharp-fangd Criticks care.
 Oh doe not yet thy ſelfe ſo much eſtrange
 From wonted curteſie to others ſhowne,
 A Countrie diſh doth often ſerue for change ;
 And ſomething here is worthie to be knowne.
 Sharpe ſauce giues ſweeteſt meat a better taſte,
 And though that this to many bitter be,
 Thou no ſuch ſickneſſe in thy ſtomacke haſt,
 And therefore 'twill be pleaſing vnto thee.
 What, though I neither flatter, fawne, nor ſooth,
 My honeſt plaineneſſe ſhall more truly praiſe thee,
 Than thoſe that in Court-language filed ſmooth,
 Striue unbelceued Tropheis for to raiſe thee,
My

EPIGRAMS.

*My loyall heart cannot so well impart
 The loue it beares your Maiefty as others :
 The want of Time, Encouragement, and Art,
 My purpose in the Embrio still smothers.*
 Obscuritie, crosse-Fates, and want of Meanes,
*Would haue made Rome's great Maro harshly sing :
 But if once Cæsar to his Musicke leanes,
 His tunes through all the world will sweetly ring.*
*And this made English wits, late famous growne,
 Eliz'as princely hand did oft peruse,
 Their well tun'd Poems ; and her bounty showne ?
 And that giues light and life to euery Muse.*
*Oh! had I such a Star for Pole to mine,
 I'de reach a Straine should rauish all the Nine.*

To the Queenes Maieftie.

EPIGRAM. 3.

In posse.

D*Aughter, Wife, Sister, Mother to a King.
 And Empreffe of the North, enrich thy Name ;
 Yet thou dost chastitie and wisedome bring
 Bountie, and Bounty to make vp thy fame.*
*Which sith (faire Queene) my Muse hath vnderstood,
 She's bold into thy presence to intrude ;*

Affured

EPIGRAMS.

*Affured, honest meanings that are good
 Shall finde acceptance there, though they seeme rude.
 Looke and behold the Vanities of Men,
 Their Miferies, their Weaknesses and Pride ;
 And when described by my rurall Pen,
 Thou each particular hast here espide,
 Thinke with thyselfe how blest thy Fortunes be,
 T'enioy so rare a Prince, that both knowes how
 To keepe himselfe from such fell Passion free,
 And make so many mad-wilde creatures bow :
 Indeed heere's Vices tablet plainly made,
 Not veiled ouer, or obscurely drawne ;
 'Tis in a colour which shall neuer fade,
 That men may blush on such a Hag to fawne.
 But if your Grace will fauour what I sing,
 Though Vertue be in durance, Ile repreeue her,
 That-now despised-Nymph to honour bring,
 Set all her hidden beauties forth ; and giue her
 So sweet a looke, and such a deft attire,
 Men shall grow loue-sicke, and burne with desire,*

TO CHARLES, Prince of Wales

EPIGRAM. 4.

SEe heere, faire *Off spring* of the Royall *Ste*
 What all the world almost is subiect to ;

Z

Behold

EPIGRAMS.

Behold it fo, thou truely mayft contemne,
 And from thy heart abhorre, what others doe ;
 Now is the fit and onely time to feafon
 That yong rare-vnderftanding breaft of thine
 With *sacred precepts, good aduice, and reason.*
 But there's no doubt thou wilt to good incline :
 Inheritance great Prince will make it thine.

And were *Mans* nature yet more prone to fall,
 So to be borne, and taught, would helpe it all.

To the Princeffe.

EPIGRAM. 5.

Sweet *Princeffe*; tho my *Mufe* fing not the glories
 Of faire aduent'rous Knights, or Ladies loues :
 Though here be no *Encomiafticke* ftories,
 That tender hearts, to gentle pittty moues :
 Yet in an honeft homely Rufficke ftraine,
 She limmes fuch creatures, as may you nere know.
 Forgiue her, though ſhe be feuere or plaine
Truth, that may warrant it, commanded fo.
 Yea, view it ouer with believe, but than,
 I am afraid you will abhorre a man.

And yet you need not ; All deferue not blame,
 For that great *Prince* that woeth to be yours,

If

EPIGRAMS.

(If that his worth but equalize his fame,
 Is free from any *Satyr* here of ours.
 Nay, they shal praise him ; for though they haue whips
 To make the wicked their offences rue,
 And dare to scourge the greatest when he trips,
Vertue shall still be certaine of her due.

But for your sake (if that you entertaine him)
 Oh would he were a man as I could faine him.

Yet sweet *Elizabeth* : that happy name,
 If we lost nothing else by losing thee,
 So deare to *England* is, we are to blame
 If without teares and sighes we parted be :
 But if thou must make blest another Clime ;
 Remember *Our* : and for that though I vse
 A crabbed subiect and a churlish rime,
 Deigne but to be the Mistris of my *Muse* ;
 And I'll change *Theames*, and in a lofty stile,
 Keepe thee aliuie for euer in this *Ile*.

To the Lords of his Maiesties most Honourable
Prinie Councill.

EPIGRAM. 6

Most honour'd Lords ; I here present this book,
 To your graue Censures, not to shew my *Art* :
 Z 2 Nere

EPIGRAMS.

Nere did you on so rude a matter looke,
 Yet, 'tis the token of an honest heart.
 I did it not to please or flatter any,
 Nor haue I made it for the thirst of gaine ;
 For I am sure it will not humour many,
 And I expect much hatred for my paine.
 Here, something you may see, that now requires
 Your care and prouidence to haue't amended :
 That is, the height to which my *Muse* aspires,
 And whereto I haue all my labour tended.
 It may be, there be some, out of their hate,
 Will mis-interpret what is plainly meant ;
 Or taxe me as too sawcy with the *State*,
 In hope to make me for the truth be shent :
 Yet know *Great Lords*, I doe acknowledge here,
 It is your *Wisedomes*, that next God maintaines
 This Kingdomes good ; And from my heart I beare
 A reuerent respect vnto your paines.
 I doe not, as such faine would haue it seeme,
 Prefume to teach your *Wisedomes* what is best ;
 I doe not mine owne knowledge so esteeme :
 Vile selfe-conceit I (from my heart) detest.
 But for because I know the piercingst eye
 Can neuer into all abuses see :
 And sith the greatest in authoritie
 May not behold sometime so much as we :
 What therefore I haue thought to be amisse,
 And worth amending I haue told it here :
 I know your Honours will be pleas'd in this,
 Though some (it may be) cannot rage forbear :
But

EPIGRAMS.

Thou, whom thy Prince, for thy great care and trust,
 Hath plac't to keepe the entrance of this *Ile*,
 See heere th' abuses of these wicked Times :
 I haue expos'd them open to thy view,
 Thy iudgement is not blinded with like crimes,
 And therefore maist perceiue that all is true.

Tak't : for though I seeme a stranger, I know thee ;
 And for thy vertues (*Penbrooke*) this I owe thee.

To the Lord *Lisle*, Lord Chamberlaine
to the Queene.

EPIGRAM. 9.

A *Sidney* being, and so neere allied
 To him whose matchlesse rare immortall pen
 Procur'd of Fame to haue him deified,
 And liue for euer in the hearts of men :
 The loue my foule hath euer borne that name,
 Would certainly perswade me for your sake,
 In honest seruice to aduenture blame,
 Or any open dangers vndertake :
 Yet shall not That, your Titles, nor your Place,
 Your Honours, nor your Might, nor all you haue,
 Cause me to flatter, for regard or grace,
 Fortune shall neuer make my minde a slaue :
 But seeing that your Vertue shines apparant,
 And honourable acts doe speake your praise :

Sith

EPIGRAMS:

Sith *Good report* hath giuen forth her warrant,
 Which none (so much as by himselfe) gaine-fayes,
 That (and nought else but that) compels my *Muse*
 To sing your *worth*, and to present her *owne*.

If this imperfect issue you'l peruse,
 I'le make her in a better forme be knowne,
 And teach her, that is now so rude and plaine,
 To soare a pitch about the common straine.

To the Lady *Mary Wroth*.

EPIGRAM. 10.

MAdame, to call you *best*, or the *most faire*,
 The *vertu'st* and the *wisest* in our dayes:
 Is now not commendations worth a haire,
 For that's become to be each hufwiues praise.

There's no degree below Superlatiue,
 Will serue some soothing Epigrammatists:
 The *Worst* they praise, exceeds Comparatiue,
 And *Best* can get no more out of their fists.

But *Arts sweet Louer* (vnto whom I know,
 There is no happy *Muse* this day remains,
 That doth not to your worth and seruice owe,
 (At least the best and sweetest of his straines.)

Z 4

Vouch-

EPIGRAMS.

Vouchsafe to let this Booke your fauour finde :
 And as I here haue *Mans* abuses showne,
 Thofe *Muses* vnto whom you are enclinde,
 Shall make your worth and vertues fo well knowne :

While others false praife, fhall in one's mouth be,
 All, fhall commend you, in the high't degree.

To the Lord *Ridgeway*.

EPIGRAM. II.

SIR, you firft grac't and gratif'd my *Mufe*,
 Which nere durft try till then what ſhe could doe :
 That which I did, vnto my ſelfe was newes ;
 A matter, I was little vs'd vnto :
 Had you thofe firft endeauours not approu'd
 Perhaps I had for euer filence kept ;
 But now your good encouragement hath moou'd,
 And rous'd my Spirits, that before time ſlept ;
 For which, I vow'd a gift that ſhould be better :
 Accept this for't, and Ile be ſtill your debter.

Heere you fhall ſee the Images of Men

More *fauage* than the wildeſt *Irish kerne* :
Abuses whipt and ſtript, and whipt agen ;

I know your iudgement can the *Truth* diſcerne.

Now

EPIGRAMS.

Now fo you well will thinke of this my Rime,
 I'ue fuch a minde yet to Saint *Patricks* Ile,
 That if my Fate and Fortunes giue me time,
 I purpose to re-uifit you a while,
 And make thofe fparks of honour to flame high
 That rak't vp in obliuions cinders lie.

To his Father.

EPIGRAM. 12.

OThers may glory, that their Fathers hands
 Haue fcrap't together mighty fums of gold,
 Boaft in the circuit of new purchaft lands,
 Or heards of Cattell more than can be told.
 God giue them ioy ; their wealth Ile nere enuy,
 For you haue gotten me a greater ftore,
 And though I haue not their prosperitie,
 In my conceit I am not halfe fo poore.
 You learn't me with a little to content me,
 Shew'd how to bridle paffion in fome meafure ;
 And through your meanes, I haue a *Talent* lent me,
 Which I more value than all *Indies* treafure.
 For, when the almoft boundleffe Patrimonies
 Are wafed ; thofe, by which our Great ones trust
 To be eterniz'd : when their braueries
 Shall be forgotten, and their Tombes be duft ;

Then

EPIGRAMS.

Then, to the glory of your future line,
 Your owne and my friends sacred memory,
 This little, poore, despised *wealth* of mine
 Shall raise a *Trophee* of eternitie:
 Which fretting *Envy*, nor consuming *Time*,
 Shall ere abolish or one whit offend:
 A topleffe *Statue*, that to Starres shall climbe,
 Such fortune shall my honest minde attend.

But I must needs confesse, 'tis true, I yet
 Reape little profit in the eyes of men.
 My Talent yeelds small outward benefit,
 Yet I'll not leaue it for the world agen.
 Though't bring no gaine that you by artfull sleight
 Can measure out the Earth in part or whole;
 Sound out the Centers depth, and take the height
 Either of th'Artick, or Antartick Pole;
 Yet 'tis your pleasure, it contentment brings:
 And so my *Muse* is my content and ioy:
 I would not misse her to be rankt with Kings,
 How-euer some account it as a toy.

But hauing then (and by your means) obtain'd
 So rich a Patrimonie for my share,
 (For which with links of loue I'me euer chain'd)
 What duties fitting for such bounties are.

Moreouer, Nature brought me in your debt,
 And still I owe you for your cares and feares:
 Your paines and charges I doe not forget,
 Besides the interest of many yeeres.
 What way is there to make requitall for it?
 Much I shall leaue vnpaid doe what I can:

Should

EPIGRAMS.

Should I be then vnthankfull? I abhor it,
The Will may ferue, when Power wants in man.

This booke I giue you then ; here you shall finde
Somewhat to counteruaile your former cost :

It is a little *Index* of my minde ;
Time spent in reading it will not be lost.

Accept it, and when I haue to my might
Paid all I can to you ; if Powers Diuine
Shall so much in my happineffe delight

To make you Grandfire to a sonne of mine ;

Looke what remains, and may by right be due,

He pay it him, as 'twas receiu'd from you.

Your louing Sonne

George Wither.

To his Mother.

EPIGRAM. 13.

VNgratefull is the childe that can forget
The Mothers many paines, her cares, her feares,
And therefore, though I cannot pay the debt
Due for the smallest drop of your kinde teares ;
This Booke I for acknowledgement doe giue you,
Wherein you may perceiue my heart and minde ;
Let neuer false report of me more grieue you,
And you shall fure no iust occasion finde

Loue

EPIGRAMS.

Loue made you apt to feare thofe flanders true,
 Which in my abfence were but lately fowne ;
 It was a motherly diftruft in you,
 But thofe that raif'd them are falfe villaines knowne.
 For though I muft confefse I am indeed
 The vileft to my felfe that liues this time ;
 Yet to the world-ward I haue tane fuch heed,
 There's none can fpot me with a haynous crime.
 This I am forc't to fpeake, you beft know why :
 And I dare ftrike him that dare fay I lye ?

To his deere Friend, Mafter
Thomas Cranly.

EPIGRAM. 14.

BRother, for fo I call thee, not becaufe
 Thou wert my Fathers or my Mothers fonne ;
 Not confanguinity, nor wedlocke lawes
 Could fuch a kindred twixt vs haue begunne :
 We are not of one bloud, nor yet name neither,
 Nor fworn in brother-hood with alehoufe quarts,
 We neuer were fo much as drunke together :
 'Twas no fuch flight acquaintance ioynd our harts,
 But a long knowledge with much triall did it ;
 (Which are to chufe a friend the beft direCTIONS.)
 And though we lou'd both well at firft, both hid it,
 Till 'twas difcouer'd by alike affections,

Since

EPIGRAMS.

Since which, thou hast o're-gone me far in shewing
 The office of a Friend. Doe so and spare not :
 (Lo, here's a *Memorandum* for what's owing ;)
 But, know, for all thy kinde respect I care not,
 Vnlesse thoult' show how I may seruice doe thee :
 Then will I sweare I am beholding to thee.

Thine, G. W.

To his louing Friend and Coufen-
 German, M^r. *William*
Wither.

EPIGRAM. 15.

IF that the *Standerds* of the house bewray
 What *Fortunes* to the owners may betide ;
 Or if their Destinies, as some men say,
 Be in the names of any signifi'd,
 Tis so in thine : for that faire antique *Shield*,
 Borne by thy Predeceffors long agoe,
 Depainted with a cleare pure *Argent* field,
 The innocencie of thy line did show.
 Three fable Cresents with a Cheuerson gul'd,
 Tels that blacke *Fates* obscur'd our houses light ;
 Because the *Planet* that our fortunes rul'd,
 Lost her owne lustre, and was darkned quite :

And

EPIGRAMS.

And, as indeed our Aduerfaries fay,
 The very name of *Wither* showes decay:
 But yet despaire not, keepe thy *White* vnstain'd,
 And then it skils not what thy *Crescents* be.
 What though the *Moone* be now increast, now wan'd?
 Learne thence to know thy lifes inconstancie;
 Be carefull as thou hitherto hast bin,
 To shun th' Abuses *Man* is taxt for here:
 And then that brightnesse now eclipst with sin,
 When *Moone* and *Sun* are darkned, shall looke cleare:
 And what so e're thy name may seeme to threat,
 That quality braue things doth promise thee;
 Ere thou shalt want, thy *Hare* will bring thee meat,
 And to kill care, her selfe thy make-sport be:
 Yea, (though yet *Enuies* mists do make them dull)
 I hope to see the waned *Orbes* at full.

To

To his Schoole-Master, Master
John Greaves.

EPIGRAM. 16.

IF euer I doe wish I may be rich
 (As oft perhaps such idle breath I spend)
 I doe it not for any thing so much
 As to haue wherewithall to pay my Friend.
 For, (trust me) there is nothing grieues me more
 Than this ; that I should still much kindnesse take,
 And haue a fortune (to my minde) so poore,
 That (though I would) amends I cannot make :
 Yet, to be still as thankfull as I may ;
 (Sith my estate no better meanes affords.)
 What I in deeds receiue, I doe repay
 In willingnes, in thanks, and gentle words.
 Then though your loue doth well deferue to haue
 Better requitals than are in my power ;
 Knowing you'l nothing *ultra posse* craue
 Here I haue brought you these *Essaies* of our.
 You may thinke much (perhaps) sith there's so many
 Learn'd *Graduats* that haue your *Pupils* been ;
 I, who am none, and more vnfit than any,
 Should first presume in publicke to be seene :
 But you haue heard those horses in the teem
 That with their worke are ablest to goe through,

So

EPIGRAMS.

So forward feldome as blinde *Bayard* seeme,
 Or giue so many twitches to the plough :
 And so though they may better ; their intent
 Is not, perhaps, to foole themselues in print.

To the captious Reader.

WHAT thou maist fay or think now tis no matter :
 But if thou bufily imagine here,
 Sith most of these are great ones, that I flatter ;
 Know, sacred *Iustice* is to me so deare,
 Did not their *vertues* in my thoughts thus raise them,
 To get an *Empire* by them, I'de not praise them.

FINIS.

PRINCE HENRIES
OBSEQUIES;

Or

MOVRNEFULL ELEGIES
vpon his Death :

With

A suppos'd Inter-locution betweene
the Ghost of Prince *Henry*, and
Great Britaine.

By GEORGE WITHER.



LONDON,

Printed by *T. S.* for *John Budge*, dwelling in Pauls-
Church-yard at the Signe of the Greene
Dragon. 1622.





TO THE RIGHT HONOV-
rable, *Robert Lord Sidney of Penshurst,*
Vicount Lisley, Lord Chamberlaine to the
Queenes Maiesty, & L. Gouvernour of
Vlushing, and the Castle of *Ramekins.*

GEORGE WITHER presents these Elegiak-
fonnets, and wisheth double Comfort after his
two-fold sorrow.

Anagramms on the name of Sir *William*
Sidney Knight, deceased.

Gulielmus Sidneius.
En vilis, gelidus sum.
* But *
Ei' nil luge, fidus sum.

B*E*side our great and Vniuerfall care,
(*Wherein you one of our chiefe sharers are*)
To adde more grieffe vnto your grieues begun,
Whilst we a Father lost, you lost a Son,
Whose haplesse want had more apparant beene,
But darkened by the Other 'twas vnscene,

A a 2

Which

The Epistle.

*Which well perceiuing, loth indeed was I,
 The Memory of one so deare should die:
 Occasion thereupon, I therefrre tooke
 Thus to present your honour with this Booke,
 (Vnfained, and true mournefull Elegies,
 And for our H E N R Y, my last Obsequies)
 That he, which did your Sonnes late death obscure,
 Might be the Meane to make his fame endure:
 But, this may but renew your former woe:
 Indeed and I might well haue doubted so,
 Had not I knowne, that Vertue, which did place you
 About the common sort did also grace you;
 With gifts of Minde, to make you more excell,
 And farre more able, Passions rage to quell.
 You can, and may with moderation moane,
 For all your comfort is not lost with one:
 Children you haue, whose Vertues may renew
 The comfort of decaying Hopes in you.
 Praised be God, for such great blessings giuing,
 And happy you, to haue such comforts liuing.
 Nor doe I thinke it can be rightly sed,
 You are vnhappy in this One that's dead:
 For notwithstanding his first Anagram
 Frights, with *Behold, now cold, and vile I am:
 Yet in his last, he seemes more cheerefull farre,
 And ioyes, with *Soft, mourne not, I am a Starre.
 Oh great preferment: what could he aspire
 That was more high, or you could more desire?
 Well, since his soule in heau'n such glory hath,
 My Loue bequeathes his Graue, this Epitaph.*

* The English of this Anagram.

Here

Dedicatorie.

E P I T A P H.

Heere vnder lies a SIDNEY: And what than?
 Dooft thinke heere lies but reliques of a man?
 Know; 'tis a Cabanet did once include
Wit, Beauty, Sweetnes, Court'sie, Fortitude.

*So let him rest, to Memory still deare,
 Till his Redeemer in the Clowdes appeare.
 Meane while; accept his Will, who meaning plaine,
 Doth neither write for Praise, nor hope of Gaine:
 And now your Teares, and priuate Griefe, forbear,
 To turne vnto our Great and Publique Care.*

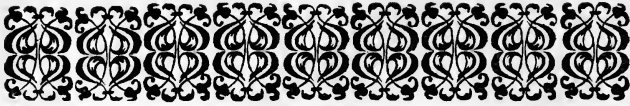
Your Honours true honorer,
George Wither.



To the whole world in generall, and more
 particularly to the Iles of great *Britaine*
 and *Ireland*, &c.

Big-fwolne with sighes, and almost drown'd in teares
 My *Muse* out of a dying trance vp-reares ;
 Who yet not able to expresse her moanes,
 (Insteed of better vtterance) here, groanes.
 And lest my close-breast should her health impaire,
 Is thus amongst you come to take the ayre.
 I need not name the griefes that on her seaze,
 Th'are known by this, beyond th'*Antipodes*.
 But to your view some heauy rounds she brings,
 That you may beare the burthen, when she sings :
 And that's but *Woe* : which you so high should straine,
 That heauens high vault might Eccho't backe againe.
 Then, though I haue not striued to seeme witty,
 Yet read, and reading note, and noting pittie.
 What though there's others, show in this more Art ?
 I haue as true ; as forrowfull a heart :
 What though *Opinion* giue me not a *Name*,
 And I was ne're beholding yet to *Fame* ?
Fate would (perhaps) my *Muse*, as yet vnknowne,
 Should first in *Sorrows* liuery be showne.
 Then, be the witnesse of my discontent,
 And see, if griefes haue made me Eloquent :
 For here I mourne, for your-our publique losse ;
 And doe my pennance, at the *Weeping Crosse*.

The most sorrowfull,
 G. W.



D*Eath* (that by stealth did wound *Prince H.* hart)
 Is now tane Captiue, and doth aēt the part
 Of one o'recome, by being too too fierce,
 And lies himfelse dead vnder *Henries* hearfe :
 He therefore now in heauenly tunes doth Sing,
 Hell, where's thy triumph? Death where is thy Sting?





PRINCE *HENRIES*

Obsequies ;

OR

Mournfull Elegies vpon his death :

With

A supposed Inter-locution betweene the Ghost of
Prince *Henry* , and Great *Britaine*.

Eleg. I.

Now that beloued *Henries* glasse is runne,
 And others duties to his body showne ;
 Now, that his sad-sad *Obsequies* be done,
 And publique sorrowes well-nigh ouer-blowne :
 Now giue me leaue to leaue all Ioyes at one,
 For a dull Melancholy lonelinessse ;
 To pine my selfe with a selfe-pining mone,
 And fat my grieffe with solitarinesse
 For, if it be a comfort in distresse,
 (As some thinke) to haue sharers in our woes,
 Then my desire is to be comfortlesse.
 (My Soule in publique grieffe no pleasure knowes.)
 Yea, I could wish, and for that wish would die,
 That there were none had cause to grieue but I.

For

*Prince Henries Obsequies.**Eleg. 2.*

For were there none had cause to grieve but I,
 'Twould from my *Sorrowes*, many sorrowes take ;
 And I should moane but for one misery,
 Where now for thousands, my poore heart doth ake.
 Bide from me *Ioy* then, that oft from me bid'ft,
 Be present *Care*, that often present art ;
 Hide from me *Comfort*, that at all times hid'ft,
 For I will grieve ; with a true-greeuing heart.
 Ile glut my selfe with sorrow for the nonce,
 What though my Reason would the same gaine-say ?
 Oh beare with my vnbridled Passion once,
 I hope it shall not much from vertue stray,
 Sith grieffe for such a losse, at such a season,
 Past measure may be, but not out of Reason.

Eleg. 3.

What need I for th'infernall *Furies* hallo ?
 Call vpon darknesse, and the lonely night ?
 Or fummon vp *Minerua*, or *Apollo*,
 To helpe me dolefull Elegies endite ?
 Heere wants no mention of the feares of *Stix*,
 Of blacke *Cocitus*, or such fained stuffe :
 Those may paint out their griefes with forced tricks,
 That haue not in them reall cause enough ;
 I need it not ; yet for no priuate Crosse,
 Droopes my sad soule, nor doe I mourne for fashion,
 For why ? a generall, a publike losse,
 In me hath kindled a right wofull Passion.
 Then (oh alas) what need hath he to borrow,
 That's pinch't already with a feeling sorrow ?

First

*Prince Henries Obsequies.**Eleg. 4.*

First, for thy losse, poore world-diuided Ile,
 My eyes pay griefes drink-offering of teares :
 And I fet-by all other thoughts a while,
 To feede my minde the better on my cares.
 I saw, how happy thou wert but of late
 In thy sweet *Henries* hopes, yea I saw too,
 How thou didst glory in thy blessed state :
 Which thou indeed hadst cause enough to doe.
 But, when I saw thee place all thy delight
 Vpon his worth ; and then, when thou didst place it,
 (And thy *Ioy* almost mounted to her height)
 His haplesse end so suddainely deface it ;
 Me thought, I felt it goe so neere my heart,
 Mine ak't to, with a sympathyzing smart.

Eleg. 5.

For thee great *Iames*, my springs of sorrow runne,
 For thee my *Muse* a heauy song doth sing ;
 That hast lost more in losing of thy Sonne,
 Then they that lose the title of a King.
 Needs must the paines that doe disturbe the head
 Disease the body throughout euery part ;
 I therefore, should haue seem'd a member dead,
 If I had had no feeling of this smart ;
 But oh I grieue : and yet I grieue the lesse,
 Thy *Kingly gift* so well preuail'd to make him
 Fit for a Crowne of endlesse happinesse ;
 And that it was th'Almighties hand, did take him,
 Who was himselfe, a booke for Kings to pore on :
 And might haue bin thy ΒΑΣΙΛΙΚΟΝ ΔΩΡΟΝ.

For

*Prince Henries Obsequies.**Eleg. 6.*

For our faire Queene, my grieffe is no leffe mouing,
 There's none could ere more iustly boast of childe :
 For he was euery way most nobly louing,
 Most full of manfull courage, and yet milde.
 Me thinks I see what heauy discontent
 Be-clouds her brow, and ouer-shades her eyne :
 Yea, I doe feele her louing heart lament,
 An earnest thought conueyes the grieffe to mine.
 I see she notes the sadnesse of the Court,
 Thinks how that heere, or there she saw him last :
 Remembers his sweet speech, his gracefull sport,
 And such like things to make her Passion last.
 But what meane I ? Let grieffe my speeches smother,
 No tongue can tell the sorrowes of the Mother.

Eleg. 7.

Nor thine sweet *Charles*, nor thine *Elizabeth*,
 Though one of you haue gain'd a Princedome by't :
 The grieffe he hath to haue it by the death
 Of his sole brother, makes his heart deny't,
 Yet let not Sorrowes blacke obfcuring clowd .
 Quite couer and eclipse all comforts light :
 Though one faire Star aboue our height doth shrowd,
 Let not the Earth be left in darknes quite.
 Thou *Charles* art now our Hope, God grant it be
 More certaine than our last ; wee trust it will :
 Yet we shall haue a louing feare of thee ;
 The burned childe the fire much dreadeth still.
 But God loues his ; and what ere sorrowes threat,
 I, one day, hope to see him *Charles* the Great.

Then

*Prince Henries Obsequies.**Eleg. 8.*

Then droop not *Charles* to make our griefes the more ;
 God that to scourge vs, tooke away thy brother.
 To comfort vs againe, kept thee in store :
 And now I thinke on't *Fate* could doe no other.
 Thy Father both a Sunne, and *Phænix* is,
 Prince *Henry* was a Sunne and *Phænix* too,
 And if his Orbe had beene as high as his,
 His beames had shone as bright's his fathers doo.
Nature saw this and tooke him quite away,
 And now dost thou to be a *Phænix* trie ;
 Well, so thou shalt (no doubt) another day,
 But then thy father (*Charles*) or thou must die.

For 'twas decreed when first the world begun,
 Earth should haue but one *Phænix*, heau'n one Sun.

Eleg. 9.

But shall I not be-moane the sad *Electōr* ?
 Yes *Fredericke*, I needs must grieue for thee :
 Thou woest with woe now, but our best protector
 Giues ioyfull ends where hard beginnings be.
 Had we no shoves to welcome thee to Court,
 No solemne sight but a sad Funerall ?
 Is all our former Masking and our sport,
 Transform'd to sighes ? are all things tragicall ?
 Had'st thou beene here at Summer, or at Spring,
 Thou shouldst not then haue seene vs drooping thus,
 But now tis *Autumne*, that spoiles eu'ry thing :
 Vulgarly term'd the *Fall oth' leafe*, with vs.

And not amisse ; for well may't be the Fall,
 That brings down blossoms, Fruit, leaues, tree & all,
 Then,

*Prince Henries Obsequies.**Eleg. 10.*

Then, Stranger Prince, if thou neglected seeme,
 And hast not entertainment to thy State :
 Our loues yet doe not therefore mis-esteemee ;
 But lay the fault vpon vnhappy Fate.
 Thou found'st vs glad of thy arriuall here,
 And saw'st him, whom we lou'd (poore wretched Elues ;)
 Say: didst thou ere of one more worthy heare ?
 No, no, and therefore now we hate our selues.
 We being then of such a gem bereft,
 Beare with our passions ; and since one is gone,
 And thou must haue the halfe of what is left ;
 Oh thinke on vs for good, when you are gone,
 And as thou now dost beare one halfe of's name ;
 Helpe beare our grieffe, and share thou all his fame.

Eleg. 11.

See, see, faire Princeesse, I but nam'd thee yet,
 Meaning thy woes within my breast to smother :
 But on my thoughts they doe so liuely beat,
 As if I heard thee sighing, *Oh my Brother :*
 Me thinkes I heard thee calling on his name,
 With plaining on his too-vngentle Fate :
 And sure, the *Sisters* were well worthie blame,
 To shew such spite to one that none did hate.
 I know thou sometime mufest on his face,
 (Faire as a womans ; but more manly-faire ;)
 Sometime vpon his shape, his speech, and pafe,
 A thousand waies thy griefes themselues repaire.
 And oh ! no maruell, since your sure-pure loues
 Were neerer, dearer, than the Turtle Doues.

How

*Prince Henries Obsequies.**Eleg. 12.*

How often, oh how often did he vow
 To grace thy ioyfull lookt-for Nuptialls :
 But oh how wofull, oh how wofull now
 Will they be made through these sad Funeralls !
 All pleasing parlies that betwixt you two,
 Publicke, or priuate, haue exchanged beene,
 All thou hast heard him promise for to doe,
 Or by him in his life performed seene,
 Calls on remembrance : the sweet name of Sister
 So oft pronounc't by him seemes to take place,
 Of *Qucene* and *Empresse*, now my thoughts do whisper,
 Those titles one' day shall thy vertues grace.

If I speake true, for his sweet fake that's dead,
 Seeke how to raise deiected *Britaines* head.

Eleg. 13.

Seeke how to raise deiected *Britaines* head,
 So she shall study how to raise vp thine,
 And now leaue off thy teares in vaine to shed,
 For why ? to spare them I haue powr'd out mine.
 Pittie thy selfe, and vs, and mournfull *Rhine*,
 That hides his faire banke vnder flouds of griefe,
 Thy Prince, thy Duke, thy braue Count *Palatine* :
 Tis time his sorrowes should haue some reliefe.
 Hee's come to be another brother to thee,
 And helpe thy father to another sonne :
 He vowes thee all the seruice loue can doe thee ;
 And though acquaintance hath with griefe begunne,
 Tis but to make you haue the better tast
 Of that true blisse you shall enioy at last.

Thy

*Prince Henries Obsequies.**Eleg. 14.*

Thy brother's well and would not change estates,
 With any Prince that raignes beneath the Skie :
 No not with all the worlds great Potentates,
 His plumes haue borne him to Eternitie.
 He raignes o're *Saturne* now, that raign'd o're him ;
 He feares no Planets dangerous aspect :
 But doth about their constellations clime,
 And earthly ioyes, and sorrowes both neglect.
 We saw he had his Spring amongst vs here,
 He saw his Summer, but he skipt it ouer :
 And Autumne now hath tane away our deare,
 The reason's this, which we may plaine discouer,
 He shall escape, (for so the Almighty wils)
 The stormy Winter of ensuing ils.

Saturne
 rul'd in the
 houre of
 his death.

Eleg. 15.

I grieue to see the wofull face oth' Court,
 And for each griued member of the land ;
 I grieue for those that make these griefes their sport,
 And cannot their owne euill vnderstand.
 I also grieue, to see how vices swarme,
 And Vertue as despis'd, grow out of date :
 How they receiue most hurt, that doe least harme,
 And how poore honest Truth incurreth hate.
 But more, much more, I grieue that we doe misse
 The ioy we lately had ; and that he's gone,
 Whose liuing presence might haue helpt all this :
 His euerlasting Absence makes me mone,
 Yea most I grieue, that *Britaines* hope is fled,
 And that her darling, braue Prince *Henrie's* dead.
 Prince

*Prince Henries Obsequies.**Eleg. 16.*

Prince *Henrie* dead ! what voyce is that we heare ?
 Am I awake, or dreame I, tell me whether ?
 If this be true ; if this be true, my deare,
 Why doe I stay behinde thee to doe either ?
 Alas my Fate compels me, I must bide
 To share the mischiefes of this present age,
 I am ordain'd to liue till I haue tride
 The very worst and vtmost of their rage :
 But then why morne I not to open view,
 In sable robes according to the Rites ?
 Why is my hat, without a branch of yeugh ?
 Alas my minde, no complement delights,
 Because my grieffe that Ceremonie lothes,
 Had rather be in heart, than seeme in clothes.

Eleg. 17.

Thrife happy had I been, if I had kept
 Within the circuit of some little Village,
 In ignorance of Courts and Princes slept,
 Manuring of an honest halfe-plough tillage :
 Or else I would I were as young agen,
 As when *Eliza* our last *Phœnix* dy'd :
 My childish yeares had not conceiued then,
 What 'twas to lose a Prince so dignifi'd.
 But now I know : and what now doth't auaille ?
 Alas, whilst others merry, feele no paine,
 I melancholly, sit alone and waile :
 Thus sweetest profit, yeelds the bitterst gaine.
 By difobedience we did knowledge get,
 And, forrow, euer since hath followed it,

B b

When

*Prince Henries Obsequies.**Eleg. 18.*

When as the first sad rumour fill'd my eare
 Of *Henries* sicknesse ; an amazing terror
 Strucke through my body, with a shuddring feare,
 Which I expounded but my frailties error.
 For though a quick-misdoubting of the worst,
 Seem'd to fore-tell my soule, what would ensue :
 God will forbid, thought I, that such a curst
 Or ill-prefaging thought, should fall out true :
 It cannot sinke into imagination,
 That He, whose future glories we may see
 To be at least all *Europes* expectation,
 Should in the prime of age despoiled be ;
 For if a hope so likely nought auaille vs,
 It is no wonder if all other faile vs.

Eleg. 19.

Againe, when one had forc't vnto my eare,
My Prince was dead ; although he much protested,
 I could not with beliefe his sad newes heare :
 But would haue sworne, and sworne againe, he iested.
 At such a word, me thought the towne should sinke,
 The earth should downe vnto the Center cleaue,
 Deuouring all in her hell-gaping chinke,
 And not so much as Sea or Iland leaue.
 Some Comet, or some monstrous blazing-Starre,
 Should haue appear'd ; or, some strange prodigie,
 Death might haue shown't vs though't had bin afarre,
 That he entended some such tyranny.
 But God (it seemeth) did thereof dislike,
 To shew that he will on a sudden strike.

Thus

*Prince Henries Obsequies.**Eleg. 20.*

Thus vnbeleeuing, I did oft enquire
 Of one, of two, of three, and so of many :
 And still I heard what I did least desire,
 Yet grounded *Hope*, would giue no faith to any.
 Then at the last my heart began to feare,
 But as I credence to my feares was giuing
 A voyce of comfort I began to heare :
 Which to my fruitlesse *Ioy* said *Henrie's* liuing ;
 At that same word, my *Hope* that was forsaking
 My heart, and yeelding wholly to despaire ;
 Reuiued straight, and better courage taking,
 Her crazed parts, so strongly did repaire.

I thought she would haue held it out ; but vaine ;
 For oh, ere long, she lost it quite againe.

Eleg. 21.

But now my tongue can neuer make relation,
 What I sustain'd in my last foughten field ;
 My mind assailed with a three-fold passion,
Hope, Feare, Despaire, could vnto neither yeeld.
Feare willed me, to view the skies blacke colour,
Hope said ; *Vpon his hopefull vertues looke* :
Despaire shew'd me an vniuerfall dolour,
 Yet fruitlesse *Doubt*, my hearts possession tooke :
 But when I saw the *Hearse*, then I beleeu'd,
 And then my sorrow was at full, alas,
 Beside, to shew I had not causelesse grieu'd,
 I was enform'd that he embowell'd was.

And 'twas subscrib'd ; they found he had no gall,
 Which I belieu'd : for he was sweetnesse all.

B b 2

Oh

*Prince Henries Obsequies.**Eleg. 22.*

Oh cruell and insatiable *Death!*
 Would none suffice, would none suffice but he?
 What pleasure was it more to stop his breath,
 Than to haue choakt, or kill'd, or poyson'd me?
 My life for his, with thrice three millions more,
 We would haue giuen as a ransome to thee,
 But since thou in his losse hast made vs poore,
 Foule Tyrant, it shall neuer honour doe thee:
 For thou hast showne thy selfe a spightfull fiend,
 Yea Death thou didst enuy his happy state,
 And therefore thought't to bring it to an end;
 But see, see whereto God hath turn'd thy hate.

Thou meant't to marre the blisse he had before:
 And by thy spight, hast made it ten-times more.

Eleg. 23.

'Tis true I know, Death with an equall spurne,
 The lofty Turret, and low Cottage beats:
 And takes imperially each, in his turne,
 Yea though he bribes, prayes, promises, or threats.
 Nor Man, Beast, Plant, nor Sexe, Age nor degree
 Preuailes against his dead-fure striking hand:
 For then, ere we would thus dispoyled be,
 All these conioyn'd his fury should withstand.
 But oh! vnseene he strikes at vnaware,
 Disguised like a murdering *Iesuite*:
 Friends cannot stop him that in presence are;
 And which is worfe, when he hath done his spite,
 He carries him, so farre away from hence,
 None liues, that hath the powre to fetch him thence.

Nor

*Prince Henries Obsequies.**Eleg. 24.*

Nor would we now, because we doe beleue
 His God (to whom indeed he did belong)
 To crowne him, where he hath no cause to greue,
 Tooke him from death, that fought to doe him wrong.
 But were this deare, beloued, Prince of ours
 Liuing in any corner of this All,
 Though kept by *Romes* and *Mahomets* chiefe powers ;
 They should not long detaine him there in thrall :
 We would rake *Europe* rather, plaine the *East* ;
 Dispeople the whole *Earth* before the Doome :
 Stampe halfe to powder, and fier all the rest ;
 No craft, nor force, should him deuide vs from :
 We would breake downe what ere should him confine,
 Though 'twere the *Alpes*, or hilles of *Appenine*.

Eleg. 25.

But what ? shall we goe now dispute with God,
 And in our hearts vpbraide him that's so iust ?
 Let's pray him rather, to withdraw his rod,
 Left in his wrath he bruise vs vnto dust.
 Why should we lay his death to Fate, or times ?
 I know there hath no second causes bin,
 But our loud crying and abhorred crimes,
 Nay, I can name the chiefeft murth'ring sin :
 And this it was, how-ere it hath beene hid,
Trust not (saith *Dauid*) *trust not to a Prince* ;
 Yet we hop't lesse, in God (I feare we did)
 In ieaousie he therefore tooke him hence.

Thus we abuse good things, and through our blindnes
 Haue hurt our selues, & kild our Prince with kindnes.

B b 3

Le

*Prince Henries Obsequies.**Eleg. 26.*

Let all the world come and bewayle our lot,
 Come *Europe, Asia, Affrica*, come all :
 Mourne *English, Irish, Brittish*, and mourne *Scot*,
 For his, (no I mistake it) for our fall.
 The prop of Vertue, and mankind's delight,
 Hath fled the earth, and quite forsaken vs :
 We had but of his excellence a fight,
 To make our longings like to *Tantalus*.
 What seeke you in a man that he enioy'd not ?
 Wert't either gift of body or of spirit ;
 Nay, which is more, what had he, he imploy'd not
 To helpe his Countrey, and her loue to merit ?
 But see what high preferment Vertues bring,
 He's of a seruant now become a King.

Eleg. 27.

But soft, I meane not heare to blaze his praise,
 It is a worke too mighty, and requires
 Many a Pen, and many yeeres of dayes :
 My humble quill to no such taske aspires,
 Onely I mourne, with deep-deep-fighing grones,
 Yet could I wish the other might be done ;
 Though all the *Muses* were imploy'd at once,
 And write as long as *Helicon* would runne ;
 But oh, I feare the Spring's already dry,
 Or else why flags my lazie *Muse* so lowe ?
 Why vent I such dull-sprighted *Poesy* ?
 Surely 'tis funke ; I lye, it is not so :
 For how ist likely that should want supplies,
 When all we feed it with our weeping eyes ?

May

*Prince Henries Obsequies.**Eleg. 28.*

May not I liken *London* now to *Troy*,
 As she was that same day she lost her *Hector*?
 When proud *Achilles* spoyl'd her of her ioy
 (And triumph't on her losses) being Victor?
 May not I liken *Henry* to that *Greece*,
 That hauing a whole world vnto his share,
 Intended other worlds to goe and seeke?
 Oh no; I may not, they vnworthy are.
 Say, whereto *England*, whereto then shall I
 Compare that sweet departed Prince, and thee?
 That noble King bewail'd by *Jeremy*,
 Of thee, (great Prince,) shall the example be.
 And in our mourning we will equall them,
 Of woefull *Iuda* and *Ierusalem*.

Eleg. 29.

You that beheld it, when the mournfull traine
 Past by the wall of his forsaken Parke,
 Did not the very Groue seeme to complaine,
 With a still murmure, and to looke more darke?
 Did not those pleafant walkes (oh pleasing then
 Whilst there he (healthfull) vsed to resort)
 Looke like the shades of Death, neere some foule den?
 And that place there, where once he kept his Court,
 Did it not at his parting seeme to sinke?
 And all forsake it like a Caue of sprights?
 Did not the Earth beneath his Chariot shrinke,
 As grieved for the losse of our delights?
 Yea his dumb Steed, that erst for none would tarry,
 Pac'd flow, as if he scarce himselfe could carry.

B b 4

But

*Prince Henries Obsequies.**Eleg. 30.*

But oh! when it approach't th'impaled Court,
 Where *Mars* himselfe enui'd his future glory,
 And whither he in armes did oft resort,
 My heart conceiued a right tragicke story.
 Whither great Prince, oh whither dost thou goe?
 (Me thought the very place thus seem'd to fay)
 Why in blacke roabes art thou attended so?
 Doe not (oh doe not) make such haste away.
 But art thou Captiue, and in triumph too?
 Oh me! and worfe too, liuelesse, breathlesse, dead.
 How could the Monster-Death this mischiefe doe?
 Surely the coward tooke thee in thy bed.

For whilst that thou art arm'd within my list,
 He dar'd not meet thee, like a Martialist.

Eleg. 31.

Alas, who now shall grace my turnaments:
 Or honour me with deeds of Chivalry?
 What shall become of all my merriments,
 My Ceremonies, shoves of Heraldry
 And other Rites? who? who shall now adorne
 Thy Sisters Nuptials with so sweet a prefence?
 Wilt thou forsake vs, leaue vs quite forlorne,
 And of all ioy at once make a defeafance?
 Was this the time pickt out by Destiny?
 Farewell deare Prince then, sith thou wilt be gone,
 In spight of Death goe liue eternally,
 Exempt from sorrow, whilst we mortals mone:
 But this ill hap instruct me shall to feare
 When we are ioyfull'ft, there's most sorrow neare.

Then

*Prince Henries Obsequies.**Eleg. 32.*

Then, as he past along you might espie
 How the grieu'd Vulgar that shed many a teare,
 Cast after, an vnwilling parting eye,
 As loth to lose the sight they held so deare ;
 When they had lost the figure of his face,
 Then they beheld his roabes ; his Chariot then,
 Which being hid, their looke aym'd at the place,
 Still longing to behold him once agen :
 But when he was quite past, and they could finde
 No obiect to employ their sight vpon,
 Sorrow became more busie with the minde,
 And drew an Armie of sad passions on ;
 Which made them so particularly mone,
 Each amongst thousands seem'd as if alone.

Eleg. 33.

And well might we of weakest substance melt,
 With tender passion for his timelesse end,
 Sith (as it seem'd) the purer bodies felt
 Some grieffe, for this their sweet departed friend ;
 The Sunne wrapt vp in clouds of mournfull blacke,
 Frown'd as displeas'd with such a hainous deed,
 And would haue staid, or turn'd his horses backe,
 If Nature had not forc't him on with speed :
 Yea, and the Heauens wept a pearly dewe,
 Like very teares, not so as if it rain'd.
 His Grand-fires tombes, as if the stones did rue
 Our wofull losses ; were with moysture stain'd :
 Yea, either 'twas my easie mind's beliefe ;
 Or all things were disposed vnto grieffe.

Blacke

*Prince Henries Obsequies.**Eleg. 34.*

Blacke was *White-hall*. The windowes that did shine,
 And double-glazed were with beauties bright,
 Which Sun-like erst did dim the gazers eyne,
 As if that from within them came the light.
 Those to my thinking seemed nothing faire,
 And were obscur'd with woe, as they had been
 Hung all with sacke, or fable-cloth of haire,
 Griefe was without, and so 'tappear'd within.
 Great was the multitude, yet quiet tho
 As if they were attentive vnto sorrow :
 The very winds did then forbear to blow,
 The Time, of flight, her filnesse seem' to borrow.
 Yea, all the troope pac't flowe, as loth to rend
 The earth that should embrace their Lord & friend.

Eleg. 35.

Me thought ere-while I saw Prince *Henries* Armes
 Aduanc't about the Capitoll of *Rome*,
 And his keene blade, in spight of steele or charmes,
 Giue many mighty enemies their doome ;
 Yea I had many Hopes, but now I see
 They are ordain'd to be anothers taske :
 Yet of the *Stewards* line a branch shall be
 T' aduance beyond the *Alpes* his plumed Caske ;
 Then I perhaps, that now tune dolefull layes,
 Amongst their zealous triumphs may presume
 To sing at least some petty Captaines praise :
 Meane-while I will some other worke assume.
 Or rather, sith my hope-fulst Patron's dead,
 Goe to some Defert, and there hide my head.

Had

*Prince Henries Obsequies.**Eleg. 36.*

Had he beene but my *Prince* and wanted all
 Those ornaments of *Vertue* that so grac't him,
 My loue and life had both beene at his call,
 For that his *Fortune* had about vs plac'd him :
 But his rare hopefulnesse, his flying *Fame*,
 His knowledge, and his honest policie,
 His courage much admir'd, his very name,
 His publicke loue, and priuate curtesie :
 Ioynd with religious firmenesse, might haue mou'd
 Pale *Envy* to haue prais'd him, and fure he,
 Had he beene of meane birth ; had bin belou'd ;
 For trust me, his sweet parts so rauish't me.

That (if I erre, yet pardon me therefore)
 I lou'd him as my *Prince* : as *Henry* more.

Eleg. 37.

Me thought his Royall person did fore-tell
 A Kingly statelines, from all pride cleare :
 His looke maiesticke seemed to compell
 All men to loue him, rather than to feare.
 And yet though he were eu'ry good mans ioy,
 And the alonely comfort of his owne,
 His very name with terror did annoy
 His foraine foes so farre as he was knowne.
Hell droopt for feare, the turkie *Moone* look't pale,
Spaine trembled, and the most tempestuous fea
 (Where *Behemoth* the *Babylonish* Whale,
 Keeps all his bloody and imperious plea)
 Was swolne with rage, for feare he'd stop the tide,
 Of her ore-daring and insulting pride.

For

*Prince Henries Obsequies.**Eleg. 38.*

For amongst diuers *Vertues* rare to finde,
 Though many I obseru'd, I markt none more
 Than in *Religion* his firme constant minde ;
 Which I fet deepe vpon *Remembrance* score.
 And that made *Romists* for his fortunes sorry :
 When therefore they shall heare of this ill hap,
 Those Mints of mischiefes will extreamely glory,
 That he is caught by him whom none shall scape,
 Yet boast not *Babel*, thou insultst in vaine,
 Thou hast not yet obtain'd the victory ;
 We haue a *Prince* still, and our King doth raigne,
 So shall his feed, and their posterity.
 For know ; God that loues his, & their good tenders,
 Will neuer leaue his faith, without defenders.

Eleg. 39.

Amidst our sacred sports that very season,
 Whilst for our Country and beloued *James*,
 Preserued from that hell-bred Powder-treason,
 We rung and fung with showtes, and ioyfull flames :
 Me thought vpon the sodaine I espy'd
Romes damned fiends, an anticke dance begin :
 The *Furies* led it that our bleffe enuy'd,
 And at our rites the hel-hounds seem'd to grin.
 How now thought I ! more plots ! & with that thought
Prince Henry ; dead, I plainly heard one cry :
 O Lord (quoth I) now they haue that they fought,
 Yet let not our gladst-day, our sadst-day die.
 God seem'd to heare, for he to ease our sorrow,
 Reuiu'd that day, to die againe the morrow.

But

*Prince Henri's Obsequies.**Eleg. 40.*

But *Britaine, Britaine*, tell me, tell me this,
 What was the reason thy chiefe curse befell
 So iust vpon the time of thy chiefe blisse?
 Dost thou not know it? heare me then, Ile tell:
 Thou wert not halfe halfe-thankfull for his care
 And mercy that so well preferued thee;
 His owne, he neuer did so often spare:
 Yea he thy Lord himselfe hath serued thee,
 Yet *Laodicia* thou, nor hot nor cold,
 Secure, and carelesse dost not yet repent,
 Thou wilt be euer ouer-daring bold,
 Till thou hast vengeance, vpon vengeance hent.

But (oh) see how *Hypocrisie* doth raigne:
 I villaine, that am worst doe first complaine.

Eleg. 41.

A foule consuming Pestilence did waste,
 And lately spoyld thee *England* to thy terror;
 But now alas, a greater plague thou hast,
 Because in time thou couldst not see thy error:
 Hard *Frosts* thy fields and gardens haue deflowred,
 Hot *Summers* hath thy fruits Consumption bin,
 Fire many places of thee hath deuoured,
 And all fore-warnings to repent thy sin.
 Yet still thou didst deser't and carelesse sleepe,
 Which heau'n perceiuing with black clouds did frowne,
 And into flouds for very anger weepe,
 Yea the salt Sea, a part of thee did drowne.

She drown'd a part (but oh that part was small)
 Now teares more salt, haue ouer-whelm'd vs all.

Say

*Prince Henries Obsequies.**Eleg. 42.*

Say why was *Henries* Herfe so glorious ?
 And his sad *Funerall* so full of state ?
 Why went he to his Tombe as one victorious :
 Seeming as blith as when he liu'd of late ?
 What needed all that *Ceremonious* show ?
 And that dead-liuing Image which they bare ?
 Could not *Remembrance* make vs smart enough,
 Vnlesse we did afresh renew it there ?
 What was it, but some anticke curious rite,
 Onely to feed the vaine beholders eyes,
 To make men in their sorrowes more delight,
 Or may we rather on it moralize ?
 Yes, yes, it shew'd that though he wanted breath,
 Yet he should ride in triumph ouer death.

Eleg. 43.

How welcome now would our deare *Henry* be,
 After these griefes were he no more than straid,
 And thus deem'd dead ? but fie ! what *Fantafie*
 Feedes my vaine thought on ? *Fate* hath that deny'd.
 But since hee's gone, we now can call to minde,
 His latest words, and whereto they did tend :
 Yea, now our blunt capacities can finde,
 They plainely did prognosticate his end.
 Beside, we finde our *Prophecies* of old,
 And would perswade our selues 'twas knowne of yore-
 By skilfull Wizards ; and by them fore-told,
 But then why found we not so much before ?
 Oh marke this euer, we ne're know our state,
 Nor see our losse before it be too late.

From

*Prince Henries Obsequies.**Eleg. 44.*

From passion thus, to passion could I runne,
 Till I had ouer-runne a world of words,
 My *Muse* might she be heard would ne're haue done
 The subiect, matter infinite affords,
 But ther's a meane in all ; with too much greeuing
 We must not of Gods prouidence despaire
 Like curfed *Pagans*, or men vnbeleeuing.
 Tis true, the *Hopes* that we haue lost were faire :
 But we beheld him with an outward eye,
 And though he in our sight most worthie seem'd,
 Yet God saw more, whose secrets none can spye,
 And findes another whom we lesse esteem'd :
 So *Iesses* eldest *Sonnes* had most renowne,
 But little *Dauid* did obtaine the Crowne.

Eleg. 45.

Let vs our trust alone in God repose,
 Since *Princes* faile ; and maugre *Turke* or *Pope*,
 He will prouide one that shall quaille our foes,
 We saw he did it, when we had lesse hope :
 Let's place our *Ioyes* in him and weepe for sin,
 Yea, let's in time amend it, and fore-see,
 (If losse of earthly *Hope* hath grieuous been)
 How great the losse of heau'ns true *Ioyes* may be :
 This if we doe, God will stretch forth his hand,
 To stop those plagues he did intend to bring,
 And poure such blessings on this mournfull Land,
 We shall for *IO*, *Halleluiah* sing :
 And our deare *Iames*, if we herein perseuer,
 Shall haue a *Sonne* to grace his Throne for euer.

An



AN EPITAPH VPON THE
moſt Hopefull and All-vertuous
Henry, Prince of Wales.

*S*Tay Traueiler, and read; did'ſt neuer heare
In all thy iourneyes any newes or tales
Of him whom our diuided world eſteem'd ſo deare,
And named Henrie, the braue Prince of Wales.

*Looke here within this little place he lies,
Eu'n he that was the Vniuerfall Hope:
And almoſt made this Ile Idolatrize,
See, hee's contented with a little ſcope.*

Canutus. *And as the Dane that on Southampton ſtrand,
His Courtiers idle flatteries did chide,
(Who tearn'd him both the God of ſea and land)
By ſhewing he could not command the Tide;*

*So this, to mocke vaine Hopes, in him began
Dy'd; and here lies, to ſhew he was a man.*

A



A Supposed Inter-loctution be-
tweene the Spirit of Prince *Henry*
and Great Britaine.

Br. **A** Wake braue *Prince*, thou dost thy Country wrong
Shake off thy slumber, thou hast slept too long,
Open thy eye-lids, and raise vp thy head,
Thy Countrey and thy Friends suppose thee dead.
Looke vp, looke vp, the dayes are growne more short,
Thy *Officers* prepare to leaue thy Court.
The stains of Sorrow are in euery face,
And *Charles* is call'd vpon to take thy *Place*.
Awake I say in time, and wake the rather,
Least *Melancholy* hurt thy Royall *Father*.
Thy weeping *Mother* wailes and wrings her hands,
Thy *Brother* and thy *Sister* mourning stands ;
The want of that sweet company of thine,
Inly torments the louing *Prince of Rhine*.

The *Beauties* of the Court are fullied o re,
They seeme not cheerefull as they did before.
The heauy *Clergie*, in their Pulpits mourne,
And thy *Attendants* looke like men forlorne.

C c

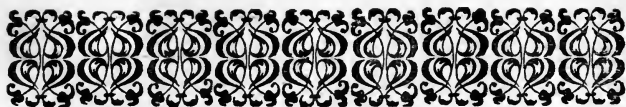
Once

Prince Henries Obsequies.

Once more (I say) sweet Prince, once more, arise,
 See how the teares haue drown'd my watry eyes,
 All my sweet tunes and former signes of gladnes
 Are turn'd to *Elegies* and Songs of fadnes.
 The *Trumpet* with harsh notes the ayre doth wound
 And *Dump* is all the cheerefull *Drum* can found.
 Through *Wales* a dolefull *Elegy* now rings,
 And heauy Songs of sorrow each man sings :
 Destressed *Ireland* to, as sad as we
 Cryes loud, *Oh hone, oh hone*, for want of thee.
 But more *Romes Locusts* doe begin to swarme,
 And their attempts with stronger *Hopes* they arme,
 For taking hold of this thy *Trans-mutation*,
 They plot, againe a damned toleration.
 Yea *Hell* to double this our sorrowes weight,
 Is new contriuing of old *Eighty-eight*.
 Come then and stand against it to defend vs,
 Or else their guile, their plots, or force, will end vs.
 This last-last time, sweet *Prince* I bid thee rise,
 Great *Britanns* droup already : each man flies,
 And if thou faue vs not from our great foes,
 They quickly will effect our ouer-throws.
 Oh yet he moues not vp his liuing head,
 And now I feare indeed he's dead. *Spi.* He's dead.
Brit. What voyce was that, which from the valted roofe,
 Of my last words did make so plaine a prooffe ?
 What was it seem'd to speake aboue me so,
 And sayes *he's dead*? waft *Eccho*, yea or no? *Spi.* No.
Brit. What is it some dispos'd to flout my mone ?
 Appeare : Haft thou a body, or haft none? *Spi.* none.
Brit.

Prince Henries Obsequies.

Brit. Sure some illusion, oh what art? come hither
 My *Princes* Ghost, or fiend, or neither. *Spi.* Neither.
Brit. Indeed his Ghost in heauen rests I know,
 Art thou some *Angel* for him, is it so? *Spi.* So.
Brit. Doe not my Reall griefes with visions feed,
 In earnest speake, art so indeed? *Spi.* Indeed.
Brit. What power sent thee now into my Coaft,
 Was it my *Darling Henrie's Ghost*? *Spi.* 's *Ghost*.
Brit. Th'art welcome then, thy preface gratefull is:
 But tell me liues he happily in blisse: *Spi.* y's.
Brit. If so much of thee may be vnderstood,
 Is the intent of this thy comming good? *Spi.* Good.
Brit. Say, hath he there the *Fame* that here he had,
 Or doth the place vnto his glory adde? *Spi.* Adde.
Brit. May I demand what thy good errants be?
 To whom is that he told to thee? *Sp.* To thee.
Brit. Oh doth he minde me yet, sweet Spirit say,
 What is thy message? Ile obey: *Spi.* Obey.
Brit. I will not to my power one tittle misse,
 Doe but command, and say, doe this: *Spi.* Doe this.
Brit. But stay, it seemes that thou hast made thy choyse,
 To speake with *Eccho's* most vnperfect voyce:
 In plainer wife declare why thou art sent,
 That I may heare with more content: *Spi.* Content.

Prince Henries Obsequies.

*The Spirit leaues his Eccho and
speakes on.*

Spi. **T**Hen here me *Britaine*, heare me and beleue
Thy *Henries* there now where he cannot grieue.
He is not subiect to the flye inuasion
Of any humane, or corrupted *Passion*.
For then ; (although he forrow now forbears)
He would haue wept himselfe, to see thy teares.
But he (as good *Saints* are) of ioyes partaker,
Is iealous of the glory of his Maker :
And though the *Saints* of *Rome* may take it to them,
(Much helpe to their damnation it will doe them)
He will not on his *Masters* right presume,
Nor his smal't due vnto himselfe assume.
And therefore *Britaine* in the name of God,
And on the paine of his reuengefull rod ;
He here coniures thee in thy tribulation,
To make to God alone thy inuocation :
Who tooke him from thee, that but late was liuing,
For too much trust, vnto his weakenes giuing,
Yet call'ft thou on thy *Prince* still ; as if he,
Could either *Sauour* or *Redeemer* be :

Thou

Prince Henries Obsequies.

Thou tell'ft him of the wicked *Whore* of *Rome*,
 As if that he were Iudge to giue her doome.
 But thou might'ft fee, were not thy fight fo dim,
 Thou mak'ft meane-while another *Whore* of him.
 For what ist for a Creatures ayde to cry,
 But spirits whoredome? (that's Idolatry.)
 Their most vnpleasing breaths that so invoke,
 The passage of th'Almighties mercies choke:
 And therefore if thy sorrowes shall haue end,
 To God thou must thy whole deuotions bend.
 Then will thy *King* that he leaue off to mone,
 God hath tane *His*, yet left him more than one.
 And that he hath not so feuerely done,
 As when he crau'd the *Hebrewes* onely sonne;
 Because, beside this little blessed store,
 There's yet a possibility of more.
 Goe tell the *Queene* his mother that's lamenting,
 There is no cause of that her discontenting.
 And say there is another in his place,
 Shall doe his louing Sisters nuptials grace.
 Enforme the *Palatine*, his *Nymph* of *Thame*
 Shall giue his glorious *Rhine* a trebble Fame:
 But vnto *Charles*, to whom he leaues his place,
 Let this related be in any case.
 Tell him he may a full possession take
 Of what his Brother did so late forsake;
 But bid him looke what to his place is due,
 And euery Vice in generall eschue:
 Let him confider why he was his Brother,
 And plac't aboue so many thousand other.

Prince Henries Obsequies.

Great honours haue great burthens if y'are high,
 The stricter's your account, and the more nigh :
 Let him shunne flatterers at any hand,
 And euer firmly in Religion stand,
 Gird on his sword ; call for th'Almighties might,
 Keepe a good conscience, fight the *Lambes* great fight :
 For when his Father shall furrender make,
 The *Faiths* protection he must vndertake.
 Then *Charles* take heed, for thou shalt heare a-far,
 Some cry, peace, peace, that haue their hearts on war.
 Let Policie Religion obey,
 But let not Policie Religion sway :
 Shut from thy counsels such as haue profest
 The worship of that *Antichristian* beast.
 For howfoe're they dawb'd with colours trim,
 Their hands doe beare his marke, their heart's on him,
 And though they seeme to seeke the Commons *Weale*,
 'Tis but the Monsters deadly wound to heale.
 Banish all *Romish* Statifts, doe not sup
 Of that pyde-painted Drabs infectious Cup,
 Yea vse thy vtmost strength, and all thy power
 To scatter them that would build *Babels* tower.
 Thou must sometime be iudge of equity ;
 And oft suruey e'ne thine owne family :
 That at thy Table none partaker be,
 That will not at *Christ's* boord partake with thee :
 The Lords great day is neer ; tis neer at hand,
 Vnto thy combat see thou brauely stand.
 For him that ouercomes, *Christ* keeps a Crowne,
 And the great'st conquest hath the great'st renowne.

Be

Prince Henries Obsequies.

Be mercifull, and yet in mercy iust :
 Chase from thy Court both wantonneffe and lust.
 Disguised fashions from the Land casheare,
 Women, may women, and men, men appeare.
 The wide-wide mouth of the blasphemers teares
 His passage vnto God, through all the Spheares,
 Prouoking him, to turne his peacefull word
 Into a bloody double-edged sword :
 But cut his tongue, the clapper of damnation,
 He may fright others with his *Vlulation*.
 The Drunkard, and Adulterer, from whence
 Proceeds the cause of dearth and pestilence,
 Punish with losse of substance, and of limbe,
 He rather maimed vnto Heauen may climbe
 Then tumble whole to Hell, and by his sin,
 Endanger the whole state he liueth in.
 Downe, downe, with Pride, and ouerthrowe Ambition ;
 Grace true Deuotion, root out superstition,
 Loue them that loue the Truth, and Vertue graces,
 Let Honesty, not Wealth, obtaine great places,
 Begin but such a course, and so perseuer,
 Thou shalt haue loue here, and true blisse for euer :
 Thus much for thy new *Prince* ; now this to thee,
Britaine ; It shall thy charge and duty be,
 To tell him now what thou hast heard me say,
 And when soeuer he commands, obey :
 So if thou wilt in mind this counsell beare ;
 Vnto thy state haue due regard and care,
 And without stay vnto amendment hie,
 Thou shalt be deare to those, to whom I flie.

C c 4

Brit.

Prince Henries Obsequies.

Brit. Oh stay, and doe not leaue me yet alone.

Spi. My errand's at an end, I must be gone.

Brit. Goe then, but let me aske one word before.

Spi. My speech now failes, I may discourse no more.

Brit. Yet let me craue thus much, if so I may,

By *Eccho* thou reply to what I say. *Spi.* Say.

Brit. Firft tell me, for his sake thou count'st most deare,

Is *Babels* fall and *Jacobs* rising neare? *Spi.* Neare.

Brit. Canst thou declare what day that worke shall end,

Or rather must we yet attend? *Spi.* Attend.

Brit. Some Land must yeeld a Prince that blow to strike,

May I be that same Land, or no, ist like? *Spi.* Like.

Brit. Then therefore 'tis that *Rome* beares vs such spight:

Is she not plotting now to wrong our right? *Spi.* right.

Brit. But from her mischiefes and her hands impure,

Canst thou our safe deliuerance assure? *Spi.* Sure.

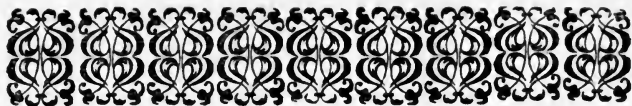
Brit. Then notwithstanding this late losse befell,

And we fear'd much, I trust 'tis well. *Spi.* 'Tis well.

Brit. Then flie thou to thy place, if this be true,

Thou God be pras'd, and Griefes adue. *Spi.* Adue.

A



A Sonnet of Death, composed in Latine
Rimes, and Paraphrastically translated into the
*same kinde of verse; both, by the
former Author.*

H *Eūs, heūs, Mors percutit, & importunē,
Quam nunquam præterit ullus impunē.
Abite Medici, non est sanabile
Hoc vulnus Θανάτου; sed incurabile.*

Hark, hark, Death knocks vs vp, with importunitie,
There's none shall euer make boast of impunitie.
The Doctor toyles in vaine, mans life's not durable,
No med'cine can preuaile, this wound's incurable.

*Quid p̄icti Dominūm profunt fauores?
Ficti quid Hominum iuuant amores?
Nec mundi vanitas, nec Pompa Curiaē,
Potest resistere Mortis iniuriaē.*

What will the countenance of Lords, or Noble-men
Or idle peoples loue, helpe or auaile thee then?
Nor the worlds brauery, nor yet Court vanitie,
Can stay this Monsters hand, foe to humanitie.

*Non curat splendidum, nec Venerabile;
Nec pectus candidum quamuis amabile;*

Decumbunt

Prince Henries Obsequies.

*Decumbunt Principes iniquo vulnere.
Heu parcat nemini, quin stravit pulvere.*

He knowes no reuerence, nor cares for any state,
Sweet beauties moue him not, though nere so delicate,
Princes must stoope to him, he rides on martially,
And spares not any man, but strikes impartially.

*Mercede diuitis nil morat cupidi,
Nec prece pauperis (si orat) miseri,
Et frustra fallere tentas ingenio,
Surda Rhetorici Mors est eloquio.*

The rich-mans money-bags are no perswasion,
The beggers wofull cry, stirres vp no passion,
Hee'l not beguiled be, by any fallacy,
Nor yeeld to Rhetoricke, Wit, Art, nor Policy.

*Aspectu pallida, vultu terribilis ;
Est tamen valida, Mors iunincibilis :
Et suas tibias (nec est formalis)
Vir omnis sequitur, si sit mortalis.*

His look's both pale and wan, yet doth it terrifie,
He masters any man (alas what remedy !)
He's nothing curious which way the measures be,
But all dance after him, that heare his melodie.

*At oh ! oh horrida, lætans necando,
Ruit incognita ; non scimus quando :*

Et

Prince Henries Obsequies.

*Et statim perditur hæc mundi gloria :
Vita sic fragilis, sic transitoria.*

But wo ! of all the rest this seemes most terrible,
He comes when we know least, and then inuisible,
Then quite there endeth all worldly prosperitie,
Such is this lifes estate, such his feueritie.

*Ergo vos incolæ terrarum timidi,
Este solliciti, vos, oh vos miseri !
Sic (quamuis subita ;) hæc è carnalibus,
Reddet vos similes, dijs immortalibus.*

Then oh you wretched men, sith this is euident,
See you more carefull be, oh be more prouident,
And when he takes this life, full of incertaintie ;
You shall liue euer-more, to all eternitie.

FINIS.



A
SATYRE,

Written to the *KINGS*
most Excellent Maiestie,

BY

GEORGE WITHER,

When hee was Prifoner in the
Marshallsey, for his first
BOOKE.



LONDON:

Printed by *T. S.* for *Iohn Budge*, dwelling in *Pauls-
Church-yard*, at the signe of the *Greene
Dragon*, 1622.





The Satyre to the meere Courtiers.

S*Irs; I doe know your mindes; You looke for
fees,
For more respect then needes, for caps and
knees.*

*But be content, I haue not for you now;
Nor will I haue at all to doe with you.
For, though I seeme opprest, and you suppose
I must be faine to crouch to Vertues foes;
Yet know, your fauours I doe sleight them more
In this distresse, then ere I did before.*

Here

A Satyre.

*Here to my Liege a message I must tell;
If you will let me passe, you shall doe well;
If you denie admittance, why then know,
I meane to haue it where you will or no.
Your formall wisedome which hath neuer beene
In ought but in some fond inuention seene,
And you that thinke men borne to no intent,
But to be train'd in Apish complement;
Doth now (perhaps) suppose mee indiscreet,
And such vnused messages vnmeet.
But what of that? Shall I goe sute my matter
Vnto your wits, that haue but wit to flatter?
Shall I, of your opinions so much prize
To lose my will that you may thinke me wise,
Who neuer yet to any liking had,
Vnlesse he were a Knaue, a Foole, or mad?
You Mushrooms know, so much I weigh your powers,
I neither value you, nor what is yours.
Nay, though my crosses had me quite out-worne,
Spirit enough I'de finde your spight to scorne:
Of which resolu'd, to further my aduenture,
Vnto my King, without your leaues I enter.*

To



To the Honest Courtiers.



*Vt You, whose onely worth doth colour
giue.*

*To Them, that they doe worthy seeme to
liue,*

Kinde Gentlemen, your ayde I craue, to bring

A Satyre to the presence of his King :

A show of rudenessse doth my fore-head arme,

Yet you may trust him ; he intends no harme.

He that hath sent him, loyall is, and true,

And one, whose loue (I know) is much to you :

But now, he lyes bound to a narrow scope ;

Almost beyond the Cape of all good Hope.

Long hath he sought to free himselfe, but failes :

And therefore seeing nothing else preuailes,

A

Me,

Me, to acquaint his Soueraigne, here he sends,
As one despairing of all other friends.
I doe presume that you will fauour shew him,
Now that a Messenger from thence you know him.
For many thousands that his face ne're knew,
Blame his Accusers, and his Fortune rue:
And by the helpe which your good word may doe,
He hopes for pittie from his Soueraigne to.
Then in his presence with your fauours grace him,
And there's no Vice so great, shall dare out-face him.

To



To the Kings most Excellent
M A I E S T I E.

A S A T Y R E.

Quid tu, si perco?

VHat once the *Poet* said, I may auow,
'Tis a hard thing not to write *Satyrs*, now.
Since, what we speake (abuse raigns so in all)
Spight of our hearts, will be *Satyr*icall.
Let it not therefore now be deemed strange,
My vnsmooth'd lines their rudenesse do not change ;
Nor be distastefull to my gracious *King*,
That in the *Cage*, my old harsh notes I sing :
And rudely, make a *Satyre* here vnfold,
What others would in neater tearmes haue told.
And why? my friends and meanes in *Court* are scant,
Knowledge of curious phrase, and forme I want.
I cannot bear't to runne my selfe in debt,
To hire the *Groome*, to bid the *Page* entreat,
Some *fauour'd Follower* to vouchsafe his word
To get me a cold comfort from his *Lord*.
I cannot sooth, (though it my life might faue,)
Each *Fauourite*, nor crouch to eu'ry *Knaue*.
I cannot brooke delays as some men do,
With scoffes, and scornes, and tak't in kindnesse to.
For ere I'de binde my selfe for some flight grace,
To one that hath no more worth then his *place*.

D d 2

Or

A Satyre.

Or, by a *bafe meane* free my felfe from trouble,
I rather would endure my penance double :
Cause to be forc'd to what my mind difdaines,
Is worfe to me then *tortures*, *rackes*, and *chaines*.
And therefore vnto *thee* I onely flye,
To whom there needs no meane but *Honesty*.
To *thee*, that lou'ft nor *Parafite* or *Minion*,
Should ere I fpeake poffeffe thee with opinion.
To *thee*, that do'ft what thou wilt vndertake,
For loue of *Iuftice*, not the *perſons* fake.
To *thee*, that know'ft how vaine all faire ſhewes be,
That flow not from the hearts ſinceritie ;
And canſt, though ſhadowed in the ſimpleſt vaile,
Diſcerne both *Loue* and *Truth*, and where they faile.
To *thee* doe I appeale ; in whom Heau'n knowes,
I next to God my confidence reſoſe.
For, can it be thy Grace ſhould euer ſhine,
And not enlighten ſuch a Cause as mine ?
Can my hopes (fixt in thee great *King*) be dead ;
Or thou thoſe *Satyrs* hate thy *Forreſts* bred ?
Where ſhall my ſecond hopes be founded then,
If euer I haue heart to hope agen ?
Can I ſuppoſe a fauour may be got
In any place, when thy *Court* yeelds it not ?
Or that I may obtaine it in the land,
When I ſhall be deni'd it at thy hand ?
And if I might, could I delighted be,
To tak't of others, when I miſt of thee ?

Or

A Satyre.

Or if I were, could I haue comfort by it,
When I should thinke my *Soueraigne* did deny it?
No; were I fure, I to thy hate were borne,
To seeke for others fauours, I would scorne.
For, if the best-worth-loues I could not gaine,
To labour for the rest I would disdaine.

But why should I thy fauour here distrust,
That haue a *cause* so knowne, and knowne so iust?
Which not alone my inward comfort doubles,
But all suppose me wrong'd that heare my troubles.
Nay, though my fault were Reall, I beleue
Thou art so Royall, that thou wouldst forgiue.

For, well I know, thy sacred *Maiesty*
Hath euer beene admir'd for Clemency,
And at thy gentlenesse the world hath wondred,
For making Sun-shine, where thou mightst haue thun-
Yea, thou in mercy, life to them didst giue (dred.
That could not be content to see *thee* liue.
And can I thinke that thou wilt make me, then,
The most vnhappy of all other men?
Or let thy loyall Subiect, against reason,
Be punisht more for *Loue*, then some for *Treason*?
No, thou didst neuer yet thy glory staine
With an iniustice to the meanest *Swaine*.
'Tis not thy will I'me wrong'd, nor dost thou know,
If I haue suffred iniuries or no.
For if I haue not heard false *Rumours* flie,
Th'ast grac't me with the stile of *Honesty*,

D d 3

And

A Satyre.

And if it were so (as some thinke it was)
I cannot see how it should come to passe
That *thou*, from whose free *tongue* proceedeth nought
Which is not correspondent with thy thought.
Those thoughts to, being fram'd in *Reasons* mould,
Should speake that once, which should not euer hold.

But passing it as an vncertainety,
I humbly begge thee, by that *Maiesty*,
Whose sacred *Glory* strikes a louing-feare
Into the hearts of all, to whom 'tis deare :
To deigne me so much fauour, without merit,
As read this plaint of a distempered spirit :
And thinke, vnlesse I saw some hideous storme,
Too great to be endur'd by such a *worme*,
I had not thus presum'd vnto a *King*,
With *Æsops Fly*, to seeke an *Eagles* wing :

Know I am he, that entred once the list,
Gainst all the world to play the *Satyrist* :
Twas I, that made my measures rough and rude,
Dance arm'd with whips amidst the multitude,
And vnappalled with my charmed *Scrowles*,
Teaz'd angry *Monsters* in their lurking holes.
I'ue plaid with *Waspes* and *Hornets* without feares,
Till mad they grew, and swarm'd about my eares.
I'ue done it, and me thinkes tis such braue sport,
I may be stung ; but nere be sorry for't.
For, all my griefe is, that I was so sparing,
And had no more in't, worth the name of daring.

Hee

A Satyre.

He that will taxe these times muſt be more bitter,
Tart lines of *Vinegar* and *Gall* are fitter.
My fingers and my ſpirits were benum'd,
My *inck* ran forth too ſmooth, twas too much gum'd ;
I'de haue my *Pen* ſo paint it, where it traces,
Each accent, ſhould draw blood into their faces.
And make them, when their *Villanies* are blazed,
Shudder and *ſtartle*, as men halfe amazed,
For feare my *Verſe* ſhould make ſo loud a din,
Heauen hearing might raine vengeance on their ſin.
Oh now, for ſuch a ſtraine ! would *Art* could teach it.
Though halfe my ſpirits I conſum'd to reach it.
Ide learne my *Muſe* ſo braue a courſe to flie,
Men ſhould admire the power of *Poeſie*.
And thoſe that dar'd her greatneſſe to reſiſt,
Quake euen at naming of a *Satyriſt*.
But when his ſcourging numbers flow'd with wonder,
Should cry, *God bleſſe vs*, as they did at thunder.

Alas ! my lines came from me too-too dully,
They did not fill a *Satyrs* mouth vp fully.
Hot blood, and youth, enrag'd with paſſions ſtore,
Taught me to reach a *ſtraine* nere touch'd before.
But it was coldly done, I throughly chid not :
And ſomewhat there is yet to doe, I did not.
More foundly could my ſcourge haue yerked many,
Which I omitted not for feare of any.
For *want of action, diſcontentments rage,*
Baſe diſ-reſpect of Vertue (in this age)

D d 4

With

A Satyre.

With other things which were to Goodneffe wrong,
Made me so fearelesse in my carelesse Song :
That, had not reason within compasse won me,
I had told *Truth* enough to haue vndone me.
(Nay, haue already, if that her Diuine
And vnseene power, can doe no more then mine.)
For though fore-seeing warinesse was good,
I fram'd my stile vnto a milder mood ;
And clogging her high-towring wings with mire,
Made her halfe earth, that was before all fire.
Though (as you saw) in a disguifed shew
I brought my *Satyres* to the open view :
Hoping (their out-fides, being mis-esteem'd)
They might haue passed, but for what they seem'd :
Yet *some* whose *Comments* iumpe not with my minde,
In that low phrased, a higher reach would finde,
And out of their deepe iudgements seeme to know,
What 'tis vncertaine if I meant or no :
Ayiming thereby, out of some priuate hate,
To worke my shame, or ouer-throw my state.
For, amongst many wrongs my *foe* doth doe me,
And diuers imputations laide vnto me,
(Deceiu'd in his ayme) he doth mis-confiter
That which I haue entil'd a *Man-like Monster*,
To meane some priuate person in the State,
Whose worth I sought to wrong out of my hate ;
Vpbraiding *me*, I from my word doe start,
Either for want of better *Ground*, or *Heart*.

Cause

A Satyre.

Cause from his expectation I did vary
In the denying of his *Commentary*,
Whereas tis knowne I meant *Abuse* the while,
Not thinking any *one* could be so vile
To merit all those *Epithites* of shame,
How euer many doe deserue much blame.

But say, (I grant) that I had an intent
To haue it so (as he interprets) meant,
And let my gracious *Liege* suppose there were
One whom the *State* may haue iust cause to feare ;
Or thinke there were a man (and great in *Court*)
That had more faults then I could well report ;
Suppose I knew him, and had gone about
By some particular markes to paint him out,
That *he* best knowing his owne faults, might see,
He was the *Man* I would should noted be :
Imagine now such doings in this *Age*,
And that *this man* so pointed at, should rage,
Call me in question, and by his much threatning,
By long imprisonment, and ill-intreating
Vrge a *Confession*, wert not a mad part
For me to tell *him*, what lay in my heart ?
Doe not I know a great mans *Power* and *Might* ;
In spight of *Innocence*, can smother *Right*,
Colour his *Villanies*, to get esteeme,
And make the *honest man* the *Villaine* seeme ?
And that the truth I told should in conclusion,
For want of *Power* and *Friends* be my confusion ?

I know

A Satyre.

Was euen as farre in danger as the rest,
If he but said, it was a *horned beast* :
So, there be now, who thinke in that their power
Is of much force, or greater farre then our ;
It is enough to proue a guilt in me,
Because (mistaking) they so think't to be.

Yet 'tis my comfort, they are not so high,
But they must stoope to *Thee* and *Equitie*.
And this I know, though prick't ; they storme agen,
The world doth deeme them ne're the better men.
To stirre in filth, makes not the stench the lesse,
Nor doth Truth feare the frowne of Mightinesse.
Because those numbers she doth daigne to grace,
Men may suppress a while, but ne're deface.

I wonder, and 'tis wondred at by many,
My harmeless lines should breed distaste in any :
And so, that (whereas most *good men* approue
My labour to be worthy thanks, and loue)
I as a *Villaine*, and my *Countries foe*,
Should be imprison'd, and so strictly to,
That not alone my liberty is barr'd,
But the resort of friends (which is more hard.)
And whilst each wanton, or loose *Rimers* Pen,
With oyle words, fleekes o're the finnes of men,
Vayling his wits to euery *Puppets* becke,
Which ere I'le doe, I'le ioy to breake my necke.
(I say) while such as they in euery place
Can finde protection, patronage and grace ;

If

A Satyre.

If any looke on me, 'tis but a skauce
Or if I get a fauour, 'tis by chance.
I muſt protect my ſelfe : poore *Truth* and *I*
Can haue ſcarce *one* ſpeake for our *honesty*.
Then whereas they can gold and gifts attaine,
Malitious *Hate*, and *Enuy* is my gaine,
And not alone haue here my *Fredome* loſt,
Whereby my *beſt hope's* likely to be croſt :
But haue beene put to more charge in one day,
Then all my *Patrons* bounties yet will pay.
What I haue done, was not for thirſt of *gaine*,
Or out of hope *preferments* to attaine.
Since to contemne them, would more profit me,
Then all the *glories* in the world that be :
Yet they are helps to *Vertue*, vs'd aright,
And when they wanting be, ſhe wants her might.
For Eagles mindes ne're fit a Rauens feather,
To dare, and to be able, ſute together.

But what is't I haue done ſo worthy blame,
That ſome ſo eagerly purſue my fame ?
Vouchſafe to view't with thine owne eyes, and trie
(Saue want of *Art*) what fault thou canſt eſpie.
I haue not ſought to ſcandalize the State,
Nor ſowne ſedition, nor made publike hate :
I haue not aym'd at any good mans fame,
Nor taxt (directly) any one by name.
I am not he that am growne diſcontent
With the Religion ; or the Gouvernement.

I meant

A Satyre.

I meant no Ceremonies to protect,
Nor doe I fauour any new-sprung Sect ;
But to my Satyres gaue this onely warrant,
To apprehend and punish Vice apparant.

Who aiming in particular at none,
In generall vpbraided euery one :
That each (vnshamed of himselfe) might view
That in himselfe, which no man dares to shew.

And hath this *Age* bred vp neat *Vice* so tenderly,
She cannot brooke it to be touch'd so slenderly ?
Will she not bide my gentle *Satyres* bites ?
Harme take her then, what makes she in their fights ?
If with impatience she my *Whip-cord* feele,
How had she raged at my lash of *Steele* ?
But am I call'd in question for her cause ?
Is't *Vice* that these afflictions on me drawes ?
And need I now thus to Apologize,
Onely because I scourged *Villanies* ?
Must I be faine to giue a reason why,
And how I dare allow of *Honesty* ?
Whilst that each fleering *Parasite* is bold
Thy Royall brow vndaunted to behold :
And euery *Temporizer* strikes a string,
That's Musicke for the hearing of a King ?
Shall not *he* reach out to obtaine as much,
Who dares more for thee then a hundred such ?
Heauen grant her patience, my Muse takes't so badly,
I feare shee'le lose her wits, for she raues madly.

Yet

A Satyre.

Yet let not my *dread Soueraigne* too much blame her,
Whose awfull prefence, now hath made her tamer.
For if there be no *Fly* but hath her spleene,
Nor a poore *Pismire*, but will wreake her teene ;
How fhall I then, that haue both spleene and gall,
Being vniufly dealt with, beare with all ?
I yet with *patience* take what I haue borne,
And all the worlds enfuing hate can *scorne* :
But 'twere in me as much stupiditie,
Not to haue feeling of an iniurie,
As it were weakenesse not to brooke it well :
What others therefore thinke I cannot tell ;
But he that's leffe then *mad*, is more then *Man*,
Who fees when he hath done the best he can,
To keepe within the bounds of *Innocence* :
Sought to difcharge his due to *God* and *Prince*.
That he, whilst *Villanies* vnreproued goe,
Scoffing, to fee him ouer-taken fo,
Should haue his *good endeauours* misconceiu'd,
Be of his *deareft liberty* bereau'd ;
And which is worfe, without reafon why,
Be frown'd on by *Authorities* grim eye.
By that great Power my foule fo much doth feare,
She fcornes the ftearn'ft frownes of a mortall Peere.
But that I *Vertue* loue, for her owne fake,
It were enough to make me vndertake
To fpeake as much in praife of *Vice* agen,
And practife fome to plague thefe *shames of men*.

I meane

A Satyre.

I meane those my *Accusers*, who mistaking
My aymes, doe frame conceits of their owne making.
But if I list, I need not buy so deere
The iust *revenge* might be inflicted here.
Now could I *measures* frame in this iust fury,
Should sooner finde some guilty then a *Jury* :
The *words*, like *fwords* (temper'd with *Art*) should pierce
And hang, and draw, and quarter them in verse.
Or I could racke them on the wings of *Fame*,
(*And he's halfe hang'd* (they say) *hath an ill name*)
Yea, I'de goe neere to make those guilty Elues,
Lycambes-like, be glad to hang themselues :
And though this *Age* will not abide to heare
The faults reprov'd, that *Custom* hath made deare ;
Yet, if I pleased, I could write their *crimes*,
And pile them vp in wals for after-times :
For they'le be glad (perhaps) that shall ensue,
To see some story of their Fathers true.
Or should I smother'd be in darknesse still,
I might not vse the freedome of a quill :
'Twould raise vp *brauer spirits* then mine owne,
To make my cause, and this their guilt more knowne.
Who by that subiect should get Loue and Fame,
Vnto my foes disgrace, and endlesse shame :
Those I doe meane, whose *Comments* haue mif-us'd me :
And to those Peeres I honour, haue accus'd me :
Making against *my Innocence* their batteries,
And wronging *them* by their base flatteries :

But

A Satyre.

But of reuenge I am not yet so faine,
To put my selfe vnto that needlesse paine :
Because I know a greater *Power* there is,
That noteth smaller iniuries then this ;
And being still as iust as it is strong,
Apportions due reuenge for euery wrong.

But why (some say) should his too saucy Rimes
Thus tax the wise and great ones of our times ?
It suites not with his yeeres to be so bold,
Nor fits it vs by him to be controlld.
I must confesse ('tis very true indeed)
Such should not of my censure stand in need.
But blame me not, I saw good *Vertue* poore,
Desert, among the most, thrust out of doore,
Honestie hated, *Curtesie* banished,
Rich men excessiue, *poore men* famished :
Coldnesse in *Zeale*, in *Lawes* partialitie,
Friendship but *Complement*, and vaine *Formalitie*,
Art I perceiue contem'd, while most aduance
(To offices of worth) *Rich Ignorance* :
And those that should our *Lights* and *Teachers* be
Liue (if not worfe) as wantonly as we.
Yea, I saw *Nature* from her course runne backe,
Disorders grow, *Good Orders* goe to wracke.
So to encrease what all the rest beganne,
I to this current of *confusion* ranne.
And seeing Age, left off the place of guiding,
Thus plaid the saucy wagge, and fell to chiding.

Wherein

A Satyre.

Wherein, how euer some (perhaps) may deeme,
I am not so much faulty as I feeme :
For when the *Elders* wrong'd *Sufanna's* honer,
And none withstood the Shame they laid vpon her ;
A *Childe* rose vp to stand in her defence,
And spight of wrong confirm'd her *Innocence* :
To shew, *those must not, that good vndertake,*
Straine curt'sie, who shall do't, for manners sake.
Nor doe I know, whether to me God gaue
A boldnesse more then many others haue,
That I might shew the world what shamefull blot
Vertue by her lasciuious *Elders* got.
Nor is't a wonder, as some doe suppose,
My *Youth* so much corruption can disclose ;
Since euery day the Sunne doth light mine eyes,
I am informed of new villanies :
But it is rather to be wondred how
I either can, or dare be honest now.

And though againe there be some others rage,
That I should dare (so much aboue mine age)
Thus censure each degree, both young and old,
I see not wherein I am ouer-bold.
For if I haue beene plaine with *Vice*, I care not,
There's nought that I know good, and can, and dare not.
Onely this one thing doth my minde deterre,
Euen a feare (through ignorance) to erre.

But oh knew I, what thou would'ft well approue,
Or might the small'ft respect within thee moue ;

E e

So

A Satyre.

So in the fight of God it might be good,
And with the quiet of my conscience stood :
(As well I know thy true integrity
Would command nothing against Piety :)
There's nought so dangerous, or full of feare,
That for my *Soueraignes* sake I would not dare :
Which good believe, would it did not possesse thee ;
Prouided some iust triall might rebleffe me :
Yea, though a while I did endure the gall
Of thy displeasure in this loathsome thrall.
For notwithstanding in this *place* I lye
By the command of that *Authoritie*,
Of which I haue so much respectiue care,
That in mine *owne* (and iust) defence I feare
To vse the free speech that I doe intend,
Left *Ignorance*, or *Rashnesse* should offend.
Yet is my meaning and my thought as free
From wilfull wronging of thy *Lawes* or *Thee*,
As he to whom thy *Place* and *Persons* dearest,
Or to himselfe that finds his conscience cleaest.
If there be *wrong*, 'tis not my making it,
All the offence is some's mistaking it.
And is there any Iustice borne of late,
Makes those faults mine, which others perpetrate ?
What man could euer any Age yet finde,
That spent his spirits in this thankelesse kinde,
Shewing his meaning, to such words could tye it,
That none could either wrong, or mis-apply it.

Nay,

A Satyre.

Nay, your owne *Lawes*, which (as you doe intend)
In plain't and most effectuall words are penn'd,
Cannot be fram'd so well to your intent,
But some there be will erre from what you meant.
And yet (alas) I must be ty'de vnto
What neuer any man before could doe ?
Must all I speake, or write, so well be done
That none may pick more meanings thence then one ?
Then all the world (I hope) will leaue dif-vnion,
And euery man become of one opinion.
But since some may, what care foe're we take,
Diuers constructions of our Writings make,
The honest *Readers* euer will conceaue
The best intention's, and all others leaue :
Chiefly in *that*, where I fore-hand protest
My meaning euer was the honestest,
And if I say so, what is he may know
So much as to affirme it was not so ?
Sit other men so neare my thoughts to shew it,
Or is my *heart* so open that all know it ?
Sure if it were, they would no such things see,
As those whereof some haue accused mee.
But I care lesse how it be vnderstood,
Because the heauens know my intent was good.
And if it be so, that my too-free *Rimes*
Doe much displease the world, and these bad times ;
'Tis not my fault, for had I been imploy'd
In something else, all this had now been voyd.

E e 2

Or

A Satyre.

Or if the world would but haue granted me
Wealth, or Affaires, whereon to busie me,
I now vnheard of, peradventure than,
Had been as mute as some rich *Clergie-man*.

But they are much deceiu'd that thinke my minde
Will ere be still, while it can doing find ;
Or that vnto the world so much it leanes,
As to be curtold for default of meanes.
No, though most be, all *Spirits* are not earth,
Nor futing with the fortunes of their birth,
My *body's* subiect vnto many Powers :
But my *soule's* as free, as is the *Emperours* :
And though to curbe her in, I oft assay,
She'le breake int' action spite of durt and clay.
And is't not better then to take this course,
Then fall to study mischiefes and doe worfe ?
I say she must haue action, and she shall :
For if she will, how can I doe withall ?
And let those that o're-busie thinke me, know,
He made me, that knew, why he made me so.
And though there's some that say my thoughts doe flie
A pitch beyond my states sufficiency ;
My humble minde, I giue my *Sauieur* thanke
Aspires nought yet, aboue my fortunes ranke.
But say it did, wil't not befit a man
To raise his thoughts as neere *Heau'n* as he can ?
Must the *free spirit* ty'd and curbed be
According to the bodies pouerty ?

Or

A Satyre.

Or can it euer be so subiect to
Base *Change*, to rise, and fall, as fortunes doe ?

Men borne to noble meanes, and vulgar mindes
Enioy their wealth ; and there's no Law that bindes
Such to abate their substance, though their Pates
Want *Braines*, and they *worth*, to possesse such states.
So God to some, doth onely *great mindes* giue,
And little other meanes, whereon to liue.
What law or conscience then shall make them smother
Their *Spirit*, which is their life, more then other
To bate their substance ? since if 'twere confest,
That a braue minde could euer be suppress't,
Were't reason any should himselfe depriue
Of what the whole world hath not power to giue ?
For wealth is comon, and fooles get it to,
When to giue spirit's more then *Kings* can do.

I speake not this, because I thinke there be
More then the ordinarest gifts in me ;
But against those, who thinke I doe presume
On more then doth besit me to assume :
Or would haue all, whom *Fortune* barres from store,
Make themselues wretched, as she makes them poore.
And 'cause in other things she is vnkind,
Smother the matchlesse blessings of their minde :
Whereas (although her fauours doe forsake them)
Their *minds* are richer then the world can make them.
Why should a good attempt disgraced seeme,
Because the person is of meane esteeme ?

E e 3

Vertue's

A Satyre.

Vertue's a chaste *Queene*, and yet doth not scorne
To be embrac'd by him that's meanest borne,
Shee is the prop, that *Maiesties* support,
Yet one whom *Slaues* as well as *Kings* may court.
She loueth all that beare affection to her,
And yeelds to any that hath heart to wooe her.
So Vice, how high so e're she be in place,
Is that which Groomes may spit at in disgrace:
She is a strumpet, and may be abhorr'd,
Yea, spurn'd at in the bosome of a *Lord*.
Yet had I spoke her faire, I had beene free,
As many others of her Louers be.
If her escapes I had not chanc'd to tell,
I might haue beene a *villaine*, and done well:
Gotten some speciall fauour, and not fate
As now I doe, shut vp within a *grate*.
Or if I could haue hap't on some loose straine,
That might haue pleas'd the wanton Readers vaine:
Or but claw'd *Pride*, I now had been vnblam'd,
(Or else at least there's some would not haue sham'd
To plead my cause:) but see my fatall curse,
Sure I was either mad, or somewhat worfe:
For I saw *Vices* followers brauely kept,
In *Silkes* they walkt, on beds of *Downe* they slept,
Richly they fed on dainties euermore,
They had their pleasure, they had all things store,
(Whil'ft *Vertue* begg'd) yea, fauours had so many,
I knew they brook't not to be touch'd of any:

Yet

A Satyre.

Yet could not I, like other men, be wise,
Nor learne (for all this) how to temporize ;
But must (with too much honesty made blind)
Vpbraid this loued darling of mankind :
Whereas I might haue better thriu'd by fayning :
Or if I could not chuse, but be complaining,
More safe I might haue rail'd on *Vertue* sure,
Because her louers and her friends are fewer.
I might haue brought some other things to passe,
Made *Fidlers Songs*, or *Ballads*, like an Affe,
Or any thing almost indeed but this.
Yet since 'tis thus, I'me glad 'tis so amisse ;
Because if I am guilty of a crime,
'Tis that, wherein the best of euey time,
Hath beene found faulty (if they faulty be)
That doe reprove *Abuse* and *villany*.

For what I'me taxt, I can examples show,
In such old *Authors* as this State allow :
And I would faine once learne a reason why
They can haue kinder vsage here then I ?
I muse men doe not now in question call
Seneca, *Horace*, *Perfus*, *Iuuenall*,
And such as they ? Or why did not that Age
In which they liued, put them in a *Cage* ?
If I should say, that men were iuster then,
I should neere hand be made vn fay't agen :
And therefore sure I thinke I were as good
Leaue it to others to be vnderstood.

E e 4

Yet

A Satyre.

Yet I as well may speake, as deeme amiffe,
For such this *Ages* curious cunning is,
I scarcely dare to let mine heart thinke ought,
For there be some will seeme to know my thought,
Who may out-face me that I thinke awry,
When there's no witnesse, but my *Conscience* by :
And then I likely am as ill to speed,
As if I spake, or did amiffe indeed.

Yet lest those who (perhaps) may malice this,
Interpret also these few lines amiffe,
Let them that after *thee*, shall reade or heare,
From a rash censure of my thoughts forbear.
Let them not mold the sence that this containes
According to the forming of their braines,
Or thinke I dare, or can, here taxe those *Peeres*,
Whose *Worths*, their *Honours*, to my soule endeares,
(Those by whose loued-fear'd *Authority*)
I am restrained of my liberty :
For lest there yet may be a man so ill,
To haunt my lines with his blacke *Coment* still,
(In hope my lucke againe may be so good,
To haue my words once rightly vnderstood)
This I protest, that *I doe not condemne*
Ought as vniust, that hath been done by them ;
For though my honest heart not guilty be
Of the least thought, that may disparage me ;
Yet when *such men* as I, shall haue *such foes*,
Accuse me of *such crimes*, to *such as those*,

Till

A Satyre.

Till I had meanes my *Innocence* to show,
Their *Iustice* could haue done no lesse then so.

Nor haue I such a proud conceited wit,
Or selfe-opinion of my knowledge yet,
To thinke it may not be that I haue run
Vpon some *Errors* in what I haue done,
Worthy this punishment which I endure ;
(I say I cannot so my selfe assure)
For 'tis no wonder if their *Wisdomes* can
Discouer *Imperfections* in a man
So weake as I, (more then himselfe doth see)
Since my *sight* dull with *insufficiencie*,
In men more graue, and wiser farre then I,
Innumerable *Errors* doth espie,
Which they with all their knowledge I'll be bold,
Cannot (or will not) in themselues behold.
But ere I will *my selfe* accuse my *Song*,
Or keepe a *Tongue* shall doe my *Heart* that wrong,
To say I willingly in what I penn'd,
Did ought that might a *Goodmans* fight offend ;
Or with my knowledge did insert one word,
That might disparage a true *Honour'd Lord* ;
Let it be in my mouth a helpelesse sore,
And neuer speake to be beleeued more.

Yet *man* irresolute is, vnconstant, weake,
And doth his purpose oft through frailty breake.
Left therefore I by force hereafter may
Be brought from this minde, and these words vn say,

Here

A Satyre.

Here to the *World* I doe proclaime before,
If e're my resolution be so poore,
T'is not the *Right*, but *Might* that makes me doe it ;
Yea, nought but *fearefull basenesse* brings me to it ;
Which if I still hate, as I now detest,
Neuer can come to harbor in my brest.

Thus my fault then (if they a fault imply)
Is not alone an ill vnwillingly,
But also, might I know it, I entend,
Not onely to acknowledge, but amend :
Hoping that *thou* wilt not be so feuere,
To punish me aboue all other here.
But for m'intents fake, and my loue to *Truth*,
Impute my *Errors* to the heate of *Youth*,
Or rather *Ignorance* ; then to my *Will*,
Which sure I am was *good*, what e're be *ill*,
And like to him now, in whose place thou art,
What e're the residue be, accept the *Heart*.
But I grow tedious, and my loue abusd,
Disturbs my thoughts, and makes my lines confus'd.
Yet pardon me, and daigne a gracious eye
On this my rude, vnfil'd *Apologie*.
Let not the bluntnesse of my phraze offend,
Weigh but the *matter*, and not how 'tis *penn'd* ;
By these abrupt lines in my iust defence,
Iudge what I might say for my innocence.
And thinke, I more could speake, that here I spare,
Because my power suites not to what I dare.

My

A Satyre.

My vnaffected *stile* retains (you see)
Her old *Frize-Cloake* of young *Rusticitiè* :
If others will vse neater tearmes, they may,
Ruder I am, yet loue as well as they :
And (*though if I would smooth't I cannot doo't*)
My humble heart I bend beneath thy foot :
While here my Muse her discontent doth sing
To thee her great *Apollo*, and my *King* :
Emploring thee by that high sacred *Name*,
By *Iustice*, by those *Powers* that I could name :
By whatfoe're may moue, entreate I *thee*,
To be what thou art vnto all, to mee ;
I feare it not, yet giue me leaue to pray,
I may haue foes, whose power doth beare such sway ;
If they but say I'me guilty of offence,
'Twere vaine for me to pleade my innocence.

But as the Name of God thou bear'ft, I trust
Thou imitat'ft him to, in being iust :
That when the right of *Truth* thou comm'ft to scan,
Thoul't not respect the person of the man :
For if thou doe, then is my hope vndone,
The head-long-way to ruine I must runne.
For whil'ft that they haue all the helps which may
Procure their pleasure with my soone decay :
How is it like that I my peace can win me,
When all the ayde I haue, comes from within me ?
Therefore (*good King*) that mak'ft thy bounty shine
Sometime on those whose worths are small as mine ;

Oh

A Satyre.

*Oh saue me now from Enuiés dangerous shelve,
Or make me able, and I'le saue my selfe.*
Let not the want of that make me a scorne,
To which there are more *Fooles* then *Wise-men* borne.
Let me not for my *Meannesse* be dispis'd,
Nor others *greatnesse* make their words more priz'd.
For whatfoe're my outward *Fate* appears,
My *Soule's* as good, my *Heart* as great as theirs.
My loue vnto my *Country* and to *thee*,
As much as his that more would seeme to be.
And would this Age allow but meanes to shew it,
Those that misdoubt it, should ere long time know it.

*Pitty my youth then, and let me not lie
Wasting my time in fruitlesse miserie.*
Though I am meane, I may be borne vnto
That seruice, which another cannot doe.
*In vaine the little Mouse the Lyon spar'd not,
She did him pleasure, when a greater dar'd not.*
If ought that I haue done, doe *thee* displease,
Thy misconceiuéd wrath I will appease,
Or sacrifice my heart ; but why should I
Suffer for God knowes whom, I know not why ?
If that my words through *some* mistake offends,
Let them conceiue them right and make amends.
Or were I guilty of offence indeed,
One fault (they say) *doth but one pardon need :*
Yet one I had, and now I want one more ;
For once I stood accus'd for this before.

As

A Satyre.

As I remember I so long agon,
Sung *Thame*, and *Rhynes Epithalamion*:
When SHE that from thy Royall selfe deriues
Thofe gracious vertues that best *Title* giues :
She that makes *Rhine* proud of her excellence,
And me oft minde her reuerence ;
Daign'd in her *great good-nature* to encline
Her gentle eare to such a cause as mine ;
And which is more, vouchsaf'd her word, to cleare
Me from all dangers (if there any were,)
So that I doe not now intreate, or sue
For any great boone, or request that's new :
But onely this (though absent from the Land)
Her former fauour still in force might stand :
And that her word (who present was so deere)
Might be as powerfull, as when she was here.
Which if I finde, and with thy fauour may
Haue leaue to shake my loathed *bands* away,
(As I doe hope I shall) and be set free
From all the troubles, this hath brought on me,
I'll make her *Name* giue life vnto a *Song*,
Whofe neuer-dying note shall last as long
As there is either *Riuer*, *Groue* or *Spring*,
Or *Downe* for *Sheepe*, or *Shepherds Lad* to sing.
Yea, I will teach my *Muse* to touch a straine,
That was ne're reach't to yet by any *Swaine*.
For though that many deeme my yeeres vnripe,
Yet I haue learn'd to tune an Oaten Pipe,

Whereon

A Satyre.

Whereon I'le try what musicke I can make me,
(Vntill *Bellona* with her Trumpe awake me.)
And since the world will not haue *Vice* thus showne,
By blazing *Vertue* I will make it knowne.
Then if the *Court* will not my lines approue
I'le goe vnto some *Mountaine*, or thicke *Groue* :
There to my fellow *Shepheards* will I sing,
Tuning my *Reede* vnto some dancing *Spring*,
In such a note, that none should dare to trouble it,
Till the *Hils* answer, and the *Woods* redouble it.
And peradventure I may then goe neare
To speake of somethng thou'lt be pleas'd to heare :
And that which *those* who now my tunes abhorre,
Shall reade, and like, and daigne to loue me for :
But the meane while, oh passe not this suite by,
Let thy *free hand* signe me my *liberty* :
And if my loue may moue thee more to do,
Good King consider this my trouble to.
Others haue found thy fauour in distresse,
Whose loue to thee and thine I thinke was lesse.
And I might fitter for thy *seruice liue*
On what would not be much for *thee* to giue.

And yet I aske it not for that I feare
The outward meanes of life should faile me here :
For though I want to compasse those *good ends*
I aime at for my *Countrie* and my *Friends*,
In this *poore state* I can as well content me,
As if that I had *Wealth* and *Honours* lent me,

Nor

A Satyre.

Nor for my *owne sake* doe I seeke to shunne
This *thraldome*, wherein now I feeme vndone :
For though I prize my *Freedome* more then *Gold*,
And vse the meanes to free my selfe from hold,
Yet with a minde (I hope) vnchang'd and free,
Here can I liue, and play with miserie :
Yea, in despight of want and slauerie,
Laugh at the world in all her brauerie.
Here haue I learn'd to make my greatest Wrongs
Matter of Mirth, and subiects but for Songs :
Here can I smile to see my selfe neglected,
And how the meane mans suite is dis-respected ;
Whil'st those that are more rich, and better friended,
Can haue twice greater faults thrice sooner ended.

All this, yea more, I see and suffer to,
Yet liue content midst discontents I do.
Which whil'ft I can, it is all one to me,
Whether in *Prison* or *abroad* it be :
For should I still lye here *distrest* and *poore*,
It shall not make me breathe a sigh the more ;
Since to my selfe it is indifferent,
Where the small remnant of my daies be spent,
But for *Thy sake*, my *Countries*, and my *Friends*,
For whom, more then my selfe, *God* this life lends,
I would not, could I helpe it, be a scorne,
But (if I might) liue free, as I was borne :
Or rather for my *Mistres vertues sake*,
Faire Vertue, of whom most account I make,

If

A Satyre.

If I can chuse, I will not be debas'd
In this last action, lest She be disgrac'd :
For 'twas the loue of her that brought me to,
What *Spleene* nor *Enuie* could not make me do.
And if her *seruants* be no more regarded ;
If enemies of *Vice* be thus rewarded,
And I should also *Vertues* wrongs conceale,
And if none liu'd to whom she dar'd appeale :
Will they that doe not yet her *worth* approue,
Be euer drawne to entertaine her *loue*,
When they shall see him plagu'd as an *Offender*,
Who for the loue he beares her, doth commend her ?

This may to others more offensiuë be,
Then preiudiciall any way to me :
For who will his endeauours euer bend
To follow her, whom there is none will friend ?
Some I doe hope there be that nothing may
From loue of *Truth* and *Honesty* difmay.
But who will (that shall see my euill *Fortune*)
The *remedy* of *Times Abuse* importune ?
Who will againe, when they haue smother'd me,
Dare to oppose the face of *Villany* ?
Whereas he must be faine to vndertake
A *Combat* with a second *Lernean Snake* ;
Whose euer-growing heads when as he crops,
Not onely two springs, for each one he lops,
But also he shall see in midst of dangers,
Those he thought *friends* turne *foes*, at least-wise *strangers*.

More

A Satyre.

More I could speake, but fure if this doe faile me,
I neuer shall doe ought that will auaille me ;
Nor care to speake againe, vnlesse it be
To him that knowes how *heart* and *tongue agree* ;
No, nor to liue, when none dares vndertake
To speake one word for honest *Vertues* sake.
But let *his will be done*, that best knowes what
Will be my *future* good, and what will not.
Hap *well* or *ill*, my spotlesse *meaning's* faire,
And for *thee*, this shall euer be my prayer,
That thou maist here enioy a long-blest Raigne,
And dying, be in Heauen re-crown'd againe.

SO now, if thou hast daign'd my *Lines* to heare,
There's nothing can befall *me* that I feare :
For if *thou* hast compassion on my trouble,
The *Ioy* I shall receiue will be made double ;
And if I fall, it may some *Glory* be,
That none but I O V E *himselſe* did ruine me.

Your Maieſties moſt loyall Subiect,
and yet Priſoner in the Marſhalſey,

G E O R G E W I T H E R.

F f



Epithalamia :

OR

N V P T I A L L P O E M S
V P O N T H E M O S T B L E S S E D
A N D H A P P Y M A R R I A G E

betweene the High and Mighty Prince
Frederick *the fifth, Count Palatine*
of the Rhine, Duke of
Bauier, &c.

A N D T H E M O S T V E R T V O V S,
Gracious, and thrice Excellent Princeffe, *Elizabeth,*
Sole Daughter to our dread Soueraigne, Iames, by
the grace of God King of Great Britaine,
France and Ireland, Defender of
the Faith, &c.

Celebrated at *White-Hall* the fourteenth
of *February.* 1612.

Written by George Wither.

L O N D O N,
Printed by *T. S.* for *John Budge,* dwelling in *Pauls-*
Church-yard, at the signe of the *Greene*
Dragon, 1622.





TO THE ALL-VER-
TVOVS AND THRICE
EXCELLENT PRINCESSE

Elizabeth, sole daughter to our dread
Soueraigne, James by the grace of
God, King of *Great Britaine*,
France and *Ireland*,
&c.

AND WIFE TO THE HIGH
AND MIGHTY PRINCE, FREDERICK

the fifth, Count Palatine of the *Rheine*, Duke
of *Bauier*, &c. *Electör*, and *Arch-seuer* to
the sacred Roman Empire, during
the vacancy Vicar of the same,
and Knight of the most hono-
rable Order of the
Garter.

George Wither wisheth all the Health ;
Ioyes, Honours, and Felicities of this World,
in this life, and the perfections of eternity
in the World to come.







To the Christian Readers.

R*Eaders; for that in my booke of Satyricall Effayes, I haue been deemed ouer Cynicall; to shew, that I am not wholly inclined to that Vaine: But indeede especially, out of the loue which in duty I owe to those incomparable Princes, I haue in honour of their Royall Solemnities, published these short Epithalamiaes. By which you may perceiue (how euer the world thinke of me) I am not of such a Churlish Constitution, but I can afford Vertue her deserued honour; and haue as well an*

Ff 4 affable

To the Reader.

*affable looke to encourage Honesty; as a sterne
frowne to cast on Villanie; If the Times
would suffer me, I could be as pleasing as others;
and perhaps ere long I will make you amends
for my former rigor; Meane while I commit
this vnto your censures; and bid
you farewell.*

G. W.



Epithalamion.



Right *Northerne* Starre, and great *Mineruaes*
peere,
Sweete *Lady* of this *Day* : *Great Britaines*
deere.

Loe thy poore *Vassall*, that was erst so rude,
With his most *Rusticke Satyrs* to intrude,
Once more like a poore *Siluan* now drawes neare ;
And in thy sacred *Presence* dares appeare.
Oh let not that sweete *Bowe* thy *Brow* be bent,
To scarre him with a *Shaft* of discontent :
One looke with *Anger*, nay thy gentlest *Frowne*,
Is twice enough to cast a *Greater* downe.
My *Will* is euer, neuer to offend,
These that are good ; and what I here intend,
Your *Worth* compels me to. For lately greeu'd,
More then can be exprest, or well beleu'd ;
Minding for euer to abandon sport,
And liue exile from places of resort ;
Carelesse of all, I yeelding to securitie,
Thought to shut vp my *Muse* in darke obscuritie :

And

Epithalamia.

And in content, the better to repose,
A lonely *Groue* vpon a *Mountaine* chofe.
East from *Caer Winn*, mid-way twixt *Arle* and *Dis*,
True *Springs*, where *Britains* true *Arcadia* is.
But ere I. entred my entended courfe,
Great Æolus began to offer force.

• He here remembers and describes the late Winter, which was fo exceeding tempestuous and windy.

* The boifterous *King* was growne fo mad with rage ;
That all the Earth, was but his furies ftage.
Fire, Ayre, Earth, Sea, were intermixt in one :
Yet *Fire*, through *Water, Earth* and *Ayre* fhone.
The *Sea*, as if ſhe ment to whelme them vnder,
Beat on the *Cliffes*, and rag'd more loud then thunder :
And whil'ft the *vales* ſhe with falt waues did fill,
The *Aire* ſhowr'd *flouds*, that drencht our higheft hill ;
And the proud trees, that would no dutie know ;
Lay ouer-turned, twenties in a Row.
Yea, euery Man for feare, fell to *Deuotion* ;
Left the whole *Ile* ſhould haue bin drencht in th'Ocean.
Which I perceiuing, coniu'r'd vp my *Mufe*,
The *Spirit*, whoſe good helpe I ſometime vſe :
And though I ment to breake her reſt no more,
I was then faine her aide for to implore.
And by her helpe indeed, I came to know,
Why, both the *Ayre* and *Seas* were troubled fo.
For hauing vrg'd her, that ſhe would vnfold
What cauſe ſhe knew : Thus much at laſt ſhe told.
Of late (quoth ſhe) *there is by powers Diuine* ;
A match concluded, twixt Great Thame and Rhine.

Two

Epithalamia.

*Two famous Riuers, equall both to Nile :
The one, the pride of Europes greatest Ile.
Th'other disdaining to be closely pent ;
Washes a great part of the Continent.
Yet with abundance, doth the Wants supply,
Of the still-thirsting Sea, that's neuer dry.
And now, these, being not alone endear'd,
To mightie Neptune, and his watrie Heard :
But also to the great and dreadful Ioue,
With all his sacred Companies about,
Both haue assented by their Loues inuiting :
To grace (with their owne presence) this Vniting.
Ioue call'd a Summons to the Worlds great wonder,
'Twas that we heard of late, which we thought thunder.
A thousand Legions he intends to send them,
Of Cherubins and Angels to attend them :
And those strong Windes, that did such blustring keepe,
Were but the Tritons, sounding in the Deepe ;
To warne each Riuer, petty Streame and Spring,
Their aide vnto their Soueraigne to bring.
The Floods and Showres that came so plenteous downe,
And lay entrencht in euery Field and Towne,
Were but retainers to the Nobler sort,
That owe their Homage at the Watrie Court :
Or else the Streames not pleas'd with their owne store,
To grace the Thames, their Mistris, borrowed more.
Exact'g from their neighbouring Dales and Hills,
But by consent all (nought against their wills.)*

The reason of
the tempestuous
Winter.

Yet

Epithalamia.

*Yet now, since in this stirre are brought to ground
Many faire buildings, many hundreds drown'd,
And daily found of broken Ships great store,
That lie dismembred vpon euery shore:
With diuers other mischiefes knowne to all,
This is the cause that those great harmes befall.
Whilst other, things in readinesse, did make,
Hells hatefull Hags from out their prisons brake:
And spighting at this hopefull match, began
To wreake their wrath on Ayre, Earth, Sea, and Man.
Some hauing shapes of Romish shauelings got,
Spew'd out their venome; and began to plot
Which way to thwart it: others made their way
With much distraction thorough Land and Sea
Extreamely raging. But Almighty Ioue
Perceiues their Hate and Enuie from aboue:
He'le checke their furie, and in yrons chain'd,
Their libertie abus'd, shall be restrain'd:
Hee'le shut them vp, from comming to molest
The Meriments of Hymens holy feast.
Where shall be knit that sacred Gordian knot,
Which in no age to come shall be forgot.
Which Policie nor Force shall nere vntie,
But must continue to eternitie:
Which for the whole Worlds good was fore-decree'd,
With Hope expected long; now come indeed.
And of whose future glory, worth, and merit
Much I could speake with a prophetike spirit.*

The cause of all
such dangers as
fall out during
the distempera-
ture of the ayre.

Thus

Epithalamia.

Thus by my *Muses* deare assistance, finding
The cause of this disturbance, with more minding
My Countries welfare, then my owne content,
And longing to behold this *Tales* euent :
My lonely life I suddenly forooke,
And to the *Court* againe my Iourney tooke.

Meane-while I saw the furious *Windes* were laid ;
The rifings of the swelling *Waters* staid.
The *Winter* gan to change in euey thing,
And seem'd to borrow mildnesse of the *Spring*.
The *Violet* and *Primrose* fresh did grow ;
And as in *Aprill*, trim'd both *Cops* and *rowe*.
The *Citie*, that I left in mourning clad,
Drouping, as if it would haue still beene sad,
I found deckt vp in robes so neat and trimme,
Faure *Iris* would haue look't but stale and dimme
In her best colours, had she there appear'd,
The *Sorrowes* of the *Court* I found well cleer'd,
Their wofull habits quite cast off, and ty'rd
In such a glorious fashion : I admir'd.
All her chiefe *Peeres* and choifest *beauties* to,
In greater pompe, then *Mortals* vse to doe,
Wait as attendants. *Iuno's* come to see ;
Because she heares that this solemnitie
Exceeds faire *Hippodamia's* (where the strife
'Twixt her, *Minerua*, and lame *Vulcans* wife
Did first arise,) and with her leades along
A noble, stately, and a mighty throng.

He noteth the most admirable alteration of the weather a while before these Nuptials.

The glorious preparation, of this solemnitie, the state whereof is here allegorically described.

Venus

Epithalamia.

Venus, (attended with her rareft features,
Sweet louely-smiling, and heart-mouing creatures,
The very faireft *Jewels* of her treafure,
Able to moue the fencels ftones to pleafure.)
Of all her sweeteft *Saints*, hath robd their fhines ;
And brings them for the Courtiers *Valentines*.
Nor doth Dame *Pallas*, from thefe triumphs lurke ;
Her nobleft wits, fhe freely fets on worke.
Of late fhe fummond them vnto this place,
To doe your maskes and *Reuels* better grace.
Here * *Mars* himfelfe to, clad in Armour bright,
Hath fhowne his furie in a bloudeffe fight ;
And both on land and water, fternely drest,
Acted his bloody *Stratagems* in iest :
Which (to the people, frighted by their error,)
With feeming wounds and death did ad more terror,
Besides, to giue the greater caufe of wonder,
Ioue did vouchsafef a ratling peale of thunder :
Comets and *Meteors* by the ftarres exhald,
Were from the *Middle-Region* lately cald ;
And to a place appointed made repaire,
To fhow their fierie Frifcols in the aire,
People innumerable doe refort,
As if all *Europe* here would keepe one Court :
Yea, *Hymen* in his Safferon-coloured weed,
To celebrate his rites is full agreed.
All this I fee : which feeing, makes me borrow
Some of their mirth a while, and lay downe forrow.

And

* Meaning the Sea-fight, and the taking of the Caffe on the water, which was moft artificially performed.

The fier-workes he alludeth to thofe exhalations.

Epithalamia.

And yet not this : but rather the delight
My heart doth take in the much hoped fight
Of these thy glories, long already due ;
And this sweet comfort, that my eyes doe view
Thy happy Bridegroome, *Prince Count Palatine*,
Now thy best friend and truest *Valentine*.
Vpon whose brow, my minde doth reade the storie
Of mightie *fame*, and a true future glorie.
Me thinks I doe foresee already, how
Princes and *Monarchs* at his stirrop bow :
I see him shine in steele ; the bloody fields
Already won, and how his proud *foe* yeelds.
God hath ordaind him happinesse great store :
And yet in nothing is he happy more,
Then in thy loue (*faire Princeesse* :) For (vnlesse
Heauen, like to *Man*, be prone to ficklenesse)
Thy *Fortunes* must be greater in effect,
Then *time* makes show of, or *men* can expect.
Yet, notwithstanding all those goods of *fate*,
Thy *Minde* shall euer be about thy *state* :
For ouer and beside thy proper merit,
Our last *Eliza* grants her Noble spirit
To be re-doubled on thee ; and your *names*
Being both one, shall giue you both one *fames*.
Oh blessed thou ! and they to whom thou giu'ft
The leaue for to be attendants where thou liu'ft :
And haplesse we, that must of force let goe,
The matchlesse treasure we esteeme of so.

But

Epithalamia.

But yet we trust 'tis for our good and thine ;
Or else thou shouldst not change thy *Thame* for *Rhyme*.
We hope that this will the vniting proue
Of *Countries* and of *Nations* by your *loue* :
And that from out your bleffed loynes, shall come
Another terror to the *Whore of Rome* :
And such a stout *Achilles*, as shall make
Her tottering Walls and weake foundation shake :
For *Thetis*-like, thy fortunes doe require,
Thy *Issue* should be greater then his *fire*.
But (*Gracious Princeffe*) now since thus it fares,
And God so well for you and vs prepares :
Since he hath daign'd such honours for to doe you,
And shoune himselfe so fauourable to you :
Since he hath chang'd your forrowes, and your fadnes,
Into such great and vnexpected gladnesse :
Oh now remember you to be at leasure,
Sometime to thinke on him amidst your pleasure :
Let not these glories of the *world* deceaue you,
Nor her vaine fauours of your selfe bereaue you.
Confider yet for all this Iollitie,
Y'are mortall, and must feele mortalitie :
And that God can in midst of all your Ioyes,
Quite dash this pompe, and fill you with annoyes.
Triumphes are fit for *Princes* ; yet we finde
They ought not wholly to take vp the minde,
Nor yet to be let passe ; as things in vaine :
For out of all things, wit will knowledge gaine.

Musique

Epithalamia.

Musique may teach of difference in degree,
The best tun'd *Common-Weales* will framed bee :
And that he moues, and liues with greatest grace,
That vnto *Time* and *Measure* ties his pace.
Then let these things be ^a *Emblemes*, to present
Your minde with a more lasting true content.
When you behold the infinite resort,
The glory and the splendor of the Court ;
What wondrous fauours God doth here bequeath you,
How many hundred thousands are beneath you ;
And view with admiration your great blisse,
Then with your selfe you may imagine this.
'Tis but a *blast*, or *transitory shade*,
Which in the turning of a hand may fade.
Honours, which you your selfe did neuer winne,
And might (had God been pleas'd) anothers binne.
And thinke, if shadowes haue such maiestie,
What are the glories of eternitie ;
Then by this image of a *fight on Sea*,
Wherein you heard the thundring Canons plea ;
And saw flames breaking from their murthering throts,
Which in true skirmish, fling resistlesse shots ;
Your wisdome may (and will no doubt) begin,
To cast what perill a poore *Souldiers* in :
You will conceaue his miseries and cares,
How many dangers, deaths, and wounds he shares :
Then though the most pass't ouer, and neglect them,
That *Rethoricke* will moue you to respect them.

a He declares what use is to be made of these flowes and triumphes, and what meditations the minde may be occupied about, when we behold them.

G g

And

Epithalamia.

And if hereafter, you should hap to see
Such *Mimick Apes* (that Courts disgraces be :)
I meane such Chamber-combatants ; who neuer
Weare other Helmet, then a Hat of *Beuer* :
Or nere board *Pinnacle* but in filken faile ;
And in the steed of boysterous shirts of maile,
Goe arm'd in *Cambrick* : If that such a *Kite*
(I say) should scorne an *Eagle* in your fight ;
Your *wisedome* iudge (by this experience) can,
Which hath most worth, *Hermaphrodite*, or *Man*.
The *nights* strange * prospects, made to feed the eies,
With Artfull fiers, mounted in the skies :
Graced with horred claps of sulphury thunders ;
May make you minde th'Almighties greater wonders.
Nor is there any thing, but you may thence
Reape inward gaine ; as well as please the *Sense*.
But pardon me (*oh fairest*) that am bold,
My heart thus freely, plainly, to vnfold.
What though I know, you knew all this before :
My loue *this* showes, and that is something more.
Doe not my honest seruice here difdaine,
I am a faithfull, though an humble Swaine.
I'me none of those that haue the meanes or place,
With showes of cost to doe your *Nuptials* grace :
But onely master of mine owne desire,
Am hither come with others to admire.
I am not of those *Heliconian* wits ;
Whose pleasing straines the *Courts* knowne humour fits.
But

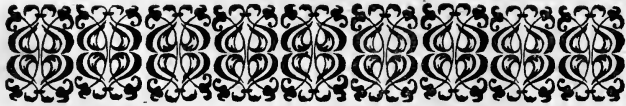
* Fire-
workes.

Epithalamia.

But a poore rurall *Shepherd*, that for need,
Can make sheepe Musique on an *Oaten* reed :
Yet for my *loue* (Ile this be bold to boast)
It is as much to you, as his that's most.
Which, since I no way else can now explaine,
If you'l in midst of all these *glories* daigne,
To lend your eares vnto my *Muse* so long,
She shall declare it in a *Wedding song*.

G g 2

Epitha-



Epithalamion.

The Marriage being on S. Valentines day, the Author shoves it by beginning with the salutation of a supposed Valentine.

*V*alentine, good morrow to thee,
Loue and seruice both I owe thee :
And would waite vpon thy pleasure ;
But I cannot be at leasure :
For, I owe this *day* as debter,
To (a thousand times) thy better.

Hymen now will haue effected
What hath been so long expected :
Thame thy *Mistris*, now vnwedded ;
Soone, must with a *Prince* be bedded.
If thou'lt see her *Virgin* euer,
Come, and doe it now, or neuer.

Where art thou, oh faire *Aurora* ?
Call in *Ver* and Lady *Flora* :
And you daughters of the *Morning*,
In your neat'ft, and feat'ft adorning :
Cleare your fore-heads, and be sprightfull,
That this *day* may feeme delightfull.

All

Epithalamia.

All you *Nymphs* that vse the Mountaines,
Or delight in groues and fountaines ;
Shepheardeesses, you that dally,
Either vpon Hill or Valley :
And you daughters of the *Bower*,
That acknowledge *Vestaes* power.

Oh you sleepe too long ; awake yee,
See how *Time* doth ouertake yee.
Harke, the *Larke* is vp and singeth,
And the house with ecchoes ringeth.
Pretious howers, why neglect yee,
Whil't affaires thus expect yee ?

Come away vpon my blessing,
The *Bride-chamber* lies to dressing :
Strow the wayes with leaues of *Roses*,
Some make *garlands*, some make *poses* :
'Tis a fauour, and't may ioy you,
That your *Mistris* will employ you.

Where's ^a *Sabrina*, with her daughters,
That doe sport about her waters :
Those that with their lockes of *Amber*,
Haunt the fruitfull hills of ^b *Camber* :
We must haue to fill the number,
All the *Nymphs* of *Trent* and *Humber*.

^a Seuerne.

^b Wales.

G g 3

Fic

Epithalamia.

Fie, your haste is scarce sufficing,
For the *Bride's* awake and rising.
Enter beauties, and attend her ;
All your helps and seruice lend her :
With your quaint'ft and new'ft deuifes,
Trim your Lady, faire *Thamisis*.

See ; shee's ready : with *Ioyes* greet her,
Lads, goe bid the *Bride-groome* meet her :
But from rash approach aduise him,
Lest a too much Ioy surprize him,
None I ere knew yet, that dared,
View an *Angell* vnprepared.

Now vnto the *Church* she hies her ;
Ennie bursts, if she espies her :
In her gestures as she paces,
Are vnited all the *Graces* :
Which who sees and hath his senses,
Loues in spight of all defences.

O most true maiestick creature !
Nobles did you note her feature ?
Felt you not an inward motion,
Tempting *Loue* to yeeld deuotion ;
And as you were euen desiring,
Something check you for aspiring ?

That's

Epithalamia.

That's her *Vertue* which still tameth
Loofe defires, and bad thoughts blameth :
For whil't others were vnruely,
She obseru'd *Diana* truly :
And hath by that meanes obtained
Gifts of her that none haue gained.

Yon's the *Bride-groome*, d'yeec not spie him ?
See how all the *Ladies* eye him.
Venus his perfection findeth,
And no more *Adonis* mindeth.
Much of him my heart diuineth :
On whose brow all *Vertue* shineth.

Two such *Creatures Nature* would not
Let one place long keepe : she should not :
One shee'l haue (she cares not whether,)
But our *Loues* can spare her neither.
Therefore ere we'le so be spighted,
They in one shall be vnited.

Natures selfe is well contented,
By that meanes to be preuented.
And behold they are retired,
So conioyn'd, as we desired :
Hand in hand, not onely fixed,
But their hearts, are intermixed.

G g 4

Happy

Epithalamia.

Happy they and we that see it,
For the good of *Europe* be it.
And heare *Heauen* my deuotion,
Make this *Rhine* and *Thame* an *Ocean* :
That it may with might and wonder,
Whelme the pride of ^a *Tyber* vnder.

^a *Tyber* is the River which runneth by Rome.

Now yon ^b *Hall* their persons shroudeth,
Whither all this people croudeth :
There they feasted are with plenty,
Sweet *Ambrosia* is no deinty.
Groomes quaffe *Nectar* ; for theres meeter,
Yea, more costly wines and sweeter.

^b *White-Hall*.

Young men all, for ioy goe ring yee,
And your merriest *Carols* sing yee.
Here's of *Damzels* many choices,
Let them tune their sweetest voyces.
Fet the *Muses* to, to cheare them ;
They can rauish all that heare them.

Ladies, 'tis their *Highnesse* pleasures,
To behold you foot the *Measures* :
Louely gestures addeth graces,
To your bright and *Angell* faces.
Giue your actiue mindes the bridle :
Nothing worfe then to be idle.

Worthies

Epithalamia.

Worthies, your affaires forbear yee,
For the *State* a while may spare yee :
Time was, that you loued sporting,
Haue you quite forgot your Courting ?
Ioy the heart of *Cares* beguileth :
Once a yeere *Apollo* smileth.

*Semel
in an-
no ri-
det
Apol.*

Fellow Shepherds, how I pray you,
Can your *flocks* at this time stay you ?
Let vs also hie vs thither,
Let's lay all our wits together,
And some *Pastorall* inuent them,
That may show the *loue* we ment them.

I my selfe though meanest stated,
And in *Court* now almost hated,
Will knit vp my ^a *Scourge*, and venter
In the midst of them to enter ;
For I know, there's no disdainig,
Where I looke for entertaining.

a Abuses
stript
and
whipt.
He no-
teth the
mildnesse
of the
winter
which,
except-
ing that
the be-
ginning
was very
windy,
was as
tempe-
rate as
the
spring.

See, me thinks the very *season*,
As if capable of Reason,
Hath laine by her natiue rigor,
The faire *Sun-beames* haue more vigor.
They are *Æols* most endeared :
For the *Ayre's* still'd and cleared.

Fawnes

Epithalamia.

Fawnes, and *Lambs* and *Kidds* doe play,
In the honour of this *day* :
The shrill *Black-Bird*, and the *Thrush*
Hops about in euey bush :
And among the tender twigs,
Chaunt their sweet harmonious ijgs.

Most men
are of o-
pinion,
that this
day euey
bird doth
chuse her
mate for
that yeer.

Yea, and mou'd by this example,
They doe make each *Groue* a *temple* :
Where their *time* the best way vsing,
They their *Summer loues* are chusing.
And vnlesse some *Churle* do wrong them,
There's not an od bird among them.

Yet I heard as I was walking,
Groues and hills by *Ecchoes* talking :
Reeds vnto the small brooks whistling,
Whil't they danc't with pretty rufhling.
Then for *vs* to sleepe 'twere pittty ;
Since *dumb creatures* are so witty.

But oh *Titan*, thou dost dally,
Hie thee to thy *Westerne Valley* :
Let this night one hower borrow :
She shall pay't againe to morrow :
And if thou'lt that fauor do them,
Send thy sifter *Phæbe* to them.

But

Epithalamia.

But shee's come her selfe vnasked,
And brings a *Gods* and *Heroes* masked.
None yet saw, or heard in storie,
Such immortall, mortall glorie.
View not, without *preparation* ;
Left you faint in *admiration*.

a By these
he means
the two
Masques,
one of
them be-
ing pre-
sented
by the
Lords, the
other by
the Gen-
try.

Say my *Lords*, and speake truth barely,
Mou'd they not exceeding rarely ?
Did they not such praises merit,
As if *flesh* had all beene *spirit* ?
True indeed, yet I must tell them,
There was *One* did farre excell them.

But (alas) this is ill dealing,
Night vnawares away is stealing :
Their delay the poore *bed* wrongeth,
That for *Bride* with *Bride-groome* longeth :
And about all other places,
Must be blest with their embraces.

Reuellers, then now forbear yee,
And vnto your rests prepare yee :
Let's a while your absence borrow,
Sleep to night, and *dance* to morrow.
We could well allow your Courting :
But 'twill hinder better sporting.

They

Epithalamia.

They are gone, and *Night* all lonely,
Leaves the *Bride* with *Bridegroome* onely.
Muse now tell ; (for thou haft power
To flie thorough wall or tower :)
What contentments their hearts cheareth ;
And how louely she appeareth.

And yet doe not ; tell it no man,
Rare conceits may so grow common :
Doe not to the *Vulgar* show them,
('Tis enough that *thou* dost know them.)
Their ill hearts are but the *Center*,
Where all misconceiuings enter.

But thou *Luna* that dost lightly,
Haunt our downes and forrests nightly :
Thou that fauour'ft generation,
And art helpe to procreation :
See their *issue* thou so cherish,
I may liue to see it flourish.

And you *Planets*, in whose power
Doth consist these liues of our ;
You that teach vs *Diuinations*,
Helpe with all your *Constellations*,
How to frame in *Her*, a creature,
Blest in *Fortune*, *Wit*, and *Feature*.

Laftly,

Epithalamia.

Lastly, oh you *Angels* ward them,
Set your sacred *Spels* to gard them ;
Chafe away such feares or terrors,
As not being, seeme through errors :
Yea, let not a *dreames* molesting,
Make them start when they are resting.

But T H O V chiefly, most adored,
That shouldst onely be implored :
Thou to whom my meaning tendeth,
Whether er'e in shew it bendeth :
Let them rest to night from sorrow,
And awake with ioy to morrow.

Oh, to my *request* be heedfull,
Grant them *that*, and all things needfull.
Let not these my straines of *Folly*,
Make *true prayer* be vnholly :
But if I haue here offended :
Helpe, forgiue, and see it mended.

Daigne me *this*. And if my *Muses*
Hastie issue ; she peruses ;
Make it vnto her seeme gratefull,
Though to all the *World* else hatefull.
But how er'e, yet *Soule* perseuer
Thus to wish her good for euer.

Thus

Epithalamia.

Thus ends the *Day*, together with my Song ;
Oh may the Ioyes thereof continue long !
Let *Heauens* iust, all-feeing, sacred power,
Fauour this happy marriage day of your ;
And bleffe you in your chast embraces so,
We *Britains* may behold before you goe
The hopefull Issue we shall count so deare,
And whom (vnborne) his foes already feare.
Yea, I desire, that all your sorrowes may
Neuer be more, then they haue been to day.
Which hoping ; for acceptance now I fue,
And humbly bid your *Grace* and *Court* adue.
I saw the fight I came for ; which I know
Was more then all, the world beside could show.
But if amongst *Apolloes* Layes, you can
Be pleas'd to lend a gentle eare to *Pan* ;
Or thinke your Country *Shepherd* loues as deare,
As if he were a *Courtier*, or a *Peere* :
Then I, that else must to my *Cell* of paine,
Will ioyfull turne vnto my *flocke* againe :
And there vnto my fellow *shepherds* tell,
Why *you* are lou'd ; wherein *you* doe excell.
And when we driue our *flocks* a field to graze them,
So chaunt your praifes, that it shall amaze them :
And thinke that *Fate* hath new recald from death
Their still-lamented, sweete *Elizabeth*.
For though they see the *Court* but now and then,
They know *desert* as well as *Greater* men :

And

Epithalamia.

And honord *Fame* in them doth liue or die,
As well as in the mouth of *Maieslie*.
But taking granted what I here intreat ;
At heauen for you my *deuotions* beat :
And though I feare, *fate* will not suffer me
To doe you seruice, where your *Fortunes* be :
How ere my skill hath yet despised seem'd,
(And my vnripened wit been misesteem'd :)
When all this costly *Showe* away shall flit,
And not one liue that doth remember it ;
If *Enuies* trouble let not to perseuer ;
I'le find a meanes to make it knowne for euer.

CERTAIN E



CERTAIN E-
PIGRAMS CON-
CERNING MAR-
RIAGE.

Epigram 1.



*Is said; in Marriage aboue all the rest
The children of a King finde comforts least,
Because without respect of Loue or Hate
They must, and oft be, ruled by the State:
But if contented Loue, Religions care,
Equalitie in State, and yeares declare
A happie Match (as I suppose no lesse)
Then rare and great's Elizaes Happinesse.*

Epigram

Epithalamia.

Epigram. 2.

God was the first that Marriage did ordaine,
By making One, Two ; and Two, One againe,

Epigram. 3.

Souldier ; of thee I aske, for thou canst best,
Shauing knowne forrow, iudge of Ioy and Rest :
*What greater blisse, then after all thy harmes,
To haue a wife that's faire, and lawfull thine ;
And lying prison'd 'twixt her Iuory armes,
There tell what thou hast seapt by powers diuine ?
How many round thee thou hast murdered scene ;
How oft thy soule hath bene neere hand expiring,
How many times thy flesh hath wounded been :
Whil' st she thy fortune, and thy worth admiring,
With ioy of health, and pittie of thy paine ;
Doth weepe and kisse, and kisse and weepe againe.*

Epigram. 4.

FAire Helen hauing stain'd her husbands bed,
And mortall hatred 'twixt two Kingdomes bred ;
Had still remaining in her so much good,
That Heroes for her lost their dearest blood :

H h

Then

Epithalamia.

*Then if with all that ill, such worth may last,
Oh what is she worth, that's as faire, and chaste!*

Epigram. 5.

O*ld Orpheus knew a good wiues worth so well,
That when his dy'd, he followed her to hell,
And for her losse, at the Elizean Groue,
He did not onely Ghosts to pittie moue,
But the sad Poet breath'd his sighes so deepe;
'Tis said, the Diuels could not chuse but weepe.*

Epigram. 6.

L*ong did I wonder, and I wonder much,
Romes Church should from her Clergie take that due:
Thought I, why should she that contentment grutch?
What, doth she all with continence indue?
No: But why then are they debar'd that state?
Is she become a foe vnto her owne?
Doth she the members of her body hate?
Or is it for some other cause vnshowne?
Oh yes: they find a womans lips so dainty;
They tye themfelues from one, cause they'l haue twenty.*

Epigram.

Epithalamia.

Epigram. 7.

Women, as some men say, vnconstant be ;
'Tis like enough, and so no doubt are men :
Nay, if their scapes we could so plainely see,
I feare that scarce there will be one for ten.

Men haue but their owne lusts that tempt to ill :
Women haue lusts, and mens allurements to :
Alas, if their strengths cannot curbe their will ;
What should poore women that are weaker do ?
Oh they had need be chaste, and looke about them,
That striue 'gainst lust within, and knaues without *them.*

FINIS.

H h 2



THE
SHEPHERDS
HUNTING:

Being certaine Eglogues written
during the time of the Authors
Imprisonment in the
Marshalsey.

By *George Wither*, Gentleman.



LONDON,
Printed by *T. S.* for *John Budge*, dwelling in *Pauls-*
Church-yard, at the signe of the *Greene*
Dragon, 1622.





To those Honoured, Noble, and
right Vertuous Friends, my Vifitants in the *Marshalsey*:

And to all other my vnknowne Fauourers,
who either priuately, or publikely wifhed
me well in my imprifonment.

Noble Friends; you whose vertues
made me first in loue with Ver-
tue; and whose worths made mee
be thought worthy of your loues: I
haue now at last (you fee) by Gods affiftance,
and your encouragement, run through the Pur-
gatorie of imprifonment; and by the worthy
H h 4 *fauour*

To the Reader.

*fauour of a iust Prince, stand free againe, without the least touch of deiected basenessse. Seeing therefore I was growne beyond my Hope so fortunate (after acknowledgement of my Creators loue, together with the vnequall'd Clemencie of so gracious a Soueraigne) I was troubled to thinke, by what meanes I might expresse my thankfulness to so many well-deseruing friends: No way I found to my desire, neither yet ability to performe when I found it. But at length considering with my selfe what you were (that is) such, who fauour honesty for no second reason, but because you yourselues are good; and ayme at no other reward, but the witnessse of a sound conscience that you doe well, I found, that thankfulnessse would proue the acceptablest present to fute with your dispositions; and that I imagined could be no way better expressed, then in manifesting your courtesies, and giuing consent to your reasonable demaunds. For the first, I
confesse*

To the Reader.

confesse (with thanks to the disposer of all things, and a true gratefull heart towards you) so many were the vnexpected Visitations, and vnhop'd kindnesse receyued, both from some among you of my Acquaintance, and many other vnknowne Well-willers of my Cause, that I was perswaded to entertaine a much better conceit of the Times, then I lately conceyued, and assured my selfe, that Vertue had far more followers then I supposed.

Somewhat it disturbed me to behold our ages Fauourites, whilst they frowned on my honest enterprises, to take vnto their protections the egregious fopperies: yet much more was my contentment, in that I was respected by so many of You, amongst whō there are some, who can and may as much dis-esteeme these, as they neglect me: nor could I feare their Malice or Contempt, whilst I enjoyed your fauours, who (howsoeuer you are vnder-valued by Fooles for a time)
shall

To the Reader.

shall leaue vnto your posterity so noble a memory, that your names shall be reuerenced by Kings, when many of these who now flourish with a shew of vsurped Greatnesse, shall eyther weare out of being, or dispoyled of all their patched reputation, grow contemptible in the eyes of their beloued Mistris the World. Your Loue it is that (enabling me with patience to endure what is already past) hath made me also carefull better to prepare my selfe for all future misaduentures, by bringing to my consideration, what the passion of my iust discontentments had almost quite banished from my remembrance.

Further, to declare my thankfulness, in making apparant my willing minde to be commanded in any seruices of loue, which you shal thinke fit (though I want abilitie to performe great matters) yet I haue according to some of your requests, been contented to giue way to the printing of these Eglogues; which though it to many seeme

To the Reader.

seeme a sleight matter, yet being well considered of, may prouea strong argument of my readinesse to giue you content in a greater matter: for they being (as you well know) begotten with little care, and preserued with lesse respect, gaue sufficient euidence, that I meant (rather then any way to deceiue your trust) to giue the world occasion of calling my discretion in question, as I now assure my selfe this will: and the sooner, because such expectations (I perceiue) there are (of I know not what Inuentions) as would haue been frustrated, though I had employed the vtmost and very best of my endeauours.

Notwithstanding for your sakes, I haue heere aduentured once againe to make tryall of the Worlds censures: and what hath receyued beeing from your Loues, I here re-dedicated to your Worths, which if your noble dispositions will like well of; or if you will but reasonably respect what your selues drew mee vnto, I shall be

To the Reader.

be nothing displeas'd at others cauals, but resting my selfe contented with your good opinions, scorne all the rabble of vncharitable detractors: For none, I know, will maligne it, except those, who eyther particularly malice my person, or professe themselues enemies to my former Bookes; who (sauing those that were incens'd on others speeches) as diuers of you (according to your protestations) haue obserued, are eyther open enemies of our Church; men notoriously guilty of some particular Abuses therein taxt, such malicious Critickes who haue the repute of being iudicious, by detracting from others; or at best, such Guls, as neuer approue any thing good, or learned, but eyther that which their shallow apprehensions can apply to the soothing of their owne opinions, or what (indeed rather) they vnderstand not.

*Trust me, how ill soeuer it hath been rewarded, my loue to my Country is inuiolate: my
thanke-*

To the Reader.

thankfulnesse to you vnfaigned, my endeauour to doe euery man good; all my ayme, content with honestie: and this my paines (if it may be so tearmed) more to auoid idlenesse, then for affectation of praise: and if notwithstanding all this, I must yet not onely rest my selfe content that my innocencie hath escaped with strict imprisonment (to the impayring of my state, and hinderance of my fortunes) but also be constrayned to see my guiltlesse lines, suffer the despight of ill tongues: yet for my further encouragement, let mee intreate the continuance of your first respect, wherein I shall find that comfort as will be sufficient to make mee set light, and so much contemne all the malice of my aduersaries, that readie to burst with the venome of their owne hearts, they shall see

My Minde enamoured on faire *Vertues* light,
Tranfcends the limits of their bleared sight,
And plac'd about their *Envy* doth contemne,
Nay, fit and laugh at, their disdaine, and them.

But

To the Reader.

But Noble Friends, I make question neyther of yours, nor any honest mans respect, and therefore will no further vrge it, nor trouble your patience: onely this Ile say, that you may not think me too well conceited of my selfe; though the Time were to blame, in ill requiting my honest endeauours, which in the eyes of the World deserued better; yet somewhat I am assured there was in me worthy that punishment, which when God shall giue me grace to see and amend, I doubt not but to finde that regard as will be fitting for so much merit as my endeauors may iustly challenge. Meane while, the better to hold my selfe in esteeme with you, and amend the worlds opinion of Vertue, I will study to amend my selfe, that I may be yet more worthy to be called

Your Friend,

GEO: WITHER.



The Shepherds Hunting.

The first Eglogue.



THE ARGUMENT.

Willy leaues his Flocke a while,
To lament his Friends exile ;
Where, though prison'd, he doth finde,
Hee's still free that's free in Minde :
And that there is no defence
Halfe so firme as Innocence.

PHILARETE. WILLIE.

Philarete.



Illy, thou now full *iolly* tun'ft thy *Reedes*,
Making the *Nymphs* enamor'd on thy strains,
And whilst thy harmles flock vnscarred feeds,
Hast the contentment, of hills, groues, & plains :
Trust

The Shepherds Hunting.

Trust me, I *ioy* thou and thy *Muse* so speedes
In such an Age, where so much mischief raignes :
And to my *Care* it some redresse will be,
Fortune hath so much *grace* to smile on thee.

Willy.

To smile on me ? I nere yet knew her smile,
Vnlesse 'twere when she purpos'd to deceiue me ;
Many a *Traine*, and many a *painted Wile*
She casts, in hope of *Freedome* to bereaue me :
Yet now, because she sees I sorne her guile
To fawne on fooles, she for my *Muse* doth leaue me.
And here of late, her wonted *Spite* doth tend,
To worke me *Care*, by frowning on my *friend*.

Philarete.

Why then I see her *Copper-coyne's* no starling,
'Twill not be *currant* still, for all the guilding)
A *Knaue*, or *Foole*, must euer be her *Darling*,
For they haue minds to all occasions yeelding :
If we get any thing by all our parling.
It seemes an *Apple*, but it proues a *Weilding* :
But let that passe : sweet *Shepherd* tell me this,
For what beloued *Friend* thy sorrow is.

Willy.

Art thou, *Philarete*, in durance heere,
And dost thou aske me for what *Friend* I grieue ?
Can I suppose thy loue to me is deere,
Or this thy *ioy* for my *content* believe ?

When

The Shepherds Hunting.

When thou think'ft thy *cares* touch not me as neere :
Or that I pinne thy *Sorrowes* at my fleuee ?

I haue in thee repofed fo much truſt,
I neuer thought, to find thee fo vniuſt.

Philarete.

W I L, why *Willy*? Prethee doe not aſke me why ?
Doth it diminifh any of thy *care*,
That I in freedome maken *melody* ;
And think'ft I cannot as well ſomewhat ſpare
From my *delight*, to mone thy *miſery* ?
'Tis time our *Loues* ſhould theſe ſuſpects forbear :
Thou art that friend, which thou vnnam'd ſhold'ſt know,
And not haue drawne my loue in queſtion ſo.

Philarete.

Forgiue me, and I'le pardon thy miſtake,
And ſo let this thy *gentle-anger* ceaſe,
(I neuer of thy loue will queſtion make)
Whilſt that the number of our dayes encreaſe,
Yet to my ſelfe I much might ſeeme to take,
And ſomething neere vnto preſumption pleaſe :
To thinke me worthy *loue* from ſuch a *ſpirit*,
But that I know thy kindneſſe paſt my merit.

Befides ; me thought thou ſpak'ſt now of a friend,
That ſeem'd more grieuous diſcontents to beare,
Some things I find that doe in ſhew offend,
Which to my Patience little trouble are,

I i

And

The Shepheards Hunting.

And they ere long I hope will haue an end ;
Or though they haue not, much I doe not care :
So this it was, made me that question moue,
And not suspect of honest *Willies* loue.

Willie.

Alas, thou art exiled from thy Flocke,
And quite beyond the *Desarts* here confin'd,
Haft nothing to conuerse with but a *Rocke* ;
Or at least *Out-lawes* in their *Caues* halfe pin'd :
And do'st thou at thy owne mis-fortune mocke,
Making thy selfe to, to thy selfe vnkinde ?
When heretofore we talk't we did imbrace :
But now I scarce can come to see thy face.

Philarete.

Yet all that *Willy*, is not worth thy sorrow,
For I haue *Mirth* here thou would'st not beleue,
From deepest *cares* the highest *iokes* I borrow.
If ought chance out this day, may make me grieue
I'll learne to mend, or scorne it by to morrow.
This barren place yeelds somewhat to relieue :
For, I haue found sufficient to content me,
And more true blisse then euer freedome lent me.

Willie.

Are *Prisons* then growne places of delight ?

Phil-

The Shepherds Hunting.

Philarete.

'Tis as the *conscience* of the *Prisoner* is,
The very *Grates* are able to affright
The guilty Man, that knowes his deedes amisse ;
All outward *Pleasures* are exiled quite,
And it is nothing (of it selfe) but this :
Abhorred loancesse, darkeness, sadnesse, paines,
Num'n-cold, sharpe-hunger, schorching thirst and chaines.

Willie.

And these are nothing? —————

Philarete.

————— Nothing yet to mee.
Onely my friends restraint is all my *paine*.
And since I truely find my *conscience* free
From that my *loanensse* to, I reape some gainc.

Willie.

But grant in this no discontentment be :
It doth thy wished liberty refraine :
And to thy *soule* I thinke there's nothing nearer,
For I could neuer heare thee prize ought dearer.

Philarete.

True, I did euer fet it at a Rate
Too deare for any *Mortals* worth to buy,
'Tis not our greatest *Shepherds* whole estate,
Shall purchase from me, my least *liberty* :

I i 2

But

The Shepherds Hunting.

But I am subiect to the powers of *Fate*,
And to obey them is no *slavery* :

They may doe much, but when they haue done all,
Onely my *body* they may bring in *thrall*.

And 'tis not that (my *Willy*) 'tis my *mind*,
My *mind*'s more precious, freedome I so weigh
A thousand wayes they may my *body* bind,
In thousand *thralls*, but ne're my mind betray :
And thence it is that I *contentment* find,
And beare with *Patience* this my loade away :

I'me still my selfe, and that I'de rather bee,
Then to be Lord of all *these Downes* in fee.

Willie.

Nobly resolu'd, and I doe ioy to hear't,
For 'tis the *minde* of *Man* indeed that's all.
There's nought so hard but a *braue* heart will bear't,
The *guiltlesse men* count great *afflictions* small,
They'le looke on *Death* and *Torment*, yet not fear't,
Because they know 'tis *rising so to fall* :

Tyrants may boast they to much *power* are borne,
Yet he hath more that *Tyrannies* can scorne.

Philarete.

'Tis right, but I no *Tyrannies* endure,
Nor haue I suffered ought worth name of care

Willie.

The Shepherds Hunting.

Willie.

What e're thou'lt call't, thou may'ft, but I am fure,
Many more pine that much leffe pained are :
Thy looke me thinkes doth fay thy meaning's pure
And by this paff I find what thou do'ft dare :
 But I could neuer yet the *reason* know,
 Why thou art lodged in this houfe of wo.

Philarete.

Nor I by *Pan*, nor neuer hope to doe,
But thus it pleafes fome ; and I doe gueffe
Partly a *caufe* that moues them thereunto,
Which neither will auaille me to exprefse,
Nor thee to heare, and therefore let it goe,
We muft not fay, they doe fo that opprefse :
 Yet I fhall ne're to footh *them* or *the times*,
 Iniure my felfe, by bearing others *crimes*.

Willie.

Then now thou maift fpeake freely, there's none heares,
But he, whom I doe hope thou do'ft not doubt.

Philarete.

True : but if *doores* and *walles* haue gotten *cares*,
And *Clofet-whifperings* may be fspread about :
Doe not blame him that in fuch *caufes* feares
What in his *Paflion* he may blunder out :
 In fuch a place, and fuch ftrict *times* as thefe,
 Where what we fpeake is tooke as *others* pleafe.

I i 3

But

The Shepherds Hunting.

But yet to morrow, if thou come this way,
I'le tell thee all my story to the end,
'Tis long, and now I feare thou canst not stay,
Because thy Flocke must wated be and pend,
And *Night* begins to muffle vp the day,
Which to informe thee how alone I spend,
I'le onely sing a sorry *Prisoners Lay*,
I fram'd this *Morne*, which though it suits no fields,
Is such as fits me, and sad *Thraldome* yeelds.

Willie.

Well, I will fet my *Kit* another string,
And play vnto it whil'ft that thou do'ft sing.

Sonnet.

Philarete.



*Now that my body dead-aliue,
Bereau'd of comfort, lies in thrall.
Doe thou my soule begin to thriue,
And vnto Hony, turne this Gall:
So shall we both through outward wo,
The way to inward comfort know.*

*As to the Flesh we food do giue ;
To keepe in vs this Mortall breath :
So, Soules on Meditations liue,
And shunne thereby immortall death :*

Nor

The Shepherds Hunting.

*Nor art thou euer neerer rest,
Then when thou find'st me most opprest.*

*First thinke my Soule ; If I haue Foes
That take a pleasure in my care,
And to procure these outward woes,
Haue thus entrapt me vnaware :
Thou should'st by much more carefull bee,
Since greater foes lay waite for thee.*

*Then when Mew'd vp in grates of Steele,
Minding those ioyes, mine eyes doe misse,
Thou find'st no torment thou do'st feele,
So grieuous as Priuation is :
Muse how the Damn'd in flames that glow,
Pine in the losse of blisse they know.*

*Thou see'st there's giuen so great might
To some that are but clay as I,
Their very anger can affright,
Which, if in any thou espie.
Thus thinke ; If Mortals frownes strike feare,
How dreadfull will Gods wrath appeare ?*

*By my late hopes that now are crost,
Consider those that firmer be :
And make the freedome I haue lost,
A meanes that may remember thee :*

I i 4

Had

The Shepherds Hunting.

*Had Christ, not thy Redeemer bin,
What horrid thrall thou had'st been in.*

*These yron chaines, these bolts of steele,
Which other poore offenders grind,
The wants and cares which they doe feele,
May bring some greater thing to mind :
For by their griefe thou shalt doe well,
To thinke vpon the paines of Hell.*

*Or, when through me thou see'st a Man
Condemn'd vnto a mortall death,
How sad he lookes, how pale, how wan,
Drawing with feare his panting breath :
Thinke, if in that, such griefe thou see,
How sad will, Goe yee curf'd be.*

*Againe, when he that fear'd to Dye
(Past hope) doth see his Pardon brought,
Reade but the ioy that's in his eye,
And then conuey it to thy thought :
There thinke, betwixt thy heart and thee,
How sweet will, Come yee blessed, bee.*

*Thus if thou doe, though clos'd here,
My bondage I shall deeme the lesse,
I neither shall haue cause to feare,
Nor yet bewaile my sad distresse :*

For

The Shepherds Hunting.

*For whether liue, or pine, or dye,
We shall haue blisse eternally.*

Willy.

Trust me I see the *Cage* doth some *Birds* good,
And if they doe not suffer too much wrong,
Will teach them sweeter descants then the wood :
Beleeue't, I like the subiect of thy *Song*,
It shewes thou art in no distempred mood :
But cause to heare the residue I long,
My Sheepe to morrow I will neerer bring,
And spend the day to heare thee talk and sing.

Yet e're we part, *Philarete*, areed,
Of whom thou learnd'st to make such fongs as these,
I neuer yet heard any Shepherds reede
Tune in mishap, a straine that more could please ;
Surely, *Thou* do'st inuoke at this thy neede
Some power, that we neglect in other layes :
For heer's a Name, and words, that but few fwaines
Haue mention'd at their meeting on the Plaines.

Philarete.

Indeed 'tis true ; and they are sore to blame,
They doe so much neglect it in their Songs,
For, thence proceedeth such a worthy fame,
As is not subiect vnto Enuiies wrongs :
That, is the most to be respected *name*
Of our true *Pan*, whose worth fits on all tongues :
And

The Shepherds Hunting.

And what the ancient Shepherds vse to prayfe
In sacred *Anthemes*, vpon Holy-dayes.

Hee that first taught his Muficke such a straine
Was that sweet Shepheard, who (vntill a King)
Kept Sheepe vpon the hony-milky Plaine,
That is inrich't by *Iordans* watering ;
He in his troubles eas'd the bodies paines,
By meafures rais'd to the Soules rauifhing :
And his sweet numbers onely most diuine,
Gauē first the being to this Song of mine.

Willy.

Let his good spirit euer with thee dwell,
That I might heare such Muficke euery day.

Philarete.

Thankes, *Swaine*: but harke, thy *Weather* rings his Bell.
And *Swaines* to fold, or homeward driue away.

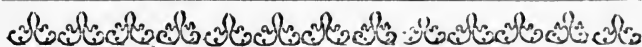
Willy.

And yon goes *Cuddy*, therefore fare thou well :
I'le make his Sheepe for mee a little stay ;
And, if thou thinke it fit, I'le bring him to,
Next morning hither. _____

Philarete.

_____ Prethee, *Willy*, do.

FINIS.



The Shepherds Hunting.

The second Eglogue.

THE ARGUMENT.

Cuddy here relates, how all
Pitty Philarete's thrall.
Who, requested, doth relate
The true cause of his estate;
Which broke off, because 'twas long,
They begin, a three-man-Song.

WILLY. CUDDY. PHILARETE.

Willy.

L O, *Philarete*, thy old friend heere, and I,
Are come to visit thee in these thy Bands,
Whil'st both our Flocks in an *Inclosure* by,
Doe picke the thin grasse from the fallowed lands.
He tels me thy restraint of liberty,
Each one throughout the Country vnderstands:
And there is not a gentle-natur'd *Lad*
On all these *Downes*, but for thy sake is fad.

Cuddy.

The Shepherds Hunting.

Cuddy.

Not thy acquaintance, and thy friends alone,
Pitty thy clofe restraint, as friends should doe :
But some that haue but seene thee, for thee moane :
Yea, many that did neuer see thee to.
Some deeme thee in a fault, and most in none ;
So diuers wayes doe diuers *Rumors* goe
And at all meetings where our *Shepherds* bee,
Now the maine *Newes* that's extant, is of thee.

Philarete.

Why, this is somewhat yet : had I but kept
Sheepe on the *Mountaines*, till the day of doome,
My *name* should in obscuritie haue slept
In *Brakes*, in *Briars*, *shrubbed Furze* and *Broome*.
Into the Worlds wide eare it had not crept,
Nor in so many mens thoughts found a roome :
But what cause of my sufferings doe they know ?
Good *Cuddy*, tell me, how doth *rumour* goe ?

Cuddy.

Faith 'tis vncertaine ; some speake this, some that :
Some dare say nought, yet seeme to thinke a cause,
And many a one prating he knowes not what ;
Comes out with *Prouerbes* and *old ancient sawes*,
As if he thought thee guiltlesse, and yet not :
Then doth he speake halfe *Sentences*, then pawse :
That what the most would say, we may suppose ;
But, what to say, the *Rumour* is, none knowes.

Philarete.

The Shepherds Hunting.

Philarete.

Nor care I greatly ; for, it skills not much,
What the vnsteady common-people deemes,
His *Conscience* doth not alwaies feele leaft touch,
That blameleffe in the fight of others seemes :
My caufe is honest, and because 'tis fuch,
I hold it so, and not for mens esteemes :
If they speake iustly well of mee, I'me glad ;
If falsely euill, it ne're makes me sad.

Willy.

I like that mind : but, *Shepherd*, you are quite
Beside the matter that I long to heare :
Remember what you promis'd yester-night,
You'd put vs off with other talke, I feare ;
Thou know'ft that honest *Cuddies* heart's vpright,
And none but he, except my selfe, is neere :
Come therefore, and betwixt vs two relate,
The true occasion of thy present state.

Philarete.

My Friends I will ; You know I am a *Swaine*,
That kept a poore Flocke on a barren *Plaine* :
Who though it seemes, I could doe nothing leffe,
Can make a *Song*, and woe a *Shepheardesse*.
And not alone the fairest where I liue,
Haue heard me sing, and fauours daign'd to giue :
But, though I say't, the *noblest Nymph* of *Thame*,
Hath grac'd my *Verse*, vnto my greater fame.

Yet,

The Shepherds Hunting.

Yet, being young, and not much seeking prayfe,
I was not noted out for *Shepherds layes* :
Nor feeding Flocks, as, you know, others be :
For the delight that most possessed me
Was hunting *Foxes, Wolues, and Beasts of Prey* :
That spoyle our *Foulds*, and beare our *Lambs* away.
For this, as also for the loue I beare
Vnto my *Country*, I laid-by all *care*
Of *gaine*, or of *preferment*, with *desire*
Onely to keepe that state I had entire.
And like a true growne *Huntsman* sought to speed
My selfe with *Hounds* of rare and choycest breed,
Whose *Names* and *Natures* ere I further goe,
Because you are my friends I'lle let you know.
My first esteemed Dogge that I did finde,
Was by *descent* of olde *Acleons* kinde ;
A *Brache*, which if I doe not aime amisse,
For all the world is iust like one of his :
She's named *Loue*, and scarce yet knowes her duty ;
Her Damme's my Ladies pretty *Beagle, Beauty*.
I bred her vp my selfe with wondrous charge,
Vntill she grew to be exceeding large,
And waxt so wanton, that I did abhorre it,
And put her out amongst my neighbours for it.
The next is *Lust*, a Hound that's kept abroad
Mongst some of mine acquaintance, but a Toad
Is not more loathsome : 'tis a Curre will range
Extreamely, and is euer full of mange :

And

The Shepherds Hunting.

And cause it is infectious, she's not wunt
To come among the rest, but when they hunt.
Hate is the third, a Hound both deepe and long :
His *Sire* is *True*, or else supposed *Wrong*.
He'le haue a snap at all that passe him by,
And yet pursues his game most eagerly.
With him goes *Enuie* coupled, a leane Curre,
And yet she'le hold out, hunt we ne're so farre :
She pineth much, and feedeth little to,
Yet stands and snarleth at the rest that doe.
Then there's *Reuenge*, a wondrous deep-mouth'd dog,
So fleet, I'me faine to hunt him with a clog,
Yet many times he'le much out-strip his bounds,
And hunts not clofely with the other Hounds :
He'le venter on a *Lyon* in his *ire* ;
Curst *Choller* was his *Damme*, and *Wrong* his *Sire*.
This *Choller*, is a *Brache*, that's very old,
And spends her mouth too-much to haue it hold :
She's very teasty ; an vnpleasing Curre,
That bites the very Stones, if they but sturre :
Or when that ought but her displeasure moues,
She'le bite and snap at any one she loues.
But my quicke scented'ft Dogge is *Iaelousie*,
The truest of this breede's in *Italie*.
The *Damme* of mine would hardly fill a Gloue,
It was a *Ladies* little Dogge, cal'd *Loue* :
The *Sire* a poore deformed Curre, nam'd *Feare* ;
As shagged and as rough as is a *Beare* :

And

The Shepherds Hunting.

And yet the Whelpe turn'd after neither kinde,
For he is very large, and nere-hand blinde.
Farre-off, hee seemeth of a pretty culler,
But doth not proue so, when you view him fuller.
A vile fuspitious Beast ; whose lookes are bad,
And I doe feare in time he will grow mad.
To him I couple *Auarice*, still poore ;
Yet shee deuoures as much as twenty more :
A thousand Horfe shee in her paunch can put,
Yet whine, as if she had an emptie gut ;
And hauing gorg'd what might a Land haue found,
Shee'le catch for more, and, hide it in the ground.
Ambition is a Hound as greedy full ;
But hee for all the daintiest bits doth cull :
Hee scornes to licke vp Crumbs beneath the Table,
Hee'le fetch't from boards and shelues, if he be able :
Nay, hee can climbe, if neede be ; and for that
With him I hunt the *Martine*, and the *Cat* :
And yet sometimes in mounting, hee's so quicke,
Hee fetches falls, are like to breake his necke.
Feare is wel-mouth'd, but subiect to *Distrust* ;
A Stranger cannot make him take a Cruft :
A little thing will soone his courage quaile,
And 'twixt his legges hee euer claps his Taile.
With him, *Despaire*, now, often coupled goes,
Which by his roring mouth each *hunts-man* knowes.
None hath a better minde vnto the game ;
But hee giues off, and alwaies seemeth lame.

My

The Shepherds Hunting.

My bloud-hound *Cruelty*, as swift as wind,
Hunts to the death, and neuer comes behind ;
Who, but she's strapt, and musled to, withall,
Would eate her fellowes and the prey and all.
And yet, she cares not much for any food ;
Vnlesse it be the purest harmeleffe blood.

All these are kept abroad at charge of meny,
They doe not cost me in a yeare a penny.
But there's two couple of a midling size,
That seldome passe the sight of my owne eyes.
Hope, on whose head I'ue laid my life to pawne ;
Compassion, that on euery one will fawne.
This would, when 'twas a whelp, with *Rabets* play
Or *Lambes*, and let them goe vnhurt away :
Nay, now she is of growth, shee'le now and then
Catch you a *Hare*, and let her goe agen.
The two last, *Joy*, and *Sorrow* ; make me wonder,
For they can ne're agree, nor bide afunder.
Joy's euer wanton, and no order knowes,
She'le run at *Larkes*, or stand and barke at *Crowes*.
Sorrow goes by her, and ne're moues his eye :
Yet both doe serue to helpe make vp the cry :
Then comes behinde all these to beare the base,
Two couple more of a farre larger Race,
Such wide-mouth'd *Trollops*, that 'twould doe you good,
To heare their loud-loud *Ecchoes* teare the Wood :
There's *Vanity*, who by her gaudy *Hide*,
May farre away from all the rest be spide,

K k

Though

The Shepherds Hunting.

Though huge, yet quicke, for she's now here, now there ;
Nay, looke about you, and she's euery where :
Yet euer with the rest, and still in chace,
Right so, *Inconstancie* fills euery place ;
And yet so strange a fickle natur'd Hound,
Looke for her, and she's no where to be found.
Weakenesse is no faire Dogge vnto the eye,
And yet she hath her proper qualitie.
But there's *Presumption*, when he heat hath got,
He drownes the *Thunder*, and the *Cannon-shot* :
And when at Start, he his full roaring makes,
The Earth doth tremble, and the Heauen shakes :
These were my Dogs, ten couple iust in all,
Whom by the name of *Satyres* I doe call :
Mad Curs they be, and I can ne're come nigh them,
But I'me in danger to be bitten by them.
Much paines I tooke, and spent dayes not a few,
To make them keepe together, and hunt true :
Which yet I doe suppose had neuer bin,
But that I had a *Scourge* to keepe them in.
Now when that I this Kennell first had got,
Out of mine owne Demeanes I hunted not,
Saue on these Downes, or among yonder *Rocks*,
After those beafts that spoyl'd our Parish Flockes :
Nor during that time, was I euer wont,
With all my Kennell in one day to hunt :
Nor had done yet, but that this other yeere,
Some Beafts of *Prey* that haunt the *Deserts* heere,

Did

The Shepherds Hunting.

Did not alone for many *Nights* together
Deuoure, fometime a *Lambe*, fometime a *Weather* :
And so difquiet many a poore mans Heard,
But thereof loofing all were much afeard.
Yea, I among the reft, did fare as bad,
Or rather worfe ; for the beft * *Ewes* I had, * *Hopes*.
(Whofe breed fhould be my meanes of life and gaine,
Were in one Euening by thefe *Monfters* flaine :
Which mifchiefe I refolued to repay,
Or elfe grow desperate and hunt all away.
For in a furie fuch as you fhall fee
Hunts-men, in miffing of their fport will be)
I vow'd a *Monfter* fhould not lurke about
In all this *Prouince*, but I'de finde him out.
And thereupon without refpect or *care*,
How *lame*, how *full*, or how *vufit* they were,
In haft vnkennell'd all my roaring crew,
Who were as mad, as if my mind they knew ;
And e're they trail'd a flight-fhot, the fierce Curres,
Had rous'd a *Hart*, and through *Brakes*, *Bryars*, and *Furres*
Follow'd at gaze fo clofe, that *Loue* and *Feare*
Got in together, and had furely, there
Quite ouerthrowne him, but that *Hope* thruft in
'Twixt both, and fau'd the pinching of his skin.
Whereby he fcap't, till courfing ouerthwart,
Defpaire came in, and grip't him to the hart.
I hallowed in the refdue to the fall,
And for an entrance, there I flefh't them all :

K k 2

Which

The Shepherds Hunting.

Which hauing done, I dip'd my staffe in blood
And onward led my *Thunder* to the Wood ;
Where what they did, I'le tell you out anon,
My keeper calles me, and I must be gon.
Goe, if you please a while, attend your Flocks,
And when the *Sunne* is ouer yonder Rocks,
Come to this *Caue* againe, where I will be,
If that my *Gardian*, so much fauour me.
Yet if you please, let vs three sing a straine,
Before you turne your sheepe into the Plaine.

Willie.

I am content.—————

Cuddy.

—————As well content am I.

Philarete.

Then *Will* begin, and wee'le the rest supply.

Song.

Willie.

*S*hepherd, would these Gates were ope,
Thou might'st take with vs thy fortunes.

Phil.

The Shepherds Hunting.

Philarete.

*No, I'll make this narrow scope,
(Since my Fate doth so importune)
Meanes unto a wider Hope.*

Cuddy.

*Would thy Shepheardesse were here,
Who belou'd, loues so dearely?*

Philarete.

*Not for both your Flocks, I sweare,
And the gaine they yeeld you yeerely,
Would I so much wrong my Deare.*

*Yct, to me, nor to this Place,
Would she now be long a stranger :
She would hold it in disgrace,
(If she fear'd not more my danger)
Where I am to shew her face.*

Willie.

*Shepherd, we would wish no harmes,
But something that might content thee.*

Philarete.

*Wish me then within her armes ;
And that wish will ne're repent me,
If your wishes might proue charmes.*

K k 3

Willie.

The Shepherds Hunting.

Willie.

*Be thy Prison her embrace,
Be thy ayre her sweetest breathing.*

Cuddy.

*Be thy prospect her sweet Face,
For each looke a kisse bequeathing,
And appoint thy selfe the place.*

Philarete.

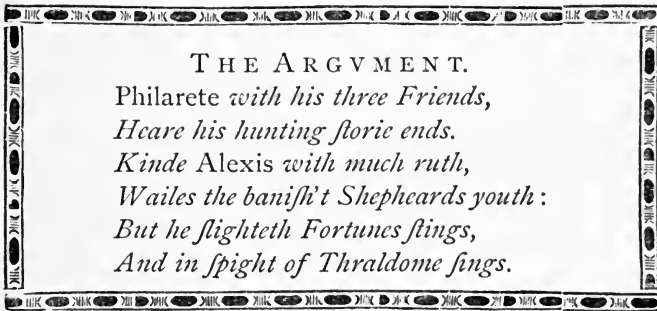
*Nay pray, hold there, for I should scantly then,
Come meete you here this afternoone agen :
But fare you well, since wishes haue no power,
Let vs depart and keepe the pointed houre.*

The



The Shepherds Hunting.

The third Eglogue.



PHILARETE. CUDDY. ALEXIS. WILLY.

Philarete.

SO, now I see y'are *Shepherds* of your word,
Thus were you wont to promise, and to doe.

Cuddy.

More then our promise is, we can afford,
We come our selues, and bring another to :
Alexis, whom thou know'ft well is no foe :

K k 4

Who

The Shepherds Hunting.

Who loues thee much : and I doe know that he
Would faine a hearer of thy Hunting be.

Philarete.

Alexis you are welcome, for you know
You cannot be but welcome where I am ;
You euer were a friend of mine in fhow,
And I haue found you are indeed the fame :
Vpon my firft restraint you hither came,
And proffered me more tokens of your loue,
Then it were fit my fmall deferts fhould proue.

Alexis.

'Tis ftill your vfe to vnderprife your merit ;
Be not fo coy to take my proffered loue,
'Twill neither vnbefeeme your *worth* nor *spirit*.
To offer court'fie doth thy friend behoue :
And which are fo, this is a place to proue.
Then once againe I fay, if *caufe* there be.
Firft make a *tryall*, if thou please, of me.

Philarete.

Thankes good *Alexis* ; fit downe by me heere,
I haue a taske, thefe *Shepherds* know, to doe ;
A *Tale* already told this Morne well neere,
With which I very faine would forward goe,
And am as willing thou fhould'ft heare it to :
But thou canst neuer vnderftand this laft,
Till I haue alfo told thee what is paf.

Willie.

The Shepherds Hunting.

Willy.

It shall not neede, for I so much prefum'd,
I on your mutuall friendships, might be bold,
That I a freedome to my selfe affum'd,
To make him know, what is already told.
If I haue done amisse, then you may scold.
But in my telling I preuifed this,
He knew not whose, nor to what end it is.

Philarete.

Well, now he may, for heere my Tale goes on :
My eager Dogges and I to Wood are gon.
Where, beating through the *Conuertts*, euery Hound
A feuerall *Game* had in a moment found :
I rated them, but they purfu'd their pray,
And as it fell (by hap) tooke all one way.
Then I began with quicker speed to follow,
And teaz'd them on, with a more chearefull hallow :
That soone we passed many weary miles,
Tracing the subtile game through all their wiles.
These doubl'd, those re-doubled on the scent,
Still keeping in full chafe where ere they went.
Vp *Hils*, downe *Cliffes*, through *Bogs*, and ouer *Plaines*,
Stretching their *Musicke* to the highest straines.
That when some Thicket hid them from mine eye,
My eare was rauish'd with their melodie.
Nor croft we onely Ditches, Hedges, Furrowes,
But Hamlets, Tithings, Parishes, and Burrowes :
They

The Shepherds Hunting.

They followed where so eu'r the game did go,
Through Kitchin, Parlor, Hall, and Chamber to.
And, as they pass'd the *City*, and the *Court*,
My *Prince* look'd out, and daign'd to view my sport.
Which then (although I suffer for it now)
(If some say true) he liking did allow ;
And so much (had I had but wit to stay)
I might my selfe (perhaps) haue heard him say.
But I, that time, as much as any daring,
More for my pleasure then my safetie caring ;
Seeing fresh game from euery couert rife,
(Crossing by thousands still before their eyes)
Rush'd in, and then following clofe my *Hounds*,
Some beafts I found lie dead, some full of wounds,
Among the willows, scarce with strength to moue,
One I found heere, another there, whom *Loue*
Had grip'd to death : and, in the selfe-same state,
Lay one deuour'd by *Envy*, one by *Hate* ;
Lust had bit some, but I soone past beside them,
Their festr'd wounds so stuncke, none could abide them.
Choller hurt diuers, but *Reuenge* kild more :
Feare frighted all, behinde him and before.
Despaire draue on a huge and mighty heape,
Forcing some downe from *Rocks* and *Hils* to leape :
Some into water, some into the fire,
So on themselues he made them wreake his *ire*.
But I remember, as I pass'd that way,
Where the great *King* and *Prince* of *Shepherds* lay,
About

The Shepherds Hunting.

About the wals were hid, some (once more knowne)
That my fell Curre *Ambition* had o'rethrowne :
Many I heard, pursu'd by *Pitty*, cry ;
And oft I saw my *Bloud-Hound*, *Cruelty*,
Eating her passage euen to the hart,
Whither once gotten, she is loath to part.
All plid it well, and made so loud a cry,
'Twas heard beyond the Shores of *Britany*.
Some rated them, some storm'd, some lik'd the *game*,
Some thought *me worthy praise*, some *worthy blame*.
But I, not fearing th'one, mis-steeming t'other,
Both, in shrill hallowes and loud yernings smother.
Yea, the strong mettled, and my long-breath'd crew,
Seeing the *game* increasing in their view,
Grew the more frolicke, and the courses length
Gave better breath, and added to their strength.
Which *Ioue* perceiuing, for *Ioue* heard their cries
Rumbling amongst the *Spheares concavities* :
Hee mark'd their *course*, and *courages* increase,
Saying, 'twere pittie such a chase should cease.
And therewith swore their mouthes should neuer waft,
But hunt as long's mortality did last.
Soone did they feele the power of his great gift,
And I began to finde their pace more swift :
I follow'd, and I rated, but in vaine
Striu'd to o'retake, or take them vp againe.
They neuer stayed since, nor nights nor dayes,
But to and fro still run a thousand wayes :

Yca,

The Shepherds Hunting.

Yea, often to this place where now I lie,
They'l wheele about to cheare me with their cry ;
And one day in good time will vengeance take
On some offenders, for their Masters fake :
For know, my Friends, my freedome in this fort
For them I lose, and making my selfe sport.

Willy.

Why ? was there any harme at all in this ?

Philarete.

No, *Willy*, and I hope yet none there is.

Willy.

How comes it then ?

Philarete.

—————Note, and I'le tell the how ?

Thou know'ft that *Truth* and *Innocency* now,
If plac'd with meanneffe, suffers more despight
Then *Villainies*, accompan'ed with might.
But thus it fell, while that my *Hounds* purfu'd
Their noysome prey, and euery field laid strew'd
With *Monsters*, hurt and slaine ; vpon a beast,
More subtile, and more noysome then the rest,
My leane-flanckt Bitch, cald *Envy*, hapt to light :
And, as her wont is, did so furely bite,
That, though shee left behinde small outward smart,
The wounds were deepe, and rankled to the hart.
This, joyning to some other, that of late,
Were very egerly purfu'd by *Hate*,

(To

The Shepherds Hunting.

(To fit their purpose hauing taken leasure)
Did thus conspire to worke me a displeasure.
For imitation, farre surpassing *Apes*,
They laide aside their *Foxe* and *Woluiſt ſhapes*,
And throwded in the skinnes of harmleſſe Sheepe
Into by-wayes, and open paths did creepe ;
Where, they (as hardly drawing breath) did ly,
Shewing their wounds to euery paſſer by ;
To make them thinke that they were ſheepe ſo foyl'd,
And by my Dogges, in their late hunting, ſpoyl'd.
Befide, ſome other that enuy'd my game,
And, for their paſtime, kept ſuch *Monſters* tame :
As, you doe know, there's many for their pleaſure
Keepe Foxes, Beares, & Wolues, as ſome great treaſure :
Yea, many get their liuing by them to,
And ſo did ſtore of theſe, I ſpeake of, do.
Who, ſeeing that my *Kennell* had affrighted,
Or hurt ſome *Vermine* wherein they delighted ;
And finding their owne power by much to weake,
Their *Malice* on my *Innocence* to wreake,
Swolne with the deepeſt rancour of deſpight,
Some of our greateſt *Shepherds* Folds by night
They cloſely entred ; and there hauing ſtain'd
Their hands in *villany*, of mee they plain'd,
Affirming, (without *ſhame*, or *honeſty*,)
I, and my Dogges, had done it purpoſely.
Whereat they ſtorm'd, and cald mee to a *tryall*,
Where *Innocence* preuailes not, nor *denyall* :

But

The Shepherds Hunting.

But for that *cause*, heere in this place I lie,
Where none fo merry as my dogges, and I.

Cuddy.

Beleeue it, heere's a *Tale* will futen well,
For *Shepherds* in another *Age* to tell.

Willy.

And thou shalt be remembered with delight,
By this, hereafter, many a *Winters night*.
For, of this sport another *Age* will ring ;
Yea, *Nymphes* that are vnborne thereof shall sing,
And not a *Beauty* on our *Greenes* shall play,
That hath not heard of this thy hunting day.

Philarete.

It may be so, for if that gentle *Swaine*,
Who wonnes by *Tauy*, on the *Westerne plaine*,
Would make the *Song*, such life his *Verse* can giue,
Then I doe know my *Name* might euer liue.

Alexis.

But tell me ; are our *Plaines* and *Nymphs* forgot,
And canst thou frolicke in thy trouble be ?

Philarete.

Can I, *Alexis*, sayst thou ? Can I not,
That am refolu'd to scorne more mifery ?

Alexis.

The Shepherds Hunting.

Alexis.

Oh, but that youth's yet greene, and young bloud hot,
And *liberty* must needs be sweet to thee.
But, now most sweet whil't euery bushy *Vale*,
And *Groue*, and *Hill*, rings of the *Nightingale*.

Me thinkes, when thou remembreth those *sweet layes*
Which thou would'ft leade thy *Shepherdesse* to heare,
Each Euening tyde among the *Leauy sprays*,
The thought of that should make thy freedome deare :
For now, whil't euery *Nymph* on *Holy-dayes*
Sports with some *iolly Lad*, and maketh cheere,
Thine, sighes for thee, and mew'd vp from resort,
Will neither play her selfe, nor see their sport.

Those *Shepherds* that were many a Morning wont,
Vnto their Boyes to leaue the tender *Heard* ;
And beare thee company when thou didst hunt ;
Me thinkes the sport thou hast so gladly shar'd
Among those *Swaynes* should make thee thinke vpon't,
For't seemes all vaine, now, that was once indear'd.
It cannot be : since I could make relation,
How for lesse *cause* thou hast beene deepe in *passion*.

Philarete.

'Tis true : my tender heart was euer yet
Too capable of such conceits as these ;
I neuer saw that *Obiect*, but from it,
The *Passions* of my *Loue* I could encrease.

Those

The Shepherds Hunting.

Those things which moue not other men a whit,
I can, and doe make vse of, if I please :
When I am sad, to sadnesse I apply,
Each *Bird*, and *Tree*, and *Flowre* that I passe by.

So, when I will be merry, I aswell
Something for mirth from euery thing can draw,
From *Miserie*, from *Prisons*, nay from *Hell* :
And as when to my *minde*, *griefe* giues a flaw,
Best comforts doe but make my woes more fell :
So when I'm bent to *Mirth*, from mischiefes paw.
(Though ceas'd vpon me) I would something cull,
That spight of *care*, should make my *iokes* more full.

I feele those wants, *Alexis*, thou doest name,
Which spight of youths affections I sustaine ;
Or else, for what is't I haue gotten *Fame*,
And am more knowne then many an *elder Swaine* ?
If such desires I had not learn'd to tame,
(Since many pipe much better on this *Plaine* :)
But tune your *Reedes*, and I will in a *Song*,
Expresse my *Care*, and how I take this *Wrong*.

Sonnet.

I *That ere'st-while the worlds sweet Ayre did draw,*
(*Grac'd by the fairest euer Mortall saw ;*)

Now

The Shepherds Hunting.

*Now closely pent, with walles of Ruth-lesse stone,
Consume my Dayes, and Nights and all alone.*

*When I was wont to sing of Shepherds loues,
My walkes were Fields, and Downes, and Hills, and Groues:
But now (alas) so strict is my hard doome,
Fields, Downes, Hills, Groues, and al's but one poore roome.*

*Each Morne, as soone as Day-light did appeare,
With Natures Musicke Birds would charme mine eare:
Which now (instead) of their melodious straines,
Heare, rattling Shackles, Gyues, and Boults, and Chaines.*

*But, though that all the world's delight forsake me,
I haue a Muse, and she shall Musicke make me:
Whose ayrie Notes, in spight of closest cages,
Shall giue content to me, and after ages.*

*Nor doe I passe for all this outward ill,
My hearts the same, and vndeiected still;
And which is more then some in freedome winne,
I haue true rest, and peace, and ioy within.*

*And then my Mind, that spight of prison's free,
When ere she pleaseth any where can be;
Shee's in an houre, in France, Rome, Turkey, Spaine,
In Earth, in Hell, in Heauen, and here againe.*

L 1

Yet

The Shepherds Hunting.

*Yet there's another comfort in my woe,
My cause is spread, and all the world may know,
My fault's no more, but speaking Truth, and Reason ;
No Debt, nor Theft, nor Murther, Rape, or Treason.*

*Nor shall my foes with all their Might and Power,
Wipe out their shame, nor yet this fame of our :
Which when they finde, they shall my fate enuie,
Till they grow leane, and sicke, and mad, and die.*

*Then though my Body here in Prison rot,
And my wrong'd Satyres seeme a while forgot :
Yet, when both Fame, and life hath left those men,
My Verse and I'le reuiue, and liue agen.*

*So thus enclos'd, I beare afflictions load,
But with more true content then some abroad ;
For whilst their thoughts, doe feele my Scourges sting,
In bands I'le leape, and dance, and laugh, and sing.*

Alexis.

Why now I see thou droup'ft not with thy care,
Neither exclaim'ft thou on thy hunting day ;
But dost with vnchang'd resolution beare,
The heauy burthen of exile away.
All that did truely know thee, did conceaue,
Thy actions with thy spirit still agree'd ;
Their good conceit thou doest no whit bereaue,
But shewest that thou art still thy selfe indeed.

If

The Shepherds Hunting.

If that thy mind to baseness now descends,
Thou'lt iniure *Vertue*, and deceiue thy friends.

Willie.

Alexis, he will iniure *Vertue* much,
But more his friends, and most of all himselfe,
If on that common barre his minde but touch,
It wrackes his fame vpon disgraces shelve.
Whereas if thou steere on that happy course,
Which in thy iust aduventure is begun ;
No thwarting Tide, nor aduerse blast shall force
Thy *Barke* without the *Channels* bounds to run.
Thou art the same thou wert, for ought I see,
When thou didst freely on the Mountaines hunt,
In nothing changed yet, vnlesse it be
More merrily dispos'd then thou wert wont.
Still keepe thee thus, so other shall know,
Vertue can giue content in midst of woe.
And she (though *mightines* with frownes doth threat)
That, to be *Innocent*, is to be *great*,
Thriue and farewell.—————

Alexis.

—————In this thy trouble flourish.

Cuddy.

While those that wish thee ill, fret, pine, and perish.

L 1 z

The



The Shepherds Hunting.

The fourth Eglogue.

THE ARGUMENT.

Philaret on Willy calls,
To sing out his Pastorals :
Warrants Fame shall grace his Rimes,
Spight of Enuy and the Times ;
And shewes how in care he vses,
To take comfort from his Muses.

PHILARETE. WILLIE.

Philarete.

PRethee, *Willy* tell me this,
What new accident there is,
That thou (once the blythest Lad)
Art become so wondrous sad ?
And so carelesse of thy quill,
As if thou had'ft lost thy skill ?
Thou wert wont to charme thy flocks,
And among the maffy rocks

Haft

The Shepherds Hunting.

Haft fo chear'd me with thy Song,
That I haue forgot my wrong.
Something hath thee surely croft,
That thy old want thou haft loft.
Tell me : Haue I ought mis-faid
That hath made thee ill-apaid ?
Hath some Churle done thee a spight ?
Dost thou misse a Lambe to night ?
Frowns thy fairest *Shepherds* Lasse ?
Or how comes this ill to passe ?
Is there any discontent
Worse then this my banishment ?

Willie.

Why, doth that so euill seeme
That thou nothing worst dost deeme ?
Shepherds, there full many be,
That will change *Contents* with thee.
Those that choose their Walkes at will,
On the Valley or the Hill.
Or those pleasures boast of can,
Groues or Fields may yeeld to man :
Neuer come to know the rest,
Wherewithall thy minde is blest.
Many a one that oft resorts
To make vp the troope at sports.
And in company some while,
Happens to straine forth a smile.

L 1 3

Feeles

The Shepherds Hunting.

Feeles more want, and outward smart,
And more inward grieffe of hart
Then this place can bring to thee,
While thy mind remaineth free.
Thou bewail'ft my want of mirth,
But what find'ft thou in this earth,
Wherein ought may be beleeu'd
Worth to make me Ioy'd ; or grieu'd ?
And yet feele I (naitheleffe)
Part of both I muft confesse.
Sometime, I of mirth doe borrow,
Otherwhile as much of forrow ;
But, my present state is such,
As, nor Ioy, nor grieuie I much.

Philarete.

Why, hath *Willy* then so long
Thus forborne his wonted Song ?
Wherefore doth he now let fall,
His well-tuned *Pastorall* ?
And my cares that musike barre,
Which I more long after farre,
Then the liberty I want.

Willy.

That, were very much to grant,
But, doth this hold alway lad,
Those that sing not, must be sad ?

Did'ft

The Shepherds Hunting.

Did'st thou euer that Bird heare
Sing well ; that fings all the yeare ?
Tom the *Piper* doth not play
Till he weares his Pipe away :
There's a time to flacke the string,
And a time to leaue to fing.

Philarete.

Yea ; but no man now is still,
That can fing, or tune a quill.
Now to chant it, were but reason ;
Song and *Musicke* are in feason.
Now in this sweet iolly tide,
Is the earth in all her pride :
The faire Lady of the *May*
Trim'd vp in her best array ;
Hath inuited all the Swaines,
With the Lasses of the Plaines.
To attend vpon her sport
At the places of resort.
Coridon (with his bould Rout)
Hath alreedy been about
For the elder Shepherds dole,
And fetch'd in the *Summer-Pole* :
Whil'ft the rest haue built a *Bower*,
To defend them from a shower ;
Seil'd so clofe, with boughes all greene,
Tytan cannot pry betweene.

L 1 4

Now

The Shepherds Hunting.

Now the *Dayrie-Wenches* dreame
Of their Strawberries and Creame :
And each doth her selfe aduance
To be taken in, to dance :
Euery one that knowes to sing,
Fits him for his Carrolling :
So do those that hope for meede,
Either by the Pipe or Reede :
And though I am kept away,
I doe heare (this very day)
Many learned Groomes doe wend,
For the Garlands to contend.
Which a Nimph that hight *Defart*,
(Long a stranger in this part).
With her own faire hand hath wrought
A rare worke (they fay) past thought,
As appeareth by the name,
For she cals them *Wreathes of Fame*.
She hath fet in their due place
Eu'ry flowre that may grace ;
And among a thousand moe,
(Whereof some but serue for shew)
She hath woue in *Daphnes* tree,
That they may not blasted be.
Which with *Time* she edg'd about,
Least the worke should rauell out.
And that it might wither neuer,
I intermixt it with *Liue-auer*.

Thefe

The Shepherds Hunting.

These are to be shar'd among,
Those that doe excell for song :
Or their passions can rehearse
In the smooth't and sweetest verse.
Then, for those among the rest,
That can play and pipe the best.
There's a Kidling with the Damme,
A fat Weather, and a Lambe.
And for those that leapen far,
Wrastle, Runne, and throw the Barre,
There's appointed guerdons to.
He, that best, the first can doe,
Shall, for his reward, be paid,
With a *Sheep-hooke*, faire in-laid
With fine Bone, of a strange Beast
That men bring out of the West.
For the next, a *Scrip* of red,
Tassel'd with fine coloured Thred,
There's prepared for their meed,
That in running make most speede,
(Or the cunning Measures foote)
Cups of turned *Maple-roote* :
Whereupon the skilfull man
Hath ingrau'd the *Loues* of *Pan* :
And the last hath for his due,
A fine Napkin wrought with blew.
Then, my *Willy*, why art thou
Carelesse of thy merit now ?

What

The Shepherds Hunting.

What doft thou heere, with a wight
That is fhut vp from delight,
In a folitary den,
As not fit to liue with men?
Goe, my *Willy*, get thee gone,
Leaue mee in exile alone.
Hye thee to that merry throng,
And amaze them with thy *Song*.
Thou art young, yet fuch a *Lay*
Neuer grac'd the month of May,
As (if they prouoke thy skill)
Thou canft fit vnto thy *Quill*,
I with wonder heard thee fmg,
At our laft yeeres Reuelling.
Then I with the reft was free,
When vnknowne I noted thee:
And perceiu'd the ruder Swaines,
Enuy thy farre sweeter ftraines.
Yea, I faw the *Laffes* cling
Round about thee in a Ring:
As if each one iealous were,
Any but her felfe fhould heare.
And I know they yet do long
For the res'due of thy fong.
Haft thee then to fmg it forth;
Take the benefit of worth.
And *Desert* will fure bequeath
Fames faire Garland for thy wreath,
Hye thee, *Willy*, hye away.

Willy.

The Shepherds Hunting.

Willy.

Phila, rather let mee stay,
And be defolate with thee,
Then at thofe their *Reuels* bee,
Nought fuch is my skill I wis,
As indeed thou deem'ft it is.
But what ere it be, I muft
Be content, and fhall I trust.
For a Song I doe not paffe,
Mong'ft my friends, but what (alas)
Should I haue to doe with them
That my Muficke doe contemne?
Some there are, as well I wot,
That the fame yet fauour not :
Yet I cannot well auow,
They my Carrols difalow :
But fuch malice I haue fpid,
'Tis as much as if they did.

Philarete.

Willy, What may thofe men be,
Are fo ill, to malice thee?

Willy.

Some are worthy-well esteem'd,
Some without worth are fo deem'd.
Others of fo bafe a fpirit,
They haue nor esteeme, nor merit.

Phil.

The Shepherds Hunting.

Philarete.

What's the wrong? —————

Willy.

————— A flight offence,
Wherewithall I can dispence ;
But hereafter for their fake.
To my selfe I'le musicke make.

Philarete.

What, because some Clowne offends,
Wilt thou punish all thy friends ?

Willy.

Do not, *Phill*, mis-vnderstand mee,
Those that loue mee may command mee,
But, thou know'ft, I am but yong,
And the *Pastorall* I sung,
Is by some suppos'd to be,
(By a straine) too high for me :
So they kindly let me gaine,
Not my labour for my paine.
Trust me, I doe wonder why
They should me my owne deny.
Though I'me young, I scorne to flit
On the wings of borrowed wit.
I'le make my owne feathers reare me,
Whither others cannot beare me.

Yet

The Shepherds Hunting.

Yet I'le keepe my skill in store,
Till I'ue seene some Winters more.

Pillarcte.

But, in earnest, mean'ft thou so?
Then thou art not wise, I trow:
Better shall advise thee *Pan*,
For thou dost not rightly than:
That's the ready way to blot
All the credit thou hast got.
Rather in thy Ages prime,
Get another start of Time:
And make those that so fond be,
(Spight of their owne dulnesse) see,
That the sacred *Muses* can
Make a childe in yeeres, a man.
It is knowne what thou canst doe,
For it is not long agoe,
When that *Cuddy*, *Thou*, and *I*,
Each the others skill to try,
At Saint *Dunstones* charmed well,
(As some present there can tell)
Sang vpon a sudden Theame,
Sitting by the Crimson streame.
Where, if thou didst well or no,
Yet remains the Song to show,
Much experience more I'ue had,
Of thy skill (thou happy Lad)

And

The Shepherds Hunting.

And would make the world to know it ;
But that time will further shew it.
Envy makes their tongues now runne
More then doubt of what is done.
For that needs must be thy owne,
Or to be some others knowne :
But how then wil't fuit vnto
What thou shalt hereafter do ?
Or I wonder where is hee,
Would with that song part to thee.
Nay, were there so mad a Swaine,
Could such glory sell for gaine ;
Phœbus would not haue combin'd,
That gift with so base a minde,
Neuer did the *Nine* impart
The sweet secrets of their Art,
Vnto any that did scorne,
We should see their fauours worne.
Therefore vnto those that say,
Where they pleas'd to sing a Lay,
They could doo't, and will not tho ;
This I speake, for this I know :
None ere drunke the *Thespian spring*,
And knew how, but he did sing.
For, that once infus'd in man,
Makes him shew't doe what he can.
Nay, those that doe onely sip,
Or, but eu'n their fingers dip

In

The Shepherds Hunting.

In that fared *Fount* (poore Elues)
Of that brood will shew themselues.
Yea, in hope to get them fame,
They will speake, though to their shame.
Let those then at thee repine,
That by their wits measure thine ;
Needs those Songs must be thine owne,
And that one day will be knowne.
That poore imputation to,
I my selfe do vndergoe :
But it will appeare ere long,
That 'twas Enuy fought our wrong.
Who at twice-ten haue sung more,
Then some will doe, at fourescore.
Cheere thee (honest *Willy*) then,
And begin thy Song agen.

Willy.

Faine I would, but I doe feare
When againe my Lines they heare,
If they yeeld they are my Rimes,
They will faine some other Crimes ;
And 'tis no safe ventring-by
Where we see *Detraction* ly.
For doe what I can, I doubt,
She will picke some quarrell out ;
And I oft haue heard defended,
Little said, is soone amended.

Phil.

The Shepherds Hunting.

Philarete.

See'ft thou not in clearest dayes,
Oft thicke fogs cloud Heav'n's rayes.
And that vapours which doe breath
From the earths grosse wombe beneath,
Seeme not to vs with black steames,
To pollute the Sunnes bright beames,
And yet vanish into ayre,
Leaving it (vnblemisht) faire?
So (my *Willy*) shall it bee
With *Detractions* breath on thee.
It shall neuer rise so hie,
As to stain thy Poefie.
As that Sunne doth oft exhale
Vapours from each rotten Vale;
Poefie so sometime draines,
Grosse conceits from muddy braines;
Mists of Envy, fogs of spight,
Twixt mens judgements and her light:
But so much her power may do,
That shee can dissolve them to.
If thy Verse doe brauely tower,
As shee makes wing, she gets power:
Yet the higher she doth fore,
Shee's affronted still the more:
Till shee to the high'ft hath past,
Then she rests with fame at last,

Let

The Shepherds Hunting.

Let nought therefore, thee affright :
But make forward in thy flight :
For if I could match thy Rime,
To the very Starres I'de clime.
There begin again, and flye,
Till I reach'd Æternity.
But (alasse) my Muse is slow :
For thy place shee flags too low :
Yea, the more's her haplesse fate,
Her short wings were clipt of late.
And poore I, her fortune ruing,
Am my selfe put vp a muing.
But if I my Cage can rid,
I'le flye where I neuer did.
And though for her sake I'me croft,
Though my best hopes I haue lost,
And knew she would make my trouble
Ten times more then ten times double :
I should loue and keepe her to,
Spight of all the world could doe.
For though banish't from my flockes,
And confin'd within these rockes,
Here I waste away the light,
And consume the fullen Night,
She doth for my comfort stay,
And keepes many cares away.
Though I misse the flowry Fields,
With those sweets the Spring-tyde yeelds,

M m

Though

The Shepherds Hunting.

Though I may not see those Groues,
Where the Shepherds chant their Loues,
(And the Lasses more excell,
Then the sweet voyc'd *Philomel*)
Though of all those pleasures past,
Nothing now remains at last,
But *Remembrance* (poore reliefe)
That more makes, then mends my grieffe :
Shee's my mindes companion still,
Maugre Enuies euill will.
(Whence she should be driuen to,
Wer't in mortals power to do.)
She doth tell me where to borrow
Comfort in the midft of forrow ;
Makes the defolateft place
To her prefence be a grace ;
And the blackeft difcontents
To be pleafing ornaments.
In my former dayes of bliffe,
Her diuine skill taught me this,
That from euery thing I faw,
I could fome inuention draw :
And raife pleasure to her height,
Through the meanest obiects fight.
By the murmure of a fpring,
Or the least boughes rusteling.
By a Dazie whose leaues fpred,
Shut when *Tytan* goes to bed ;

Or

The Shepherds Hunting.

Or a shady bush or tree,
She could more infuse in mee,
Then all Natures beauties can,
In some other wifer man.
By her helpe I also now,
Make this churlish place allow
Some things that may sweeten gladnes,
In the very gall of fadnes.
The dull loanneffe, the blacke shade,
That these hanging vaults haue made,
The strange Muficke of the waues,
Beating on these hollow Caues,
This blacke Den which Rocks embosse
Ouer-growne with eldest Mofse.
The rude Portals that giue light,
More to *Terror* then *Delight*.
This my Chamber of *Neglect*,
Wall'd about with *Disrespect*,
From all these and this dull ayre,
A fit obiect for *Despaire*,
She hath taught me by her might
To draw comfort and delight.
Therefore *thou best earthly blisse*,
I will cherish thee for this.
Poesie; thou sweetest content
That e're Heau'n to mortals lent:
Though they as a trifle leaue thee
Whose dull thoughts cannot conceiue thee,

M m 2

Though

The Shepherds Hunting.

Though thou be to them a scorne,
That to nought but earth are borne :
Let my life no longer be
Then I am in loue with thee.
Though our wise ones call thee madnesse
Let me neuer taste of gladnesse.
If I loue not thy mad'ft fits,
More then all their greatest wits.
And though some too seeming holy,
Doe account thy raptures folly :
Thou dost teach me to contemne,
What make *Knaues* and *Fooles* of them.
Oh high power ! that oft doth carry
Men aboute—————

Willie.

—————Good *Philarete* tarry,
I doe feare thou wilt be gon,
Quite aboute my reach anon.
The kinde flames of Poesie
Haue now borne thy thoughts so high,
That they vp in Heauen be,
And haue quite forgotten me.
Call thy selfe to minde againe,
Are these Raptures for a Swaine,
That attends on lowly Sheepe,
And with simple Heards doth keepe ?

Philarete.

The Shepherds Hunting.

Philarete.

Thankes my *Willie*; I had runne
Till that Time had lodg'd the Sunne,
If thou had'ft not made me stay;
But thy pardon here I pray.
Lou'd *Apolo's* sacred fire
Had rais'd vp my spirits higher
Through the loue of Poefie,
Then indeed they vse to flye.
But as I said, I say still,
If that I had *Willi's* skill,
Enuie nor Detractions tongue,
Should ere make me leaue my fong:
But I'de fing it euery day
Till they pin'd themfelues away.
Be thou then aduis'd in this,
Which both iust and fitting is:
Finifh what thou haft begun,
Or at least still forward run.
Haile and Thunder ill hee'l beare
That a blaft of winde doth feare:
And if words will thus afray thee,
Prethee how will deeds difmay thee?
Doe not thinke fo rathe a *Song*
Can paffe through the vulgar throng,
And escape without a touch,
Or that they can hurt it much:

M m 3

Frofts

The Shepherds Hunting.

Frofts we see doe nip that thing
Which is forward't in the Spring:
Yet at laft for all fuch lets
Somewhat of the reft it gets.
And I'me fure that fo maift thou,
Therefore my kind *Willie* now.
Since thy folding time draws on
And I fee thou muft be gon,
Thee I earnestly befeech
To remember this my fpeech
And fome little counfell take,
For *Philarete* his fake:
And I more of this will fay,
If thou come next Holy-day.

FINIS.

The



The Shepherds Hunting.

The fifth Eglogue.

THE ARGUMENT.

Philaret Alexis *moues*,
To embrace the Muses loues ;
Bids him neuer carefull seeme,
Of anothers *dis-esteeme* :
Since to them it may suffice,
They themselves can iustly prize.

PHILARETE. ALEXIS.

Philarete.

Alexis, if thy worth doe not disdaine
The humble friendship of a meaner Swaine,
Or some more needfull businesse of the day,
Vrge thee to be too hafty on thy way ;
Come (gentle Shepheard) rest thee here by mee,
Beneath the shadow of this broad leau'd tree :
For though I seeme a stranger, yet mine eye
Observes in thee the markes of courtesie :

M m 4

And

The Shepherds Hunting.

And if my iudgement erre not, noted to,
More then in those that more would seeme to doe.
Such *Vertues* thy rare modeesty doth hide.
Which by their proper luster I espy'd ;
And though long maskt in silence they haue beene,
I haue a Wifedome through that silence seene,
Yea, I haue learned knowledge from thy tongue,
And heard when thou haft in concealement fung.
Which me the bolder and more willing made
Thus to inuite thee to this homely shade.
And though (it may be) thou couldst neuer spie,
Such worth in me, I might be knowne thereby :
In thee I doe ; for here my neighbouring Sheepe
Vpon the border of these Downes I keepe :
Where often thou at Pastorals and Playes,
Haft grac'd our Wakes on Summer Holy-dayes :
And many a time with thee at this cold spring
Met I, to heare your learned shepherds sing,
Saw them disporting in the shady Groues,
And in chaste Sonnets wooe their chaster Loues :
When I, endued with the meanest skill,
Mongst others haue been vrg'd to tune my quill.
But, (cause but little cunning I had got)
Perhaps thou saw'ft me, though thou knew'ft me not.

Alexis.

Yes *Philaret*, I know thee, and thy name.
Nor is my knowledge grounded all on fame :

Art

The Shepherds Hunting.

Art thou not he, that but this other yeere,
Scard'st all the Wolues and Foxes in the Sheere?
And in a match at Foot-ball lately tride
(Hauing scarce twenty Satyrs on thy side)
Held'st play: and though assailed kept'st thy stand
Gainst all the best-tride Ruffians in the Land?
Did'st thou not then in dolefull Sonnets mone,
When the beloued of great *Pan* was gone?
And at the wedding of faire *Thame* and *Rhine*,
Sing of their glories to thy Valentine?
I know it, and I must confesse that long
In one thing I did doe thy nature wrong:
For, till I mark'd the ayme thy Satyrs had,
I thought them ouer-bold, and thee halfe mad.
But, since I did more neerely on thee looke,
I soone perceiu'd that I all had mistooke;
I saw that of a *Cynicke* thou mad'st show,
Where since, I finde, that thou wert nothing so;
And that of many thou much blame had'st got,
When as thy *Innocency* deseru'd it not.
But that too good opinion thou hast seem'd
To haue of me (not so to be esteem'd,
Preuailes not ought to stay him who doth feare,
He rather should reproofes then prayfes heare.
'Tis true, I found thee plaine and honest to,
Which made mee like, then loue, as now I do;
And, *Phila*, though a stranger, this to thee Ile say,
Where I doe loue, I am not coy to stay.

Phil.

The Shepherds Hunting.

Philarete.

Thanks, gentle Swaine, that doſt ſo ſoone vnfold
What I to thee as gladly would haue told :
And thus thy wonted curteſie expreſt
In kindly entertaining this requeſt.
Sure, I ſhould iniure much my owne content,
Or wrong thy loue to ſtand on complement :
Who haſt acquaintance in one word begun,
As well as I could in an age haue done.
Or by an ouer-weaning ſlowneſſe marre
What thy more wiſdome hath brought on ſo farre.
Then fit thou downe, and Ile my minde declare,
As freely, as if we familiars were :
And if thou wilt but daigne to giue me eare,
Something thou mayſt for thy more profit heare.

Alexis.

Philarete, I willingly obey.

Philarete.

Then know, *Alexis*, from that very day,
When as I ſaw thee at thy Shepherds Coate,
Where each (I thinke) of other tooke firſt note ;
I meane that Paſtor who by *Tauies* ſprings,
Chaſte Shepherds loues in ſweeteſt numbers ſings,
And with his Muſicke (to his greater fame)
Hath late made proud the faireſt *Nymphs* of Thame.
E'ne

The Shepherds Hunting.

E'ne then (me thought) I did espy in thee
Some vnperceiu'd and hidden worth to bee :
Which, in thy more apparant vertues, shin'd ;
And, among many, I (in thought) deuin'd,
By somethng my conceit had vnderstood,
That thou wert markt one of the *Muses* brood,
That, made me loue thee : and that Loue I beare
Begot a Pitty, and that Pitty, Care :
Pitty I had to see good parts conceal'd,
Care I had how to haue that good reueal'd,
Since 'tis a fault admitteth no excuse,
To possesse much, and yet put nought in vse.
Hereon I vow'd (if wee two euer met)
The first request that I would striue to get,
Should be but this, that thou would'ft shew thy skill,
How thou could'ft tune thy Verfes to thy quill :
And teach thy *Muse* in some well-framed Song,
To shew the *Art* thou hast suppress'd so long :
Which if my new-acquaintance may obtaine,
I will for euer honour this daies gaine.

Alexis.

Alas ! my small experience scarce can tell,
So much as where those *Nymphs*, the *Muses*, dwell ;
Nor (though my flow conceit still trauels on)
Shall I ere reach to drinke of *Hellicon*.
Or, if I might so fauour'd be to taste
What those sweet streames but ouer-flow in waste,
And

The Shepherds Hunting.

And touch *Parnassus*, where it low'ft doth lie,
I feare my skill would hardly flag fo hie.

Philarete.

Despaire not Man, the Gods haue prized nought
So deere, that may not be with labour bought :
Nor need thy paine be great, since *Fate* and *Heauen*,
That (as a blessing) at thy birth haue giuen.

Alexis.

Why, fay they had?—————

Philarete.

—————Then vse their gifts thou must.
Or be vngratefull, and so be vnjust :
For if it cannot truely be deni'd,
Ingratitude mens benefits doe hide ;
Then more vngratefull must he be by ods,
Who doth conceale the bounty of the Gods.

Alexis.

That's true indeed, but *Envy* haunteth those
Who seeking Fame, their hidden skill disclose :
Where else they might (obscur'd) from her espying,
Escape the blasts and danger of enuying :
Cryticks will censure our best straines of Wit,
And pur-blind *Ignorance* misconster it.

And

The Shepherds Hunting.

And which is bad, (yet worfe then this doth follow)
Moſt hate the *Mufes*, and contemne *Apollo*.

Philarete.

So let them : why ſhould wee their hate eſteeme ?
Is't not enough we of our felues can deeme ?
'Tis more to their diſgrace that we ſcorne them,
Then vnto vs that they our Art contemne.
Can we haue better paſtime then to fee
Their groſſe heads may ſo much deceiued bee,
As to allow thoſe doings beſt, where wholly
We ſcoffe them to their face, and flout their folly ?
Or to behold blacke *Envy* in her prime,
Die ſeſe-confum'd, whilſt we vie liues with time :
And, in deſpight of her, more fame attaine,
Then all her malice can wipe out againe ?

Alexis.

Yea, but if I appli'd mee to thoſe ſtraines,
Who ſhould driue forth my Flocks vnto the plaines,
Which, whil'ſt the *Mufes* reſt, and leaſure craue,
Muſt watering, folding, and attendance haue ?
For if I leaue with wonted care to cheriſh
Thoſe tender *heards*, both I and they ſhould periſh.

Philarete.

Alexis, now I ſee thou doſt miſtake,
There is no meaning thou thy Charge forfake ;

Nor

The Shepherds Hunting.

Nor would I wish thee so thy selfe abuse,
As to neglect thy calling for thy *Muse*.
But, let these two, so each of other borrow,
That they may season mirth, and lessen sorrow.
Thy Flocke will helpe thy charges to defray,
Thy *Muse* to passe the long and tedious day :
Or whilst thou tun'st sweet measures to thy *Reed*,
Thy Sheepe, to listen, will more neere thee feed ;
The Wolues will shun them, birds about thee sing,
And Lamkins dance about thee in a Ring.
Nay, which is more ; in this thy low estate,
Thou in contentment shalt with Monarks mate :
For mighty *Pan*, and *Ceres*, to vs grants,
Our Fields and Flocks shall helpe our outward wants :
The *Muses* teach vs Songs to put off cares,
Grac'd with as rare and sweet conceits as theirs :
And we can thinke our Lasses on the Greenes
As faire, or fairer, then the fairest Queenes :
Or, what is more then most of them shall doe,
Wee'le make their iuster fames last longer to,
And haue our Lines by greatest Princes grac'd
When both their name and memori's defac'd.
Therefore, *Alexis*, though that some disdain
The heauenly Musicke of the Rurall plaine,
What is't to vs, if they (o'reseene) contemne
The dainties which were nere ordain'd for them ?
And though that there be other-some enuy
The prayes due to sacred Poesie;

Let

The Shepherds Hunting.

Let them difdaine, and fret till they are weary,
Wee in our felues haue that shall make vs merry :
Which, he that wants, and had the power to know it,
Would giue his life that he might die a Poet.

Alexis.

A braue perfwafion.—————

Philarete.

—————Here thou fee'ft mee pent
Within the jawes of ftrict imprifonment ;
A fore-lorne *Shepherd*, voyd of all the meanes,
Whereon Mans common hope in danger leanes :
Weake in my felfe, expofed to the *Hate*
Of thofe whose *Enuies* are infatiate :
Shut from my friends, banifh'd from all delights ;
Nay worfe, excluded from the facred *Rites*.
Here I doe liue mongft out-lawes markt for death,
As one vnfit to draw the common breath,
Where thofe who to be good did neuer know,
Are barred from the meanes fould make them fo.
I fuffer, caufe I wifh'd my Country well,
And what I more muft beare I cannot tell.
I'me fure they giue my Body little fcope,
And would allow my *Minde* as little *Hope* :
I wafte my Meanes, which of it felfe is flender,
Confume my Time (perhaps my fortunes hinder)

And

The Shepherds Hunting.

And many Croffes haue, which those that can
Conceiue no wrong that hurts another man,
Will not take note of ; though if halfe so much
Should light on them, or their owne person touch,
Some that themfelues (I feare) moft worthy thinke,
With all their helpes would into bafenefse shrinke.
But, fpight of *Hate*, and all that Spight can do,
I can be patient yet, and merry to.
That slender *Mufe* of mine, by which my *Name*,
Though fcarfe deferu'd, hath gain'd a little fame,
Hath made mee vnto fuch a Fortune borne,
That all misfortunes I know how to fcorne ;
Yea, midft thefe bands can fleight the *Great'ft* that bee,
As much as their difdaine mifteemes of mee.
This Caue, whose very prefence fome affrights,
I haue oft made to Eccho forth delights,
And hope to turne, if any Iuftice be,
Both shame and care on thofe that wifh'd it me.
For while the World rancke villanies affords,
I will not spare to paint them out in words ;
Although I ftill should into troubles runne,
I knew what man could aēt, ere I begun ;
And I'le fulfill what my *Mufe* drawes mee to,
Maugre all *Iayles*, and *Purgatories* to.
For whil'ft fhee fets mee honeft task's about,
Vertue, or fhee, (I know) will beare mee out :
And if, by *Fate*, th'abufed power of fome
Muft, in the worlds-eye, leaue mee ouercome,

They

The Shepherds Hunting.

They shall find one Fort yet, so fenc'd I trow,
It cannot feare a Mortals ouer-throw.
This *Hope*, and *Trust*, that great power did infuse,
That first inspir'd into my brest a *Muse*,
By whom I doe, and euer will contemne
All those ill haps, my foes desfight, and them.

Alexis.

Th'haft so well (yong *Philaret*) plaid thy part,
I am almost in loue with that sweet Art :
And if some power will but inspire my song,
Alexis will not be obscured long.

Philarete.

Enough kinde Pastor : But oh ! yonder see
Two honest Shepherds walking hither, bee
Cuddy and *Willy*, that so dearely loue,
Who are repairing vnto yonder Groue :
Let's follow them : for neuer brauer Swaines
Made musicke to their flocks vpon these Plaines.
They are more worthy, and can better tell
What rare contents doe with a Poet dwell.
Then whiles our sheepe the short sweet grasse do sheare
And till the long shade of the hills appeare,
Wee'le heare them sing : for though the one be young,
Neuer was any that more sweetly sung.

N n

A



A Postscript.

To the Reader.



*If you have read this, and received any content, I am glad, (though it be not so much as I could wish you) if you thinke it idle, why then I see wee are not likely to fall out; for I am iust of your minds; yet weigh it well before you runne too farre in your censures, lest this proue lesse barren of Wit, then you of courtesie. It is very true (I know not by what chance) that I haue of late been so highly beholding to Opinion, that I wonder how I crept so much into her fauour, and if I did thinke it worthie the fearing) I should be afraid that she
having*

To the Reader.

having so vnderferuedly befriended mee beyond my Hope or expectation, will, vpon as little cause, ere long, againe picke some quarrell against mee; and it may bee, meanes to make vse of this, which I know must needes come farre short of their expectation, who by their earnest desire of it, seem'd to be fore-possesst with a farre better conceite, then I can beleue it prooues worthy of. So much at least I doubted, and therefore loth to deceiue the world (though it often beguile me) I kept it to my selfe, indeed, not dreaming euer to see it published: But now, by the ouermuch perswasion of some friends, I haue been constrained to expose it to the generall view. Which seeing I haue done, somethings I desire thee to take notice of. First, that I am Hee, who to pleasure my friend,

N n 2

haue

A Postscript

haue fram'd my selfe a content out of that which would otherwise discontent mee. Secondly, that I haue co-ueted more to effect what I thinke truly honest in it selfe, then by a seeming shew of Art, to catch the vaine blastes of uncertaine Opinion. This that I haue here written, was no part of my studie, but onely a recreation in imprisonment: and a trifle, neither in my conceit fitting, nor by me intended to bee made common; yet some, who it should seeme esteemed it worthy more respect then I did, tooke paines to cobby it out, vnknowne to mee, and in my absence got it both Authorized and prepared for the Presse; so that if I had not hindred it, last Michaelmas-Tearme had bene troubled with it. I was much blamed by some Friends for withstanding

to the Reader.

ding it, to whose request I should more easily haue consented, but that I thought (as indeed I yet doe) I should thereby more disparage my selfe, then content them. For I doubt I shall bee supposed one of those, who out of their arrogant desire of a little preposterous Fame, thrust into the world euery vnseasoned trifle that drops out of their vnsetled braines; whose basenesse how much I hate, those that know mee can witnesse, for if I were so affected, I might perhaps present the World with asmany seuerall Poems, as I haue seene yeeres; and iustly make my selfe appeare to bee the Author of some things that others haue shamefully vsurped and made vse of as their owne. But I will be content other men should owne some of those Issues of the Braine, for I

N n 3 would

A Postscript

would be loath to confesse all that might in that kinde call me Father. Neither shall any more of them, by my consent, in hast againe trouble the world, vnlesse I know which way to benefite it with lesse preiudice to my owne estate. And therefore if any of those lesse serious Poems which are already disperst into my friends hands, come amongst you, let not their publication be imputed to me, nor their lightnesse be any disparagement to what hath been since more serious written, seeing it is but such stufte as riper iudgements haue in their farre elder yeeres been much more guilty of.

*I know an indifferent Crittick may finde many faults, as well in the slightnesse of this present Subiect, as in the erring from the true nature of an Eglogue: moreouer, it altogether con-
cernes*

to the Reader.

*cernes my self, which diuers may dislike.
But neither can bee done on iust cause:
The first hath bin answered already: The
last might consider that I was there
where my owne estate was chiefly to bee
looked vnto, and all the comfort I could
minister vnto my selfe, little enough.*

*If any man deeme it worthy his rea-
ding I shall bee glad: if hee thinke his
paines ill bestow'd, let him blame him-
selfe for meddling with that concerned
him not: I neither commended it to him,
neither cared whether he read it or no;
because I know those that were desirous
of it, will esteeme the same as much as I
expect they should.*

*But it is not vnlikely, some wil thinke
I haue in diuers places been more wan-
ton (as they take it) then befitting a Sati-
rict; yet their seuerity I feare not, because*

N n 4 I

A Postscript, &c.

I am assured all that I euer yet did, was free from Obscænitie: neyther am I so Cynical, but that I thinke a modest expression of such amorous conceits as sute with Reason, will yet very well become my yeeres; in which not to haue feeling of the power of Loue, were as great an argument of much stupidity, as an ouersottish affection were of extreame folly. Lastly, if you thinke it hath not well answered the Title of the Shepherds Hunting, goe quarrell with the Stationer, who bid himselfe God-Father, and imposed the Name according to his owne liking; and if you, or hee, finde any faults, pray mend them.

Valete.

FINIS.

FIDELIA:

BY

GEORGE WITHER.

GENT:



LONDON,

Printed by *T. S.* for *John Budge*, dwelling in *Pauls-
Church-yard*, at the signe of the *Greene
Dragon*, 1622.





An Elegiacall Epistle of *Fidelia*,
to her vnconstant Friend.

THE ARGUMENT.

This Elegiacall Epistle, being a fragment of some greater Poeme, discovers the modest affections of a discreet and constant Woman, shadowed vnder the name of Fidelia; wherein you may perceiue the height of their Passions, so farre as they seeme to agree with reason, and keepe within such decent bounds as becometh their Sex, but further it meddles not. The occasion seemes to proceed from some mutability in her friend, whose obiections shee heere presupposing, confuteth, and in the person of him iustly vpbraideth all that are subiect to the like change, or sicklenesse in minde. Among the rest, some more weightie Arguments then are (perhaps) expected in such a subiect, are briefly, and yet somewhat seriously handled.



Oft I haue heard tel, and now for truth I finde,
Once out of sight, and quickly out of minde.
And that it hath been rightly said of old,
Loue that's soon'st hot, is euer soonest cold.

Or

Fidelia.

Or elfe my teares at this time had not stain'd
The spotleffe paper, nor my lines complain'd.
I had not, now, been forced to haue sent
Thefe lines for *Nuncio's* of my difcontent ;
Nor thus, exchanged, fo vnhappily,
My fongs of Mirth, to write an Elegie.
But, now I muft ; and, fince I muft doe fo,
Let mee but craue, thou wilt not flout my woe :
Nor entertaine my forrowes with a scoffe,
But, reade (at leaft) before thou caft them off.
And, though thy heart's too hard to haue compaffion,
Oh blame not, if thou pittie not my *Paſſion*,
For well thou know'ft (alas, that er'e 'twas knowne)
There was a time (although that time be gone)
I, that for this, fcarce dare a beggar bee,
Prefum'd for more to haue commanded thee.
Yea, the *Day* was, (but fee how things may change)
When thou, and I, haue not been halfe fo ftrange ;
But oft embrac'd each other, gently greeting,
With fuch kinde words, as *Turtle, Dove, or Sweeting*.
Yea, had thy meaning, and thoſe vowes of thine,
Prou'd but as faithfull, and as true as mine,
It ftill had been fo : for (I doe not faine)
I ſhould rejoyce it might be fo againe.
But, fith thy *Loue* growes cold, and thou vnkinde,
Be not difpleas'd I fomewhat breath my minde ;
I am in hope, my words may proue a mirrour,
Whereon thou looking, may'ft behold thine error.

And

Fidelia.

And yet, the *Heavien*, and my fad heart doth know,
How griu'd I am, and with what feeling woe
My minde is tortured, to thinke that I
Should be the brand of thy difloyalty :
Or, liue to be the Author of a line
That shall be printed with a fault of thine ;
(Since if that thou but slightly touched be,
Deepe wounds of griefe, and fhame, it strikes in me :)
And yet I must : ill hap compels me to
What I nere thought to haue had cause to do.
And therefore, seeing that some angry *Fate*
Impofes on mee, what I fo much hate :
Or, fince it is fo, that the Powers diuine
Mee (miferable) to fuch cares affigne ;
Oh that *Loues* patron, or some facred *Mufe*,
Amongft my *Paflions*, would fuch Art infufe,
My well-fram'd words, and aiery fighs might proue
The happy blafts to re-inflame thy loue.
Or, at leaft, touch thee with thy fault fo neere,
That thou might'ft fee thou wrong'ft, who held thee
Seeing, confesse the fame, and fo abhorre it, (deere :
Abhorring, pittie, and repent thee for it.
But (*Deare*) I hope that I may call thee fo,
(For thou art deare to mee, although a foe)
Tell mee, is't true, that I doe heare of thee,
And, by thy abfence, true appeares to bee ?
Can fuch abufe be in the Court of *Loue*,
Falfc and inconftant now, thou *Hee* should'ft proue ?

Hee

Fidelia.

He, that so wofull, and so penſiue fate,
Vowing his ſeruice at my feete of late ?
Art thou that *quondam* loue, whoſe ſad eye
I ſeldome ſaw yet, in my preſence dry ?
And from whoſe gentle-ſeeming tongue I know
So many pittie-mouing words could flow ?
Was't thou, ſo foughtſt my loue, ſo ſeeking that
As if it had been all th'hadſt aymed at ?
Making me think thy *Paſſion* without ſtaine,
And gently quite thee with my loue againe ?
With this perſwaſion I ſo fairely plac'd it,
Nor *Time*, nor *Envy*, ſhould haue ere defac'd it ?
Is't ſo ? haue I done thus much ? and art thou
So ouer-cloyed with my fauours now ?
Art wearied ſince with louing, and eſtranged
So far ? Is thy affection ſo much changed,
That I of all my hopes muſt be deceyued,
And all good thoughts of thee be quite bereaued ?

Then true I finde, which long before this day
I fear'd my ſelfe, and heard ſome wiſer ſay ;
*That there is nought on earth ſo ſweet, that can
Long relish with the curious taſte of Man.*

Happy was I ; yea, well it was with mee,
Before I came to be bewitch'd by thee.
I ioy'd the ſweet'ſt content that euer *Maid*
Poſſeſſed yet ; and truely well-a-paid,
Made to my ſelfe (alone) as pleaſant mirth
As euer any *Virgine* did on earth.

The

Fidelia.

The melody I w'd was free, and such
As that Bird makes, whom neuer hand did touch ;
But, vn-allur'd, (with *Fowlers* whistling) flies
About the reach of humane treacheries.

And (well I doe remember) often then
Could I reade o're the pollicies of men ;
Discouer what vncertainties they were ;
How they would sigh, looke sad, protest, and sweare ;
Nay, faigne to die, when they did neuer proue
The stendrest touch of a right-worthy loue :
But had chil'd hearts, whose dulnesse vnderstood
No more of *Passion*, then they did of good.
All which I noted well, and in my minde
(A generall humour amongst women-kinde)
This vow I made ; (thinking to keepe it than)
That neuer the faire tongue of any man,
Nor his complaint, though neuer so much grieu'd,
Should moue my heart to liking whil'ft I liu'd.

But, who can say, what she shall liue to do ?
I haue beleeu'd, and let in liking to,
And that so farre, I cannot yet see how
I may so much as hope, to helpe it now ;
Which makes mee thinke, what e're we *women* say,
Another minde will come another day.
And that men may to things vnhop'd for clime,
Who watch but *Opportunity* and *Time*.
For 'tis well knowne, we were not made of clay,
Or such courfe, and ill-temper'd stufte as they.

For

Fidelia.

For he that fram'd vs of their flesh, did daigne
When 'twas at best, to new refine't againe.
Which makes vs euer since the kinder *Creatures*,
Of farre more flexible, and yeelding *Natures*.
And as wee oft excell in outward parts,
So wee haue nobler and more gentle hearts.
Which, you well knowing, daily doe deuife
How to imprint on them your *Cruelties*.
But doe I finde my cause thus bad indeed?
Or else on things imaginary feed?
Am I the lasse that late so truly iolly,
Made my selfe merry oft, at others folly?
Am I the Nymph that *Cupids* fancies blam'd,
That was so cold, so hard to be inflam'd?
Am I my selfe? or is my selfe that *Shee*
Who from this *Thraldome*, or such falshoods free,
Late own'd mine owne heart, and full merry then,
Did fore-warne others to beware of Men?
And could not, hauing taught them what to doe,
Now learne my selfe, to take heede of you to?
Foole that I am, I feare my guerdon's iust,
In that I knew this, and presum'd to trust.
And yet (alas) for ought that I could tell,
One sparke of goodnesse in the world might dwell:
And then, I thought, If such a thing might be,
Why might not that one sparke remaine in thee?
For thy faire out-side, and thy fayrer tongue,
Did *promise* much, although thy yeares were young.
And

Fidelia.

And *Vertue* (wherefoeuer she be now)
Seem'd then, to fit enthron'd vpon thy brow.
Yea, sure it was : but, whether 'twere or no,
Certaine I am, and was perswaded so.
Which made me loth to thinke, that words of fashion,
Could be so fram'd, so ouer-laid with *Passion* ;
Or sighes so feeling, fain'd from any brest.
Nay, say thou hadst been false in all the rest ;
Yet from thy eye, my heart such notice tooke,
Me thought, guile could not faine so sad a looke.
But now I'ue try'd, my bought experience knowes,
They oft are worst that make the fairest shoues.
And howsoe're men faine an outward grieuing,
'Tis neither worth respecting, nor belieuing :
For, she that doth one to her mercy take,
Warmes in her bosome but a frozen snake :
Which heated with her fauours, gather sence,
And stings her to the heart in recompence.

But tell me why, and for what secret spight
You in poore womens miseries delight ?
For so it seemes ; else why d'yce labour for
That, which when 'tis obtained, you abhor ?
Or to what end doe you endure such paine
To win our loue, and cast it off againe ?
Oh that we either your hard hearts could borrow,
Or else your strengths, to helpe vs beare our sorrow :

But we are cause of all this grieffe and shame,
And we haue none but our owne selues to blame :

O o

For

Fidelia.

For still we see your falsehood for our learning,
Yet neuer can haue power to tak't for warning ;
But (as if borne to be deluded by you)
We know you trustlesse, and yet still we try you.
(Alas) what wrong was in my power to doe thee ?
Or what despight haue I er'e done vnto thee ?
That thou shouldst chuse Me, aboue all the rest,
To be thy scorne, and thus be made a iest ?
Must mens ill natures such true villaines proue them,
To make thē wrong those most that most do loue them ?
Couldst thou finde none in *Countrey, Towne* or *Court*,
But onely Me, to make thy *Foole*, thy sport ?
Thou knowst I haue no wanton courtes runne,
Nor seemed easie vnto lewdnesse wonne.
And (though I cannot boast me of much wit,)
Thou saw'st no signe of fondnesse in me yet.
Nor did ill nature euer so ore-sway me,
To flout at any that did woe or pray me,
But grant I had been guilty of abusage,
Of thee I'me sure I ne're deseru'd such vsage.
But thou wert grieued to behold my smilings,
When I was free from loue, and thy beguilings.
Or to what purpose else didst thou bestow
Thy time, and study to delude me so ?
Hast thou good parts ? and dost thou bend them all
To bring those that ne're hated thee in thrall ?
Prethee take heed, although thou yet inioy'st them
They'l be tooke from thee, if thou so inioy'st them.

For

Fidelia.

For though I wish not the least harme to thee,
I feare, the iust *Heauens* will reuenged be.
Oh! what of *Mee* by this time had become,
If my desires with thine had hapt to rome,
Or I, vnwisely, had consented to
What (shamelesse) once thou didst attempt to doe?
I might haue false, by those immodest trickes,
Had not some power beene stronger then my Sex.
And if I should haue so been drawne to folly,
I saw thee apt enough to be vnholly.
Or if my weakenesse had beene prone to sinne,
I poorely by thy strength had succour'd bin.
You Men make vs believe you doe but try,
And that's your part, (you say) ours to deny.
Yet I much feare, if we through frailty stray,
There's few of you within your bounds will stay;
But, maugre all your seeming *Vertue*, be
As ready to forget your felues, as we.

I might haue fear'd thy part of loue not strong,
When thou didst offer me so base a wrong:
And that I after loath'd thee not, did proue
In mee some extraordinary *Loue*.

For sure had any other but in thought,
Presum'd vnworthily what thou hast fought,
Might it appeare, I should doe thus much for him,
With a scarce reconciled hate abhorre him.

My young experience neuer yet did know
Whether desire might range so farre, or no,

Fidelia.

To make true *Louers* carelesly request,
What rash enioyning makes them most vnbleft,
Or blindly thorow frailty giue consenting
To that, which done brings nothing but repenting.
But in my iudgement it doth rather proue
That they are fir'd with lust, then warm'd with loue.
And if it be for prooue men so proceed,
It shewes a doubt, else what doe tryals neede?
And where is that man liuing euer knew
That false distrust, could be with loue that's true?
Since the meere cause of that vnblam'd effect,
Such an opinion is, that hates suspect.

And yet, thee and thy loue I will excuse,
If thou wilt neither me, nor mine abuse.
For, Ile suppose thy passion made thee proffer
That vnto me, thou to none else wouldst offer.
And so, thinke thou, if I haue thee deni'd,
Whom I more lou'd then all men else beside;
What hope haue they, such fauour to obtaine,
That neuer halfe so much respect could gaine?

Such was my loue, that I did value thee
Aboue all things below eternity.
Nothing on *Earth* vnto my heart was nearer
No Ioy so prized, nor no Iewell dearer.
Nay: I doe feare I did *Idolatrize*;
For which *Heauens* wrath inflictts these miseries,
And makes the things which were for blessings lent,
To be renewers of my discontent.

Where

Fidelia.

Where was there any of the *Naiades*,
The *Dryad's*, or the *Hamadryades* ?
Which of the *Brittish* shires can yeeld againe,
A mistresse of the Springs, or Wood, or Plaine ?
Whose eye enjoy'd more sweet contents then mine,
Till I receiu'd my ouerthrow by thine ?
Where's she did more delight in Springs and Rils ?
Where's she that walk'd more Groues, or Downs, or Hills ?
Or could by such faire artlesse prospect, more
Adde by conceit, to her contentments store
Then I ; whilst thou wert true, and with thy Graces
Didst giue a pleasing preface to those places ?
But now *What is ? What was* hath ouerthrowne,
My Rose-deckt allies, now with Rue are strowne ;
And from those flowers that honyed vse to be,
I sucke nought now but iuyce to poyson mee.

For eu'n as she, whose gentle spirit can raise,
To apprehend *Loues* noble mysteries,
Spying a precious *Iewell* richly set,
Shine in some corner of her *Cabinet*,
Taketh delight at first to gaze vpon
The pretty lustre of the sparkling stone,
(And pleas'd in mind, by that doth seeme to see
How vertue shines through base obscurity ;)
But prying neerer, seeing it doth proue
Some relique of her deere deceased *Loue*,
Which to her sad remembrance doth lay ope,
What she most sought, and sees most far from hope :

O o 3

Fainting

Fidelia.

Fainting almost beneath her *Passions* weight,
And quite forgetfull of her first conceit :
Looking vpon't againe, from thence she borrowes
Sad melancholy thoughts to feed her forrowes.

So I beholding *Natures* curious bowers,
Seel'd, strow'd, and trim'd vp with leaues, hearbes, and
Walke pleas'd on a while, and doe deuize, (flowers.
How on each obiect I may moralize.
But er'e I pace on many steps, I see
There stands a *Hawthorne* that was trim'd by thee :
Here thou didst once flip off the virgin sprays,
To crowne me with a wreath of liuing Bayes.
On such a Banke I see how thou didst lye,
When viewing of a shady *Mulbery*,
The hard mishap thou didst to me discusse
Of louing *Thysbe*, and young *Piramus* :
And oh (thinke I) how pleasing was it then,
Or would be yet, might he returne agen.
But if some neighbouring *Row* doe draw me to
Those *Arbors*, where the shadowes feeme to wooe
The weary loue-sicke *Passenger*, to sit
And view the beauties *Nature* strowes on it ;
How faire (thinke I) would this sweet place appeare,
If he I loue, were present with me heere.
Nay, euery feuerall obiect that I see,
Doth feuerally (me thinkes) remember thee.
But the delight I vs'd from thence to gather,
I now exchange for cares, and seeke them rather.

But

Fidelia.

But those whose dull and grosse affections can
Extend but onely to desire a *Man*,
Cannot the depth of these rare *Passions* know :
For their imaginations flagge too low.
And cause their base *Conceits* doe apprehend
Nothing but that whereto the flesh doth tend ;
In *Loues* embraces they neere reach vnto
More of content than the brute *Creatures* do.
Neither can any iudge of this, but such
Whose brauer mindes for brauer thoughts doe touch.
And hauing spirits of a nobler frame,
Feele the true heate of *Loues* vnquenched flame.

They may conceiue aright what smarting sting
To their *Remembrances* the place will bring,
Where they did once enioy, and then doe misse,
What to their soules most deere and precious is.
With mee 'tis so ; for those walkes that once seem'd
Pleasing, when I of thee was more esteem'd,
To me appeare most desolate and lonely,
And are the places now of torment onely.
Where I the highest of contents did borrow,
There am I paid it home with deepest forrow.

Vnto one place, I doe remember well,
We walkt the eu'nings to heare *Phylomel* :
And that seemes now to want the light it had,
The shadow of the *Groue's* more dull and sad,
As if it were a place but fit for Fowles,
That screech ill-lucke ; as melancholy *Owles*,

O o 4

Or

Fidelia.

Or fatall *Rauens*, that feld' boding good,
Croke their blacke *Auguries* from some darke wood.

Then if from thence I halfe despairing goe,
Another place begins another wo :
For thus vnto my thought it femes to fay,
Hither thou saw'ft him riding once that way :
Thither to meete him thou didst nimbly hast thee,
Yon he alighted, and eu'n there embrac'd thee :
Which whilst I fighting wish to doe againe,
Another obiect brings another paine.
For passing by that *Greene*, which (could it speake)
Would tell it saw vs run at *Barly-breake* ;
There I beheld, what on a thin rin'd tree
Thou hadst engrauen for the loue of me ;
When we two, all one in heate of day,
With chaste imbraces draue swift houres away.
Then I remember to (vnto my smart)
How loath we were, when time compell'd to part ;
How cunningly thy *Passions* thou couldst faine,
In taking leaue, and comming backe againe :
So oft, vntill (as seeming to forget
We were departing) downe againe we set ?
And freshly in that sweet discourse went on,
Which now I almost faint to thinke vpon.

Viewing againe those other walkes and Groues
That haue bene witnesses of our chaste lous ;
When I beheld those Trees whose tender skin
Hath that cut out, which still cuts me within.

Or

Fidelia.

Or come, by chance, vnto that pretty Rill
Where thou wouldst fit, and teach the neighbouring hill
To answere, in an Eccho, vnto those
Rare *Problems* which thou often didst propose.
When I come there (thinke I) if these could take
That vse of words and speech which we partake,
They might vnfold a thousand pleasures then
Which I shall neuer liue to taste agen.
And thereupon, *Remembrance* doth so racke
My thoughts, with representing what I lacke,
That in my minde those Clerkes doe argue well,
Which hold *Priuation* the great'st plague of hell.
For there's no torment gripes mee halfe so bad,
As the *Remembrance* of those joyes I had.

Oh hast thou quite forgot, when sitting by
The banks of *Thame*, beholding how the *Fry*
Play'd on the siluer-waues? There where I first
Granted to make my *Fortune* thus accurst;
There where thy too-too earnest suit compeld.
My ouer-soone beleeuing heart to yeeld
One fauour first, which then another drew
To get another, till (alas) I rue
That day and houre, thinking I nere should need
(As now) to grieue for doing such a deed.
So freely I my curtesies bestow'd,
That whose I was vnwarily I show'd:
And to my heart such passage made for thee,
Thou canst not to this day remoued be,

And

Fidelia.

And what breast could resist it, hauing seene
How true thy loue had in appearance beene ?
For (I shall ne're forget) when thou hadst there
Laid open euery discontent and care,
Wherewith thou deeply seem'dst to me opprest,
When thou (as much as any could protest)
Had'st vow'd and sworne, and yet perceiu'dst no signe
Of pittie-mouing in this breast of mine :
Well Loue (said'st thou) since neither sigh nor vow,
Nor any seruice may auaille me now :
Since neither the recitall of my smart,
Nor those strong *Passions* that assaile my heart ;
Nor any thing may moue thee to beliefe
Of these my sufferings, or to grant reliefe :
Since there's no comfort, nor desert, that may
Get mee so much as *Hope* of what I pray ;
Sweet *Loue* farewell ; farewell faire beauties light,
And euery pleasing object of the sight :
My poore despayring heart heere biddeth you,
And all Content, for euermore, adue.

Then eu'n as thou seemd'st ready to depart ;
Reaching that hand, which after gaue my hart,
(And thinking this sad *Farewell* did proceed
From a sound breast, but truly mou'd indeed)
I stayed thy departing from mee so,
Whilst I stood mute with sorrow, thou for show.
And the meane while as I beheld thy looke,
My eye th'impression of such *Pitty* tooke,

That,

Fidelia.

That, with the strength of *Passion* ouercome,
A deep-fetcht sigh my heart came breathing from :
Whereat thou (euer wisely vsing this
To take aduantage when it offered is)
Renewd'ft thy fute to mee, who did afford
Consent, in silence first, and then in word.

So that for yeelding thou maist thanke thy wit,
And yet when euer I remember it,
Trust me, I muse, and often (wondring) thinke,
Thorough what craney, or what secret chinke
That *Loue*, vnwares, so like a flye close Elfe,
Did to my heart insinuate it selfe.
Gallants I had, before thou cam'ft to woo,
Could as much loue, and as well court me to ;
And, though they had not learned so the fashion,
Of acting such well counterfeited *Passion* ;
In wit, and person, they did equall thee,
And worthier seem'd, vnlesse thoul't faithfull be.
Yet still vn mou'd, vnconquer'd I remain'd :
No, not one thought of loue was entertain'd :
Nor could they brag of the least fauour to them,
Saue what meere curtesie enioyn'd to doe them.
Hard was my heart : But would't had harder bin,
And then, perhaps, I had not let thee in ;
Thou, *Tyrant*, that art so imperious there,
And onely tak'ft delight to *Dominere*.
But held I out such strong, such oft assailing,
And euer kept the honour of preuailing ?

Was

Fidelia.

Was this poore-breast from loues allurings free,
Cruell to all, and gentle vnto thee ?
Did I vnlocke that strong affections dore,
That neuer could be broken ope before,
Onely to thee ? and, at thy intercession,
So freely giue vp all my hearts possession :
That to my selfe I left not one poore veine,
Nor power, nor will, to put thee from't againe ?
Did I doe this, (and all on thy bare vow)
And wilt thou thus requite my kindnesse now ?
Oh that thou eyther hadst not learn'd to faine,
Or I had power to cast thee off againe !
How is it that thou art become so rude,
And ouer-blinded by *Ingratitude* ?
Swar'ft thou so deeply that thou wouldst perfeuer,
That I might thus be cast away for euer ?
Well, then 'tis true, that Louers periuries,
Among some men, are thought no iniuries :
And that she onely hath least cause of grieffe,
Who of your words hath smal'ft, or no beliefe.

Had I the wooer bin, or fondly won,
This had bin more tho, then thou couldst haue don ;
But, neither being so, what Reason is
On thy side, that should make thee offer this ?

I know, had I beene false, or my faith fail'd,
Thou wouldst at womens ficklenesse haue rail'd ;
And if in mee it had an error bin,
In thee shall the same fault be thought no sin ?

Rather

Fidelia.

Rather I hold that which is bad in mee,
Will be a greater blemish vnto thee :
Because, by *Nature*, thou art made more strong,
And therefore abler to endure a wrong.
But 'tis our *Fortune*, you'le haue all the power,
Onely the *Care* and *Burden* must be our.
Nor can you be content a wrong to do,
Vnlesse you lay the blame vpon vs to.
Oh that there were some gentle-minded *Poet*
That knew my heart, as well as now I know it ;
And would endeare me to his loue so much,
To giue the world (though but) a slender touch
Of that sad *Passion* which now clogs my heart,
And shew my truth, and thee how false thou art :
That all might know, what is beleeu'd by no man,
There's ficklenesse in men, and faith in woman.

Thou saw'st I first let *Pitty* in, then liking,
And lastly, that which was thy onely seeking :
And, when I might haue scorn'd that loue of thine,
(As now vnghently thou despisest mine,)
Among the inmost Angles of my brest,
To lodge it by my heart I thought it best :
Which thou hast stolne to, like a thankelesse Mate,
And left mee nothing but a blacke selfe-hate.
What canst thou say for this, to stand contending ?
What colour hast thou left for thy offending ?
Thy wit, perhaps, can some excuse deuise,
And faine a colour for those iniuries ;

But

Fidelia.

But well I know, if thou excuse this treason,
It must be by some greater thing then reason.

Are any of those *vertues* yet defac'd,
On which thy first affection seem'd plac'd ?
Hath any secret foe my true faith wronged,
To rob the blisse that to my heart belonged ?
What then ? shall I condemned be vnheard,
Before thou knowest how I may be clear'd ?
Thou art acquainted with the times condition,
Know'st it is full of enuy, and suspition,
So that the war'est in thought, word, and action,
Shall oft be iniur'd, by foule-mouth'd datraction :
And therefore thou (me-thinkes) should'st wisely pause
Before thou credit rumors without cause.

But I haue gotten such a confidence
In thy opinion, of my innocence :
It is not that, I know, with-holds thee now,
Sweet, tell mee then ; is it some sacred vow ?
Hast thou resolued, not to ioyne thy hand
With any one in *Hymens* holy band ?
Thou shouldst haue done it then, when thou wert free,
Before thou hadst bequeath'd thy selfe to mee.
What vow dost deeme more pleasing vnto *Heauen*,
Then what is by vnfained louers giuen ?
If any be, yet sure it frowneth at
Those that are made for contradicting that.
But, if thou wouldst liue chastely all thy life,
That thou maist do, though we be *man* and *wife* :

Or,

Fidelia.

Or, if thou long'st a *Virgin*-death to die,
Why (if it be thy pleasure) so doe I.
Make mee but thine, and I'lle (contented) be
A *Virgin* still, yet liue and lie with thee.
Then let not thy inuentioning braine assay
To mocke, and still delude mee euery way ;
But call to minde, how thou hast deeply sworne
Not to neglect, nor leaue mee thus forlorne.
And if thou wilt not be to mee as when
Wee first did loue, doe but come see mee then.
Vouchsafe that I may sometime with thee walke,
Or sit and looke on thee, or heare thee talke ;
And I that most content once aymed at,
Will thinke there is a world of blisse in that.

Dost thou suppose that my *Desires* denies
With thy affections well to sympathize ?
Or such peruersnesse hast thou found in me,
May make our *Natures* disagreeing be ?
Thou knowst when thou didst wake I could not sleepe ;
And if thou wert but sad, that I should weepe.
Yet (euen when the teares my cheeke did staine)
If thou didst smile, why I could smile againe :
I neuer did contrary thee in ought :
Nay, thou canst tell, I oft haue spake thy thought.
Waking ; the selfe-same course with thee I runne,
And sleeping, oftentimes our dreames were one.

The Dyall-needle, though it fence doth want,
Still bends to the beloued *Adamant* ;

Life

Fidelia.

Lift the one vp, the other vpward tends ;
If this fall downe, that presently descends :
Turne but about the stone, the steele turnes to ;
Then straight returns, if so the other do ;
And, if it stay, with trembling keepes one place,
As if it (panting) long'd for an imbrace.
So was't with mee : for, if thou merry wert,
That mirth of thine, mou'd ioy within my heart :
I sigh'd to, when thou didst sigh or frowne :
When thou wert sicke, thou hast perceiu'd me swoone ;
And being sad, haue oft, with forc'd delight,
Striu'd to giue thee content beyond my might.
When thou wouldst talke, then haue I talk'd with thee,
And silent been, when thou wouldst silent be.
If thou abroad didst goe, with ioy I went ;
If home thou lou'dst, at home was my content :
Yea, what did to my *Nature* disagree,
I could make pleasing, cause it pleas'd thee.

But, if't be either my weake Sex, or youth,
Makes thee misdoubt my vndistain'd truth,
Know this ; as none (till that vnhappy hower,
When I was first made thine,) had euer power
To moue my heart, by vowes, or teares expence ;
No more (I sweare) could any *Creature* since.
No lookes but thine, though aim'd with *Passions* Art,
Could pierce so deepe to penetrate my hart.
No name but thine, was welcome to my eare ;
No word did I so soone, so gladly heare :

Nor

Fidelia.

Nor euer could my eyes behold or see,
What I was since delighted in, but thee.
And sure thou wouldst beleue it to be so,
If I could tell, or words might make thee know,
How many a weary night my tumbled bed
Hath knowne me sleepelesse : what salt-teares I'ue shed ;
What scalding-fighes, the markes of soules opprest,
Haue hourelly breathed from my carefull brest.
Nor wouldst thou deeme those waking sorrowes faine,
If thou mightst see how sleeping I am paind.
For if sometimes I chance to take a slumber,
Vnwelcome dreames my broken rest doth cumber.
Which dreaming makes me start, starting with feares
Wakes ; and so by waking I renew my cares :
Vntill my eyes ore-tir'd with watch and weeping,
Drownd in their owne flouds fall againe to sleeping.
Oh ! that thou couldst but thinke, when last wee parted,
How much I, grieuing for thy absence, smarted :
My very soule fell sicke, my heart to aking,
As if they had their last *Farewells* beene taking ;
Or feared by some secret Diuination,
This thy reuolt, and causelesse alteration.
Didst thou not feele how loth that hand of mine,
Was to let goe the hold it had of thine ?
And with what heauy, what vnwilling looke
I leaue of thee, and then of comfort tooke ?
I know thou didst ; and though now thus thou doe,
I am deceiu'd, but then it grieu'd thee to.

P p

Then,

Fidelia.

Then, if I fo with *Loues* fell paffion vext
For thy departure onely was perplext,
When I had left to ftrengthen me fome truff ;
And hope, that thou wouldft nere haue prou'd vniuft :
What was my torture then, and hard endurance,
When of thy falshood I receiu'd affurance.

Alas, my Tongue, a-while, with grieffe was dumbe,
And a cold fhuddering did my ioynts benumme,
Amazement feiz'd my thought, and fo preuailed,
I found me ill, but knew not what I ailed.
Nor can I yet tell, fince my fuffering then
Was more then could be showne by *Poets* Pen ;
Or well conceiu'd by any other hart
Then that which in fuch care hath borne a part.

Oh me ; how loth was I to haue beleeu'd
That to be true, for which fo much I grieu'd ?
How gladly would I haue perfwaded bin,
There had bin no fuch matter, no fuch fin.
I would haue had my heart thinke that (I knew
To be the very truth) not to be true.

Why may not this, thought I, fome vifion be,
Some fleeping dreame, or waking phantafie,
Begotten by my ouer-blinded folly,

Or elfe engendred through my *Melancholy* ?

But finding it fo reall (thought I) then

Must I be caft from all my hopes agen ?

What are become of all thofe fading bliffes,

Which late my hope had, and now fo much miffes ?

Where

Fidelia.

Where is that future fickle happinesse
Which I so long expected to possesse?
And, thought I to; where are his dying *Passions*,
His honied words, his bitter lamentations?
To what end were his *Sonnets*, *Epigrams*,
His pretty *Poies*, witty *Anagrams*?
I could not thinke, all that might haue been fain'd,
Nor any faith, I thought so firme, bin stain'd.
Nay, I doe sure and confidently know,
It is not possible it should be so:
If that rare Art and *Passion* was thine owne,
Which in my prefence thou hast often showne.
But, since thy change, my much-prefaging heart
Is halfe afraid, thou some impostor wert:
Or that thou didst but (Player-like addrest)
Act that which flow'd from some more gentle brest.
Thy puft inuention, with worse matter swolne,
Those thy conceits from better wits hath stolne:
Or else (I know) it could not be, that thou
Shouldst be so ouer-cold as thou art now;
Since those, who haue that, feelingly, their owne,
Euer possesse more worth conceal'd, then knowne.
And if *Loue* euer any Mortals touch,
To make a braue impressiō, 'tis in such,
Who sworne loues Chaplaines, will not violate
That, whereunto themselues they consecrate.

But oh you noble brood, on whom the World
The flighted burthen of neglect hath hurl'd,

P p 2

(Because

Fidelia.

(Because your thoughts for higher objects borne,
Their groueling humors and affection scorne)
You, whom the *Gods*, to heare your straines, will follow,
Whilst you doe court the sisters of *Apollo*.
You, whom there's none that's worthy, can neglect,
Or any that vnworthy is, affect.
Oh let not those that seeke to doe you shame,
Bewitch vs with those songs they cannot frame :
The noblest of our Sexe, and fairest to,
Doe euer loue and honour such as you.
Then wrong vs not so much to giue your *Passion*
To those that haue it but in imitation :
And in their dull breasts neuer feele the power
Of such deepe thoughts as sweetly moue in your.
As well as you, they vs thereby abuse,
For (many times) when we our *Louers* chuse,
Where we thinke *Nature*, that rich *Iewell*, sets
Which shines in you, we light on counterfets.

But see, see whither discontentment beares me,
And to what vncoth straines my *Passion* reares me :
Yet pardon me, I here againe repent,
If I haue erred through that discontent.
Be what thou wilt, be counterfeit or right,
Be constant, serious, or be vaine, or light,
My loue remains inuiolate the fame,
Thou canst be nothing that can quench this flame,
But it will burne as long as thou hast breath
To keepe it kindled (if not after death)

Nere

Fidelia.

Nere was there one more true, then I to thee,
And though my faith must now despised be,
Vnpriz'd, vnualued at the lowest rate,
Yet this Ile tell thee, 'tis not all thy state,
Nor all that better-seeming worth of thine,
Can buy thee such another *Loue* as mine :
Liking it may, but oh there's as much oddes,
Twixt loue and that, as betweene men and Gods.
It is a purchase not procur'd with treasure,
As some fooles thinke, nor to be gaind at pleasure :
For were it so, and any could assure it,
What would not some men part with, to procure it ?
But though thou weigh't not, as thou ought'ft to do,
Thou knowst I loue ; and once didst loue mee to.
Then where's the cause of this dislike in thee ?
Suruey thy selfe, I hope there's none in mee.
Yet looke on her from whom thou art estranged ?
See, is my person, or my beauty changed ?
Once thou didst praise it, prethee view't agen,
And marke ift be not still the same twas then :
No false *Vermilion*-dye my cheeke distaines,
'Tis the poore bloud disperst through pores and vaines,
Which thou hast oft seen through my fore-head flushing,
To shew no dawby-colour hid my blushing :
Nor neuer shall : *Vertue*, I hope, will faue mee,
Contented with that beauty *Nature* gaue mee.
Or, ift seeme lesse, for that griefes-vaile had hid it,
Thou threwst it on mee, 'twas not I that did it,

O o 3

And

Fidelia.

And canst againe restore, what may repaire
All that's decay'd, and make me far more faire.
Which if thou doe, I'll be more wary than
To keep't for thee vnblemisht, what I can :
And cause at best 'twill want much of perfection,
The rest shall be supply'd with true affection.

But I doe feare, it is some others riches,
Whose more abundance that thy minde bewitches,
That baser obiect, that too generall aime,
Makes thee my lesfer *Fortune* to disclaime.
Fie, canst thou so degenerate in spirit,
As to prefer the meanes before the merit ?
(Although I cannot say it is in mee)
Such worth fometimes with pouerty may be
To equalize the match she takes vpon her ;
Tho th'other vaunt of *Birth, Wealth, Beauty, Honour* :
And many a one that did for greatnesse wed,
Would gladly change it for a meaner bed.
Yet are my *Fortunes* knowne indifferent,
Not basely meane, but such as may content :
And though I yeeld the better to be thine,
I may be bold to say thus much, for mine ;
That if thou couldst of them and me esteeme,
Neither thy state, nor birth, would mis-beseeme :
Or if it did ; how can I help't (alas)
Thou, not alone, before knew'it what it was.
But I (although not fearing so to speed)
Did also disfinable't more than need,

And

Fidelia.

And yet thou woo'dst, and wooing didst perseuer,
As if thou hadst intended *Loue* for euer :
Yea, thy account of wealth thou mad'st so small,
Thou had'st not any question of't at all ;
But hating much that peasant-like condition,
Did'st seeme displeas'd I held it in suspition.
Whereby I thinke, if nothing else doe thwart vs,
It cannot be the want of that will part vs.
Yea, I doe rather doubt indeed, that this
The needlesse feare of friends displeasure is.
Yes, that's the barre which stops out my delight,
And all my hope and ioy confoundeth quite.
But beares there any in thy heart such sway
To shut mee thence, and wipe thy loue away ?
Can there be any friend that hath the power,
To disvnite hearts so conioyn'd as our ?
E're I would haue so done by thee ; I'de rather
Haue parted with one deerer then my father.
For though the will of our Creator bindes
Each Childe to learne and know his Parents mindes ;
Yet sure I am, so iust a *Deitie*,
Commandeth nothing against *Pietie*.
Nor doth that band of duty giue them leaue,
To violate their faith, or to deceiue.
And though that *Parents* haue authority,
To rule their children in minority :
Yet they are neuer granted such power on them,
That will allow to tyrannize vpon them ;

P p 4

Or

Fidelia.

Or vse them vnder their command fo ill,
To force them, without reason, to their will.
For who hath read in all the Sacred-writ,
Of any one compeld to marriage (yet ?)
What father fo vnkinde (thereto requir'd)
Denide his *Childe* the match that he desir'd,
So that he found the Lawes did not forbid it ?
I thinke those gentler ages no men did it.
In those daies therefore for them to haue bin
Contracted without licence had been sin ?
Since there was more good *Nature* among men,
And euery one more truly louing then.
But now (although we stand obliged still
To labour for their liking, and good-will)
There is no duty whereby they may tie vs
From ought which without reason they deny vs :
For I do thinke, it is not onely meant,
Children should aske, but *Parents* should consent :
And that they erre, their duty as much breaking,
For not consenting, as we not for speaking.
“ It is no maruell many matches be
“ Concluded now without their priuity ;
“ Since they, through greedy *Auarice* misfed,
“ Their interest in that haue forfeited.
For, some respectlesse of all care, doe marry
Hot youthfull-*May*, to cold old-*January*.
Some, for a greedy end, doe basely tie
The sweetest-faire, to foule-deformitie.

Forcing

Fidelia.

Forcing a loue from where 'twas placed late,
To re-ingraffe it where it turnes to hate.
It seemes no caufe of hindrance in their eyes,
Though manners nor affections sympathize.
And two Religions by their rules of state,
They may in one made body tolerate ;
As if they did desire that double stemme,
Should fruitfull beare but *Neuters* like to them.
Alas, how many numbers of both kindes
By that haue euer discontented mindes :
And liue (though seeming vnto others well)
In the next torments vnto those of hell ?
How many, desprate growne by this their sinne,
Haue both vndone themselues and all their kinne ?
Many a one, we see, it makes to fall
With the too-late repenting *Prodigall*.
Thoufands (though else by nature gentler giuen,)
To act the horridst murthers oft are driuen.
And (which is worse) there's many a carelesse else,
(Vnlesse Heauen pittty) kills and damnes his selfe.
Oh what hard heart, or what vnpittyng eyes,
Could hold from teares to see those Tragedies,
Parents, by their neglect in this, haue hurld
Vpon the Stage of this respectlesse World ?
'Tis not one *Man*, one *Family*, one *Kinne*,
No nor one *Countrey* that hath ruin'd bin
By such their *folly*, which the cause hath prou'd,
That forraine oft, and ciuill warres were mou'd

By

Fidelia.

By such beginnings many a City lies
Now in the dust, whose *Turrets* brau'd the skies :
And diuers *Monarchs* by such fortunes crost,
Haue seene their Kingdomes fir'd, and spoil'd, and lost.

Yet all this while, thou seest, I mention not,
The ruine, shame, and chastity hath got ;
For 'tis a taske too infinite to tell
How many thousands that would haue done well,
Doe, by the meanes of this, suffer desires
To kindle in their hearts vnlawfull fires :
Nay some, in whose could breast nere flame had bin,
Haue onely for meere vengeance false to fin.

My selfe haue seene, and my heart bled to see't,
A wit-lesse Clowne enioy a match vnmeet.
She was a Lasse that had a looke to moue
The heart of cold *Diogenes* to loue :
Her eye was such, whose euery glance did know
To kindle flames vpon the hills of Snow ;
And by her powerfull piercings could imprint,
Or sparkle fire into a heart of flint :
And yet (vnlesse I much deceiued be)
In very thought did hate immodestie.
And (had sh'enioyd the man she could haue lou'd)
Might, to this day, haue liued vn-reprou'd :
But, being forc'd, perforce, by seeming-friends,
With her consent, she her contentment ends.
In that, compel'd, her-selfe to him shee gaue,
Whose Bed, shee rather could haue wisht her Graue ;
And

Fidelia.

And since, I heare, what I much feare is true,
That shee hath bidden shame and fame adue.

Such are the causes now that *Parents* quite
Are put beside much of their ancient right :
Their feare of this, makes children to with-hold
From giuing them those dues which else they would :
And these thou see'st are the too-fruitfull ils,
Which daily spring from their vnbridled wils.
Yet they, forfooth, will haue it vnderstood,
That all their study, is their childrens good.
A seeming-*Loue* shall couer all they do :
When, if the matter were well look't into,
Their carefull reach is chiefly to fulfill
Their owne foule, greedy, and insatiate will :
Who, quite forgetting they were euer young,
Would haue the Children dote, with them, on dung.
Grant, betwixt two, there be true loue, content,
Birth not mis-seeming, wealth sufficient,
Equality in yeares, an honest fame,
In euery-side the person without blame,
And they obedient too : What can you gather
Of Loue, or of affection, in that father,
That but a little to augment his treasure,
(Perhaps, no more but onely for his pleasure,)
Shall force his Childe to one he doth abhor,
From her he loues, and justly seeketh for ;
Compelling him (for such mis-fortune grieu'd)
To die with care, that might with ioy haue liu'd ?

This

Fidelia.

This you may say is *Loue*, and sweare as well,
There's paines in *Heauen*, and delights in *Hell* :
Or, that the Diuels fury and austerity
Proceeds out of his care of our posterity.
Would *Parents* (in this age) haue vs begin
To take by their eyes, our affections in ?
Or doe they thinke we beare them in our fist,
That we may still remoue them as wee list ?
It is impossible it should be thus,
For we are rul'd by *Loue*, not Loue by vs :
And so our power so much ner'e reached to,
To know where we shall loue, vntill we doe.
And when it comes, hide it awhile wee may,
But 'tis not in our strengths to driu't away.

Either mine owne eye should my chuser be,
Or I would ner'e weare *Hymens* Liury.
For who is he so neare my heart doth rest,
To know what 'tis, that mine approued best ?
I haue my selfe beheld those men, whose frame
And outward personages had nought of blame :
They had (what might their good proportion grace)
The much more mouing part, a comely face,
With many of those complements, which we
In common men, of the best breeding see.
They had discourse, and wit enough to carry
Themselues in fashion, at an *Ordinary* ;
Gallants they were, lou'd company and sport,
Wore fauours, and had *Mistresses* in *Court*.

And

Fidelia.

And every way were such as well might seeme
Worthy of note, respect, and much esteeme ;
Yet hath my eye more cause of liking seeme,
Where nought perhaps by some hath noted beene :
And I haue there found more content, by farre,
Where some of these perfections wanting are ;
Yea so much, that their beauties were a blot
To them (me thought) because he had them not.

There some peculiar thing innated,
That beares an vncontrouled sway in this ;
And nothing but it selfe knowes how to fit
The minde with that which best shall suit with it.

Then why should *Parents* thrust themselues into
What they want warrant for, and power to doe ?
How is it they are so forgetfull growne,
Of those conditions, that were once their owne ?
Doe they so dote amidst their wits perfection,
To thinke that age and youth hath like affection ?
(When they doe see 'mong those of equall yeares,
One hateth what another most endeares.)
Or doe they thinke their wisedomes can inuent
A thing to giue, that's greater than Content ?
No, neither shall they wrap vs in such blindnesse,
To make vs thinke the spite they doe, is kindnesse.
For as I would aduise no childe to stray
From the least duty that he ought to pay :
So would I also haue him wisely know,
How much that duty is which he doth owe :

That

Fidelia.

That knowing what doth vnto both belong,
He may doe them their right, himfelfe no wrong.
For if my *Parents* him I lothe should chufe,
Tis lawfull, yea my duty to refufe :
Elfe, how fhall I leade fo vpright a life,
As is enioyned to the *Man* and *Wife* ?
Since that we fee fometime there are repentings,
Eu'n where there are the moft, and beft contentings.
What, though that by our *Parents* firft we liue ?
Is not life mifery enough to giue ;
Which at their births the children doth vndo,
Vnleffe they adde fome other mifchiefe to ?
Caufe they gaue being to this flefh of our,
Muft we be therefore flaued vnto their power ?
We nere defir'd it, for how could we tell,
Not being, but that not to be was well :
Nor know they whom they profit by it, feeing
Happy were fome, if they had had no being.
Indeed, had they produc'd vs without fin,
Had all our duty to haue pleas'd them bin :
Of the next life, could they affure the state,
And both beget vs and regenerate ;
There were no reason then we should withftand
To vndergoe their tyrannou'ft command :
In hope that either for our hard endurance,
We should, at laft, haue comfort in affurance :
Or, if in our endeauours we mif-fped,
At leaft feele nothing when we should be dead.

But

Fidelia.

But what's the *Reason* for't that we shall be
Inthral'd so much vnto Mortality?

Our foules on will of any *Men* to tye

Vnto an euerlasting misery.

So farre, perhaps to, from the good of either,

We ruine them, our selues, and altogether.

Children owe much, I must confesse 'tis true,

And a great debt is to the *Parents* due :

Yet if they haue not so much power to craue

But in their owne defence the liues they gaue :

How much lesse then, should they become so cruell

As to take from them the high-prized Iewell

Of liberty in choyce, whereon depends

The maine contentment that the heauen here lends?

Worth life, or wealth, nay far more worth then either

Or twenty thousand liues put all together.

Then howsoeuer some, feuerer bent,

May deeme of my opinion, or intent,

With that which followes thus conclude I doe :

(And I haue Reason for't, and Conscience to)

No Parent may his Childes iust sute deny

On his bare will, without a reason why :

Nor he so vs'd, be disobedient thought,

If vnapprou'd, he take the match he fought.

So then if that thy faith vncrazed be,

Thy friends dislike shall be no stop to me :

For, if their will be not of force to doe it,

They shall haue no cause else to driue them to it.

What

Fidelia.

What is it they againſt vs can alleage?
Both young we are, and of the fitteſt age,
If thou difſembledſt not, both loue ; and both
To admit hinderance in our loues are loth.
'Tis prejudiciall vnto none that liues ;
And Gods, and humane Law our warrant giues.
Nor are we much vnequall in degree,
Perhaps our *Fortunes* ſomewhat different be.
But fay that little meanes, which is, were not,
The want of wealth may not diffolue this knot.
For though ſome ſuch prepoſterous courſes wend,
Preſcribing to themſelues no other end,
Marr'age was not ordain'd t'enrich men by,
Vnleſſe it were in their poſterity.
And he that doth for other cauſes wed,
Nere knowes the true ſweetes of a marriage bed :
Nor ſhall he by my will, for 'tis vnfit
He ſhould haue bliſſe that neuer aym'd at it.

Though that bewitching gold the *Rabble* blindes,
And is the obieſt of all *Vulgar* mindes :
Yet thoſe, me-thinkes, that graced ſeeme to bee,
With ſo much good as doth appeare in thee,
Should ſcorne their better-taught deſires to tye
To that, which fooles doe get their honour by.
I can like of the wealth (I muſt confeſſe)
Yet more I prize the man, though mony-leſſe.
I am not of their humour yet, that can
For Title, or Eſtate, affect a *Man* ;

Or

Fidelia.

Or of my selfe, one body deigne to make
With him I lothe, for his possessions sake.
Nor wish I euer to haue that minde bred
In me, that is in those ; who, when they wed,
Thinke it enough, they doe attaine the grace
Of some new honour, to fare well, take place,
Weare costly cloathes, in others fights agree,
Or happy in opinion seeme to bee.

I weigh not this : for were I fure before
Of *Spencers* wealth, or our rich *Suttons* store ;
Had I therewith a man, whom *Nature* lent,
Person enough to giue the eye content :
If I no outward due, nor right did want,
Which the best Husbands in appearance grant :
Nay, though alone we had no priuate iarres
But merry liu'd from all domesticke cares ;
Vnlesse I thought his *Nature* so incline,
That it might also sympathize with mine,
(And yeeld such correspondence with my mind'
Our soules might mutually contentment find,
By adding vnto these which went before,
Some certaine vnexpressed pleasures more,
Such as exceed the streight and curb'd dimensions
Of common mindes, and vulgar apprehensions)
I would not care for such a match, but tarry
In this estate I am, and neuer marry.

Such were the sweets I hop'd to haue possesst,
When *Fortune* should with thee haue made me blest.
My heart could hardly thinke of that content,
To apprehend it without rauishment. Each

Q q

Fidelia.

Each word of thine (me-thought) was to my eares
More pleasing then that musicke, which the *Sphaeres*
(They say) doe make the gods, when in their chime,
Their motions *Diapason* with the time,
In my conceit, the opening of thine eye.
Seem'd to giue light to euery object by,
And shed a kinde of life vnto my shew,
On euery thing that was within it view.
More ioy I'ue felt to haue thee but in place,
Then many doe in the most close embrace
Of their beloued't friend, which well doth proue,
Not to thy body onely tends my loue :
But mounting a true height, growes so diuine,
It makes my soule to fall in loue with thine.
And sure now whatfoe're thy body doe,
Thy soule loues mine, and oft they visit too.
For late I dream'd they went, I know not whither,
Vnlesse to *Heauen*, and there play'd together ;
And to this day I nere could know or see,
'Twixt them or vs the least *Antipathy*,
Then what should make thee keepe thy person hence,
Or leaue to loue, or hold it in suspence ?
If to offend thee I vnawares was driuen,
Is't such a fault as may not be forgiuen ?
Or if by frownes of *Fate*, I haue beene checkt,
So that I seeme not worth thy first respect,
Shall I be therefore blamed and vpbraided,
With what could not be holpen, or auoyded ?
Tis not my fault : yet cause my *Fortunes* doe,
Wilt thou be so vnkinde to wrong me too ?

Not

Fidelia.

Not vnto *Thine*, but thee I fet my heart,
So nought can wipe my loue out while thou art :
Though thou wert poorer both of house and meat,
Then he that knowes not where to sleepe or eat :
Though thou wert funke into obscurity,
Become an abiect in the worlds proud eye,
Though by peruerfeneffe of thy *Fortune* croft,
Thou wert deformed, or some limbe had'ft loft,
That loue which *Admiration* first begot,
Pitty would strengthen, that it failed not :
Yea, I should loue thee still, and without blame,
As long as thou couldst keepe thy minde the same ;
Which is of *Vertues* so compact (I take it)
No mortall change shall haue the power to shake it.
This may, and will (I know) seeme strange to those
That cannot the *Abyfs* of loue disclose,
Nor must they thinke, whom but the out-side moues
Euer to apprehend such noble *Loues* ;
Or more coniecture their vnfounded measure,
Then can we mortalls of immortall pleasure.

Then let not those dull vnconceiuing braines,
Who shall hereafter come to reade these straines,
Suppose that no loues fire can be so great,
Because it giues not their cold Clime such heate ;
Or thinke m'inuention could haue reached here
Vnto such thoughts, vnlesse such loue there were :
For then they shall but shew their knowledge weake,
And iniure me, that feele of what I speake.

But now my lines grow tedious, like my wrong,
And as I thought that, thou think'ft this too long.

Q q 2

Or

Fidelia.

Or some may deeme, I thrust my selfe into
More then befeemeth modesty to do.
But of the difference I am not vnwitting,
Betwixt a peeuiſh coyneſſe, and things fitting :
Nothing reſpect I, who pries ore my doing :
For here's no vaine allurements, nor fond wooing,
To traine ſome wanton ſtranger to my lure ;
But with a thought that's honeſt, chaſte, and pure,
I make my cauſe vnto thy conſcience knowne,
Suing for that which is by right my owne.
In which complaint, if thou doe hap to finde
Any ſuch word, as ſeemes to be vnkind :
Miſtake me not, it but from *Paſſion* ſprung,
And not from an intent to doe thee wrong.
Or if among theſe doubts my ſad thoughts breed,
Some (peradventure) may be more then need
They are to let thee know, might we diſpute,
There's no obiections but I could refute ;
And ſpight of *Envy* ſuch defences make,
Thou ſhouldeſt embrace that loue thou doſt forſake.

Then do not (oh forgetfull man) now deeme,
That 'tis ought leſſe then I haue made it ſeeme.
Or that I am vnto this *Paſſion* mou'd,
Becaufe I cannot elſe-where be belou'd :
Or that it is thy ſtate, whoſe greatneſſe knowne,
Makes me become a futer for my owne :
Suppoſe not ſo ; for know this day there be
Some that wooe hard for what I offer thee :
And I haue euer yet contented bin
With that eſtate I firſt was placed in.

Baniſh

Fidelia.

Banish those thoughts, and turne thee to my heart ;
Come once againe, and be what once thou wert.
Reuiue me by those wonted ioyes repairing,
That am nigh dead with sorrowes and despairing :
So shall the memory of this annoy,
But adde more sweetnesse to my future ioy ;
Yea, make me thinke thou meantst not to deny me,
But onely wert estranged thus, to try me.
And lastly, for that loues sake thou once bar'ft me,
By that right hand thou gau'ft, that oath thou swar'ft me,
By all the *Passions*, and (if any be)
For her deare sake that makes thee iniure me ;
I here coniure thee ; no intreat and sue,
That if these lines doe ouer-reach thy view,
Thou wouldst afford me so much fauour for them,
As to accept, or at least not abhorre them.
So though thou wholly cloake not thy disdaine,
I shall haue somewhat the lesse cause to plaine :
Or if thou needs must scoffe at this, or me,
Do't by thy selfe, that none may witnesse be.
Not that I feare 'twill bring me any blame,
Onely I am loth the world should know my shame.
For all that shall this plaint with reason view,
Will iudge me faithfull, and thee most vntrue.
But if *Oblinon*, that thy loue bereft,
Hath not so much good nature in thee left,
But that thou must, as most of you men doe,
When you haue conquer'd, tyrannize it too :
Know this before, that it is praise to no man
To wrong so fraile a *Creature* as a woman.

Q q 3

And

Fidelia.

And to insult or'e one, so much made thine,
Will more be thy disparagement then mine.

But oh (I pray that it portend no harmes)
A chearing heate my chilled senses warmes :
Iust now I flashing feele into my brest,
A sudden comfort, not to be exprest ;
Which to my thinking, doth againe begin
To warne my heart, to let some hope come in ;
It tels me 'tis impossible that thou
Shouldst liue not to be mine, it whispers how
My former feares and doubts haue bene in vaine,
And that thou mean'ft yet to returne againe.
It faies thy absence from some cause did grow,
Which, or I should not, or I could not know.
It tels me now, that all those proofes, whereby
I seem'd assur'd of thy disloyalty,
May be but treacherous plots of some base foes,
That in thy absence fought our ouerthrowes.

Which if it proue ; as yet me thinkes it may,
Oh, what a burden shall I cast away ?
What cares shall I lay by ? and to what height
Towre in my new ascension to delight ?
Sure er'e the full of it I come to try,
I shall eu'n surfet in my ioy and die.
But such a losse might well be call'd a thriuing
Since more is got by dying so, then liuing.

Come kill me then, my deare, if thou thinke fit,
With that which neuer killed woman yet :
Or write to me before, so shalt thou giue
Content more moderate that I may liue :

And

Fidelia.

And when I see my staffe of trust vnbroken,
I will vnspeake againe what is mis-spoken.
What I haue written in dispraise of *Men*,
I will recant, and praise as much agen ;
In recompence Ile adde vnto their Stories,
Encomiasticke lines to ymp their glories.
And for those wrongs my loue to thee hath done,
Both I and it vnto thy *Pitty* runne :
In whom, if the least guilt thou finde to be,
For euer let thine armes imprison me.

Meane while I'le try if misery will spare
Me so much respite, to take truce with care.
And patiently await the doubtfull doome,
Which I expect from thee should shortly come ;
Much longing that I one way may be sped,
And not still linger 'twixt aliue and dead.
For I can neither liue yet as I should,
Because I least enioy of that I would ;
Nor quiet die, because (indeed) I first
Would see some better daies, or know the worst.

Then haften *Deare*, if to my end it be,
It shall be welcome, cause it comes from thee.
If to renew my *Comfort* ought be sent,
Let me not loose a minute of *Content*.
The precious *Time* is short, and will away,
Let vs enioy each other while we may.
Cares thriue, *Age* creepeth on, *Men* are but shades,
Ioyes lessen, *Youth* decaies, and *Beauty* fades ;
New turnes come on, the old returneth neuer,
If we let our goe past, 'tis past for euer.

FINIS.

A

A Metricall Paraphrase



A Metricall Paraphrase vpon the CREEDE.



Ince it befits, that I account should giue
What way vnto saluation *I beleue* ;
Of my profession here the summe I gather.
Firft, I confesse a Faith *in God the Father* :
In God, who (without Helper or Pertaker)
Was of himfelfe the Worlds *Almighty Maker*,
And firft gaue Time his being : who gaue birth
To all the Creatures, both *of Heauen and Earth*.
Our euerlasting wel-fare doth confist
In his great mercies, *and in Iesus Christ* :
(The second person of that Three in one)
The Father's equall, and *his onely Sonne* ;
That euer-blessed, and incarnate Word,
Which our Redeemer is, our life, *Our Lord*.
For when by Sathans guile we were deceiued,
Christ was that meanes of helpe, *which was conceived* ;
Yea, (when we were in danger to be loft)
Conceiued for Vs, *by the Holy Ghost*.
And that we might not euer be for-lorne,
For our eternall safety he was *Borne* ;
Borne as a Man (that Man might not miscary)
Euen of the substance *of the Virgin Mary*,
And loe, a greater mercy, and a wonder ;
He that can make All, suffer, *suffered vnder*

The

upon the Creede.

The Iewish spite (which all the world reuile at)
And Romish tyrannies of *Pontius Pilate*.
In him doe I beleeeue, who was enuied,
Who with extreamest hate *was Crucified* :
Who being Life it selfe (to make assured
Our foules of safete) was both *dead, and buried* ;
And that no seruile feare in vs might dwell,
To conquere, *Hee descended into Hell* :
Where no infernall Power had power to lay
Command vpon him ; but on *the third day*
The force of Death and Hell he did constraîne ;
And so in Triumph, *He arose againe*.
Yea, the Almighty power aduanc'd his head,
Afwell aboue all things, as *from the dead*.
Then, that from thence gifts might to men be giuen,
With glory, *Hee ascended into Heauen* :
Where, that supream and euerlasting throne,
Which was prepar'd, he climb'd ; *and sitteth on*
That blessed seate, where he shall make abode
To plead for vs, at *the right hand of God*.
And no where should he be enthroned rather,
Then there : for, he is God, as is *the Father*.
And therefore, with an equall loue delight I
To praise and serue them both, as one *Almighty* :
Yet in their office there's a difference.
And I beleeeue, that Iesus Christ, *from thence*,
Shall in the great and vniuersall doome,
Returne ; and that with Angels *He shall come*,
To question such as at his Empire grudge ;
Euen those who haue presumed him to *indge*.

And

A Metricall Paraphrase

And that blacke day shall be fo Catholicke,
As I beleue not onely that *the quicke*
To that affise shall all be summoned ;
But, he will both adiudge them, *and the dead.*
Moreouer, in the Godhead I conceiue
Another Person, in whom *I beleue* :
For all my hope of blessednesse were lost,
If I beleeu'd not *in the holy Ghost.*
And though vaine Schismatickes through pride & folly
Contemne her power, I doe beleue *the holy*
Chast Spouse of Christ (for whom so many search
By markes vncertaine) the true *Cath'like Church.*
I doe beleue (God keepe vs in this vnion),
That there shall be for euer *the Communion*
Of Gods Elect : and that he still acquaints
His Children in the fellowship *of Saints.*
Though damned be Mans naturall condition,
By grace in Christ I looke for *the remission*
Of all my foule misdeeds ; for, there begins
Deaths end, which is the punishment *of sinnes.*
Moreouer, I the *Sadduces* infection
Abhorre, and doe beleue *the Resurrection* :
Yea, though I turne to dust ; yet through God, I
Expect a glorious rising *of the body* ;
And that, exempted from the cares here rife,
I shall enioy perfection *and the life*
That is not subiect vnto change or wafting ;
But euer-blessed, and for *euerlasting.*
This is my Faith, which that it faile not when
It most should steed me, let God say, *Amen.*

To

vpon the Lords Prayer.

*To whom, that he so much vouchsafe me may,
Thus as a member of his Church, I pray:*



Ord, at thy Mercy-feat, our selues we gather,
To doe our duties vnto thee, *Our Father.*
To whom all praise, al honor, should be giuen:
For, thou art that great God *which art in heauē.*
Thou by thy wisdome rul't the worlds whole frame,
For euer, therefore, *Hallowed be thy Name.*
Let neuer more delayes diuide vs from
Thy glories view, but let *Thy Kingdome come.*
Let thy commands opposed be by none,
But thy good pleasure, and *Thy will be done.*
And let our promptnesse to obey, be euen
The very fame *in earth, as 'tis in heauen.*
Then, for our selues, O Lord, we also pray,
Thou wouldst be pleased to *Giue vs this day,*
That food of life wherewith our foules are fed,
Contented raiment, and *our daily bread.*
With eu'ry needfull thing doe thou relieue vs:
And, of thy mercy, pittie *And forgie vs*
All our misdeeds, in him whom thou didst please,
To take in offering for *our trespassses.*
And for as much, O Lord, as we belecue,
Thou so wilt pardon vs, *as we forgie;*
Let that loue teach vs, wherewith thou acquaints vs,
To pardon all *them, that trespassed against vs.*

And

A Metricall Paraphrase, &c.

And though fometime thou findst we haue forgot
This Loue, or thee; yet helpe, *And leade vs not* } *See*
Through Soule or bodies want, to deperation } *Pro.*
Nor let abundance driue, *into temptation.* } *30. 8.*
Let not the foule of any true Beleeuer,
Fall in the time of tryall: *But deliuer*
Yea, faue him from the malice of the Diuell;
And both in life and death keepe *vs from euill.*
Thus pray we Lord: And but of thee, from whom
Can this be had? *For thine is the Kingdome.*
The world is of thy workes the grauen stony,
To thee belongs *the power, and the glory.*
And this thy happineffe hath ending neuer:
But shall remaine *for euer, and for euer.*
This we confesse; and will confesse agen,
Till we shall fay eternally, *Amen.*

*Thou shalt write them vpon the postes of thy house,
and vpon thy Gates. Deut. 6. 9.*

FINIS.

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London, W.

YOUNG, Alexander, 9, Lynedock place,
Glasgow

Young, George, 9, Lynedock place, Glasgow





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