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Sabie, Francis
Pan's pipe

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PAN'S PIPE

BY

FRANCIS SABIE

1595

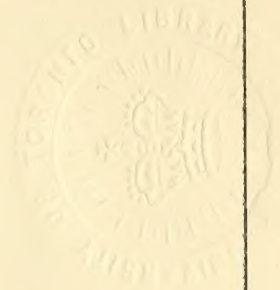
REPUBLISHED, WITH AN INTRODUCTION

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JAMES WILSON BRIGHT

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PAN'S PIPE, THREE PASTORAL ECLOGUES, WITH OTHER VERSES, BY FRANCIS SABIE (1595)

INTRODUCTION

The contemporary records relating to Francis Sabie are restricted, so far as is known at present, to the several entries in the Registers of the Company of Stationers of London, which are here reproduced from Arber's *Transcript*:

12 Junij [1587]

Edmond Sabie SON OF FFRANCIS SABIE OF LICHEFEILD in the countie of STAFFORD Scholemaster: hathe putt him self apprentice to **Robert Cullen** citizen and Staconner of London for the terme of Seven yeres from the Date hereof [12 June 1587].¹

—ARBER, II, 146.

¹ This entry, it seems, was not noticed before Collier cited it in *A Bibliographical and Critical Account of the Rarest Books in the English Language*, London, 1865, I, xxxix*; New York, 1866, IV, 1-2. Collier observed that Sabie had dedicated his *Adam's Complaint*, etc., to the Bishop of Peterborough, Dr. Howland, and it must have been in an endeavor to discover "what claim he [Sabie] had upon that prelate" that this entry was found, upon which Collier's comment runs thus: "It is not stated whether the father was a clergyman as well as a schoolmaster: it seems probable that he was so, although we do not meet with Sabie's name in the records of either University." From this time on Francis Sabie is designated "Schoolmaster of Lichfield," as is at once shown in Hazlitt's *Hand-Book to the Popular, Poetical, and Dramatic Literature of Great Britain*, London, 1867. Sabie, however, had further relations with distinguished personages. The *Fisherman's Tale* is dedicated to "M. Henrie Mordant, sonne and heire to the Right Honorable the Lord Mordant," and *Flora's Fortune* is addressed to "M. Francis Tresham, sonne and heire to the renowned and vertuous Knight Sir Thomas Tresham." In this instance it is "great and immerited friendship" that emboldened the author "to present vnto your worship, this my vnpolished poeme, from which otherwise the imbecillitie of my skill in this diuine arte, and rudenesse of these my lines doe altogether dehort me" (*The British Bibliographer*, I, 494, 497-98).

Sabie's use of the place-name *Benefeldia*, in *Author ad Librum* (l. 3), may perhaps indicate something with reference to his personal history. It is, however, kindly reported by Rev. W. C. Richardson, rector of the church of Benefield (near Oundle), who acknowledges the assistance of Rev. R. M. Sergeantson, of St. Peter's Rectory, Northampton, that the registers of marriages, baptisms, and burials at the church of Benefield do not extend farther back than the year 1570, and that between the years 1570 and 1597 the name Sabie does not occur.

xxj Novembris [1594]¹

Richard Jones / Entred for his copie vnder the wardens handes. a booke intituled, *the fisher mans tale conteyninge the storye of CASSANDER* a Gretian knight.

—ARBER, II, 666.

iij Januarij [1595]

Richard Jones / Entred for his copie vnder master warden **Binges** hand, a booke intituled *PAN his pipe / conteyninge Three pastorall Egloges in Englishe Hexamiter with other delightfull verses.*

—ARBER, II, 668.

As to the complete list of Sabie's works, no doubt has been attached at any time to the acceptance of the surviving four books as comprising all the compositions that this writer ever gave to the public. The list is as follows:

1. *The Fissher-mans Tale: Of the famous Actes, Life and loue of Cassander a Grecian Knight.* 1595. 4°.
2. *Flora's Fortune. The second part and finishing of the Fisher-mans Tale.* 1595. 4°.
3. *Pans Pipe, Three Pastorall Eglogues, in English Hexameter. With Other Poetical Verses delightfull. For the further delight of the Reader, the Printer hath annexed hereunto the delectable Poëme of the Fisher-mans Tale.* 1595. 4°.
4. *Adams Complaint. The Olde Worldes Tragedie. David and Bathsheba.* 1596. 4°.

Each of these volumes was "Imprinted at London by Richard Jones," and none of them is known to have attained to a second edition; the *Fisherman's Tale*, however, was to be obtained either in separate form or bound up with *Pan's Pipe*. Moreover, there is no evidence that *Pan's Pipe* was first issued separately; it is always reported with the compound title-page, in which 'the further delight of the reader' is so generously considered.²

¹ In the *Dictionary of National Biography*, art. "Sabie," this date is misprinted "11 Nov.;" and that of the following entry is misprinted "11 Jan."

² The reviewer, J[oseph] H[aslewood], of the two separate books, the *Fisherman's Tale* and *Flora's Fortune*, in *The British Bibliographer* I (1810), 488-503, referring to *Pan's Pipe* and the *Fisherman's Tale* writes (p. 501): "Neither piece appears to have obtained a very favorable reception from the public, as Jones soon found it necessary, 'for the further delight of the reader,' to annex to the first 'the delectable poem of the Fisherman's tale.'" The probable truth in the first clause of this statement does not, of course, warrant the fabrication of bibliographic details. But Haslewood was not so much fabricating details as submitting to be misled by Warton (*History of English Poetry* [1781], III, 405, note n), who had cited the registration date and title of *Pan's Pipe* as the date and title of the published book: "In 1594, Richard Jones published

Not only did none of Sabie's books ever pass to a second edition, but one must believe also that the first editions were not large. All these books have long been scarce, and it has been the schoolmaster's fortune to become, on the one hand, a very much neglected author and, on the other hand, a very attractive "item" in the accounts of the "collector." Even the courtesy of reprinting old books has hitherto been denied him, except in the case of the capricious edition, limited to ten copies, of the *Fisherman's Tale* (both parts), "reprinted from a Bodleian manuscript," under the editorial direction of Halliwell-Phillipps, in 1867.¹

The present reprint of *Pan's Pipe* represents the text of the printed copy that has long been in the possession of the British Museum.² The unsettled orthography and the imperfect punctuation of the original have been reproduced with minute exactness. It is very

'Pan His Pipe, conteyninge Three Pastorall Eglogs in English hexamiter with other delightful verses.' Licenced Jan. 3. Registr Station. B. fol. 316, b." Almost a century later this matter is still not clearly analyzed by W. Carew Hazlitt (*Hand-Book to the Popular, Poetical, and Dramatic Literature of Great Britain*, 1867, p. 530): "No perfect copy of this volume," referring to the volume bearing the compound title, "seems to be known. The first portion—Pan's Pipe—is among the King's Books in the British Museum, and consists of 16 leaves; but it does not contain the *Fisherman's Tale*, which is nothing more than Greene's *Pandosto*, 1588, versified. Heber had the *Fisherman's Tale*, 1595, and it was sold among his books as a complete volume, no bibliographer seeming to have been aware that it really should form part of *Pan's Pipe*, being mentioned in the title of the latter." Here there is a twofold error, the denial of the *Fisherman's Tale* as a separately published book, and the failure to notice that the bibliographers had been misled by Warton. It must be added that H. Oskar Sommer (*Erster Versuch über die englische Hirtendichtung*, Marburg, 1888, p. 55) continues the error of dating the volume 1594, and retains a portion of the registration title. On the other hand, Katharina Windscheid (*Die englische Hirtendichtung von 1579-1625*, Halle, 1895, p. 39) avoids the pitfall and accurately transcribes the compound title from the printed book itself. That Sommer was unduly dependent on the bibliographers is to be inferred from an additional misstatement: "Der Name Sabbie geht aus dem 'Register of the Stationer's Hall' (Jan. 3d B. fol. 316b) hervor."

¹ See Sommer, *op. cit.*, p. 55, and art. "Sabie," *Dictionary of National Biography*.

² But until recently this copy was incomplete, lacking the *Fisherman's Tale* which is required by the compound title. The completion of the volume is reported by Robert Edmund Graves, in *Bibliographica*, London (1897), III, 428: "The British Museum has by the dispersal of the Isham books been enriched by the most important additions in English literature made for many years . . . it has obtained copies of . . . Sabie's *Fisherman's Tale* and *Flora's Fortune*, 1595, completing that author's *Pan's Pipe*, which was already in the library." This list of acquired books includes also a copy of Sabie's *Adam's Complaint*, 1596. An account of the finding of these and other "choicest Elizabethan books" in a disused lumber-room at Lamport Hall, Northamptonshire, was communicated by the finder, Mr. Charles Edmonds ("of the house of Willis and Sotheran"), to *The Times* of October 4, 1867; and an article in *The Times* of August 31, 1894 (not 1895, as in the *Dic. Nat. Biog.*), entitled "Elizabethan Literature at the British Museum," contains a report of the sale of the Isham books, which is to be compared with Mr. Graves's later report in *Bibliographica*, cited above.

obvious that the shorter spelling of a word and the occasional symbol of contraction are often due to the want of space for a long line. The typography of the book is not of superior character. Most of the proper names that were to be in italics are, for lack of the proper supply of type, disfigured by having the initial letter from the Roman font. The uncouth form of these initial letters does not reappear in this reprint.

The principal interest of Sabie's *Eclogues*—to people who mention them at all—seems to be that they “constituted the first attempt in English at writing original eclogues in Vergilian meter.”¹ But there is another matter which deserves some attention, namely, the question of his sources; and the following notes may be of interest not only to readers of *Pan's Pipe*, but to students of the pastoral eclogue in general. Not that his sources were all very remote; indeed, when he took up his pen “to expell the accustomed tediousness of colde winters nightes,”² he could find subjects for his verse even in the familiar instruments of his daily toil. Like his fellow schoolmaster Holofernes, he had a high regard for the Latin hexameters of “good old Mantuan.”³ When he attempted the elegiac couplet, he had his model in another favorite schoolbook, the *Tristia* of Ovid.⁴ And one of his shorter poems is based upon a bit of contemporary Latin verse.

1. Borrowings from Mantuan

The very theme of the first Eclogue, “the prosperous euent Of my loue” (36-37), suggests a rather large debt to Mantuan's first, *De honesto amore et felici eius exitu*. And it borrows freely from some of Mantuan's other eclogues as well, especially the second, third, and

¹ Walter W. Greg, *Pastoral Poetry and Pastoral Drama*, London, 1906, p. 114. Mr. Greg adds, “and the injudicious experiment has not, I believe, been repeated.” So H. O. Sommer, *op. cit.*, p. 55, “als einziges Beispiel von Eclogen in englischen Hexametern.”

² *The British Bibliographer*, I (1810), 498.

³ Dr. K. Windscheid, *op. cit.*, pp. 39-41, pointed out that a passage of the first Eclogue, and a long passage of the third, are taken from Mantuan.

⁴ In 1582 the Lords of the Privy Council ordered Christopher Ocland's *Anglorum Praelia* to be used in the grammar schools, “in place of some of the heathen poetes nowe read among them, as Ovide *De arte amandi*, *De tristibus*, or such lyke” (Foster Watson, *Journal of Education*, London, June, 1899, p. 364; and *The Beginnings of the Teaching of Modern Subjects in England*, London, 1909, p. 81). But in 1588 William Kempe's *Education of Children in Learning* could still prescribe Ovid, *De tristibus*, for the fifth form, *Report of U. S. Commissioner of Education for 1904*, p. 684.

fourth. The opening lines (1-4) may be compared with the beginning of Mantuan's fifth:

Candide, nobiscum pecudes aliquando solebas
pascere et his gelidis calamos inflare sub umbris
et miscere sales simul et certare palaestra.

Ll. 18-24 are a paraphrase of Mantuan's third, 17-24:

aspice quo tenuem victum sudore paramus,
quot mala pro grege, pro natis, pro coniuge pastor
fert miser. infestis aestate caloribus ardet,
frigoribus riget hibernis; dormimus ad imbrem
cotibus in duris vel humi; contagia mille,
mille premunt morbi pecudes, discrimina mille
sollicitant, latro insidias intentat ovili
atque lupus milesque lupo furacior omni.

Ll. 27-32 are a paraphrase of Mantuan's first, 1-5:

Fauste, precor, gelida quando pecus omne sub umbra
ruminat, antiquos paulum recitemus amores,
ne, si forte sopor nos occupet, ulla ferarum
quae modo per segetes tacite insidiantur adultas
saeuiat in pecudes; melior vigilantia somno.

In l. 46 the name "Janus" is borrowed from Mantuan's fourth. The story of "Amyntas" (77-93)—which rather interrupts the narrative—is taken from Mantuan's second and third. "Under a shade" (*frondente sub ulmo*, ii, 63) he saw Galatea and "burnt in her love," and was thereafter "unmindfull quite of his heardling;" cf. ii, 107-8:

oblitusque greges et damna domestica totus
uritur et noctes in luctum expendit amaras.

Tityrus' prudent warning (81-82) is borrowed from Mantuan, ii, 115 ff.:

dic, age, si nosti quemquam, reminiscere si quem
videris hoc pacto ditescere, etc.;

and Amyntas' reply (83-91) from iii, 103-24:

o me felicem, si cum mea fata vocabunt,
in gremio dulcique sinu niveisque lacertis
saltem anima caput hoc languens abeunte iaceret;
illa sua nobis morientia lumina dextra
clauderet. . . .

o nemorum Silvane pater, servate (precamur)
 collibus in vestris gelidisque in vallibus omne
 silvarum rurisque decus. circumdate saltus
 saepibus et prohibete pecus, ne floribus obsit.
 ista (precor) dominae servate in funera nostrae.
 tunc omnis spargatur humus;
*hic tegitur virgo cui nil quin diva vocari
 debuerit deerat, nisi dura fuisset amanti.*

The melancholy end of Amyntas (92-93 and 186-91) is told in Mantuan, iii, 147 ff. The story of the boy who fell into a covered wolf-pit while searching for his lost ram (97-101) is borrowed from Mantuan's fourth, 38-42 (cf. especially l. 42, *est caper in vinclis, puer est in carcere*); and with it comes the statement (118), "found I my Ram in a thicket tyde." Here the borrowing is rather careless, for while Mantuan's goat had actually been tied in a thicket (*viminibus validis inter dumeta ligarat*, 31), Sabie's ram was "caught in a thicket" (101) when chased by dogs. The rustic dance on "holie-day" (124-26) is suggested by Mantuan, ii, 63-65:

lux ea sacra fuit Petro: frondente sub ulmo
 mixta erat ex omni pubes post prandia vico
 ducebatque leves buxo resonante choreas.

And the experience of Tityrus, 123,

Shunning an outward heat, a fire I purchased inward,

is the experience of Mantuan's Amyntas, ii, 86:

exteriorem aestum fugiens intrinsecus ardes.

Phillida's beauty (134-38) is the beauty of Mantuan's Galla, i, 44-47:

namque erat ore rubens et pleno turgida vultu
 et, quamvis oculo paene esset inutilis uno,
 cum tamen illius faciem mirabar et annos,
 dicebam Triviae formam nihil esse Dianae.

Tityrus' father invites the confidence of the love-sick youth, and promises his help in the matter (162 ff.), much as Faustus' father behaves in Mantuan, i, 125-34.¹ The rustic wedding with its "great good cheere" and its piping and dancing (209-10) may be compared

¹ K. Windscheid, *op. cit.*, pp. 39-40.

with the rustic wedding in the same Latin poem (157-71). And the closing lines of this eclogue (224-27) may be compared with the closing lines of Mantuan's second:

cernis ut a summo liventia nubila Baldo
se agglomerent? oritur grando. ne forte vagantes
tempestas deprendat oves, discedere tempus;

or of Mantuan's third:

sed iam vesper adest et sol se in nube recondens,
dum cadit, agricolis vicinos nuntiat imbres.
cogere et ad caulas pecudes convertere tempus.

In the second Eclogue, 230-31, the expression "how many *Caribdis* . . . would I not easily go through" may be compared with Mantuan, *Ecl.* iii, 126-27:

per centum Scyllas ad te, per mille Charybdes
tranarem laturus opem.

And in the third, Damon's "dittie," of the "stately progeny of heardsmen," is taken bodily from Mantuan's seventh, 9-39.¹

2. Borrowings from Ovid

In the second Eclogue, the model of Sabie's elegiac verses is the *Tristia* of Ovid. At l. 135,

But my time imitates Swans white and hoary feathers,

there is an interesting translation of *Tr.*, iv, 8, 1:

iam mea cyneas imitantur tempora plumas.

In ll. 178-79 there is an echo of *Tr.*, i, 3, 81-82:

'non potes avelli: simul hinc, simul ibimus,' inquit:
'te sequar et coniunx exulis exul ero.'

With l. 194, "neither ire of Gods, time an eater of all things," etc., one may compare Ovid, *Met.*, xv, 871-72:

quod nec Iovis ira nec ignis
nec poterit ferrum nec edax abolere vetustas;

¹ K. Winscheid, *op. cit.*, p. 41.

also *Met.*, xv, 234, *tempus edax rerum*. In Faustus' letter "to his loyal Alinda," ll. 206-10 are due to Ovid; cf. *Tr.*, i, 5, 47-48:

tot mala sum passus quot in aethere sidera lucent
parvaeque quot siccus corpora pulvis habet;

also *Tr.*, iv, 1, 55-59; v, 1, 31-33; v, 2, 23-27; v, 6, 37-41; *Pont.*, ii, 7, 25-30. Ll. 214-17 are due to *Tr.*, iii, 4, 59-62:

coniugis ante oculos, sicut praesentis, imago est;
illa meos casus ingravat, illa levat.
ingravat hoc, quod abest: levat hoc, quod praestat amorem
impositumque sibi firma tuetur onus;

and ll. 220-21 to *Tr.*, iii, 3, 51-54:

parce tamen lacerare genas, nec scinde capillos:
non tibi nunc primum, lux mea, raptus ero.
cum patriam amisi, tunc me periisse putato:
et prior et gravior mors fuit illa mihi.

The closing message, l. 235, may be compared with the closing message, *Tr.*, iii, 3, 88:

quod, tibi qui mittit, non habet ipse, 'vale,'

or with *Tr.*, v, 13, 1-2; *Pont.*, i, 10, 2. A part of Alinda's reply is modeled on *Tr.*, iv, 6; cf. l. 243 with l. 15:

hoc etiam saevas paulatim mitigat iras,

and ll. 244-47 with the beginning of the same Latin poem:

tempore ruricolae patiens fit taurus aratri, etc.

See also Ovid, *A. A.*, i, 471 ff.; Tibullus, i, 4, 17-18. L. 260,

Earth shal beare starres, heauen shal be cleft with a coulter,

is a translation of *Tr.*, i, 8, 3:

terra feret stellas, caelum findetur aratro.

The motto which is set on Sabie's title-page is the first couplet of the *Tristia* (with the substitution of *arva* for *urbem*). In *Ecl.*, ii, 79-80, 106-7, there is a reminiscence of Ovid, *Met.*, i, 192-95:

sunt mihi semidei, sunt rustica numina Nymphae
 Faunique Satyrique et monticolae Silvani:
 quos quoniam caeli nondum dignamur honore,
 quas dedimus, certe terras habitare sinamus.

Ecl. i, 43-44, may be compared with *Met.*, i, 481-82:

saepe pater dixit 'generum mihi, filia, debes.'
 saepe pater dixit 'debes mihi, nata, nepotes;'

and i, 133 with *Met.*, i, 502:

si qua latent, meliora putat.

3. Borrowings from Virgil and Lyly

The introductory poem prefixed to the first Eclogue shows an acquaintance with Virgil's fourth Georgic. "Progne with her bloody breast," l. 9, is Virgil's *manibus Progne pectus signata cruentis*, l. 15. And the bees "with Thyme loding their thyes," ll. 18-19, are Virgil's bees *crura thymo pleneae*, l. 181. At the close of the first Eclogue, 219-20, there is a paraphrase of two lines at the close of the second Georgic, 541-42:

sed nos immensum spatiis confecimus aequor,
 et iam tempus equum fumantia solvere colla.

In the third Eclogue, stanzas 6-14 of "Thestilis Ode"¹ are a paraphrase of a Latin poem *Iovis Elizabeth*, which may be found in Lyly's *Euphues and his England*.² One couplet may be quoted here, as a possible key to a hard saying in stanza 13 ("Venus kinned to me three waies"):

Tu soror et coniux Iuno, tu filia Pallas,
 Es quoque, quid similem? ter mihi chara Venus.

¹ Sabie uses "Thestilis" as a man's name; but so does one of the "Uncertain Authors" in *Tottel's Miscellany* (Arber's reprint, p. 165): "Thestilis is a sely man," etc. In the second Eclogue, 253, he seems to make Perilla the wife of Ovid; but for this he had, or might have had, the definite statement of Petrus Crinitus, *De poetis latinis*, III, 46: "Minime dubium est, eundem habuisse tres uxores. . . . Successit his Perilla cuius egregiam formam atque probitatem pluribus locis extollit: neque tantum dilexit eam maxima fide et benevolentia singulari, sed in Poëtica etiam eruditiv magna cura excoluit. Quo factum est, ut Perilla exulanti marito aedem suam diligentissime servaverit." And after all he is probably quite as near the truth as the writer in the *Encyclopaedia Britannica* (XVIII, 84) who makes Perilla the daughter of Ovid. The "Tagus in Inde" of Ecl., ii, 229, may be his own.

² Ed. Bond, II, 216-17; Arber's reprint, pp. 463-64.

[*Title-page.*]

PANS PIPE, THREE PASTORALL EGLOGUES, IN ENGLISH
HEXAMETER. WITH OTHER POETICAL VERSES DE-
LIGHTFULL.

*Parue nec inuideo, sine me liber ibis in arua,
Hei mihi quod domino non licet ire tuo.*

FOR THE FURTHER DELIGHT OF THE READER, THE PRINTER
HATH ANNEXED HEREUNTO THE DELECTABLE POEME
OF THE FISHER-MANS TALE.

Imprinted at London by Richard Ihones, at the signe of the Rose
and Crowne, neere to S. Andrewes Church in Holborne. 1595.

[*Author's Preface.*]

To all youthfull Gentlemen, Apprentises, fauourers of the diuine
Arte of sense-delighting Poesie.

GENTLEMEN, expect not in this my slender volume, amorous passions
of some Courtly Louer, graced (as the custom is, with super fine rethori-
call phrases: look not here for some melodious ditties, descended from
the wel-tuned strings of *Apollo's* sweet-sounding Cittern: here plainly
haue I presented vnto your view rusticke *Tyterus*, rehearsing in rude
countray tearmes to his fellow *Thirsis* his happy blisse, and luckie for-
tune in obtayning the loue of his desired *Phillida*: Or clownish *Coridon*,
one while taking and giuing quaint taunts and priuy quips of and to his
froliking Copemates: One while againe contending for superiority, in
tuning rurall ditties on *Pans* pastorall pipe. Now Gentlemen, if with
Coridon, you shall find me not to play so well as the rest of my fellowes,
my sole and humble request is, that you would not forthwith proceed
in condigne iudgement against me, but with wise *Faustus* conceale¹ your
opinion, which doing, you shall animate, other wise altogether discourage
a yong beginner.

Yours euer in curtesie.

F. S.

¹ *conceale* misprinted for *conceale*.

AVTHOR AD LIBRVM.

V Ade liber, rus dulce subi, pete pascua læta
 alba vbi depascunt agmina mille gregum
 Te læta accipiet pecorum Benefeldia diues,
 aduenies gratus montibus ipse suis.
 Vis vbi pastorum gelidis numerosa sub vmbri
 fistula arundinea carmina læta canit,
 Ibit ouans Coridon te complexurus, Alexis
 accipiet, Thirsis te leget ore rudi.
 Laudabit doctus Dominum tibicine faustus,
 hunc hedera dignum Thestilis ore canet:
 Heu si forte via recta peregrinus aberres
 & Domino sumas orbis in vrbe locum
 Ridebit ciuis te, nescit rustica ciuis,
 rustica tu cantas, rusticus ergo legat.
 Formido nimium ne Momus itinere cernat
 mordebit dominum ferrea lingua tuum,
 Quam potes excusa, dic est herus exul, amica
 non datur huic requies, fert iuga, vade liber.

[Prologue to the first poem]

It was in the moneth of May,
 All the field now looked gay:
 Little Robin finely sang,
 with sweet notes ech greenwood rang.
 Philomene forgetfull then,
 6 Of her rape by Tereus done.
 In most rare and ioyfull wise,
 Sent her notes vnto the skies:
 Progne with her bloody breast,
 Gan in chimney build her neast.
 12 Flora made each place excell
 with fine flowers sweet in smell.
 Violets of purple hue,
 Primroses most rich in shew:
 Vnto which with speedie flight,
 Bees did flie and on them light.
 And with Thyme loding their thyes,
 18 Did it carie to their hiues.
 Some it tooke, which they had brought,
 And in combs it rarely wrought.
 Fish from chrystall waues did rise,
 After gnats and little flies;

Little Lambes did leape and play,
 24 By their Dams in Medowes gay.
 And assoone as *Lucifer*
 Had expelde the lesser starres,
Tyterus and *Thirsis* hight,
 Through a lettice-seeing light,
 Which did come from *Ecus*¹ bright,
 30 As they lay in drowsie beds,
 Vp did lift their sluggish heads:
 Hasting Sheep from fouldes to let
 Sheepe which bleated for their meate.
 Sheepe let out from place to place,
 Greedilie did plucke vp grasse.
 36 And by chance as heards did meet,
 Shepheardes did each other greeete,
Thirsis looked verie sad,
 As he some ill fortune had:
Tyterus first gan to speake,
 And his mind in this sort break.²

EGLOGUE FIRST

Tyterus. Thirsis.

Thirsis what mean these heauy looks? thy face so besprented
 with tears, shews il news, why? thou wert wont to be mery
 Wont on a pipe to play, to grace our ioyfull assemblies,
 With merie iests and sports, tel me why art thou so pensiuē?
 5 *Th.* Ah *Tyterus, Tyterus*, how can I cease to be pensiuē?
 One o' mine ewes last night, hard fortune, died in eaning,
 One o' mine ewes, a great ew, whose fruit I chiefly did hope of,
 Eaned a tidie lambe, which she no sooner had eaned,
 But the Foxe did it eat, whilst I slept vnder a thicket:
 10 Thus haue I lost mine Ewe, my lamb the Fox thus hath eaten:
 Ah *Tyterus, Tyterus*, how can I cease to be pensiuē?
Tyt. Hard fortune neighbor, but what? wil heauines help you?
 Wil grieffe get your sheep againe? cast care away therefore,
 Shun dolor, vse patience, patience in miserie profits:
 15 To smile is wisdomē when waspish destinie thunders.
Th. Good counsell *Tyterus*, but not so easily follow'd,
 Man is borne in grieffe, and griueth at euery mishap.
 I thinke we shepheards take greatest paines of all others,

¹ *Ecus* misprinted for *Eous*.² This introductory poem is reprinted by H. Oskar Sommer, *Erster Versuch über die englische Hirtendichtung*, Marburg, 1888, pp. 55, 56.

- Sustaine greatest losses, we be tyred with daylie labour,
 20 With colde in winter, with heat in summer oppressed,
 To manie harmes our tender flockes, to manie diseases
 Our sheepe are subiect, the thiefe praies ouer our heardlings,
 And worse then the thief, the Fox praies ouer our heardlings,
 Thus we poor heardsmen are pinchd and plagu'd aboute other.
- 25 *Tyt.* Truth, but I know not why, we do not only deserue it,
 But lets be content, sith Fortune hath so prouided,
 and rather heark to my tale, sith vnder this shadie valley
 Either of vs do sit, sith both our flockes be together,
 Lets now tell our ancient loues, least sleepe creepe vpon vs,
- 30 And the craftie Foxe, who priuiliy lurks in a thicket,
 Or in these huge holes, our lambes should greedilie murther:
 Better is it to wake, then sleepe, what thing euer happens.
- Th.* Content, yet fro my mind this grieue yet cannot I banish,
 Begin first your selfe, you first made mention of it.
- 35 *Tyt.* Wel, Ile now begin, *Venus* aid me, sweet *Venus* aide me,
 Ayd me *Cupid* once my friend, the prosperous euent
 Of my loue to rehearse. Not far from hence in a village
 Was I borne, in a merrie towne rich in shadie valleys,
 Rich in grounds, in soyle fertile, in cattell abounding:
- 40 With my father I liu'd, he was calde rich *Melibeus*;
 Rich *Melibeus* was my Sire, olde *Mepsa* my mother.
 Long time single I liu'd, long time vnmarried I was:
 He would oft to me say, when shall I be called a Grandsire,
 She would oft to me say, when shall I be called a Grandam:
- 45 *Flora* doth hope for thee, the lusty daughter of *Aldus*,
Ianus hopes thou shalt be to his daughter an husband:
 I despising loue, hating the name of a woman,
 Would them both desire to let me single abide still,
 For loue I did detest, I did hate a libidinous *Hymen*.
- 50 But marke how't fell out, I fed my sheepe in a pasture
 Neere to the wood, twas summer time, and I very wearie,
 Downe all alone me laid, no sooner downe had I laid me,
 But sleepe shut mine eyes, neere to this wood abode hunters,
 Hunters, who let slip at an hare, the groue she recou'rd,
- 55 And got away, the dogs returnde, and ran to my cattell:
 My sheepe from them ran, great harme they did to my cattel:
 They did a Wether kil, they kild a douty good Ew-lambe.
 Vp I rose, my sheep I mist, and nought but a carcasse
 Of my Wether I sawe, the clawes and skuls of an Ewe-lambe.
- 60 Out alas I cride, I am vndone, spoyled and vndone,
 Long time amazed I stood, one while false *Destinie* blaming,

- And drowsie sleep, who closd mine eies whilst merciles hūters
 Suffered hounds my sheep to deuoure, like *Mercury* sometimes
 On's sleep-aluring pipe who plaid, while he murdered *Argus*,
 65 *Argus* set with an hundred eies: or like to the Foulter,
 Who on a whistle playes most sweetly, whilst hee deceiueth
 Foolish birds: thus standing amaz'd, my neighbour *Alexis*
 Came to me, crying out, stroken also with the same arrow,
 He made doleful mone, seuen of mine Ewes be deuoured,
 70 And the rest are strayed away, sweet *Tyterus* help me,
 Help me (saith he) to seeke them againe, I laboured also
 Of the same disease, we two went sadly together
 Through desert mountaines, large fieldes, and arable pastures,
 Seeking our chac'd heards: at length in a brierie valley,
 75 Between two forrests, some of *Amintas* his heardlings
 Found we lying downe, and seeking still for his other,
 Vnder a shade by chaunce he saw *Galatea*, he saw her,
 And burnt in her loue, poor vvretch he cried, he sighed,
 Making skies resound his sad and pittiful echoes,
 80 And vnmindfull quite of his heardling, he wholly delighted
 In talking of her, and passing by her, I wild him
 To reiect this loue, which would bring beggery with it,
 He with a sigh gan strait exclame, O happie, thrise happy
 Should I be if when, the fates, and destinie cals me,
 85 In her lap mine head might lie, and her pretie fingers
 Might close vp my key cold eies: O wood-mightie *Syluan*,
 Keep I beseech thee all sweet hearbs, let not greedy cattell
 Plucke them vp, reserue them til my Ladie be buried:
 Then let al the ground be straw'd with sauourie blossoms,
 90 And write vpon her tomb, *Here lieth a maide, which a goddesse*
Would haue bene to her Loue, had she not bene ouer-austere,
Loug¹ thus he liu'd ie² deep despaire, al companie shunning:
 And at length (poore wreth³) his daies in misery ended.
 Back againe I return'd in an other field then I sought them.
 95 Like one half mad I ran, I found some hard by the milhedge,
 Some by the forrest side, my notted Ram stil I missed:
 Him I sent my boy to seeke, he wandered al day,
 In shady woods till night, and wearie thought to returne him,
 But twas darke, and making hast, a trench he fel into,
 100 Made to deceiue wild beasts, and could by no means get away thence,
 Thus my boy was in hold my Ram was caught in a thicket,
 Vp next morn I rose, musing where *Willie* remained,

¹ *Loug* misprinted for *Long*.

² *ie* misprinted for *in*.

³ *wreth* misprinted for *wretch*.

- Forth I went, twas holie-day, I asked of ech one,
 If they saw my ram, and if they saw little *Willy*,
 105 *Willy* no wher was found, I sought him through shady mountains
 Through vast caues and wood, I cride, I shouted, I hollow'd,
 But twas all in vaine, at length a stranger I met with,
 Into the pits to looke, who was new come to the forrest,
 Him did I aske also, but he saw not my little *Willie* :
- 110 We two together walkt, when we came neere to the pitfall,
 Hearing vs two talke, like a mouse in a cheese he did exlame,
 Into the trench we look'd, who could not laugh to behold it,
 A Fox falne therein, did stand with *Will* in a corner:
Will did feare the Fox, the Fox did feare little *Willy*
- 115 Out we pluckt him first, his fellow prisoner after.
 Glad was *Will* he was out, and I was gladder I found him,
 Home we returnde, and as we returnd, loe destiny fawning,
 Found I my Ram in a thicket tyde, I greatly reioyced:
 Summer it was, it was midday, the Sun was at highest,
- 120 *Will* led home my Ram, I softly followed after,
Will went through the fields, but I went through shady pastures
 Shunning *Titans* beams, but ah vnfortunat Heardsman,
 Shunning an outward heat, a fire I purchased inward.
 Vnder a tree, by *Damons* cloase, very many resorted,
- 125 Maids and men did thither flocke, there merily piped.
Lucidas on his new bagpipe, then *Pollio* danced,
Ianus leapt and skipt, then thy young vncle *Amintas*
 Daunc'd I remember with many moe too long to repeat nowe.
 Here I staid, this crue I viewd, I spied *Alexis*
- 130 Daunce with a Lasse, a gallant Lasse, me thought she did excel
 All the rest in beautie, in shape, in comelie behaiour:
 Phillida was her name, I thought each ioynt of her heavenly:
 Looke what parts lay hid, those I far fairer imagi'n'd.
 Ah, how she please'd my mind, her cheeks wer ruddy like aples,
- 135 With red streams besprent, her hair as browne as a berrie:
 Black were her eies, her hands did shew as was a good huswife,
 No want in her I saw, for where she squinted a little,
 That did grace her I thought, thus was I caught on a sudden,
 Ah, how oft I wisht my selfe in place of *Alexis*,
- 140 He to dallie had learn'd, to daunce I neuer had vsed,
 And then I sham'd to begin. But marke what followed after;
Codra to daunce did come, the lusty daughter of *Aldus* :
 Her when *Alexis* espied espide,¹ he with all speed *Phillida* leauing,
 Caught her by the white hand, at this my *Phillida* frowned,

¹ *espide* erroneously repeated.

- 145 She did *Alexis* loue, but *Alexis Codra* desired:
 In stept I to her strait, I wild her not to be sorry,
 I will be thy loue (said I) care not for *Alexis*,
 I will a woing come, from me she flang in an anger,
 And with a scornefull looke, wel (saith she) some body loues me.
- 150 Home then I went dismaid, and sick, my conntenance¹ heaueie,
 Sotted were my sences all, my mind verie pensiuie,
 One while I laid me downe, of such idle fantasies hoping,
 That sleepe would me depriue, therein was I greatly deceaued.
 No sooner had sleep closde mine eies, but *Phillida* foorthwith
- 155 Into my mind did come, still I thought she daunc'd with *Alexis*:
 Ah how my mother greeu'd, when she did see me so pensiuie,
 She fetcht milke and ale, and for me she made a posset:
 She fetcht flower and eggs, and for me she made a pudding:
 But no meat would downe with me, my father as heauy,
- 160 Vnto the wise-man went, he was a physition also,
 He said I was in loue, some deuil had told it him, I think,
 Then to me forthwith he came, he charg'd me with it, he praid me
 To disclose my mind, and he would do what he could do:
 Then confest I my loue, tis (said I) *Phillida* father,
- 165 *Phillida*, *Damons* daughter it is, whose loue thus I burne in,
 Be content, my father said, her loue will I sue for,
 Well doth *Damon* know *Melibeus* chests be not emptie,
 At this I comfort tooke, rose, went int' field to my cattell,
 Both full of hope and feare. To *Damon* went *Melibeus*,
- 170 Tolde him all the tale, and for his daughter he prayed,
 I giue my consent, but I feare, quoth he *Phillida* wil not,
 She shall like and loue, for she hath very may² reiected.
 These newes brought to me as I sate alone by mine heardling:
 Sonne, saith he, go thy selfe, speake to *Phillida*, *Damon*
- 175 Will giue his good wil, if thou canst also get her loue.
 Home foorthwith I went, my self I finely bedecked,
 Comb'd mine head, I washt my face, my spruse-lether ierkin
 On did I put, my ruffes, my yellow-lether galigaskins,
 Then full of hope and feare I went, my *Phillida* spinning,
- 180 Sate by the doore, I went vnto her, I colde her, I kist her,
 Proferd her many gifts, but she refusde many profers:
 Crau'd of her, her good will, but she did flatly deny me,
 Wild me leaue my sute, and not proceed any further.
 Impatient of repulse, her three times after I wooed:
- 185 Gifts many pence me cost, three times againe she repeld me:

¹ *countenance* misprinted for *countenance*.

² *may* misprinted for *many*.

- Desperate altogether then with bewitched *Amintas*,
 Into the woods I went, and merrie company leauing,
 In vncouth mountaines, in deserts and shady valleyes,
 All my delight I tooke, I neuer look'd to my cattel:
- 190 They for a pray were left to the Fox, to the wolfe to the Lyon,
 And had I not bene helpt, I should haue dy'd with *Amyntas*.
 But now Fortune smilde, with *Alexis Phillida* dayly
 Vsde to sport and play, vnto him she dayly resorted,
 She brought him conserues, she brought him sugered almonds
- 195 He not louing her, but with her flattery moued,
 Lay with her, and in time with childe poore *Phillida* proued:
 He then fearing least he should her marrie by constraint,
 Fled from his Vncle in hast (for he remain'd) with his vncle
Phillida fearing least, she should be mocked of each one,
- 200 Look'd more blyth on me, as I sate vnder a Mirtle,
 She past by, me thought, and smyled vpon me,
 Her looks fauour shewed, then againe my sute I renued,
 Went and woed her againe, and far more tractable founde her:
 Next day to *Damons* house I went, and with me my sire,
- 205 There were cakes and ale, and each one greatlie reioyced:
 Then we were made sure, and wedding day was appointed,
 Which at length did come, the time long wisht for approached;
 We twaine were conioynd, that day we merrily passed,
 Great good cheare we made, *Lcidas* and *Pollio* piped,
- 210 All th' whole countrie daunc'd: with credit thus was I wedded:
 Which when *Alexis* heard, with all speed home he returned,
 And see *Thirsis*, I pray, what a quiet wife haue I gotten,
 She yet neuer scowl'd she neuer frown'd on *Alexis*,
 But look'd mildly on him, though he so greatly abusde her,
- 215 Heele now come to my house, and sit with me by the fire,
 Heele now sit by my wife, whilst I goe looke to my cattel:
 We two be great friends, and to thee (*Thirsis*) I tel it,
 Thee for a friend I take, to my biggest boy is he father,
 But verie few do it know. A large ground now haue I plowed,
- 220 And tis more than time to vnyoke my wearied horses:
Thirsis, I haue to thee now declarde the history pleasant
 Of my loue: Rehearse yours, as you promised erewhile.
Th. Wel. I begin to declare't: O *Pan* melodious help me:
 But see neighbour I pray, *Tytan* is caried headlong
- 225 Into the sea, see, clouds covnite, a storme is a breeding:
 And pitchie-night drawes on apace, lets hastily therefore,
 Deuide our cattell, to the cotes lets speedily driue them.
Tyt. Let's run apace, til againe we meet you shal be my debter.

[*Prologue to the second poem*]

- Glomie Winter raig'n'd as King,
 Hoarie frost did nip each thing:
 Fields look'd naked now and bare,
 4 Fields which like a Chaos were.
 Earth of grasse was now quite voyde
Boreas each thing destroyd.
 Leauelesse trees seem'd to lament,
 8 Chirping birdes were discontent:
 Seeking food in vncouth lanes,
 Where they caught their fatall banes.
Philomene did now recant
 12 Wofully sharp winters want:
Progne fled to place vnknowne,
 Somewhere making doleful mone.
Tereus pincht with want did crie,
 16 Iustly plagu'd for villany,
 Fish in deepe themselues did hide,
 Daring not in foordes abide:
 Cattell bleated for their meat.
 20 Cattell found no foode to eate.
Titan had his head lift vp,
 Lulde a sleepe in *Thetis* lap.
 When two Swaines were newly gone.
 24 *Melibeus* and *Damon*,
 Hungrie flocks to let from folde,
 Flockes half staru'd with want and colde.
 Heardes had eaten mornings baite,
 28 Shepheards met together strait.
Melibeus, men report,
 Spake to *Damon* in this sort.

EGLOGUE SECOND

Damon. Melibeus.

- Goodmorrow *Damon*. *Da.* Goodmorrow good *Melibeus*.
 What? your comely daughter, whose loue so many desired
 Is now wedded I heare to a Citizen, is she so dainty,
 That none but Citizens will please her? or are ye so wealthie,
 5 That you scorne vs Heardes, your mates and fellowes? I fear me,
 Once before she die, sheell wish she had wedded an heardsman.
Mel. Peace *Damon*, content your self, first heare the defendant,
 Ere you giue iudgement, lets sit down friendly together

- On this sunny¹ bank, whilst *Tytans* fiery glances
 10 Warm our limbs, and melt hory snowes, He tel the beginning
 And end of their loue, end, midst, and originall of it.
 When my girle was young, to *Cupids* fiery weapons
 And not yet subiect, then had my neighbour *Alexis*,
 A little sonne, both borne in a day, th' one loued eeh other:
 15 As brother and sister, as twaine of one issue begotten:
 And as children vse, they two would dallie together,
 Sport & play, both went to the school, as years came upon thē:
 So their loue encreast, years made this amitie greater:
 Age made loue increase, and stil my neighbour *Alexis*
 20 (As most men are woont) esteeming worst of his owne arte,
 Set his sonne to the schoole, to scooles² of *Apollo*:
 Wholly in ioy he liu'd, what sportes, the cuntrey did affoord,
 What playes, what pastimes, those he vsde, al labor abhorring,
 Time brought choise of sports, each quarter sundry pleasures:
 25 In spring time when fields are greene, when euery bramble
 Looketh fresh, when euery bush with melodie soundeth,
 Of little birds rising, before bright *Tytan* appeared,
 Into the fieldes did he goe, which then faire *Flora* bedecked,
 With redolent blossoms, O how grateful to the sences
 30 Were th' odoriferous smels which when *Aurora* to *Phabus*³
 Gan to ope her gates, the fragrant flowers afforded,
 O how to heare did he ioy the musicall harmony, which then
 Each little bird did make. He would go then with a spud staffe
 Vnto the leauie vwoods, the dens where Connies had hidden
 35 Their yong ones to seeke, to find yong birds he delighted:
 Greatly now did he ioy, the lightfooted hare to run after:
 With many yelping hounds, the swift-foot Deere by the forrest,
 To pursue with dogs, with an hauke to encounter a partridge:
 At this time the top, the tennis ball was a pastime:
 40 At this time no smal delight he toke in a foteball:
 When Lodie⁴ *Ver* had run her race, and *Phebus* ascending
 Vnto the highest, began to scortch vvith fiery glances
Floras fruites, and *Vers* gay giftes, when Rie with a sickle
 Down to be cut began, and emptie barnes to be filled.
 45 Then to the Chrystall lake and siluer riuier of *Alphus*
 Vsde he to goe (Good Lord) how greatly to bath him he ioyed
 In his running stream, what pleasure companie meeting,
 Took he to sport on's reedy banks: somtimes with an angle,
 And false shew of a bait glittering fish craftilie taken:

¹ *sunny* misprinted for *sunny*.³ *Phabus* misprinted for *Phebus*.² *scooles* misprinted for *schooles*.⁴ *Lodie* misprinted for *Ladie*.

- 50 Wold he twitch frō his waues, with nets oft times he deceu'd them;
 Now by the mountaines high, and forrests leauy to gather
 Strawberies and Damasens no smal delight did he count it.
 But vvhÿ recite I to thee these sports, thou these mery pastimes
 Knowst wel ynough, thou knowst what ioies the cuntery yieldeth.
- 55 *Wnter*¹ & *autum* brought not a few ripe apples in *autum*
 Peares and nuts to gather he vsde, all which he reserued,
 Winters want to releeeue. When gloomie Winter appeared,
 When hoarie frosts did each thing nip, vvhē Isacles hanged
 on ech house, with milk-white snows whē th' earth was al hiddē
- 60 Forth vvith a fouler he vvas, to the vvellsprings & to the fountains
 & to the running lakes, vvhose euer mooueable vvaters
 Frost neuer alter could, there for the long-billed hernshue,
 And little Snype did he set snares, vvith tvvigs craftily limed,
 Pitfals novv for birds did he make, the musical Ovvsle,
- 65 The little Robbin and the Thrush now greatlie bewayling,
 winters want with doleful tunes did he strike with a stone-bow.
 Cardes and dice brought now great sport, sitting by the fire,
 Bowles full of ale to quaffe off, ripe peares and mellowed apples
 To deuour, to cracke small nuts, now he counted a pleasure.
- 70 But what need many words, least ouer tedious I should
 Vnto thee bee, many playes, and pastimes here I will omit:
 I will omit his gun, I will not speak of his hand-bow:
 Which with a twanging string, he so many times hath bended
 But to be briefe, his life, his greatest toyle was a pleasure.
- 75 And might I speake as I thinke, I would say boldly that he liu'd
 More in ioy than Gods, sprong of celestially issue.
 But Fate is peruerse, Fortune a friend to none alwaies:
 This merie life of the gods, the country gods which inhabit
 Earthly seats did note, (for to them *Ioue* in *Olympus*,
- 80 Yet vouchsafes not a place) they saw't and murmured at it,
 Each one did complaine that he so merilie liued:
 Each one did complaine that he them neuer adored.
 Not far from thence in a wood, in a vast and briery forrest,
 There is a famous groue, with Oaks and pine trees abounding
- 85 which neuet² axe hath tucht, whose tops the clouds cut asunder
 These no star could pearce, no sun-beam could euer enter:
 Heere nere came *Boreas*, heere nere came fiery *Tytan*.
 Temperature here alwayes abides, the temperate aire
 Causeth a dayly spring, here blossoms dayly do flourish:
- 90 Hearbs are green, which a lake, & chrystal stream by the forrest:

¹ *Wnter* misprinted for *Winter*.

² *neuēt* misprinted for *neuer*.

- With myld-sliding¹ waues doth nourish with liquid humor,
 In midst of this groue the mild Creatresse of all things;
 Hath by woondrous arte a stately pallace erected:
 And from craggie rockes, great seats hath wisely created:
- 95 God *Sylnanus*² his haule, it need no carued vpholders,
 Nor stately pillers to vnderprop, his gorgious hanging
 Nought but heauen ouerhangs, *Atlas* himselfe doth vphold it.
 Hither al the Gods, hither al the progeny rural
 In came, each tooke a seat, each sate by *Syluan* in order,
- 100 At the higher end of the haule in a chair with gems very costly
 With leauy wreaths on his head sat great *Syluanus* adorned.
 Next sate rusticke *Pan*, next him sate beautiful *Alphus*.
Alphus a riuier-god, next him God *Bacchus*, all hanged
 with red-streamed grapes, next him Lady *Ceres* arrayed
- 105 With eary wreaths of wheat: next her dame *Flora* bedecked
 With sweet-smelling hearbes: then sat nymphs, Fayries & half-gods
 Syluans, Satyrs, Fauns, with al the rustical ofspring,
 Now giuing statutes, now rebels sharply reforming:
 And checking sinners, at length they found them agreed
- 110 With sweet *Alexis* son, that he them neuer adored,
 Despise their Deities, their gifts that he dayly abused:
 Foorthwith each god agreed to banish him from his empire,
 And kingdome for a time. Saith great *Syluanus*, he neuer
 Til seuen yeares be past, my fragrant empire hereafter,
- 115 Shall by my leaue sport in, thus am I fully resolued
 Neither saith God *Pan*, my realmes and flourishing empire
 Where many flocks do feed, til seuen years fully be passed:
 Shal he come in by my leaue, thus am I fully resolued.
 I banish him also fro my banks so redy, saith *Alphus*,
- 120 And I (saith *Bacchus*) fro my faire and beautiful Orchards.
 And I (saith *Ceres*) fro my fields and corn-bearing empire:
 And ful this seuen year shall he be (saith *Flora*) depriued
 Of freedome, and shal beare the seruile yoke of a maister,
 And dearly shall he smart for these his wanton abuses.
- 125 This the gods decreed, thus firmly was it enacted:
 And a day was set. They now inspired *Alexis*,
 And moued him to send his son, his sonne litle *Faustus*,
 Vnto the cittie to learne a trade, this he fully beleued,
 Was done for his good. Th' appointed time now approached,
- 130 Now the day was at hand, good Lord what pittifull howling,
 Made that house, when he did depart, his father *Alexis*,

¹ There seems to be a trace of this hyphen.

² *Sylnanus* misprinted for *Syluanus*.

Now gan sad looke, and at this his heauy departure,
These most woful words with an hart most sorowful vttered.

- Thy dayes greene blossoms, thy yeeres yong plants do resemble,
135 but my time imitates Swans white and hoary feathers,
To labor and take pains, thy years do wil thee, my white haire
forewarne that death is readie to strike daylie:
Now therfore, O my son, these words I charge thee remember,
Which to thee thy father, so duty binds me speaketh,
140 Like litle Bees fro their hiues nowe must thou bee banished of Bees
and ants learn, they wil teach thee, my son, to labour:
They will teach thee to worke, lo the Bee, she gathereth honey,
and th' Ant corne, winters pennurie wisely fearing.
So must thou take paines, whilst time wil let thee, for old age
145 thy body, though now strong, wil very quickly weaken,
A raynie day wil come, crooked age wil (I say) creep vpon thee
enemies vnto worke, enemies vnto profit.
A trade thou must learne, now must thou dwell in a cittie,
which hath both vertues, and manie vices in it:
150 These thou must eschew, these must thou greedilie follow,
these bring perdition, those credit and great honour:
But first thy maker see that thou serue aboue all things,
serue him, he made thee, loue him, he will thee gouerne:
Be loyall and gentle, to thy maister trustie, thy duty
155 so requires, be to al affable, lowly, louing:
And marke this one thing, detest euil companie chieffie:
for it wil doubtlesse lead thee to follie: shun it.
Shun womens faire lookes, *Venus* is faire but to be shunned:
Shees hurtfull, of her flatery see thou take heed:
160 As to the net with a call smal birds are craftily allured,
with false shew of a baite, as little fish be taken:
Euen so womens looks entrap young nouices oft times,
see thou beware, they be naught, flie thē I warn thee, fly them
To know mens desire, medle not, but speak wel of each one,
165 so shalt thou get fame, and loue of all thy neighbours:
Shun playes and theaters, go to sermons, here many vices:
there thou shalt learne to magnifie God thy maker.
Both mony and counsell I thee giue, set more by my counsel,
Than mony, thou shalt be rich ynough if thou do thus:
170 More precious it is then gems which *Tagus* affoordeth,
then golden fleeces which *Phasis* Ile hap in it.
So fare well my sonne, God blesse and keep thee, remember
these things, and God wil surely preserue thee, Farewell.

- This once said, he shed many teares, his mother as heauy,¹
 175 Shreeking out, did bid him adue, my daughter *Alinda*
 Seemed half mad with grief, she skies with dollorous ecchoes
 Made to resound, amōg many words, these sadly pronouncing
 I will with thee goe, I wil be banished also,
 Ile take also part of thine hard destiny, *Faustus*,
 180 But now must he depart, time vrg'd his heauy departure:
 Now needs must he go hence, farewel to the watery riuers,
 Farwel he said to the fields, to the woods, & greenleaued² forrest
 And to the town whō he thought surely he shuld neueragain² see
 Now was he gone quite away, and at length came to the cittie,
 185 Where great god *Thamasis*. with an huge & horrible murmur
 Guideth his vncoth waues, here was the place where he rested,
 Here was he forste to abide the seruile yoke of a master,
 Here what euils he abode, what miserie sufferd, I need not
 Tel thee: needlesse twas to tel thee't *Damon*, imagine
 190 That many griefes he abode, much toyle and slauery sufferd,
 Many reproches he bore, oft times my daughter *Alinda*
 Sent priuie gifts vnto him, he greeted her oft with a token,
 & which was most rare, their loue which whē they wer infants
 First began, neither ire of Gods, time an eater of all things,
 195 Nor proud waspish Fate, able was any whit to diminish,
 But the more fate, fretting time, and gods cruel anger
 Sought by threatning force, the same to cancell or alter,
 More greater it did waxe, she sent, I remember a napkin
 With needle wrought vnto him, wherin this posie she feined,
 200 *Though time fret, gods chafe, and peruerse destinie thunder,*
her mind yet neuer shall thine Alinda varie.
 This gift he receiu'd, and opportunity chauncing
 a thing to him rare, this wofull letter he framed,

FAUSTUS TO HIS LOYALL ALINDA.

- Faustus, infaustus*, forsaken, banished, exilde,
 205 in these sad writings, sendeth *Alinda* greeting.
 Sooner my dear-loue each starre which shines in Olympus,
 each litle sand maist thou count by the watery sea-shore:
 Each bird which flyeth, each leafe in woods shady growing,
 each scaled fish which swims in a frothy riuier,
 210 Then halfe the miseries which thy poore *Faustus* abideth:
 Ah, but I feare too much, least thou be griued at it.

¹ *heany* misprinted for *heauy*.² The lack of a hyphen in *greenteaued*, and of the spacing of *neueragain* is due to the want of space for the line.

What ioy? what comfort haue I wretch? tis all in *Alinda* :

Oh but that name oft much dolour also causeth:

No sooner its named, but ioy of sence me depriueth,

215 no sooner its named, but teares fro mine eies doe trickle.

Ioy in that thou standst in such aduersitie stedfast,

tears in that from thee, destinie me so withholds,

But yet though fate frown, though gods pursue me with anger

though Fortune plague me, penurie pinch me dayly:

220 Greeue not *Alinda* for it, when I was exiled, imagine

then that I died, I say, greeue not *Alinda* for it:

And if in hope thou liu'st, say dearh¹ shal neuer hereafter

take fro me a second loue, still will I liue a widow,

And it may fall out, gods taking pittie, that once I

225 shal to both our contents vnto thee safelie returne:

Then what thing mortall, what thing celestiall each where,

shal ioyful *Faustus* from his *Alinda* detain it:

Not golden apples, which rich *Hesperia* yeeldeth,

not little gems wherewith *Tagus* in *Inde* floweth,

230 How many mo miseries, poore wretch, how many *Caribdis*,

hoping to inioy thee, would I not easily go through.

Be stable and constant, whatsoever destinies happen,

thy *Faustus* wil stand, be stil *Alinda* stable:

No gem I send thee, yet a costlie ieuell I send thee,

235 that which I want my selfe, farewell I send thee my Loue,

This to my daughter he sent, and opportunitie fitting,

She this epistle framed, and to him priuilie sent it.

Know'st thou my *Faustus*, by the superscription, or seale

who to thee this dolefull and heauy dittie frameth:

240 Tis thine *Alinda* my loue, which in this dittie saluteth

her *Faustus*, whose griefes are to thy sorrowes equal.

But feare not *Faustus*, liue in hope, *Ioue* doth not all times

thunder, delay wil gods cruel anger abate:

In time the Lyon his fierce seuerity leaueth,

245 soft drops of water mollifie craggie pibbles:

In time the heifer to the yoke is easily reduced:

the stiffe-neck'd colt doth yeeld to the rusty bridle:

Then feare not *Faustus*, liue in hope, frost doth not at al times

each thing nip, time wil gods cruel anger asswage.

250 The troian Captain, *Venus* offspring, faithles *Eneas*,

in time outwore th'ire of great and angry *Iuno*.

¹dearh misprinted for death.

Ile be *Penelope*, be thou my royal *Vlysses*,
 Ile be *Perilla*, be thou my trustie *Naso*.
 And be most certaine, my mind I wil neuer alter
 255 my fate whoseuer, *Destinie* please to varie
 But fire and water, cold, heat, loue and enuie, desire
 and hate shall first and sooner agree together.
 Stream-haunting fishes forsake their waterie channels,
 and in greene pastures, and shadie medowes abide
 260 Earth shal beare starres, heauen shal be cleft with a coulter,
 then any but *Faustus* shal his *Alinda* couet.
Faustus adue, to the gods, thy trustie and faithfull *Alinda*,
 for thy safe returne prayes dailie, *Faustus* adue.
 This he receiu'd, and now the griefes and sorrowes he suffred,
 265 though greater and manie mo, yet now far lesser he deemed.

Time now past on apace, hope was their anchor & hauen,
 And though great distance of space detaind them asunder:
 Oft times in letters yet they twaine priuilie talked:
 And last month his time was spent: to his father *Alexis*
 270 And to his friends he returnde, oh how my daughter *Alinda*
 Ioy'd at this, amongst friends, as his heauie departure,
 Each thing seem'd to lament, so each thing ioy'd his arriual.
 Now pray thee tel me *Damon*, who now so sharply reprodudst
 Should I remooue her loue, who was more trustie to *Faustus*,
 275 Then was *Penelope* the loyal wife of *Vlysses*.
Da. O rare fidelitie, O faith immooueable, worthy,
 Worthy to be rehearst to all posterities after:
 Shouldst thou remooue their loue, I tel the friend *Melibeus*,
 If thou shouldst, thou hadst deseru'd with *Tantalus* endlesse
 280 Paines to receiue. But loe, the withered grasse is all hidden
 With hoarie snowes, our sheep want meat. *Mel.* Let's hastilie
 therefore
 Go fetch them fodder, which bleat so greddie for it.

[Prologue to the third poem]

Winter now wore away cold with his hoary frosts,
 And now sharp *Boreas* was made a prisoner:
 Now brought in Ladie *Ver* smels odoriferous,
 And with blasts verie calme *Zephirus* entred,
 5 Each bird sent merrily musicall harmonie:
 The Cuckow flew abroad with an ode vniforme,
 This time euerie thing merily welcomed,
 Swains with their silly truls sat by their heards feeding,

- One while telling of ancient histories,
 10 Now playing on a pipe rusticall harmony,
 And the ruddie Goddesses, her manie coloured
 Gates had scarce on a time to *Titan* opened,
 When three Swaines *Coridon*, *Thestilis*, and *Damon*,
 Hauling new fro the fieldes, their greedy flockes let out,
 15 Met by chance on a time vnder a shady tree,
 And who neere to the tree stood with his heard alone,
Faustus an aged man, master of harmony,
 These three mates when he saw speedilie came to them.
 Vp then rose *Coridon*, *Thestilis* and *Damon*,
 20 And prayd this aged heard to sit vpon a turfe.
 He sate, they sate againe, *Thestilis* and *Damon*,
 And clownish *Coridon*, each held a pipe in hand,
 Th' old man left at home his musical instrument
 And he much reuerenc'd for his age of the rest,
 First of all merily spake to the companie.

EGLOGUE THIRD

Faustus. Coridon, Thestilis, Damon.

- What great thanks, neighbors, to the gods celestiall owe we
 which such goodly weather haue sent for our ewes that haue eaned
 Se neighbors ech one, how finely *Aurora* saluteth
 Her louing *Tytan*, how pale and ruddy she looketh,
 5 Our weaklings doubtlesse this day wil mightily strengthen.
Co. O, tis a fine weather, a trim batling time for our heardlings,
 And lesse I be deceiu'd, this day will prooue verie faire too,
 What great thanks therefore to the gods celestiall owe we?
Fa. Yea, *Coridon* for many mo things we be greatly beholding
 10 Vnto the gods, I my self haue seen a time when as heardsmen
 Could not vse their pipes, could not as we do together
 Sit thus far fro the flocks, the Wolfe which priuily lurked
 In these woods, the Beare which craftily croucht in a thicket,
 Both sheep and heards wold thē deuour, yea oft frō our herdllings
 15 Be by force were pluckt, & wretches vrg'd to be souldiers,
 Seldom now doth a Wolf, the beare exilde fro the mountains,
 Doth neuer hurt our flocks, the gates of peaceable *Ianus*
 Be now barred fast, we need not feare to be souldiers,
 Nor feare souldiers force, we may now merrily pipe here.
 20 *Co.* *Faustus* tels vs troth, my sire and grand-sire oft times
 Told me the same, with many mo things, more mercy the gods shew
Pan doth fauor his herds, we may nowe merily pipe here.

Th. Yea Coridon thou maist securely kisse *Galatea*,
Vnder a shade, yea and more than that, if no body see thee.

25 *Co.* My *Galatea* no doubt, before your withered *Alice*
Shal be preferd, she lookes like an olde witch scortch'd in a kil-house.

Da. Wel *Coridon*, boast not too much of your *Galatea*,
Shortly your ewes wil (I fear) take you for a Ram, not a keeper.

Th. No, *Coridons* sweet pipe, which such braue melody maketh
30 Nill on's head suffer *Acteons* hornes to be ioyned.

Co. Ich wil pipe with you *Damon* or *Thestylis* either,
And let *Faustus* iudge whose pipe best harmony sendeth.

Fa. These reprochfull tearms should not be rehearsed among you,
You should not haue told him of his wife *Galatea* :

35 You should not haue told him of the deformity of his wife,
But let these things passe, *Coridon* euen now made a challenge
Wil ye with him contend, I wil giue reasonable iudgement.

Both. We be agreed. *Fa.* Begin *Coridon*, you first made a
challenge.

CORIDONS SONET.

Cupid took wings, and through the fielde did flie,
40 A bow in hand, and quiuer at his backe:
And by chance proud *Amintas* did espie,
As all alone he sate by his flocke.

This sillie swain so statlie minded was,
All other heards he thought he did surpasse.

45 He hated Loue, he hated sweet desire,
Equall to him no wight he esteemed:
Manie a Lasse on him were set on fire,
Worthy of his loue, yet none he deemed.

50 Out from his sheath he pluckt a leaden dart,
Wherewith he smote the swain vpon the hart.

Forthwith he rose, and went a little by,
Leauing his heard, for so wold *Cupid* haue:
Faire *Galatea* then he did espie,
Vnder a shade with garland verie braue.

55 Straitwaies he lou'd, and burn'd in her desire,
No ease he found, the wag had made a fire.

He sigh'd, he burn'd, and fryed in this flame,
Yet sillie wretch, her loue he neuer sought,
But pinde away, because he did disdaine,
60 *Cupid* him stroke with that vnlucky shaft.

Long time he liu'd thus pining in despair,
Til's life at length flew into th'open aire.

Cupid abroad through shadie fieldes did flie,
 Now hauing stroke proud *Amintas* with his shaft:
 65 Poore *Coridon* by chance he passed by,
 As by his heard he sate of ioy bereft.
 Sicke, very sick was this lowly swain,
 Many that he lik'd, all did him disdaine.

Cupid him saw, and pittied him foorthwith,
 70 Chose out a dart among a thousand moe:
 Than which a luckier was not in his sheath,
 Wherewith he gaue the swaine a mightie blow.
 Strait rising vp, *Galatea* he espide,
 Foorthwith he lou'd, and in desier fride.

Ah how she pleasde, pale and red was her face,
 75 Rose cheek'd as *Aurora* you haue seene:
 A wreath of flowers her seemly head did grace,
 Like *Flora* faire, of shepheards she was Queene.
 He passed by, and deemed that she laught
 80 Her verie lookes did fauour shew, he thought.

Therefore in hast with rude and homelie tearmes,
 He did her woo, her hoping to obtaine:
 First she denide, at length she did affirme,
 She would him loue, she could him not disdaine.
 85 Thus di'd *Amintas* because he was so coy,
 Poore *Coridon* his loue did thus inioy.

Fa. Wel, *Coridon* hath done, lets heare your melody *Damon*.
Da. Help me my chearful Muse, O *Pan* melodious helpe me,
 And wise *Apollo* to tune the stately progeny of heardsmen.

DAMONS DITTIE.

90 When *Ioue* first broken had the Chaos ancient,
 And things at variance had set at vnity:
 When first each element, fire, aire, and water,
 And earth vnmooeable were placed as you see:
 A plow-man then he made, he made a sheep-feeder,
 95 The plow-man he made of stonie progenie,
 Rebelling to the plough, like to the flinty field,
 Hard-hearted, full of hate: The noble sheepfeeder
 He made of a milde and lowlie progenie,
 Gentle and very meeke, like a sheep innocent,
 100 Oft times he to the Gods sacrifice offered,
 One while he gaue a Lambe, one while a tidy calfe

Since that time sillie swaines and noble sheepfeeders
 Hauē bene much visited and loued of the gods.

- Go to my merie Muse, sound out vpon a pipe
 105 Shepherds antiquities, and noble progenie.
 A shepherd was *Abram*, *Lot* was a sheep-keeper,
 Great Angels, from aboue came many times to these,
 Yea *Ioue* omniregent leauing his heauenly seat
 Talkt with thē, men affirm, as they sate by their heards
 110 Of them sprung valiant and noble nations,
 Go to my merie muse, sound out vpon a pipe,
 Heardsmens antiquitie, and noble progenie,
Paris sate with his flocke, in *Ida* redolent,
 When he was made a Iudge to *Venus* and *Iuno*,
 115 And *Pallas* beautiful three mighty goddesses.
 Go to my merie muse, sound out vpon a pipe
 Heardsmens antiquity and noble progenie.
David sate with his heard, when as a Lyon huge
 And eke a Beare he slew, this little pretie swaine
 120 Kild a victorious and mightie champion,
 Whose words did make a king & al his host to feare
 And he ful many yeares raign'd ouer Israell.
 Go to my merie Muse, sound out vpon a pipe,
 Heardsmens antiquitie, and noble progenie.
 125 *Moses* fed sillie sheep, when like a fiery flame
Iehouah called him out from a bramble bush,
 O what great monuments and mightie miracles
 In *Egypt* did he shew, and to king *Pharao*.
Iordans waues backe he driue, *Iordan* obeyed him.
 130 Go to my merie muse, sound out vpon a pipe,
 Heardsmens antiquitie, and noble progenie.
 Angels brought (men afirm) to busie sheepfeeders,
 In fields of *Bethlehem* newes of a Sauour,
 Before Magicians and noble Emperours,
 135 Th'infant laid in a crib, *Ioues* mightie progenie,
 Mankinds ioy, life, and health cuntrie swains viewed:
 Cease now my mery Mnse¹ to tune vpon a pipe
 Heardsmens antiquity² and noble progenie.

Fa. *Damons* dittie is done, begin you *Thestilis* also,

- 140 *Th.* Aide me, my pleasant muse, O *Pan* god musicall aid me.

¹ *Mnse* misprinted for *Muse*.

² *Antiquity* misprinted for *antiquitie*.

THESTILIS ODE.

- A Stately scepter in a soyle most famous,
 Where siluer streaming *Thamasis* resoundeth,
 A Princesse beareth, who with euerduring
 . . . vertues aboundeth.
- 145 ¶ With this pipe in her land, O muse, a famous
 Dittie recite thou: she deserues a Dittie:
 Her praises ecchoes do resound, and tel through
 euerie cittie.
- ¶ Nymphs from strange countries, water-haunting Naydes
 150 Leauē their faire habits, to behold her honour:
 We swaines thinke our selues to be blest, if we can
 but looke vpon her.
- ¶ In her land nymphs by *Helicons* fair fountaines,
 Make odes: on Citterne her *Appollo* ceaseth
 155 Not to extoll, *Pans* pipe by the shady mountaines,
 Her daylie prayseth.
- ¶ Abroad once walking with a traine like *Phebe*,
 They say that *Tytan* stood as one amazed,
 And as when faire *Lencothoe*¹ hee viewed
 160 on her he gazed.
- ¶ Then also *Iuno*, *Venus* and *Minerua*,
 Seeing her walking with a troupe so statelie,
 Each did her chalenge, she by right is mine, saith
 each noble Ladie.
- 165 ¶ She's mine, quoth *Iuno*, she's a Queene most royall,
 She's mine (quoth *Pallas*) sh'ath a wit notable:
 She's mine, quoth *Venus*, *Paris* her wil giue me,
 She's amiable.
- ¶ *Pallas* at this chaft, *Iuno* fretted and sware,
 170 In heauen proud *Paris* shal a iudge be no more,
 He loues faire *Hellen*, which he loues, he therefore
 beautie will adore.
- ¶ At which wordes Rose-cheek'd *Citherea* smiled,
 Her face besprenting with a sanguine colour:
 175 Then let *Ioue* saith she, be the iudge, thine husband,
 and noble brother.
- ¶ With al speed therefore, to the skies thē they posted
 And to *Ioues* chrystal seat in heauen approaching:
 Thus spake great *Iuno* to the mighty Lord and
 180 maker of each thing.

¹ *Lencothoe* misprinted for *Leucothoe*.

¶ O *Ioue*, for doubtles many times thou hast view'd
Albions Princesse, sweet *Eliza*, we three
 Contend whose monarch she may be, she's thou know'st
 wise, noble, comlie.

185 ¶ *Iupiter* hereat was amased and said,
 To iudge this matter is a thing not easie,
 But yet needs must it be resolued, or ye will
 Fall out I feare me.

¶ My sister *Iuno*, thou my daughter *Pallas*,
 190 And *Venus* kinned to me three waies,
 She's not thine *Pallas*, *Iuno* she's not thine, nor
 thine *Citherea*.

¶ But *Iuno*, *Pallas*, *Venus* and each goddesse
 hath her in different,¹ ye do claime her vainly.

195 This is my iudgment, sweet *Eliza*, Ladies,
 shall be mine onlie.

¶ O what great and huge miracles Iehouah
 Aiding, she hath wrought here, many yeares which prest vs,
 From Romish *Pharaohs* tyrannous bondage, she
 200 safely releas'd vs.

¶ Since that bright day-star shady night expelling,
 Which hath brought day-light ouer all this Iland:
 That *Moses* which her people through the sea led,
 As by the drie land.

205 ¶ From craggie mountaines water hath she made
 With *manna*, *nectar*, manie yeares she fed vs:
 Thus hath she long time, noble *Ioue* assisting,
 mightily led vs.

¶ O from what *Scillas* she preserued hath
 From spanish armies *Ioue* hath her protected,

210 Thy force O Romish Prelate, and wiles hath she
 wiselie detected.

¶ Her realme in quiet many yeares she ruled
 Her subiectes saftie verie much regarding,
 Punishing rebels, she reformeth vices,

215 Vertue rewarding.

¶ The plow-man may now reap his haruest in ioy,
 Each man may boldly lead a quiet life here
 We shepheards may sit with our heard in field, and
 merilie pipe here.

¹in *different* misprinted for *indifferent*.

220 ¶ A Phoenix rare she is on earth amongst vs,
 A mother vs her people she doth nourish
 Let vs all therefore, with one heart, pray *Ioue* that
 long she may flourish.

FAustus, our Odes are done, you must giue reasonable iudgment,
 225 But speake as you think: who made best harmony, *Faustus*?

Fa. Ye haue pip'd all well, and I think, had sacred *Apollo*
 Heard you, he would haue praisde your tunes melodious also:
 But which of you made best harmonie, for me to tell you,
 Were but a needlesse thing, t'would breed but brauling among you
 230 Thē let this suffice, you haue al three pip'd very wel now

Co. Wel then I see you feare to offend this company *Faustus*,
 Had *Coridon* pip'd worst, *Coridon* should heare it I know wel.

Fa. Nay not so, but I loue to shun contention, I would
 Haue you agree, for if I should *Thestilis* harmony commend,
 235 You would at it chafe, and *Damon* also, so should I
 Get me surely two foes, but rather harke to my counsell,
 Lets to breakfast go, and lets drinke friendlie together,
 So this strife wil end, very bad is hatred amongst vs

Co. I am agreed. *Th.* And I. *Da.* And I will not say against it.

*Parcite Pierides, iuueni concedite vestro
 non Valet ad varios vnus arator agros:
 Musa vale, iuueniq; faue, dominoq; placere,
 & tibi, non valeo, Musa iocosa vale.*

FINIS

JAMES W. BRIGHT
 WILFRED P. MUSTARD

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Sabie, Francis
Pan's pipe

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