

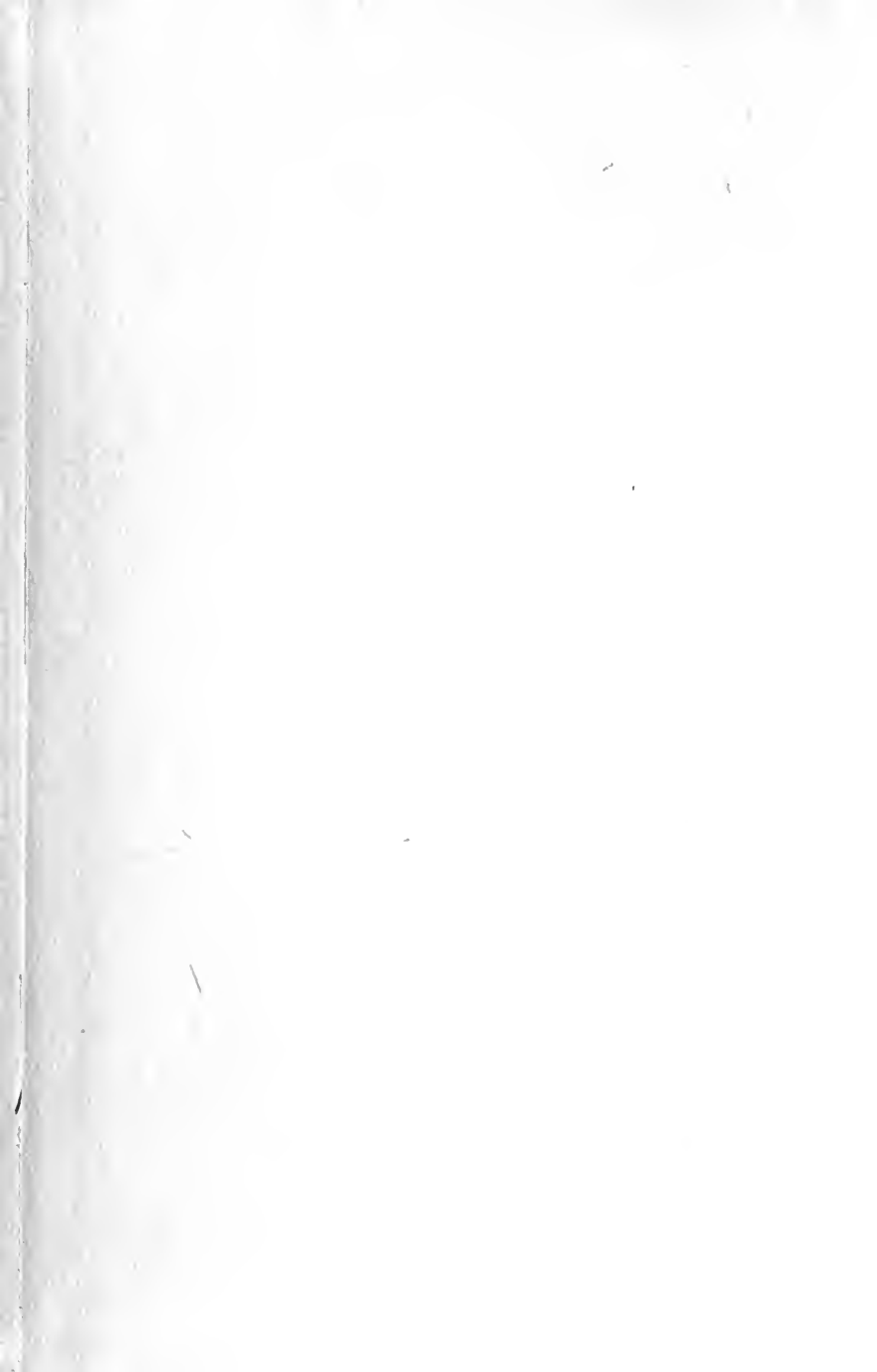
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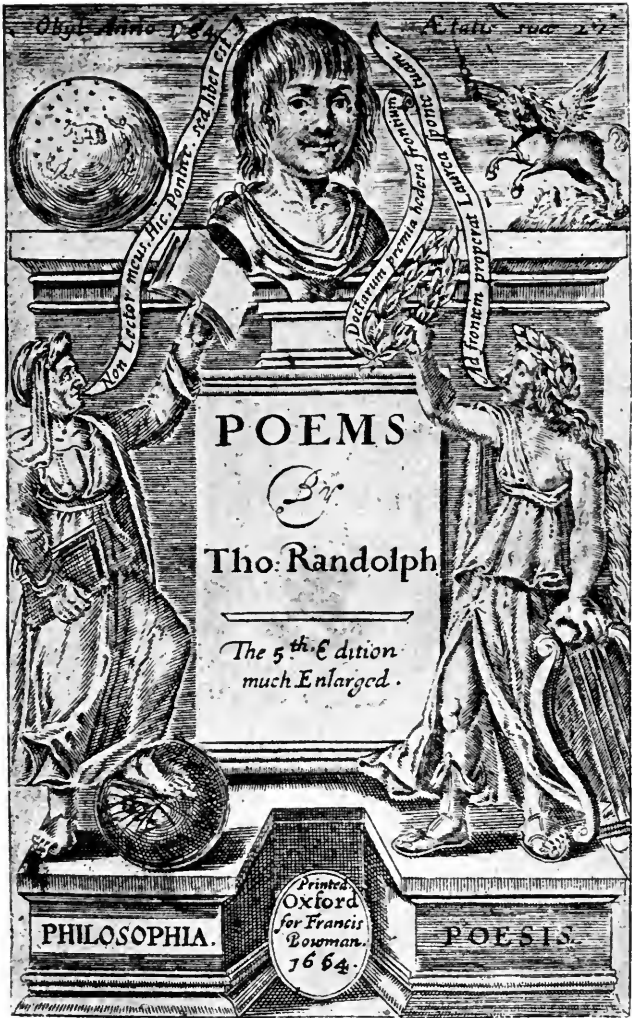
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THE POEMS AND AMYNTAS OF
THOMAS RANDOLPH

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THE
POEMS AND AMYNTAS
OF
THOMAS RANDOLPH

EDITED BY
JOHN JAY PARRY, Ph.D.



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PREFACE

IT seems now as though the prediction of the seventeenth century editors of the *Clevelandi Vindicie* that Randolph would "lie embalmed in his own native wax" had indeed come true. In general when the public has seen fit to consign a writer to oblivion it is wisest not to dispute its sentence. Yet in the present instance I feel that the judgment of his contemporaries, rather than that of the present day, is the correct one, and that Randolph is deserving of a much larger audience than he now has.

Wholly aside from the fact that poetry, particularly old-fashioned poetry, no longer appeals to the general reader, there are several reasons for the neglect into which the works of Randolph have fallen. One is that after his death an admiring brother published whatever of his he could find, burying the honey in the wax and making no distinction between his early school exercises and his later poems. Because of this the juvenile efforts of the school-boy are often condemned as though they were the work of his mature age. Another fact which has kept him from being better known is that copies of his works are now hard to secure; one must read him either in the rare early editions, or in the astoundingly inaccurate reprint of W. C. Hazlitt which is itself long out of print. It is to do away with the difficulty of securing a text that this volume, containing about one third of Randolph's extant works, has been prepared.

With the example of Hazlitt before me I have possi-

bly, in trying to avoid his errors, gone too far in the opposite direction. When one begins to correct and amend it is difficult to know where to stop, and the final result is apt to be that the editor quite eclipses the author. For this reason I have not ventured to make any changes of my own in the original texts. This is not really such an obstacle as it might at first appear, since most of those who use this book will undoubtedly be persons familiar with seventeenth century literature and able to read the early texts without difficulty. For such persons the old spelling and punctuation, irregular as they are, have a certain charm; furthermore these persons may be sure that they are not, as so often happens, being led astray by some error in judgment on the part of the editor when, if left to themselves, they could find a way out of the difficulty.

In editing a volume of this kind one receives assistance from so many sources that it is manifestly impossible to acknowledge them all. In particular however I wish to express my thanks to Professor William Lyon Phelps of Yale who first suggested the subject to me and who has aided me throughout the work; to Professor Brooke and Professor Berdan, also of Yale, for valuable assistance; to the staff of the Yale Library for innumerable kindnesses; and to the librarians of the British Museum, the Bodleian, and the Victoria and Albert Museum for the generosity with which they extended to me every facility for consulting the manuscripts and early editions.

J. J. P.

ROME, N.Y.
January, 1917.

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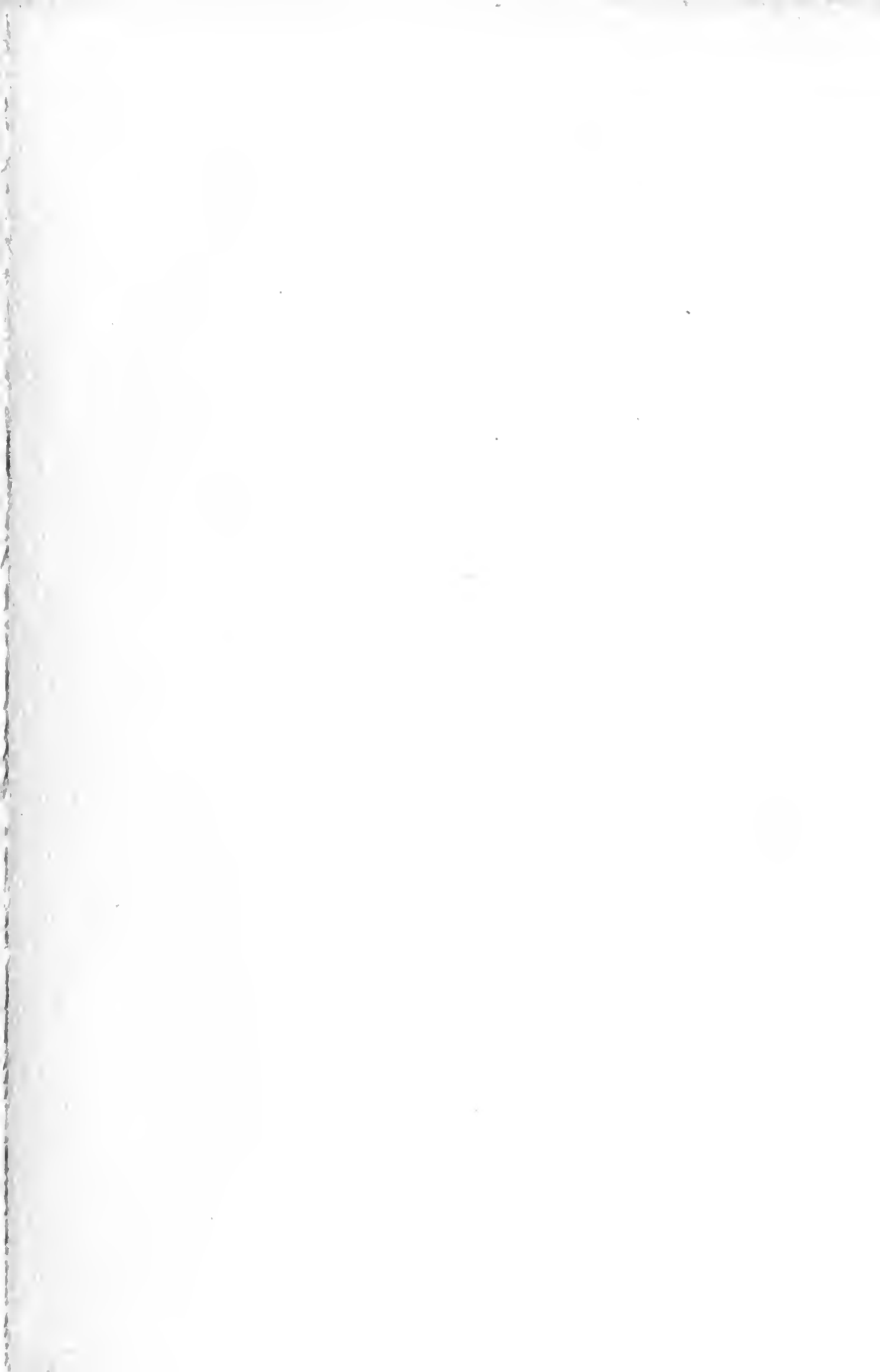
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THOMAS RANDOLPH

INTRODUCTION

I. THE RANDOLPH FAMILY

No one could be less vain of his ancestry than was the poet Thomas Randolph, yet he was descended from one of the oldest families in the kingdom, was entitled to display coat-armor which had been recognized for more than three hundred years, and was admitted by his contemporaries to be a "gentleman," a term which meant much more in those days than it does at present.

There are Randolfs mentioned in England as early as the Domesday Book, but aside from the similarity of the name there is nothing to connect them with the poet. The first of the name who can, with any degree of probability, be assumed to be of his family are to be found in Wiltshire and Hampshire about the beginning of the fourteenth century. In the time of Edward I we find mentioned among the knights of Hampshire one "Johannes Randolph," whose arms, as given by Tristram Risdon, were, "Gules, on a cross argent, five mullets sable," and in a Parliamentary roll of arms,¹ undated but evidently of the early part of the fourteenth century, we find a "Sire John Randolf "

¹ *Genealogist*, New Series, 11, 175.

of Wiltshire and Hampshire whose arms were, "De goules a vne Crois de argent e V moles de sable en la crois." These are the same arms that in later times were used by a nephew of the poet, Col. William Randolph, the founder of the Virginia branch of the family.

This Sir John Randolph must have been a man of considerable importance in his day, for among the papers preserved in the British Record Office are a number which refer to him. In the year 1297 he and Joan his wife (she was a daughter of John de Acton) exchanged Chaddenwick in Wiltshire for the manor of Ashe in the hundred of Overton, Hampshire. Later they acquired other lands in Hampshire and elsewhere. Sir John was made Keeper of the New Forest and held for the king the manor and castle of Christ Church de Twynham, and later the royal castle of Portchester. He also served for many years as Justice in Eyre for Common Pleas, his circuits covering, at various times, much of the southern and western part of England. He died some time between 1334 and 1337.

We find mention of but one son, Robert, but it seems very probable that the William Randolph who is mentioned by Fuller as Sheriff of Wiltshire in 1333 and Knight of the Shire, was, if not a son, at least some near relative of Sir John. He served as collector of the king's revenues for Wiltshire, was Keeper of the royal forest and park of Claryndon, and in 1356 was given a commission of Oyer and Terminer for Wiltshire. He held lands in both Wiltshire and Hampshire, among them being the manor of Bereford St. Martin. He died some time before 1369.

Another person who almost certainly belonged to this particular family is the Thomas Randolph of Bere-

ford who, in consideration of having gone on the king's service over seas, was in 1340 given a pardon for killing William Nicol of Bockebrook. We find other Randolfs and Randolphs at this time, but there is nothing more than the name to connect them with this particular family.¹

When next we hear of the family it has split into two (or more) branches, of which one, the Randolphs of Wilts, bore the ancient arms of Sir John, while the Randolphs of Kent bore the same, except that in their coat the mullets were pierced.² This division of the family had evidently taken place before the year 1433, for under that date Fuller mentions a William Randolph of Tunbridge among the gentry of Kent. It is to this branch of the family that Thomas Randolph, the ambassador of Queen Elizabeth, belonged.³ The arms of the Wiltshire branch of the family were "confirm'd by Robert Cooke, Clarencieux, the 15th of March in the 13th of Queen Eliz. to Tho. Randolph of Badlesmer in the County of Cambridge,⁴ Esq.; descended from the ancient Family of Sir John Randolph, of the County of Wilts, Knight."⁵ From time to time we find mem-

¹ The significance of the fact that the names John, Robert, William, and Thomas, borne by members of the family at this time, all reappear in the poet's immediate family should not be overlooked.

² Guillim, *Heraldry*, 105; Edmondson, *Heraldry*.

³ The claim has sometimes been made (see *The General Armory* of Sir John Bernard Burke) that the Randolphs of Kent are descended from the prominent Scottish family of that name: this seems amply disproved by the fact that we find Randolphs in England as early as we do in Scotland, and that the arms of the Kent family resemble very closely those of these English Randolphs and are not at all like those of the Scottish house.

⁴ It is possible that this is an error for Badlesmere in Kent.

⁵ Guillim, *Heraldry*, 105.

bers of the family in various other parts of England, but in the present connection these have no significance for us.

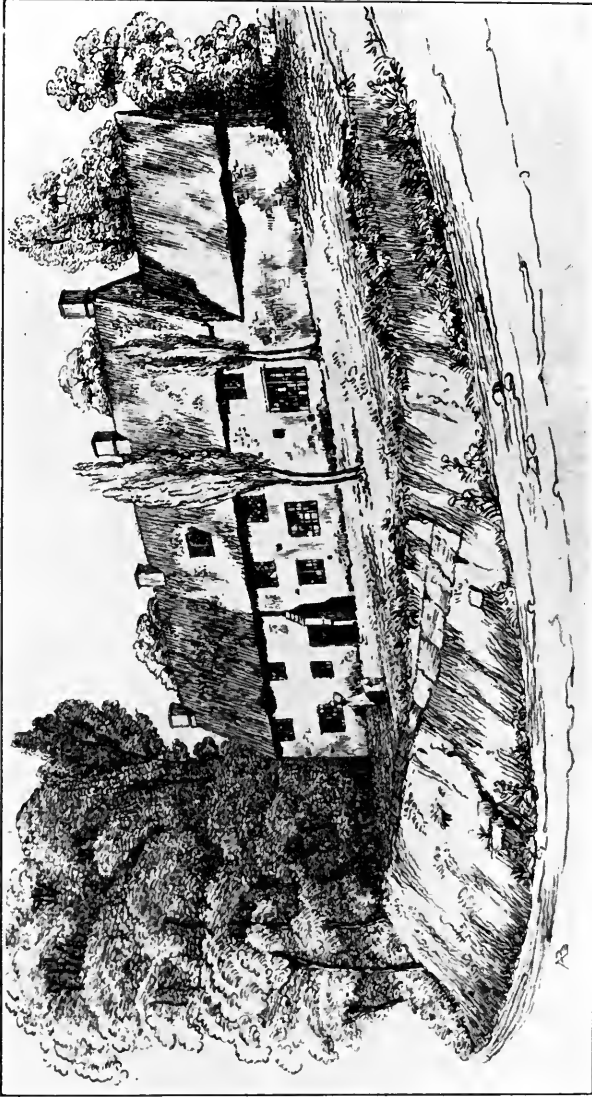
Although we may assume the poet's kinship with these earlier Randolphs because it was claimed by one of his brothers and apparently never questioned, we are unable definitely to trace his ancestry any further back than his grandfather Robert, whom we find residing at Hams (now Hamsey), near Lewis, in county Sussex. He is not mentioned in any of the pedigrees of the Kent Randolphs and it seems quite certain that he was of the other branch of the family. This Robert Randolph who was "a surveyor of land or land measurer,"¹ married Rose, the daughter and co-heiress of Thomas Roberts, who was the son of Thomas Roberts of Elford in Hawkhurst, county Kent.² Like her husband she was of gentle birth; Berry gives the Roberts arms as "Per pale gules and azure, three pheons or," and these arms are recognized and credited to Roberts of Canterbury in the Visitation of Kent made in 1663.

The only child of this union of whom we find any mention was a son, William, born in 1572. He was very wild in his youth and because of this his father cut him off in his will with only a groat or three pence. When the high-spirited young man received this legacy he nailed it to the post of his father's door and set out to shift for himself.³ He became steward to Sir George

¹ This seems to be Aubrey's meaning, although it is not quite clear to whom the statement refers.

² Wm. Berry, *Kent*, 181; H. F. Waters, *Gleanings*, 925.

³ This story rests solely on the authority of Aubrey and must be accepted with a certain amount of caution.



THE BIRTHPLACE OF THOMAS RANDOLPH

(From *Baker's History of Northamptonshire, I, 261*)

Goring in Sussex, and later to Edward Lord Zouche,¹ settling at Houghton Parva or Little Houghton in the county of Northampton. His financial resources must have been very limited, for two of his sons were later admitted to Westminster School as Queens Scholars, and no one was eligible for these scholarships whose father had an income of ten pounds or more per year.

William Randolph married Elizabeth, the daughter of Thomas Smith of Newnham near Daventry in the county of Northampton. Baker² gives a picture of the Smith house "which stands on a bank at the end of the lane leading to Dodford," and to judge from this picture the Smiths must have been people of considerable importance, although apparently not gentlefolk. This wife, who bore him three sons and one daughter, seems to have died some time after 1613, for a few years later we find him married again, this time to Dorothy, the daughter of Richard Lane of Curteenhall, Gent. and the sister of the Sir Richard Lane, who became Lord Keeper of the Great Seal under Charles I. She was the widow of Thomas West of Cotton End near Northampton, and the mother of the Richard West, S.T.D., who wrote the poem, "To the pious Memory of my dear Brother-in-law, Mr. Thomas Randolph," prefixed to the collected editions of Randolph's Poems. By his second marriage William Randolph became the father of seven more children, four sons and three daughters. He died in 1660.

¹ There is in the Record Office a warrant (dated Sept. 13, 1619) from Lord Zouche to Master "Randoll," authorizing him to hold court in his manor of Chowton, county Somerset, and to receive the rents there.

² *Northamptonshire*, I, 261.

II. THE LIFE OF THOMAS RANDOLPH

Thomas, the oldest child ¹ of William Randolph and his first wife Elizabeth was born at Newnham ² in the house of his maternal grandfather on the fifteenth of June, 1605.³ Early in life he began to exhibit a leaning toward poetry, and at the age of nine he wrote the *History of our Saviour's Incarnation* in English verse; this was never printed and no copy of it is known to be extant, but the original, in the young poet's own handwriting, was long preserved as a rarity by his brother John. We have the word of his "brother-in-law" Richard West that some of the verses included in the collected editions of the poems were written at a not very much more mature age, and that even in extreme youth "books were his toys."⁴

¹ The modern accounts all follow Baker, who says he was the second son; both Aubrey and the 1682 Visitation of Northamptonshire, however, say that he was the oldest child. Aubrey was often far from accurate, but in this case he got his facts from Randolph's brother John and had no reason for falsifying them; he sent the letter containing them to Wood for his *Athenae*. The Visitation was made during the lifetime of the poet's brother William, and probably, in accordance with the usual custom, was from facts furnished by some member of the family.

² Winstanley, followed by Langbaine, Motley and others, says that he was born at Houghton, which is probably a mere assumption based upon the fact that this was his father's home; Aubrey, Wood, Baker, and the 1682 Visitation give Newnham.

³ Baker gives this as the date of his baptism, and this has been generally accepted; Kottas says that the baptism is recorded in the parish register of Newnham under that date. I believe this to be merely a graphic paraphrase of Baker's statement and do not think that he took the trouble to investigate for himself. I have been unable to learn whether or not the register for that date is still preserved. Aubrey, Wood, and the Visitation of 1682 all give June 15th as the date of his birth.

⁴ See his verses prefixed to the editions of the *Poems*.

In order to give to this promising youth all the advantages possible, his father sent him to the College of St. Peter, or, as it is more generally known, Westminster School, where he secured one of the scholarships established by Queen Elizabeth when she reorganized the school. We do not know exactly when he entered, but it was very likely somewhere about 1618, as the usual period at the school was four or five years and Randolph left it in 1623.¹

At the time when Randolph entered the school the headmaster was John Wilson,² a man remarkable for "a faculty more than ordinary in instructing youth." The second master, to whom fell the task of instructing the third and fourth forms, and who must therefore have had charge of young Randolph during at least part of his career at the school, was Thomas Hardinge. Some of the students who were at the school at this time, and with whom Randolph must have been well acquainted, were William Hemmings, the son of the Shakespearian actor, James Duport, who later became eminent as a Greek Scholar, and John Donne (son of the Dean of St. Paul's), Samuel Rutter, and William Cartwright, the poets.³

¹ One who is at all familiar with Kottas' method will hesitate to accept even so positive a statement of his as the one that Randolph entered the school in his twelfth year, when such statement is not backed up by mention of his authorities. It is probably a good guess, nothing more; Kottas always gives his conjectures as if they were proven facts.

² Kottas' statement that Camden was headmaster of Westminster School until his death in 1623 hardly requires an elaborate refutation.

³ The *Alumni Westmonasterienses* gives the names of all the Queens Scholars, with the dates when they were elected to the universities; those who desire further information about Randolph's companions at the school are referred to this work.

In 1622 Wilson resigned his headmastership and was succeeded in the position by Lambert Osbolston, who "bore the character of a learned man, and was an excellent master, and very fortunate in breeding up many wits." Although Randolph left the school only a year later, and so cannot have been for very long under Osbolston's care, he has left us a sincere although rather effusive tribute to the debt he owed his old master.¹ Doubtless the character of the men under whom he studied and of the course of study which he pursued in this school did have considerable influence in molding his nature.

At Westminster the chief emphasis was at this time placed upon acquiring a thorough acquaintance with the Greek and Latin authors, and upon an ability to write both prose and verse in these two languages. Geography also was taught to the boys, and apparently Hebrew as well.² Furthermore, they were required at frequent intervals to try their skill in the composition of English verses, and we learn from one of his school-fellows that Randolph performed these tasks very well, and that he wrote with remarkable facility.³ On Sunday the boys were given the task of putting into English verse the sermon of the morning or else the gospel and epistle of the day, and it is doubtless to this custom that we owe the *Necessary Observa-*

¹ See the Latin poem prefixed to the *Jealous Lovers*.

² Hebrew was prescribed by the statutes drawn up in the time of Elizabeth for the use of the school (F. H. Forshall, *Westminster School*, 412) and in 1661 Evelyn mentions both Hebrew and Arabic among the languages in which the boys leaving for the university were able to compose (*ibid.* 418). Forshall gives a rather full account of the school life and studies at about this period.

³ James Duport, *Musæ Subsecivæ*, 269-70.

tions, which are certainly among Randolph's youthful work; the translations from the Latin poets were also, in all probability, school exercises of this period.

Not only did Queen Elizabeth establish scholarships at the school itself, but she also caused a number of those at Trinity College, Cambridge, and Christ Church, Oxford, to be set aside each year exclusively for Westminster boys. These scholarships were awarded on the basis of a competitive examination held each year in Rogation Week. Among those who took this examination in the year 1623 was young Randolph, who secured the highest rating of any of the candidates. He was accordingly elected to Trinity College, and was given the title of "Captain of the Election." (The Captain is not now necessarily the candidate with the highest stand.) The name THO. RANDOLPH may still be read on the tablets in the school dormitory which record the names of the captains for each year.

Randolph did not matriculate at Cambridge for over a year after his election, yet it is quite certain that he entered the university before the date given in the college register. (Of the four others elected to Cambridge with him, the three whom I have been able to trace all matriculated the year before he did, yet all secured their scholarships at the same time and two of them took both the B.A. and M.A. degrees with him; the third was not graduated.)¹ He was entered on the

¹ That it was not necessary at this time to matriculate as soon as one entered the university is shown by the case of Heath, who was elected to Trinity from Westminster in 1624; he secured his fellowship in 1625 but did not matriculate until 1626, yet he took both degrees in the usual length of time after his election.

college books on July 8, 1624,¹ as a lesser pensioner,² the usual status of one whose father was in moderate circumstances, for it implied that he was able to pay for his son's board and education. During that same year, however, he was given a scholarship in accordance with the terms of his appointment from Westminster.³

Masson, in his life of Milton, whose career at Cambridge coincided so closely with that of Randolph, has given us a very good picture of the general life at the university during this period.⁴ Of Randolph's part in this life during the earlier portion of his course we know practically nothing; he contributed to the Cambridge collection of verses celebrating the marriage of Charles and Henrietta Maria in 1625⁵ (probably the first of his poems to appear in print), and to the collection called forth in 1626 by the death of Bacon.⁶ We also know that he wrote upon occasion English verses which circulated among his fellows and that as early as 1626 at least, he had acquired the reputation of a wit.⁷ In January 1627-8, having fulfilled all the requirements, he was graduated B.A., his name standing eighth on the list of bachelors.⁸

¹ Hazlitt from A. G. Greenhill of Cambridge.

² J. Venn & J. A. Venn, *Book of Matriculations and Degrees*. W. W. R. Ball & J. A. Venn, *Admissions to Trinity College*.

³ *Admissions to T. C.* These scholarships were awarded to the students as soon after the election as any fell vacant, but in practically every case at this time they were not given until the student had been at the university for about a year.

⁴ In Fuller's *History of Cambridge* (1840) there is a plan of the town as it was only a few years after Randolph left it.

⁵ See Bibliography, Sec. III, No. 1, p. 42.

⁶ See Bibliography, Sec. III, No. 2.

⁷ See the quotation from Fuller given on p. 369.

⁸ This is the date given by Hazlitt; the *Book of Matric. and Degrees* and the *Admissions to T. C.* give merely 1627-8. Kottas gives

That he was something more than a good fellow and merry companion is amply demonstrated by a letter¹ written on Aug. 11, 1629, to Lord Holland the Chancellor, by Leonard Mawe the Master of Trinity, in which he recommends to him "Thomas Randolph, B.A., one of extraordinary parts of wit and learning, and so approved by the whole University that scarce an age brings forth a better or the like. If he had been capable of a fellowship at the last election the writer had certainly provided for him but not being so he begs the Earl to procure for him his Majesties mandatory letter. He has no friends to solicit for him but the Bishop of Lincoln² under whom he was bred at Westminster, and the writer under whom he has lived for four years in Trinity College." We do not know whether the king did interest himself in the young man (we know that he was in the habit of interfering in university elections), but at any rate Randolph was created a minor Fellow on the 22d of September 1629.³ In all probability he had spent the intervening time at the university studying for his M.A. degree in accordance with the usual custom. Apparently the only thing that he published during this period was a Latin poem of four lines, prefixed to Plumptre's *Epigrammata*,⁴ but two

the date as March 27, 1628. The truth apparently is that the candidates finished their work at any time during the term, were pronounced to be Bachelors of Arts at the end of the term, but were allowed to date their degrees from the beginning of it. (Mason, 155.)

¹ Preserved in the Record Office: Domestic Papers, Charles II, 148, 34.

² This was John Williams, who later became Archbishop of York; he had been Dean of Westminster while Randolph was at the school.

³ Hazlitt; *Book of Matric. and Degrees*.

⁴ See Bibliography, Sec. III, No. 3.

at least of his English poems, which were not published till later, may be ascribed to this year.¹

In the following April the University was closed on account of the plague and did not open until November,² and it is very likely that Randolph spent at least part of this time in London. To this period, or possibly to a still earlier date, must be referred his introduction to the "Sons of Ben," which certainly did take place even if not in the form described by Winstanley;³ Ben Jonson and Lord Zouche were intimate friends, and it is very likely indeed that the former had visited at Houghton and had made the acquaintance of the bright young son of his friend's steward. It would therefore be very natural that Randolph, who was beginning to come into notice as a poet and wit, should resolve when he was in London "to go see Ben. Johnson with his associates, which as he heard at a set-time kept a Club together at the Devil-Tavern near Temple-Bar; accordingly, at the time appointed he went thither, but being unknown to them, and wanting Money, which to an ingenious spirit is the most daunting thing in the World, he peep'd into the Room where they were, which being espied by Ben Johnson, and seeing him in a Scholars thred-bare habit, John Bo-peep, says he, come in, which accordingly he did, when immediately they began to rime upon the meanness of his Clothes,

¹ *On six Maids bathing themselves in a River* (see p. 366), and the *Towns-mens Petition of Cambridge* (see p. 366).

² Commons at Trinity ceased April 30, and were resumed on November 20. Cooper, *Annals*, 3, 223 and 228.

³ Much doubt has been cast upon the truth of this story on the ground that it is highly fanciful, but I see no reason why it may not be substantially correct. The fact that Randolph had most probably already met Jonson seems to have been overlooked.

asking him, If he could not make a Verse? and withal to call for his Quart of Sack; there being four of them, he immediately thus replied,

'I John Bo peep, to you four sheep,
With each one his good fleece,
If that you are willing to give me five shilling,
'Tis fifteen pence a piece.'

By Jesus, quoth Ben. Johnson (his usual oath), I believe this is my Son Randolph, which being made known to them, he was kindly entertained into their company, and Ben. Johnson ever after called him Son."

It was at about this time that the *Aristippus* and the *Pedler*, which had already been acted privately, probably at Cambridge, were printed. Two editions by different publishers appeared within a short time of each other,¹ but neither bore Randolph's name, and the authorship seems not to have been generally known for some time.² Possibly he wrote at this time his answer to Jonson's *Ode to Himself*, for his poem seems to have been written before that

¹ John Mariott "entered for his copy" in the S. R. Mar. 26, 1630 (Arber 4, 231), and Robert Allot entered for the "Pedler by R. Davenport" (a minor poet of the period) on Apr. 8 (Arber 4, 232). From a later entry (July 1, 1637, Arber 4, 387) we see that the title to the *Aristippus* rested with Allot, who had republished it in 1631 and again in 1635. It would seem as if Harper had in some way secured a copy of the play and proceeded to print it, and Randolph, learning of this, had furnished Allot with a correct text and, so far as he could, with the rights to it; why Davenport's name should have been used in the entry I cannot see, unless it was through him that the arrangements were made.

² In the poem by Hemmings, in MS. Ashmole 38 (mentioned on p. 357) there is a reference to the *Aristippus* as the work of an unknown writer, not Randolph.

ode was printed in 1631.¹ According to Miss Marks² his *Entertainment*, the original version of the *Muses Looking-Glass*, was licensed on Nov. 25, 1630, having apparently been acted in the previous summer; Sir Aston Cokain says that it met with a good reception when presented.³

As soon as the university opened again in the fall, he probably returned to Cambridge and resumed his studies there, for in 1631, three years after taking his Bachelor's degree, he was graduated M.A.⁴ Unlike the B.A. degrees, which were conferred quite informally during term time, the Master's degrees were awarded at the annual commencement held early in July, and it was at this time undoubtedly that Randolph took his.⁵ Some time during the same year (the exact date is unknown) he was incorporated M.A. at Oxford,⁶ a rather unusual honor for one who had so recently taken that degree from his own university, and a testimonial

¹ Tennant, in his edition of Jonson's *New Inn* (p. xxv), makes it appear certain that the poem is an answer to an earlier version than that printed in 1631.

² *English Pastoral Drama*, p. 167.

³ *Poems*, p. 111.

⁴ *Book of Matric. and Degrees. Admissions to T.C.*

⁵ Hazlitt is not at all clear here, but he apparently means that Randolph became M.A. on March 23, 1631-2. This date does not fit in so well with the other facts of his life, and besides both the *Book of Matric. and Degrees* and the *Admissions to T.C.* give 1631, not 1631-2. In the case of his B.A. which he took in the spring, both of these books give 1627-8. There is additional proof that Randolph took his degree at the regular commencement in 1631, for he acted as Prævaricator in the following spring, and the person to perform this office was always selected one year ahead of time, from among those graduating M.A. then. The person chosen to act at the commencement in the next year was always the last one sworn, although usually one of the first to be called. (Peacock xxvi.)

⁶ Wood, *Fasti*, I, 461.

to the respect with which he was regarded not only by his fellows but by his superiors as well.

The rule requiring every person who took the master's degree to reside at the university for five years longer had long been a dead letter, and most students left as soon as they were graduated, but Randolph, holding a fellowship and apparently finding the life congenial, remained. During this year he contributed some Latin verses to the Cambridge volume celebrating the birth of Princess Mary,¹ and also secured what was undoubtedly the greatest literary success of his whole career.

The King and Queen had announced their intention of paying a visit to the University, and great preparations were made for celebrating so important an event, and for making their stay pleasant. Among the other festivities it was decided that a play should be presented, a form of entertainment common at the universities, and upon this occasion, perhaps out of deference to the distinguished guests, the play was to be in English. Two persons prepared and submitted comedies for presentation: Peter Hausted of Queens, whose *Senile Odium* had been acted at the University during the previous year, and Thomas Randolph, whose ability had not yet received any such public recognition, but who was already very favorably known to a great number of the students, particularly, of course, to those of his own college.

The whole university took sides with the two candidates, and in order to settle the question it was finally decided that both plays should be presented. Through the influence of Dr. Butts, the Vice-Chancellor, Haus-

¹ See Bibliography, Sec. III, No. 4.

ted arranged that his play, the *Rival Friends*, should be acted first. It was presented on the 19th of March¹ and proved an utter failure, partially, no doubt, because, as Hausted charged, it was deliberately cried down by the opposing faction, but chiefly because of its dullness. Randolph's play, the *Jealous Lovers*, which apparently was presented on the following day, was a great success; not only was it liked by the university, but, what was of much more importance, the King, and Queen, and the Court were all well pleased with it;² so well pleased that the Lord Chancellor severely reproved Dr. Butts for his bad taste in preferring Hausted's comedy and, indeed, in allowing the *Rival Friends* to be given at all. This rebuke, originating apparently with the king, so upset the Doctor who was already overloaded with troubles, that he hanged himself upon Easter morning.

At the Commencement held in June of that year (the year in which Milton took his M.A.) Randolph filled the office of Prævaricator, the licensed joker without whom no Commencement at this period was considered complete. The speech he delivered upon this occasion has been preserved,³ and is of comparatively little merit; but the fact that of all the graduates of the year before, he should have been the one chosen to this office, apparently an elective one, is in itself sig-

¹ The title-page of the *Rival Friends* gives this date, as does Wood; Sir Simonds D'Ewes (*Life*, 2, 67) says that the King and Queen arrived on the 19th, and left on the 20th. Baker, however (*Cooper, Annals* 3, 249), says that they arrived on the 22d.

² See the verses prefixed to the *Jealous Lovers*, especially those by James Dupont.

³ Hazlitt reprinted it from a MS. formerly in the Huth Collection. The conclusion is found also in MS. Rawl. Poet 62.

nificant. We must not, however, overlook the fact that Randolph was something more than a wit and a merry companion; ¹ he was also a man of large intellect and learning, who seems to have fulfilled the duties in connection with his fellowship in a highly satisfactory manner.²

With the Commencement of 1632 his connection with the University (except for a contribution to the volume celebrating the king's return from Scotland in 1633) ³ apparently ceases, for about this time we find him again in London. Perhaps his success as an amateur dramatist tempted him to try his fortune in connection with the metropolitan stage. Fleay's conjecture that he served as assistant manager of the newly organized company at the Salisbury Court Theatre certainly fits the facts well, although there seems to be absolutely no direct proof of his connection with this company. What we do know is, that he suddenly acquired considerable familiarity with the technique of dramatic composition, and although it is quite possible that he learned this from Jonson and the other

¹ Sir Aston Cockain, writing to Sir Robert Hilliard, speaks of him as one:

"Whom you and I so well did love and know
When *Cambridge* (for his wit) extol'd him so."

but perhaps a greater tribute, because not intended as one, is that in Shadwell's *Bury Fair* (1, 1) where Oldwit boasts: "but at Cambridge none so great as I with Jack Cleveland; But Tom Randolph and I were Hand and Glove; Tom was a brave fellow; the most ingenious poet."

² See Richard West's account (verses prefixed to the *Poems*) of Randolph's skill in the exercises of the schools.

³ See Bibliography, Sec. III, No. 5. Randolph did not contribute to the Cambridge collection celebrating the king's recovery from the small-pox (Dec. 1632) or that on the birth of the Duke of York (Oct. 1633).

playwrights with whom he was upon intimate terms, it seems more likely that it came as the result of constant close association with the stage. It was at this time that he produced his *Amyntas*, which was acted at Court and apparently in one of the theatres as well; probably he also revised his *Entertainment*, now called the *Muses Looking-Glass*, for a number of allusions in it seem to point to about this date. Malone's suggestion that he may have assisted in the preparation of the second (1632) folio of Shakespeare's works is worth absolutely nothing unless it was based upon some more information than he has left us.¹

The qualities which had made him such a favorite at Cambridge made him equally popular in London, not only with Ben Jonson and his circle, with whom he seems to have been upon terms of great intimacy, but with the fine gentlemen as well, and even at Court he was apparently no stranger.² But this popularity had its darker side as well, for the following story, given by Winstanley, certainly has some truth in it. He was making merry "in Gentlemen's company" and "as it often happens that in drinking high quarrels arise, so there chanced some words to pass between Mr. Randolph and another gentleman, which grew to be so high, that the Gentleman drawing his sword, and striking at Mr. Randolph, cut off his little finger, whereupon, in an extemporary humour he instantly made these Verses."³

Arithmetick nine digits," etc.⁴

¹ See Boswell's note in Malone's *Shakespeare*, 2, 656.

² See the verses by Richard West prefixed to the *Poems*.

³ W. R. Chetwood (*British Theatre*) gives a different account, saying that this accident occurred when he tried to separate two friends who were fighting.

⁴ See p. 103.

The excesses into which the "liberal conversation of his admirers" led him undermined his constitution, and he was obliged to leave London and go into the country in the hope of regaining his health. He spent some time at Little Houghton in the home of his father, engaged in his "delightful studies," as Wood calls them, until one day, meeting William Stafford of Blatherwyck (a relative of his old friend Anthony Stafford), he was by him engaged as tutor to his son and heir, receiving therefor an allowance of £100 per year.¹ Not very long after this he died in Stafford's house, under precisely what circumstances we do not know, but the general impression was that his death was the result of his irregular mode of living.²

On the 17th of March, 1634-5, he was buried in Blatherwyck Church, "on the south side, at the lower end of the north chancel,"³ among the members of the Stafford family. Soon afterward a monument of white marble, wreathed about with laurel, was erected over his grave at the expense of Sir Christopher (afterwards Lord) Hatton of Kirby; the inscription upon it, which was composed by Randolph's friend and former rival, Peter Hausted, is indeed, as Aubrey says, puerile.

¹ Aubrey's expression is, "I think Clⁱ per annum"; I think Aubrey's explanation a much better one than that usually given: that Randolph was visiting Stafford purely as a friend.

² Wood, Langbaine, Bridges, etc.

³ Bridges, *Northamptonshire*, 2, 280.

 MEMORIÆ SACRUM

Thome Randolphi (dum inter pauciores) Fælicissimi et facillimi ingenii Juvenis necnon majora promittentis si fata virum non invidissent sæculo.

Her sleepe thirteene
 Together in one tombe,
 And all these greate, yet quarrell not for rome:
 The Muses and y^e Graces teares did meete
 And grav'd these letters on y^e churlish sheete,
 Who having wept their fountaines drye
 Through the conduit of the eye,
 For their friend who here does lye,
 Crept into his grave and dyed,
 And soe the Riddle is untyed.
 For w^{ch} this Church, proud y^t the Fates bequeath
 Unto her ever honour'd trust
 Soe much and that soe precious dust,
 Hath crown'd her Temples with an Iuye wreath,
 W^{ch} should have Laurelle beene
 But y^t the grieved plant to see him dead
 Tooke pet and withered.

Cujus cineres brevi hac (qua potuit) imortalitate donat Christopherus Hatton, Miles de Balneo, et Musarū amator, illius vero (quem deflemus) splendâ carminibus quæ marmoris et æris scandalum manebunt perpetuum.

Of Randolph's personal appearance we are able to form a fairly clear idea; a portrait of him,¹ probably engraved by Marshall, appears in the frontispiece of the 1640 edition of the *Poems*, and in some, but not all, of the copies of each of the subsequent editions.² Aubrey tells us that "he was of a pale ill complexion and pock-bitten," and Randolph himself tells us that he was marked by the small-pox. His hair was of very light flaxen, almost white, and was flaggy as may be seen from his picture. He was of middle height or slightly less; "of about my stature or scarce so tall" says Aubrey, who tells us elsewhere that he himself was of middle stature.

III. THE CHARACTER OF HIS WRITINGS

Randolph's fame was great indeed in his own day, but it was as "one of the most pregnant wits of his age," rather than as a poet, that most people thought of him. Even those who did apply to him the term "poet" were thinking, as they did so, rather of his "witty" and "ingenious" poems, his timely satire, and his clever comedies, than of these qualities which we usually associate with the idea of true poetry. Randolph's verse is by no means devoid of these attributes, for although it lacks any great depth of feeling he does exhibit considerable lightness and grace in much of his work.

¹ Hazlitt is very probably correct when he interprets the inscription "*Ætatis suæ 27*" as meaning that he was 27 when the likeness of him was made, but an interesting coincidence is that Aubrey, who states that he was born in June 1605, and died in March 1634 [1634-5], refers to his death as having taken place in his twenty-eighth year.

² According to Baker (*Northamptonshire*), this was republished by Rodd, but I have not been able to find a copy of this reprint.

But these qualities were common to the age and were possessed in equal or even greater degree by a number of his contemporaries, so that they alone would not suffice to raise a man very much above the common level; even Herrick, who possessed them in such a preëminent degree, was scarcely known in his own day.

I do not feel, as some critics have, that English poetry suffered any very great loss through the premature death of Randolph, because I believe that any poetic talent he may have possessed had had ample opportunity to assert itself before he died. From early youth he had been given constant practice in writing verses, and he must also have read a great quantity of the masterpieces of Greece and Rome, not only because this was required in school and college, but also because his tastes were decidedly classical. Very likely, as he was fond of reading, he knew most of the English poets as well, but the classics are in themselves good models for a young poet. When we consider that in addition to this early training, he enjoyed the friendship of most of the poets of his day, we may safely assume that any genius he may have had in this direction would not have lain dormant. Had he lived another thirty years the general average of his work would certainly have been much higher, and he might have gained somewhat in sweetness and delicacy, but his work would still have been of much the same character as the more mature of those poems which he has left us.

In the field of drama, however, the case is far different. Most of the plays which he witnessed before coming to London must have been the productions of classical drama, or of plays of the classical type, acted at school and at the university. It was because he followed too

closely these classical models that his early plays are, from our point of view, failures. The *Jealous Lovers*, although it has many good features, is essentially unnatural in plot, while the *Muses Looking-Glass* can hardly be called a play at all. When Randolph revised it he inserted scenes and characters from London life as he had come to know it, but the general outline of the piece he did not and could not change. The best of his early work is the *Aristippus*, which does not pretend to be a play at all; here, unhampered by any conventions or preconceived ideas of form, he has given us a very realistic picture of the life he knew, greatly exaggerated, of course, for the sake of humor.

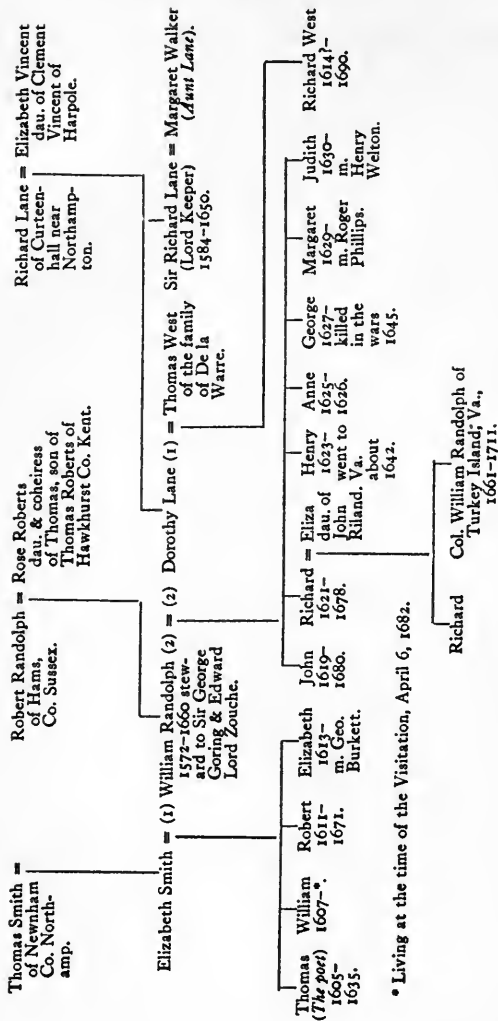
It is very probable that he had read the plays of Shakespeare and Jonson and perhaps of other English dramatists, but if so he was evidently unable to appreciate them at this time. A play intended for the stage loses half its force when read, especially when one is acquainted only with a totally different type of drama. It must therefore have been something in the nature of a revelation to Randolph when he came to London and got into really close touch with the vigorous native type of drama. Play-writing demands a much longer apprenticeship than does the writing of poetry, yet in Randolph's case a very short acquaintance with practical stagecraft worked wonders. The plot of the *Amyntas*, apparently the only one of his plays written wholly after he came to London, is by no means faultless, but many of its defects are those inherent in the pastoral drama, while others common to the type have been skilfully avoided. In many ways the plot shows a great amount of ingenuity, and, compared with other plays of the type, the situations are natural and the

characters well drawn. The *Amyntas* is not merely a good pastoral;¹ it is very significant also as an indication of Randolph's growing familiarity with the possibilities and limitations of the acted drama.

The parts of the *Muses Looking-Glass* which bear the stamp of his more mature workmanship also show decided promise. The characters remind us strongly of Jonson, but Randolph, although he had great respect for the old dramatist, was by no means content to follow him slavishly. Here, as in other cases, he took the suggestion which seemed to him good and developed it for himself, and as time went on and he came to know more different sides of life, he would probably have developed a style more and more his own and less based upon the work of any one else.

His greatness therefore lies more in promise than in fulfilment; he had nearly all of the qualities which make a great dramatist, but he had not yet realized his powers and learned to use them to the best advantage. This, I think, would have come in time. If he had lived for a few years longer, keeping in close touch with the theatre, and in equally close touch with life, he might very probably have produced realistic comedies that would have rivalled the best work of his master, Jonson himself.

¹ Most critics agree in giving it third place among the English plays of this type, while a number rank it ahead of Jonson's *Sad Shepherd*, and second only to Fletcher's *Faithful Shepherdess*.



IV. OTHER MEMBERS OF THE RANDOLPH FAMILY¹

The children of William Randolph of Little Houghton and of Elizabeth his first wife were:

I. THOMAS, *the poet*, born June 15, 1605, and died, unmarried, in March 1634-5. His life has already been given.

II. WILLIAM, baptized on Oct. 18, 1607. He settled at Ascot in the County of Northampton, where he was still living in 1682. He married three times; by his first wife Margaret, the daughter of William Burket of Bugbroke in the County of Northampton, he had the following children:

1. *Elizabeth*, who died unmarried.
2. *Alice*, who married James Neale, son of Robert Neale of Fiffield in the County of Northampton.
3. *Margaret*, who married William Walters of Eastcot in the Parish of Pattishull in the County of Northampton.
4. *William*, who settled at Harrington in the County of Northampton; he died about the year 1675, aged about 40. His wife Elizabeth, who was the daughter of Richard Sherman of Hornton in the County of Oxford, left him two children:

(a) Elizabeth, born about 1666.

(b) Thomas, born about 1668.

5. *Thomas*, who died unmarried.

¹ Much of this material has never before appeared in print, and is not accessible even in a large library, so that its inclusion seems amply

The second wife of William Randolph of Ascot was Marie, the widow of Theodore Marks of Patishull in the County of Warwick. She left no children. His third wife Sarah, the daughter of Thomas Ladbroke of Cubbington in the County of Warwick, was still living in 1682. She bore him three more children:

6. *Sarah*, who married Thomas Bodington of Codington in the County of Warwick.
7. *Samuel*, who in 1682 was living in London in Pye Corner by Smithfield. He married Sarah, the daughter of Richard Pinkerd of Ascot in the County of Northampton, by whom he had:
 - (a) A daughter.
8. *John*, born about 1654; living unmarried in 1682.

III. ROBERT. He was baptized on May 26, 1611. Educated at Westminster School, whence he was elected to Christ Church, Oxford, in 1629. He was graduated B.A. June 1, 1633, and M.A. May 3, 1636 (as Randall). He became vicar of Barnetby and afterwards of Donington in Holland, Lincolnshire, where he was buried on July 7, 1671. He edited the works of his brother Thomas after the latter's death, and also wrote a number of poems of his own. He married twice; his first wife, who was the daughter of — Whitestone of Whittlesey in the Isle of Ely, bore him one son:

justified. In general this section follows the Northamptonshire Visitation of 1682, but I have corrected and amplified this from other sources.

1. *Thomas*, who was born about 1651, and who died unmarried on July 25, 1671.

His second wife was *Joyce*, the widow of ———
Weston. She died without issue.

IV. **ELIZABETH**, who was baptized on Nov. 27, 1613. She married *George Burket* of Bugbrook in the County of Northampton.

The children of *William Randolph* of Little Houghton and of his second wife *Dorothy* were:

V. **JOHN**, who was born at Little Houghton in 1619, and died in April 1680. He was an attorney and settled at Toceter in the County of Northampton. He married *Dorothy*, daughter of *Lewis Attebury* of Great Houghton, and had one son:

1. *William*, who was born Nov. 17, 1643, and who in 1682 was still living unmarried.

VI. **RICHARD**, baptized Feb. 23, 1621. He settled at *Morton Morall* in the County of Warwick and died (in Dublin) in May 1678. He married *Elizabeth*, daughter of *John Riland*, Gent., of the County of Warwick, and sister to *Archdeacon Riland*. They had the following children:

1. *Richard*, a stationer of London. He married but died without issue.

2. *William*, born in 1651 and emigrated to Virginia (about 1674), where he died on Apr. 11, 1711. He became quite prominent in the colony, being known as *Colonel William Randolph* of Turkey Island, and from him is descended the

famous family of the Randolphs of Virginia.¹ (For further details in regard to him or his descendants, see T. A. Glenn, *Colonial Mansions*, 433, or L. P. du Bellet, *Virginia Families*, 2, 129.) He and his descendants used the old Randolph arms of the five mullets on a cross, and there is still preserved in the Henrico County Court House a paper dated 1698, which shows the seal of Col. William Randolph, bearing these arms.²

3. *Thomas*, died unmarried.
4. *John*, living in the Strand in London in 1682.
5. *Dorothy*. In 1682 she was unmarried and was living at the home of Sir Edward Boughton in Warwickshire.
6. *Mary*, married — — in the County of Dorset.

VII. HENRY, baptized Nov. 27, 1623. He went into Virginia about 1642, married two wives there, and had issue by both.

VIII. ANNE. Baptized Feb. 8, 1625, and died in the following year.

IX. GEORGE, baptized July 29, 1627. He was "accidentally slain in the late wars" June 5, 1645, and was buried at Harrington in the County of Northampton.

¹ Henry Randolph (VII) also left children in Virginia, and one of the Kent branch of the family likewise settled there, but the Randolphs who were prominent in the affairs of the colony trace their descent to Colonel William.

² Glenn, 434; Crozier, *Virginia Heraldica*, 16.

- X. MARGARET, baptized Apr. 30, 1629. She married Roger Philips, an Apothecary in Brentford, in the County of Middlesex.
- XI. JUDITH, baptized Aug. 30, 1630. She married Henry Welton of Brentford.

V. THE AMYNTAS

(a) *History*

The English public never took very kindly to the pastoral type of drama, and the *Amyntas* was no exception to this rule. It made little or no stir at the time it was presented, and for this reason it is difficult, if not impossible, to discover anything definite about its stage history.

We know from the title-page of the printed editions that it was acted before the King and Queen at Whitehall (in 1632-3, by the Queen's men, says Fleay), but we are absolutely ignorant of the nature of the reception it met there.¹ It must also have been acted at one of the regular theatres, or at least have been prepared for such presentation, for, as Fleay points out, the prologue and epilogue are not suitable for a court performance. So far as I have been able to discover, it was never revived, although an altered version of it, under the title of the *Fickle Shepherdess*, was presented about the beginning of the eighteenth century.

¹ The "Pastorall," which is recorded by Sir Henry Herbert as having been played at Court on Easter Tuesday in 1634, is, according to Fleay, Fletcher's *Faithful Shepherdess*.

*(b) Sources*¹

The *Amyntas* owes its indebtedness to a general type rather than to any individual play, for in neither plot nor characters has Randolph borrowed bodily from any other work. What he has done is to create, using situations and characters taken here and there from various sources, a play which is distinctly his own, although reminding us at every turn of something familiar.

In his attempt to create a pastoral drama which would be acceptable to an English audience, Randolph has fused together two quite dissimilar elements: the Italian pastoral type, which was never really naturalized upon the English stage, and the comedy element which had been so essential a part of the native English drama ever since its origin. When one tries to trace incidents and situations, rather than a complete plot, back to their sources, it is very easy to overemphasize the indebtedness of one work to another, for many of these incidents are common to a number of writers, besides being of so simple a character that they might occur to any author quite independently. This is particularly true in the case of the pastoral drama, in which a certain number of types and situations came to be standardized, so that all later plays were composed of new combinations of the old material.

¹ The general subject of the pastoral drama has been so fully considered by Gregg in his work on the pastoral, that it seemed idle to attempt anything of the kind here. He has also given a rather extended discussion of the *Amyntas* and its place in the movement, and to that book the reader is referred for information on this subject. All that I have endeavored to do is to bring together the possible sources mentioned by Gregg and Kottas, and to add some others which they have overlooked.

Randolph's greatest debt is undoubtedly to the *Aminta* (1573) of Tasso and the *Pastor Fido* (1590) of Guarini, the two finest examples of this type of literature. Both of these plays had appeared in English translations before the time when the *Amyntas* was written, so that a familiarity with them does not pre-suppose any knowledge of Italian on the part of Randolph.

Medorus' narration of the events which led up to the curse upon Sicilia resembles very closely that of Ergasto in the *Pastor Fido* (1, 2), and the prayer of the rejected lover which caused the goddess to lay this curse upon the country is likewise much the same in the two plays (except that in the *Amyntas* it is the father of the lover, not the lover himself, who makes the prayer). The ambiguous oracle with which the goddess answered the prayers of her suppliants is a fairly common stock device, found in the *Pastor Fido*, but also in such works as Rutter's *Shepherd's Holiday* (not printed until 1635 but acted earlier), Daniel's *Hymen's Triumph*, and the *Maydes Metamorphosis* (by Lyly?). The answering of questions by the Echo was a device sufficiently common to excite the ridicule of Butler in his *Hudibras*. Examples of it occur in the *Pastor Fido* and Sidney's *Arcadia*. Damon's sudden discovery of his love for Amaryllis after he had wounded her resembles quite closely the scene between Silvio and Dorinda in the *Pastor Fido* (4, 9), and the scene where Pilumnus is saved, by a very unexpected interpretation of the meaning of the oracle, from the sacrifice of his son, bears a slight resemblance to the sacrifice scene in the same play.

The Damon-Amaryllis situation (that of a man in love with a woman who spurns him, while he in turn is loved by a woman whom he spurns) is one of the most

obvious of all, and is found in innumerable plays. Some of those which approach nearest to the situation here are the *Midsummer Night's Dream*, Daniel's *Queen's Arcadia*, Rutter's *Shepherd's Holiday*, and Hausted's *Rival Friends*. Laurinda, the "wavering nymph," is but an expansion of the common pastoral type of the shepherdess who is courted by all, but, being averse to love, accepts none of her suitors. Randolph seems to have intended to make her actions seem more natural by giving her a motive for them. Gregg thinks that her inability to decide between her two lovers may owe something to Bonarelli's *Filli di Sciro* (especially 3, 1), but I think it more likely that, if we are to seek a source at all, it may be found in Hausted's *Rival Friends*, with which we can be positive Randolph was familiar. (It is true that the idea here is not carried out to such a length as it is in the *Filli di Sciro*, but Randolph required no more than a hint to set his mind working.) The contention between Damon and Alexis as to which of them Laurinda preferred is closely paralleled by that between Carinus and Amyntas in Daniel's *Queen's Arcadia*.

Dorylas, the chief comedy character, is Randolph's own creation, although he reminds us somewhat of Joculo in the *Maydes Metamorphosis* (one of the attendant "elves" in the *Amyntas* is named Joculo), or of the pages of Lyly's comedies. Mopsus and Jocastus, characters in the style of Jonson, are probably of Randolph's own creation likewise, although the former may very possibly have been suggested¹ by the "Mopso, ch' intende il parlar de gli augelli," of the *Aminta* (1, 2),

¹ The name Mopsus was borne by two of the seers of the early Greeks.

even as Claius seems to have been inspired by the song of Lamon in Book I of the *Arcadia*.

“Claius for skill of herbs and shepherds art
Among the wisest was accounted wise.”

The trick played upon Jocastus by Dorylas resembles somewhat the scene in the *Merry Wives*, where the pseudo-fairies pinch Falstaff, singing as they do so, and it also has certain points of similarity with the scene in the *Alchemist*, where Dol, as the Queen of Faery, imposes upon Dapper; I think that a closer parallel than either of these can be found in the *Rival Friends*, where the Bedlam, disguised as Oberon, imposes upon Stipes and his daughter Merda, promising, among other things, that he will make Stipes a gentleman. The promised change in the sex of Jocastus reminds us of the *Gallathea* of Lyly or of the *Maydes Metamorphosis*, where Eurymine is changed into a man and later into a woman again.

(c) *The Fickle Shepherdess*

Who the author of this adaptation was seems never to have been known, as all the early historians of the stage class it as “Anonymous.” According to Chetwood (*British Theatre*) it was produced in 1695, but it was not printed until 1703, when an edition appeared “as it is acted in the New Theatre in Lincoln’s Inn Fields by Her Majestie’s Servants.” Genest (2, 293) thinks from the prologue that it was acted in the spring, but he can give us no information beyond what we find in the printed copies of the play.¹

¹ It is quite possible that a search through the newspapers in the British Museum might yield something; those which I have been able to secure here do not mention the play.

According to the title-page of this play it was "played all by women." The cast for the performance was:

Clorinda, <i>a Fickle Shepherdess</i>	M. Barry
Amintas, <i>a mad shepherd in love with Urania</i>	Mrs. Bracegirdle
Damon } <i>Two rivals in</i> }	Mrs. Bowman
Alexis } <i>love with Clorinda</i> }	Mrs. Prince
Menalchas, <i>Father to Clorinda</i>	Mrs. Willis
Adrastus, <i>High priest of Ceres, father of Damon and Urania</i>	Mrs. Lee
Amaryllis, <i>in love with Damon</i>	Mrs. Porter
Urania, <i>in love with Amintas</i>	Mrs. Alison
Flavia, <i>an old Nymph, sister to Claius</i>	Mrs. Martin
Claius, <i>father to Amintas and Amaryllis</i>	Mrs. Lawson
A Shepheard	Miss Parsons
Dorylas, <i>a waggish boy</i>	The little Boy

The changes made in the play are such as we might look for from a person altering it to suit the taste of the highly "correct" early eighteenth century. In order to secure unity of plot, Mopsus, Jocastus, Bromius, etc., had to go, together with the comedy scenes in which they took part. (In the scene of Amyntas' madness the Shepherd takes the part originally given to Mopsus.) In order that there may be no doubt concerning the motives of Laurinda, or Clorinda as she appears here, the play is made to begin with a scene in which she confesses her inability to decide between her two lovers. Damon's action in wounding Amaryllis deliberately is too rude for a refined age; in the later version she is injured when she runs in front of the spear which he throws at Alexis.

In the greater part of the play the very words of Randolph are used, changed just sufficiently to make of it neither good verse nor good prose. This nondescript is written as prose, and is interspersed with passages of very Augustinian prose dialogue. Scattered throughout the play are dances and new songs.

VI. THE TEXT

The first (1638) edition is by far the best text which we have of both the *Poems* and the *Amyntas*. It was evidently prepared with a considerable amount of care on the part of Robert Randolph, and from a purely mechanical point of view as well it is a very good piece of work. The second (1640) edition is not so carefully printed, but it may possibly contain corrections by Robert Randolph of some of the errors of the first edition; it also contains some things not in the first. The third edition (*Poems* 1643, *Amyntas* 1640) seems to have been printed from the second, while the fourth (1652) was almost certainly printed from the third. Both of these latter editions are very carelessly set up and abound in errors. The fifth edition (*Poems* 1664, *Amyntas* 1662), a much better piece of work, seems to have been set up from the second, while the sixth and seventh (both 1668, the second of the two probably set up from the first of them) apparently follow the fifth. These are both well printed, but the compositor has taken great liberties with the text in order to bring it into harmony with his ideas of what Randolph wrote.

The text which I give aims to be, as regards both spelling and punctuation, an exact reprint of the first edition, with the following exception: where obvious mistakes in the first edition have been corrected in the later ones I have adopted the correction, but in all such cases I have given the original reading in the footnotes¹ so that it will be possible for any reader who wishes to reconstruct the original text exactly. I have given

¹ Some of the oft-repeated but meaningless variations in the use of italics are noted in an appendix.

in the same place all the variant readings of the later editions which may be of significance as altering either the sense or the metre of the earlier text. In some cases a poem appeared in some collection of verses before it was included in the 1638 volume; I have recorded the variants of these texts also, adopting them where they seemed preferable, but in every such case recording the fact in the notes.

In the case of the poems appearing first in the 1640 volume I have been forced to follow the text of 1643 (the other being exceedingly difficult to obtain), but as I have made a thorough collation of this with the earlier text, the differences which I have not mentioned in the footnotes will be confined to minor variations in spelling and italicizing. In the dramatic dialogue I have printed the half lines (which in the early editions always begin at the left of the page) in such a manner as to indicate their relation to the other half lines: in no case, however, have I ventured to alter the line division; where this seemed incorrect I have given my suggestions at the bottom of the page.

In general I have ignored manuscript versions of poems which are to be found also in printed copies, as the latter are practically always the more reliable. Where in default of a better text it is necessary to rely upon a single manuscript or a single printed copy, I have endeavored to reproduce that text exactly, except that I have ventured to expand such manuscript abbreviations as are usually given in full in the early printed books.

Of the poems which have previously been credited to Randolph I have omitted, as certainly not his, the one *Upon a Hermaphrodite* (Hazlitt, p. 640), which is by

John Cleveland; the *To Dr Empiric* (Hazlitt, p. 655), which is by Ben Jonson; *The high and mighty Commendation of the Virtue of a Pot of Good Ale* (Hazlitt, p. 662), which is an old ballad;¹ and *The Combat of the Cocks* (Hazlitt, p. 677), which is by Robert Wild.¹ I have not included the epitaph upon Drayton which in MS. Ashmole 38 is credited to "Tho: Randall," but which has been credited to Quarles, Jonson, Beaumont, and even to Drayton himself upon as good or better grounds; its authorship seems to have been in doubt even at the time when it was made (see Aubrey, I, 240). Neither have I included the ballad called *The Merry Hoastess* (*Roxburgh Ballads*, 3, 306), which Chappell suggested might possibly be by Randolph, as it was printed with the initials T. R. some time before 1664; it is not in the least in his style. Furthermore I have omitted the dedicatory poems prefixed to the *Jealous Lovers* which are certainly by Randolph, but which belong more properly with an edition of the play.

I have not included Randolph's Latin poems in this edition, as they seem hardly to belong to English literature and would, I believe, prove interesting to very few. They may all be found in Hazlitt's edition of the poet, with the exception of two short ones which I have given in the notes to this volume (pp. 350 and 360), a translation of Jonson's *Ode to Himself* which is found in the *Crewe of Kind London Gossips*, 1663, and the verses on the marriage of King Charles and Henrietta Maria, which occur in the Cambridge collection of verses entitled *Epithalamium . . . Caroli . . . et H. Mariae* (Bibliography, Sec. III, No. 1).

¹ See p. 41.

VII. BIBLIOGRAPHY

1. *Works published as Randolph's*

1. Aristippus or the Ioviall Philosopher: demonstrativelie prooving, That Quartes, Pintes and Pottles, Are sometimes necessary Authors in a Scholers Library. Presented in a priuate Shew. To which is added, The Conceited Pedlar. *Omnis Aristippum decuit color & status & res. Semel insaniuimus.* London, Printed by Thomas Harper, [etc.] MDCXXX.

Another edition was published in the same year by Robert Allot (see footnote, p. 13), who republished it in 1631 and 1635. There is also a Dublin edition which was apparently published in 1635. Later editions (1652, 1662, and two in 1668) were included in the collected Works of Randolph.

2. The Jealous Lovers a Comedie presented to their gracious majesties at Cambridge by the Students of Trinity-Colledge. Written by Thomas Randolph Master of Arts, and Fellow of the House. *Valeat res ludicra, si me Palma negata macrum, donata reducit opimum.* Printed by the Printers to the Universitie of Cambridge. Ann. Dom. 1632. [etc.]

This was reprinted in 1634, 1640, 1646, 1652, 1662, and twice in 1668. The first of these is occasionally, and the others are regularly, found with the collected editions.

3. Poems, With the Mvses Looking-glasse and Amyntas. By Thomas Randolph Master of Arts and late Fellow of Trinity Colledge in Cambridge. Oxford Printed by Leonard Lichfield Printer to the Vniversity, for Francis Bowman; M.DC.XXXVIII.

This was reprinted in 1640, with the addition, in some copies, of the *Jealous Lovers*; in 1643 with the *Jealous Lovers*; and in 1652, 1664, and 1668 (twice), with the *Aristippus* and the *Pedlar* also.

The Harleian Catalogue, printed in 1743, mentions an edition of Randolph's "Poems, translations, and Plays. London 1634, in 4^{to}," and this edition has been mentioned by various persons, but no copy of it is now known, and it is possible that no such edition ever existed, as Randolph's contemporaries make no mention of it.

4. *The Mvses Looking-glasse*. By T. R. Oxford, Printed by Leonard Lichfield, for Francis Bowman, 1638.

This was reprinted in 1640, 1643, 1652, 1662, and twice in 1668, each time in connection with the collected Works. It appeared again in 1706(?), with a dedication to (not by, as is usually stated) Jeremy Collier. It was included in Dodsley's *Old Plays*, except in the last edition, and in Scott's *British Drama*.

5. *Amyntas or the Impossible Dovvry*. A Pastorall acted before the King & Queene at White-Hall. Written by Thomas Randolph. *Pastorem, Tityre, pingues Pascere oportet oves, diductum dicere Carmen*. Oxford, Printed by Leonard Lichfield for Francis Bowman. 1638.

This was reprinted in 1640 (twice), 1652, 1662, and 1668 (twice), each time in connection with the collected works.

2. *Works credited to Randolph, but whose authenticity is doubtful*

1. *Cornelianvm Dolivm*. Comoedia lepidissima, optimorum judiciis approbata, & Theatrali coryphoeo, nec imme rito, donata, palma choralis apprime digna.

Auctore, T.R. ingeniosissimo hujus aevi Heliconio. *Ludunt dum juvenes, lasciviunt Senes, Senescunt juvenes, juvenescunt Senes.* Londini, apud Tho. Harperum. [etc.] 1638.

This title-page, and the dedication, which speaks of the author as having recently died, apply to Randolph better than to any other T.R. of the time and I see no reason to question his authorship; it was credited to him as early as the time of Aubrey. Some of the Latin forms resemble the Latin of Richard Brathwaite, and it is possible that he may have revised the play for publication.

2. The High and Mightie Commendation of the vertue of a Pot of Good Ale. Full of wit without offence, of mirth without obscenitie, of pleasure without scurrilitie, and of good content without distaste.

Whereunto is added the valiant battell fought betweene the Norfolk Cock and the Wisbich Cock. written by Thomas Randall. London, printed for F. Cowles, T. Bates, and J. Wright. MDCXLII.

The former of these two poems is undoubtedly the "ballad called, *A proper newe ballad which without any fayle will shewe all the burte in a pott of good ale &c.*" which Lyman Stafford registered with the Stationers' Company on May 27, 1612. That it was known before it appeared here is shown by the fact that John Taylor gives a prose paraphrase of it in 1637 (*Drinke and Welcome*). It appeared many times in varying forms throughout the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. Hazlitt included it in his edition of Randolph, but later doubted its authenticity.

The second poem, here credited to Randolph, appeared later under the name of Robert Wild, to

whom it is also credited in the *Compleat Gamster* of Charles Cotton(?) and in Tom D'Urfey's *Pills to Purge Melancholy*. J. Hunt in his edition of Wild gives it to him without question. According to Hazlitt, a MS. in the Huth collection gives the date of the battle as June 17, 1637, which is after Randolph's death but while Wild was still at Cambridge.

3. Πλουτοφθαλμία Πλουτογαμία. A pleasant comedie Entituled Hey for Honesty, down with Knavery. Translated out of Aristophanes his Plutus, by Tho: Randolph. Augmented and Published by F.J. *Dives fabula sum satis superque: At Pauper satis & super Poeta*. London, printed in the Year 1651.

This is full of allusions to events which happened after Randolph's death, but the general scheme of the play and certain individual passages are much in his style. I see no reason to doubt that it is what it purports to be: an incomplete play of Randolph's, finished after his death by some person not now known.

4. On June 29, 1660, "The *Prodigall Scholar*, a Comedy by Tho: Randall" was registered with the Stationers' Company by Humphrey Moseley, but nothing further is known of it.

3. *Volumes in which poems by Randolph made their first appearance*

1. Epithalamium Illustriss. & Feliciss. Principum Caroli regis et H. Mariae reginae Magnae Britanniae. &c. A Musis Cantabrigiensibus decantatum. Excudebat Cantrellvs Legge, Almae Matris Cantabrigiae Typographua MDCXXV.

2. Memoriae Honoratissimi Domini Francisci, Baro-

nis de Verulamio, Vice-Comitis Sancti Albani, sacrum. Londini in Officina Johannis Haviland. 1626.

3. Epigrammatwn Opvsccvlvm Dvobvs Libellis Distinctvm. [etc.] Authore Huntingdono Plumptre in Artibus magistro Cantab. Londini Typis Tho. Harper, imprensus Roberti Allot. An. Dom. 1629.

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5. Rex Redux, Sive Musa Cantabrigiensis voti damnas De incolumitate & felici reditu Regis Caroli post receptam Coronam, Comitiasq; peracta in Scotia. Ex Academiae Cantabrigiensis Typographeo, Ann. Dom. MDCXXXIII.

6. Parentalia Spectatissimo Rolando Cottono Equiti Aurato Salopiensi Memoriae & Pietatis ergo. Londini Excudebat A. M. 1635.

7. Annalia Dvbrensia. Vpon the yeerely celebration of Mr. Robert Dovers Olimpick Games vpon Cotswold-Hills Written by [Drayton, Randolph, Ben Jonson, Owen Feltham, Shackerley Marmion, Thomas Heywood, and twenty-seven other less well known persons.] London, Printed by Robert Raworth for Mathewe Walbancke 1636.

8. The Gratefvll Servant. A Comedie. As it was lately presented with good applause in the private House in Drury-Lane. By her Majesties Servants. Written by James Shirley Gent. — *Usque ego postera Crescam laude recens.* London: Printed by I. Okes for William Leake, and are to be sold at his shop in Chancery-lane neere the Roules. 1637.

This is the second edition of this play; the first did not contain the poem by Randolph.

9. A Crew of Kind London Gossips All met to be Merry [etc.] To Which is Added Ingenious Poems or wit and drollery. Written and newly enlarged by S.R. [Samuel Rowlands] 1663.

4. *Alterations of works by Randolph*

1. The Fickle Shepherdess; as it is acted in the New Theater in Lincolns-Inn Fields By Her Majesties Servants. Play'd all by Women. London [no author's name] 1703.

An adaptation of the *Amyntas*. See p. 33.

2. The Mirrour A Comedy in Three Acts with the Author's Life and an Account of the Alterations. London. [etc.] MDCCLVI

This is an adaptation of the *Muses Looking-Glass*; the author was H. Dell. A second edition appeared in the next year.

5. *Chief sources for the life of Randolph*

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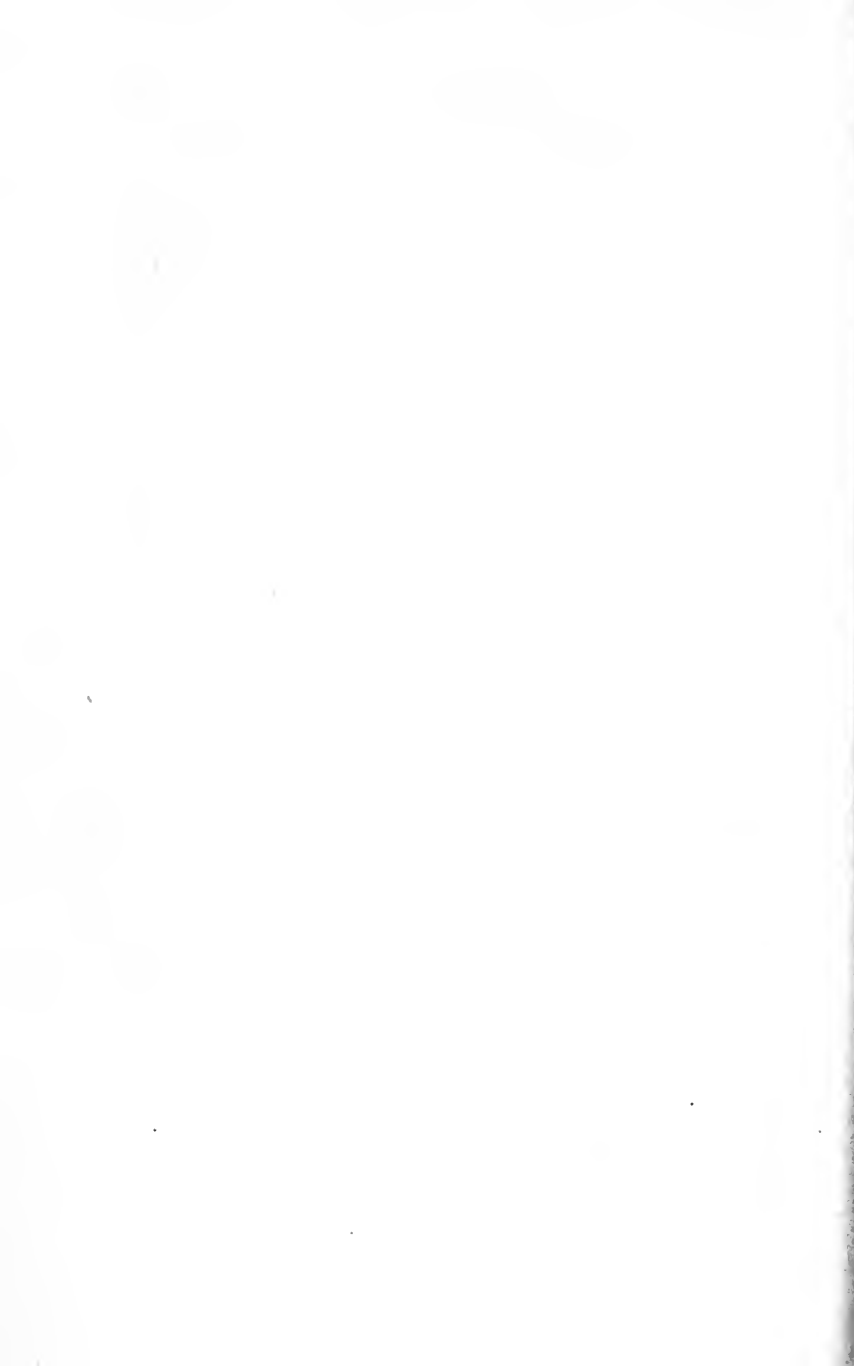
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TO THE MEMORY OF HIS DEARE BROTHER

M^r THO. RANDOLPH.

IN such a solemne traine of freinds that sing
Thy Dirge in pious lines, and sadly bring
Religious Anthemes to attend thy Hearse,
Striving t'embalme thy precious name in verse:
I, that should most, have no more power to raise
Trophies to thee, or bring one graine of praise
To crowne thy Altar, then the Orbes dispencc
Motion without their sole Intelligence.
For I confesse that power which workes in mee
Is but a weake resultance tooke from thee;
And if some scatter'd seeds of heate divine
Flame in my brest, they are deriv'd from thine:
And these low sickly numbers must be such,
As when steel moves, the Loadstone gives the touch.
So like a spungy cloud that sucks up raine
From the fat soile to send it back againe;
There may be now from me some language showne
To urge thy merit, but 'twas first thy owne:
For though the Doners influence be past
For new effects, the old impressions last.
As in a bleeding trunk we oft descry
Leaps in the head, and rowlings in the eye,
By vertue of some spirits, that alone
Doe tune those Organs though the soule be gone.
But since I adde unto this generall noise
Only weake sounds, and Echoes of thy voice;
Be this a taske for deeper mouthes, while I
That cannot bribe the Phansy, thaw the eye:
And on that Grave where they advance thy praise
Doe plant a sprigge of Cypresse not of Bayes.

Yet flow these teares not that thy Reliques sit
 Fix'd to their cell a constant Anchorit:
 Nor am I stirr'd that thy pale ashes have
 O're the darke Climate of a private Grave
 No faire inscription: such distempers flow
 From poore lay-thoughts, whose blindnesse cannot know
 That to discerning Spirits the Grave can be
 But a large wombe to Immortality:
 And a faire vertuous name can stand alone
 Brasse to the Tombe, and marble to the Stone.

No, 'tis that Ghostly progeny we mourne,
 Which carelesse you let fall into the Vrne:
 We had not flow'd with such a lavish tide
 Of teares and greife, had not those Orphans dy'd.
 For what had been my losse, who reading thine,
 A Brother might haue kiss'd in every line.

These that are left, Posterity must have;
 Whom a strict care hath rescu'd from the Grave
 To gather strength by Vnion; as the beames
 Of the bright Sunne shot forth in severall streames,
 And thinly scatter'd with lesse fervour passe,
 Which cause a flame contracted in a Glasse.
 These, if they cannot much advance thy fame,
 May stand dumbe Statues to preserve thy name:
 And like Sun-dialls to a day that's gone,
 Though poore in use, can tell there was a Sunne.

Yet (if a faire confession plant no Bayes,
 Nor modest truth conceiv'd a lavish praise)
 I could to thy great glory tell this age
 Not one invenom'd line doth swell the page
 With guilty legends; but so cleare from all
 That shoot malicious noise, and vomit gall,
 That 'tis observ'd in every leafe of thine,
 Thou hast not scatter'd snakes in any line.
 Here are no remnants tortur'd into rime
 To gull the reeling judgments of the time;
 Nor any stale reversions patch thy writ
 Gleand from the ragges and frippery of wit.
 Each syllable doth here as truly runne
 Thine, as the light is proper to the Sunne.
 Nay in those feebler lines which thy last breath
 And labouring brains snatch'd from the skirts of death
 Though not so strongly pure, we may descry
 The father in his last posterity.

As clearly showne, as Virgins looks doe passe
 Through a thinne lawne, or shaddowes in a glasse:
 And in thy setting, as the Suns, confesse,
 The same large brightnesse, though the heate be lesse.
 Such native sweetnesse flowes in every line,
 The Reader cannot choose but sweare 'tis thine.

Though I can tell a rugged sect there is
 Of some fly-wits will judge a squint on this;
 And from thy easy flux of language guesse
 The fancies weake, because the noise is lesse;
 As if that Channell which doth smoothly glide
 With even streames flow'd with a shallow tide.
 But let a quick-discerning judgment looke,
 And with a peircing eye untwist thy book
 In every loome, I know the second veiv
 Shall finde more lustre then the first could doe.
 For have you seene when gazing on the skies
 With strict survey a new succession rise
 Of severall starres, which doe not so appeare
 To every formall glance that shootes up there:
 So when the serious eye has firmly been
 Fix'd on the page, such large increase is seen
 Of various fancy, that each severall veiv
 Makes the same fruitfull book a Mart of new.

But I forbear this mention; since I must
 Ransack thy ashes, and revile thy dust
 With such low characters, I mean to raise
 Thee to my contemplation, not my praise:
 And they that wish thy Picture clearly showne
 In a true Glasse, I wish would use thy owne:
 Where I presume how e're thy vertues come
 Ill shap'd abroad, th'art fairly drest at home.

RO. RANDOLPH. M. A. Student of C. Church.

Lectori nimum critico qui Authoris Fescenni-
 nos sales plus justo rigidus interpretatur.

D*Extra quid Archetypæ nudas mysteria chartæ?
 Privatique aperis limina clausa joci?
 Non lucem patitur sed cælebs margo venenum,
 Et videt ingenuis toxica mista jocis.*

*Quæque stolata dedit sanctus Floralia vates,
 Exuis, & nudos das sine veste sales.
 Hinc tota immeritam jugulat censura papyrum,
 Et levis ingenuos damnat arundo sales.
 Carnifices calamos & rauca jurgia Musæ
 Simplicitas casti sentit honesta libri.
 Quid culpæ fuerit si vatis amabile carmen
 Lascivam casto schemate lusit anum?
 Lintea si nudis iniecit pulchra pudendis?
 Vel tegit incastam larva modesta Deam?
 Nulla tuis regnant nisi nomina mascula chartis,
 Si quod fœmineum est culpa legentis erit;
 (Vt proles, uteri primò qui claustra reliquit,
 Masculæ, fœmineum vidimus arte Sporum.)
 Das thalami lusus cortinæ at tegmine sanctos,
 Cynthia quos lectos gestiat esse suos.
 Dii benè, quam sanctis loquitur Venus impia verbis?
 Tyndaris & raptus hic stupet esse pios.
 Lecta puella tuis dum spectat crimina chartis,
 Visa sibi est furto sanctior ire suo.
 I nunc ingenuæ parcas lex Iulia chartæ,
 Scripta librum dederat, lecta lupanar erat.*

RO. RANDOLPH. ex Æde Christi.

Blest Spirit, when I first did see
 The Genius of thy Poetrie,
 Nimble and fluent; in a straine
 Even with, if not beyond the braine
 Of Laureats that crown'd the stage,
 And liv'd the wonders of the age:
 And this but sparkles from a fire
 That flam'd up, and soar'd much higher;
 I gaz'd desierous to see
 Whither thy wit would carry thee.
 Thy first rise was so high, that even
 As needs it must, the next was heaven.

I. T. A. M.

In Authorem

C Anescant alii, sterilique ætatis honore
 Lætentur; fecit te tua Musa senem.
 Parcarum labor est vitæ mensura peractæ:
 Texuntur propriâ stamina vestra manu;
 Felix qui primo excedis, *Randolphæ*, sub ævo,
 Nec Genii extincti prævia fata vides;
 Dii bene non dederint effætæ frigora vitæ:
 Debes quo fueras natus in igne mori.

THO. TERRENT, M. A. ex
 Æde Christi:

*Vpon M^r Randolph's Poëms, collected and
 published after his Death.*

AS when a swelling Cloud melted to showres,
 Sweetly diffuses fresh and active powers
 Into the shrunke and thirstie veines of earth;
 Blessing her barren wombe with a new birth
 Of graine and fruit: and so redeemes a land
 Of desperate people from th' destroying hand
 Of merc'lesse Plague, Famine, or Dearth; and then
 Collects it's streames unto the Ocean:
 So thy diffusivè soule, and fluent parts,
 (Great miracle of naturall wit and Arts,)
 Rapt up some Regions 'bove our Spheare, did flow
 And showre their blessings downe on us below:
 Whilst we, dull earth, in extasies did sit,
 Almost o'whelmed with thy Flouds of Wit.
 What bloud of verse is pump't from our dry Braines,
 Sprung like a rushing Torrent from thy Veines.
 When a long Drought presag'd some fatall Dearth,
 Thy unexhausted Founts gave us new byrth
 Of Wit and verse: when *Cham*, or *Isis* fell,
 Thy open'd Floudgates made their Riv'lets swell
 'Bove their proud Banks: Where planted by thy hand
 Th' *Hesperian* Orchards, *Paphian* Myrtles stand,
 And those sweet Shades, where Lovers tell their blisses
 To' th' whisp'ring leaves, and summe 'em up in kisses.

There in full Quire the Muses us'd to sing
 Melodious Odes, bathing in *Cham*, their Spring;
 And all the Graces, *TOM*, dwelt with thee too,
 Crowning thy Front for old *Cerberons* Brow.

Nor were we rich alone; Climes farre from hence
 Acknowledge yet thy soveraigne influence:
Sicilians owe to thee their fruitfull *Vale*,
 And *Cotswold Hill* thy Dewes created *Dale*.
 All Lands and Soyles from hence were fruitfull growne,
 And multipli'd the measures thou hadst sowne.
 Green-sword-untilled milk-maids wish no blisses
 Beyond a stammel Petticoat, and kisses,
 And thy sweet *Dowry!* This alone, they cry,
 Will make our Beasts and Milk to multiply.
 And the dull Fallow Clownes, who never thought
 Of God or Heaven but in a flood or drought,
 Doe gape and pray for Crops of Wit, and vow
 To make their Lads and Wenches Poets now.
 For they can make their fields to laugh and sing
 To th' Muses Pipe, and Winter rhyme to spring.
 They pray for the first curse; like Schollers now,
 To earne their livings by their sweaty Brow.
 Then the fine Gardens of the Court, are set
 With Flowers sprung from thy Muses Coronet.
 Those pretty Imps in Plush, that on trust goe
 For their fine clothes, and their fine Iudgments too,
 The Frontispice or Titlepage of Playes,
 Whose whole discourse is — *As the Poet sayes*.
 That Tavernes draine, (for Ivy is the signe
 Of all such sack-shop wits, as well as wine.)
 And make their verses dance on either hand
 With numerous feet, whilst they want feet to stand.
 That score up jests for every glasse or cup,
 And th' totall summe behind the Doore cast up;
 These had beene all dry'd up, and many more,
 That quaffe up *Helicon* upon thy score.
 The sneaking Tribe, that drinke and write by fits,
 As they can steale or borrow coine or wits,
 That Pandars fee for Plots, and then belie
 The paper with — *An excellent Comedie*,
Acted (more was the pittie,) by th' *Red Bull*
With great applause, of some vaine City Gull;
 That damne Philosophy, and prove the curse
 Of emptinesse, both in the Braine and Purse;

These that scrape legges and trenchers to my Lord,
 Had starv'd but for some scraps pickt from thy Bord.
 They'had try'd the Balladiers or Fidlers trade,
 Or a *New Comedie* at Tiburne made.

Thus, TOM thy pregnant Phancy crown'd us all
 With wealthy showers, or Mines Poeticall.
 Nor did thy dews distill in a cold raine,
 But with a flash of Lightning op't thy Braine,
 Which thaw'd our stupid spirits with lively heat,
 And from our frosts forc'd a Poëticke sweat.

And now, Wit's Common-wealth by thee repriv'd,
 (For its consumption shewes it not long liv'd,)
 Thy farre dispersed Streames divert their course,
 (Though some are damned up) to th' Muses Sourse,
 This Ocean: — He that will fadome it,
 By's Lines shall sound an *Ocean* of wit;
 Not shallow, low, and troubled, but profound,
 And vast, though in these narrow limits Bound.
 The tribute of our eyes or pens, all we can pay,
 Are some poore drops to thy *Pactolus* Sea,
 And first stolne thence, though now so muddy growne
 With our fowle channels, they scarce seeme thy owne.
 Thus have I seene a peice of Coine, which bore
 The Image of my King or Prince before,
 New cast' into some Peasant, loose its grace;
 Yet's the same body with a fowler face.
 If our owne store must pay; that Gold which was
 Lent us in sterling we must turne in brasse.
 Hadst thou writ lesse or worse, then we might lay
 Something upon thy Vrne thou didst not say:
 But thou hadst Phansies vast Monopolie,
 Our stocke will scarce amount t'an Elegie!
 Yet all the Legacies thy Fatall day
 Bequeath'd, thy sad Executour will pay.

To late Divines (by Will and Testament)

A Paraphrase on each Commandement,
In Morall Precepts; with a Disputation
Ending the Quarrells 'bout Predestination.
 To those that study how to spend the Day,
 And yet grow wise — *The Ethicks in a Play.*
 To Poets, 'cause there is no greater curse,
 Thou bequeathdst — Nothing, *in thy empty Purse.*
 To City-Madams, that bespeak new faces
 For every Play or Feast, *Thy Looking-glasses.*

And to their chamber-maids, who only can
 Adorne their Ladies head, and dreame on man,
 Th'ast left a *Dowry*; They till now, by stealth
 Writ only members of the Common-wealth.
 To Heaven thy *Ravisb't Soule*, (though who shall look
 Will say it lives in each line of thy Book.)
 Thy *Dust*, unnaturall Reliques that could die,
 To Earth; Thy *Fame* unto Eternitie.
 A *Husband* to thy Widdow'd Poetrie,
 Not from the Court but Vniversitie.
 To thy sad Aunt, and now despairing mother,
 Thy litle Orphans, and thy younger Brother;
 From all of which this free Confessions fit,
 The younger sister had the elder Wit.

Ad Authorem.

M*Ollia quod tenui currunt mihi carmina filo,
 Et meus in gyro stet brevior labor,
 Dum tua constrictis assurgit Musa Colburnis,
 Et Veneres casto vincit Avena loco,
 Cedimus inculti! Fato par Gloria nostro
 Quod Tua mirentur Carmina, Nostra legant.*

R. BRIDE-OAKE. A.M. No. Coll.

WHat need thy book crave any other fame,
 It is enough that it beares *Randolphs* name.
 Who sees the title, and him understood,
 Must much condemne himsele, or say tis good.
 Goe forth example to the Neophyte,
 Who hence should learne to Catechize his wit.
 And dresse his Phancy by this glasse: whose Muse
 Welfavour'd is, should here her face peruse,
 It will not flatter, 'twill reflect the grace
 She takes from th' owner of a beuteous face:
 But if a menstruous, and illiterate eye
 Blast her, the various specks shall soone descry
 The foule beholder, and proclaime her spoile
 Not to result from thence, but his owne soyle.

ED. GAYTON. M.A. Ioan.

Immortall BEN is dead; and as that ball
 On *Ida* toss'd, so is his Crowne by all
 The Infantry of wit. Vaine Priests! That chaire
 Is only fit for his true Sonne and Heire.
 Reach here the Lawrell: *Randolph*, 'tis thy praise:
 Thy naked Scull shall well become the Bayes.
 See, *Daphne* courts thy Ghost: and spite of fate,
 Thy *Poems* shall be Poet *Laureat*.

G. W. Joan.

To his worthy friend M^r ROBERT RANDOLPH
 of Ch. Ch. on the publishing of his
Brothers Poems.

WE thank, you worthy sir, that tis our hap
 To praise even *Randolph* now without a clap,
 And give our suffrage yet, though not our voice,
 To shew the odds betwixt his fame and noyse:
 Whose only modesty we could applaud,
 That seldome durst presume to blush abroad;
 And bear his vast Report, and setting forth
 His vertues, grow a suff'rer of his worth,
 Was scarce his own acquaintance, and did use
 To hear himselfe reported but as newes,
 So distant from himselfe, that one might dare
 To say those two were nere familiar:
 Whose pollisht Phancy hath so smoothly wrought,
 That 'tis suspected, and might tempt our thought
 To guesse it spent in every birth, so writ
 Not as the guift but Legacy of his wit:
 Whose unbid braine drops so much flowing worth,
 That others are deliver'd, he brought forth;
 That did not course in wit, and beat at least
 Ten lines in fallow to put up one Iest;
 Which still prevents our thought, we need not stay
 To th'end, the Epigram is in the way.
 The Towne might here grow Poet, nay tis se'd
 Some *May'ors* could hence as eas'ly rime as read;
 Whose losse we so much weepe, we cannot heare
 His very *Comedy's* without a teare;
 And when we read his mirth, are faine to pray
 Leave from our grieve to call the worke a play:

Where fancy plaies with judgement, and so fits
 That 'tis enough to make a guard of wits;
 Where lines fulfill themselues, and are so right
 That but a combats mention is a fight.
 His phrase does bring to passe, and hee has lent
 Language enough to give the Things Event;
 The lines pronounce themselves, and we may say
 The Actors were but Echoes of the Play:
 Me thinkes the book does act, and we not doubt
 To say it rather Enters then Comes out;
 Which even you seeme to envy, whose device
 Has made it viler even by its price,
 And taught its value, which we count so great
 That when we buy it cheapest we but cheat;
 And when upon one Page we blesse our look,
 How-ere we bargaine we have gain'd the book;
 Fresh-men in this are forc't to have their right,
 And 'tis no purchase though 'twere sold in spight;
 So doe we owe you still, that let us know
 He gave the world the Playes, and you the Show.

Ios. HOWE. *Trin. Coll. OXON.*

*On his beloved friend the Author,
 and his ingenious Poems.*

WHat need these busy wits? who hath a Mine
 His owne, thus rich, needs not the scatter'd shine
 Of lesser heapes: Day dimmes a taper's light:
 And Lamps are uselesse, where there is no night.
 Why then this traine of writers? forreigne verse
 Can adde no honour to a Poet's hearse,
 Whose every line, which he to paper lent,
 Builds for himselfe a lasting Monument.
 Brave verse this priviledge hath; Though all be dumbe,
 That is the Authors Epitaph and Tombe.
 Which when ambitious Pyles, th' ostents of Pride,
 To dust shall fall, and in their ruins hide
 Their then no more remembred Founders Name:
 These (like *Apollo* ever young) shall fame
 The first composer; whose weigh'd workes shall tell
 What Noble thoughts did in his Bosome dwell.

But now I find the cause: they that doe praise
 Desert in others, for themselves plant Baies:
 For he that praises merit, loves it: thus
 Hee's good, for goodnesse that's solicitous.
 Else, though Hee diamonds keenly pointed write,
 They but proclaime a quainter Hypocrite:
 Thus in the future, it shall honour bee,
 That men shall read their names bound up with thee.
 So country Moles, that would at Court appeare,
 Intrude some Camels traine that does live there.
 So Creatures that had drown'd else, did imbarke
 With *Noah*, and liv'd by being in his Arke.

Or if not thus; as when in Royall state
 Nobles attend Kings to inaugurate:
 Or as last yeare when you both courts did see
 Beget joyes noone in th'Vniversity;
 All the learn'd tribe in reverend Habits meet,
 As if the Schooles were turn'd into the street;
 Where each one strove such duty to put on,
 As might give honour to their own Sunnes Sunne.
 Such honour here our dimmer pennes would have,
 In pompe to wait him to his solemne grave:
 Since what he was, his own fruits better show,
 Then those which planted here by others, grow.
 Rich jewels in themselves such lustre cast,
 As gold about them, is no grace, but Wast.

Such was his *Genius*: Like the eyes quick wink;
 Hee could write sooner, then another think.
 His play was Fancies flame, a lightning wit,
 So shot, that it could sooner pierce, then hit.
 What e're he pleas'd, though but in sport to prove,
 Appear'd as true, as pittie dwells with love.
 Had he said thus, That discreet zeale might stan
 Both with the Iesuit, and the Puritan,
 T'had been believ'd; that frost from heat proceeds.
 That chastity from ease, and fulnesse breeds;
 That women ought to wooe, as *Eve* at first
 Woo'd Man, to make the world, and man accurst.
 All would be taken up for Truth: and sense
 Which knew Truth coming, would not going hence.

Had he maintain'd Rich *Lucans* worke had been
 Meere History; there would no pen be seen,

To call it Poem. If for *Cæsar* stood,
 Great *Pompey* should be neither weak, nor Good.
 Oh! had he liv'd to plead the craggy Law,
 Which now unsetled holds the world in awe,
 He would have met some Ostracisme, I feare,
 Lest he had charm'd the purple Iudge to erre.

Nor could he only in his Native speech
 Robe his ripe thoughts; but even the Copious, Rich,
 And lofty Greek, with Latine, did appeare
 In him, as Orient in their proper sphere:
 That when in them, himselfe he pleas'd t'expresse;
 The ravisht hearer, could not but confesse,
 He might as well old *Rome*, or *Athens* claime
 For birth, as *Britaine*, circled with the Maine.
 'Tis true, we have these languages still left;
 But spoken, as apparrell got by theft
 Is worne: disguis'd, and shadowed. Had hee
 Liv'd but with us, till grave maturity;
 Though wee should ever in his change have lost,
 Wee might have gaind enough whereof to boast
 Our nations better Genius; but now
 Or hopes are nipt, e're they began to blow.
 And sure I am, his losse must needs strike deep,
 For whom in verse, thus *Englands Eye* doth weepe.
 Whose teares thus dew'd upon his mournfull dust
 I will not longer trouble. They that must
 Carp though at better things; let them only read;
 These Poems here will strike that humour dead.
 Which I should praise too: but in them I see
 There is one blemish; for he hath nam'd mee.
 Else, I'le not think the Reader so distrest
 In wit: but that he will admire the rest.
 Concluding thence, though in his forenoon-youth,
 (And what I now shall write is modest truth,)
 He knowes not him, who doth so much excell,
 That could so quickly, doe so much, so well.

OWEN FELTHAM *Gent.*

On the death of M^r Randolph.

Vhen *Donne*, and *Beaumont* dyed, an Epitaph
 Some men (I well remember) thought unsafe;
 And said they did *presume to write, unlesse*
They could their teares in their expression dresse.
 But love makes me more bold, and telles me I
 In humble termes to vent my piety
 May safely dare; and reason thinks not fit,
 For which I lov'd, I now should feare that wit.
 Respect lookes like a bargaine, if confinde
 To rules precise; and is more just then kinde,
 If by a poiz'd and equall testament
 It turnes good-will, into a covenant;
 Must every present offer'd to a Prince
 Be just proportion'd to his eminence?
 Or ought my *Elegy* unjust be thought
 Because I cannot mourne thee as I ought?
 Such lawes as these, (if any be so bold)
 Ought those unskilfull but proud soules to hold,
 Who think they could and did, at a due rate
 Love thee; not mee, whose love was passionate,
 And hath decreed, how ere the censure goe,
 Thus much, although but thus, to let men know.
 I doe admire no Comet did presage
 The mournfull period of thy wonder'd age;
 Or that no *Sybill* did thy death fore tell,
 Since that by it alone more ill befell
 The *Laurell-God*, then when the day was come
 Wherein his *Delpbick-Oracle* was dumbe:
 In meaner wits that proverbe chance may hold
 (That they which are soon ripe are seldome old)
 But 'twas a poore one, and for thee unfit,
 Whose infancy might teach their best years wit;
 Whose talk was exemplary to their pains,
 And whose discourse was tutor to their streines;
 If thou wert serious, then the audience
 Heard *Platoe's* works in *Tullies* eloquence:
 If sad, the mourners knew no thrifty size
 In teares, but still cri'd out, oh lend more eyes.
 If merry, then the juyce of *Comedy*
 Soe sweetned every word, that we might see

Each stander by having enough to doe
 To temper mirth, untill some friend could wooe
 Thee take the pains to write, that so that pressure
 Checking thy soules quick motions, some small leasure
 Might be obtain'd to make provision
 Of breath, against the next *Scen's* action.
 I could goe through thy works, which will survive
 The funerall of time; and gladly strive
 Beyond my power, to make that love appeare
 Which after death is best seen in a teare;
 But praising one, I should dispraise the rest,
 Since whatsoere thou didst, was still the best:
 Since then I am perswaded that in thee
 Wit at her acmie was, and wee shall see
 Posterity not daring to aspire
 To equalize, but only to admire
 Thee as their archetype; with thought of thee
 Henceforth I'll thus enrich my memory.
 While others count from Earth-quakes, and great frost;
 And say i'th' last deare yeare, 'twould thus much cost.
 My time-distinctions this shall be among,
 Since wits-decay, or *Randolpb's* death, — so long.

R. GOSTELOW. Mr. A. Oxon.

*To the pious Memory of my deare Brother
 in-Law M^r Thomas Randolph.*

REaders, prepare your Fayth; who truly tells
 His History, must needs write miracles.
 Hee lisp'd Wit worthy th'Presse, as if that hee
 Had us'd his Cradle as a Librarie.
 Some of these Fruits had birth, when other Boyes
 (His Elders) play'd with Nuts; Books were his Toyes.
 Hee had not long of Playes Spectatour beene
 But his small Feete wore *Socks* fit for the Scene.
 Hee was not like those costive Wits, who blot
 A quire of paper to contrive a plot.
 And e're they name it, crosse it, till it look
 Rased with wounds like an old Mercers Book.
 What pleas'd this yeare, is next in peices torne,
 It suffers many deaths e're it be borne.

For Humours to lye leidger they are seene
 Oft in a Taverne, and a Bowling-greene.
 They doe observe each place, and company,
 As strictly as a Traveller or Spie.
 And deifying dunghills, seeme t'adore
 The scumme of people, Watchman, Changling, Whore.
 To know the vice, and ignorance of all,
 With any Ragges they'le drink a pot of Ale;
 Nay, what is more (a strange unusuall thing
 With Poets) they will pay the reckoning;
 And sit with patience an houre by th' Heeles
 To learne the Non-sence of the Constables.
 Such Iig-like flim-flams being got to make
 The Rabble laugh, and nut-cracking forsake,
 They goe Home (if th' have any) and there sit
 In Gowne and Night-cap looking for some wit.
 E're they compose, they must for a long space
 Be dieted, as Horses for the race.
 They must not Bacon, Beefe, or Pudding eate,
 A jest may chance be starv'd with such grosse meate.
 The Good Houre come, and their Braine tun'd, they write,
 But slow as dying men their Wills indite.
 They pen by drams and scruples, from their quill
 Words (although dreggy) flow not, but distill.
 They stare, and sowre their faces; nay to vent
 The Braines they eate their fingers excrement:
 And scratch their Heads, as if they were about
 (Their wit so hide-bound is) to pull it out.
 Ev'ry bald speech though Comickall it bee
 To their rack'd members proves a *Tragœdie*.
 When they have had the Counsell of some freind,
 And of their begging *Epilogue* made an end,
 Their Play salutes the world, and claimes the Stage
 For its inheritance, being now of Age.
 But while they pump't their Phansy day and night;
 Hee nothing harder found then not to write.
 No dyet could corrupt, or mend his straine;
 All tempers were the best to his sure Braine.
 He could with raptures captivate the King,
 Yet not endanger Button, or Bandstring.
Poems from him gush'd out so readily
 As if they'd only been in's Memory;
 Yet are they with as marble fancies wrought,
 As theirs whose pen waits for the thirteenth thought.

They erre who say things quickly done soone fade;
 Nature and Hee all in an Instant made.
 Those that doe measure Fancies by the glasse,
 And dote on such as cost more time, may passe
 In rank with Gulls, whom folly doth entice
 To thinke that best which has the greatest price.
 Who poreing on, their Spungy Braine still squeeze,
 Neglect the creame, and only save the Lees.
 Stopping their flying quill, they clip Fames wing,
 Make *Helicon* a puddle that's a Spring.

Nor was his Hast hoodwinkt; his Rage was wise,
 His Fury counsell had, his rashnesse eyes.
 Though hee (as Engines arrowes) shot forth wit,
 Yet aim'd with all the proper marks to hit.
 His Inke ne're stain'd the Surplice; he doth right
 That sometimes takes a care to misse the *White*.
 Hee turn'd no Scripture phrase into a jest;
 Hee was inspir'd with raptures, not possest.

Some Divilish Poets think their *Muse* does ill
 Vnlesse their verses doe prophane or kill.
 They boldly write what I should feare to thinke,
 Words that doe pale their paper, black their Inke.
 The Titles of their *Satyrs* fright some, more
 Then *Lord have mercy* writ upon a doore.

Although his wit was sharp as others, yet
 It never wounded; thus a Razer set
 In a wise Barbers hand tickles the skin,
 And leaves a smooth not carbonaded chin.
 So soveraigne was his Phansy, that you'd think
 His quickning pen did Balsam drop not Inke.
 Read's *Elegies* and you will see his praise
 Doth many soules 'fore th' Resurrection raise.
 No venom's in his Book; his very *Snake*
 You may as safely as a Flower take.
 There's none needs feare to surfet with his phrase,
 He has no *Gyant* raptures to amaze
 And torture weake capacities with wonder:
 He (by his Laurell guarded) nere did thunder
 As those strong bumbast Wits, whose Poetrie
 Sounds like a Charme, or *Spanish* Pedigree.
 Who with their Phancy trowing 'bove the Sun,
 Have in their stile *Babells* confusion.
 If puny eyes doe read their verses, they
 Will think 'tis *Hebrew* writ the *English* way.

His Lines doe runne smooth as the feet of time;
 Each leafe though rich, swells not with gouty rime.
 Here is no thrum, or knot; *Arachne* ne're
 Weav'd a more even webb; and as they are
 Listed for smoothnesse, so in this againe
 That each Thread's spun, and warp'd by his own braine.

We have some *Poetasters*, who although
 They ne're beyond the writing-Schoole did goe,
 Sit at *Apollo's* Table, when as they
 But midwives are, not Parents to a Play.
 Were they betray'd, they'd be each Coblers scoffe,
 Laught at, as one whose Periwig's blowne off.
 Their Braines lye all in Notes; Lord! how they'd looke
 If they should chance to loose their Table-book!
 Their Bayes, like Ivy, cannot mount at all
 But by some neighbouring tree, or joyning wall.

With what an extasy shall we behold
 This Book, which is no Ghost of any old
 Wormeaten Authour; heres no jest, or hint,
 But had his Head both for it's Ore an' mint.
 Wer't not for some Translations, none could know
 Whether he had e're look'd in Book or no.
 He could discourse of any subject, yet
 No cold premeditated sence repeat;
 As he that nothing at the Table talkes,
 But what was cook'd in's study or the walkes;
 Whose wit (like a sun-diall) only can
 Goe true in this, or that *Meridian*.
 Each Climate was to him his proper Spheare;
 You'd think he had been brought up every where.

Was he at Court? his Complements would be
 Rich wrought with Phansies best embroderie;
 Which the spruse Gallants *Echo* like would speake
 So oft, as they'd be thread-bare in a weeke.
 They lov'd even his Abuses, the same jeere
 So witty 'twas, would sting and please their care.

Read's flowry *Pastoralls*, and you will sweare
 Hee was not *Iohnsons* only, but *Pans* Heire.
 His smooth *Amyntas* would perswade even me
 To think he alwaies liv'd in *Sicilie*.
 Those happier Groves that shaded him, were all
 As *Trees of knowledge*, and Propheticall:
Dodon's were but the type of them; Leaves were
 Books in old time, but became Schollers here.

Had he liv'd till *Westminster Hall* was seen
 In *Forrest Townes*, perhaps he *fin'd* had been.
 Whilst others made *Trees Maypoles*, he could doe
 As *Orpheus* did, and make them *Dancers* too.

But these were the light sports of his spare time;
 He was as able to dispute, as rime.
 And all (two gifts ne're joyn'd before) outwent
 As well in *Syllogisme* as *Complement*.
 Who looks within his clearer *Glasse*, will say
 At once he writ an *Etbick Tract* and *Play*.
 When he in *Cambridge Schooles* did moderate,
 (Truth never found a subtler Advocate)
 He had as many *Auditours*, as those
 Who preach, their mouths being *Silenc'd*, through the *Nose*.
 The *Grave Divines* stood gazing, as if there
 In words was colour, or in th' eye an eare:
 To hear him they would penetrate each other,
 Embrace a *Throng*, and love a noysome smother.
 Though *Plodding Pates* much time and oyle had spent
 In beating out an obscure *Argument*;
 He could untie, not break, the subtlest knot
 Their puzzling *Art* could weave; nay he had got
 The trick on't so, as if that he had been
 Within each *Braine*, and the nice folding seen.
 Who went to th' *Schooles Peripateticks*, came,
 If he disputed, home in *Plato's* name.

His *Oppositions* were as *Text*; some le'd
 With wonder, thought he had not *urg'd* but read.

Nor was his *Iudgment* all *Philosophy*;
 He was in points of deepe *Divinitie*
 Only *Not Doctor*; his true *Catho'lique Braine*
 The *Learning* of a *Councell* did containe.

But all his *Works* are lost, his *Fire* is out;
 These are but's *Ashes*, which were throwne about
 And now rak'd up together; all wee have
 With pious sacriledge snatch'd from his *Grave*
 Are a few *meteours*; which may make it se'd
 That *Tom* is yet alive, but *Randolph's* dead.

Thus when a *Merchant* posting o're the sea
 With his rich loaden shippe is cast away;
 Some light small *Wares* doe swim unto the shore,
 But th' great and solid *Prizes* ne're rise more.

R I C. W E S T. *Bac. of Arts, and Student of Cbr. Church.*

P O E M S
WITH THE
M V S E S
LOOKINGGLASSE
AND
A M Y N T A S

By THOMAS RANDOLPH Master of Arts
and late Fellow of *Trinity* Colledge in
Cambridge.



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ON THE
 INESTIMABLE
 CONTENT HE INIOYES
 IN THE MVSES; TO THOSE
 of his Friends that dehorth him
from POETRY.

GOE sordid earth, and hope not to bewitch
 My high-borne soule, that flies a nobler pitch!
 Thou canst not tempt her with adulterate show,
 She beares no appetite that flaggs so low.
 Should both the *Indies* spread their lapps to me, 5
 And court my eyes to wish their Treasurie,
 My better *will* they neither could entice;
 Nor this with gold, nor that with all her spice.
 For what poore things had these possessions showne,
 When all were mine, but I were not mine owne! 10
 Others in pompous wealth their thoughts may please,
 And I am rich in wishing none of these.
 For say; which happinesse would you beg first,
 Still to have drink, or never to haue thirst?
 No servants on my beck attendant stand, 15
 Yet are my passions all at my command;
Reason within me shall sole ruler be,
 And every sense shall weare her livery.

(6) their] my, '40, ff.

(7) neither] never '43, ff.

(18) her] his '52.

Lord of my selfe in cheife; when they that have
 More wealth, make that their Lord, which is my slaue. 20
 Yet I as well as they, with more content
 Have in my selfe a Houshold government.
 My intellectuall soule hath there possest
 The Stewards place, to governe all the rest.
 When I goe forth my Eyes two Vshers are, 25
 And dutifully walke before me bare.
 My Leggs run Footmen by me. Goe or stand
 My ready Armes waite close on either hand.
 My Lipps are Porters to the dangerous dore:
 And either Eare a trusty Auditor: 30
 And when abroad I goe, *Fancy* shall be
 My skilfull Coachman, and shall hurry me
 Through Heaven & Earth, and *Neptune's* watry plaine,
 And in a moment drive me back againe.
 The charge of all my Cellar, Thirst, is thine; 35
 Thou Butler art and Yeoman of my wine.
Stomacke the Cooke, whose dishes best delight,
 Because their only sawce is *Appetite*.
 My other Cooke *digestion*; where to me
 Teeth carve, and Palat will the taster be. 40
 And the two Eylids, when I goe to sleepe,
 Like carefull groomes my silent chamber keepe.
 Where least a cold oppresse my vitall part,
 A gentle fire is kindled by the Heart.
 And least too great a heat procure my paine, 45
 The Lungs fanne winde to coole those parts againe.
 Within the inner closet of my braine
 Attend the nobler members of my traine.
Invention Master of my Mint growes there,
 And *Memory* my faithfull Treasurer. 50

And though in others 'tis a treacherous part,
 My Tongue is *Secretary* to my heart.
 And then the pages of my soule and sense,
Love, Anger, Pleasure, Griefe, Concupiscence,
 And all affections else are taught t' obey 55
 Like subjects, not like favourites to sway.
 This is my Mannor-house, and men shall see
 I here live Maister of my family.
 Say then thou man of worth; in what degree
 May thy proud fortunes over-ballance me? 60
 Thy many barks plough the rough Oceans backe;
 And I am never frighted with a wracke.
 Thy flocks of sheepe are numberlesse to tell;
 And with one fleece I can be cloth'd as well.
 Thou hast a thousand severall farmes to let; 65
 And I doe feede on ne're a Tenants sweat.
 Thou hast the Commons to Inclosure brought;
 And I have fixt a bound to my vast thought.
 Variety is sought for to delight
 Thy witty and ambitious Appetite; 70
 Three Elements, at least, dispeopled be,
 To satisfie judicious gluttony:
 And yet for this I love my Commons here,
 Above the choicest of thy dainty cheere.
 Noe widdowes curse caters a dish of mine, 75
 I drinke no teares of Orphans in my wine.
 Thou maist perchance to some great office come,
 And I can rule a Common wealth at home.
 And that preheminance injoy more free,
 Then thou puft up with vaine Authority. 80
 What boots it him a large command to have,
 Whose every part is some poore vices slave?

(59) man of wealth; '40 ff.

(61) Ocean '68.

(82) ?]! '38.

Which over him as proudly Lords it there,
 As o're the rusticke he can domineere.
 Whilst he poore swaines doth threat, in his own eyes 85
 Lust and Concupiscence doe Tyrannize,
 Ambition wrackes his heart with jealous feare,
 And bastard flattery captivates his eare.
 He on posterity may fixe his care,
 And I can study on the times that were. 90
 He stands upon a pinnacle to show
 His dangerous height, whilst I sit safe below.
 Thy father hords up gold for thee to spend,
 When death will play the office of a friend,
 And take him hence, which yet he thinks too late: 95
 My nothing to inherit is a fate
 Above thy birth-right, should it double be;
 No longing expectation tortures me.
 I can my fathers reverend head survay,
 And yet not wish that every haire were gray. 100
 My constant *Genius* sayes I happier stand,
 And richer in his life, then in his land.
 And when thou hast an heyre, that for thy gold
 Will thinke each day makes thee an yeare too old;
 And ever gaping to possesse thy store, 105
 Conceives thy age to be above fourescore
 'Cause his is one and twenty, and will pray
 The too slow houres to hast, and every day
 Bespeake thy Coffin, cursing every bell,
 That he heares tole, 'cause 'tis anothers knell; 110
 (And justly at thy life he may repine,
 For his is but a wardship during thine.)

(88) flatt'ry '68.

(100) haire] heir '68.

(104) an] a '43, ff.

(104) too] to '38.

(109) Bespeakes '68.

(112) For] But '52.

Mine shall have no such thoughts, if I have one
 He shall be more a pupill then a sonne:
 And at my grave weepe truth, and say deaths hand,¹¹⁵
 That bountifully unto thine gave land,
 But rob'd him of a Tutor; Cursed store!
 There is no piety but amongst the poore.
 Goe then confesse which of us fathers be
 The happier made in our posterity: 120
 I in my Orphane that hath nought beside
 His vertue, thou in thy rich parricide.
 Thou severall Artists doest imploy to show
 The measure of thy lands; that thou maist know
 How much of earth thou hast: while I doe call 125
 My thoughts to scan how little 'tis in all.
 Thou hast thy hounds to hunt the timorous hare,
 The crafty fox, or the more noble deere;
 Till at a fault perchance thy Lordship be,
 And some poore citty varlet hunt for thee. 130
 For 'tis not poore *Actæons* fault alone;
 Hounds have devour'd more Masters sure then one.
 Whilst I the while persueing my content,
 With the quicke Nostrils of a judgment, sent
 The hidden steps of nature, and there see 135
 Your game maintain'd by her Antipathye.
 Thou hast a Hawke, and to that height doth flye
 Thy understanding, if it soare so high:
 While I my soule with Eagles Pinions wing,
 To stoope at Heaven, and in her Talons bring 140
 A glorious constellation, sporting there
 With him whose belt of starres adornes the spheare.
 Thou hast thy landskips, and the painters try
 With all their skill to please thy wanton eye.

Here shadowy groves, and craggy mountaines there; 145
 Here Rivers headlong fall, there springs runne cleare;
 The heavens bright Raies through clouds must azure
 show

Circled about with *Iris* gawdy bow.

And what of this? I reall Heavens doe see, 149
 True springs, true groves; whilst yours but shadows be.
 Nor of your houshhold stuffe so proudly boast,
 Compos'd of curiosity and cost.

Your two best chambers are unfurnished,
 Th' inner and upper roome, the heart and head.

But you will say the comfort of a life 155
 Is in the partner of your joyes, a wife.

You may have choice of brides, you need not woee
 The rich, the faire; they both are proferd you:

But what fond virgin will my love preferre,
 That only in *Parnassus* joynture her? 160

Yet thy base match I scorne, an honest pride
 I harboure here that scornes a market bride.

Neglected beauty now is priz'd by gold,

And sacred love is basely bought and sold.

Wives are growne traffique, marriage is a trade, 165
 And when a nuptiall of two hearts is made,

There must of moneyes too a wedding be,
 That coine as well as men may multiplye.

O humane blindness! had we eyes to see,

There is no wealth to valiant poetry! 170

And yet what want I heaven or Earth can yeeld?

Me thinkes I now possesse th' *Elisian* field.

(146) there the springs '68.

(147) most azure shrew '52.

(154) heart] breast '52.

(156) your] our '38.

(157) brides] birds, '52.

(160) ?] ! '38.

(161) an] and' 68.

(167) too] to '52, ff.

(172) the *Elisian* '38.

Into my chest the yellow *Tagus* flowes,
 While my plate fleete in bright *Pactolus* rowes.
 Th' *Hesperian* Orchard's mine; mine, mine is all: 175
 Thus am I rich in wealth poëticall.
 Why strive you then my friends to circumvent
 My soule, and rob me of my blest content?
 Why out of ignorant love counsell you me
 To leave the Muses and my poetry? 180
 Which should I leave and never follow more,
 I might perchance get riches and be poore.

(175) Orchard's mine; mine, is all '43, '52, '64.

Orchard is mine: mine is all '68.

(180) the] my '68.

*In Anguem, qui Lycorin dormientem
 amplexus est.*

THe spring was come, and all the fields growne
 fine;
 My flame *Lycoris* like young *Proserpine*
 Went forth to gather flowers, bettring their sent
 They tooke more sweetnesse from her, then they lent.
 Now loaden with her harvest, and o'repress't 5
 With her sweet toyle, she laid her downe to rest.
 Lyllies did strow her couch, and proud were growne
 To beare a whitnesse purer then their owne.
 Roses fell down soft pillowes to her head,
 And blusht themselves into a deeper red 10
 To emulate her cheekes: *Flora* did set
 Her maids to worke to weave the Violet
 Into a purple rugge, to shield the faire
Lycoris from the malice of the Ayre.

Lycorin] *Lycoris* in '43, '52, '64.

(10) blusht] blush '68.

When loe a snake hid in the neighbour bowres, 15
 (Ah who could think treason should lurke in flowers?)
 Shootes forth her checker'd skin, and gently ceepees
 Ore my *Lycoris*, that as gently sleepes.
 I saw it, and a sodaine frost possest
 My frighted soule in my then troubled brest. 20
 What feares appear'd not to my mind and me?
 Thou first wert call'd bemoan'd *Euridice*,
 By serpents envy forced to expire,
 From *Orpheus* rapt, and his death conquering lyre.
 But when I found he wore a guiltlesse sting, 25
 And more of love did then of treason bring:
 How quickly could my former feare depart,
 And to a greater leave my iealous heart!
 For the smooth Viper every member scandis,
Africk he loaths now, and the barren sands 30
 That nurst him, wondring at the glorious sight
 Of thighes and belly, and her brests more white
 Then their own milke: *Ah might I still* (quoth he)
Crawle in such fields, 'twixt two such mountaines be!
 There me he spied, and fearing to be seen, 35
 Shrowds to her neck, thinking't had Lyllies been.
 But viewing her bright cheekes, he soone did crye
Vnder you Roses shall I safer lye.
 Thence did her forehead with full veines appeare,
Good heauen (quoth he) *what violets growe here* 40
On this cleare Promontory? Hence he slides
 Vp to her lockes, and through her tresses glides,
 Her yellow tresses; dazel'd to behold
 A glistering groue, an intire wood of Gold.

(15) neighbour] neighboring '68.

(16) could] would '68.

(29) scandis] scans '68.

(38) you] yon '43, '64, '68.

(41) cleare] clean '68.

your '52.

Th' *Hesperian* wood he thinkes he now hath seene, 45
 That thought, but now, they had an Orchard beene;
 For leaves and boughs the *Archimeneian* vine,
 The *Dodon* Oak and the *Thessalian* Pine
 Must yeeld to these, no trees so bright as they,
 Nor *Paphian* Mirtles, nor *Penëian* bay! 50
 Ioy now filld all his brest, no timorous feare
 Of danger could find roome to harbour there.
 Downe slips he and about each limbe he hurles
 His wanton body into numerous curles.
 And while his taile had throwne it selfe a chaine 55
 About her necke, his head beares up againe;
 With his black lips her warmer lips he greets,
 And there with kisses steept in *Nectar* meets.
 Thence *Zephyr's* breath he suckes, then doth he smell
 Perfumes that all th' *Arabian* gummes excell. 60
 And spices that doe build the *Phœnix* Pyre,
 When she renewes her youth in funerall fire.
 Nor seekes he poyson there, but like the Bee
 That on mount *Hybla* plyes her husbandry,
 He gathers honey thence, now, now I know 65
 With *Aristæus* flocks a snake may goe.
 Ah cold at heart, I fear'd some heavenly sleight,
 And *Love* my rival; that his old deceit
 Had once againe this borrowed shape put on
 To court my Nymph, as he *Deïis* wonne. 70
 Up lift the snake his head (for pleasure now
 Held all his soule) and with erected brow
 To flatter's Loue he sung; he strives to play,
 And hisses forth a well tun'd Roundelay.
 This wakes the Nymph; her eyes admit the day; 75

(45) wood] woods '68.

(46) But '38.

(49) must '38.

(70) *Deïis*] *Dedis* '43, '52. as he had *Dedis* '64, '68.

(64) .] . '38.

(75) admit] admits '68.

Here flowers, and there her scatter'd garlands lay,
 Which as shee picks up and with bents retyes,
 Shee in her lap the speckled Serpent spyes.
 The Nymph no signe of any terrour shows,
 (How bold is beauty when her strength shee knows!) 80
 And in her hand the tender worm she grasp'd,
 While it sometimes about her finger clasp'd
 A ring enamel'd, then her tender wast
 In manner of a girdle round inbrac't;
 And now upon her arme a braslet hung 85
 Where for the greater ornament, he flung
 His limber body into severall folds,
 And twenty winding figures, where it holds
 Her amorous pulse, in many a various twist,
 And many a love-knot tyes upon her wrist. 90
Lycoris to the Gods thou art too deare,
 And too too much of heaven belov'd I feare.
 This or that Nymph's the red-sea spoiles may be,
 But *Lybia* ne're sent Jewels but to thee.
 What e're to us are deaths and poysons sent, 95
 Desire to be *Lycoris* ornament.
 For that same litle spider that hangs up,
 Together with her web on the house top,
 When shee beheld the snake a bracelet made,
 Struck with an envy, and a love; she said, 100
And shall a snake thy Gemme Lycoris bee,
And such bright forme receive no tyres from mee?
 Then flings her nets away, and throwing by
 Her subtle toyl shee sets to catch the fly;
 To th' loom Arachne goes, and plyes it there, 105
 To work a robe for my *Lycoris* weare.

(85) arme] om. '52.

wast '64.

(101) thy] a '52.

(86) he] she '52.

(104) the] a '68.

But thou, ô Serpent, which so blest canst bee
 To reap those joys for which I envy thee:
 That, happy worm, upon her lip hast hung,
 Sucking in kisses with thy three-fork'd tongue, 110
 (So may'st thou age and skin together cast,
 And oft recall thy youth, when it is past.)
 Teach my *Lycoris* what your Arts may bee,
 Let her th' Ingredients of thy Cordials see.
 That shee may ne're grow old, that times dull plow
 May never print a wrinkle in her brow. 116
 I charge thee in the pow'rfull *Cupids* name
 May a new beauty alwayes and the same
Lycoris shew, ne're may shee in her glasse
 Look for her own, and find another face. 120
Venus for beauty may shee then appear,
 When shee has liv'd to old *Sybilla's* year,
 And when, deare snake, thou wilt no more renew
 Thy youthfull vigour, bid base earth adjew.
 Adde glory to the night, or from his spheare 125
 Huge *Python* pull and fix thy torches there:
 Where like a river thou shalt bending go,
 And through the *Orbe* a starry torrent flow.
 And thou *Lycoris*, when th'art pleas'd to take
 No more of life, next thy beloved *Snake* 130
 Shine forth a constellation, full, and bright;
 Blesse the poor heavens with more majestick light.
 Who in requitall shall present you there,
Ariadnes Crown, and *Cassiopæas Chayr*.

(109) her] ber '38. hast] fast '43, ff.

(116) in] on '64, '68.

(117) pow'rfull] powerful '68.

(120) another] anothers '43, '52, '64.

(125) Adde] And '43, ff.

*A Complaint against Cupid that he never
made him in Love.*

How many of thy Captives (Love) complaine
 Thou yoak'st thy slaves in too severe a chaine?
 I' have heard 'em their Poetique malice shew,
 To curse thy Quiver, and blaspheme thy bow.
 Calling thee boy, and blind; threatning the rod; 5
 Prophanely swearing that thou art no God.
 Or if thou be; not from the starry place;
 But born below, and of the Stygian race.
 But yet these Atheists that thy shafts dislike,
 Thou canst be freindly to, and daigne to strike. 10
 This on his *Cloris* spends his thoughts and time;
 That chaunts *Corinna* in his amorous rime.
 A third speaks raptures, and hath gaind a wit
 By praising *Cælia*; else had mis't of it.
 But that I think there can no freedom be, 15
 (*Cupid*) so sweet, as thy Captivity.
 I that could wish thy chains, and live content
 To wear them, not my Gives, but ornament:
 I that could any ransom pay to thee,
 Not to redeem but sell my liberty, 20
 I am neglected; let the cause be known;
 Art thou a niggard of thy arrows grown,
 That wert so prodigall? or dost thou please
 To set thy Pillars up with Hercules
 Weary of conquest? or should I disgrace 25
 Thy victories, if I were daign'd a place

(3) I' have] I have '40, '43, '52, '64. I've '68.

(18) my] thy '40, ff.

(20) .,]; '38.

(22) Art thou niggard '68.

Amongst thy other Trophies? none of these,
 Witnesse thy dayly triumphs: who but sees
 Thou still pursuest thy game from high to low;
 No age, no Sexe can scape thy pow'rfull bow. 30
 Decrepite age whose veins and bones may bee
 An Argument against Philosophy,
 To prove an emptinesse; that has no sense
 Left but his feeling, feels thy influence;
 And dying dotes: not babes thy shafts can misse; 35
 How quickly Infants can be taught to kisse!
 As the poor Apes being dumb these words would borrow,
I' was born to day to get a babe to morrow.
 Each plow-man thy propitious wounds can prove,
 Tilling the earth, and wishing t'were his love. 40
 Am I invulnerable? is the dart
 Rebeaten, which thou level'st at my heart?
 Ill rest my Parents bones, if they have done
 As *Tethis* once did to her God-like sonne
 The great *Achilles*, dipt in Stygian lake; 45
 Though I am so, *Cupid*, thy arrows take,
 Try where I am not proof, and let me feel
 Thy archery, if not i'th heart, i'th heel.
 Perchance my heart lyes there; who would not be
 A Coward, to be valiant made by thee. 50
 I cannot say thy blindnesse is the cause,
 That I am barr'd the freedom of thy laws;
 The wretched out-Law of thy Mothers Court,
 That place of comfort, Paradise of sport.
 For they may say, that say thou blind canst be, 55
 Eagles want eyes, and only moles can see.

(30) powerfull '43, ff.

(36) can] may '68.

(38) *I was* '43, ff.

(43) Ill] I'le '43.

(44) *Tethis*] *Thetis* '68.

(50) .] ? '64, '68.

(52) barr'd] bard '68 laws] layes '68.

Not *Argus* with so many lights did shine,
 For each fair Ladies sparkling eyes are thine.
 Think'st thou because I doe the Muses love,
 I in thy Camp would a faint souldier prove? 60
 How came *Musæus*, and *Anacreon* then
 Into thy troops? how came *Tibullus* pen
 Amongst thy speares; and how came *Ovid* (say)
 To be enrold great Generall in thy pay?
 And doubts thou me? suspect you I will tell 65
 The hidden misteries of your *Paphian* cell,
 To the straight lac'd *Diana*? or betray
 The secrets of the night, unto the day?
 No *Cupid*, by thy mothers doves I swear,
 And by her sparrows, 'tis an idle fear. 70
 If *Philomel* descend to sport with me,
 Know I can be (great *Love*) as dumb as shee,
 Though shee hath lost her tongue; in such delights
 All should be like her, only talk by nights:
 Make me thy Preist (if Poets truth divine) 75
 I'le make the Muses wanton; at thy shrine
 They all shall wait; and *Dian's* selfe shall be
 A votresse to thy Mothers Nunnerie.
 Where zeale with nature shall maintaine no strife;
 Where none swear chastity, and single life. 80
 To *Venus*-Nuns an easier oath is read,
 Shee breaks her vow, that keeps her maiden head.
 Reject not then your *Flamin's* ministry:
 Let me but deacon in thy Temples be:
 And see how I shall touch my pow'rfull lyre, 85
 And more inspir'd with thine, then *Phæbus* fire,
 Chaunt such a moving verse, as soon should frame
 Desire of dalliance in the coyest dame,

(70) Idle '38.

(71) .]; '38.

(79) Where] When '52.

(88) .]; '38.

Melting to amorous thoughts her heart of stone,
 And force her to untrusse her Virgin Zone. 90
 Is *Lucrece*, or *Penelope* alive?
 Give me a *Spartan* Matron, *Sabine* wife,
 Or any of the *vestals* hither call,
 And I will make them be thy converts all.
 Who like good *Proselites* more in heart than show, 95
 Shall to thy origies all so zealous go,
 That *Thais* shall, nor *Helen* such appeare;
 As if they only Loves precisians were.
 But now my Muse dull heavy numbers sings,
 'Cupid 'tis thou alone giv'st verse her wings. 100
 The *Lawrell-wreath* I never shall obtaine,
 Vnlesse thy torch illuminate my braine.
 Love *Laurell* gives; *Phæbus* as much can say,
 Had not he lov'd, there had not been the Bay.
 Why is my *Presentation* then put by? 105
 Who is't that my *Induction* dares deny?
 Can any Lady say I am unfit?
 If, so, I'le sue my *Quare Impedit*.
 I'am young enough, my spirits quick and good;
 My veins swell high with kind and active blood. 110
 Nor am I marble; when I see an eye
 Quick, bright, and full, 'raid round with maiestie;
 I feel my heart with a strange heat opprest,
 As 'twere a lightning darterd through my brest.
 I long not for the cherries on the Tree, 115
 So much as those which in a lip I see.
 And more affection beare I to the Rose
 That in a cheek, then in a garden grows.
 I gaze on beauteous Virgins with delight,
 And feel my temper vary at the sight; 120

(92) ,] ; '38.

(109) I'm '43, ff.

(112) rai'd '40, '43, '52

rais'd '64, '68.

I know not why, but warmer streams doe glide
 Thorough my veins, sure 'tis a wanton tide.
 But you perchance esteem my love the lesse,
 Because I have a foolish bashfulnesse,
 A shame-fac'd rose you find within my face, 125
 Whose modest blush frights you from my embrace;
 That's ready now to fall, if you'le but daigne
 To pluck it once, it shall not grow againe.
 Or doe you therefore cast my love away,
 Because I am not expert in the play? 130
 My skill's not known till it be ventred on;
 I have not *Aristotle* read alone.
 I am in *Ovid* a proficient too;
 And if you'd heare my Lecture, could to you
 Analize all his art, with so much more 135
 Iudgment and skill, then e're 'twas taught before;
 That I might be cheife master, he, dull foole,
 The under usher in the *Cyprian* Schoole:
 For petty Pædagogue, poore Pedant, he
 First writ the Art, and then the remedie: 140
 But I could set downe rules of love so sure,
 As should exceed Art, and admit no cure.
 Pictures I could invent (*Love*, were I thine)
 As might stand copies unto *Aretine*.
 And such new dalliance study, as should frame 145
 Variety in that which is the same.
 I am not then uncapable (great *Love*)
 Would'st thou my skill but with one arrow prove,
 Giue me a Mistresse in whose looks to joy,
 And such a Mistresse (*Love*) as will be coy, 150
 Not easily wonne, though to be wonne in time;
 That from her nicenesse I may store my rhyme:

(121) why; '38. warmer] warme '68. (136) 'twas] was '52, '68 before., '38.

Then in a Thousand sighes, to thee I'll pay
 My Morning Orisons, and every day
 Two Thousand groans, and count these amorous
 prayers, 155

I make to thee, not by my *Beads*, but *Tears*.
 Besides, each day I'll write an *Elegy*,
 And in as lamentable Poetry
 As any Inns of Court-man, that hath gone
 To buy an *Ovid* with a *Littleton*. 160

But (*Love*) I see you will not entertaine
 Those that desire to Live amidst your traine;
 For death and you have got a trick to fly
 From such poore wretches as doe wish you nigh.
 You scorne a yeelding slave, and plainly shew it, 165
 Those that contemne your pow'er you make to know it.

And such am I; I slight your proud commands;
 I mar'le who put a bow into your hands;
 A hobby-horse, or some such pretty toy,
 A rattle would befit you better, Boy. 170

You conquer Gods and men? how stand I free,
 That will acknowledge no supremacie
 Vnto your childish Godhead? does it cry?
 Give it a plumme to still it's deity.

Good *Venus* let it suck; that it may keep 175
 Lesse bawling; gentle Nurse rock it a sleep.
 Or if you be past babie; and are now
 Come to weare breeches, must we then allow
 Your Boyship leave to shoot at whom you please?
 No, whip it for such wanton tricks as these: 180

If this doe anger you, I'll send a Bee,
 Shall to a single duell challenge thee:

(153) sights '68.

(166) power '40, ff.

(168) marle '40, ff. who] you '52.

(176) bawling '43, '52.

And make you to your Mam run, and complaine
 The little serpent stung thee once againe.
 Go hunt the butter flies, and if you can 185
 But catch 'em, make their wings into a fan.
 Wee'le give you leave to hunt and sport at them,
 So you let men alone. But I blaspheme
 (Great *Love*) I feare I have offended thee,
 If so, be mercifull, and punish me. 190

(184) litle '38 litle '40.

(188) alone, — '43, '64, '68

(190) mercifull, -- '40

let me alone, ----- '52

— '43, '64, '68 ----- '52.

*A gratulatory to M^r Ben Jobnson for his
 adopting of him to be his Son.*

I Was not borne to *Helicon*, nor dare
 Presume to thinke my selfe a Muses heire.
 I have no title to *Parnassus* hill,
 Nor any acre of it by the will
 Of a dead Ancestour, nor could I bee 5
 Ought but a tenant unto Poëtrie.
 But thy Adoption quits me of all feare,
 And makes me challenge a childs portion there.
 I am a kinne to *Heroes* being thine,
 And part of my alliance is divine. 10
Orpheus, Musæus, Homer too; beside
 Thy Brothers by the *Roman Mothers* side;
 As *Ovid, Virgil*, and the *Latine Lyre*,
 That is so like thee, *Horace*; the whole quire

• of] om. '52.

(9) *Hero's* '38.

(14) thy *Horace*; '38.

Of Poets are by thy Adoption, all 15
 My uncles; thou hast given me pow'r to call
Phæbus himselfe my grandsire; by this graunt
 Each Sister of the nine is made my Aunt.
 Go you that reckon from a large descent
 Your lineall Honours, and are well content 20
 To glory in the age of your great name,
 Though on a Herralds faith you build the same:
 I do not envy you, nor thinke you blest
 Though you may beare a Gorgon on your Crest
 By direct line from *Perseus*; I will boast 25
 No farther than my Father; that's the most
 I can, or should be proud of; and I were
 Vnworthy his adoption, if that here
 I should be dully modest; boast I must
 Being sonne of his Adoption, not his lust. 30
 And to say truth, that which is best in mee
 May call you father, 'twas begot by thee.
 Have I a sparke of that cœlestiall flame
 Within me, I confesse I stole the same
Prometheus like, from thee; and may I feed 35
 His vulture, when I dare deny the deed.
 Many more moones thou hast, that shine by night,
 All Bankrups, wer't not for a borrow'd light;
 Yet can forswear it; I the debt confesse,
 And thinke my reputation ne're the lesse. 40
 For Father let me be resolv'd by you;
 Is't a disparagement from rich *Peru*
 To ravish gold; or theft, for wealthy Ore
 To ransack *Tagus*, or *Pactolus* shore?
 Or does he wrong *Alcinous*, that for want 45
 Doth take from him a sprig or two, to plant

(16) power '52, '68.

(27) should] could '64, '68.

A lesser Orchard? sure it cannot bee:
 Nor is it theft to steale some flames from thee.
 Grant this, and I'll cry guilty, as I am,
 And pay a filiall reverence to thy name. 50
 For when my Muse upon obedient knees,
 Askes not a Fathers blessing, let her leese
 The fame of this Adoption; 'tis a curse
 I wish her 'cause I cannot thinke a worse.
 And here, as Piety bids me, I intreat 55
Phæbus to lend thee some of his own heat,
 To cure thy Palsie; else I will complaine
 He has no skill in hearbs; Poets in vaine
 Make him the God of Physicke; 'twere his praise
 To make thee as immortall as thy Baies; 60
 As his own *Daphne*; 'twere a shame to see
 The God, not love his Preist, more then his Tree.
 But if heaven take thee, envying us thy Lyre,
 'Tis to pen Anthems for an Angels quire.

(60) thy] the '68.

In Lesbiam, & Histrionem.

I Wonder what should Madam *Lesbia* meane
 To keep young *Histrion*, and for what scene
 So bravely shee maintaines him; that what sence
 He please to blesse, 'tis done at her expence!
 The play boy spends secure; he shall have more, 5
 As if both *Indies* did supply his store.
 As if he did in bright *Pactolus* swim,
 Or *Tagus* yellow waves did water him:
 And yet has no renews to defray

These charges, but the Madam, shee must pay 10
 His prodigall disbursements: Madams are
 To such as he, more then a treble share.
 Shee payes (which is more then shee needs to doe)
 For her owne comming in, and for his too.
 This is reward due to the sacred sin; 15
 No charge too much done to the beardlesse chin:
 Although shee stint her poore old Knight *Sr Iohn*,
 To live upon his exhibition,
 His hundred marks *per Annum*; when her Ioy,
 Her sanguine darling, her spruce active boy 20
 May scatter Angels; rub out silks, and shine
 In cloths of gold; cry loud the world is mine:
 Keepe his Race-nags, and in Hide-parke be seen
 Briske as the best (as if the stage had been
 Growne the Court's Rivall) can to *Brackly* goe, 25
 To *Lincolne* Race, and to *New-market* too;
 At each of these his hundred pounds has vie'd
 On *Peggabrigs*, or *Shotten-herrings* side;
 And looses without swearing. Let them curse
 That neither have a *Fortunatus* purse, 30
 Nor such a Madam; if this world doe hold
 (As very likely 'twill) Madams growne old
 Will be the best Monopolies; *Histrion* may
 At *Maw*, or *Gleeke*, or at *Primero* play.
 Still Madam goes to stake, *Histrion* knows 35
 Her worth, and therefore dices too; and goes
 As deepe, the Caster, as the only Sonne
 Of a dead Alderman, come to twenty one
 A whole weeke since; you'd know the reason why
Lesbia does this; guesse you as well as I; 40

(10) charges: '68.

(40) as I? '64, '68.

(28) *Shotten herring* '68.

Then this I can no better reason tell;
 'Tis 'cause he playes the womans part so well.
 I see old Madams are not only toyle;
 No tilth so fruitfull as a barren soyle.
 Ah poore day labourers, how I pittie you 45
 That shrinke, and sweat to live with much adoe!
 When had you wit to understand the right,
 'Twere better wages to have work'd by night.
 Yet some that resting here, doe only thinke
 That youth with age is an unequall linke, 50
 Conclude that *Histrion's* taske as hard must bee,
 As was *Mezentius* bloody cruelty.
 Who made the living to embrace the dead,
 And so expire: but I am rather lead
 His bargaine of the two the best to call; 55
 He at one game keeps her, shee him at all.

(50) .]: '38.

De Histrice. Ex Claudiano.

FAm'd *Stymphall*, I have heard, thy birds in flight
 Shoot showers of arrowes forth all levied right.
 And long the fable of those quills of steele
 Did seeme to me a tale incredible.
 Now I have faith; the Porcupine I see, 5
 And then th' Herculean birds no wonders bee.
 Her longer head like a swines snowt doth show;
 Bristles like hornes upon her forehead grow.
 A fiery heat glows from her flaming eye;
 Vnder her shaggy back the shape doth lye 10
 As 'twere a whelpe: nature all Art hath try'd
 In this small beast, so strangely fortified.

A threatning wood o're all her body stands;
 And stiff with Pikes the speckled stalks in bands
 Grow to the warre; while under those doth rise 15
 An other troope, girt with alternat dyes
 Of severall hue; which while a blacke doth fill
 The inward space, ends in a solid quill.
 That lessning by degrees, doth in a while,
 Take a quick point, and sharpens to a Pile. 20
 Nor doth her squadrons like the hedghogs stand
 Fixt; but shee darts them forth, and at command
 Farre off her members aimes; shot through the skie
 From her shak'd side the Native Engines flie.
 Sometimes retiring, *Parthian* like, shee'l wound 25
 Her following foe; sometimes intrenching round,
 In battaile forme, marshalling all her flanks,
 Shee'l clash her javelins to affright the ranks
 Of her poore enemies, lineing every side
 With speares, to which shee is her selfe allied. 30
 Each part of her's a souldier, from her back
 But stir'd, a horse and horrid noise doth crack;
 That one would think the trumpets did incite
 Two adverse Armies to begin to fight;
 So great a noise, from one so small did rise. 35
 Then to her skill in Armes she is so wise
 As to adde Policy, and a thrifty feare
 Of her owne safety; shee a wrath doth beare
 Not prodigall of weapons, but content
 With wary threatning; and hath seldome sent 40
 An arrow forth, caus'd by an idle strife,
 But spends 'em only to secure her life!

(14) spectled '38 her speckled '64 stiff as pikes her speckled '68.

(15) Grow] Go '68.

(23) of '38.

(18) solid] sordid '68.

(26) in trenching '38.

(21) squadron like a Hedge-hog '68.

(29) ,]: '38.

(32) stir'd, a horrid noyse '68

a horse a horrid '52.

(42) 'm '68.

And then her diligent stroke so certaine is
 Without all error, shee will seldome misse.
 No distance cozens her; the dumbe skin aimes right,
 And rules the levy of the skillfull fight. 46
 What humane labour, though we boast it such,
 With all her reason can performe so much?
 They from the *Cretan* Goats their hornes must take,
 And after, those with fire must softer make. 50
 Bulls guts must bend their bowes; and e're they fight
 Steele armes their darts: and fethers wing their flights.
 When loe a little beast wee armed see
 With nothing but her owne Artillery:
 Who seeks no forraine aide; with her all goe, 55
 Shee to her selfe is Quiver, darts, and bow.
 One Creature all the Arts of warfare knows;
 If from examples then the Practice flows
 Of humane life, hence did th' Invention grow
 At distance to incounter with our foe. 60
 Hence the *Cydonians* instructed are
 Their Stratagems, and manner of their warre.
 Hence did the *Parthians* learne to fight, and fly;
 Taught by this bird their skilfull Archery.

(48) Withall '38.

(50) those] om. '68.

(59) .,; '38.

In Archimedis Sphæram ex Claudiano.

I Ove saw the Heavens fram'd in a little glasse,
 And laughing, to the Gods these words did passe;
 Comes then the power of mortall cares so farre?
 In brittle Orbes my labours acted are.
 The statutes of the Poles, the faith of things, 5
 The Laws of Gods this *Syracusan* brings

Hither by art: Spirits inclos'd attend
 Their severall spheares, and with set motions bend
 The living worke: Each yeare the faigned Sun,
 Each Month returns the counterfeited Moon; 10
 And viewing now her world, bold Industrie
 Grows proud, to know the heavens her subjects bee.
 Beleive *Salmonius* hath false thunders thrown,
 For a poore hand is Natures rivall grown.

De Magnete. Ex Claudiano.

WHo in the world with busy reason pryas,
 Searching the seed of things, & there descryes
 With what defect labours th' Ecclipsed moon,
 What cause commands a palenesse in the Sun,
 Whence ruddy comets with their fatall haire, 5
 Whence winds doe flow, and what the Motions are
 That shake the bowels of the trembling earth;
 What strikes the lightning forth; whence clouds give
 birth
 To horrid thunders; and doth also know
 What light lends lustre to the painted Bow: 10
 If ought of truth his soule doth understand,
 Let him resolve a question I'le demand:
 There is a stone which we the loadstone stile,
 Of colour ugly, darke, obscure, and vile:
 It never deck'd the sleiked locks of Kings, 15
 No Ornament, no gorgeous Tire it brings
 To Virgins beauteous necks, it never showne
 A splendent buckle in ther maiden Zone:

(8) give] have '68.

(16) ornaments '68.

But only heare the wonders I will tell
 Of the black peeble, and 'twill then excell 20
 All bracelets, and what e're the diving *Moore*
 'Mongst the red weeds seeks for 'ith Easterne shore:
 From Iron first it lives, Iron it eats,
 But that sweet feast it knows no other meats;
 Thence shee renews her strength, vigor is sent 25
 Through all her nerves by that hard nourishment;
 Without that food shee dies, a famine numm's
 Her meager joynts, a thirst her veins consumes.
Mars that frights Cities with his bloody speares,
 And *Venus* that releases humane feares, 30
 Doe both together in one Temple shine,
 Both joyntly honour'd in a common shrine;
 But different Statues, *Mars* a steele put on,
 And *Venus* figure was Magnetique stone.
 To them (as is the custome every yeare) 35
 The Preist doth celebrate a Nuptiall there.
 The torch the Quire doth lead, the threshold's green
 With hallowed Mirtles, and the beds are seen
 To smell with rosy flowers, the Geniall sheet
 Spread over with a purple Coverlet. 40

But heare (ô strange) the statues seem'd to move,
 And *Cytherea* runs to catch her Love;
 And like their former joyes in heaven possesst,
 With wanton heat clings to her *Mars'es* brest;
 There hangs a gratefull burden; then shee throwes 45
 Her armes about his helmet, to Inclose
 Her love in amorous Gives, least he get out,
 Here live embraces chaine him round about.
 He stir'd with love breath'd gently through his veins,
 Is drawne by unseene links and secret chaines 50

(36) This line om. in '68.

(41) here '43, ff.

(48) Here] Her '52.

To meet his spoused Gemme; the ayre doth wed
 The steele unto the stone; thus strangely led
 The Deities their stolne delights replay'd,
 And only Nature was the bridall mayd.
 What heat in these two Metals did inspire 55
 Such mutuall league? what concords powrefull fire
 Contracted their hard minds? the stone doth move
 With amorous heat, the steele doth learne to love.
 So *Venus* oft the God of warre withstood,
 And gives him milder looks; when hot with blood 60
 He rages to the fight, fierce with desire,
 And with drawn points whets up his active Ire;
 She dares goe forth alone, and boldly meet
 His foaming steeds, and with a winning greet
 The tumour of his high swolne breast asswage, 65
 Temp'ring with gentle flames his violent rage.
 Peace courts his soule, the fight he disavows,
 And his red plumes he now to kisses bows.

Ah cruell Boy large thy dominions bee,
 The Gods and all their Thunders yeild to thee: 70
 Great Iove to leave his heaven thou can'st constraine,
 And midst the brinish waves to Lowe againe.
 Now the cold Rocks thou strik'st, the sencelesse stone
 Thy weapon feeles, a lustfull heat doth runne
 Through veins of flint, the steele thy Pow'er can tame;
 And rigid Marble must admit thy flame. 76

(65) humor '68.

(66) Tempring '38.

(68) to kisses now he '64, '68.

(69) Ah! '68.

(72) lovv '43

Love '52.

(73) striks't '38.

(75) power '40, ff.

De Senæ Veronensi. Ex Claudiano.

Happy the man that all his dayes hath spent
 Within his owne grounds, and no farther went:
 Whom the same house that did him erst behold
 A little Infant, sees him now grown old,
 That with his staffe walkes where he crawl'd before, 5
 Counts th' age of one poore cottage and no more.
 Fortune ne're him with various tumult prest,
 Nor dranke he unknown streams, a wandering guest.
 He fear'd no Merchants stormes, nor drummes of war,
 Nor ever knew the strifes of the hoarse Bar. 10
 Who though to th' next Towne he a stranger bee,
 Yet heav'ns sweet prospect he enjoyes more free.
 From fruits, not Consuls, computation brings,
 By Apples Autumnes knows, by flowers the springs.
 Thus he the day by his owne orbe doth prize; 15
 In the same feild his Sunne doth set and rise.
 That knew an oake a twigge, and walking thither
 Beholds a wood and he grown up together.
 Neighbour'ring *Veron* he may for India take,
 And thinke the red sea is *Benacus* lake. 20
 Yet is his strength untam'd, and firme his knees,
 Him the third age a lusty Grandsire sees.
 Goe seeke who s' will the farre *Iberian* shore,
 This man hath liv'd, though that hath travel'd more.

(6) the age '68.

(19) Neighbouring '43, ff.

(22) Him in the third age '64.

(23) who's will '52.

The second Epod: of Horace translated.

H Appy the man which farre from city care;
 (Such as ancient Mortals were)
 With his own oxen plows his fathers land,
 Free from Vsurers griping hand.
 The souldiers trumpets never breake his sleepe, 5
 Nor angry seas that raging keepe.
 He shunnes the wrangling Hall, nor foot doth set
 On the proud thresholds of the Great:
 His life is this (O life almost divine)
 To marry Elmes unto the Vine; 10
 To prune unfruitfull branches, and for them
 To graft a bough of happier stemme.
 Or else within the low couch'd vallies views
 His well cloth'd flocks of bleating ewes.
 Sometimes his hony he in pots doth keepe, 15
 Sometimes he sheares his fleecy sheepe.
 And when his fruits with Autumne ripened bee
 Gathers his Apples from the Tree.
 And joyes to tast the peares himselfe did plant,
 And Grapes that naught of purple want. 20
 Vnder an Oake sometimes he layes his head,
 Making the tender grasse his bed.
 Meane while the streams along their banks doe float
 And birds doe chaunt with warbling throat;
 And gentle springs a gentle murmure keepe, 25
 To lull him to a quiet sleepe.
 When winter comes, and th' ayre doth chillier grow,
 Threatning showers and shivering snow;

(7) food '64.

(9)]] !'43, ff.

(14) floe'ks '38

Either with hounds he hunts the tusked swine
 That foe unto the corne and vine; 30
 Or layes his nets; or limes the unctuous bush
 To catch the blackbird, or the thrush.
 Sometimes the Hare he courses, and one way
 Makes both a pleasure and a prey.
 But if with him a modest wife doth meet, 35
 To guide his house and children sweet;
 Such as the *Sabine* or *Apulean* wife,
 Something brown but chaste of life;
 Such as will make a good warme fire to burne,
 Against her wearied Mate's returne; 40
 And shutting in her stalls her fruitfull Neat,
 Will milke the kines distended Teat:
 Fetching her husband of her selfe-brew'd beere,
 And other wholesome Country cheere.
 Suppe him with bread and cheese, Pudding or Pye, 45
 Such dainties as they doe not buy:
 Give me but these, and I shall never care
 Where all the *Lucrine* oysters are;
 These wholsome Country dainties shall to mee
 Sweet as *Tench* or *Sturgeon* bee. 50
 Had I but these I well could be without
 The *Carp*, the *Sammon*, or the *Trout*:
 Nor should the Phœnix selfe so much delight
 My not ambitious appetite,
 As should an Apple snatch'd from mine own trees, 55
 Or hony of my labouring Bees.
 My Cattels udders should afford me food,
 My sheep my cloth, my ground my wood.
 Sometimes a lambe, snatch'd from the wolfe shall bee
 A banquet for my freind and mee. 60

(38) Sometimes '68.

(42) Teat s '52.

(45) Pye,] bye, '43, '52.

(46) buy:] any : '43, '52.

Sometimes a Calfe ta'ne from her lowing Cow,
 Or tender Issue of the Sow.
 Our Gardens sallets yeild, Mallowes to keepe
 Loose bodies, Lettice for to sleepe.
 The cakling Hen an egge for breakfast layes, 65
 And Duck that in our water playes.
 The Goose for us her tender plumes hath bred
 To lay us in a softer bed.
 Our blankets are not dy'd with Orphans teares,
 Our Pillows are not stuff'd with cares. 70
 To walke on our owne grounds a stomack gets,
 The best of sawce to tart our meats.
 In midst of such a feast, 'tis joy to come
 And see the well fed Lambs at home.
 'Tis pleasure to behold th' inversed Plow 75
 The Lanquid necks of Oxen bow.
 And view th' industrious servants that will sweat
 Both at labour and at meat.
Lord grant me but enough; I aske no more
Then will serve mine, and helpe the poore. 80
 (72) tart] cure '52. our] out '38.

An Elegie upon the Lady Venetia Digby.

D*Eath*, who'ld not change prerogatives with thee,
 That dost such rapes, yet mayst not ques-
 tion'd bee?
 Here cease thy wanton lust, be satisfi'd,
 Hope not a second, and so faire a bride.
 Where was her *Mars*, whose valiant armes did hold 5
 This *Venus* once, that thou durst be so bold

Venetian Digby. '52. (2) ?] om. '38.

By thy too nimble theft? I know 'twas feare,
 Lest he should come, that would have rescu'd her.
Monster confesse, didst thou not blushing stand,
 And thy pale cheeke turne red to touch her hand? 10
 Did shee not lightning-like strike suddaine heat
 Through thy cold limbs, and thaw thy frost to sweate?
 Well since thou hast her, use her gently, *Death*,
 And in requitall of such pretious breath
 Watch sentinell to guard her, doe not see 15
 The wormes thy rivals, for the Gods will bee.
 Remember *Paris*, for whose pettier sin,
 The *Troian* gates let the stout *Grecians* in;
 So when time ceases, (whose unthrifty hand
 Has now almost consum'd his stock of sand) 20
 Myriads of Angels shall in Armies come,
 And fetch (proud ravisher) their *Helen* home.
 And to revenge this rape, thy other store
 Thou shalt resigne too, and shalt steale no more.
 Till then faire Ladies (for you now are faire, 25
 But till her death I fear'd your just dispaire,)
 Fetch all the spices that *Arabia* yeelds,
 Distill the choycest flowers of the fields:
 And when in one their best perfections meet
 Embalme her course, that shee may make them sweet.
 Whilst for an Epitaph upon her stone 31
 I cannot write, but I must weepe her one.

Epitaph.

Beauty it selfe lyes here, in whom alone,
 Each part injoy'd the same perfection.
 In some the Eyes we praise; in some the Haire; 35
 In her the Lips; in her the Cheeks are faire;

(10) turnd 68.
 (18) *Grecian* ' 52.

(20) Ha's '38.
 (22) their] there '38.

(32) This line om. in '68

That Nymphs fine Feet, her Hands we beauteous call,
 But in this forme we praise no part, but all.
 The ages past have many beauties showne,
 And I more plenty in our time have knowne; 40
 But in the age to come I looke for none,
 Nature despaires, because her patterns gone.

An Epitaph upon Mrs I. T.

REader if thou hast a teare,
 Thou canst not choose but pay it here.
 Here lyes *modesty, meeknesse, zeale,*
Goodnesse, Piety, and to tell
 Her worth at once, one that had showne 5
 All vertues that her sex could owne.
 Nor dare my praise too lavish bee,
 Least her dust blush for soe would shee.
 Hast thou beheld in the spring's bowers
 Tender buds breake to bring forth flowers: 10
 So to keepe vertues stock, pale death
 Tooke her to give her infant breath.
 Thus her accounts were all made even,
 Shee rob'd not earth to adde to heaven.

Mistress I. T. '43, '64 Mrs. J. T. '52
 (13) were all] are well '68.

Mistress J. T. '68.

An Epithalamium.

MVse be a bride-maid, dost not heare
 How honoured *Hunt* and his faire *Deere*,
 This day prepare their wedding cheere?

The swiftest of thy pinions take,
 And hence a suddaine journey make, 5
 To help 'em breake their bridall Cake.

Hast 'em to Church, tell 'em love sayes
 Religion breeds but fond delayes,
 To lengthen out the tedious dayes.

Chide the slow Preist, that so goes on, 10
 As if he feard he should have done
 His sermon, e're the glasse be runne.

Bid him post o'er his words, as fast
 As if himselfe were now to tast
 The pleasure of so faire a wast. 15

Now lead the blessed Couple home,
 And serve a dinner up for some;
 Their banquet is as yet to come.

Maids dance as nimbly as your blood,
 Which I see swell a purple flood 20
 In Emulation of that good

The bride possesseth; for I deeme
 What shee enjoyes will be the theme
 This night of every virgins dreame.

No separation between ll. 18 and 19 in '38.

But envy not their blest content,
 The hasty night is almost spent,
 And they of *Cupid* will be shent. 25

The Sunne is now ready to ride,
 Sure 'twas the morning I espide,
 Or 'twas the blushing of the bride. 30

See how the lusty bridegrooms veins
 Swell, till the active torrent strains
 To breake those o're stretcht azure chaines.

And the faire bride ready to cry
 To see her pleasant losse so nigh,
 Pants like the sealed Pigeons eye. 35

Put out the torch, Love loves no lights,
 Those that performe his misticke rites
 Must pay their Orisons by nights.

Nor can that sacrifice be done 40
 By any *Priest*, or *Nun* alone,
 But when they both are met in one.

Now you that tast of *Hymens* cheere,
 See that your lips doe meet so neare,
 That Cockels might be tutor'd there; 45

And let the whisprings of your love
 Such short and gentle murmurs prove,
 As they were Lectures to the dove.

(38) his] their '52.

(45) may 68.

And in such strict embraces twine
 As if you read unto the Vine, 50
 The Ivy, and the Columbine.

Then let your mutuall bosomes beat,
 Till they create by virtuall heat
 Mirre, Balme, and spikenard in a sweat.

Thence may there spring many a paire 55
 Of Sonnes and Daughters strong and faire:
 How soone the Gods have heard my praier!

Me thinks already I espy
 The cradles rock, the babies cry,
 And drousy Nurses Lullaby. 60

(57) This line indented in '38.

An Epitaph upon his honour'd freind M^r Warre.

HEre lyes the knowing head, the honest heart,
 Faire blood, and curteous hands, and every part
 Of gentle *Warre*, all with one stone content,
 Though each deserv'd a severall monument.
 He was (believe me Reader) for 'tis rare 5
 Virtuouse though young, and learned though an heire.
 Not with his Blood, or Natures gifts content
 He paid them both the tribute which they lent.
 His ancestors in him fixed their pride,
 So with him all reviv'd, with him all dyed. 10

(2) hand '64.

(7) vertues gift '68.

This made death lingring come, asham'd to bee
 At once the ruine of a familie.
 Learne Reader here, though long thy line hath stood,
 Time breeds consumptions in the noblest blood.
 Learne (Reader) here to what our Glories come, 15
 Here's no distinction 'twixt the House and Toombe.

(13) lone '68.

Vpon the losse of his little finger.

A Rithmetique nine digits, and no more
 Admits of, then I still have all my store.
 For what mischance hath tane from my left
 hand,
 It seemes did only for a Cipher stand.
 But this I'le say for thee departed joynt, 5
 Thou wert not given to steale, nor pick, not point
 At any in disgrace; but thou didst go
 Vntimely to thy Death only to show
 The other members what they once must doe;
 Hand, arme, legge, thigh, and all must follow too. 10
 Oft didst thou scan my verse, where if I misse
 Henceforth I will impute the cause to this.
 A fingers losse (I speake it not in sport)
 Will make a verse a Foot too short.
 Farewell deare finger, much I greive to see 15
 How soone mischance hath made a Hand of thee.

(6) nor pick,] not pick, '43, '64 to pick, '52 or pick, '68.

(14) verse sometimes a foot too short. '64, '68.

On the Passion of Christ.

WHat rends the temples vail, wher is day gone?
 How can a generall darknesse cloud the Sun?
 Astrologers their skill in vaine doe try;
 Nature must needs be sick, when God can dye.

(4) can] must '68.

Necessary Observations.

1 Precept.

First worship God, he that forgets to pray
 Bids not himselfe good morrow nor good day.
 Let thy first labour be to purge thy sin;
 And serve him first, whence all things did begin.

2 Pre.

Honour thy Parents to prolong thine end, 5
 With them though for a truth doe not contend.
 Though all should truth defend, doe thou loose rather
 The truth a while, then loose their *Loves* for ever.
 Who ever makes his fathers heart to bleed,
 Shall have a child that will revenge the deed. 10

3 Pre.

Thinke that is just; 'tis not enough to doe,
 Vnless thy very thoughts are upright too.

4 Pre.

Defend the truth, for that who will not dye,
 A coward is, and gives himselfe the lye.

5 Pre.

Honour the King, as sonnes their Parents doe, 15
 For he's thy Father, and thy Country's too.

6 Pre.

A freind is gold; if true heele never leave thee,
Yet both without a touchstone may deceive thee.

7 Pre.

Suspicious men thinke others false, but hee
Cozens himselfe that will too credulous bee. 20
For thy freinds sake, let no suspect be shown;
And shun to be too credulous for thine own.

8 Pre.

Take well what e're shall chance, though bad it bee;
Take it for good, and 'twill be so to thee.

9 Pre.

Swear not: An oath is like a dangerous dart 25
Which shot rebounds to strike the shooters heart.

10 Pre.

The law's the path of life; then that obey,
Who keeps it not hath wandring lost his way.

11 Pre.

Thanke those that doe thee good, so shalt thou gaine
Their second helpe, if thou shouldst need againe. 30

12 Pre.

To doubtfull matters doe not headlong run;
What's well left off, were better not begun.

13 Pre.

Be well advis'd, and wary counsell make,
E're thou dost any action undertake.
Having undertaken, thy endeauours bend 35
To bring thy Action to a perfect end.

14 Pre.

Safe in thy brest close lock up thy Intentis;
For he that knows thy purpose, best prevents.

15 Pre.

To tell thy miseries will no comfort breed,
 Men helpe thee most that thinke thou hast no need.
 But if the world once they misfortunes know, 41
 Thou soone shalt loose a freind, and find a foe.

16 Pre.

Keepe thy freinds goods; for should thy wants be known,
 Thou canst not tell but they may be thine own.

17 Pre.

To gather wealth through fraud doe not presume, 45
 A little evill got will much consume.

18 Pre.

First thinke, and if thy thoughts approve thy will
 Then speake, and after what thou speakst fulfill.

19 Pre.

Spare not, nor spend too much; be this thy care,
 Spare but to spend, and only spend to spare. 50
 Who spends too much may want, and so complaine.
 But he spends best that spares to spend againe.

20 Pre.

If with a stranger thou discourse first learne
 By strictest observations to discern,
 If he be wiser then thy selfe; if so 55
 Be dumbe, and rather choose by him to know.
 But if thy selfe perchance the wiser bee,
 Then doe thou speake that he may learne by thee.

21 Pre.

If thou dispraise a man let no man know,
 By any circumstance that he's thy foe: 60
 If men but once find that, they'l quickly see
 Thy words from hate, and not from judgment bee.

If thou wouldst tell his vice, doe what you can
To make the world believe thou lov'st the man.

22 Pre.

Reprove not in their wrath incensed men, 65
Good counsell comes cleane out of season then.
But when his fury is appeas'd and past,
He will conceive his fault and mend at last.
When he is coole, and calme then utter it;
No man gives Physick in the midst oth' Fit. 70

23 Pre.

Seeme not too conscious of thy worth, nor be
The first that knows thy own sufficiency.
If to thy King and Country thy true care
More servicable is then others are,
That blaze in court, and every Action sway 75
As if the Kingdome on their shoulders lay.
Or if thou serv'st a master, and dost see
Others prefer'd of lesse Desert then thee,
Doe not complaine though such a Plaint be true,
Lords will not give their Favours as a Due. 80
But rather stay and hope: it cannot bee
But men at last must needs thy vertues see.
So shall thy trust endure, and greater grow,
Whilst they that are above thee, fall below.

24 Pre.

Desire not thy mean fortunes for to set 85
Next to the stately Mannors of the Great.
He will suspect thy labours, and oppresse,
Fearing thy greatnesse makes his wealth the lesse.
Great ones doe love no Æquals: But must bee
About the Termes of all comparitie. 90

(68) mend] men '38.

(86)Manners '52.

(85) meane-fortunes '38.

Such a rich Neighbour is compared best
 To the great Pike that eats up all the rest.
 Or else like *Pharaohs* Cow, that in an houre
 Will seaven of his fattest freinds devoure.
 Or like the sea whose vastnesse swallows cleane 95
 All other streams, though no encrease be seene.
 Live by the Poore, they doe the Poore no harme;
 So Bees thrive best when they together swarme.
 Rich men are Bears, and Poore men ought to feare 'em.
 Like ravenous wolves; 'tis dangerous living neare 'em. 100

25 Pre.

Each man three Divils hath, selfe borne afflictions;
 Th' unruly Tongue, the Belly, and Affections.
 Charme these, such holy Conjurations can
 Gaine thee the friendship both of God and man.

26 Pre.

So liue with man as if Gods curious eye, 105
 Did every where into thine Actions prie.
 For never yet was sinne so void of sence,
 So fully fac'd with brazen Impudence,
 As that it durst before mens eyes commit
 Their beastly lusts, least they should witness it. 110
 How dare they then offend, when God shall see,
 That must alone both Iudge and Iury bee?

27 Pre.

Take thou no care how to deferre thy death,
 And give more respit to this Mortall breath.
 Would'st thou live long? the only meanes are these 115
 'Bove *Galens* diet, or *Hippocrates*.
 Strive to live well; Tread in the upright wayes,
 And rather count thy Actions then thy dayes,

(100) wolves '43, ff.

(101) hath '38 hath; '43, ff. affliction, '52.

(106) thy '68.

(112) ?] '38.

Then thou hast liv'd enough amongst us here,
 For every day well spent I count a yeare. 120
 Live well, and then how soone soe're thou die,
 Thou art of Age to claim Æternitie.
 But he that out lives *Nestor*, and appears
 T'have the date of gray *Methusalem's* yeares.
 If his life to sloth and sinne doth give, 125
 I say he only *Was*, he did not *Live!*

28 Pre.

Trust not a man unknown he may deceive thee;
 And doubt the man thou knowst for he may leave
 thee.
 And yet for to prevent exceptions too,
 'Tis best not seeme to doubt although you doe. 130

29 Pre.

Heare much but little speake, a wise man feares,
 And will not use his tongue so much as eares.
 The Tongue if it the hedge of Teeth doe break
 Will others shame, and its own Ruine speak.
 I never yet did ever read of any 135
 Vndone by hearing, but by speaking many.
 The reason's this, the Eares if chast and holy,
 Doe let in wit, the Tongue doth let out folly.

30 Pre.

To all alike be curteous, meeke, and kind,
 A winning carriage with indifferent mind, 140
 Be not familiar, that must be exempt,
 Groomes saucy love soone turnes into contempt.
 Be sure he be at least as good as thee,
 To whom thy freindship shall familiar bee.

(124) *Methusalem's* '68.

(129) exception '43, ff.

(137) holly '52.

(142) love, '38.

31 Pre.

Judge not between two freinds, but rather see 145
 If thou canst bring them freindly to agree.
 So shalt thou both their Loves to thee encrease,
 And gaine a Blessing too for making Peace;
 But if thou should'st decide the cause i' th' end,
 How e're thou judge thou sure shalt loose a freind. 150

32 Pre.

Thy credit wary keepe, 'tis quickly gone;
 Being got by many Actions, lost by one.

33 Pre.

Vnto thy Brother buy not, sell, nor lend,
 Such Actions have their own peculiar end;
 But rather choose to give him, if thou see 155
 That thou hast pow'er, and hee necessitie.

34 Pre.

Spare in thy youth, least Age should find thee poore
 When time is past, and thou canst spare no more.
 No coupl'd misery is so great in either,
 As Age and Want when both doe meet together. 160

35 Pre.

Fly Drunkenesse, whose vile incontinence
 Takes both away the reason and the sence.
 Till with *Circæan* cups thy mind possesst
 Leaves to be man, and wholly turnes a Beast.
 Thinke whilst thou swallowest the capacious Bowle, 165
 Thou let'st in Seas to wrack and drown the soule.
 That hell is open, to remembrance call,
 And thinke how subject drunkards are to Fall.
 Consider how it soone destroyes the grace
 Of humane shape, spoyling the beauteous face. 170

(152) -J, '38.

(156) power '40 ff.

(163) Ciræan Kups '43, '52

mind's '43, '52, '68.

Puffing the cheekes, blearing the curious eye,
 Studding the face with vitious Heraldry.
 What Pearles and Rubies doth the wine disclose,
 Making the purse poore to enrich the Nose?
 How does it nurse disease, infect the heart. 175
 Drawing some sicknesse into every part!
 The stomack overcloyd, wanting a vent
 Doth up againe resend her excrement.
 And then (ô see what too much wine can doe!)
 The very soule being drunke spews secrets too. 180
 The Lungs corrupted breath contagious ayre,
 Belching up fumes that unconcocted are.
 The Braine o'rewarm'd (loosing her sweet repose)
 Doth purge her filthy ordure through the nose.
 The veins doe boyle glutted with vitious food, 185
 And quickly Fevers the distemper'd blood.
 The belly swells, the foot can hardly stand
 Lam'd with the Gout; the Palsie shakes the Hand.
 And through the flesh sick waters sinking in,
 Doe bladder-like puffe up the dropsi'd skin. 190
 It weaks the Braine, it spoiles the memory;
 Hasting on Age, and wilfull Poverty.
 It drownes thy better parts; making thy name
 To foes a laughter, to thy freinds a shame.
 'Tis vertues poyson, and the bane of trust, 195
 The match of wrath, the fuell unto lust.
 Quite leave this vice, and turne not to't againe,
 Vpon Presumption of a stronger braine.
 For he that holds more wine then others can,
 I rather count a Hogshead then a man. 200

36 Pre.

Let not thy Impotent lust so pow'full bee
 Over thy Reason, Soule, and Liberty,
 As to enforce thee to a married life,
 E're thou art able to maintaine a wife.
 Thou canst not feed upon her lips and face 205
 Shee cannot cloth thee with a poore imbrace.
 My selfe being yet alone, and but one still,
 With patience could endure the worst of ill.
 When fortune frownes, one to the wars may goe
 To fight against his foes, and fortunes too. 210
 But (ô) the greife were trebled for to see
 Thy wretched Bride halfe pin'd with Povertie.
 To see thy Infants make their dumb complaint
 And thou not able to relieve their want.
 The poorest begger when he's dead and gone, 215
 Is rich as he that sits upon the Throne.
 But he that having no estate is wed,
 Starves in his grave, being wretched when he's dead.

37 Pre.

If e're I take a wife I will have one
 Neither for beauty nor for portion, 220
 But for her vertues; and I'le married bee
 Not for my lust, but for posteritie.
 And when I am wed, I'le never iecalous bee,
 But make her learne how to be chaste by mee.
 And be her face what 'twill, I'le thinke her faire 225
 If shee within the house confine her care.
 If modest in her words and cloths shee bee,
 Not daub'd with pride and prodigalitie.
 If with her neighbours shee maintaines no strife,
 And beare her selfe to me a faithfull wife, 230

(201) povverfull '40 powerfull '43, ff.

(211) treble '43, ff.

I'de rather unto such a one be wed
 Then claspe the choicest *Helen* in my bed.
 Yet though shee were an Angell my affection
 Should only love, not dote on her perfection.

A Platonick Elegie.

Love, give me leave to serve thee, and be wise
 To keepe thy torch in, but restore blind eyes.
 I will a flame into my bosome take,
 That Martyrs Court when they embrace the stake:
 Not dull, and smoakie fires, but heat divine, 5
 That burnes not to consume, but to refine.
 I have a Mistresse for perfections rare
 In every eye, but in my thoughts most faire.
 Like Tapers on the Altar shine her eyes;
 Her breath is the perfume of Sacrifice. 10
 And where soe're my fancy would begin,
 Still her perfection lets religion in.
 I touch her like my Beads with devout care;
 And come unto my Courtship as my Praier.
 We sit, and talke, and kisse away the houres, 15
 As chastly as the morning dewes kisse flowers.
 Goe wanton Lover, spare, thy sighs and teares,
 Put on the Livery which thy dotage weares,
 And call it Love, where heresie gets in
 Zeal's but a coale to kindle greater sin. 20
 Wee weare no flesh, but one another greet,
 As blessed soules in separation meet.

An Elegie '38.

(3) my] thy '68.

(4) stake] state '68.

(7) perfection '68.

(14) Court-ships '68.

(17) Line not indented in '38.

(18) the] thy '68.

Wer't possible that my ambitious sin,
 Durst commit rapes upon a *Cberubin*,
 I might have lustfull thoughts to her, of all 25
 Earths heav'nly Quire the most Angelicall.
 Looking into my brest, her forme I find
 That like my Guardian-Angell keeps my mind
 From rude attempts; and when affections stirre,
 I calme all passions with one thought of her. 30
 Thus they whose reasons love, and not their sence,
 The spirits love: thus one Intelligence
 Reflects upon his like, and by chast loves
 In the same speare this and that Angell moves.
 Nor is this barren Love; one noble thought 35
 Begets an other, and that still is brought
 To bed of more; vertues and grace increase,
 And such a numerous issue ne're can cease.
 Where Children, though great blessings, only bee
 Pleasures repriv'd to some posteritie. 40
 Beasts love like men, if men in lust delight
 And call that love which is but appetite.
 When essence meets with essence, and soules joyne
 In mutuall knots, thats the true Nuptall twine:
 Such Lady is my Love, and such is true; 45
 All other Love is to your Sexe, not You.

*An Apologie for his false Prediction that his
Aunt Lane would be deliver'd of a Sonne.*

Μάντις ἄοιστος ὅς τις εἰκάξει καλῶς.

The best Prophets are but good Guessers.

A Re then the *Sibils* dead? what is become
Of the lowd Oracles? are the Augurs dumbe?
Live not the *Magi* that so oft reveald
Natures intents? is Gipsisme quite repeald?
Is *Friar Bacon* nothing but a name? 5
Or is all witchcraft braind with Doctor *Lambe*?
Does none the learned *Bungies* soule inherit?
Has Madam *Davers* dispossest her spirit?
Or will the Welchmen give me leave to say
There is no faith in *Merlin*? none, though they 10
Dare sweare each letter creed, and pawne their blood
He prophecied, an age before the flood,
Of holy *Dee*; which was, as some have said,
Ten generations ere the Arke was made.
All your predictions but Impostures are, 15
And you but prophecy of things that were.

And you Cœlestiall Iuglers that pretend
You are acquainted with the starres, and send
Your spyes to search what's done in every spheare,
Keeping your state-intelligencers there 20
Your art is all deceit; for now I see
Against the Rules of deepe Astrologie,
Girles may be got when *Mars* his power doth vaunt,
And boyes when *Venus* is Predominant.

'εἰκάξει '38.

(20) state intelligencers '38. (26),] om. '38.

Nor doth the Moone though moist and cold shee bee
 Alwaies at full, work to produce the shee: 26
 Had this been true I had foretold no lie,
 It was the Art was in the wrong, not I.
 Thence I so dully err'd in my beleife,
 As to mistake an *Adam* for an *Eve*: 30
 O grosse mistake, and in the civill pleas
Error Personæ, M^r Doctor sayes,
 And may admit divorce; but farewell now
 You hungry star-fed Tribe, hence forth I vow
Talmud, *Albumazar*, and Ptolomie, 35
 With *Erra-Pater* shall no Gospell bee.
 Nor will I ever after this I swear
 Throw Dice upon the shepherds Calender.
 But why doe I t'excuse my Ignorance
 Lay blame upon the Art? no, no, perchance 40
 I have lost all my skill: for well I know
 My Physiognomie two years agoe
 By the small Pox was mar'd, and it may bee
 A fingers losse hath spoild my Palmistry.
 But why should I a grosse mistake confesse? 45
 No I am confident I did but guesse
 The very truth: it was a male child then,
 But Aunt you staid till 'twas a wench agen.
 To see th' unconstancy of humane things,
 How little time great Alteration brings! 50
 All things are subject unto change we know,
 And if all things, why then not sexes too?
Tyresias we read a man was borne
 Yet after did into a woman turne.

(31) ,]! '68.

(32) Master '40, ff.

(33) many '64, '68.

(34) vow] now '38.

(51) thing '38.

Levinus a Physitian of great fame, 55
 Reports that one at *Paris* did the same.
 And devout Papists say certaine it is,
 One of their Popes by Metamorphosis
 Indur'd the same; else how could *Ioan* be heire
 To the succession of *S. Peters* chaire. 60

So I at *Chairing crosse* have beheld one
 A statue cut out of the *Parian* stone
 To figure great *Alcides*; which when well
 The Artist saw it was not like to sell,
 He takes his chissill, and away he pares 65
 Part of his sinewy neck, shaving the haire
 Of his rough beard and face, smoothing the brow,
 And making that looke amorous, which but now
 Stood wrinkled with his anger; from his head
 He poles the shaggy locks, that had o're spread 70
 His brawny shoulders with a fleece of haire,
 And workes instead more gentle tresses there.
 And thus his skill exactly to expresse,
 Soone makes a *Venus* of an *Hercules*.

And can it then impossible appeare, 75
 That such a change as this might happen here?
 For this cause therefore (Gentle Aunt) I pray
 Blame not my Prophecy, but your delay.

But this will not excuse me; that I may 80
 Directly cleare my selfe, there is no way
 Vnlesse the Iesuits will to me impart
 The secret depth of their mysterious art;
 Who from their halting Patriot learne to frame
 A Crutch for every word that fals out lame.

(56) that] of '68.

(60) Saint '43, '52 St. '68.

61) Not indented in '38.

(64) ;] ; '38.

(69) ;] ; '38.

(70) pulls '68 that] and '40, '43, '52.

(74) an] a '64, '68.

(82) ;] . '38.

That can the subtle difference discry 85
 Betwixt æquivocation and a lie.
 And a rare scape by sly distinction find
 To swear the Tongue, and yet not swear the mind.
 Now arm'd with Arguments I nothing dread,
 But my own cause thus confidently plead. 90
 I said there was a boy within your wombe,
 Not actually, but one in time to come.
 Or by *Antiphrasis* my words might bee
 That ever understands the contrary;
 Or when I said you should a man-child beare, 95
 You understood me of the sexe I feare,
 When I did meane the mind; and thus define
 A woman but of spirit masculine.
 Or had I said it should a girle have been
 And it had prov'd a boy, you should have seen 100
 Me solve it thus; I meant a boy by fate,
 But one that would have been effeminate.
 Or thus I had my just excuse begun,
 I said my Aunt would surely bring a sonne
 If not a daughter; what we seers forsee 105
 Is certaine truth unlesse it falshood bee.
 Or I affirme because shee brought forth one
 That will bring boyes, shee hath brought forth a son.
 For doe not we call Father *Adam* thus,
 Because that he got those that have got us? 110
 What ere I said by simple Affirmation,
 I meant the right by mentall reservation.

(91) with in '38.
 (100) you] it '38.

(110) ?] . '38.
 (112) *mentall reservation* '40, ff.

An Epithalamium to M^r F. H.

F*Ranke*, when this Morne the harbinger of day
 Blush'd from her Easterne pillow where shee lay
 Clasp'd in her *Tytbons* arms red with those kisses,
 Which being enjoy'd by night, by day shee misses.
 I walk'd the feilds to see the teeming earth, 5
 Whose wombe now swells to give the flowers a birth.
 Where while my thoughts with every object tane,
 In severall contemplations rapt my braine,
 A suddaine lustre like the Sunne did rise,
 And with so great a light eclips'd mine eyes. 10
 At last I spyed a Beauty such another,
 As I have sometimes heard call thee her Brother.
 But by the chariot, and her teame of Doves,
 I guest her to be *Venus*, Queene of Loves.
 With her a pretty boy I there did see, 15
 But for his wings I' had thought it had been thee.
 At last when I beheld his quiver of darts,
 I knew t'was *Cupid*, Emp'ror of our hearts.
 Thus I accosted them, Goddesses divine,
 Great Queene of *Paphos* and *Cytherian* shrine: 20
 Whose Altars no man sees that can depart
 Till in those flames he sacrifice his heart;
 That conquer'st Gods, and men; and heaven divine,
 Yea and hell too: Beare witnessse *Proserpine*.
 And *Cupid*, thou that canst thy Trophies show 25
 Over all these, and o're thy Mother too;
 Witnessse the night which when with *Mars* shee lay,
 Did all her sports to all the Gods betray:

(8) wrapt '52.

(14) guesse '52.

(16) I had '40, '43, '52 I'd '64

(18) Emperour '38.

(23) conquerest '38.

I'de '68.

Tell me great Powers; what makes such glorious beams
 Visit the lowly banks of *Ninus* streams? 30
 Then *Venus* smil'd, and smiling bid me know
Cupid and shee must both to *Węston* goe.
 I guesst the cause; for *Hymen* came behind
 In saffron robes, his Nuptiall knots to bind.
 Then thus I pray'd: Great *Venus* by the Love 35
 Of thy *Adonis*; as thou hop'st to move
 Thy *Mars* to second kisses; and obtaine
 Beauties reward, the Golden fruit againe:
 Bow thy faire eares to my chast prayers, and take
 Such Orisons as purest Love can make. 40
 Thou, and thy boy I know are posting thither
 To tye pure hearts in purest bonds together.
Cupid thou know'st the maid: I' have seene thee lye
 With all thy arrowes lurking in her eye.
Venus thou know'st her love, for I have seene 45
 The time thou would'st have faine her Rivall been.
 O blesse them both! Let their affections meet
 With happy omens in the Geniall sheet.
 Both comely, beauteous both, both equall faire,
 Thou canst not glory in a fitter paire. 50
 I would not thus have praid if I had seen
 Fourscore and ten, wed to a young fifteen.
 Death in such Nuptials seems with love to play,
 And Ianuary seems to match with May:
 Autumne to wed the Spring; Frost to desire 55
 To kisse the Sun; Ice to embrace the fire.
 Both these are young, both sprightfull, both compleat,
 Of equall moisture, and of equall heat:
 And their desires are one; were all Loves such
 Who would love solitary sheets so much? 60

(43) I have '40, '43, '52 I've '64, '68.

(59) Loves] love '68.

Virginitie (whereof chaste foole doe boast;
 A thing not known what 'tis, till it be lost)
 Let others praise; for me I cannot tell
 What vertue 'tis to lead Baboons in hell.
 Woman is one with man when shee is brided; 65
 The same in kind, only in sexe divided.
 Had all dy'd maids, we had been nothing then;
Adam had been the first, and last of men.
 How none O *Venus* then thy power had seen?
 How then in vaine had *Cupid's* arrows been? 70
 My selfe whose coole thoughts feele no hot desires,
 That serve not *Venus* flames, but *Vestas* fires;
 Had I not vow'd the cloysters, to confine
 My selfe to no more wives then only nine
Parnassus brood; those that heare *Phæbus* sing, 75
 Bathing their naked limbs in *Thespian* spring.
 I'de rather bee an Owle of Birds, then one
 That is the *Phænix* if shee live alone.
 Two is the first of numbers; one naught can doe,
 One then is good, when one is made of two. 80
 Which mistery is thine great *Venus*, thine;
 Thy union can two soules in one combine.
 Now by that power I charge thee blesse the sheets
 With happy issue where this couple meets.
 The maid's a *Harvy*, one that may compare 85
 With fruit *Hesperian*, or the Dragons care.
 Her Love a *Ward*; not he that awed the seas,
 Frighting the fearefull *Hamadryades*,
 That Ocean terrour, he that durst outbrave
 Dread *Neptunes* Trident, *Amphitrites* wave. 90

(62) what, 'tis '38.
 (64) vertue, 'tis '38.
 (74) to more '68.
 (76) their] her '68.

(78) live] be '68.
 (79) Two is] Two's '40, ff. numbers, '40 ff.
 (88) ,]. '38.

This *Ward* a milder Pirat sure will prove,
 And only sailes the *Hellespont* of Love,
 As once *Leander* did; his theft is best
 That nothing steales but whats within the brest.
 Yet let that other *Ward* his thefts compare, 95
 And ransack all his treasures, let him beare
 The wealth of worlds, the bowels of the *West*
 And all the richest treasures of the *East*.
 The sands of *Tagus*, all *Pactolus* ore,
 With both the *Indies*; yet this one gets more 100
 At once by Love, then he by force could get,
 Or ravish from the Marchants; let him set
 His Ores together; let him vainely boast
 Of spices snatch'd from the *Canary* coast.
 The Gummes of *Ægypt*, of the *Tyrian* fleece 105
 Died in his Native purple, with what *Greece*,
Colchos, *Arabia*, or proud *China* yeilds,
 With all the Metals in *Guiana* feilds.
 When this has set all forth to boast his pride
 In various pompe this other brings his Bride, 110
 And I'le be judg'd by all judicious eyes,
 If shee alone prove not the richer prize.
 O let not death have power their Love to sever!
 Let them both love, and live and die together.
 O let their beds be chast, and banish thence 115
 As well all Iealousies, as all offence!
 For some men I have known, whose wives have been
 As chast as Ice: such as were never seen
 In wanton dalliance, such as untill death
 Never smelt any, but their husbands breath. 120
 Yet the Good-man still dream'd of hornes, still fearing
 His forehead would grow harder; still appearing

(101) Love; '38.

(110) pompe, '38.

(114) live] live, '40, ff.

To his own fancy, bull, or stagge, or more,
 Or Oxe at least, that was an Asse before.
 If shee would have new cloaths, he streight will feare
 Shee loves a Taylour; if shee sad appeare 126
 He guesses soone it is 'cause he's at home;
 If jocund, sure shee has some freind to come.
 If shee be sick, he thinkes no greife shee felt,
 But wishes all Physitians had been guelt. 130
 But aske her how shee does, sets him a swearing,
 Feeling her pulse, is love tricks past the bearing.
 Poore wretched wife, shee cannot looke a wry
 But without doubt 'tis flat adultery.

And jealous wives there be, that are afraid 135
 To entertaine a handsome Chamber-maid.
 Farre, farre from them be all such thoughts I pray,
 Let their Loves prove eternall, and no day
 Adde date to their affections, grant (ô Queene)
 Their Loves like nuptiall bayes be alwaies greene. 140
 And also grant — — — But here shee bid me stay,
 For well shee knew what I had else to say.
 I ask'd no more, wish'd her hold on her race
 To joyne their hands, and send them night apace.
 Shee smil'd to heare what I in sport did say, 145
 So whip'd her doves and smiling rid away.

(131) set '38.

(135) Not indented in '40, ff.

To M^r Feltham on his booke of Resolves.

IN this unconstant Age when all mens minds
 In various change strive to outvie the winds.
 When no man sets his foot upon the square,
 But treads on globes and circles; when we are
 The Apes of Fortune, and desire to bee

Revolved on as fickle wheeles as shee.
 As if the planets, that our rulers are,
 Made the soules motion too irregular.
 When minds change oftner then the *Greek* could dream,
 That made the Metempseucos'd soule his theame; 10
 Yea oft to beastly formes: when truth to say
 Moons change but once a month, we twice a day.
 When none resolves but to be rich, and ill;
 Or else resolves to be irresolute still.
 In such a tide of minds, that every houre 15
 Doe ebbe and flow; by what inspiring power,
 By what instinct of grace I cannot tell,
 Dost thou resolve so much, and yet so well?
 While foolish men whose reason is their sence,
 Still wander in the worlds circumference: 20
 Thou holding passions raines with strictest hand
 Dost firme and fixed in the Center stand.
 Thence thou art setled, others while they tend
 To rove about the circle find no end.
 Thy booke I read, and read it with delight, 25
 Resolving so to live as thou dost wright.
 And yet I guesse thy life thy booke produces,
 And but expresses thy peculiar uses.
 Thy manners dictate, thence thy writing came,
 So *Lesbians* by their worke their rules doe frame, 30
 Not by the rules the worke; thy life had been
 Patterne enough, had it of all been seen,
 Without a book; books make the difference here,
 In them thou liv'st the same but every where.

(6) Resolved '40, ff.

(16) flow, '43, ff.

(20) wandring '43, ff.

(21) Thou] Though '52.

(23) other-while '43, '52, '64.

(26) write '40, ff.

(30) works '40, '43, '52.

(32) of] at '52.

(33) ;] ? '52.

And this I guesse, though th'art unknown to me, 35
 By thy chast writing; else it could not bee
 (Dissemble ne're so well) but here and there
 Some tokens of that plague would soone appeare;
 Oft lurking in the skin a secret gout
 In books would sometimes blister, and breake out. 40
 Contagious sinnes in which men take delight
 Must needs infect the paper when they write.

But let the curious eyes of *Lynceus* look
 Through every nerve, and sinew of this book,
 Of which 'tis full: let the most diligent mind 45
 Prie thorough it, each sentence he shall find
 Season'd with chast, not with an itching salt,
 More savouring of the Lampe, then of the malt.

But now too many thinke no wit divine,
 None worthy life, but whose luxurious line 50
 Can ravish Virgins thoughts. And is it fit
 To make a pandar, or a baud of wit?

But tell 'em of it, in contempt they look,
 And aske in scorne if you would geld their book.
 As if th' effeminate braine could nothing doe 55
 That should be chast, and yet be masculine too.

Such books as these (as they themselves indeed
 Truly confesse) men doe not praise but read.
 Such idle books, which if perchance they can 60
 Better the braine, yet they corrupt the man.

Thou hast not one bad line so lustfull bred
 As to dye maid, or Matrons cheeke in red.
 Thy modest wit, and witty honest letter
 Make both at once my wit, and me the better.

(54) their] the '40, ff.
 (55) th'] the '68.

(56) masc'line '64, '68.
 (64) Makes '38.

Thy book a Garden is, and helps us most 65
 To regaine that which wee in *Adam* lost.
 Where on the Tree of knowledge wee may feed,
 But such as no forbidden fruits doth breed.
 Whose leaves like those whence *Eve* her coat did frame,
 Serve not to cover, but to cure our shame. 70
 Fraught with all flowers, not only such as grows
 To please the eye, or to delight the nose.
 But such as may redeeme lost healths againe,
 And store of Hellebore to purge the braine.
 Such as would cure the surfet man did take 75
 From *Adams* Apples: such as faine would make
 Mans second Paradise, in which should bee
 The fruits of life, but no forbidden Tree.
 It is a Garden; ha, I thus did say:
 And maids, and Matrons blushing runne away. 80
 But maids reenter these chast pleasing bowers;
 Chast Matrons here gather the purest flowers.
 Feare not: from this pure Garden doe not flye,
 In it doth no obsceane *Priapus* lye.
 This is an *Eden* where no serpents bee 85
 To tempt the womans imbecillitie.
 These lines rich sap the fruit to heaven doth raise;
 Nor doth the Cinnamon barke deserve lesse praise,
 I meane the stile, being pure and strong and round,
 Not long but Pythy: being short breath'd, but sound.
 Such as the grave, acute, wise *Seneca* sings, 91
 That best of Tutours to the worst of kings.
 Not long and empty; lofty but not proud;
 Subtle but sweet, high but without a cloud.
 Well setled full of nerves, in breife 'tis such 95
 That in a little hath comprized much,

(65) helpe '38.

(79) ha' '38.

(85) bee; '38.

(92) Tutour '38.

Like th' *Iliads* in a Nutshell: And I say
 Thus much for stile; though truth should not bee gay
 In strumpets glittering robes, yet ne' rethelesse
 Shee well deserves a Matrons comelinesse. 100
 Being too brave shee would our fancies glut;
 But we should loath her being too much the slut.
 The reasonable soule from heaven obtain'd
 The best of bodies; and that man hath gain'd
 A double praise, whose noble vertues are 105
 Like to the face, in soule and body faire.
 Who then would have a noble sentence clad
 In russet-thread-bare words, is full as mad
 As if *Apelles* should so fondly dote,
 As to paint *Venus* in old *Baucys* coat. 110
 They erre that would bring stile so basely under;
 The lofty language of the Law was thunder.
 The wisest 'pothecary knows 'tis skill
 Neatly to candy o're the wholesome pill.
 Best Physique then, when gall with sugar meets, 115
 Tempring Absinthian bitternesse with sweets.
 Such is thy sentence, such thy stile, being read.
 Men see them both together happ'ly wed.
 And so resolve to keepe them wed, as we
 Resolve to give them to posteritie. 120
 'Mongst thy resolves put my resolves in too;
 Resolve who's will, thus I resolve to doe:
 That should my errours choose anothers line
 Whereby to write, I meane to live by thine.

(98) gay.' 38.

(116) Absinthian '38

sweats '68.

(107) nobler '52.

(122) whose '52.

(108) russet thread-bare '68.

In Natalem Augustissimi Principis Caroli.

Thy first birth *Mary* was unto a tombe,
 And sad *Lucina* cheated thy blest wombe.
 To heav'n thou then wert fruitfull, now to earth,
 That canst give Saints as well as Kings a birth.

(3) thou wert '40, ff.

Vpon his Picture.

When age hath made me what I am not now;
 And every wrinkle tels me where the plow
 Of time hath furrowed; when an Ice shalt
 flow

Through every vein, and all my head wear snow:
 When death displayes his coldnesse in my cheeke, 5
 And I, my selfe in my owne Picture seeke.
 Not finding what I am, but what I was;
 In doubt which to beleive, this, or my glasse:
 Yet though I alter, this remains the same
 As it was drawne, retaines the primitive frame, 10
 And first complexion; here will still be seen
 Blood on the cheeke, and Downe upon the chin.
 Here the smooth brow will stay, the lively eye,
 The ruddy Lip, and haire of youthfull dye.
 Behold what frailty we in man may see, 15
 Whose Shaddow is lesse given to change then hee.

(4) wear] be '40, '43, '52, '68 be-snow '64.

*An Ode to M^r Anthony Stafford to hasten
him into the country.*

Come spurre away,
I have no patience for a longer stay;
But must goe downe,
And leave the chargeable noise of this great Towne.
I will the country see, 5
Where old simplicity,
Though hid in gray
Doth looke more gay
Then foppery in plush and scarlat clad.
Farewell you City-wits that are 10
Almost at Civill warre;
'Tis time that I grow wise, when all the world grows
mad.

More of my dayes
I will not spend to gaine an Idiots praise;
Or to make sport 15
For some slight Punie of the Innes of Court.
Then worthy *Stafford* say
How shall we spend the day,
With what delights
Shorten the nights? 20
When from this tumult we are got secure;
Where mirth with all her freedome goes
Yet shall no finger loose;
Where every word is thought, and every thought is
pure.

(12) grows] growe '40.

(18)],. '38.

There from the tree 25
 Wee'l cherries plucke, and pick the strawbery.
 And every day
 Go see the wholesome Country Girles make hay.
 Whose browne hath lovelier grace,
 Then any painted face, 30
 That I doe know
Hide-Parke can show.
 Where I had rather gaine a kisse then meet
 (Though some of them in greater state
 Might court my love with plate) 35
 The beauties of the *Cheape*, and wives of *Lumbardstreet*.

But thinke upon
 Some other pleasures, these to me are none,
 Why doe I prate
 Of woemen, that are things against my fate? 40
 I never meane to wed,
 That torture to my bed.
 My Muse is shee
 My Love shall bee.
 Let Clownes get wealth, and heires; when I am gone,
 And the great Bugbeare grisly death 46
 Shall take this idle breath
 If I a Poem leave, that Poem is my Sonne.

Of this, no more;
 Wee'l rather tast the bright *Pomona's* store. 50
 No fruit shall scape
 Our pallats, from the damsen, to the grape.
 Then full we'l seek a shade,
 And heare what musique's made;

(29) Whose] whose '38. hath] and '68.

(34-5) No parentheses in '38.

(37) upon. '38.

(40) ?] om. '38.

How Philomell
 Her tale doth tell: 55
 And how the other Birds doe fill the quire;
 The Thrush and Blackbird lend their throats
 Warbling melodious notes;
 Wee will all sports enjoy, which others but desire. 60

Ours is the skie,
 Where at what fowle we please our Hauke shall flye;
 Nor will we spare
 To hunt the crafty foxe, or timorous hare;
 But let our hounds runne loose 65
 In any ground they'l choose,
 The Bucke shall fall,
 The stagge and all:
 Our pleasures must from their owne warrants bee,
 For to my *Muse*, if not to mee, 70
 I'me sure all game is free;
 Heaven, Earth, are all but parts of her great Royalty.

And when we meane
 To tast of *Bacchus* blessings now and then,
 And drinke by stealth 75
 A cup or two to noble *Barkleys* health.
 I'le take my pipe and try
 The *Phrygian* melody;
 Which he that heares
 Lets through his eares 80
 A madnesse to distemper all the braine.
 Then I another pipe will take
 And *Dorique* musique make,
 To Civilize with graver notes our wits againe.

(58) Black-birds '52.

(59) Warbling] warbling '38.

(62) Whereat '38, '40, '43, '52.

(84) greater '43, ff.

An answer to M^r Ben Iohnson's Ode, to persuade him not to leave the stage.

BEn doe not leave the stage
 Cause 'tis a loathsome age;
 For Pride, and Impudence will grow too bold,
 When they shall heare it told
 They frighted thee: stand high as is thy cause, 5
 Their hisse is thy applause.
 More just were thy disdain,
 Had they approv'd thy vaine.
 So thou for them, and they for thee were borne,
 They to incense, and thou as much to scorne. 10

Wilt thou engrosse thy store
 Of wheat, and powre no more,
 Because their Bacon-braines have such a tast
 As more delight in mast?
 No; set 'em forth a board of dainties, full 15
 As thy best Muse can cull;
 While they the while doe pine
 And thirst, midst all their wine.
 What greater plague can hell it selfe devise,
 Then to be willing thus to tantalize? 20

Thou canst not find them stuffe
 That will be bad enough
 To please their pallats; let 'em thine refuse
 For some Pye-corner Muse;

(8) approv'd '38.

(23) thine] then '68.

(24) Pye-corners '68.

Shee is to faire an hostesse, 'twere a sinne 25
 For them to like thine *Inne*:
 'Twas made to entertaine,
 Guests of a nobler straine,
 Yet if they will have any of thy store,
 Give 'em some scraps, and send them from thy dore. 30

And let those things in plush,
 'Till they be taught to blush
 Like what they will, and more contented bee
 With what *Broome* swept from thee.
 I know thy worth, and that thy lofty straines 35
 Write not to clothes but Braines:
 But thy great spleene doth rise
 Cause moles will have no eyes;
 This only in my *Ben*, I faulty find
 He's angry, they'le not see him that are blind. 40

Why should the Scene be Mute
 Cause thou canst touch a Lute
 And string thy *Horace*? let each Muse of nine
 Claime thee, and say thou art mine.
 'Twer fond to let all other flames expire 45
 To sitt by *Pindar's* fire:
 For by so strange neglect,
 I should my selfe suspect
 The Palsie were as well, thy braines disease;
 If they could shake thy Muse which way they please. 50

And though thou well canst sing,
 The glories of thy King;
 And on the wings of verse his chariot beare
 To heaven, and fixe it there:

(36) cloths '40 Cloaths '43, ff.

(42) a] my '43, ff.

Yet let thy Muse as well some raptures raise, 55
 To please him, as to praise.
 I would not have thee choose
 Only a treble Muse;
 But have this envious, ignorant Age to know,
 Thou that canst sing so high, canst reach as low. 60

A Dialogue. Thirsis. Lalage.

Tb. **M**Y *Lalage* when I behold
 So great a cold,
 And not a spark of heat in thy desire,
 I wonder what strange power of thine
 Kindles in mine 5
 So bright a flame, and such a burning fire.

Lalag. Can *Thirsis* in Philosophy
 A Truant bee,
 And not have learn'd the power of the Sun?
 How he to sublunary things, 10
 A fervour brings,
 Yet in himselfe is subject unto none?

Tb. But why within thy eyes appear
 Never a teare,
 That cause from mine perpetuall showres to
 fall? 15

La. Foole 'tis the power of fire you know
 To melt the snow,
 Yet has no moisture in it selfe at all.

Tb. How can I be, deare *Virgin* show,
 Both fire and snow? 20

(3) thy] my '68.

(9) Son? '43 Son; '52.

(11) favour '38.

Doe you that are the cause the reason tell;
More then miracle to me

It seemes to be,

That so much heate with so much cold
should dwell.

La. The reason I will render thee; 25
Why both should bee.

Audacious *Thirsis* in thy love too bold,
'Cause thy sawcinesse durst aspire
To such a fire,
Thy love is hot; but 'tis thy hope is cold. 30

Th. Let pittie move thy gentle brest
To one opprest;
This way, or that, give ease to my desire;
And either let Loves fire be lost

In hopes cold frost, 35

Or hopes cold frost be warm'd in loves quick
fire.

La. O neither Boy; neither of these
Shall worke thy ease.

I'le pay thy rashnesse with immortal paine,
As hope doth strive to freeze thy flame, 40
Love melts the same:

As Love doth melt it, Hope doth freez't again.

Th. Come gentle swaines lend me a groane
To ease my moane.

Chorus. Ah cruell Love how great a power is thine? 45
Vnder the Poles although we lye

Thou mak'st us frye:

And thou canst make us freeze beneath the line.

I have arranged the whole poem in regard to speakers names, etc., in the same manner as is the full page of the text in '38. The half pages preceding and following this page are more irregular.

(42) .] om, '38.

(43) *Th.*] Placed before line 42 in '38.

A Dialogue betwixt a Nymph and a Shepheard.

Nymp: Hy sigh you swain? this passion is
not common;

I'st for your kids, or Lambkins?

Sb: For a woman.

Nymp: How faire is shee that on so sage a brow
Prints lowring looks?

Shep: Iust such a toy as thou.

Nymp: Is shee a maid? 5

Sb: What man can answer that?

Nymp: Or widdow?

Sb: No.

Nymp: What then?

Sb: I know not what.

Saint-like shee lookes, a *Syren* if shee sing.

Her eyes are starres, her mind is everything.

Nymp: If she be fickle, Shepheard leave to wooe
Or fancy mee.

Sb: No thou art woman too; 10

Nymp: But I am constant.

Sb: Then thou art not faire.

Nymp: Bright as the morning.

Sb: Wavering as the Ayre.

Nymp: What grows upon this cheeke?

Sb: A pure Carnation.

Nymp: Come tast a kisse.

Sb: O sweet, ô sweet Temptation!

(1) cōmon; '38.

(6) What] what '38.

(12) as air '68.

(14) a] and '52.

Cbo: Ah Love, and canst thou never loose the
 feild? 15
 Where *Cupid* layes a seige, the towne must
 yeild.
 He warmes the chillier blood with glowing fire,
 And thaws the Icy frost of cold desire.

(16) a] the '40 ff.

A Pastorall Ode.

C Oy *Cælia* dost thou see
 Yon hollow mountaine tottering o're the plaine,
 O're which a fatall Tree
 With treacherous shade betrayes the sleepy swaine?
 Beneath it is a Cell, 5
 As full of horroure as my brest of care,
 Ruine therein might dwell;
 As a fit roome for guilt and black dispaire.
 Thence will I headlong throw
 This wretched weight, this heape of misery; 10
 And in the dust below,
 Bury my Carcasse, and the thought of thee:
 Which when I finish'd have,
 O hate me dead, as thou hast done alive;
 And come not neare my grave 15
 Least I take heat from thee, and so revive.

(1) COy] GO '68.

(10) wight '68.

(12) thoughts '68.

A Song.

MVsick thou Queene of soules, get up and string
 Thy pow'rfull Lute, and some sad requiem
 sing,
 Till Rocks requite thy *Ecccho* with a groane:
 And the dull cliffs repeate the duller tone:
 Then on a suddaine with a nimble hand 5
 Runne gently o're the Chordes, and so command
 The Pine to dance, the Oake his Roots forgoe,
 The holme and aged Elme to foot it too;
 Mirtles shall caper, lofty Cedars runne;
 And call the Courtly Palme to make up one; 10
 Then in the midst of all their Iolly traine,
 Strike a sad note; and fixe 'em Trees againe.

The Song of Discord.

LEt *Linus* and *Amphions* lute,
 With *Orpheus* citterne now be mute.
 The harshest voice the sweetest note;
 The Raven has the choicest throate.
 A set of Frogs a quire for mee, 5
 The Mandrake shall the Chaunter bee.
 Where neither voice, nor tunes agree;
 This is discords Harmonie.
 Thus had *Orpheus* learn'd to play,
 The following Trees had run away. 10

To one Overhearing his private discourse.

I Wonder not my *Læda* farre can see,
 Since for her eyes shee might an Eagle bee,
 And dare the Sun; but that shee heares so well
 As that shee could my private whisperings tell,
 I stand amaz'd; her eares are not so long, 5
 That they could reach my words; hence then it
 sprung:
 Love overhearing fled to her bright eare,
 Glad he had got a tale to whisper there.

Epigram: 47 ex decimo Libro Martialis.

THese are things that being possest
 Will make a life that's truly blest:
 Estate bequeath'd, not got with toyle;
 A good hot fire, a gratefull soyle.
 No strife, warm clothes, a quiet soule, 5
 A strength intire, a body whole.
 Prudent simplicity, equall freinds,
 A diet that no Art commends.
 A night not drunke, and yet secure;
 A bed not sad, yet chaste and pure. 10
 Long sleepes to make the nights but short,
 A will be to but what thou art.
 Naught rather choose; contented lye,
 And neither feare, nor wish to dye.

Martialis, '38.
 (3) with] by '68.

(5) cloths '40, '43
 (10) not] nor '43.

cloaths '52, ff.

To the Vertuous and noble Lady, the Lady Cotton.

TIs not to force more teares from your sad eye,
 That we write thus; that were a Piety
 Turn'd guilt and sinne; we only beg to come,
 And pay due tribute to his sacred tombe.
 The muses did divide his Love with you, 5
 And justly therefore may be mourners too.
 Instead of Cypresse, they have brought fresh Baies
 To crowne his Vrne, and every dirge is Praise.
 But since with him the learned tongues are gone,
 Necessity here makes us use our owne. 10
 Read in his praise your owne, you cannot misse;
 For he was but our Wonder, you were his.

(8) Urin, '52 is] his '52, ff.

In the *Parentalia* this poem is signed Tho. Randolph.

*An Elegie on the death of that Renowned and
 Noble Knight Sir Rowland Cotton
 of Bellaport in Shropshire*

RIch as was *Cottons* worth, I wish each line;
 And every verse I breath like him, a Mine.
 That by his vertues might created bee
 A new strange miracle, wealth in Poetrie.
 But that invention cannot sure be poore, 5
 That but relates a part of his large store.
 His youth began, as when the Sun doth rise
 Without a Cloud, and clearly trots the skies.

Simply *An Elegie. in Par.*

(1) so in *Parentalia* and '40, ff.

Cottons '38.

And whereas other youths commended bee
 From conceived Hopes, his was maturitie. 10
 Where other springs boast blossoms fairely blowne,
 His was a harvest, and had fruits full growne.
 So that he seem'd a *Nestor* here to raigne
 In wisdom, *Æson*-like, turn'd young againe.
 This, Royall *Henry*, whose majestique eye 15
 Saw thorough men, did from his court descrye,
 And thither call'd him, and then fixed him there
 One of the prime starres in his glorious spheare.
 And (Princely Master) witnesse this with mee,
 He liv'd not there to serve himselfe but thee. 20
 No Silke-worme Courtier, such as study there
 First how to get their cloaths, then how to weare.
 And though in favour high, he ne're was known
 To promote others suits to pay for's own.
 He valued more his Master, and knew well, 25
 To use his love was noble; base to sell.
 Many there be live in the Court we know
 To serve for Pageants, and make up the show;
 And are not servicable there at all
 But now and then at some great Festivall. 30
 He serv'd for nobler use, the secret cares
 Of common-wealths, and mystique State affaires;
 And when great *Henry* did his Maxims heare,
 He wore him as a Jewell in his Eare.
 Yet short he came not, nay he all out-went 35
 In what some call a Courtiers complement.
 An Active body that in subtile wise
 Turnes pliable to any exercise.

(10) Hopes; '38.

(19) Mager '68.

(21) No] So '52

Courtiers '68.

(35) outwent *Par.*

(38) excuse '43, '52.

For when he leapt, the people dar'd to say
 He was borne all of fire, and wore no clay. 40
 Which was the cause too that he wrestled so,
 'Tis not fires nature to be kept below.
 His course he so perform'd with nimble pace,
 The time was not perceiv'd measur'd the race.
 As it were true that some late Artists say, 45
 The Earth mov'd too, and run the other way.
 All so soone finish'd, when the match was wonne
 The Gazers by ask'd why they not begunne.
 When he in masque us'd his harmonious feet,
 The Sphears could not in comelier order meet; 50
 Nor move more gracefull, whether they advance
 Their measures forward, or retire their dance.
 There be have seene him in our *Henry's* Court
 The glory and the envy of that sport.
 And carping like a constellation rise, 55
 Having fixt upon him all the Ladies eyes.
 But these in him I would not vertues call,
 But that the world must know, that he had all.
 When *Henry* dy'd (our universall woe)
 Willing was *Cotton* to dye with him too. 60
 And as neare death he came as neare could bee;
 Himselfe he buried in obscuritie,
 Entomb'd within his study wals, and there
 Only the Dead his conversation were,
 Yet was he not alone; for every day 65
 Each *Muse* came thither with her sprig of Bay.
 The *Graces* round about him did appeare,
 The *Genii* of all Nations all met there.

(49) Musick '68. (53) *Henries Par.*(56) fix'd *Par.* upon] on '64, '68.(66) *Muse*] not in italics in *Par.*(67), (68) *Graces* and *Genii* not in italics in *Par.*

And while immur'd he sat thus close at home,
 To him the wealth of all the world did come. 70
 He had a language to salute the Sunne,
 Where he unharnest, and where's teame begunne:
 The tongues of all the East to him were known
 As Naturall, as they were borne his own.
 Which from his mouth so sweetly did intice, 75
 As with their language he had mix'd their spice.
 In Greeke so fluent, that with it compare
 Th' *Athenian* Olives, and they saplesse are.
Rome did submit her *Fasces*, and confesse
 Her *Tully* might talke more, and yet speake lesse. 80
 All Sciences were lodg'd in his large brest,
 And in that Pallace thought themselves so blest
 They never meant to part, but he should bee
 Sole Monarch, and dissolve their Heptarchie.
 But ô how vaine is mans fraile Harmonie! 85
 We all are swannes, he that sings best must die.
 Death knowledge nothing makes, when we come there,
 We need no Language, nor Interpreter.
 Who would not laugh at him now, that should seeke
 In *Cotton's* Vrne for Hebrew or for Greeke? 90
 But his more heav'nly graces with him yet
 Live constant, and about him circled sit
 A bright Retinue, and on each falls downe
 A robe of Glory, and on each a Crowne.

Then Madam (though you have a losse sustain'd
 Both infinite, and ne're to be regain'd 96
 Here in this world) dry your sad eyes, once more
 You shall againe enter the Nuptiall dore

(79) *Fasces*] not in italics in *Par.*

(88) no] nor *Par.*

(91) heavenly *Par.*

(95) *Par.* leaves a line blank between 94 and 95.

A sprightly bride; where you shall clothed bee
 In garments weav'd of Immortalitie. 100
 Nor greive because he left you not a Sonne,
 To Image *Cotton* forth now he is gone.
 For it had been a wrong to his great Name
 T'have liv'd in any thing but Heaven, and Fame.

(102) *Cotton Par.* and '40, ff. *Cotton '38.*
 Poem signed Tho: Randolph in *Par.*

Ausonii Epigram 38.

Shee which would not I would choose:
 Shee which would I would refuse.
Venus could my mind but tame;
 But not satisfie the same.
 Inticements offer'd I despise, 5
 And deny'd I slightly prize.
 I would neither glut my mind,
 Nor yet too much torment find.
 Twice girt *Diana* doth not take mee,
 Nor *Venus* naked joyfull make mee. 10
 The first no pleasure hath to joy mee,
 And the last enough to cloy mee.
 But a crafty wench I'de have
 That can sell the act I crave.
 And joyne at once in me these two, 15
 I will, and yet I will not doe.

(6) This line is om. in '68.

On the Death of a Nigbtingle.

GOe solitary wood, and henceforth be
 Acquainted with no other Harmonie,
 Then the Pyes chattering, or the shreeking note
 Of bodeing Owles, and fatall Ravens throate.
 Thy sweetest Chanters dead, that warbled forth 5
 Layes, that might tempests calme, and still the North;
 And call downe Angels from their glorious Spheare
 To heare her Songs, and learne new Anthems there.
 That soule is fled, and to *Elisium* gone;
 Thou a poore desert left; goe then and runne, 10
 Begge there to stand a grove, and if shee please
 To sing againe beneath thy shadowy Trees;
 The soules of happy Lovers crown'd with blisses
 Shall flock about thee, and keepe time with kisses.

(9) *Elision* '43, '52, '64.

(11) stand] want '68.

Vpon the report of the King of Swedens Death.

I'Le not beleive't; if fate should be so crosse
 Nature would not be silent of her losse.
 Can he be dead, and no portents appeare?
 No pale Ecclipse of th' sun to let us feare
 What we should suffer, and before his light 5
 Put out, the world inveloped in Night?
 What thundring torrents the flush'd welkin tare?
 What apparition kill'd him in the aire?
 When *Cæsar* dy'd there were convulsion fits;
 And nature seem'd to run out of her wits. 10

(7) tear? '68.

At that sad object *Tybers* bosome swell'd,
 And scarce from drowning all, by *Love* withheld.
 And shall we give this mighty Conquerour
 That in a great and a more holy warre,
 Was pulling downe the Empire which he reard, 15
 A fall unmourn'd of Nature and unfear'd;
 A death (unlesse the league of heav'n withstood)
 Lesse wept then with an universall flood?
 If I had seene a Comet in the aire
 With glorious eye, and bright disheveld haire, 20
 And on a suddaine with his gilded traine
 Drop downe; I should have said that *Sweden's* slaine,
 Shot like that starre; or if the earth had shooke
 Like a weake floore, the falling roofe had broke;
 I should have said the mighty King is gone; 25
 Fel'd as the tallest tree in *Libanon*.
 Alasse if he were dead; we need no post,
 Uery instinct would tell us what we lost.
 And a chill damp (as at the generall doome)
 Creepe through each brest and we should know for
 whome. 30
 His *German* conquests are not yet compleat,
 And when they are, ther's more remaining yet.
 The world is full of sin, not every Land
 O're growne with schisme hath felt his purging hand.
 The Pope is not confounded, and the Turke, 35
 Nor was he sure design'd for a lesse worke.
 But if our sinnes have stop'd him in the source,
 In mid'st Careere of his victorious course.
 And heaven would trust the dulnesse of our sence
 So farre, not to prepare us with portents. 40

(27) A lass '68

no] not '68.

(33) not] nor '38

and '68.

(28) Every '68

instinct '40, '43, '52.

(36) He '40.

'Tis we have that the losse, and he hath caught
 His heav'nly garland e're his worke be wrought.
 But I, before I'le undertake to greive
 So great a losse, will choose not to beleive.

(42) be] he '52.

On Sr Robert Cotton the Antiquary.

Posterity hath many fates bemoan'd,
 But ages long since past for thee have groan'd.
 Times Trophies thou didst rescue from the grave
 Who in thy death a second buriall have.
Cotton, deaths conquest now compleat I see,
 Who ne're had vanquish'd all things but in thee.

An Elegie

Heav'n knowe my Love to thee, fed on desires
 So hallowed, and unmixt with vulgar fires,
 As are the purest beams shot from the Sun
 At his full height; and the devotion
 Of dying Martyrs could not burne more cleare, 5
 Nor Innocence in her first robes appeare
 Whiter then our Affections; they did show
 Like frost forc'd out of flames, and fire from snow.
 So pure, the Phœnix when shee did refine
 Her age to youth, borrowed no flames but mine. 10
 But now my daies o'recast, for I have now
 Drawne Anger like a tempest o're the brow

(4) devotion. '38.

Of my faire Mistresse; those your glorious eyes
 Whence I was wont to see my day starre rise,
 Threat like revengefull Meteors, and I feele 15
 My torment, and my guilt double my hell.
 'Twas a mistake, and might have veniall been,
 Done to another, but it was made sin,
 And justly Mortall too by troubling Thee,
 Slight wrongs are treasons done to Majestie. 20
 O all yee blest Ghosts of deceased Loves,
 That new live Sainted in th' *Elisian* groves
 Mediate for mercy for me; at her shrine
 Meet in full quire, and joyne your praiers with mine.
 Conjure her by the merits of your kisses, 25
 By your past sufferings and present blisses;
 Conjure her by your mutuall hopes, and feares;
 By all your intermixed sighes, and teares,
 To plead my pardon; goe to her and tell
 That you will walke the guardian sentinell, 30
 My soules safe Genii; that she need not feare
 A mutinous thought, or one close rebell there.
 But what needs that, when shee alone sits there
 Sole Angell of that Orbe? in her own spheare
 Alone shee sits, and can secure it free 35
 From all irregular motions, only shee
 Can give the balsome that must cure this sore;
 And the sweet Antidote to sin no more.

(22) the' *Elisian* '43.

(26) ;]. '38.

(34) ?]; '38.

(38) the] thee '68.

Ἡ Ἐυφροῦς ἢ ποίησις ἢ μανικῶν: *Arist.*

From witty men and mad
All Poetry conception had.

No sires but these will Poetry admit,
Madnesse or wit.

This definition Poetry doth fit,
It is a witty madnesse, or mad wit.

Only these two Poetique heat admits,
A witty man, or one that's out of's wits.

Ἐυφροῦς '38.
Arist.] om. '43, '52.

ll. 2 and 3 not separated in '38.
(7) *Poetiques* '52.

Ad Amicum Litigantem.

Would you commence a Poet Sr, and be
A graduat in the thredbare mysterie?
The Oxes ford will no man thither bring,
Where the horse hoofe rais'd the *Pegasian* spring.
Nor will the bridge through which low *Cham* doth
runne, 5

Direct you to the bankes of *Helicon*.
If in that art you meane to take degrees,
Bedlam's the best of universities.
There study it, and when you would no more
A Poet be, goe drinke some Hellebore, 10
Which drugge when I had tasted, soone I left
The bare *Parnassus*, and the barren cleft;

And can no more one of their Nation bee,
 Because recover'd of my lunacie.
 But you may then succeed me in my place 15
 Of Poet, no pretence to make your grace
 Denied you, for you goe to law, 'tis said;
 And then 'tis ta'ne for granted you are mad.

In Corydonem & Corinnam.

AH wretch in thy *Corinna's* love unblest!
 How strange a fancy doth torment thy brest?
 When shee desires to sport thou saist her nay;
 When shee denyes then thou desir'st to play.
 Love burnes you both. (ô 'tis a happy turne!) 5
 But 'tis at severall times love both doth burne.
 When scorching heat hath *Corydons* heart possest,
 Then raignes a frost in cold *Corinnas* brest.
 And when a frost in *Corydon* doth raigne,
 Then is *Corinnas* brest on fire againe. 10
 Why then with *Corydon* is it summer prime,
 When with *Corinna* it is winter time?
 Or why should then *Corinnas* summer bee
 When it is winter *Corydon* with thee?
 Can Ice from fire, or fire from Ice proceed? 15
 Ah jest not Love is so severe a deed!
 I bid thee not *Corydons* flame to blow
 Cleane out; nor cleane to melt *Corinnas* snow.
 Burne both! freeze both! let mutuall Fervour hold
 His and her brest, or his and her's a cold. 20

(6) doth both '43, '52.

(17) flane '64.

To one admiring her selfe in a Looking-Glasse.

FAire Lady when you see the Grace
 Of Beauty in your Looking-Glasse:
 A stately forehead, smooth and high,
 And full of Princely Majesty.
 A sparkling eye, no gemme so faire, 5
 Whose lustre dimmes the *Cyprian* starre.
 A glorious cheeke divinely sweet,
 Wherein both Roses kindly meet.
 A cherry Lip that would entice
 Even Gods to kisse at any price. 10
 You thinke no beauty is so rare
 That with your shaddow might compare.
 That your reflection is alone,
 The thing that men most dote upon.
 Madam, alas your Glasse doth lye, 15
 And you are much deceiv'd; for I
 A beauty know of richer grace,
 (Sweet be not angry) 'tis your face.
 Hence then ô learne more milde to bee,
 And leave to lay your blame on mee; 20
 If me your reall substance move;
 When you so much your Shaddow Love.
 Wise nature would not let your eye
 Looke on her owne bright majestie;
 Which had you once but gaz'd upon, 25
 You could, except your selfe, love none:
 What then you cannot love, let me,
 That face I can, you cannot see.
 Now you have what to loue, you'l say
 What then is left for me I pray? 30

My face sweet hart if it please thee;
 That which you can, I cannot see:
 So either love shall gaine his due,
 Your's sweet in mee, and mine in you.

*An Eglogue occasion'd by two Doctors
 disputing upon predestination.*

Corydon.

HO jolly *Thirsis* whither in such hast?
 I'st for a wager that you run so fast?
 Or past your houre below yon hawthorne tree
 Does longing *Galatea* looke for thee?

Thirsis.

No *Corydon*, I heard young *Daphnis* say 5
Alexis challeng'd *Tityrus* to day
 Who best shall sing of Shepherds Art, and praise;
 But harke I heare 'em, listen to their laies.

Tityrus.

Alexis read, what means this mistique thing;
 An Ewe I had two lambs at once did bring: 10
 Th' one black as Iett; the other white as snow:
 Say in just providence how it could be so?

Alexis.

Will you *Pan's* goodnesse therefore partiall call,
 That might as well have given thee none at all?

Tityrus.

Were they not both eand by the selfe same Ewe? 15
 How could they merit then so different hue?

(2) thou run'st '68.
 (3) past] past past '43, '52.

(9) mastique '68.
 (16) merit] ment '43, '52.

Poore lamb alas; and couldst thou, yet unborne,
 Sin to deserve the Guilt of such a scorne?
 Thou hadst not yet fowl'd a religious spring,
 Nor fed on plots of hallowed grasse, to bring 20
 Staines to thy fleece; nor browz'd upon a tree
 Sacred to *Pan* or *Pales* Deitie.
 The Gods are ignorant if they not foreknow;
 And knowing, 'tis unjust to use thee so.

Alexis.

Tytir with me contend, or *Corydon*;
 But let the Gods, and their high wills alone. 25
 For in our flocks that freedome challenge wee,
 This kid is sacrific'd, and that goes free.

Tityrus.

Freed where you will my Lambs, what boots it us
 To watch, and water, fold, and drive you thus. 30
 This on the barren mountaines flesh can gleane,
 That fed in flowry pastures will be leane.

Alexis.

Plow, sowe, and compasse, nothing boots at all,
 Vnlesse the dew upon the Tilt's doe fall.
 So labour sylly Shepherds what wee can, 35
 All's vaine, unlesse a blessing drop from *Pan*.

Tityrus.

Ill thrive thy Ewes if thou these lyes maintaine:

Alexis.

And may thy Goats miscarry sawcy swaine.

Thyrsis.

Fie, Shepherds fie! while you these strifes begin,
 Here creepes the wolfe; and there the fox gets in. 40

To your vaine piping on so deepe a reed
 The Lambkins listen, but forget to feed.
 It gentle swains befits of Love to sing,
 How Love left heaven; and heav'ns immortal King,
 His coæternall Father, O admire, 45
 Love is a Sonne as an ancient as his sire.
 His Mother was a Virgin: how could come
 A birth so great, and from so chaste a wombe!
 His cradle was a manger; Shepherds see
 True faith delights in poore simplicitie. 50
 He pres'd no grapes, nor prun'd the fruitfull vine,
 But could of water make a brisker wine.
 Nor did he plow the earth, and to his Barne
 The harvest bring, nor thresh, and grind the Corne.
 Without all these Love could supply our need; 55
 And with five Loaves, five thousand Hungers feed.
 More wonders did he, for all which suppose
 How he was crown'd, with Lilly, or with Rose?
 The winding Ivy, or the glorious Bay,
 Or mirtle, with the which *Venus*, they say, 60
 Girts her proud temples? Shepherds none of them
 But wore (poore head) a thorny Diadem.
 Feet to the lame he gave; with which they run
 To worke their Surgeons last destruction.
 The blind from him had eyes; but us'd that light 65
 Like Basyliques to kill him with their sight.
 Lastly he was betray'd (ô sing of this)
 How Love could be betray'd! 'twas with a kisse.
 And then his Innocent hands, and guiltlesse feet

(44) heav'ns] heavens '43, ff.

(46) his] the '68.

(45) Father. '38.

(48) !] ? '43, '52, . '68.

Between ll. 50 and 51 Harl. MS. 3357 has the following couplet:

Deepe Sages, by a Star, his Mansion sought,
 Poore Swaines, by his owne Harbingers were tought.

Were nayl'd unto the Crosse, striving to meet 70
 In his spread armes his spouse, so mild in showe
 He seem'd to court th' Imbraces of his foe.
 Through his pearc'd side, through which a speare was
 sent,

A torrent of all flowing Balsame went.
 Run *Amarillis* run: one drop from thence 75
 Cures thy sad soule, and drives all anguish hence.
 Goe sunburnt *Thestylis*, goe, and repaire
 Thy beauty lost, and be againe made faire.
 Love-sick *Amyntas* get a *Philtrum* here,
 To make thee Lovely to thy truly deare. 80
 But coy *Licoris* take the Pearle from thine,
 And take the bloodshot from *Alexis* eyne.
 Weare this an Amulet 'gainst all Syrens smiles,
 The stings of snakes, and Teares of Crocodiles.
 Now Love is dead: Oh no, he never dyes; 85
 Three dayes he sleepes, and then againe doth rise
 (Like faire *Aurora* from the Easterne Bay)
 And with his beams drives all our clouds away:
 This pipe unto our flocks, this sonnet get.
 But hoe, I see the Sun ready to set, 90
 Good night to all; for the great night is come;
 Flocks to your folds and shepheards hye you home!
 To morrow morning, when we all have slept,
Pan's Cornet's blowne, and the great *Sheepsbears* kept.

(73-74) and (83-84) These four lines are not in Harl. MS. 3357.

(82) *Alexis*] Palæmons Harl. MS.

(83) against '52, '64, '68.

(85) dead:] lead: '38.

(92) high you home. '43, '52.

(94) blowen '43, '52.

*An Eglogue to M^r Iohnson.**Tityrus*

VNDER this beech why sits't thou here
so sad

Son *Damon*, that wast erst a joviall lad?
These groves were wont to Eccho with the sound
Of thy shrill reed, while every Nymph danc'd
round.

Rowse up thy soule, *Parnassus* mount stands
high, 5

And must be climb'd with painefull industrie.

Damon. You Father on his forked top sit still,
And see us panting up so steepe a hill;
But I have broke my reed, and deeply swore
Never with wax, never to joynt it more. 10

Tit. Fond boy 'twas rashly done; I meant to
thee,

Of all the sons I have, by legacie
To have bequeath'd my pipe, thee, thee of all,
I meant it should her second Master call.

Dam. And doe you thinke I durst presume to
play 15

Where *Tityrus* had worne his lip away!
Live long thy selfe to tune it; 'tis from thee.
It has not from it self such Harmony,
But if we ever such disaster have
As to compose our *Tytirus* in his grave; 20
Yonder upon yon aged Oak, that now
Old trophies beares on every sacred bow,

(1) this] his '38.

(2) a] om. '52.

(13) pipe: '68.

(22) bears, on every sacred bow '40.

We'le hang it up a relique, we will doe it,
And learned swains shall pay devotion to it.

Tyt. Canst thou farewell unto the Muses bid? 25
Then bees shall loath the Thyme, the new
wean'd Kid

Browze on the buds no more; the teeming
ewes

Henceforth the tender shallows shall refuse.

Dam. I by those Ladies now do nothing set;
Let 'em for me some other servant get: 30
They shall no more be Mistresses of mine,
No, though my pipe had hope to equall thine.
Thine which the floods have stopt their course
to hear;

To which the spotted Linx hath lent an eare.
Which while the severall Ecchoes would
repeat, 35

The Musick has been sweet, the Art so great
That *Pan* himself amaz'd at thy deep aires,
Sent thee of his own bowl to drown thy
cares.

Of all the Gods *Pan* doth the Pipe respect,
The rest unlearned pleasures more affect. 40

Pan can distinguish what thy Raptures be
From *Bavius* loose lascivious Minstralsie,
Or *Mævius* windy Bagpipe, *Mævius*, he
Whose wit is but a Tavern Tympanie.

If ever I flock of my own doe feed, 45
My fattest Lambs shall on his Altar bleed.

Tyt. Two Altars I will build him, and each
yeare

Will sacrifice two wel-fed Bullocks there.

Two that have horns; that while they butting
stand

Strike from their feet a cloud of numerous
sand. 50

But what can make thee leave the Muses
man,

That such a Patron hast as mighty *Pan*?

Whence is thy fury? Did the partiall eare
Of the rude Vulgar, when they late did heare
Ægon, and thee contend which best should
play, 55

Him Victour deem, and give thy kid away?

Does *Amarillis* cause this high despaire?

Or *Galatea's* coynesse breed thy care?

Dam. Neither of these, the Vulgar I contemn;
Thy pipe not alwaies *Tytirus* wins with
them: 60

And as for Love, in sooth I doe not know
Whether he wears a bow, and shafts or no.

Or did I, I a way could quickly find,

To win the beauteous *Galatea's* mind,

Or *Amarillis*: I to both could send 65

Apples that with *Hesperian* fruit contend:

And on occasion could have quickly guest

Where two fayr ring-doves built their amorous
nest.

Tyt. If none of these, my *Damon* then aread 69

What other cause can so much passion
breed!

Dam. Father I will, in those indulgent ears
I dare unload the burden of my fears.

(49) horns, '40, ff.
(53) thy] this '43, ff.

(59) these; '68.
(68) fairing-doves '68.

The Reapers that with whetted siccles stand,
 Gathering the falling ears i'th' other hand;
 Though they endure the scorching summers
 heat, 75

Have yet some wages to allay their sweat:
 The Lopper that doth fell the sturdy Oak
 Labours, yet has good pay for every stroke.
 The Plowman is rewarded: only we
 That sing, are paid with our own melody. 80
 Rich churls have learn't to praise us, and
 admire,

But have not learn't to think us worth the
 hire.

So toyling Ants perchance delight to hear
 The summer musique of the Grassopper,
 But after rather let him starve with pain, 85
 Then spare him from their store one single
 grain.

As when great *Iunos* beauteous Bird displaies
 Her starry tail, the boyes doe run and gaze
 At her proud train; so look they now *adaies*
 On Poets; and doe think if they but praise, 90
 Or pardon what we sing, enough they doe:
 I, and 'tis well if they doe so much too.

My rage is swel'd so high I cannot speak it,
 Had I *Pan's* pipe, or thine I now should
 break it!

Tit. Let moles delight in Earth; Swine dunghils
 rake; 95

Crows prey on Carrion; Frogs a pleasure take
 In slimy pools; And Niggards wealth admire;

(74) 'ith' '38, '40, '43, '52.

(81) learnt '43, ff.

(82) learnt '52, ff.

(83) delight] are like '64, '68.

But we, whose souls are made of purer fire,
 Have other aimes: Who songs for gain hath
 made,

Has of a liberall Science fram'd a Trade. 100
 Hark how the Nightingale in yonder tree,
 Hid in the boughes, warbles melodiously
 Her various musique forth, while the whole
 Quire

Of other birds, flock around, and all admire!
 But who rewards her? will the ravenous
 Kite

Part with her prey, to pay for her delight?
 Or will the foolish, painted prating Iay
 Now turn'd a hearer, to requite her play
 Lend her a straw? or any of the rest
 Fetch her a feather when she builds her
 nest? 110

Yet sings she ne're the lesse, till every den
 Doe catch at her last notes: And shall I
 then

His fortunes *Damon* 'bove my own commend,
 Who can more cheese into the market send?
 Clowns for posterity may cark and care, 115
 That cannot out-live death but in an Heire:
 By more then wealth we propagate our Names,
 That trust not to successions, but our Fames.
 Let hide-bound churls yoak the laborious Oxe,
 Milk hundred goats, and shear a thousand
 flocks; 120

Plant gainful Orchards, and in silver shine;
 Thou of all fruits should'st only prune the
 Vine:

Whose fruit being tasted, might erect thy
brain

To reach some ravishing, high, and lofty
strain;

The double birth of *Bacchus* to expresse, 125
First in the grape, the second in the presse.
And therefore tell me boy, what is't can move
Thy mind, once fixed on the Muses Love?

Dam. When I contented liv'd by *Cham's* fair
streams,

Without desire to see the prouder *Thames*, 130
I had no flock to care for, but could sit

Vnder a willow covert, and repeat

Those deep and learned layes, on every part

Grounded on judgment, subtilty, and Art,

That the great Tutour to the greatest King,

The shepheard of *Stagira*, us'd to sing: 136

The shepheard of *Stagira*, that unfolds

All natures closet, shows what e're it holds;

The matter, form, sense, motion, place, and
measure 139

Of every thing contain'd in her vast treasure.

How Elements doe change; What is the cause

Of Generation; what the Rule and Laws

The Orbs doe move by; Censures every starre,

Why this is fixt, and that irregular;

Knows all the Heavens, as if he had been
there, 145

And help't each Angell turn about her spheare.

The thirsty pilgrim travelling by land,

When the feirce Dog-starre doth the day com-
mand,

(128) once] being '68.

(134) subtil'ty '38.

Half choak't with dust, parch't with the
soultry heat;

Tir'd with his journey, and o'recome with
sweat, 150

Finding a gentle spring, at her cool brink
Doth not with more delight sit down and
drink,

Then I record his songs: we see a cloud,
And fearing to be wet, doe run and shroud
Vnder a bush; when he would sit and tell 155
The cause that made her mystie wombe to
swell;

Why it sometimes in drops of rain doth flow,
Sometimes dissolves her self in flakes of snow:
Nor gaz'd he at a Comet, but would frame
A reason why it wore a beard of flame. 160

Ah *Tytirus*, I would with all my heart,
Even with the best of my carv'd mazers part,
To hear him as he us'd divinely shew,
What 'tis that paints the divers-colour'd bow:
Whence Thunders are discharg'd, whence the
winds stray, 165

What foot through heaven hath worn the
milky way!

And yet I let this true delight alone,
Call'd thence to keep the flock of *Corydon*.
Ah woe is me, anothers flock to keep; 169
The care is mine, the master shears the sheep!
A flock it was that would not keep together;
A flock that had no fleece, when it came
hither.

(153) we see] see '64 seeing '68.
(161) withall '38, '40, '43.

(166) ways '43, wayes '52.

Nor would it learn to listen to my layes,
 For 'twas a flock made up of severall strays;
 And now I would return to *Cham*, I hear 175
 A desolation frights the Muses there!
 With rustique swains I mean to spend my
 time

Teach me there father to preserve my rime.

Tyt. To morrow morning I will counsel thee,
 Meet me at *Faunus* Beech; for now you
 see 180

How larger shadows from the mountains fall,
 And *Corydon* doth *Damon*, *Damon*, call.

Damon, 'tis time my flock were in the fold,
 More then high time; did you not erst behold
 How *Hesperus* above yon clouds appear'd, 185
Hesperus leading forth his beauteous heard?

(178) rime.] time. '68.

A Pastorall Courtship.

BEhold these woods, and mark my *Sweet*
 How all the boughes together meet!
 The *Cedar* his faire arms displayes,
 And mixes branches with the *Bayes*.
 The lofty *Pine* deignes to descend, 5
 And sturdy *Oaks* doe gently bend.
 One with another subt'ly weaves
 Into one loom their various leaves;
 As all ambitious were to be
 Mine and my *Phyllis* canopie! 10

(2) the] these '52.

Let's enter, and discourse our Loves;
 These are, my Dear, no tell-tale groves!
 There dwell no Pyes, nor Parrats there,
 To prate again the words they heare,
 Nor babling Eccho, that will tell 15
 The neighbouring hills one syllable.

Being enter'd let's together lye,
 Twin'd like the *Zodiaks Gemini!*
 How soon the flowers doe sweeter smell?
 And all with emulation swell, 20

To be thy pillow? These for thee
 Were meant a bed, and thou for me;
 And I may with as just esteem
 Presse thee, as thou maist lye on them.

And why so coy? What dost thou feare? 25
 There lurks no speckled Serpent here.
 No Venomous snake makes this his rode,
 No Canker, nor the loathsome toad.

And yon poor spider on the tree,
 Thy spinster will, no poisner be. 30
 There is no Frog to leap, and fright
 Thee from my arms, and break delight;

Nor snail that o're thy coat shall trace,
 And leave behind a slimy lace.
 This is the hallowed shrine of Love, 35
 No wasp nor hornet haunts this grove,

Nor pismire to make pimples rise,
 Vpon thy smooth and ivory thighes.
 No danger in these shades doth lye,
 Nothing that wears a sting, but I: 40

And in it doth no venome dwell,
 Although perchance it make thee swell.

(11) lets '40.

(29) yon] you '68.

(30) poisner '40, ff.

Being set, let's sport a while, my Fair,
 I will tye Love knots in thy haire.
 See *Zephyrus* through the leaves doth stray, 45
 And has free liberty to play;
 And braids thy locks: And shall I find
 Lesse favour then a saucy wind?
 Now let me sit, and fix my eyes,
 On thee that art my Paradise. 50
 Thou art my all; the spring remains
 In the fair violets of thy veins:
 And that it is a summers day,
 Ripe Cherries in thy lips display.
 And when for Autumn I would seek, 55
 'Tis in the Apples of thy cheek.
 But that which only moves my smart,
 Is to see winter in thy heart.
 Strange, when at once in one appear
 All the four seasons of the year! 60
 I'le clasp that neck where should be set
 A rich and Orient Carkanet:
 But swains are poor, admit of then
 More naturall chains, the arms of men.
 Come let me touch those breasts, that swell 65
 Like two faire mountains, and may well
 Be stil'd the Alpes, but that I feare
 The snow has lesse of whitenesse there.
 But stay (my Love) a fault I spy,
 Why are these two fair fountains dry? 70
 Which if they run, no Muse would please
 To tast of any spring but these.
 And *Ganymed* employ'd should bee
 To fetch his *Iove Nectar* from thee.

Thou shalt be Nurse fair *Venus* swears 75
 To the Next *Cupid* that she bears.
 Were it not then discreetly done
 To ope one spring to let two runne?
 Fy, fy, this Belly, Beauty's mint,
 Blushes to see no coyn stamp't. 80
 Employ it then, for though it be
 Our wealth, it is your royaltie;
 And beauty will have currant grace
 That bears the Image of your face.
 How to the touch the Ivory thighes 85
 Veil gently, and again doe rise,
 As pliable to impression,
 As Virgins waxe, or *Parian* stone
 Dissolv'd to softnesse, plump and full,
 More white and soft then *Cotsall wooll*;
 Or Cotten from the *Indian Tree*, 90
 Or pretty silkworms huswifrie.
 These on two marble pillars rais'd
 Make me in doubt which should be prais'd;
 They, or their Columnes must; but when 95
 I view those feet which I have seen
 So nimbly trip it o're the Lawns
 That all the *Satyrs* and the fawns
 Have stood amaz'd, when they would passe
 Over the leyes, and not a grasse 100
 Would feel the weight, nor rush, nor bent
 Drooping betray which way you went.
 O then I felt my hot desires
 Burn more, and flame with double fires.

(82) your] our '68.

(88) or] om. '68.

(89) softnesse; '40, ff.

(92) huswiferie '40, ff.

(100) layes '40, ff.

(101) rash '68.

(102) .], '40, '43, '52, '64, '68.

(104) Burnt '68, .]; '38.

Come let those thighes, those legs, those feet, 105
 With mine in thousand windings meet,
 And woven in more subtle twines
 Then woodbine, Ivy, or the vines.
 For when Love sees us circling thus
 He'le like no Arbour more then us. 110
 Now let us kisse, would you be gone?
 Manners at least allows me one.
 Blush you at this, pretty one stay,
 And I will take that kisse away.
 Thus with a second, and that too 115
 A third wipes off; so will we goe
 To numbers that the stars out run,
 And all the Atoms in the Sun.
 For though we kisse till *Phæbus* ray
 Sink in the seas, and kissing stay 120
 Till his bright beams return again,
 There can of all but one remain:
 And if for one good manners call,
 In one good manners grant me all.
 Are kisses all? they but forerun 125
 Another duty to be done.
 What would you of that minstrell say
 That tunes his pipes and will not play?
 Say what are blossoms in their prime,
 That ripen not in harvest time? 130
 Or what are buds that ne're disclose
 The long'd for sweetnesse of the rose?
 So kisses to a Lover's guest
 Are invitations not the feast.
 See everything that we espy 135
 Is fruitfull, saving you and I:

(114) .J; '64, '68.

(116) of '38, '40, '64 ;J, '38.

(124) one, good manners, '40, ff.

(125) kisses? all they '64, '68.

Veiw all the feilds, survey the bowers,
 The buds, the blossoms and the flowers;
 And say if they so rich could be
 In barren base Virginitie. 140
 Earth's not so coy as you are now,
 But willingly admits the plow.
 For how had man or beast been fed,
 If she had kept her maiden head?
Cælia once coy as are the rest 145
 Hangs now a babe on either brest;
 And *Cbloris* since a man she took,
 Has lesse of greenesse in her look.
 Our ewes have ean'd, and every damme
 Gives suck unto her tender Lambe. 150
 As by these groves we walk'd along,
 Some Birds were feeding of their young,
 Some on their egges did brooding sit,
 Sad that they had not hatch'd them yet.
 Those that were slower then the rest, 155
 Were busy building of their nest.
 You will not only pay the fine,
 You vow'd and ow'd to *Valentine*.
 As you were angling in the brook
 With silken line and silver hook, 160
 Through Christall streams you might descry
 How vast and numberlesse a fry
 The fish had spawn'd, that all along
 The banks were crowded with the throng.
 And shall fair *Venus* more command 165
 By water then she does by land?
 The *Phœnix* chast, yet when she dyes,
 Her self with her own ashes lyes.

(156) their] the '43, '52, '68.

(157) you only will not pay '43, ff.

But let thy Love more wisely thrive
 To doe the act while th'art alive. 170
 'Tis time we left our childish Love
 That trades for toyes, and now approve
 Our abler skill; they are not wise
 Look Babies only in the eyes.
 That smooth red smile shews what you meant, 175
 And modest silence gives consent.
 That which we now prepare, will bee
 Best done in silent secresie.
 Come doe not weep, what is't you feare?
 Least some should know what we did here. 180
 See not a flowre you prest is dead,
 But re-erects his bended head;
 That who soe're shall passe this way
 Knows not by these where *Phyllis* lay.
 And in your forehead there is none 185
 Can read the act that we have done.

Phyllis.

Poore credulous and simple maid!
 By what strange wiles art thou betraid!
 A treasure thou hast lost to day
 For which thou canst no ransome pay. 190
 How black art thou transform'd with sin!
 How strange a guilt gnaws me within!
 Greif will convert this red to pale;
 When every Wake, and whitsund-ale
 Shall talk my shame; break, break sad heart 195
 There is no Medicine for my smart,
 No hearb nor balm can cure my sorrow,
 Vnlesse you meet again to morrow.

(175) smooth'red '43 smoother'd '52.

(180) .] ? '68.

(192) !] ? '43, '52.

*Vpon a very deformed Gentlewoman, but of a
voice incomparably sweet.*

I chanc'd sweet *Lesbia's* voice to heare,
 O that the pleasure of the eare
 Contented had the appetite;
 But I must satisfy the sight;
 Where such a face I chanc'd to see 5
 From which good Lord deliver me.
 I'st not prophane if I should tell
 I thought her one of those that fell
 With *Lucifers* Apostate traine
 Yet did her Angels voice retaine? 10
 A cherubin her notes descry'd,
 A Divell every where beside.
 Aske the dark woods, and they'le confesse
 None did such Harmony expresse
 In all their bowres from May to Iune, 15
 Yet nere was face so out of tune.
 Her Virginall teeth false time did keep,
 Her wrinkled forehead went too deep.
 Lower then *Gammut* sunke her eyes,
 'Bove *Ela* though her nose did rise. 20
 I'le trust Musitians now that tell
 Best musique doth in discords dwell.
 Her ayres entic'd the gentle quire
 Of Birds to come, who all admire,
 And would with pleasure longer stay, 25
 But that her looks frights them away.
 Which for a good *Priapus* goes
 And well may serve to scarre the crowes.

incomparable '43, ff.
 (21) tell] rest '43, '52.

(25) stray '68.

Her voice might tempt th' immortal race,
 But let her only shew her face, 30
 And soone shee might extinguish thus
 The lusting of an *Incubus*.
 So have I seene a lute ore worne,
 Old and rotten, patcht and torne,
 So ravish with a sound, and bring 35
 A close so sweet to every string,
 As would strike wonder in our eares,
 And work an envy in the Spheares.
 Say monster strange, what maist thou be?
 Whence shall I fetch thy Pedigree? 40
 What but a Panther could beget
 A beast so foule, a breath so sweet?
 Or thou of *Syrens* issue art,
 If they be fish the upper part.
 Or else blind *Homer* was not mad 45
 Then when he sung *Vlysses* had
 So strange a guift from *Æolus*,
 Who odour-breathing *Zephyrus*
 In severall bottles did inclose,
 For certain thou art one of those. 50
 Thy lookes, where other women place
 Their chiefest Pride, is thy disgrace.
 The tongue, a part which us'd to be
 Worst in thy Sexe, is best in thee.
 Were I but now to choose my deare 55
 Not by my eye, but by my eare,
 Here would I dote; how shall I wooe
 Thy voice, and not thy body too?
 Then all the brood I get of thee,
 Would Nightingalls, and Cygnets be: 60

Cygnets betimes their throats to trye,
 Borne with more Musique then they dye.
 Say *Lesbia*, say, what God will blesse
 Our Loves with so much happinesse?
 Some women are all tongue, but ô 65
 Why art not thou my *Lesbia* so?
 Thy looks doe speak thee witch; one spell
 To make thee but invisible,
 Or dye; resigne thy selfe to death,
 And I will catch thy latest breath; 70
 But that the nose will scarce I feare
 Finde it so sweet, as did the eare.
 Or if thou wouldst not have me coy,
 As was the selfe-inamour'd Boy,
 Turne only Voice, an Eccho prove, 75
 Here, here, by heav'n, I fixe my Love:
 If not, you Gods, to ease my mind,
 Or make her dumbe, or strike me blind;
 For griefe, and anger in me rise,
 Whil'st shee hath tongue, or I have eyes. 80

(62) they] the '43, '52.

(66) ?] ! '38.

(67) looks doe] look doth '68.

(69) die! and resign '68.

(76) I'le fit '64, '68.

The milk-maids Epithalamium.

IOy to the Bridegroome and the Bride
 That lye by one anothers side!
 O fie upon the Virgin Bedds,
 No losse is gain but Maiden heads.
 Love quickly send the time may be 5
 When I shall deal my Rosemary!

(4) gain'd '68.

I long to simper at a feast,
 To dance, and kisse, and doe the rest.
 When I shall wed, and Bedded be
 O then the qualme comes over me, 10
 And tells the sweetnesse of a Theame
 That I ne're knew but in a dreame.

You Ladies have the blessed nights,
 I pine in hope of such delights.
 And silly Dam'ssell only can 15
 Milk the coves teats and think on man:
 And sigh and wish to tast and prove
 The wholesome Sillibub of Love.

Make hast, at once twin-Brothers beare;
 And leave new matter for a starre. 20
 Woemen and ships are never shown
 So fair as when their sayles be blown.
 Then when the Midwife hears your moane,
 I'le sigh for grief that I have none.

And you, deare Knight, whose every kisse 25
 Reapes the full crop of *Cupids* blisse,
 Now you have found, confesse and tell
 That single sheets doe make up hell.
 And then so charitable be
 To get a man to pittie me. 30

(15) Damsell '40, ff.

(22) be] are '40, ff.

*An Eglogue on the noble Assemblies revived on
Cotswold Hills, by M. Robert Dover.*

Collen, Thenot.

WHat Clod-pates, *Thenot*, are our
Brittish swains?
Coll. How lubber-like they loll upon the
plains,

No life, no spirit in 'um! every Clown
Soone as he layes his Hook and Tarbox down,
That ought to take his Reed, and chant his layes,
Or nimble run the windings of the Maze, 6
Now gets a bush to roam himselfe, and sleepe;
Tis hard to know the shepheard from the sheepe.
And yet me thinks our English pastures be
As flowery as the Lawnes of *Arcadie*; 10
Our Virgins blith as theirs, nor can proud *Greece*
Boast purer ayre, nor sheer a finer fleece.

The. Yet view their out-side, *Collen*, you would say
They have as much brawn in their necks as they
Fair *Tempe* braggs of; lusty armes that swell 15
With able sinews, and might hurle as well
The weightie sledge; their leggs, and thighs of
bone,

Great as *Colossus*, yet their strength is gone.
They look like yonder man of wood, that stands
To bound the limits of the Parish lands. 20

AN EGLOGVE ON THE PALILIA
And Noble Assemblies revived on *Cotswold*
Hills, by M^r. ROBERT DOVER.
COLLEN. THENOT. (Heading in A. D.)

(1) *Coll.*] *om.* A. D. ?], '38.
(2) ,] ? '38.
(3) 'em; '38, ff.
(6) winding '38.

(7) room. '43 ff.
(14) they; A. D. they. '52, '68.
(15) ;] *om.* A. D., '52, '68 , '43.
(18) strengths are A. D.

Dost thou ken, *Collen*, what the cause might be
Of such a dull and generall Lethargie?

Coll. Swain, with their sports their soules were ta'ne
away.

Till then they all were active; every day
They exercised to weild their limbs, that now 25
Are numb'd to every thing, but flail and plow.
Early in May up got the jolly rout
Call'd by the Lark, and spred the feilds about:
One for to breath himselfe, would coursing be
From this same Beech, to yonder Mulberie. 30
A second leapt, his supple nerves to try,
A third was practicing his melody.
This a new Iigg was footing; others were
Busied at wrastling, or to throw the Barre:
Ambitious which should beare the bell away, 35
And kisse the Nut-brown Lady of the *May*.
This stirr'd 'um up; a Iolly swain was he
Whom *Peg*, and *Susan* after Victory
Crown'd with a garland they had made, beset
With Daisies, Pincks and many a Violet, 40
Cowslip, and Gilliflower. Rewards though small
Encourage vertue; but if none at all
Meet her, she languisheth, and dyes, as now
Where worth's deny'd the honour of a bough.
And, *Thenot*, this the cause I read to be 45
Of such a dull and generall Lethargie.

The. Ill thrive the Lowt that did their mirth gainsay,
Wolves haunt his flocks, that took those sports
away!

(23) Swaine ! A.D.

(24) active, '38, ff. every day; '64, '68.

(33) :], '38, ff.

(34) wrestling '38, ff.

(37) 'um] 'em '38, ff. he] me '43, '52.

(40) Dazies A.D.

(43) dyes] lyes '64.

(48) his] these '64, '68 !]. A.D.

- Coll.* Some melancholy swains about have gone
 To teach all Zeale, their own complection: 50
 Choler they will admit sometimes I see
 But Fleagme, and Sanguine no Religions be.
 These teach that Dauncing is a Iezabell;
 And Barley-break, the ready way to Hell.
 The Morrice, *Idolls*; Whitsun'-ales can be 55
 But prophane Reliques of a Iubilee!
 These in a Zeal, t'expresse how much they doe
 The Organs hate, have silenc'd Bag-pipes too;
 And harmlesse May-poles, all are rail'd upon
 As if they were the towers of *Babilon*. 60
 Some think not fit there should be any sport
 I'th Country, 'tis a dish proper to th' Court.
 Mirth not becomes 'um, let the sawcy swain
 Eate Beef, and Bacon, and goe sweat again.
 Besides, what sport can in their pastimes be 65
 When all is but ridiculous fopperie?
- The.* *Collen*, I once the famous *Spain* did see,
 A nation glorious for her gravitie;
 Yet there an hundred Knights on warlike steeds
 Did skirmish out a fight arm'd but with reeds;
 At which a thousand Ladies eyes did gaze, 71
 Yet 'twas no better then our Prison-base.
 What is the Barriers but a Courtly way
 Of our more down right sport, the Cudgell-
 play?
 Foot-ball with us may be with them Baloone, 75
 As they at Tilt, so we at Quintaine runne.

(50) zeal their '38, ff.

(55) Morrice Idols, '38, '64, '68 Morrice-Idols '43, '52.

(62) Country] Citie, A.D. to th'] to 'th A.D. to t'h '38.

(63) 'em '38, ff.

(66) ?]. A.D.

(72) was '38 'vvas '40.

(75) Balcome '43, '52 Balcone '68

And those old Pastimes relish best with me,
 That have least Art, and most simplicitie.
Collen, they say at Court there is an Art
 To dance a Ladies honour from her hart; 80
 Such wiles poor shepherds know not, all their
 sence

Is dull to any thing but Innocence.
 The Country Lasse, although her dance be good,
 Stirs not anothers Galliard in the Blood.
 And yet their Sports by some controul'd have
 been, 85

Who think there is no mirth but what is sin.
 O might I but their harmlesse Gambols see
 Restor'd unto an ancient libertie,
 Where spotlesse dalliance traces o're the Plains,
 And harmlesse Nymphs jet it with harmlesse
 swains! 90

To see an age againe of Innocent Loves
 Twine close as Vines, yet kisse as chaste as
 Doves,
 Me thinks I could the *Thracian* Lyre have
 strung,
 Or tun'd my whistle to the *Mantuan* song.

Coll. Then tune thy whistle boy, and string thy
 Lyre, 95

That age is come againe, thy brave desire
Pan hath approv'd; dauncing shall bee this yeare
 Holy, as is the motion of a Spheare.

The. *Collen*, with sweeter breath Fame never blew
 Her sacred Trump, if this good newes be true! 100

Coll. Knowst thou not *Cotswold* hills?

(87) their] there '38, '40, see! A.D.

(98) ,] om. '38

The: Through all the land
 No Finer wooll runnes through the spinsters
 hand.

But silly *Collen*, ill thou dost divine;
 Canst thou mistake a Bramble for a Pine?
 Or think this Bush a Cedar? or suppose 105
 Yon Hamlet, where to sleepe each shepheard
 goes

In circuit, buildings, people, power and name
 Equals the Bow string'd by the silver Thame?
 As well thou maist their sports with ours com-
 pare,
 As the soft wooll of Lambs, with the Goates
 haire. 110

Coll. Last evening Lad, I met a noble swaine,
 That spurr'd his sprightfull Palfrey ore the plain,
 His head with ribbands crown'd, and deckt as
 gay

As any Lasse upon her Bridall day:
 I thought (what easy faiths we shepheards
 prove!) 115

This, not the Bull, had been *Europa's* Love!
 I ask't the cause, they told me this was he
 Whom this daies Triumph crown'd with Victory.
 Many brave steeds there were, some you should
 finde

So fleet as they had been sonnes of the winde: 120
 Others with hoofs so swift, beat o're the race
 As if some engine shot 'um to the place.
 So many and so well wing'd Steeds there were,
 As all the Brood of *Pegasus* had been there.

(106) Yo'n '38 young '43, '52, goes? A.D.

(118) crown'd '38.

(122) 'em '38, ff.

Rider, and horse could not distinguish'd be, 125
 Both seem'd conjoyn'd a *Centaure's* Progeny.
 A numerous troop they were, yet all so light
 Earth never groan'd, nor felt 'um in their
 flight.

Such Royall Pastimes *Cotswold* mountains fill,
 When gentle swains visit her glorious hill: 130
 Where with such packs of Hounds they hunting
 goe,

As *Cyrus* never woon'd his Bugle to!
 Whose noise is musicall; and with full cries
 Beats o're the feilds, and Ecchoes through the
 skies.

Orion hearing wish'd to leave his Spheare, 135
 And call his Dogge from heaven, to sport it there.

Watt though he fled for life, yet joy'd withall
 So brave a dirge sung forth his funerall.

Not *Syrens* sweetlier rill, Hares as they flie
 Look back, as glad to listen, loth to die. 140

The. No doubt but from this brave Heroick fire
 In the more noble hearts, sparks of desire
 May warme the colder Boores, and emulous
 strife

Give the old Mirth and Innocence a new life.
 When thoughts of fame their quickned souls
 shall fill 145

At every glaunce that shewes 'um *Cotswold* hill.

Coll. There shepheard, there, the solemn games be
 playd,

Such as great *Theseus*, or *Alcides* made:

(132) ne're did winde '38, ff.

(139) Not] Nor '68.

(146) 'em '38, '40, '43, '64, '68 them '52.

Such as *Apollo* wishes he had seene,
 And *Iove* desires had his invention beene! 150
 The *Nemean*, and the *Isthmian* pastimes still
 Though dead in Greece, survive on *Cotswold* hill.

The. Happy oh hill! the gentle Graces now
 Shall trip o're Thine and leave *Cithérons* brow:
Parnassus clift, shall sink below his spring, 155
 And every Muse shall on thy frontlet sing.
 The Goddesses againe in strife shall be,
 And from mount *Ida* make appeale to thee;
Olympus pay thee homage and in dread
 The aged *Alpes* shall bow his snowy head; 160
Flora with all her store thy Temples Crowne,
 Whose height shall reach the stars: Gods looking
 down

Shall blesse the Incense that thy flowers exhale
 And make thee both a Mountain and a Vale.
 How many Ladies on thy top shall meet, 165
 And presse thy tresses with their od'rous feet?
 Whose eyes when wondring men see from a farre,
 They'le think thee Heaven and each of them a
 starre.

But gentle *Collen* say what God or man
 Fame we for this great worke, *Daphnis* or *Pan*?

Coll. *Daphnis* is dead, and *Pan* hath broke his Reed,
 Tell all your flocks 'tis Ioviall *Dover's* deed.
 Behold the shepherds in their ribbands goe,
 And shortly all the Nymphs shall weare 'um too:

(149-150) The order of these lines reversed in '64 and '68.

(153) Oh happy hill! '38.

(155) clift shall '38.

(161) storethy '38.

(168) They'le think the heaven and earth of them a starre. A.D. starre, '38.

(169) *Coll.* But gentle *Collen* '38.

(172) DOVERS A.D.

(171) *Coll.*] *The.* '38.

(174) 'em '38, ff.

Amaz'd to see such glory met together, 175
 Blesse *Dovers* pipe, whose Musick call'd 'um
 hither.

Sport you my Rams at sound of *Dovers* name;
 Big-bellied ewes make hast to bring a Lambe
 For *Dovers* fold: Goe maids and Lillies get
 To make him up a glorious Coronet. 180

Swains keep his holy-day and each man sweare
 To Saint him in the *Shepheards Calendar*.

(176) 'em '38, '43, '64, '68 'm '52.

(176, 177, 179) DOVERS A.D.

The poem is signed *Thomas Randall. Cant. in A.D.*

The Song of Orpheus.

HAile sacred Deserts, whom kind nature made
 Only to shelter with a loving shade,
 The now neglected Musique, glad to see
 Lyons afford her hospitality,
 And Tigers bid her welcome, with the rest 5
 Of savage beasts accept her for a guest,
 Since Men refuse her, and scarce daigne an eare
 To her high notes; or if they please to heare,
 Tis all; amongst my Pupills, you may see
 The birds that learn'd their sweetest laies of me; 10
 Those that chant Carols in this thanklesse age
 To pleasure men, rewarded with a Cage.

A Maske for Lydia.

Sweet *Lydia* take this maske, and shroud
 Thy face within the silken cloud,
 And veile those powerfull Skies:
 For he whose gazing dares so high Aspire,
 Makes burning glasses of his eyes, 5
 And sets his heart on fire.

Vaile, *Lydia* vaile, for unto mee
 There is no basiliske but thee.
 Thy very lookes doe kill:
 Yet in those lookes so fixt is my delight, 10
 Poore soule (alas) I languish still
 In absence of thy sight.

Close up those eyes, or we shall finde
 Too great a lustre strike us blinde!
 Or if a Ray so good 15
 Ought to be seene, let it but then appeare
 When Eagles doe produce their brood,
 To try their young ones there.

Or if thou would'st have me to know
 How great a brightnesse thou canst shew, 20
 When they have lost the Sun;
 Then doe thou rise, and give the world this theme,
 Sol from th' *Hesperides* is run,
 And back hath whipt his teame.

Yet through the *Goat* when he shall stray, 25
 Thou through the *Crab* must take thy way;

(14) strikes '52 !] : '38.

(19) you would '68.

(20) ,] : '38

For should you both shine bright
 In the same *Tropick*, we poore moles should get
 Not so much comfort by the light,
 As torment by the heat. 30

Where's *Lydia* now? where shall I seeke
 Her charming lip, her tempting cheeke
 That my affections bow'd?
 So dark a sable hath ecclipst my faire,
 That I can gaze upon the cloud, 35
 That durst not see the Star.

But yet me thinkes my thoughts begin
 To say there lies a white within,
 Though black her pride controule:
 And what care I how black a face I see, 40
 So there be whitenesse in the soule,
 Still such an *Ethiop* be.

(39) controul t '52.

A Parley with his empty Purse.

PVrse, who'l not know you have a Poets been
 When he shall look and find no gold herein?
 What respect (think you) will there now be shown
 To this foule nest, when all the birds are flowne?
 Vnnaturall *vacuum*, can your emptinesse 5
 Answer to some slight questions, such as these?
 How shall my debts be paid? or can my scores
 Be cleer'd with verses to my Creditors?

(1) who I not '52, Poets] Poet '52, '68.

Hexameter's no sterling, and I feare
 What the brain coyne goes scarce for currant there. 10
 Can meeter cancell bonds? is here a time
 Ever to hope to wipe out chalke with rime?
 Or if I now were hurrying to the jaile
 Are the nine *Muses* held sufficient baile?
 Would they to any composition come, 15
 If we should morgage our *Elisium*,
Tempe, *Parnassus*, and the golden streames
 Of *Tagus*, and *Pactolus*, those rich dreames
 Of active fancy? Can our *Orpheus* move
 Those rocks, and stones with his best straines of Love?
 Should I (like *Homer*) sing in lofty tones 21
 To them *Achilles*, and his *Myrmidons*;
Hector, and *Ajax* are but Sergeants names,
 They relish bay-salt, 'bove the Epigrams
 Of the most season'd braine, nor will they be 25
 Content with Ode, or paid with Elegy.
 Muse, burn thy baies, and thy fond quill resigne,
 One crosse of theirs is worth whole books of mine.
 Of all the treasure which the Poets hold
 There's none at all they weigh, except our gold; 30
 And mine's return'd to th' *Indies*, and hath swore
 Never to visit this cold climate more.
 Then crack your strings good Purse, for you need none;
 Gape on, as they doe to be paid, gape on.

(22) ;] ! '43, '52.

(24) above '68.

Vpon Love fondly refus'd for Conscience sake.

Nature, Creations law, is judg'd by sense,
 Not by the Tyrant conscience.
 Then our commission gives us leave to doe
 What youth and pleasure prompts us to:
 For we must question else heavens great decree, 5
 And tax it with a Treachery;
 If things made sweet to tempt our appetite
 Should with a guilt stain the delight.
 Higher powers rule us, our selves can nothing doe;
 Who made us love made't lawfull too. 10
 It was not love, but love transform'd to vice
 Ravish'd by envious Avarice,
 Made women first impropriate; all were free,
 Inclosures mans Inventions be.
 I' th' golden age no action could be found 15
 For trespasse on my neighbours ground:
 'Twas just with any Fayre to mixe our blood;
 The best is most diffusive good.
 She that confines her beams to one mans sight,
 Is a darke Lanthorne to a glorious Light. 20
 Say, does the Virgin-spring lesse chast appear
 Cause many Thirsts are quenched there?
 Or have you not with the same odours met
 When more have smelt your violet?
 The Phenix is not angry at her nest, 25
 Cause her perfumes make others blest:
 Though Incense to th' eternal Gods be meant,
 Yet mortalls Rivall in the sent.

(4) too: '68.

(9) us,] *om.* '68. made'lawfull '43.

(14) mens '40, ff.

(20) dark-Lanthorn '43, glorious] *om.* '64, '68.

Man is the Lord of creatures, yet we see
 That all his vassals loves are free; 30
 The severe wedlocks fetters doe not bind
 The Pard's inflam'd, and amorous mind;
 But that he may be like a Bridegroom led
 Even to the Royall Lyons bed.
 The birds may for a yeare their loves confine, 35
 But make new choyce each *Valentine*.
 If our affections then more servile be
 Then are our slaves, where's mans soveraignty?
 Why then by pleasing more, should you lesse please,
 And spare the sweets, being more sweet then these?
 If the fresh Trunk have sap enough to give 41
 That each insertive branch may live;
 The Gardner grafts not only Apples there,
 But addes the Warden and the Peare;
 The Peach, and Apricock together grow, 45
 The Cherry, and the Damson too.
 Till he hath made by skilfull husbandry
 An intire Orchard of one Tree.
 So least our Paradise perfection want,
 We may as well inoculate as plant. 50
 What's Conscience but a Beldams midnight theme?
 Or nodding nurses idle dreame?
 So feign'd, as are the Goblins, Elves, and Fairies
 To watch their Orchards, and their Dairies.
 For who can tell when first her reigne begun? 55
 I' th' state of innocence was none:
 And since large conscience (as the proverb shewes)
 In the same sense with bad one goes,

(38) our] *om.* '64, '68.(40) the] *om.* '64, '68.

(50) may inoculate and plant. '64, '68.

(51) Bedlams '64, '68.

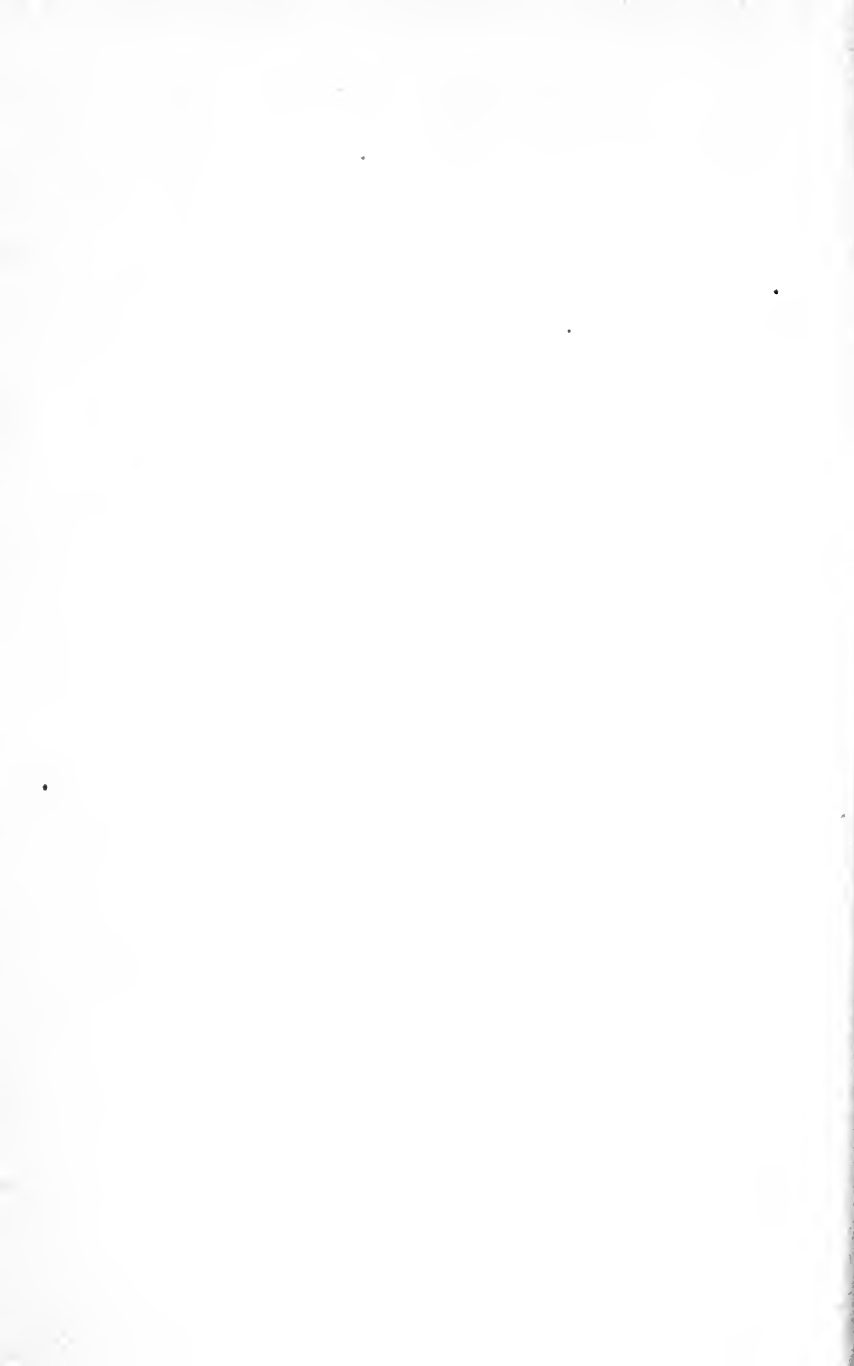
The lesse the better then, whence this will fall,
 'Tis to be perfect to have none at all. 60
 Suppose it be a vertue, rich and pure,
 'Tis not for Spring, or Summer sure,
 Nor yet for Autumn; Love must have his prime,
 His warmer heats, and harvest time.
 Till we have flourish'd, growne, and reap'd our
 wishes, 65
 What Conscience dares oppose our kisses?
 But when times colder hand leads us neare home,
 Then let that winter-vertue come:
 Frost is till then prodigious; we may doe
 What youth and pleasure prompts us to. 70

(60) He's perfect that hath none at all. '68.

(68) winter vertue '52.



POEMS
NOT IN THE 1638 EDITION
BUT
INCLUDED IN THE 1640
AND SUBSEQUENT EDITIONS.



On Importunate Dunnes.

POx take you all from you my sorrows swell
Your Treacherous Faith makes me turn Infidell.
Pray vex me not for Heavens sake, or rather
For your poor Childrens sake, or for their Father.
You trouble me in vain, what 'ere you say 5
I cannot, will not, nay I ought not pay.
You are Extortioners; I was not sent
T' encrease your sins, but make you all repent
That 'ere you trusted me, wee're even here,
I bought too cheap, because you sold too dear. 10
Learn Conscience of your Wives, for they I swear
For the most part Trade in the better Ware.
Heark Reader if thou never yet hadst one
I'll shew the torments of a *Cambridge Dunne*.
He railles where 'ere he comes, and yet can say 15
But this, that *Randolph* did not keep his day.
What? can I keep the Day, or stop the Sun
From setting, or the Night from coming on.
Could I have kept dayes, I had chang'd the doom
Of Times and Seasons, that had never come. 20
These evill spirits haunt me every day,
And will not let me eat, study, or pray.
I am so much in their Books that 'tis known
I am too seldome frequent in my *owne*.
What damage given to my Doors might be 25
If Doors might Actions have of Battery!

(5) ,; '64, '68.

(9) ,; '64, '68.

wee're] om. '68.

(26) !] ? '68.

And when they finde their comming to no end
 They Dunne by proxie, and their Letters send,
 In such a stile as I could never find
 In *Tullies* long, or *Seneca's* short winde.

30

*Good Master Randolph, Pardon me, I pray
 If I remember you forget your day.
 I kindly dealt with you, and it would be
 Vnkind in you, not to be kinde to me.
 You know, Sir, I must pay for what I have.
 My Creditors will be paid, therefore I crave
 Pay me as I pay them Sir, for one Brother
 Is bound in Conscience to pay another.
 Besides my Landlord would not be content,
 If I should dodge with him for's quarters rent.
 My Wife lies in too, and I needs must pay
 The Midwife, least the fool be cast away.
 And 'tis a second charge to me poor man
 To make the new born Babe a Christian.
 Besides the Churching a third charge will be
 In butter'd Habberdine and frummety.
 Thus hoping you will make a courteous end,
 I rest (I would thou would'st) Your loving Friend.*

35

40

45

A. B. M. H. T. B. H. L. I. O.
 I. F. M. G. P. W. Nay I know

50

You have the same stile all, and as for me
 Such as your stile is shall your payment be,
 Just all alike; see, what a cursed spell
 Charmes Devils up, to make my Chamber hell.

This some starv'd Prentice brings, one that does look
 With a face blurr'd more then his Masters book. 56
 One that in any chink can peeping lye
 More slender then the yard he measures by:
 When my poor stomack barks for meat I dare
 Scarce humour it, they make me live by air, 60
 As the *Camelions* do; and if none pay
 Better then I have done, even so may they.
 When I would go to Chappell, they betray
 My zeal, and when I onely meant to pray
 Unto my God, faith all I have to do 65
 Is to pray them, and glad theyl hear me too.
 Nay should I preach, the Raschals are so vext,
 They'd fee a beadle to arrest my Text;
 And sue if such a sute might granted be,
 My Use and Doctrine to an Outlary. 70
 This stings, yet what my gall most works upon
 Is that the hope of my revenge is gone.
 For were I but to deal with such as those,
 That know the danger of my Uerse or Prose
 Ide steep my Muse in Vinegar and Gall 75
 Till the fierce scold grew sharp and hang'd 'um all.
 But those I am to deal with are so dull,
 (Though got by Schollers) he that is most full
 Of Understanding can but hither come,
Imprimis, Item, and the *Totall summe.* 80
 I do not wish them *Ægypt's* plagues, but even
 As bad as they; I'le add unto them seven.
 I wish not Grashoppers, Froggs, and Lice come down,
 But clouds of Moths in every shop i' th' Town.

(56) his] her '52.

(58) :, '40 . '68.

(71) ,:] ; '68.

(74) or] and '68.

Then honest Devill to their Ink convey 85
 Some *Aqua-fortis* that may eat away
 Their books. To adde more torments to their lives,
 Heaven I beseech thee, send 'um handsome Wives.
 Such as will pox their flesh, till sores grow in 't
 That all their Linnen may be spent in lint. 90
 And give them Children with ingenuous faces,
 Indued with all the Ornaments and Graces
 Of Soul and Body, that it may be known
 To others, and themselves, they'r not their own.
 And if this vex 'um not, I'le grieve the Town 95
 With this curse, States put *Trinity-Lecture* down.
 But my last Imprecation this shall be,
 May they more Debtors have, and all like me.

(98) all] *om.* '43.

A Character.

Aulico-Politico-Academico.

THou Cozen to great Madams and allyed,
 To all the Beauties that are Ladified,
 Thou Eagle of the Realm whose eyes can see,
 Th' invisible plots of forraign policie,
 Thou great and unknown Learning of thy Nation 5
 Made not by studie, but by inspiration!
 The Court, the State, the Schooles together be
 By th' ears, and fight, and scratch, and all for thee.
 When I behold thee cringe in some fair Hall,
 And scrape proportions Mathematicall, 10

(7) Schooles] Schollers '64 Scholars '68.

Varying thy mouth as 'twere by Magick-spell
 To circle, ovall, square, and triangle,
 And take a Virgin by the Ivory hand
 Minting words to her, none can understand
 But in a vision, and some verse repeat 15
 So well enchanted, none the sense can get,
 Till they have conjur'd in lines strange and many.
 To find what spirit it has, if it have any.
 To see thy feet (though nature made them splay)
 Screw in the toes to dance and force a way 20
 To some smooth measure, as might justly vaunt
 Thou art turn'd Monseur of an Elephant.
 Thy mother sure going to see some sport,
 Tilting, or Masque, conceav'd thee in the Court.
 But when I view thee gravely nod, and spit 25
 In a grave posture, shake the head, and fit
 Plots to bring *Spain* to *England*, and confine
 King *Philips Indies* unto *Middletons Mine*.
 When I read o're thy comments sagely writ
 On the Currantoes, and with how much wit 30
 Thy profound *Aphorismes* do expound to us
 The *Almanacks*, and *Gallobelgicus*;
 When I conceive what news thou wilt bring ore
 When thou returnst with thy Ambassador;
 What slops the *Switzer* wears to hide his joynts, 35
 How *French* and how the *Spaniard* trusse their points,
 How ropes of Onions at Saint *Omers* go,
 And whether Turks be Christians yea or no.
 Then I believe one in deep points so able,
 Was surely got under the Councill-table. 40

(15) verse] words '68.

(16) get. '43, '68.

(20) away '40, '43.

(27) to *England*, '40.(28) *Mine* '40.

(33) o're '43, ff.

(35) slopes '64, '68 *Switzers* '43, '52.

But when I hear thee of *Celarent* write
 In *Ferio* and *Baralypton* fight,
 Me thinks my then Prophetike soul durst tell
 Thou must be born at *Aristolles* Well.
 But shall I tell thee friend how thy blest fate 45
 By chance hath made thy name so fortunate.
 The States-man thinks thou hast too much o'th'Court,
 The Courtier thinks thy sager parts do sort
 Best for the State; as for the Ladies they
 Pos'd with the Medley of thy language, say 50.
 Th' art a meer Scholler, and the Scholler swears
 Thou art of any tribe rather then theirs.
 One thinks thee this, one that, a third thinks either,
 Thou thinkst thy self th'art all, and I think neither.

On the losse of his Finger.

How much more blest are trees then men,
 Their boughes lopt off will grow agen;
 But if the steel our limbs dissever,
 The joynt once lost is lost for ever.
 But fondly I dull fool complain, 5
 Our members shall revive again;
 And thou poor finger that art dust
 Before the other members, must
 Return as soon at heavens command,
 And reunited be to th' hand 10
 As those that are not ashes yet;
 Why dost thou then so envious sit,
 And malice Oaks that they to fate
 Are tenants of a longer date?

(1) ,] ? '43, ff.

(9) soon as '43, ff.

Their leafes do more years include 15
 But once expir'd, are nere renew'd.
 Therefore dear finger though thou be
 Cut from those muscles govern'd thee,
 And had thy motion at command,
 Yet still as in a margent stand, 20
 To point my thoughts to fix upon
 The hope of Resurrection:
 And since thou canst no finger be
 Be a deaths head to humble me,
 Till death doth threat her sting in vain, 25
 And we in heaven shake hands again.

A parneticon to the truly noble Gentlman

M. Endymion Porter.

GOe bashfull Muse, thy message isto one
 That drinks and fil's thy *Helicon*.
 Who when his quill a sportive number seeks,
 Plants Roses in the Ladies cheeks.
 And with a sad note from their eyes can call 5
 Pearl-showres to dew those buds withall,
 Whose layes when I by chance am blest to hear
 My soul climbs up into my ear,
 And bids your sisters challenge from the Moon
 The Learned, as the fair *Endymion*. 10
 Sing of his faith to the bright soul that's fled,
 And left you all poor girls struck dead
 With just despair of any future men
 T'employ, or to reward a Pen.

A soul that staying would have wonders wrought, 15
 High as himself, or his great thought,
 And full of dayes, and honours (with our prayers,
 In stead of Beads summ'd up with tears.)
 Might of her own free flight to heaven have gone,
 Offer what's heart, his hand, his sword had done. 20
 But sing not thou a tale of discontent
 To him whose joy is to lament.
 We ought to pay true tears upon the hearse,
 And lay some up in faithfull verse,
 And so cast off our black; for more then thus 25
 Troubles the saints for troubling us.
 Say to him, Cupid being once too kinde
 Wept out his eyes and so grew blinde.
 For dead *Adonis*, grief being paid her due
 He turn'd Loves wanton god, and so do you. 30

(17) prayer '52.

(20) .], '40, '43, '52.

(27) *Cupid* '43, ff.

To a painted Mistresse.

THere are who know what once to day it was;
 Your eyes, your Conscience, and your morning
 glasse;
 How durst you venture that adulterate part
 Belabour'd with your fucus, and best Art
 To the rude breath of every rash salute? 5
 What did your profer whisper? expect suit?
 You were too pliant with your ear, you wisht
 Pomatum and Vermillion might be kiss'd,

(4) *Fucus* '43, ff.
(6) ?]; '68.

(7) .]; '68.

(8) *Pomatum* and *Vermillion* '43, ff. .]; '68.

That lip, that cheek by man was never known,
 Those favours you bestow are not your own. 10
 Hence forth such kisses I'le defie, like Thee,
 Which druggists sell to you, and you to me.

(9) known; '68.

To his well Timbred Mistresse.

Sweet, heard you not fames latest breath rehearse
 How I left hewing blocks to hack at Verse,
 Now grown the Master-Log, while others be
 But shavings and the chips of Poetry.
 And thus I Saw Deal-boards of beauty forth, 5
 To make my Love a Warehouse of her worth.
 Her leggs are heart of Oak, and columns stand
 To bear the amorous bulk; then Muse command
 That Beech be work'd for thighes unto those legs,
 Turn'd round and carv'd, and joynted fast with pegs. 10
 Contrive her belly round, a dining roome,
 Where Love and Beauty will a feasting come,
 Another story make from wast to chin
 With breasts like Pots to nest young sparrows in;
 Then place the Garret of her head above, 15
 Thatcht with a yellow hair to keep in Love.
 Thus have I finisht Beauties master prize
 Were but the Glasier here to make her eyes.
 Then Muse her out-works henceforth cease to raise
 To work within, and wainscot her with praise. 20

(2) at] a '43, ff.

(10) joynted] joyned '43, ff.

(18) here] neer '52.

(19) henceforth] om. '43, '52.

On six Maids bathing themselves in a River.

When bashfull Day-light now was gone,
 And Night that hides a blush came on.
 Six pretty Nymphs to wash away
 The sweating of a summers-day,
 In *Chams* fair streams did gently swim 5
 And naked bathe each curious limbe.
 O who had this blest sight but seen
 Would think that they had *Clælia's* been.
 A Scholler that a walk did take
 (Perchance for meditation sake) 10
 This better object chanc'd to finde,
 Straight all things else were out of minde;
 What better study in this life,
 For *Practick* or *Contemplative*?
 He thought, poor soul, what he had seen 15
Diana and her Nymphs had been,
 And therefore thought in piteous fear
Acteons fortunes had been near.
 Or that the water-Nymphs they were
 Together met to sport them there. 20
 And that to him such love they bore
 As unto *Hilas* once before.
 What could he think but that his eye
 Six Nymphs at once did there espie
 Rise from the waves? Or that perchance 25
 Fresh-water *Syrens* came to dance
 Upon the stream with tongue and look
 To tempt poor Schollers from their book?

(1) .]. '43.
 (5) did] stid '43.

(14) ?]. '40, '43, '52.
 (17) in] it '68.

(20) .]: '68.

He could not think they *Graces* were
 Because their numbers doubled are. 30
 Nor can he think they *Muses* be
 Because (alas) there wanted three.

I should have rather guest that there
 Another brood of *Helens* were,
 Begot by Jove upon the plains, 35
 Hatch'd by some Leda of the swans.
 The maids betrai'd were in a fright
 And blusht, but 'twas not seen by night.
 At last all by the bank did stand,
 And he (kind heart) lent them his hand. 40
 Where 'twas his blisse to feel all o're
 Soft paps, smooth thighes, and some thing more.
 But envious night hid from his eyes
 The place where love and pleasure lies.

Gesse lovers gesse, gesse you that dare 45
 What then might be this Schollers prayer.
 That he had been a Cat to spy,
 Or had he now *Tiberius* eye.
 Yet since his wishes were in vain
 He helpt them d'on their clothes again, 50
 Makes promise there should none be shent,
 So with them to the Tavern went.
 How they all night did sport and play
 Pardon my *Muse*, I dare not say;
 Gesse you that have a minde to know 55
 Whether he were a fool or no.

(35-36) Not in the old editions, but printed by Hazlitt from the Scatter good MS. in the Huth Library.

(42) something '52, ff.

(43) Indented in '40.

(54) i], '40, '43, '52.

The Wedding Morne.

A Rise, come forth, but never to return
 To the same Center, 'tis thy virgin Urn,
 Bury it in those thoughts which did possesse
 Thee from thy Cradle, 'till this happinesse;
 Which but to think upon will make they cheek, 5
 Fairer then is the morn you so much seek
 In beauty to outvy; and be the pride
 Of all that ever had the name of bride.
 Up Maids and let your nimble fingers be
 True instruments of curiosity: 10
 Set not a pin amisse, nor let a pleat
 Be folded in her gown but whats in state,
 And when her Ivory Temples you would deck
 Forbear your Art, for Nature gives you check.
 There in the circuit of her radiant haire 15
 See Cupid fetter'd in a golden snare.
 Marke the triumphant Throne wherein the Boy
 Installed sits to give the Bridegroom Joy.
 But when shees drest and that her listning ear
 Is welcom'd by the Bridegrooms being neer, 20
 Look how she stands and how her stedfast eye
 Is fix'd on him at's first discovery.
 Both being met, mark how their souls do strive
 To be in eithers joy contemplative.
 Whose kisses raise betwixt them such a fire 25
 That should the Phœnix see, he to expire
 Would shun the spicy mountain, and so take
 Himself between their lips a grave to make.

(2) thy] the '64, '68.

(16) Cupid '43, ff.

(19) and] om. '68.

In praise of Woemen in Generall.

HE is a Paricide to his mother's name,
 And with an impious hand murders her fame,
 That wrongs the praise of women, that dares write
 Libels on Saints, or with foul ink requite
 The milk they lent us: Better Sex command 5
 To your defence my more religious hand
 At sword, or Pen; yours was the nobler birth,
 For you of man were made, man but of earth,
 The son of dust; and though your sin did breed
 His fall, again you rais'd him in your seed. 10
 Adam in's sleep a gainfull losse sustain'd
 That for one rib a better selfe regain'd.
 Who had he not your blest creation seen,
 An Anchorite in Paradise had been.
 Why in this work did the creation rest 15
 But that eternall providence thought you best
 Of all his six dayes labour: beasts should do
 Homage to man, but man should wait on you.
 You are of comlier sight, of daintier touch,
 A tender flesh, a colour bright, and such 20
 As *Parians* see in marble, skin more fair,
 More glorious head, and far more glorious hair,
 Eyes full of grace, and quicknesse, purer roses
 Blush in your cheeks, a milder white composes
 Your stately fronts, your breath more sweet than his 25
 Breaths spice, and Nectar drops at every kisse.
 Your skins are smooth, bristles on theirs do grow
 Like quills of Pocupins, rough wooll doth flow

(7) yours] ours '40, '43, '52, '64 was] is '52.
 (9) Sun '68. (11) *Adam* '43, ff.

O're all their faces, you approach more near
 The form of angels; they like beasts appear: 30
 If then in bodies where the souls do dwell
 You better us, do then our souls excell?
 No; we in souls equall perfection see,
 There can in them nor male nor female be.
 Boast we of knowledge? you have more then we 35
 You were the first ventur'd to pluck the tree.
 And that more Rhetorick in your tongues doth ly
 Let him dispute against that dares deny
 Your least commands; and not perswaded be
 With *Sampsons* strength, and *Davids* pietie, 40
 To be your willing Captives; vertue sure
 Were blinde as fortune, should she choose the poor
 Rough cottage man to live in, and despise
 To dwell in you the stately edifice.
 Thus you are prov'd the better sex, and we 45
 Must all repent that in our Pedigree
 We choose the fathers name, where should we take
 The mothers, a more honour'd blood, 'twould make
 Our generation sure, and certain be,
 And I'de beleeve some faith in Heraldry! 50
 Thus perfect Creatures if detraction rise
 Against your sex dispute but with your eyes,
 Your hand, your lip, your brow, there will be sent
 So subtile and so strong an argument
 Will teach the Stoick his affection too, 55
 And call the Cinick from his Tub to woo.
 Thus mustring up your beauteous troops, go on
 The fairest is the valiant *Amazon*.

(37) doth] do '68.

(46) Pedigree. '43, '52.

To M. I. S. on his Gratefull Servant.

I Cannot fulminate or tonitruate words,
 To puzzle intellects, my ninth lasse affords
 No Lycophronian buskins, nor can strain
 Garagantuan lines to Gigantize thy vein,
 Nor make a jus jurand, that thy great plaies 5
 Are terr'del fo-gos, or incognitaes;
 Thy Pegasus in his admir'd careere,
 Curvets no Capreols of Nonsense here.

(3) sycophronian G. S. '37.

(6) terra del fo'gods G. S. '37.

(4) Garaganturn '43 Garaganturne '52. (8) no] on G. S. '37. Non-sence '68.

W Onder not friend, that I do entertain
 Such language, that both think & speak so
 plain. 10

Know, I applaud thy smooth and even strains,
 That will inform, and not confound our brains.
 Thy Helicon, like a smooth stream doth flow,
 While others with disturbed channels go,
 And headlong, like Niles Cataracts do fall 15
 With a huge noyse, and yet not heard at all.
 When thy intelligence on the Cock-pit stage
 Gives it a soul from the immortall rage
 I hear the Muses birds with full delight
 Sing where the birds of *Mars* were wont to fight: 20
 Nor flatter I, thou knowest I do abhor it;
 Let others praise thy Play, Ile love thee for it;
 That he that knows my friend shall say, he has
 A friend as Gratefull as his Servant was.

(15) Nile Cataracts G. S. 37.

(22) I'le '43, ff.

The poem is signed Tho. Randolph. in G. S. '37.



POEMS

MORE OR LESS DOUBTFUL

not in any of the early editions of Randolph;
added from various sources.



*The Towns-mens Petition of Cambridge.*¹

NOW Scholars, look unto it,
For you will all be undon,
For the last week, you know it,
The Towns-men rid to *London*:
The Mayor, if he thrives, 5
Hath promised, on his word,
The King a pair of Knives,
If he'll give him a Sword,
That he may put the Beadles down,
And walk in worship here, 10
And kill all Scholars in the Town
That thus do domineer.
And then unto the Court
They do themselves repair,
To make the King some sport, 15
And all his Nobles there.
He down upon his knee,
Both he and they together:
A Sword, he cries, good King, give me,
That I may cut a feather. 20
There's none at all I have at home,
Will fit my hand I swear;
But one of yours will best become
A Sword to domineer.
These Scholars keep such wreaks, 25
As makes us all afeard,

¹ From the *Crewe of Kind London Gossips*, 1662, where it is credited to "T. Randolph."

That if to them a Towns-man speaks,
 They will pull off his beard:
 But if your Grace such licence gives,
 Then let us all be dead, 30
 If each of us had not as lieve
 He should pull off his head.
 They call us silly drunkards too;
 We know not why, nor where;
 All this, and more than this, they do, 35
 'Cause they will domineer.
 A speech if I do make,
 That hath much learning in't,
 A Scholar comes to take,
 And set it out in print; 40
 We dare not touch them for our lives,
 Good King, have pity on us!
 For first they play upon our Wives,
 And then make songs upon us.
 Would we have power to put, 45
 And turn on them the jeer,
 Then we would do the best we could,
 But we would domineer,
 They stand much on their wit,
 We know not what it is 50
 But surely had we liked it,
 We had got some of this.
 But since it will no better be,
 We are constrain'd to frame
 Petitions to your Majesty, 55
 These witty ones to tame.
 A sword would scare them all, I say,
 And put them in great fear;

A Sword of you, good King, we pray,
That we may domineer: 60
Which, if your Grace permits,
Wee'll make them look about 'um;
But yet they have such pleasant wits,
We cannot live without 'um.
They have such pretty arguments, 65
To run upon our score;
They say fair words, and good intents
Are worth twice as much more.
And that a clown is highly grac't,
To sit a Scholar near; 70
And thus we are like fools out-fac't,
And they do domineer.
But if you will renew
To us your Grace's Charter,
Wee'l give a ribbon blew 75
To some Knight of the Garter.
A cap also we want,
And Maintenance much more.
And yet those Scholars brag and vaunt
As if they had good store. 80
But not a penny we can see,
Save once in twice 7 year:
They say it is no policy,
Drunkards should domineer.
Now reason, reason cries, Alas 85
Good Lord-lings, mark it well,
A Scholar told me that it was
A perfect parallel.
Their case and ours so equal stand
As in a way-scale true, 90

A pound of Candles on each hand,
 Will neither higher shew.
 Then, prethee listen to my speech,
 As thou shalt after hear:
 And then I doubt it not, my Liege,
 But we shall domineer. 95
 Vice-Chancellors they have
 And we have Mayors wise,
 With Proctors and with Taskers grave,
 Our Bayliffs you may size: 100
 Their silver Staves keep much adoe,
 Much more our silver Maces;
 And some think, that our Serjeant too
 Their Beadle-Squires out-faces.
 And if we had a Sword I think 105
 Along the street to bear,
 'Twould make the proudest of them shrink,
 And we should domineer:
 They've Patrons of Nobility,
 And we have our partakers; 110
 They've Doctors of Divinity,
 And we have Basket-makers:
 Their Heads, our brethren dear,
 Their Fellows, our householders;
 Shall match them, and we think to bear 115
 Them down by head and shoulders.
 A Sword give us, O king, we pray,
 That we may top them there;
 Since every Dog must have its day,
 Let us once domineer. 120
 When they had made the King to laugh,
 And see one kiss his hand;

Then little mirth they make, as if
 His mind they understand.
 Avoid the room, an Usher cries, 125
 The King will private sup:
 And so they all came down like fools,
 As they before went up.
 They cry'd God bless his Majesty;
 And then no doubt they sware, 130
 They'l have the Town made a City,
 And here so domineer.
 But wot ye what the King did think,
 And what his meaning was;
 I vow unto you by this drink, 135
 A rare device he has:
 His Majesty hath pen'd it,
 That they'l be ne're the better:
 And so he means to send it,
 All in a Latine Letter, 140
 Which when it comes for to be read,
 It plainly will appear,
 The Towns-men they must hang the head,
 And the Scholars must domineer.

*On the Fall of the Mitre Tavern in Cambridge.*¹

L Ament, lament, ye Scholars all,
 Each wear his blackest Gown:
 The Mitre that held up your wits,
 Is now itself faln down.

¹ From the *Crewe of Kind London Gossips*, 1662, where, however, no author's name is given, and it is not divided into stanzas. See notes.

The dismal fire of *London-Bridge*,
 Can move no heart of mine:
 For that but o're the water stood,
 But this stood o're the wine. 5

It needs must melt, each Christians heart,
 That this sad newes but hears. 10
 To think how the sad Hogsheads wept
 Good Sack and Claret tears,

The zealous Students of the place
 Change of Religion fear,
 Lest this mishap may chance bring in 15
 The heresie of Beer.

Unhappy Mitre! I would know
 The cause of this sad hap:
 Came it by making legs too low
 To *Pembrook's* Cardinals Cap? 20

Then know thy self, and cringe no more,
 Since Popery went down,
 That Cap must vail to thee, for now
 The Mitre's next the Crown.

Or was't, because our company 25
 Did not frequent thy Cell
 As we were wont, to cure these cares,
 Thou fox'dst thy self and fell?

No sure, the Devil was adry,
 And caus'd a fatal blow; 30
 'Twas he that made the Cellar sink,
 That he might drink below.

Yet, though some say, the Devil did it,
 'Cause he might drink up all.
I rather think the Pope was drunk, 35
 And let his Mitre fall.

Lament, ye *Eaton*-conjurers,
 Because your lack of knowledge
To let a Tavern fall that stood
 On the walls of your Colledge. 40

Let the Rose with the Falcon molt,
 Whiles *Sam* enjoyes his wishes:
The Dolphin too must cast her Crown,
 Wine was not made for Fishes.

That Sign a Tavern best befits, 45
 Which shews who loves Wine best:
The Mitre's then the only Sign,
 For that's the Scholar's crest.

Then drink Sack *Sam*, and cheer thy heart,
 Be not dismaid at all; 50
For we will drink it up again,
 Though our selves de catch a fall,

Wee'll be thy workmen day and night,
 In spite of bugbear-Proctors,
We drank like fresh-men all before, 55
 But now wee'll drink like Doctors.

Annagram. Virtue alone thy Blisse.¹

Descent of birth is a vaine good
 Doubtfully sprung from others bloud,
 Wealth, though it be the worldlings baite,
 Wise men but use to make up weight:
 Witt in a woman I scarce know 5
 Whether it be a praise or no:
 Beautie's a glorious flower, but gone
 And wither'd ere the spring be done:
 All those thou dost as Jewells weare,
 But more thine owne perfections are; 10
 For thine a nobler bloud shall bee
 Whose pure descent flowes but from thee;
 Thy wealth is goodnesse, such a store
 As is more pretious then the oare
 That loades the yeerely flectes of Spayne, 15
 For which the naked Indians slayne;
 Thy witt soe chaste, thou might's't have beene
 Not Sapho, but the Sheba Queene:
 A beauty thou thy selfe hast made
 Whose Rose and Lilly shall not fade, 20
 Sett in the soule not in the face,
 That garden is a fading place;
 In thee both soule and body are
 Equally noble rich, and faire,
 Outward, and inward graces kisse, 25
 Cause, virtue is alone thy blisse;
 Nor is this stollne, or borrowed fame,
 Thy praise is all thine owne, thy name.

*An Epithalamium.*¹

Bliss court thee sweetest soule, and fall soe thick
That it outwit or pose arithmetick.

'Mongst all those ioyes which from the holy shrine
As you return'd the virgins gave, lett mine

I pray have entertainment, for they come 5
To sing in your Epithalamium.

O prove soe happy in thy nuptiall,
That when beleaguerd, slow-faith virgins shall
Cruelly deliberate, and refuse

The rights of Hymen, all our youths may use 10
This rare stratagem, tell them but a story

Of thy blest bridall's fortune, and their glory
Which must so hale them, that they straight will be
All wives in hope to be as blest as thee.

Heauen send a sweet-fac't heire, a chopping boy, 15
To make thee sport at home, O what ioy

T'would be to view both your portraictures done
Soe rarly to the life, and that in one,

Soe small a peice, then if the worke be showne
This would commend you most, it is your owne. 20

Pardon I can't expresse the thousand blisse
I wish you but the summe of all is this.

Ile pray thou may soe happy be;
As thy best honour'd bedman is in thee.

Except but heaven, and he that more would speake 25
I say, need's his expression must be weake.

¹ From Addit. MS. 11,811, where it is credited to Thomas Randolph.

On a maide of honour seen by a scollar in sommerset garden.¹

As once in blacke I disrespected walk't,
 Where glittering courtiers in their tissues stalk't,
 I cast by chauce my melancholy eye,
 Upon a woman (as I thought) pass'd by.
 But when I veiw'd her ruffe and beaver reard 5
 As if Priapus-like she would have feard,
 The ravenous Harpyes from the clustred grape,
 Then I began much to mistrust her shape;
 When veiwing curiously, away she slipt,
 And in a fount her whited hande she dipt. 10
 The angry water as if wrong'd thereby,
 Ranne murmuring thence a second touch to fly,
 At which away she stalkes, and as she goes
 She viewes the situation of each rose;
 And having higher rays'd her gowne, she gaz'd 15
 Upon her crimson stocking, which amaz'd
 Blusht at her open impudence, and sent
 Reflection to her cheeke, for punishment.
 As thus I stood the gard'ner chauce to pass.
 My frend (quoth I) what is this stately lasse. 20
 A maide of honour S^r said he, and goes away,
 Drawing a riddle, was enough to pose
 The crafty Oedipus, for I could
 Nor mayde, nor honour, sure no honesty.

¹ From Addit. MS. 11,811, where it is credited to Thomas Randolph.
 (23) Hazlitt adds [see] which is very probably correct.

*Epigram.*¹

Heavens decreed, before the world begun,
 That such fair beauty should not live a nun;
 But if thou needs this vow wilt undertake,
 I wish my arms a cloister for thy sake.

[*To Richard Weston.*]²

Although your Lordshipps happy annagram
 give you of hard and honest both the name
 yet let that hand (I pray you) fall on mee
 gently, and pay mee with your honesty.

*A letter to his Mistresse.*³

Goe happy Paper by Command,
 Take liberty to kisse a Hand
 More white than any part of thee,
 Although with spotts thou graced bee.
 The glorie of the chiefest day, 5
 The morning Aire perfum'd in May,
 The first born Rose of all the Spring,
 The Down beneath the Turtles Wing.
 A Lute just reaching to the Eare
 Whatere is soft, is sweet, is faire 10
 Are but her shreds who fills the place
 And Sume of every Single grace.

¹ Printed by Hazlitt from the Scattergood MS. formerly in the collection of Mr. Henry Huth.

² From the fly-leaf of the British Museum copy of the 1638 edition of the Poems. It is there credited to "Tho Randolph."

³ From Addit. MS. 22,602, where it is credited to T. Randall.

As in a Child the Nurse descries
 The Mothers Lips, the Fathers Eyes,
 The Uncles Nose, & doth apply 15
 Honors to every part, So I
 In her could Analise the Store,
 Of all that choice e're Nature wore
 Each Private piece to mind may call
 Some Earth, but none can match it all. 20
 Poore Emblemes, they, can but expresse
 One Element of Comelynesse.
 None are so rich to shew in One
 All Samples of Perfection.
 Nor can the Pencill represent 25
 More than the Outward Lineament.
 Then who can lime the portraiture
 Of beauties live Behaviour?
 Or what can figure evry kind
 Of Jewell that adorns her mind? 30
 Thought cannot draw her picture full,
 Each thought to Her is grosse & dull.

*The Character of a Perfect Woman.*¹

Appelles curious eye must gaze upon
 all beauties, and from choice of all make one;
 Thais must lend a lipp, Lais a cheeke,
 then for a browe we must Oenone seeke.
 Spoyle Hermia for a nose, ravish an eye 5
 from Helen, and from Omphale snatch a thighe:
 Stopp Atalanta in her nimble race
 to borrow Leggs, and parcell of her face;

¹ From Harl. MS. 6918, where it is credited to T. R. closely following other poems which are by Randolph.

robbe Ledaes twinns, and Venus breast must weare,
 and cozen Ariadne of her haire; 10
 wee make no shape nor to encrease our store
 of beauty, tane on trust; leave others poore.
 Like such as thrive by breaking; this is she
 of whom the double faire Penelope
 Lucrece, and Pallas all but copies are 15
 and not examples; this is that one rare
 Eternall forme of woman, which we finde
 platonick dreame in none but in the minde.
 of the great workeman, by which he creates
 the rest oth' sexe, and as their severall fates 20
 gives them like her th'are blest, their excellence
 brings but reflection of a light from hence:
 Soe perfect as if natures care had beene
 To fitt the Inne a guest, the Guest an Inne:
 Her soule and body equally divine, 25
 never dwelt holyer saint in statelier shrine;
 in every member some great vertue lives
 that like the soule informes the part, and gives
 his heaven a motion, that they all appeare
 Soe many Angells in their proper Spheare: 30
 I will not say her hairs are finest wires
 of gold or silver (dross the world admires)
 nor silkwormes coyles spunne by a subtile thread
 but they are crownes of rayes throwne round her head.
 Beames that shoote glory forth, by whose bright shine
 we know the orbe the circle is divine: 36
 Her browe is fairer than the parian stone
 Fitt to make Altars on, where in a throne
 Sitts maiesty triumphant, in her hand
 She beares a powerfull scepter to command, 40

(36) Thus in MS.; probably intended for] they circle.

and checke proud mortalls whose bold hopes might
 bee
 such gyants as to court Divinitye;
 Under the Lidd that Canopies her eyes
 pure bashfullnesse in mayden curtaines lyes,
 from which, as morning, breakes a double sunne 45
 more bright than eagles dare to gaze upon;
 Which when in Zeale they fixe on heaven, and then
 Deigne to bestow a lower looke on men,
 amazed in my thoughts I know not whether
 they kindle more heate here, or send more thither 50
 Which though in us some wanton flames they move,
 againe their brightness curbes ambitious Love;
 As misty fogges which into clouds are swelld
 by the same heate that raised them are dispelld;
 View in her cheekes pure bloud, nere tainted more 55
 than what an apple surfetted long before,
 And that refined, that in those christall tydes
 but little of originall blott resides;
 There modesty her virgin pallace keeps,
 behold yon bed of roses where she sleepes, 60
 Looke on that blush, for nought her selfe hath done,
 her only shame is this that we have none;
 Her corral lips for God and man prepare
 A stately banquet, then the Gods more rare;
 Where to a friend if curtesie graunt a kisse 65
 tis frost in hers, yet lightning shot from his;
 Within there runne two Ivory pales along,
 a needlesse fence for such a vertuous tongue
 Which are but as a guard to a good prince
 Not given for safety, but magnificence; 70
 When that Instrument that seldome speaks
 though all attend, unwellcome silence breaks,

how admiration takes our eares, that bee
 so rapt they thinke the ayre turnd harmony;
 Who sees her fingers in their quaint device 75
 With cunning needle worke a paradise,
 Where flowers, and trees, beasts, fish, and fowle appear
 Would think that peece Arts first creation were;
 But when she takes her Lute, and strikes the strings
 themselves with wonder, at the hand that brings 80
 Divinity into them, you might see
 Each fowle, each fish, each beast, each flower, and tree
 runne from the worke, as if they orpheus heare,
 and to the hand that wrought them lend an eare;
 yet here another royall vertue dwells, 85
 her charity, that all the rest excells,
 and works of mercy in more plenty powres
 Than Ceres eares of wheate, or Jove his showres;
 Her waste is untoucht snow girt with a zone 89
 that bounds my course, as that in heaven the sunne;
 Let wanton pencills her hid parts expresse;
 the Sexe, and not perfection lyes in these;
 To shadow every part will pose my skill
 whose meditation is above my quill;
 She is the workemans glory, the creation 95
 knowes her a master-peece; mans admiration
 (though all his Limbes rebell) could not reveale
 to such perfection, so much love as zeale;
 She hath a heart of soe strange temper framed
 it cannot simply hard, or soft be named; 100
 the cause can make it Adamant, and then
 can melt that Adamant to waxe againe;
 And this is natures phœnix I presume
 that chastly lives and dyes in a perfume.

*Ad Amicam.*¹

Sweet, doe not thy beauty wrong
 By thinking still thou art too young,
 The rose, & lilly in each cheeke
 Flourish, & noe more ripenesse seeke.
 Those flaming beames, shott from thine eye,
 Doe shew Loves Midsomer is nigh.
 Love's still young, & a buxome boy,
 And young things be allowed to toy,
 Then lose no time, for love hath wings,
 And flies away from aged things.

[*On the Book Fish.*]²

If Fishes thus do bring us Books, then we
 May hope to equal *Bodlyes Library*.

*On M' parson Organist of Westminster Abbye.*³

Death passing by, and hearing parsons play
 Stood much Amazed at his depth of skill
 And said this Artist must with me away
 for Death bereaves us of the better still
 Yet let the Quire whils't hee keeps time sing on
 For Parsons rests his service being Done

¹ From MS. Tanner, 465, where it is credited to T. R.

² From Fuller's *Worthies of England*.

³ From MS. Ashmole 38, where it is credited to Th. Randall.

[*On William Lawrence.*]¹

With diligence and trust most exemplary
 Did WILLIAM LAVRENCE serve a Prebendary;
 And for his Paines now past, before not lost,
 Gain'd this Remembrance at his Masters cost.
 O reade these Lines againe; you seldome find
 A Servant faithfull and a Master kind.
 Short Hand he wrote; his Flowre in prime did fade,
 And hasty Death Short Hand of him hath made.
 Well covth he Nv'bers and well mesur'ed Land;
 Thvs doth he now that Grovnd where on yov stand.
 Wherein he lyes so Geometricall;
 Art maketh some, but thvs will Nature all.

*Randolph his answer to some merry companion*²

From all the ills that I have done, Lord, quit me out
 of hand,
 And make me not a scorne to fools that nothing
 understand.

[*Randolph's answer to the "Sons of Ben."*]³

I *John Bo peep*, to you four sheep,
 With each one his good fleece,
 If that you are willing to give me five shilling,
 'Tis fifteen pence a piece.

¹ From a transcription of Lawrence's epitaph given in Bradley's *Westminster Abbey*. The version given by Aubrey is slightly different.

² Printed by Hazlitt from the MS. commonplace-book of Henry Oxinden of Barham, 1647.

³ From Winstanley's life of Randolph.

*Praeludium.*¹

- Gen: Ho! Histrio! I thought a presse had swallowed you all, tis so long since I saw a Comedie: have you not for want of exercise forgot your quality? Can you stroddle as wide, & talke as loud as you were wont to doe? 5
- Histr; Wee will Sir stretch legs & mouth to do you service; though in this dead vacation the one hath beene onely employd in the to'thers errands; the feete had little else to do but to walke away the stomacke — 10
- Gen: Well I am glad the gagg is out of your mouth; we have had a great dearth of witt all over the tavernes & ordinaryes, for want of new words, & had you ben longer supprest, we must either have new studyed Euphues, or 15 return'd to Greene-s Arcadia, or have cald in fidlers & said nothing — Drinking in silence wou'd have come up againe.
- Hist. It has beene a wretched time with us I'me sure all over the towne; such an alteration 20 cleane through 'um a fellow that has been big enough to play Hercules, is fallen away so many Cubitts, all the cloths in our wardrope will not stuffe him up to the stature — a paire of silke stockings serv'd six of 'um from June 25 to October — another had nothing to eat for a fortnight togeather but a propertie buckler.
- Gent. Hard of digestion! what play have you today?
- Hist. One newly reviv'd, the Hungry Courtier:

¹ From Addit. MS. 37,425, where it is marked "T Randall after the last Prologue" in a hand which another note says is that of "Ld. Ch. Clarendon."

Gent. the hungry Courtier — no — let it be the 30
 hungry plaier — I would not sit on any stage
 'ith towne this twelve-month, for if they gape
 as wide as they usd to doe, I should suspect
 a further danger — there is nigh occasion to
 feare the Actors will devoure the audience — 35
 what think you of a play nothing but ghosts?
 would it not be excellently fitted for the per-
 sons? Never a comedy where a pudding is
 eaten? or bowleing with penny loaves? o for
 a yeoman of the guard's part at a chine of 40
 beef! I would hardly trust thee at one of your
 wooden pyes: — faith how have you liv'd?
 Does the Lady at fifty hold out? prethee show
 me how & by what miracle you have beene
 preserv'd — 45

Hist. Faith Sir, I'le tell you — some of us have
 beg'd in blanke verse; others have acted Tam-
 berlaine to a butcher & spoke themselves 'oth
 score for a sheepshead — many have peeped
 into roomes like fidders, Gentlemen will you 50
 have any speeches —

Gent. Oh prethee now let me see that

His. If you will give us a supper I doe thinke I
 shall persuade 'um too't.

Gent. With all my heart; in troth I pittie their 55
 miseryes — wee feed & cloth them with monyes,
 & they Line us with wit. what — easily per-
 suaded —

His. I sir, looke you this is a great Captaine.

Ent. Captaine

60

Frost ceize my bloud if I can beare the dov
 were I a pigmie, twould exalt my wrath

to gyant bignesse — resolution
 awake & rise put on thy cloaths of fury
 And draw thy sword & march along with 65
 mee.

Gent. Call for the traine band, sure hee'l take the
 towne.

Cap. Fix't is my will & danger doe thy worst —
 were bones of matrons & the skulls of 70
 virgins
 vanishd & slaughterd, built into a bullwarke
 I would goe on spight of the muskets teeth
 The Canons mouth, or Jaw of Culverin.
 Death meet me in the horridst face thou hast 75
 Jove set thy thunders to oppose my ayme
 Mars & Bellona fyery daggers draw
 yet I resolve as men of valour should
 To tast & eat this peice of pasty crust.

Gent. A desperate peice of service — I would make 80
 him a Captaine at least, if I meant to assault
 a cupbord, or beseidge an Alms-tub — here —
 eat —

Hist. Sir I have seene others then plaiers this dead
 time not very fatt; twas a Lent with us, & I 85
 beleive an Ember weeke with some of you;
 when you have kept your Frydayes two or
 three days together; wee have mett you some
 times, & fasted fowre in a messe at hospitable
 Humphreys — 90

But here comes a Lover

Lover Ah Cruell Cupid well I knew thy flames
 happy I liv'd — now I lament & water
 Earth with my teares; the winds have heard
 my sighs, 95

and mountaines eccho-d with perpetuall
 grones,
 the nightingale listning to my complaints
 sings out of tune, & beares a part with mee
 And canst thou bee so cruell, when I languish 100
 In flames of thy affection — gentle death
 Lend me thy curteous hand, o learne not thou
 Scorne & disdaine from him; Sir in what desert
 or wildernesse were you brought up? what Tyger
 Leopard or Lyonesse suckled you with bloud. 105
 That you can bee so savadge to deny
 Your poore despaireing Thisbe, halfe a crowne
 To vampe her bootes.

Gent. It breeds compunction in mee — alas poore
 Lady — have you any more Inhabitants of the 110
 land of famine?

His. Yes Sir here they are — 2 Rovers — brothers
 of the knife that have fallen out, who shall eat
 tothers nose first — you know the meaning
 — the quarrell must bee taken up — 115
 And let it bee at your charge.

Gen. At my charge? o I understand you.

1 Rov. I will unnose thy face; sowce up thy cheekes
 & cut thy body into fletch & gammon —
 2 yield mee a chine, a surloine, & a shoulder 120
 or I will ceeze the rest in sutt & smoke.
 1 then sword supply revenge.¹
 2 Dy then, & bee in brawny collars boyl'd
 bore as thou art.
 1 wilt thou yield up a legg? 125
 2 For I must carve thee.

¹ After this line there is in the MS. part of another one which has become indecipherable.

- 1 Not the least of pestes.
- 2 A wing will serve.
- 1 Noe, if thou meane escape
resigne a collop. if not so, to pott, 130
- 2 sword cutt, & send him to the dressing bord.
- Gent. what doe you meane, Gentlemen! pray be not
so earnest in these uncivill quarrelle —
- 1 Sir thinke not by persuasion to controwle
my thirsty steele; it must have bloud & 135
drink —
- 2 thinke not Leane Rhetorique can abate the edge
of hungry blade, it must have flesh & feed.
- Gent. I know you have both good stomacks — pray
bee reconcil'd — walke downe the stayres, 140
& chew the cud with my servingmen.
- 1 then sword to sleepe in scabbard — knife awake
- 2 thou art by miracle preserved — all freinds
Say grace a forehand, least it breed delay.
- 1 I cannot haveing said none many a day. 145
- Gent. This is well ended — so & how have you
liv'd what Chamelion shar'd Commons with
you? what speech have you knawed on?
- His. faith my gutts are noe great storers, a little
serves mee, and you seldome heard a pismire 150
complaine of a dearth o'Corne yet —
- Gent. Who's this? how has he liv'd?
- His. He has liv'd by speaking the prologue to this
play: he might ha' done penance too, had not
that discharged his ordinary on a desperate 155
day —
- Gent. I shall heare that in the cockpit, well you
shall sup with me; Ile send my boy to be-
speake one dish.

His. An oxe, with a pudding in's belly, & per- 160
 chance for second course a dozen of calves in
 a dish, & so I shall expect you.

[*The City of London.*]¹

O fortunate Citie reioyce in thy Fate
 That hast so religious a Magistrate
 Oh Jonas the 2^d is sent unto thee
 As Jonas the first to old Ninvee
 Thou poenitat. Citie of London 5

Divinitie means to cure all soules
 And Charitie means to reparaire old Powles
 The Clergie & Laytie lovingly meete
 Th' one sweeps the Conscience the other the Street
 In the cleanly Citie of London 10

Each Citizen unto the Prison is borne
 That every night will not hang out his horn
 Yet spare all your Candles, good Providence might
 And hang out their wives that are surely as light
 In the delicate City of London. 15

Know this good magistrate hath a command
 In Middlesex London & chering & Strand
 O with what sins, with what sins are w'opprest
 When the Mayor on the Sabbath can take no rest
 In Westminster nor in London 20

¹ From MS. Rawl. 62. It is credited in the margin to "Randall" in what seems to be a later hand.

Sobriety then shall arise some think
 That no man soe late in the night shall have drink
 Yet then good fellows retain your old crimes
 Rise early good fellows & be drunk betimes
 In the temperate Citty of London 25

Authoritie now smites us noe more
 To drinke in a Taverne, or speake with a whore
 The late proclamation was go good sense
 That banisht away all Gentlemen hence
 From the chargeable Citie of London 30

The Bankside is honest & Bloomsbury Chasse
 The Ladies turn'd carefull & look to the Wast
 Nor can we now Beershops in Turnbull Street see
 No Bawdy house now but St. Anthlins shall bee
 In the Puritan Citie of London 35

28 go] thus in MS.; perhaps intended for] so.

AMYNTAS

OR THE
IMPOSSIBLE DOVVRY.

A PASTORALL ACTED
before the KING & QUEENE
at *White-Hall.*

Written by THOMAS RANDOLPH.

*Pastorem, Tityre, pingues
Pascere oportet oves, diductum dicere Carmen.*



OXFORD,
Printed by Leonard Lichfield, for Francis
Bowman. 1638.

Drammatis Personæ.

Pilumnus. The high Priest of *Ceres*: Father to *Damon* and *Vrania*.

Medorus. Father to *Laurinda*.

Claius. A wild Sylvan, father to *Amyntas* and *Amaryllis*.

Corymbus. An under Priest.

Damon. }
Alexis. } Two Rivalls in *Laurinda's* Love.

Amyntas. A mad Sheapheard. 10

Laurinda. A wavering Nymph.

Vrania. A sad Nymph, enamoured on *Amyntas*.

Amarillis. A distressed sheapheardesse, in love with *Damon*.

Thestylis. An old Nymph, sister to *Claius*. 15

Iocastus. A fantastique sheapheard & fairy Knight.

Bromius. His man, a blunt Clowne.

Mopsus. A foolish Augur enamoured on *Thestylis*.

Dorylas. A knavish boy.

Echo. 20

Chorus of {
 Priests.
 Sheapheards.
 Nymphs.

Quorum fit mentio,

Philæbus. }
Lalage. }
Mycon. }

*The Scene Sicilie, in the
holy Vale.*

The time an Astrological day from
Noone to Noone.

(10) mand '4ob, '52

man '62, '68.

(16) &] and a '4ob, ff.

PROLOGVS.

Nymph. Shepheard.

Nym.  Le speak the *Prologue*.

Sheap. Then you doe mee wrong.

Nym. Why, dare your Sexe compare
with ours for Tongue?

Sheap. A Female *Prologue!*

Nym. Yes, as well as Male.

Shep. That's a new trick;

Nym. And t'other is as stale.

Shep. Men are more eloquent then women made: 5

Nym. But women are more powfull to perswade.

Shep. It seemes so; for I dare no more contend.

Nym. Then best give ore the strife, and make an end.

Sheap. I will not yeeld.

Nym. Shall we divide it then?

Sheap. You to the Woemen speak.

Nym. You to the Men. 10

Sheap. Gentlemen, looke not from us Rurall swains
For polish'd speech, high lines, or Courtly straines:
Expect not we should bring a labour'd Scene,
Or complements; we ken not what they meane.

Nym. And Ladies, we poore Country Girles doe
come 15

With such behaviour as we learn'd at home.

How shall we talke to Nymphs so trim and gay,
That nere saw Lady yet but at a *May*?

She. His Muse is very bashfull, should you throw
A Snake into her Cradle, I doe know 20
She is no *Hercules* to outlive your Ire:

Nym. One Hisse would make the fearfull foole expire,
Without a sting.


Shep. Gentlemen doe but you
Like this, no matter what the Woemen doe.

Nym. It was a sawcy Swaine thus to conclude! 25
Ladies, the Gentlemen are not so rude,
If they were ever school'd by powrefull love,
As to dislike the things you shall approve.
If you but like him 'twill be greater praise 29
Then if each Muse of Nine had fetch'd him Baies.

AMYNTAS.

ACTVS I. SCENA I.

Laurinda. Dorylas.

Dor.  Is newes *Laurinda* that will ravish you!
Laur. How, ravish mee? if't be such
desperat newes
I pray conceale it.

Dor. So I will.

Lau. Nay *Dorylas*,

Pray tell it though.

Dor. Tis desperat newes, I dare not.

Laur. But prithee doe.

Dor. I must conceal it.

Laur. Doe not. 5

Dor. Mistresse, you have prevail'd: I will relate it.

Laur. No matter though whether you doe or no.

Dor. No? then I will not tell you.

Laur. Yet I care not

Much if I heare it.

Dor. And I care not much

Whether I tell't or no.

Laur. What is it?

Dor. Nothing. 10

(8) tell it '68.

(9) [] ? '38.

Laur. Sweet *Dorylas* let me know.

Dor. What pretty weather-cocks
These women are! I serve a Mistresse here
Fit to have made a Planet: sheele waxe and wane
Twice in a minute.

Laur. But good *Dorylas*
Your newes.

Dor. Why excellent Newes!

Laur. But what?

Dor. Rare newes! 15
Newes fit, ——

Laur. For what?

Dor. To be conceal'd: why Mistresse
The Rivalls, those on whom this Powerfull face
Doth play the tyrant. ---

Laur. *Dorylas* what of them?

Dor. Now, now shee wanes: O for a dainty Husband
To make her a full Moone! The amorous
couple! 20
Your brace of sweet hearts *Damon* and *Alexis*
Desire your audience.

Lau. Is this all your newes?
You may conceale it.

Dor. Now you have heard it told
I may conceale it! well I thank thee Nature
Thou didst create me Man, for I want wit 25
Enough to make up woman: but good Mistresse
What doe you think of *Damon*?

Laur. As a man
Worthy the best of Nymphs.

Dor. What of *Alexis*

(15) Rare newes? '68.
(16), ---], '38 , --- '40a, '52.

(17) Doth] Does '62, '68.
(20) [] . '38, couple, '52, ff.

Laur. As one that may deserve the fairest Virgin
In *Sicilie*.

Dor. What Virgin?

Lau. *Proserpine*, 30
Were shee yet *Ceres* daughter.

Dor. And what *Damon*?

Lau. Hee? *Ceres* selfe, were she not yet a Mother.

Dor. *Creet, Creet!* There is no Labyrinth but a
woman!

Laurinda, gentle Mistrese tell me which
Of these you love?

Lau. Why *Damon* best of any. 35

Dor. Why so, that's well and plain.

Lau. Except *Alexis*.

Dor. Why then you love *Alexis* best?

Lau. Of any.

Dor. I am glad on't.

Lau. But my *Damon*.

Dor. Be this true

And Ile be sworne *Cupid* is turn'd a jugler;

Præsto! you love *Alexis* best but *Damon*, 40

And *Damon* but *Alexis!* Love you *Damon*?

Lau. I doe.

Dor. And not *Alexis*?

Lau. And *Alexis*.

Dor. Shee would ha' both I thinke.

Laur. Not I by *Ceres*.

Dor. Then you love neither?

Lau. Yes, I doe love either. 45

Dor. Either, and yet not both, both best, yet neither;

Why doe you torture those with equall Racks,

(28) .] : '38, '40a.

(38) ont. '38, '40a,

Lau.] *Lou.* '38.

(32) .] : '38.

(40) *Præsto!* '40b, ff.

(36) *Alexis* ----- '40a, ff.

That both vow service to you? If your love
 Have prefer'd *Damon*, tell *Alexis* of it;
 Or if *Alexis*, let poore *Damon* know it,
 That he which is refus'd, smothering his flame, 50
 May make another choice, now doubtfull hope
 Kindles desires in both.

Lau. Ah *Dorylas*,
 Thy yeares are yet incapable of love!
 Thou hast not learn'd the mysteries of *Cupid!*
 Dost thou not see through all *Sicilia*, 55
 From gentlest sheapheards to the meanest swaines,
 What inauspicious torches *Hymen* lights
 At every wedding? what unfortunate hands
 Linke in the wedding ring? Nothing but feares,
 Iarres, discontents, suspicions, jealousies, 60
 These many yeares meet in the Bridall sheetes.
 Or if all these be missing, yet a Barrenesse,
 A curse as cruell, or Abortive births
 Are all the blessings crowne the Geniall bed!
 Till the successe prove happier, and I finde 65
 A blessed change, ile temper my affection,
 Conceale my flames, dissemble all my fires,
 And spend those yeares I owe to Love and Beauty
 Only in choosing on whose love to fixe
 My Love and beauty.

Dor. Rare Feminine wisdom! 70
 Will you admit 'em.

Lau. Yes, goe call them hither.
 Yet doe not, now I thinke on't: yet you may too;
 And yet come back againe.

Dor. Nay I will goe.

(50) smothering in his '68.

(52) desire '40a, ff.

(64) bed '40b, '52 bed. '68.

(69) on] one '52.

(70) !] : '38.

Lau. Why *Dorylas*.

Dor. What newes?

Lau. Come back I say.

Dor. Yes, to be sent againe.

Lau. You'l stay I hope. 75

Dor. Not I by *Ceres*.

Lau. *Dorylas*.

Dor. No good Mistresse

Farewell for I at length have learn'd to know

You call me back only to bid mee goe. *Exit.*

Lau. Tis no great matter sirrah: --- when they come

Ile beare myselfe so equall unto both, 80

As both shall thinke I love him best, this way

I keepe both fires alive, that when I please

I may take which I please. --- But who comes
here?

(81) best, this way '40b, '52.

SCEN. 2.

Laurinda. *Thestylis*.

O *Thestylis* y'are welcome!

Thest. If *Laurinda*,

My too abrupt intrusion come so rudely

As to disturbe your private Meditations,

I beg your pardon!

Lau. How now *Thestylis*?

Grown Orator of late? has learned *Mopsus*

Read Rhetorique unto you, that you come

To see me with *Exordiums*? 5

Thest. No *Laurinda*;

But if there be a charme call'd Rhetorique;

An art, that woods and forrests cannot skill;
 That with persuasive magique could command 10
 A pittie in your soule, I would my tongue
 Had learn'd that powerfull art!

Lau. Why *Thestylis*,
 Thou know'st the brests I suck'd were neither
 wolves
 Nor Tygers, and I have a heart of waxe,
 Soft and soone melting; try this amorous heart;
 'tis not 15
 Of flint or marble.

The. If it were, *Laurinda*,
 The teares of her, whose orator I come
 Have power to soften it. Beauteous *Amaryllis*,
 Shee that in this unfortunate age of love,
 This haplesse time of *Cupids* tyranny 20
 Plac'd her affection on a skornfull sheapheard,
 One that disdaines her love.

Lau. Disdaines her love!
 I tell thee *Thestylis* in my poore judgment,
 (And women if no envy blind their eyes,
 Best judge of womens beauties) *Amaryllis* 25
 May make a Bride worthy the proudest Sheapheard
 In all *Sicilia*: but wherein can I
 Pitty this injur'd Nymph?

The. Thus she desires you,
 As you desire to thrive in him you love;
 As you doe love him whom you most desire, 30
 Not to love *Damon*! *Damon* alas repaies
 Her love with skorne! Tis a request she saies
 She knowes you cannot grant, but if you doe not
 Shee will not live to aske again.

(12) ,] ? '52.

(15) heart, '4ob, ff.

(32) !] ; '4ob, ff.

Lau. Poore Nymph!
 My *Amaryllis* knowes my fidelity; 35
 How often have we sported on the Lawnes,
 And danc'd a roundelay to *Iocastus* pipe?
 If I can doe her service *Thestylis*,
 Be sure I will: Good wench, I dare not stay
 Least I displease my Father; who in this age 40
 Of haplesse lovers watches me as close
 As did the Dragon the *Hesperian* fruit.
 Farewell. *Exit Laur.*

Thest. Farewell *Laurinda!* Thus poore foole
 I toyle for others; like the painfull Bee
 From every flower cull hony drops of love 45
 To bring to others hives: *Cupid* does this
 Cause I am *Claius* sister. Other Nymphs
 Have their varietie of loves, for every gowne,
 Nay every petticote; I have only one,
 The poore foole *Mopsus!* yet no matter wench, 50
 Fooles never were in more request then now.
 Ile make much of him, for that woman lyes
 In weary sheetes, whose Husband is too wise.

(34) !]. '38, '40a.

(35) by fidelity, '52.

(44) others like the painfull Bee, '40b, '52 others, like the painful Bee, '68.

(46) other '68.

SCEN. 3.

Thestylis. Mopsus. Iocastus.

Mop. *Iocastus*, I love *Thestylis* abominably,
 The mouth of my affection waters at her.
Io. Be wary *Mopsus*, learne of mee to skorne
 The mortalls; choose a better match: goe love
 Some *Fairy Lady!* Princely *Oberon* 5

Shall stand thy friend: and beauteous *Mab* his
 Queene
 Give thee a *Maid of Honour*.

Mop. How *Iocastus*?
 Marry a puppet? Wed a mote ith' Sunne?
 Goe looke a wife in nutshells? wooe a gnat
 That's nothing but a voice? No no, *Iocastus*, 10
 I must have flesh and blood, and will have *Thestylis*.
 A fig for *Fairies*!

The. --- Tis my sweet-heart *Mopsus*,
 And his wise brother: O the twins of folly!
 These doe I entertaine only to season
 The poore *Amyntas* madnesse. 15

Mop. Sacred red and white,
 How fares thy reverend beauty?

The. Very ill
 Since you were absent, *Mopsus*! where have you
 Beene all this live-long houre?

Mop. I have been
 Discoursing with the birds.

The. Why, can birds speake?

Io. In Fairyland they can: I have heard 'em chirpe 20
 Very good Greeke and Latin.

Mop. And our Birds
 Talke better farre then they: a new-laid egge
 Of *Sicilie* shall out talke the bravest Parrat
 In *Oberons Vtopia*.

The. But what languages
 Doe they speake, servant? 25

Mop. Severall languages,
 As *Cawation*, *Chirpation*, *Hootation*,
Whistleation, *Crowation*, *Cackleation*;
Shreekation, *Hissation*.

- The.* And Fooleation.
- Mop.* No, that's our language, we our selves speak that,
That are the learned Augurs.
- The.* What successe 30
Does your Art promise?
- Mop.* Very good.
- The.* What Birds
Met you then first?
- Mop.* A Wood-cock and a Goose.
- The.* Well met.
- Mop.* I told 'em so.
- The.* And what might this portend?
- Mop.* Why thus --- and first the Wood-cock ---
Wood and Cock,
Both very good signes. For first the wood doth
signify 35
The fire of our love shall never goe out,
Because it has more fuell: wood doth signify
More fuell.
- The.* What the Cock?
- Mop.* Better then t'other:
That I shall crow ore those that are my rivalls,
And roost my selfe with thee. 40
- The.* But now the Goose?
- Mop.* I, I the Goose, that likes me best of all,
Th'ast heard our gray-beard sheapherds talk of
Rome,
And what the Geese did there: The Goose doth
signify
That I shall keep thy *Capitoll*.
- The.* Good gander!

(26) *Hootation*. '38.(28) *Fooleation?* '40b, ff.(41) that] *om.* '68.

Io. ----- It cannot choose but strangely please his
highnesse! 45

The. What are you studying of *Iocastus*, ha?

Io. A rare devise, a Masque to entertaine
His grace of *Fairy* with.

The. A Masque? what is't?

Io. An Anti-masque of fleaes, which I have taught
To dance Currantoes on a spiders thread. 50

Mop. An Anti-masque of fleaes? brother me thinkes
A masque of Birds were better, that could dance
The morrice in the aire, Wrens and Robin-red-
brests,
Linnets, and Titmise.

Io. So! and why not rather
Your Geese & Wood-cocks? Mortall hold thy
tongue, 55
Thou dost not know the mystery.

The. Tis true
He tells you *Mopsus*, leave your Augurie,
Follow his counsell, and be wise.

Mop. Be wise?
I skorne the motion! follow his counsell and be wise?
That's a fine trick i'faith! is this an age 60
For to be wise in?

The. Then you mean I see,
T'expound the Oracle.

Mop. I doe mean to be
Th' interpreter.

Io. --- And then a jig of Pismires
Is excellent.

Mop. What, to interpret Oracles?
A foole must be th' interpreter. 65

- The.* Then no doubt
But you will have the honour.
- Mop.* Nay I hope
I am as faire for't as another man.
If I should now grow wise against my will,
And catch this wisdom!
- The.* Never feare it *Mopsus*.
- Mop.* Twere dangerous vent'ring. Now I think on't
too 70
Pray Heaven this aire be wholesome! is there not
An antidote against it? what doe you think
Of garlick every morning?
- The.* Fy upon't,
'Twill spoile our kissing! and besides I tell you
Garlick's a dangerous dish, eating of garlick 75
May breed the sicknesse, for as I remember
Tis the Phylosophers dyet.
- Mop.* Certainly
I am infected, now the fit's upon mee!
Tis some thing like an ague, sure I caught it
With talking with a Scholar next my heart. 80
- The.* How sad a life live I,
Betwixt their folly and *Amyntas* madnesse!
For *Mopsus* Ile prescribe you such a diet
As shall secure you.
- Mop.* Excellent she Doctor!
Your women are the best Physitians, 85
And have the better practice.
- The.* First my *Mopsus*,
Take heed of fasting, for your hungry meales
Nurse wisdom.

(66) have honour '40b, '52.

(70) ventring. '38 vent'ring now '52 too. '68.

(83) For, *Mopsus*, I '68.

Mop. True! O what a stomach have I
To be her patient!

The. Besides, take special care
You weare not thred-bare clothes: 'twill breed at
least 90
Suspicion you are wise.

Io. I marry will it.

The. And walke not much alone; or if you walke
With company, be sure you walke with fooles,
None of the wise.

Mop. No, no I warrant you,
Ile walke with no body but my brother here, 95
Or you, or mad *Amyntas*.

The. By all meanes
Take heed of Travell, your beyond-sea wit
Is to be feard.

Mop. If ere I travell hang mee.

Io. Not to the Fairy land?

The. Thither he may.
But above all things weare no beard, long 100
beards
Are signes the braines are full, because the excre-
ments
Come out so plentifully.

Io. Rather empty,
Because they have sent out so much, as if
Their brains were sunk into their beards: King
Oberon

Has ne're a beard, yet for his wit I am sure 105
He might have beene a Gyant. Who comes here?

Enter Dorylas.

(88) True? '68.

(94) No, on, '40a.

(100) beard,] beards, '38.

(101) full; '40a, ff.

(102) empty; '40a, ff.

(104) beard: '68.

Dor. All haile unto the fam'd interpreter
Of fowles and Oracles!

Mop. Thanks good *Dorylas*.

Dor. How fares the winged cattell? are the woodcocks,
The jayes, the dawes, the cuckoes, and the owles 110
In health?

Mop. I thank the gracious starres they are!

Dor. Like health unto the president of the jigs;
I hope King *Oberon* and his royall *Mab*
Are well.

Io. They are, I never saw their Graces
Eate such a meale before.

Dor. E'ne much good doe't em! 115

Io. They're rid a hunting.

Do. Hare or Deere my Lord?

Io. Neither, a brace of snailes of the first head.

The. But *Dorylas*, there's a mighty quarrell here,
And you are chosen umpire.

Dor. About what?

The. The exposition of the Oracle: 120
Which of these two you think the verier foole.

Dor. It is a difficult cause, first let me pose 'em!
You *Mopsus*, cause you are a learned Augur,
How many are the seven Liberall Sciences?

Mop. Why much about a dozen.

Dor. You *Iocastus*, 125
When *Oberon* shav'd himselfe, who was his Barber?

Io. I knew him well, a little dapper youth,
They call him *Periwinckle*.

Dor. *Thestylis*,
A weighty cause and askes a longer time.

The. Wee'll in the while to comfort sad *Amyntas*. 130
Exeunt The. Mop. Io.

SCEN. 4.

Dorylas. Laurinda.

- Lau.* I wonder much that *Dorylas* staies so long,
Faine would I heare whether they'l come or no
- Do.* Ha? would you so?
- Lau.* I see in your own messages
You can goe fast enough.
- Dor.* Indeed forsooth,
I loiter'd by the way.
- Lau.* What, will they come? 5
- Dor.* Which of them?
- Lau.* *Damon*?
- Dor.* No.
- Lau.* *Alexis* will?
- Dor.* Nor he.
- Lau.* How, neither? am I then neglected?
- Dor.* *Damon* will come.
- Lau.* And not *Alexis* too?
- Dor.* Only *Alexis* comes.
- Lau.* Let him not come.
I wonder who sent for him; unlesse both 10
Ile speak with none.
- Dor.* Why both will visit you.
- Lau.* Both? one had been too many. Was e're Nymph
So vex'd as I? you sawcy rascall you,
How doe you strive to crosse me?
- Dor.* And sweet Mistresse,
Still I will crosse you, 'tis the only way 15
Truely to please you.

(3) own] om. '40b, ff.
(6) *Damon*. '62.

(10);], '38, '40a.
(11) Why? '52.

SCENA 5.

Enter Medorus.

Medo. So, you'l all please her,
 I wonder who'l please mee? you all for her
 Can run on errants, carry love-sick letters,
 And amorous eglogues from her howling suiters,
 To her, and back againe, be *Cupids* Heralds, 5
 And point out meetings for her.

Dor. Truly Sir,
 Not I, pray aske my Mistresse: Doe I call
 Your sweet-hearts --- speak, nay speak it if you
 can.
 Doe I?

Lau. Why no.

Do. Nay say your worst, I care not,
 Did I goe ever? 10

Lau. Never.

Dor. La - you now!
 We were devising nothing but a snare
 To catch the Pole-cat,

Med. Sirrah get you in;
 Take heed I doe not find your haunts.

Dor. What haunts?

Med. You'l in!

Dor. I know no haunts I have but to the Dairy, 15
 To skimme the milke-bowles like a lickorish *Fairy*.

Exit Dor.(7) Doe I call] *om.* 40b. ff.(8) Your sweet-hearts speak — speak, may speak it if you can. '40a.
 Your sweet hearts, speak nay speak if you can; '40b.

Your sweet-hearts, speak, speak, nay speak if you can; '52, ff.

(9) Doe I?] Doll? '68.

(12) *Med.*] *om.* '38.

(10) La you '40b, ff.

(14) !] ? '40a, ff.

Me. He that's a womans keeper, should have eyes
 A hundred more then *Argus*, and his eares
 Double the number: Now the newes, what letters?
 What posy, ring or bracelet woos to day? 20
 What Grove to night is conscious of your whispers?
 Come tell me, for I fear your trusty squire,
 Your little closet blabbes into your eare
 Some secret, let me know it.

Lau. Then you feare,
 Least I should be in love.

Me. Indeed I doe, 25
Cupids a dangerous boy, and often wounds
 The wanton roving eye.

Lau. Were I in love,
 Not that I am (for yet by *Dian's* bow
 I have not made my choice,) and yet suppose it,
 Suppose I say I were in love, What then? 30

Me. So I would have thee, but not yet my Girle,
 Till loves prove happier, till the wretched *Claius*
 Have satisfied the Gods.

Lau. Why *Claius*, Father?

Me. Hast thou not heard it?

Lau. Never.

Me. Tis impossible.

Lau. How should I sir? you know that my discourse 35
 Is all with walls and pictures, I nere meet
 The Virgins on the downes.

Me. Why I will tell thee,
 Thou knowest *Pilumnus*?

Lau. The high Priest of *Ceres*?

(22) fear] know '38.

(28) *Diana's* '52, ff.

(29) it] om. '40b, ff.

(32) loves] lovers '52.

(33) Have] Hath '52, ff.

(37)], — '40b.

(38) *Pilumbus*? '38.

Me. Yes: This *Pilumnus* had a sonne *Philabus*,
 Who was, while yet he was, the only joy 40
 The staffe and comfort of his fathers age,
 And might have still beene so, had not fond love
 Vndone him.

Lau. How did love undoe *Philabus*?

Me. Why thus; one *Lalage*, a beauteous Nymph
 As ever eye admired, *Alphestus* daughter, 45
 Was by her father promis'd him in marriage.

Lau. Why hitherto his love had good successe.

Me. But only promis'd: for the shepherd *Claius*,
 (A name accursed in Sicilian fields!)
 Being rich, obtain'd the beauteous *Lalage* 50
 From sweet *Philabus*: he sad heart being rob'd,
 Of all his comfort, having lost the beauty
 Which gave him life and motion; seeing *Claius*
 Injoy those lips, whose cherries were the food
 That nurs'd his soule, spent all his time in sorrow, 55
 In melancholy sighes and discontentes;
 Look'd like a wither'd tree oregrowne with mosse,
 His eyes were ever dropping Iceacles.
 Disdaine and sorrow made *Pilumnus* rage,
 And in this rage, he makes his moane to *Ceres*, 60
 (*Ceres* most sacred of *Sicilian* powers;)
 And in those moanes he prosecutes revenge,
 And that revenge to fall on *Lalage*.

Lau. Would *Ceres* heare his praiers?

Me. Silly maid!
 His passions were not causelesse; and with what
 justice 65
 Could she deny *Pilumnus*? how oft hath he
 sprinkled,

(49) name] man '52, ff.

(64) !], '38.

(66) she] he '68

The finest flowre of wheat, and sweetest myrrhe
 Vpon her Altars! *Lalage* ru'd the time
 She flowted brave *Philæbus*. Now she was great
 With two sweet twins, the faire chast *Amaryllis*, 70
 And mad *Amyntas*; (an unluckly paire!)
 These shee brought forth, but never liv'd to see
 them:

Lucina caus'd her sorrowes stop her breath,
 Leaving this matchlesse paire of beauteous infants,
 In whom till now she lives.

Lau. After her death 75
 How far'd the sorrowfull *Philæbus*?

Me. Worse
 Then ever: Shee being dead whose life was his,
 Whose lookes did hold his eyes from shutting up,
 He pin'd away in sorrowes, grieffe it was
 To see she was not his, but greater farre 80
 That she was not at all. Her Exequies being past,
 He casts him down upon that turfe of earth,
 Vnder whose rooffe his *Lalage* was hous'd,
 And parlied with her ashes, 'till his own lampe
 Was quite extinguish'd with a fatall dampe. 85
 Here ended th' noble sheapheard.

Lau. Vnhappy lover!
 Tis pittie but the Virgins once a yeare,
 Should wash his tombe with maiden teares! but
 now
 Both *Lalage* being dead, and her *Philebus*, 90
 How comes it other loves should prove unfortunate?

Med. *Pilumnus* having lost his hopefull Sonne,
 Though he had two more children, fair *Vrania*

(67) and the sweetest '68
 (68) !] ? '4ob, ff.

(73) ,] . '38 ; '4ob, ' 52.

And noble *Damon*; yet the death of *Lalage*
 Suffic'd not his revenge, but he anew implores
 His goddesse wrath 'gainst *Claius*: --- Doth *Ceres*
 prize me thus? 95

Shall *Claius* tread upon the flowry Plaine,
 And walke upon the Ashes of my boy?
 Will I be *Archbyflamen* where the Gods
 Are so remisse? let wolves approach their shrines;
 Their howlings are as powerfull as the Praiers 100
 Of sad *Pilumnus*! --- Such disgusts at last
 Awaken'd *Ceres*: with hollow murmuring noise
 Her *Omph*a like a thunder 'gins to roare.
 (The *Omph*a if it menace speakes at large
 In copious language, but perplexed termes.) 105
 And laid this curse on all *Trinacria*.

Sicilian swaines, ill luck shall long betide
To every bridegroome, and to every bride:
No sacrifice, no vow shall still mine Ire,
Till Claius blood both quench and kindle fire. 110
The wise shall misconceive me, and the wit
Scornd, and neglected shall my meaning hit.

Lau. Angry and Intricate! Alas for love!
 What then became of *Claius*?

Me. Why the *Omph*a
 Having denounc'd against him, and he knowing 115
 The hate of old *Pilumnus* fled away,
 I think hee's sayl'd to the *Antipodes*.
 No tydings can be brought what ground receives
 him,
 Vnlesse *Corymbus* make a happy voyage; 119
Corymbus that will search both East and Occident
 And when he finds him, spill his captive blood.

(97) boy] body '4ob, ff.

(99) i] ? '4ob, '52.

(102) :] om. '52.

(114) *Omph*a, '38.

Which *Ceres* grant he may! Tender *Laurinda*
 Now dost thou see the reason of my care,
 And why my watchfull eyes so close observe
 Thy steps and actions.

Lau. And I promise, father, 125
 To temper my affections, 'till the Goddess
 Doe mitigate her anger.

Med. Doe so then:
 For now you see with what unfortunate choice
Pilumnus daughter, delicate *Vrania* loves
 The mad *Amyntas*: for the angry Goddess, 130
 Though she repaid the wrong done to *Philæbus*,
 Yet not approving the reuengefull mind
 Of great *Pilumnus*, scourg'd him with his own asking,
 By threatning an unhappy marriage
 To his *Vrania*, unlesse he that woos her 135
 Pay an impossible Dowry; for as others
 Give Portions with their daughters, *Ceres* Priests
 Vse to receive for theirs. The words are these,
That which thou hast not, mayst not, canst not have
Amyntas, is the Dowry that I crave. 140
Rest hopelesse in thy love, or else divine
To give Vrania this, and she is thine:

Which while the poore *Amyntas* would Interpret,
 He lost his wits. Take heed of love, *Laurinda*,
 You see th' unhappinesse of it in others; 145
 Let not experience in thy selfe instruct thee.
 Be wise my Girle: so some and follow me. *Exit.*

Lau. I'le make a Garland for my kid and follow you.
 What a sad tale was here! how full of sorrow!
 Happy the heart that never felt the shaft 150
 Of angry *Cupid*!

(139) *maist not, nor canst not* '52. (146) .] *om.* '40a, '40b, '52 ; '68.
 (149) here? '38 sorrow? '38, '40a.

SCEN. 6.

Damon Alexis----- *Damon and Alexis?*

Their presence quickly puts these cogitations
Out of my mind: Poore soules, I fain would pity
them,

And yet I cannot, for to pity one
Were not to pity t'other, and to pity 5
Both, were to pity neither. Mine old Temper
Is all the shift I have; some dew of comfort
To either of them. How now bold intruders,
How dare you venter on my privacy?
If you must needs have this walk, be it so! 10
I'le seeke another: What? you'l let me goe?

Da. Cruell *Laurinda* (if a word so foule
Can have so faire a dwelling.) seale not up
Thy eares, but let a pity enter there
And find a passage to thy heart. 15

Alex. *Laurinda.*
(The name which but to speak I would not wish
For life or breath.) Let not thy powerfull beauty
Torment us longer: Tell us which of us
You value most.

Da. And t'other, for old freindship
Strangling his bitter Corrasive in his heart, 20
Hath promised to desist from further suit.

Alex. Or if he cannot so, assure he cannot,
Yet he will rather chuse to dye then live
Once to oppose your liking.

(2) presents '52.
(9) venture '40b, ff.

(16) (] om. '52.
(17))] om. '40b, '52.

Lau. Since you are 24
Growne so importunate, and will not be answer'd
With modest silence; Know I wish you well.

Alex. How, me *Laurinda*?

Lau. Why I wish, *Alexis*,
I were thy wife.

Da. Then most unhappy me!

Alex. That word doth relish immortalitie. 29

Lau. And I doe wish thou wer't my husband, *Damon*.

Alex. Still more perplexed: what doe you think I am?

Lau. My head, *Alexis*.

Da. And what I?

Lau. My heart.

Da. Which hand am I?

Laur. *Damon*, my right.

Alex. Which I?

Lau. My left, *Alexis*.

Alex. Thus you scorne my love.

Lau. Not I, *Alexis*: th'art my only hope: 35

Da. Then I am all despaire, no hope for me.

Lau. Why so my *Damon*? thou art my desire.

Alexis is my flame; *Damon* my fire.

Alexis doth deserve my nuptiall Bed,

And *Damon's* worthy of my Maidenhead! 40

Exit Lau.

Alex. *Damon*, desist thy suit or loose thy life;

Thou heard'st *Laurinda* wish she were my wife.

Da. Thy wife, *Alexis*? But how can it be

Without a Husband? and I must be he. 44

Alex. I am her head: That word doth seeme t'impert
She meanes my marriage.

(45) t'import '62, '68.

(46) my] me '68 How? '62, '68.

- Da.* How without her heart?
 For that am I: besides you heard her say
 I was the right hand, you the left, away,
 Desist *Alexis*, mine's the upper hand.
- Alex.* But, *Damon*, I next to her heart doe stand: 50
 I am her hope, in that you plainly see
 The end of her intents doth aime at me.
- Da.* But I am her desire, in that 'tis showne
 Her only wish is to make me her owne.
- Alex.* I am her flame.
- Da.* 'Tis true, but I her fire. 55
- Alex.* The flames the hotter, therefore her desire
 Most aimes at mee.
- Da.* Yet when the flame is spent,
 The fire continues; Therefore me she meant.
- Alex.* She promis'd now I should enjoy her Bed.
- Da.* *Alexis* doe, so I her Maidenhead. 60
- Alex.* I see she still conceales it, and with speeches
 Perplext and doubtfull masks her secret thoughts.
- Da.* Let's have another meeting, since her words
 Delude us thus, wee'le haue a pregnant signe
 To shew her mind.
- Alex.* I goe that way a hunting, 65
 And will call for her.
- Da.* I'le the while retire
 Into the Temple, if I linger here
 I am afraid of meeting *Amaryllis*,
 Who with unwelcome love solicitates me.
- Alex.* And would she might preuaile!
- Da.* Till then farewell. 70
- Alex.* All happinesse to *Damon* be
 Except *Laurinda*.

Da. All but her to thee.

Alex. Thus we in love and courtesie contend.

Da. The name of Rivall should not loose the Freind.

Exeunt.

Finis actus I.

ACTVS 2. SCEN I.

Pilumnus Vrania.

Vra. **F**Ather perswade me not! The power of heaven
Can never force me from *Amyntas* love;
'Tis rooted here so deepe within my heart
That he which pulls it out, pulls out at once,
That and my soule together.

Pil. Fond *Vrania*, 5
Can ignorant love make thee affect the seede,
The hatefull seede of cursed *Lalage*?
Did I for this beget thee?

Vra. Father, you know
Divinitie is powerfull, *Cupids* will
Must not be question'd: When love meanes to
sport 10
(I'have heard your selfe relate it) he can make
The Wolfe and Lambe kisse freindly; force the
Lyon
T'forget his Majestie, and in amorous dalliance
Sport with the frisking Kid. When *Venus* rides,
Shee'le linke the ravenous Kite, and milder Swan 15
To the same chariot, and will yoak together
The necks of Doves and Eagles; when as shee
Commands, all things loose their Antipathie,

Even contrarities: can I alone
Resist her will? I cannot, my *Amyntas* 20
Shall witness that!

Pil. I blame thee not so much
For loving him, while yet he was *Amyntas*.
But being mad and having lost himselfe,
Why shouldst not thou loose thy affection too?

Vra. I love him now the rather; he hath lost 25
Himselfe for me, and should he loose me too?
It were a sinne he should!

Pil. What canst thou love
In his distemper'd wildnesse?

Vra. Only that,
His wildnesse; 'tis the comfort I have left
To make my teares keepe time to his distractions; 30
To think as wildly as he talks; to marry
Our griefs together, since our selves we cannot.
The Oracle doth aske so strange a Dowry,
That now his company is the only blisse
My love can aime at: but I stay too long 35
I'le in to comfort him.

Pil. Doe not *Vrania*.

Vra. Doe not?
I must and will; Nature commands me no,
But Love more powerfull sayes it shall be so. *Exit.*

Pil. The Gods did well to make their Destinies 40
Of woemen, that their wills might stand for law
Fixt and unchang'd; who's this? *Corymbus?* he.

(42) this '40b, '52.

he] om. '40b, ff.

SCEN. 2.

Pilumnus. Corymbus.

- Pil.* *Corymbus* ---- welcome!
- Cor.* Sacred *Pilumnus* --- hayle!
And fruitfull *Sicilie* I kisse thy dust --
- Pil.* What newes *Corymbus*? Is our Countrie's
Mischeif
Fetter'd in chaines?
- Cor.* Thrice the sunne hath past
Through the twelve Inns of heaven, since my
diligence 5
Has been imploy'd in quest of him, whose death
Must give poore lovers life, the hatefull *Claius*;
Yet could I ne're heare of him:-- The meane
while
How fare the poore *Sicilians*? Does awfull *Ceres*
Still bend her angry brow? Find the sad Lovers 10
No rest, no quiet yet?
- Pil.* *Corymbus* none!
The Goddess has not yet deign'd to accept
One sacrifice, no favourable *Echo*
Resounded from her *Ompba*; All her answers
Are full, and doubtfull. 15
- Cor.* The true signe, *Pilumnus*,
Her wrath is not appeas'd.
- Pil.* Appeas'd say you?
Rather againe incens'd so farre, *Corymbus*,
As that my selfe am plagu'd; My poore *Vrania*
Dotes on *Amyntas*.

(8) heare] here '68.

(14) Resounded] Sounded '68.

Cor. First shall our hives swarme in the venomous
yew, 20

And Goats shall browze upon our myrtle wands!
— One of your blood, *Pilumnus*, (is it possible)
Love *Lalage* and *Claius* brood?

Pil. The chaine of fate
Will have it so! And he lov'd her as much.

Cor. That makes it something better. 25

Pil. Ah, thou knowest not

What sting this waspish fortune pricks me with!
I seeing their loves so constant, so inflexible,
Chid with dame *Ceres* 'cause she us'd me thus.
My words were inconsiderate, and the heavens
Punish'd my rough expostulations: 30

Being *Archiflamen* of *Trinacria*

I did demand a Dowry of that sheapheard
That askes my daughter: — Set the price said I,
Thou Goddess, that dost cause such hatefull loves;
If that *Amyntas* be thy darling swaine, 35

Aske thou, and set a Dowry for *Vrania*:
With that the Altar groan'd, my haire grew stiffe,
Amyntas looked agast; *Vrania* quiver'd,
And the *Omph*a answer'd

Cor. With an *Echo*;

Pil. No.

Co. Then I presage some ill! 40

Pi. This darke demand,

That which thou hast not, maist not, canst not have,
Amyntas, is the dowry that I crave:
Rest hopelesse in thy love, or else divine
To give Vrania this and she is thine.

(22) your] our '68.

(28) 'cause] if '38, '40a.

(30) rough] rash '52

(39) ;:] '40b, ff.

And so he did, but the perplexed sense 45
 Troubled his braines so farre, he lost his wits;
 Yet still he loves, and shee,--- my grieft *Corymbus*
 Will not permit me to relate the rest!
 I'le in into the Temple, and expresse
 What's yet behinde in teares. *Exit.* 50

Corym. Sad sad *Pilumnus!*

And most distress'd *Sicilians!* Other nations
 Are happy in their loves, you only are unfortu-
 nate!

In all my travelles ne'r a spring but had
 Her paire of lovers, singing to that musique
 The gentle bubling of her waters made 55
 Never a walke unstor'd with amorous couples,
 Twind with so close imbraces, as if both
 Meant to growe one together! every shade
 Sheltred some happy loves, that counting dazies,
 Scor'd up the summes on one anothers lips, 60
 That met so oft and close, as if they had
 Chang'd soules at every kisse. The married sort
 As sweet and kind as they: at every evening
 The loving husband and full breasted wife
 Walk'd on the Downs so friendly, as if that 65
 Had been their wedding day. The boies of five,
 And girles of foure, e're that their lisping tongues
 Had learn'd to prattle plaine, would prate of love,
 Court one another, and in wanton dalliance
 Returne such innocent kisses, you'd have thought 70
 You had seene Turtles billing.

(48) the] om. '38.

(71) Tur les '38.

SCEN. 3.

Mopsus. Corymbus.

Mop. What aire is that? *The voice of -- Turtles billing!*
Of Turtles! a good Omen! shee is chaste ---
 And *billing, billing, o delicious billing!*
 That word presages kissing. ----

Co. Who is this?

Mopsus, my learned Augur?

Mop. Stand aside, 5
 --- The other side; I will not talke to thee
 Vnlesse I have the winde.

Co. Why, whats the matter *Mopsus*?

Mop. Th'art infected;

Co. What with the Plague?

Mop. Worse then the Plague, the Wisdom!
 You have been in travell, & that's dangerous 10
 For getting Wisdome.

Co. Then nere feare it, *Mopsus,*
 For I came home a foole just as I went.

Mop. By *Ceres*?

Co. Yes.

Mop. By *Ceres* welcome then!

Co. But *Mopsus,* why doe you walke here alone?
 That's --- dangerous too! 15

Mop. I: but I come to meet
 The Cittizens of the aire; you have heard my skill
 In augury?

Co. Why I have heard your name
 Not mention'd any where in all my travailes.

Mop. How? not mention'd?

(10) intravell, '38.

(14) ?] '38, '40a.

(15) Thata dangerous '68.

- Co. --- Yo'are to hasty *Mopsus*,
Not --- without admiration. 20
- Mop.* I know that.
- Co. How should you know it?
- Mop.* Why some birds or other,
Fly from all countries hither, and they tell me.
- Co. But how dare you converse with birds that
travell?
- Mop.* With an antidote I may: but my *Corymbus*
What strange birds have you seene beyond seas? 25
- Cor.* Brave ones:
Ladies with fans and feathers! dainty Fowles!
There were brave taking Augury.
- Mop.* But, *Corymbus*,
Are those fine Lady-birds such pretty things?
- Co. As tame as sparrowes, and as sweet as Night-
ingals.
- Mop.* Is the Cocklady-bird, or the Henlady-bird 30
The better?
- Co. All are hens.
- Mop.* O admirable!
Would you had brought me one! but whats the Fan?
- Co. A fan's a --- wing of one side.
- Mop.* Delicate!
And what's their Feather?
- Co. Like the cople-crowne
The Lap-wing has: 35
- Mop.* The Lap-wing? then they'l --- ly.
- Co. With men they will;
- Mop.* Delicious Lady-birds!
But have they such brave traines, such curious
tailes
As our birds have?

Co. Like Peacocks, there's the head
Of all their pride.

Mop. Nay 'tis the taile *Corymbus*,
Surely these things you call the Lady-birds 40
Are the true birds of Paradise!

Enter Corymbus's carriages.

Co. Very right ----

Mopsus, I cannot stay, I must attend
My carriage to the Temple: gentle *Mopsus*
Farewelll *Exit.*

Mop. Farewell *Corymbus*! By my troth
I never long'd for any thing in my life 45
So much as Lady-birds; dainty Lady-birds!
I would fetch one of them; but I dare not travell
For fear I catch the wisdom. O sweet Lady-birds!
With copple crownes, and wings but on one side!
And tailes like Peacocks! curious Lady-birds! 50

(40) the] om. '52.

SCEN. 4.

Amyntas. Vrania. Amaryllis. manet Mopsus.

Amyntas. That which I have not, may not, cannot
have! ----

It is the moone! *Vrania*, thou shalt weare
The horned Goddess at thy beauteous eare.
--- Come hither *Pegasus*, I will mount thy back,
And spurre thee to her orbe.

Mop. Oh good *Amyntas*! 5

Amyntas. --- Why, art thou foundred *Pegasus*? *Amaryllis*,

Fetch him a peck of provender.

- Vra.* Sweet *Amyntas!*
- Amy.* What saies my *Cytherea*? wouldst thou eat
A golden Apple? if thou wilt, by *Venus*
I'le rob th' *Hesperian Orchard*.
- Mop.* Ha ha he! 10
- Amynt.* Ha? dost thou laugh old *Charon*? sirrah sculler,
Prepare thy boat!
- Ama.* For what? deere brother speake!
- Amynt.* Art thou my sister *Helen*? were we hatchd
In the same eggshell? --- Is your cock-boat ready?
- Mop.* It is, an't please your Worship. 15
- Amynt.* Very well!
Row me to hell! --- no faster? I will have thee
Chain'd unto *Pluto's* gallies!
- Vra.* Why to hell,
My deere *Amyntas*?
- Amy.* Why? to borrow money!
- Ama.* Borrow there?
- Amy.* I there! They say there be more *Vsurers* there 20
Then all the world besides: --- see how the windes
Rise! Puffe -- puffe *Boreas*. --- what a cloud comes
yonder?
Take heed of that wave *Charon!* ha? give mee
The oares! -- so so: the boat is overthrowne, 24
Now *Charons* drown'd: but I will swim to shore ---
- Vra.* O *Ceres*, now behold him! can thy eyes
Looke on so sad an object, and not melt
Them and thy heart to pitty?
- Ama.* How this greefe
Racks my tormented soule! but the neglect
Of *Damon* more afflicts mee: the whole Senate 30
Of heaven decrees my ruine.

(13) sister? *Hellen* '52.

(22) yonder '52 yonder; '68.

(29) !] ? '38.

Vra. And mine too.
Come *Amaryllis* let's weepe both together,
Contending in our sorrowes!

Ama. Would to *Ceres*
That I were dead!

Vra. And I had nere been borne!

Ama. Then had not I been wretched! 35

Vra. Then *Amyntas*
Might have been happy.

Mop. Nay if you begin
Once to talke wisely, 'Tis above high time,
That I were gone: farewell *Bellerophon*!
I must goe seek my *Thestylis*; shee's not here. *Exit.*

Amy. My armes are weary; --- now I sinke I sinke! 40
Farewell *Vrania*. ----

Ama. Alas what strange distractions,
Tosse his distemperd braine!

Vra. Yet still his love to me
Lives constant.

Amy. *Styx* I thank thee! That curld wave
Hath tos'd mee on the shore. --- come *Sysiphus*.
I'le rowle thy stone a while: mee thinkes this
labour 45
Doth looke like Love! does it not so, *Tysiphone*?

Ama. Mine is that restlesse toile.

Amy. I'st so, *Erynnis*?
You are an idle huswife, goe and spin
At poore *Ixions* wheele!

Vra. *Amyntas*.

Amy. Ha?

Am I known here? 50

(32) both] om. '68.
(41) distraction '38.

(46) so] om. '40b, ff.
(47) I'st] Is't '68.

- Vra.* *Amyntas*, deere *Amyntas*. --
- Amyntas.* Who calls *Amyntas*? beauteous *Proserpine*?
Tis shee. ---- Fair Empresse of th' *Elysian* shades,
Ceres bright daughter intercede for mee,
To thy incensed mother: prithee bid her
Leave talking riddles, with thou?
- Vra.* How shall I 55
Apply myselfe to his wild passions?
- Ama.* Seeme to be
What he conceives you.
- Amy.* Queen of darknesse,
Thou supreme Lady of eternall night,
Grant my petitions! wilt thou beg of *Ceres*
That I may have *Vrania*?
- Vra.* Tis my praier, 60
And shall be ever, I will promise thee
Shee shall have none but him.
- Amyntas.* Thankes *Proserpine*!
- Vra.* Come sweet *Amyntas*, rest thy troubled head
Here in my lap: ---- Now here I hold at once
My sorrow and my comfort: Nay ly still. 65
- Amyntas.* I will: but *Proserpine* ----
- Vra.* Nay, good *Amyntas*.---
- Amy.* Should *Pluto* chance to spy me, would not hee
Be jealous of me?
- Vran.* No.
- Amy.* *Tysiphone*,
Tell not *Vrania* of it, least she feare
I am in love with *Proserpine*: doe not Fury! 70
- Ama.* I will not.
- Vra.* Pray ly still!

(56) ?] ! '38. (58) Thousupreme '38.

(61) will] om. '68.

(70) *Proserpina*: '40 b, 62, '68.

Amy. You *Proserpine*,
 There is in *Sicilie* the fairest Virgin
 That ever blest the land, that ever breath'd,
 Sweeter then *Zephyrus*! didst thou never heare
 Of one *Vrania*?

Vr. Yes.

Amy. This poore *Vrania* 75
 Loves an unfortunate sheapheard, one that's mad,
Tysiphone,
 Canst thou believe it? *Elegant Vrania*
 (I cannot speak it without teares) still loves
Amyntas, the distracted mad *Amyntas*.
 I'st not a constant Nymph? --- But I will goe 80
 And carry all *Elysium* on my back,
 And that shall be her joynture.

Vra. Good *Amyntas*,
 Rest here a while! ---

Amy. Why weepe you *Proserpine*?

Vr. Because *Vrania* weepes to see *Amyntas*
 So restlesse and unquiet.

Does shee so? 85

Then I will ly as calme as doth the Sea,
 When all the winds are lock'd in *Æolus* jayle:
 I will not move a haire, not let a nerve
 Or Pulse to beat, least I disturbe her! Hush, ---
 Shee sleeps!

Vra. And so doe you. 90

Amy. You talk too loud,
 You'l waken my *Vrania*:

Vra. If *Amyntas*,
 Her deere *Amyntas* would but take his rest,
Vrania could not want it.

(79) distracted man, mad *Amyntas*. '62, '68.

(85) sheeso? '38.

- Amy.* . Not so loud!
- Ama.* What a sad paire are wee?
- Vra.* How miserable?
He that I love is not! ---
- Ama.* And he that I 95
Doe love, loves not; or, if he love, not mee.
- Vra.* I have undone *Amyntas*!
- Ama.* And my *Damon*
Has undone me.
- Vr.* My kindnesse ruin'd him.
- Ama.* But his unkindnesse, me; unhappy me! 99
- Vra.* More wretched I, for *Damon* has his reason,
And he may love.
- Ama.* But does not: thy *Amyntas*
Returnes thee mutuall love.
- Vra.* True, *Amaryllis*,
But he has lost his reason; mine has love,
No reason.
- Ama.* Mine has reason, but no love.
O mee!
- Vra.* My *Amaryllis*, how thy griefes 105
Meete full with mine to make the truest story
Of perfect sorrow that ere eye bedew'd
With teares of Pitty!
- Ama.* Come *Vrania*:
Let's sit together like two marble monuments
Of ever weeping misery. --- 110
Enter Damon.

(94) miserable! '40a, '40b, '52 . '68.

(95) !—]! '40b, '52 . '68.

(101-2) But does not thy *Amyntas*

Returne thee mutuall love? '40b, ff.

Enter Damon.] om. '40b, '52.

(105) griefe '52.

Da. Minds in love,
Doe count their daies by minutes, measure howres
By every sand that drops through the slow glasse;
And for each vie a teare.

Ama. If so, my *Damon*,
How many times hath thy unkindnesse ruin'd
Sad *Amaryllis*? every frowne is mortall. 115

Dam. Ill luck, to seeke my love and finde my
hate!

Ama. Be not so cruell to mee! Gentle *Damon*,
--- Accept this witsnesse of my love, it is
The story of poore *Echo*, that for love
Of her *Narcissus* pin'd into a voice. 120

Da. Doe thou so too!

Ama. *Damon*, suppose I should,
And then the Gods for thy contempt of mee
Should plague thee like *Narcissus*.

Da. *Amaryllis*,
They cannot doe it: I have fixt my love
So firme on my *Laurinda*, that for her 125
I e're shall hate my selfe.

Ama. --, Prithee Love accept it,
'Twas wrought by mine own hand.

Da. For that I hate it!

Vra. Fy Brother, can you be of the same stock,
Issue, and bloud with me, and yet so cruell?

Da. Nor can I, sister, dote like you on any 130
That is the cursed brat of *Lalage*.

Amy. Saist thou so *Centaure*? ---

Vra. Good *Amyntas* hold,
This is the *Sacred Vally*: here 'tis death,
For to shed human blood.

Da. Still idly you complaine
 To crosse mee, *Amaryllis*, but in vaine! *Exit.* 135
Ama. O, I am sick to death!
Amy. What a brave show
 The monsters braines would make!

(137) 1] ? '38.

SCEN. 5.

Thestylis. *Mopsus.* *Amyntas.*
Amaryllis. *Vrania.*

Ama. My grieffe o're weighs me!

The. How fares my *Amaryllis*?

Ama. Like a Taper
 Allmost burnt out: sometimes all a darknesse,
 And now and then a flash or two of comfort,
 But soone blown out againe. Ah *Thestylis*, 5
 I cannot long subsist. For thee vaine labour,
 Away! I hate thee cause my *Damon* does,
 And for that reason too I hate my selfe,
 And every thing but him!

Vra. Come my sad Partner,
 Poore rivall of my sorrowes: Goe with mee 10
 Into the Temple; I'le intreat my Brother
 To use thee kindly: if in mee it lye,
 I'le helpe thee.

Ama. Doe *Vrania*, or I dye.
Exeunt Vrania, Amaryll.

Amyntas. *Thestylis.* *Mopsus.*

The. What a strange thing is Love!

(6) vain's labour '40a subsist; for the vaine '40b, ff
 (7) thee] the '40b, '52.

Amy. It is a madnesse:
 See how it stares. --- Have at thee thou blind
 Archer! 15
 --- O I have mist him! --- now I'le stand thee
Cupid!
 Looke how the rascall winks a one eye, *Thestylis!*
 Nay draw your arrow home boy! just i'th heart!
 -- O I am slaine!

Thest. *Amyntas.*

Amy. Dost not see?
 My blood runs round about mee, I lye soaking 20
 In a red Sea, take heed! see *Thestylis*,
 What a fine Crimson 'tis?

Mop. Where?

Amy. Here you puppet!
 Dost thou not see it?

Mop. Yes I see it playne,
 But I spy nothing.

Amy. Then thou art a mole.

Mop. Now I looke better on't, I see it plaine; 25
 Does it not hurt you?

Amy. Strangely! Have at thee----
 How think you now?

The. Be quiet good *Amyntas*.

Mop. You'l fright away the birds else, and clean spoile
 My augury.

Amynt. Goe about it, I am quiet!

Mop. Now for some happy Omen. *a Cuckoe Cries.*

Amy. Ha, ha, he! 30

Mop. Why laughs the madman?

Amy. Who can choose but laugh?

The bird cried Hornes!

(16) thee] the '40b, '52.

(17) a] with '68.

(18) Nay] May. '52

(20) round] down '52.

The. What happinesse portends it,
Sweet *Mopsus*?

Mop. Constancy in Love, my *Thestylis*,
This bird is alwaies in a note.

The. Most excellent.

Mop. Bird of the spring I thank thee! *Mopsus*
thanks thee. 35

Amy. This is a man of skill, an *Oedipus*,
Apollo, *Reverend Phæbus*, *Don of Delphos*.

Mop. What a brave man am I?

Amy. Thou canst resolve
By thy great Art all questions: What is that,
That which I have not, may not, cannot have? 40

Mop. That which you have not, may not, cannot
have?

It is my skill, you cannot have my skill.

Amy. Where lies that skill?

Mop. Lies? here within this noddle.

Amy. Fetch me my wood-knife I will cut it off,
And send it to *Vrania* for a dowry. 45

Mop. No, no I am deceiv'd, it is not that.

Amy. You dolt, you asse, you cockoe:

Mop. Good *Amyntas*.

(37) Reverent '38, '40a.

(38) ?] ! '68.

(43) 'Lies here within '40b, '52, '62

'Lies within '68.

SCEN. 6.

Dorylas. Mopsus. Iocastus. Thestylis. Amyntas.

Io. Ist not a brave sight *Dorylas*? can the mortalls
Caper so nimbly?

Dor. Verily they cannot!

(2) ?] ! '38.

Io. Does not King *Oberon* beare a stately presence?
Mab is a beauteous Empresse.

Do. Yet you kiss'd her
 With admirable courtship. 5

Io. I doe think
 There will be of *Iocastus* brood in *Fairy*.

Mop. You Cuckold-maker, I will tell King *Oberon*
 You lye with *Mab* his wife!

Io. Doe not good brother,
 And I'le wooe *Thestylis* for thee.

Doe so then.

Io. Canst thou love *Mopsus*, mortall? 10

The. Why suppose

I can sir, what of that?

Io. Why then be wise,
 And love him quickly!

Mop. Wise? then I'le have none of her, that's the way
 To get wise children, 'troth and I had rather
 They should be bastards. 15

Amy. No, the children may
 Be like the Father.

Io. True distracted Mortall:
Thestylis, I say love him hee's a foole.

Dor. But we will make him rich, then 'tis no matter.

The. But what estate shall he assure upon mee?

Io. A Royall joynture all in *Fairy* land. 20

Amy. Such will I make *Vrania*!

Io. *Dorylas* knows it,
 A curious Parke.

Dor. Pal'd round about with Pick-teeth.

Io. Besides a house made all of mother of Pearle;
 An Ivory Teniscourt.

Dor. A nutmeg Parlour.

- Io.* A saphyre dary-roome.
Do. A Ginger hall. 25
Io. Chambers of Agate.
Do. Kitchens of all Chrystall.
Am. O admirable! This is it for certaine!
Io. The jacks are gold.
Do. The spits are Spanish needles.
Io. Then there be walkes.
Do. Of Amber.
Io. Curious orchards.
Do. That bear as well in winter as in summer. 30
Io. Bove all the fishponds! every pond is full,
Do. Of Nectar: will this please you? every grove
 Stor'd with delightfull birds.
Mop. But be there any
 Lady-birds there?
Io. Abundance.
Mop. And Cuckoes too
 To presage constancy? 35
Do. Yes.
The. Nay then lets in
 To seale the writings.
Amy. There boy, so, ho, ho. *Exeunt.*
Do. What pretty things are these both to be borne
 To Lands and Livings, we poore witty knaves,
 Have no inheritance but Braines: --- who's this?
Enter Alexis.
 --- One of my Mistresse beagles. 40
Ale. *Dorylas,*
 I have had the bravest sport.

(25) dary-roome] dining-room '68.

(29) walkes '38.

(34) ?] . '38.

(36) so, ho, ho, ho. '40b, ff.

(38) Livings! '40b, ff.

- Do.* In what, *Alexis*?
- Al.* In hunting, *Dorylas*: a brace of Grayhounds
 cours'd a stag
 With equall swiftnesse till the wearied deere,
 Stood bay at both alike: the fearfull doggs
 Durst neither fasten.
- Do.* So, and did not you 45
 Compare the stag to my fair mistresse? ha!
 Persued by you and *Damon*, caught by neither?
- Al.* By *Cupid* th'art i'th right.
- Dor.* Alas poore whelpes,
 In troth I pittie you! Why such a hunting
 Have we had here: Two puppies of a litter, 50
Mopsus and wise *Iocastus* hunting folly
 With a full mouth.
- Alex.* I much wonder, *Dorylas*,
Amyntas can be sad, having such follies
 To provoke mirth.
- Do.* And to that end his sister
 Keepes them about him; but in vaine, his Melan-
 choly 55
 Has took so deepe impression.
- Enter Damon.*
- Da.* My *Alexis*
 Well met, I've been at your cottage to seeke you.
- Alex.* But I am ne're at home; Thou and I, *Damon*,
 Are absent from our selves.
- Do.* Excellent application!
 To see the wit of love!
- Da.* Let us goe seeke her, 60
 To have a finall judgement.

(56) so] such '40a, ff.

(56) *Alexis* '40a,b ff.

Alex. That may end
 One of our miseries, and the others life!
Do. O lamentable! who would be in love?
Da. Content.

SCEN. 7.

Laurinda. Dorylas. Alexis. Damon.

Da. Here comes my joy or death.
Do. O pittifull!
Al. My sweet affliction.
Do. Pitifully sweet!
 Nere feare your father, Mistresse, kisse securely,
 I'le be your *Mercury*, and charme a sleepe
 Old *Argus*.
Lau. Doe.
Do. But if he chance to spy 5
 You and your sweet-hearts here, I know not of it.
Lau. You doe not!
Do. Nay you know if I had seene them,
 I should have told him.
Lau. Y'are a trusty servant.
Do. Poore *Dorylas* is blind, he sees not here
Damon, no nor *Alexis*.
Lau. No not hee! 10
Do. Alack I am innocent: if the belly swell
 I did not fetch the poison.
Lau. No, begone. *Exit Dorylas.*
Da. *Laurinda* now for mercy sake give period
 To our long miseries.

(8) I should have told him.] om. '64, '68.

(9) here. '4ob.

(10) *Damon*. No nor '4ob.

(13) mercies '64, '68.

(14) You now are like '68.

- Alex.* Now you are like cruel
To both, and play the tyrant equally, 15
On him you hate as much as him you love.
- Da.* Depriving one the comfort of his joy.
- Ale.* The other the sure remedy of his death!
- Lau.* *Damon* you have a Love, fair *Amaryllis*,
Content your selfe with her. 20
- Da.* I'le rather kisse
An *Ethiops* crisped lip: imbrace a Viper!
Deformity it selfe to her is fair.
- Al.* *Damon* thou hast thy answer.
- Lau.* And *Alexis*,
There be in *Sicilie* many Virgins more 24
Worthy your choice: why did you plac't on mee?
Goe seeke some other.
- Alex.* O those words to me
Are Poyson.
- Da.* But to me an Antidote.
- Al.* Thus she gave life to me to tak't away:
- Da.* And me she slew to raise me up againe:
You shall not slight us thus, what doe you thinke 30
Of mee?
- Lau.* Thou art the glory of the woods.
- Alex.* And what am I?
- Lau.* The pride of all the Plaines.
- Ale.* These your ambiguous termes have now too oft
Deluded us.
- Da.* Shew by some sign which of us
You have design'd for happinesse. 35
- Lau.* So I will.
*Shee takes Damon's Garland and weares it on her
own bead: and puts her own on Alexis.*

(16) as him] as on him '52.

(26) O] om. '52.

Damon, as I affect thee, so I vow
 To wear this Garland that adornes thy brow:
 This wreath of flowres, *Alexis*, which was mine
 Because thou lov'st me truly, shall be thine.
 This is plain dealing; let not *Cupid's* warres 40
 Drive your affections to uncivill jarres! *Exit.*

Da. Now happy *Damon*, shee thy Garland weares
 That holds thy heart chain'd in her golden haire!

Alex. Most blessed I! this Garland once did twine
 About her head, that now imbraces mine. 45

Dam. Desist *Alexis*, for she deignes to have
 The Garland that was mine.

Alex. But me she gave
 That which was hers.

Da. Tis more to take then give.

Alex. I think 'tis greater kindnesse to receive. 49

Da. By this your share's the lesse, you but receive.

Al. And by your argument, yours you did but give!
 Love is the Garland.

Da. Then shee did approve
 Of my affection best, shee took my love.

Ale. Fond *Damon*, she accepted love from thee,
 But what is more, she gave her love to mee; 55
 In giving that to mee, she proves my right.

Da. Why took she mine, but meaning to requite?

Alex. I will dispute no more.

Da. Then let our speares
 Plead for us,

Alex. And determine of our feares.
 Come *Damon*, by this argument let us prove, 60
 Which tis of us *Laurinda* best doth love.

Da. Yet tis, *Alexis*, clean against our oath.

Alex. True, *Damon*, and perchance may ruine both!

Da. So neither shall enjoy her.

Ale. Cruell breath!

Besides this is the *Sacred Vale*, tis death 65

To staine the hallowed grasse but with one drop
Of humane blood.

Da. So both should loose their hope!

Ale. And what is more, 'tis against her commands.

Da. Whose every breath has powre to stay our
hands.

Ale. Wee'l have her answer make a certain end.

Da. Till then, *Alexis*, let me be thy friend.

Ale. Come *Damon*, lets together seeke reliefe.

Da. Tis fit, being Rivalls both in love and grieve.

Finis Actus secundi.

ACTVS 3. SCEN I.

Damon. Alexis. Laurinda.

Dam. **L** *Aurinda*, by thy selfe, the sweetest oath
That can be sworn,

Ale. By those faire eyes, whose light
Comforts my soule;

Dam. Whose heat inflameth mine;

Ale. Vnlesse you deigne at length to end our strife,

Da. We both have vow'd to sacrifice our life, 5

Ale. On one anothers speare.

Lau. What shall I doe?

I find an equall warre within my soule,
My selfe divided; now I would say *Damon*,
Another time *Alexis*, then againe

(2) sworn, —'4ob, ff.

(3) comfort '38.

Damon, and then *Alexis*: like a sheapheard 10
 That sees on either hand a ravenous wolfe,
 One snatching from his ewe a tender Lamb,
 The other watching for a gentle Kid,
 Knowes not poore soule which hand to turne to first.
 Now he would save his Lamb; but seeing his Kid 15
 Halfe in the jaw of death, turnes back in hast
 To rescue that, where viewing then his Lamb
 In greater danger, runs to that again;
 As doubtfull which to save as which to loose:
 So fares it now with me. But love instruct mee! 20

Da. Resolve.

Ale. Or wee'l resolve.

Lau. No trick left yet?

Enter Dorylas.

Dor. If ever one was pepper'd looke on mee!

Lau. Why whats the matter?

Do. You talke of Love and *Cupid*,
 I have been plagu'd with a whole swarme of *Cupids*

Ale. What should this meane? 25

Do. I know not, but I am sure
 I have a thousand naturall rapiers
 Stick in my flesh!

Da. The meaning of the riddle?

Ale. The morall?

Do. In plain tearmes I have been driving
 One of your swarmes of Bees, gentle *Laurinda*;

Lau. The purest waxe give *Damon*: and, good
 swaine, 30

The hony to *Alexis*: This is plain.

Do. Now will the hony and the wax fall together by
 th' eares.

- Da.* *Alexis*, this plain signe confirms her grant,
She gave me waxe to seale the covenant.
- Do.* Well argu'd for the waxe, now for the hony. 35
- Ale.* To me she gave the hony, that must be
The sweetest, and the sweetest sweet is shee.
- Do.* The hony is the sweeter argument.
- Da.* But by the waxe she saies that she from none
But mee will take true loves impression. 40
- Do.* The waxe is very forward to the bargain;
He would be sealing of her.
- Ale.* But plain the hony speakes, no other guest
But I, shall tast in her a lovers feast.
- Do.* Delicious reason, my mouth waters at it, 45
- Dam.* The waxe must make the Taper that must
light
The wedded paire to bed on *Hymen's* night:
Besides 'tis virgins waxe, by that you see
To me she destines her virginity.
- Do.* Two excellent twin-arguments borne at a
birth. 50
- Ale.* And hony shewes a wedding; that must knead
A cake for *Hymen* ere we goe to bed.
Take you the waxe, the hony is for mee;
There is no hony in the world but shee.
- Dor.* His disputation still has some good relish in't. 55
- Da.* I see, *Alexis*, all *Laurinda's* bees
Serve but to sting us both.
- Dor.* Now, whats the matter?
The morall?
- Lau.* See what 'tis to live a maid!
Now two at once doe serve us and adore,
Shee that weds one, serves him, serv'd her before. 60

Da. *Alexis* come!

Al. Come *Damon*!

Da. Cure my feare.

Al. There's no helpe left but in a *Pelian* speare!

Lau. O stay your hands, for by my maidenhead---

Dor. Happy the man shall quit her of that oath.

Ale. Most happy *Dorylas*! 65

Do. I knew that before!

Lau. I have protested never to disclose

Which 'tis that best I love: But the first Nymph,

As soone as *Titan* guilds the Easterne hills,

And chirping birds, the Saints-bell of the day,

Ring in our eares a warning to devotion, 70

That lucky damsell what so e're she be

Shall be the Goddessse to appoint my love,

To say, *Laurinda* this shall be your choice:

And both shall sweare to stand to her award!

Both. By fair *Laurinda's* hand we swear. 75

Lau. Till then

Be friends, and for this night it is my pleasure

You sleep like friendly Rivalls arme in arme.

Both. Thankes to the fair *Laurinda*!

Al. Come *Damon*, you this night with me shall
rest.

Da. Wert thou but my *Laurinda* I were blest. 80

Exeunt Damon. Alexis.

Dor. Mistresse, if they should dreame now. ---

Lau. And they should?

SCEN. 2.

Amaryllis. Vrania. Doryllis. Laurinda.

Vra. Sweet *Amaryllis!*

Ama. Stay me not *Vrania!*

Do. More *Cupids*, more bees, more stinging yet!

Ama. Dishevel'd haire, poore ornament of the head
I'll teare you from my crowne! what dost thou here?
Weake chaines! my pride presum'd you had a
powre 5

To fetter *Heroes!* and in amorous Gives
Lead any sheapheard captive!

Vra. *Amaryllis.*

Ama. But *Damon* breakes thee like a spiders loome!
And thou poore face that wer't so oft beli'de
For fair and beauteous, by my flattering glasse; 10
I'll tear those crimson roses from my cheekes,
That but my selfe nere yet enchanted any.
My will is fixt!

Lau. Where goe you, *Amaryllis?*

Ama. Since *Damon* hates my life I'll goe and see 14
If I can please him in my death: if hee'le but
deigne
To kisse me, and accept my latest breath,
I shall salute the Gods a happy soule.
--- This dart I'll give him; and upon my knees
Beg till I have obtain'd to dye by him:
Death from that hand is welcome. 20

Lau. I will shew you
A way most probable to redeeme his love.

(11) my] thy '68.

(19) dye] om. '40b

to dye by] it too by '68.

Ama. I shall wrong you, *Laurinda*! No injoy him,
 The treasure of the Earth: my latest words
 Shall be praiers for you: mild *Vrania*,
 Sister in blood to *Damon*, not in affection, 25
 Nymph take this whistle, 'twas a *Tritons* once,
 With which I call my Lamb-kins when they stray;
 'Tis *Amaryllis* last bequeathment to you.

Vra. Live happy sheapheardesse and weare it still!

Ama. *Laurinda*, my great legacy is yours, 30
 Gentle-ungentle *Damon*.

Lau. I re-bequeath him to my *Amaryllis*:
 Come therefore amorous maid, be rul'd by mee;
 This night wee'le sleepe together.

Do. And shee too
 Should dreame of *Damon*. --- 35

Lau. *Dorylas*, goe to *Thestylys*
 T'excuse her this nights absence. *Amaryllis*
 Wenches are nere so witty as a bed,
 And two together make a statesmans head.
 --- Begon to *Thestylys*.

Do. So, I am sure
 Still *Cupids* factor: well ere long I see 40
 There will be many an heire the more for mee.

Vra. My *Bellamore* y'are under good protection;
 The Temple gates will close unlesse I hast.

Lau. *Vrania*, a happy night unto you!

Vra. The like to her that pitties the distressed
Amaryllis. 45

Exeunt Lau. Ama. Vrania.

Dor. So so, this hony with the very thought
 Has made my mouth so lickorish that I must
 Have something to appease the appetite.

(30) is] in '52.

(33) ;] ? '68.

(36) .], '38.

Have at *Iocastus* orchard! dainty Apples,
 How lovely they looke! Why these are *Dorylas*
 sweet-hearts. 50

Now must I be the Princely *Oberon*,
 And in a royall humour with the rest
 Of royall *Fairies* attendant goe in state
 To rob an orchard: I have hid my robes
 On purpose in a hollow tree. Heaven blesse mee! 55
 What Pucke, what Goblins this?

Claius. Dorylas.

Cl. Thrice Sacred Valley,
 I kisse thy hallowed Earth!

Do. Another lover,
 Enamour'd of the Ground!

Cl. Faine would I speake
 And aske for *Amaryllis*: but my feare
 Will not permit mee. 60

Do. Slid; I thinke he takes mee
 For *Oberon* already.

Cl. Youth can you tell mee
 How I may speak to night with *Amaryllis*?

Da. Age, by no meanes to night: this night shee
 lodges

With fair *Laurinda*, old *Medorus* daughter.

Cl. Can you instruct me then how I may meet 65
Amyntas?

Do. Who, the madman? Every evening
 He walkes abroad into the vallie here
 With *Thestylis*. Farewell old walking Ivibush.

Exit Dor.

Claius solus.

(*56) *Claius. Dorylas.* One line higher up in 40a, ff.
 (60) Slid '40a, ff.

Cl. I see the smoake steame from the Cottage tops,
 The fearfull huswife rakes the embers up. 70
 All hush to bed. Sure no man will disturbe mee.
 O blessed vally! I the wretched *Claius*
 Salute thy happy soyle, I that have liv'd
 Pelted with angry curses in a place
 As horrid as my griefes, the Lylibæan mountaines, 75
 These sixteene frozen winters, there have I
 Beene with rude out-lawes, living by such sinnes
 As runne o' th' score with justice 'gainst my prayers
 & wishes.
 And when I would have tumbled down a rock,
 Some secret powre restrain'd me: There I lately
 heard 80
 By a disconsolate Pilgrim that sought death,
 That my *Amyntas* wits (ah me!) were marr'd.
 Twas not a time to thinke to save my selfe
 When my poore boy was lost. Lost said I? -- O
Phæbus,
 If there be soveraigne power in juice of hearbs, 85
 And that the teeming earth yeeld medicinal flowres
 To cure all maladies, I have sought the skill;
 No leafe no root hath scap'd mee: I may boast it,
 I have been natures diligent Apothecary.
 Be lucky my emplaister! I have temper'd 90
 The surest Recipe the worlds garden yeelds;
 'Twould put *Orestes* in his wits again.
 I know I step upon my death: the Oracle
 Desires my blood for sacrifice, and *Pilumnus*
 For his old hate still seekes it: make long stay 95
 I dare not, only I desire t'apply
 My medicine and be gone. Who's this I spy?

(75) *Libyan* '62, '68.

(82) ah] ha '4ob, ff.

(91) Receipt '52.

SCEN. 3.

Thestylis. Amyntas. Mopsus.

--- I doe remember now that countenance;
It is my sister *Thestylis*, I'le stand close
T'observe their actions.

The. Would to *Ceres*
She would be pleas'd at length to end her anger,
And pittie poore *Amyntas*!

Cl. So pray I. 5

Amy. I have the bravest spaniell in the world,
Of a sharpe sent and quick. so ho ho, so ho ho!
Ringwood, Iowler, Whitefoot, so ho ho! so ho ho!

Mop. I shall be a whole kennell of dogs anon.

Amy. *Juno, Vulcan, Venus!* so ho ho, so ho ho! 10

Mop. Lord what a heavenly puppy he makes me
now!

Amy. There *Lady* there!

Mop. Ha? be there *Lady*-dogs as well as *Lady*-birds
too?

Amy. *Beauty, Beauty.*

Mop. Slid I was never cal'd that name before: 15

Thestylis, Amyntas calls me *Beauty*,

I prethee come kisse mee.

The. Thus I spend my life
Laughing amidst my teares.

(7) so ho ho! so ho ho ho! '62, '68.

(8) so ho ho! so ho ho ho! '62, '68.

(12-14) These lines are so divided in all the texts but they may be arranged:

Amy. There *Lady* there!

Mop. Ha? be there *Lady*-dogs

As well as *Lady*-birds too?

Amy. *Beauty. Beauty.*

(13) too! '38.

(15) S'lid '40a, ff.

Amy. Now *Vertue Vertue!*

Mop. Is that a dog's name too? would I were hang'd
If I'le have any of it for that trick. 20

Amy. Dost thou not sent it yet? Close, close you
rogue!

By *Pan* the curre hunts counter.

Mop. Oh good master! Bow wow, bow wow wow---

Amy. So now he has't again.
What at a fault you mungrell? will you never 25
Start me this Oracle?

Mop. Start an Oracle?

As if an Oracle were a hare?

Amy. So 'tis
And skuds away so swift we cannot take it.
Start me this Oracle.

Mop. Start it who's will for mee,
For I'le not start it.

Amy. Then unkennell it. 30

Mop. Vnkennell it?

Amy. I, tis a Foxe a Foxe,
A cunning crafty rogue: no body knowes
Which way to finde him. Ha? what sent is this?
Dost thou not smell?

Mop. What?

Amy. The meaning of the Oracle?
Vnkennell it, or I will lease thee. 35

(22-24) These lines may be arranged.

By *Pan* the curre hunts counter.

Mop. Oh good master!

Bow wow, bow wow wow---

Amy. So now he has't again.

(29) who's] who '62, '68.

(33) ha? '38 sent] om. '68.

(34) Oracle. '40b, ff.

(35) leashe '40a lashe '40b, '52 lash '62, '68.

- Mop.* Good sir,
I have no skill in starting or unkennelling,
But if you'l have me spring an Oracle. ---
- Amy.* And wilt thou doe it? spring me then this
Oracle!
- Mop.* I that I will, my skill lies all in birds,
Whose flight I feare I have observ'd so long 40
That I am metamorphos'd to a spaniell.
- Amy.* Looke how my hawke of understanding soares
About the Partridge Oracle! --- ill luck!
Tis at retreat againe.
- Mop.* O shall I never
Rid me of this misfortune! (thanks good omen) 45
Cras, cras she saies, to morrow 'twill be better.
A Crow cawes.
Black bird I thank thee!
- Claius to them.*
- The.* Litle thinks the wretched *Claius* now
How sad a life his poore *Amyntas* lives!
- Cl.* Too well unto his griefe. --- I'le goe unto
him 50
And follow him in his humor: -- You have got
A dainty spanniell, sir.
- Amy.* I think the world
Cannot afford his equall.
- Cl.* What breed is hee?
- Amy.* True *Spartan* I'le assure you.
- Cl.* Was the sire
Of the same Country? 55
- Amy.* No, as I remember
He was an Irish Grey-hound, but the damme
Came of *Acteons* brood.

Cl. As how I pray?
 Amy. Why thus; *Melampus* was the sire of *Lælaps*,
Lælaps to *Lagon*, *Lagon* to *Ichnobates*,
Ichnobates to *Pamphagus*, and *Pamphagus* 60
 To *Dorceus*, he to *Labros*, that was sire
 To *Oresitrophus*, *Oresitrophus*
 To fleet *Theridamas*, *Theridamas*
 To swift *Nebrophonos*, *Nebrophonos*
 To the quick-nos'd *Aellus*; he to *Dromas*, 65
Dromas to *Tygris*, *Tygris* to *Orybasus*,
Orybasus to *Pterelas*, he to *Nape*,
 The damme of *Mopsus*.

Mop. So then *Orybasus*
 Was my great grandfather. Though I be a Dog,
 I come of a good house. My Ancestors 70
 Were all of Noble names past understanding.
 What a brave man's my Master! where learn'd he
 All this? Ne're stirre now I could find in my heart
 To leave my Augury and study Heraldry;
 A man I think may learn't as well as t'other, 75
 Yet never fear of growing too wise upon't.
 And then will I record the pedigree
 Of all the dogs i'th'world. O that I had
 The Armes of all our house by th'Mothers side!

Cl. Sir I have brave things in a Basket for you. 80
 Give me your Dog, and you shall have 'em all.

Amy. Take him.

Mop. O heavens! and shall I change my master,
 One mad man for another?

Amy. Curre be quiet,
 I have said it, and my will shall be a law.

(58 and 59) *Lelaps* '40a, ff.
 (59 and 60) *Ichnobates* '40b, '52, '62.

(79) byth' '38.

Mop. O good sir, for *Melampus* sake, and *Dorceus* 85
Lelaps, *Ichnobates*, *Lagon*, *Melanchetes*,
Labros, *Nebrophonos*, *Oresitrophus*,
Tygris, *Orybasus*, *Therydamas*,
Aellus, *Dromas*, *Nape*, and the rest
 Of all my Noble ancestors deceas'd, 90
 Be mercifull unto me! Pitty pitty
 The only hope of all our family.

Cl. Sir, can he fetch and carry?

Amy. You shall see him.
 Fetch sirrah: --- there: --- the curre is runne,
 away,
 Help me to catch my dog: you'l bring you mungrell? 95

Mop. Yes much! the birds will not advise me to it.

Exit.

The. *Sylvan* why gaze you on us? would you frolike
 With poor *Amynta's* madnes? 'twould ill beseem
 you
 To make our grieffe your pastime.

Cl. Not I by heaven!
 My joyes are counterfeit, my sorrowes reall: 100
 (I cannot hold from weeping) ah you know not
 What grieffe lies here within, (teares you'l betray
 me!)
 Give me my eye full of this noble sheapheard!
 Who hath not heard how he hath chac'd the boare?
 And how his speare hath torne the panch of wolves.
 On th' barke of every tree his name's ingraven. 106
 Now Planet struck, and all that vertue vanish'd.

(88) *Orybatus* '38

(89) and all the rest '68.

(97) *The Sylvan* '40b, '52.

(98) *Amyntas's* '68 ?]; '38.

(101) from] for '52.

(104) ?]! '38.

(106) th'] the '40b.

The. Thy lookes are fierce, thy words bespeak thee
Gentle.

Amy. Why wep't he *Thestylis*?

The. I did not marke him.

Amy. It was a mote in's eye: I'le kisse it out; 110
I'le curle thy shackl'd looks, and criske thy haire
Like the streight-growing Cypresse. Come let's
put

Our heads together. Thou art more then mortall,
And shal't expound to *Ceres* what she asks.

It is a gallant *Sylvan*, *Thestylis*. 115

Cl. I am not skill'd in riddles, no interpreter

Of Divinations, but dare contend

With any Empyrick to doe a cure,

Whether the body or the minde be sick.

That is my study, I but crave the leave 120

To try the powre of art upon this sheapheard.

If *Æsculapius* be propitious to him,

After the dew of one nights softer slumbers,

I dare be bold to say he shall recover.

Amy. My dog againe? dost read it in the starres? 125

What a strange man is this?

Cl. Thy wits, *Amyntas*,

I meane; O cast thy armes in my embraces,

Speak carefull Nymph how came he thus distracted?

Amy. I doe you meane? with a very-very-very mad

trick ---

By making verses.

Cl. Rest rest deluded fancy! 130

The. There was a time (alas that ere it was.)

When my poore sheapheard fell in love.

(109) ?] ! '38.

(110) eyes: '40a, '40b, '52.

(111) locks '68.

(129) a very-very-very-very mad trick: '68.

- Cl. With whom?
- The. The starre of beauty, *Pilumnu's* much admir'd
Vrania.
- Cl. O the crosse darts of fate!
- The. Shee sweet Nymph inlodged
The casket of his love in her own bosome, 135
But *Ceres* set a Dowry. Out alasse!
Would shee had bid us quench the flames of
Ætna
In *Arethusa's* streames, it had been easy.
We fight with words and cannot conquer them;
This her Imperious *Omph*a ask'd, and Thunder'd¹⁴⁰
That which thou hast not, maist not, canst not have
Amyntas, is the Dowry that I crave.
To find out her commands, he lost himselfe.
- Cl. Your storie's pittifull: Tis my profession 144
To wander through the Earth, and in my Travell,
I am inquisitive after the sick to heale 'em:
Their cure and kind acceptance is my pay.
You will not fear to lodge me for a night?
- The. We have but homely hospitality.
- Amy. Ile feast thee with some Venison, brave *Mon-*
tano. 150
- Cl. Thy restitution is my feast *Amyntas*;
Your curdes and chestnuts and your country fare
Is bounteous for so meane a guest as I:
But send for that *Vrania* her sweet voice
Must sing a Lullaby to drowne his senses, 155
And charme soft sleepe upon his troubled phancy.
And 'fore the gray-eyd morne doe peepe, be
confident

(133) *Pilumnus* 40a ff.
(139) words] cords '52.

(154) *Vrania*; '62, '68.

I'le put the musique of his braines in tune.
You'l call *Vrania*.

The. Doubt not sir, I will.
Or send my servant *Mycon* by the *Vale*. 160

Amy. Come *Sylvan*, if the dogs doe barke I'le braine
'em;

Wee'l sleepe to night together, and to morrow,
Cl. Will end I hope thy madnesse, not my sorrow.

Amy. Wee'l goe a hunting, so ho ho! so ho ho! *Exeunt.*
Mopsus from the Orchard.

Mop. Are the mad dogs gone yet? 165

A little more would have perswaded mee
Into a spaniell: and I may be one
For any thing I know: Yet sure I am not
Because methinkes I speake; but an this speaking
Should be but barking now: If I be a dog 170
Heaven send me a better Master then the former.
Ceres defend me what strange *Elves* are there!

(159) *Col.* You'l call '38, '40a, '40b, 52.

(169) an] and '62, '68..

(170) :] ? '40b, ff.

SCEN. 4.

Dorylas with a Bevy of Fairies.

Dor. How like you now my Grace? is not my
countenance

Royall and full of Majesty? Walke not I
Like the young Prince of *Pigmies*? Ha? my knaves,
Wee'l fill our pockets. Looke looke yonder, *Elves*,
Would not yon apples tempt a better conscience 5
Then any we have to rob an Orchard? ha!

(1) now] may '40b

om. '68.

(2) Walk I not '68.

(6) !] ? '68.

Fairies, like Nymphs with child, must have the things

They long for. You sing here a Fairy catch
In that strange tongue I taught you: while our selfe
Doe clime the Trees. Thus Princely *Oberon* 10
Ascends his throne of State.

Elves *Nos beata Fauni Proles,
Quibus non est magna moles,
Quamvis Lunam incolamus,
Hortos sæpe frequentamus.* 15

*Furto cuncta magis bella,
Furto dulcior Puella.
Furto omnia decora.
Furto poma dulciora.*

Cum mortales lecto jacent, 20
*Nobis poma noctu placent.
Illa tamen sunt ingrata,
Nisi furto sint parata.*

Iocastus. Bromius.

Io. What divine noyse fraught with immortall
harmony

Salutes mine eare? 25

Bro. Why this immortall Harmony
Rather salutes your Orchard: these young Rascalls
These pescod-shalers doe so cheat my Master:

(9) our] your '40b, '52, '62, my '68.

(13) *magnamoles* '38.

(16) *cuncto* '68,], '68.

(18) *omma* '52.

(19) *Furto*] *Cum* '40b, ff.

(25) *eare* '68.

This poetry is not divided into stanzas in 40b, ff.

(27) *pescod-shalers* '40b, '52

pescod shellers '62, '68.

We cannot have an apple in the Orchard,
 But straight some *Fairy* longs for't: well if I 29
 Might have my will, a whip again should jerk h'em,
 Into their old mortality:

Io. Dar'st thou schreetch-owle
 With thy rude croaking interrupt their musique;
 Whose melody hath made the spheares to lay
 Their heavenly lutes aside, only to listen
 To their more charming notes? 35

Bro. Say what you will,
 I say a cudgell now were excellent Musique.

Elves. *Oberon descende citus,
 Ne cogaris hinc invitus.
 Canes audio latrantes,
 Et mortales vigilantes.* 40

Io. Prince *Oberon*? I heard his Graces name.

Bro. O ho: I spy his Grace! Most noble Prince
 Come downe, or I will pelt your Grace with stones,
 That I believe your Grace was ne're so pelted
 Since t'was a Grace. 45

Do. Bold mortall, hold thy hand.

Bro. Immortall Thiefe come down, or I will fetch
 you:

Methodhs it should impaire his Graces honour
 To steale poore mortals apples: Now have at you!

Dor. *Iocastus*, we are *Oberon*, and we thought
 That one so neere to us as you in favour,
 Would not have suffer'd this prophane rude groome
 Thus to impaire our royaltie.

(30) h'em '40b, '52 'em '62, '68
 (31) old] om. '68.

- Io.* Gracious Prince,
The fellow is a foole, and not yet purged
From his mortalitie.
- Do.* Did we out of love
And our intire affection, of all Orchards 55
Chuse yours to make it happy by our dances,
Light ayry measures, and fantastique rings!
And you ingratefull mortall thus requite us.
All for one Apple!
- Io.* Villaine th'hast undone me:
His Grace is much incens'd. 60
- Do.* You know, *Iocastus*,
Our Grace have Orchards of our owne more
precious
Then mortals can have any: And we sent you
A Present of them t'other day.
- Io.* 'Tis right,
Your Graces humble servant must acknowledge it.
- Bro.* Some of his owne I am sure. 65
- Do.* I must confesse
Their outside look'd something like yours indeed;
But then the tast more relish'd of eternitie,
The same with *Nectar*.
- Io.* Your good Grace is welcome
To anything I have: Nay, Gentlemen
Pray doe not you spare neither.
- Elves.* *Ti-ti-ta-te.* 70
- Io.* What say these mighty peeres, great *Oberon*?
- Do.* They cannot speak this language, but in ours
They thank you, and they say they will have none,
- Elves.* *Ti-ti-ta-ti- Tititatie*
- Io.* What say they now? 75

(56) your's '38.

(58) ungrateful '68

requites '38.

Do. They doe request you now
 To grant them leave to dance a Fayry ring
 About your servant, and for his offence
 Pinch him: doe you the while command the traitour
 Not dare to stirre, not once presume to mutter.

Io. Traytour, for so Prince *Oberon* deignes to call
 thee, 80

Stirre not nor mutter.

Bro. To be thus abus'd!

Io. Ha? mutter'st thou?

Bro. I have deserved better.

Io. Still mutter'st thou?

Bro. I see I must endure it.

Io. Yet mutter'st thou? Now Noble Lords begin
 When it shall please your honours. 85

Do. *Ti ti tatie.*

Our noble freind permits, *Tititatie*:

Doe you not sir?

Io. How should I say I doe?

Do. *Ti ti tatie.*

Io. *Ti ti tatie* my Noble Lords.

Elves *Quoniam per te violamur*
Vngues hic experiamur. 90
Statim dices tibi datam
Cutem valdè variatam.

They dance.

Io. *Tititatie* to your Lordships for this excellent
 musick

Bro. This 'tis to have a coxcombe to on's master.

(75) rebust '52.
 (89) *per te*] *parte* '52.

(93) Lordship for his '68.
 (94) one's '52, ff.

Io. Still mutter'st thou? 95

Exit Bromius.

Dorylas from the tree: Iocastus falls on his knees.

Do. And rise up Sir *Iocastus*, our deare Knight.
Now hang the hallowed bell about his neck,
We call it a *mellisonant Tingle Tangle*,
(Indeed a sheep-bell stolne from's own fat wether.)
aside.

The ensigne of his knighthood. Sir *Iocastus*, 100
Wee call to mind we promis'd you long since
The President of our Dances place; we are now
Pleas'd to confirme it on you: give him there
His Staffe of Dignity.

Io. Your Grace is pleas'd
To honour your poor leigeman.

Do. Now begone. 105

Io. Farewell unto your Grace and eke to you,
Tiitatie my Noble Lords farewell. *Exit.*

Dor. *Tiitatie* my noble foole farewell:
Now, my Nobility and honourd Lords, 109
Our grace is pleas'd for to part stakes; here *Iocalo*
These are your share; these his, and these our
Graces.

Have we not gull'd him bravely! see you Rascalls,
These are the fruits of witty knavery.

Mopsus enters barking.

Dor. Heaven shield Prince *Oberon*, and his honour'd
Lords!

We are betraid.

Mop. *Bow wow wow.* 115

(100) his] this '68.

(107) Lord '68 **Exit.*] not indicated in '40b, '52.

(111) your] you '40b.

(112) !] ? '68

Nay nay since you have made a sheepe of my
Brother

I'll be a dog to keepe him.

Do. O good *Mopsus*!

Mop. Does not your Grace, most lowe and mighty,
Dorylas,

Feare whipping now?

Do. Good *Mopsus* but conceale us,
And I will promise by to morrow night 120
To get thee *Thestylis*.

Mop. I will aske leave
Of the birds first. An owle? the bird of night;
An owle sbreekes.

That plainly shewes that by to morrow night,
He may perform his promise.

Do. And I will.

Mop. Why then I will conceale you. But your
Grace 125

Must thinke your Grace beholding to mee.

Do. Well:

We doe.

Mop. And thanke the owle, she stood your friend.
And for this time my witty Grace farewell.

Do. Nay be not so discourteous; Stay and take
An apple first: you *Iocalo* give him one, 130
And you another, and our Grace a third.

Mop. Your Grace is liberall: But now I feare
I am not hee that must interpret th' Oracle.
My brother will prevent me, to my grieve
I much suspect it, for this *Dorylas* 135
A scarre-crow cozend him most shamefully,
Which makes me feare hee's a more foole then I.

Exit Mopsus.

Dor. So, we are clean got off: come noble Peeres
Of *Fairy*, come, attend our Royall Grace.
Lets goe and share our fruit with our Queen *Mab*,¹⁴⁰
And th'other Darymaids; where of this theam
We will discourse amidst our Cakes and Cream.

Elves. *Cum tot poma habeamus,*
Triumphos læti iam canamus.
Faunos ego credam ortos 145
Tantum ut frequentent hortos.

I domum Oberon ad illas
Quæ nos manent nunc ancillas.
Quarum osculemur sinum,
Inter poma, lac, & vinum. 150

Finis Actus tertii.

ACTVS 4. SCEN I.

Mopsus, Thestylis.

Mop. I would have you know *Thestylis*, so I would
I am no dog, but mortall flesh and blood
As you are.

Thest. O be patient gentle *Mopsus*.

Mop. Slid, fetch and carry!

Thest. Nay good sweet heart
Be not so angry.

Mop. Angry? why 'twould anger 5
A dog indeed to be so us'd, a dog!
I would not use a dog so: bid a dog
That comes of a good house to fetch and carry!

(4) S'lid '40a, ff. (5) so] om. '52.

Discourteous! let him get dogs of his own,
 For I have got my neck out of the collar. 10
 Let him unkennell's Oracles himselfe
 For *Mopsus*, if I starte or spring him one
 I'le dye the dogs death and be hang'd: mad foole!

The. But *Mopsus*, you may now securely visit
 Mee and my house: *Amyntas*, heaven be prais'd, 15
 Is now recover'd of his wits again.

Mop. How? and grown wise!

The. *Ceres* be prais'd as ever.

Mop. Shut up your doores then; *Carduus Benedictus*
 Or Dragon water may doe good upon him.

The. What mean you *Mopsus*? 20

Mop. Mean I? what mean you
 To invite me to your house when 'tis infected?

The. Infected?

Mop. I, *Amyntas* has the Wits.
 And doe you think I'le keepe him company?
 Though, as I told you still, I am suspitious
Iocastus is the man that must ----

The. Doe what? 25

Mop. It grieves me to think of it.

The. Out with't man.

Mop. That must interpret; I have cause to think
 (With sorrow be it spoken) he will prove
 The verier foole, but let him; yet now my Augury
 That never failes me, tells me certainly 30
 That I shall have thee, *Thestylis*, yet ere night;
 It was an owle ---

(18) *Carduus, Benedictus* '40b, '52,

(21) what mean you? '52.

(24) told you, still I am '68.

SCEN. 2.

Claius. Amyntas.

----- And --- see see, *Thestylis*,
Here comes the Ivy bush. I'll stand aside,
For I am still most bodily afraid.

Amy. What Deity lives here? the soul of *Phæbus*
Breaths in this powerfull man: sure *Æsculapius* 5
Revisits earth againe; and in this shape
Deales health amongst us! I before was nothing
But bruit and beast: O tell me by what reliques
Of heavenly fire you have inspir'd me with
This better soule of reason! worthy sir, 10
If y'are some God (as lesse I cannot deeme you)
That pittying of my miseries, came downe
From heaven to cure mee, tell mee, that I may
With sacrifice adore you.

Mop. Adore him?
Are there such Ruffian Gods in heaven as he? 15
Such beggarly Deities?

Amy. If you will conceale it,
And I by ignorance omit to pay
Those sacred duties that I ought, be pleas'd
To pardon me.

Mop. Heighday! well *Thestylis*,
You may be glad your house is not infected; 20
Hee's ten times madder now then ere he was,
To deify this rude ill-favour'd *Silvan*,
This fellow with the beard all over: *Thestylis*,
I dare not stay; unlesse my heeles maintaine 24
My safety I shall turne a dog againe. *Exit Mopsus.*

(4) lives? the soul '62, '68.

Clai. I am as you are, mortall; 'tis my skill
 In Physick, and experience in the rare
 Vertue of herbes, that wrought this miracle;
 No Divinity, or power in me.

Thest. *Amyntas*, when shall we requite this kin-
 nesse? 30

Amynt. Never, I would willingly
 Have sacrific'd unto him, but his modesty
 Will not permit it: though he will not suffer us
 T'adore him as a God, yet we may pay
 A reverence to him as a father. 35

Claius. O those words doe touch the quick!

Amynt. For if he be
 A father that begot this flesh, this clay,
 What's he to whom we owe our second birth
 Of soule and reason? Father, I must call you
 By that name, father. 40

Claius. Now the floudgates open, (*aside*)
 And the full stream of teares will issue out:
 Traitors, you will betray me!

Thest. Sir, why weepe you?

Claius. To thinke of this man's father --- O I lov'd
 him

As dearely as my selfe! (my words and all
 Breake out suspitious!) has he not a daughter? 45
 As I remember well, he said her name was ----

The. *Amaryllis.*

Clai. Yes, I had almost
 Forgot it, I would faine have seene her too.

Thest. You cannot now, because to night she lodg'd
 With one *Laurinda*. 50

(39) Father; '52

(40) floud-gate's '40b, '52.

SCEN. 3.

Vrania.

Amy. O my *Vrania*, welcome,
Amyntas bids thee so, I that 'till now
 Was not *Amyntas*: come my joy, and meet mee
 Full of our happinesse!

Vra. Grant *Ceres* now
 My hopes be faithfull to me: my *Amyntas*, 5
 How came your thoughts so settled?

Amy. O *Vrania*,
 Here, here he stands, to whom I owe my selfe,
 And thou owest me: we reverence in our Temples
 Marble, and brasse, whose statues serve for nothing
 But to hang cobwebs on: oh! how much rather 10
 Should we adore this Deity, that bestowed
 Such happinesse upon us!

Vra. Would we knew
 How to deserve it.

Cl. So you may *Vrania*,
 If you will grant me one request.

Vra. Command it.

Cl. I would intreat you presently to vow 16
 Virginitie to *Ceres*, that *Amyntas*
 No more may toyle his brain in thinking what
 To give you for a Dowry.

Vra. Sir, I will
 Presently about it, I'll only first
 Get some unknown disguise. 20

Claius. I dare stay here
 No longer, for I must begon ere yet
 The light betrays me.

(5) to me, my *Amyntas*. '40b, '52 me, my *Amyntas*, '62, '68.

(8) Temple '52. (21) be gone '52, ff.

Vra. Happiness attend you!

Cl. Remember it *Vrania*.

Amynt. Farewell father.

Exeunt Vran. Amynt. Thestyl.

Claius Solus.

Clai. Thus like a bat, or owle I spend my age
 In night or darknesse, as asham'd of day, 25
 And fearefull of the light: the sunne and I
 Dare never be acquainted. O guilt, guilt,
 Thou and thy daughter feare are punishments
 Perpetuall, every whistling of the wind 29
 Doth seeme the noise of apprehenders; shadowes
 Affright me more then men. Each step I tread
 Is danger. Life? why to live longer should we
 Not live at all? I heare a noyse: false timorousnesse
 Deceive me not, --- my eyes instruct me too,
 Heaven shield me --- 35

(33) ?] : '38.

SCEN. 4.

Alexis. Damon.

Fain I would enquire of them
 For *Amaryllis*, but if one of these
 Bee *Damon*, I am lost

Alex. How early, *Damon*, doe lovers rise?

Cl. Tis he, I heare his name, good mole away.

Dam. No Larkes so soon, *Alexis.* *Exit.* 5

(3-6) These lines are so divided in all the editions. They may, however, be thus arranged to make blank verse:

Alex. Bee *Damon*, I am lost.

How early, *Damon*,

Cl. Doe lovers rise?

Tis he, I heare his name,

Dam. Good mole away.

No Larkes so soon, *Alexis.*

Exit.

- Alex.* He that of us shall have *Laurinda*, *Damon*
Will not be up so soone: ha! would you *Damon*?
- Dam.* *Alexis*, no; but if I misse *Laurinda*,
My sleepe shall be eternall. 10
- Alex.* I much wonder the Sunne so soone can rise!
- Da.* Did he lay his head in faire *Laurinda's* lap,
We should have but short daies.
- Alex.* No summer, *Damon*.
- Dam.* *Thetis* to her is browne.
- Alex.* And he doth rise
From her to gaze on faire *Laurinda's* eyes. 15
- Dam.* O now I long to meet our Arbitresse.
- Alex.* On whom depends our only happinesse.
- Dam.* It must be the first Virgin that we greet
From *Ceres* Temple.
- Alex.* Yes, the first we meet.
- Dam.* I heare no noise of any yet that move. 20
- Alex.* Devotion's not so early up as love.
- Dam.* See how *Aurora* blushes! we suppose
Where *Tithon* lay to night.
- Alex.* That modest rose
He grafted there.
- Dam.* O heaven, 'tis all I seeke
To make that colour in *Laurinda's* cheeke. 25
- Alex.* The virgins now come from the Temple.
- Dam.* Appeale unto the first.

(13) *Alexis*. We should '38.

(17) only] daily '52.

SCEN. 5.

The virgins passe over the stage with waxe candles in their hands, Amaryllis goes the first, but she is staid by Damon, as unknown to be Amaryllis, she being vail'd and having on her head the garland that Laurinda took from Damon.

Chast beauteous Nymph
Ceres so grant your prayers, as you determine
Justly our cause!

Amar. Ceres has heard my prayers,
For all my morning orisons beg'd no more
Then one kind word from *Damon*.

Dam. Amaryllis! 5

Alex. That name breaths life & soul to poore *Alexis*.

Amar. The same; -- why startle you? you have not
met

A poyson, *Damon*.

Dam. Yes a thousand vipers
Have stung my soule.

Alex. As many joyes crown mine
With happinesse. 10

Dam. Would I had met this morning
Infectious vapors nursing plagues, not thee;
No curse but that had power to ruin mee!

Alex. No other blessing hath preserved mee.

Amar. What should this mean, my *Damon*? how
have I

Displeas'd you, sweet? heaven knowes it is my
praier 15

More then for heaven, to please you.

- Da.* O my torture!
Fly hence as farre as hell, and hide thy head
Lower then darknesse; would thou had'st been
acting
Incest or murder, when thou cam'st to pray:
Thou hadst in any thing sinn'd lesse then this: 20
Vnseasonable devotion!
- Amar.* Can it be
A sin to pray for *Damon*?
- Dam.* Thou had'st blest mee
Had'st thou sate all this while in some dark cell
Loading my head with curses.
- Ama.* Innocence
Let me not understand you. 25
- Dam.* I'le not stand
To her award, she is a partiall judge,
And will decree unjustly.
- Ama.* How, to *Damon*?
To him she loves so deerey?
- Dam.* That's the reason;
Shee does confesse, *Alexis*, that she loves me,
That's argument enough against her. 30
- Amar.* *Ceres*, these obscure passions move me.
- Alex.* I'le instruct you,
Take here the paper, pen and inke.
- Ama.* Why yet sir
I know no more.
- Alex.* You are to passe your censure,
Being the first Nymph that we have met this
morning,
- (27) How to *Damon*? '40b, ff.
(30-31) These lines would be more metrical if they should be arranged:
That's argument enough against her.
- Amar.* These obscure passions move me. *Ceres*,

Which of us two must have the faire *Laurinda*. 35
Write your award; our mutuall oathes doe bind
us

Not to deny't.

Da. 'Tis a meere plot contriv'd
Betwixt this cursed Nymph, and you, *Alexis*.

Alex. *Damon*, you wrong us both.

Dam. Where did you steale
This Garland? it was mine. 40

Ama. For that I love it.
Because it once was thine.

Da. For that I hate it,
'Cause it is thine, had it been true to mee,
Me thinkes as soone as it had toucht thy head
It should have withered.

Amar. So it would have done
Had it not first touch't yours. *Laurinda* gave
me 45
This Garland, but nere told me of this accident.

Da. *Alexis*, you deale false, 'tis a conspiracy
'Twixt you and her.

Alex. How can it? you know, *Damon*,
I have not beene one minute from your presence.

Da. You tooke your time while I was sleeping. 50

Alex. Neither,
Nor I nor you could sleepe one winke this night,
The expectation of this morning tryall
Did keepe us both awake.

Da. I doe not know,
But there is some trick in't, and I'le appeale
From her too partiall sentence. 55

(38) Nymph and you, '40b, ff.

(41) I '38.

Ale. I'le the while goe fetch *Laurinda*, shee shall
force you stand

Vnto her tryall.

Exit.

Amar. *Damon*, thy harsh language is more then death
Vnto me.

Da. I doe charge you to teare the paper,

And refuse to judge between us. 60

Amar. No, I am resolv'd to write what I determine.

Da. Now thou hast indeed a time wherein thou
maist

Revenge my scorne. Take it, but I'le prevent thee.

he strikes her.

Amar. Welcome death!

From him all things are so. *Damon*, fly hence, 65

Thou hast shed bloud here in the *Sacred Valley*,

Make hast away or thou art lost for ever.

Dam. Thy counsell's good, no matter whose the guilt.

Exit Damon.

Ama. What was it he said last? --- Thou hast indeed

A time wherein thou maist revenge my scorne. 70

---With love, no otherwise: and there thou shalt not

(56) This should undoubtedly be arranged thus, to finish out line 55:

Ale. I'le the while
Goe fetch *Laurinda*, shee shall force you stand

(58-64) These lines will scan if rearranged as follows:

Amar. *Damon*, thy harsh language
Is more then death unto me.

Da. I doe charge you
To tear the paper, and refuse to judge
Between us.

Amar. No, I am resolved to write
What I determine.

Da. Now thou hast indeed
A time wherein thou maist revenge my scorne.

Take it, but I'le prevent thee. *he strikes her.*

Amar. Welcome death!

(59) doe] om. '68.

(61) what] om. '40b, '52.

(63) scorne; take it: '68.

(70) my] thy '52.

Prevent mee, *Damon*. I will write --- This inke
 Deserves not to record the name of *Damon*,
 Tis black and ugly; thou thy selfe hast furnisht mee
 With that of better colour. 'Tis my blood 75
 That's truly *Cupids* inke: love ought to write
 Only with that; --. This paper is too course;
 O that I had my heart, to write it there!
 But so it is already. Would I had
 A Parchment made of my own skin, in that 80
 To write the truth of my affection,
 A wonder to posterity! --- Hand make hast
 As my bloud does, or I shall faint I feare
 Ere I have done my story. ---

SCEN. 6.

Enter Dorylas.

Dor. These milkmaids are the daintiest rogues,
 they kisse
 As sweet as sillibubs, surely *Oberon*
 Lives a delitious life! Ha! who lies here?
 A Nymph? If't were but now in *Oberons* power
 To steale away her maidenhead, as she sleepes: 5
 O 'twould be excellent sport, to see how shee
 Would misse it when she wakes: what misery 'tis
 To be a boy; why could not my good father
 Have got me five yeares sooner? here had been
 A purchase: well, 'tis but five yeares longer 10
 And I shall hope to see a merrier world.
 No body neere too! Slid the very thought's
 Enough to make me man oth sudden, well
 I'le kisse her though.

(3) Ha who '4ob, '52.

(12) S'lid '40a, ff.

(7) 'tis] it is '4ob, ff.

(13) o 'the '4ob, '52

o'th '62, '68.

- Amar.* O I faint.
- Dor.* She dreames; 14
Now shall I know all secrets: These same women
Are given so much to talke when they are awake
That they prate sleeping too.
- Amar.* My blood congeales
Within my quill, and I can write no more.
- Dor.* Love letters? she was troubled yester night
About inditeing, and she dreames on't now. 20
Poore sleepy secretary!
- Ama.* I will fold it up
And send it; who's that's here? my eyes
Are dimme, ha, *Dorylas!*
- Dor.* Now she dreames she gives it me to carry;
I halfe feare I use to carry letters in my sleepe, 25
Wearying my selfe all night, and that's the reason
I am so loath to rise i'th morning.
- Ama.* *Dorylas*, carry this letter for mee.
- Dor.* I thought so,
That's all that I can doe, carry their letters, 29
Or runne of errands: well, come five yeares hence
They may imploy me better. Vnto whom is it?
- Ama.* Vnto *Laurinda*, take it.
- Dor.* How, a red letter?
- Amar.* Say I wish all health to her and *Damon*;
And being not able for to beare my griefes, 34
I sought a remedy from mine own speare and died.

(24-28) These lines may be rearranged as follows:

- Dor.* Now she dreames
She gives it me to carry; I halfe feare
I use to carry letters in my sleepe,
Wearying my selfe all night, and that's the reason
I am so loath to rise i'th morning.
- Ama.* *Dorylas*,
Carry this letter for mee.
(31) me] be '52.

Dor. How dead? oh mee,
 See how her blood hath stain'd the *holy Valley!*
 Well you have done me wrong to kill your selfe,
 Only to have me sacrific'd on the Altar,
 I nere deserv'd it.

Ama. Fear not *Dorylas.* 40

Dor. Fear not to dye so like a calfe? oh
Dorylas oh-----

Ama. Good *Dorylas* be gone, whilest yet my breath
 Will give me leave to say it was not you.

Dor. See that you doe, and so farewell. *Exit.*

Amar. Farewell!

How fearfull death is unto them, whose life 45
 Had any sweetnesse in it! my daies have all
 Been so oreworne with sorrow, that this wound
 Is unto me rather a salve then sore,
 More physick then disease: whither my journey
 Shall lead me now; through what dark hideous
 place, 50
 Among what monsters, hags and snake-hair'd
 Furies,

Am I to goe, I know not; but my life
 Hath been so spotlesse, chast, and innocent,
 My death so undeserv'd, I have no reason
 (If there be Gods) but to expect the best; 55
 Yet what doth most torment me, is the thought
 How long 'twill bee ere I again enjoy
 My *Damon's* presence: untill then, *Elysium*
 Will be no place of pleasure; and perchance 59
 When he comes thither too, he then may slight mee
 As much as now. --- That very feare doth make
 thee

Dye, wretched *Amaryllis!*

SCEN. 7.

Enter Claius.

Clai. How no feare
 Can make me loose the father! Death or danger
 Threat what you can; I have no heart to goe
 Back to the mountaines, 'till my eyes have seen
 My *Amaryllis*!

Amar. O was ever love
 So cros'd as mine! was ever Nymph so wretched
 As *Amaryllis*?

Clai. Ha! I heard the sound
 Of *Amaryllis*; where's that blessed creature,
 That owes the name? are you the Virgin?

Ama. Yes,
 That fatall name is mine. I shall anon
 Be nothing but the name. 10

Clai. O speak, what hand,
 What barbarous Tigers issue, what cursed whelp
 Of Beares or Lyon, had the marble heart
 To wound so sweet a Nymph?

Amar. O sir, my bloud
 Calls none but fortune guilty. I by chance
 Stumbled on mine own dart, and hurt my selfe. 15

Clai. Then I have hearbs to cure it: heaven I thank
 thee
 That didst instruct me hither! still the bloud
 Flowes like a scarlet torrent, whose quick streame
 Will not be checkt: speak *Amarillis*, quickly,
 What hand this sinne hath stain'd, upon whose
 soule 20

(5) !] ? '68.

(6) ?] ! '68.

(12) Lyons '40b, '52

(15) mine] my '68.

Lions '62, '68.

This blood writes murther; till you see the man
 Before your eyes, that gave the hurt, all hope
 In Physick is despaire: --- She will not speak,
 And now the cure growes to the last. Yet here
 I have a Recipe will revive her spirits, 25
 And 'till the last drop of her blood be clean

Applies a medicine and rubs her temples.

Exhausted from those azure veines, preserve her;
 But then shee's lost for ever! Then, O *Ceres*,
 If there be any in these groves, men, virgins,
 Beast, bird, or trees, or any thing detesting 30
 This horrid fact, reveale it! Sacred grasse
 Whose hallowed greene this bloody deed hath
 stain'd,

Aske nature for a tongue to name the murtherer!
 I'le to the Temple: --- If this place containe
 Any Divinity, Piety, or Religion, 35
 If there be any God at home, or Priest,
 Ompha, or Oracle, Shrine, or Altar, speake
 Who did it: who is guilty of this sinne,
 That dyes the earth with blood, & makes the
 heavens
 Asham'd to stand a witsse? 40

(25) receipt '40b, ff.

(*26) *temples*] *tēples* '38. In the original editions this stage direction is in the margin opposite ll. 26-29.

(29) *Virgin*, '40b, '52.

SCEN. 8.

Enter Pilumnus. Corymbus.

Pilum. What sad voyce
 Disturbs our pious Orgyes?
Cor. See, *Pilumnus*,
 A virgin all in gore.

- Pil.* *Ceres* defend us;
The *Sacred Vally* is prophan'd.
- Cor.* The place
So deare to *Ceres*, all defil'd with blood. 5
- Pil.* By *Ceres*, and her holy *Omph*a, hee
That did it, with his blood shall satisfy
The Goddesses anger; who by blood offends
By his own sacrific'd, must make amends.
- Cl.* I durst presume upon the power of art, 10
Did I but know the murtherer.
- Pil.* Howsoever
'Tis death to him that did it.
- Cor.* Speake his name
Faire virgin.
- Ama.* O-- if it be death to him
That did it, I have not the power to live
Beyond him. 15
- Cor.* Why, who was it then?
- Ama.* My selfe,
And in my death your law is satisfied,
The blood and act both mine.
- Cl.* It is not so,
For had it been by her own hand, my skill
Could have preserv'd her life.
- Amar.* It was my selfe,
Or one as deare.
- Cl.* Who's that? 20
- Ama.* I'le rather dye
Then name him, though it be a name I use
Oft to repeat, and every repetition
Is a new soule unto mee: 'tis a name
I have taught the birds to caroll, every

Laurell and Cedar beares it registred 25
 Vpon his tender barke; it is a name
 In which is all the life I yet have left;
 A name I long to speake; yet I had rather
 Dye all the severall sorts of death twice over
 Then speake it once. 30

Clai. I charge thee by that duty
 Thou ow'st to me, *Amarillis*, that thou owest to me
 Who gave thee life. ---

Pil. What should this mean *Corymbus!*

Cl. And by the womb that bare thee, by the breasts
 Of thy dead mother, *Lalage*,

Cor. This is strange.

Cl. Conceale him not! in plain, I am thy father 35
 Thy father, *Amarillis*, that commands thee
 By these gray haire to tell mee. I am *Claius*.

Pilum. How, *Claius!* and so fortunatly found!

Claius. I, glut your hate, *Pilumnus*; let your soule
 That has so long thirsted to drinke my blood, 40
 Swill till my veines are empty; and carowse
 Deep in my heart, till you grow drunke, and reele,
 And vomit up the surfet, that your cruelty
 Quaft off with so much pleasure; I have stood
 Long like a fatall oake, at which great *Iove* 45
 Levels his thunder; all my boughes long since
 Blasted and wither'd; now the trunke falls too.
 Heaven end thy wrath in mee!

Pilum. Blessed be *Ceres!*
 What unexpected happines is here?
 Rejoyce *Sicilians*; miserable lovers, 50
 Crowne all your browes with roses, and adore
 The Deity that sent him: he is come

(32) !] ? '68.

(49) ?] ! '68.

(50) :], '68 om. '40b, '52.

Whose blood must quench the fire of *Ceres* wrath,
 And kindle more auspicious flames of love
 In every brest. 55

Cl. I, doe, I feare not death.
 Let every Virgins hand when I am slaine
 Ring me a knell of Plaudits: let my Dirges
 Be amorous Ditties, and in stead of weeping
 Dance at my funerall! Tis no grieffe for mee
 To dye to make my countrymen some sport. 60
 Here's one in whom I only wish to live
 Another age.

Amar. What joy have I to live,
 That nere liv'd yet? the time that I have spent
 Since first I wept, then, when I first had entrance
 Into this world, this cold and sorrowfull world, 65
 Was but a scene of sorrow; wretched I!
 Fatall to both my parents! For my birth
 Ruin'd my mother, and my death my father.
 O Tragick life! I either should have been
 Nere borne, or nere have died. When I began 70
 To be, my sinne began, why should it then
 Out live mee? for, though now I cease to be,
 That still continues: Eyes, flow forth a pace,
 And be asham'd to see my wound run blood
 Faster then you drop teares ---- 75

Enter Damon.

See, here he comes.

His absence never untill now I wisht.

Dam. My Conscience brings me back, the feet of
 guilt
 Goe slow and dull, 'tis hard to run away
 From that we beare about us!

(63) ?] : '38.

(70) ne're '62

(72) Out-live '40a, '40b, '52.

Cl. The Murtherer

Is it this place, the issue of her blood 80
 Is stop'd o'th' sudden. Cruel man, 'tis thou
 Hast done this bloody act, that will disgrace
 The story of our nation, and imprint
 So deepe a blemish in the age we live in
 For savage Barbarisme, that eternity . 85
 Shall nere weare out: *Pilumnus*, on my knees
 I beg the justice of *Sicilian* lawes
 Against this monster.

Pilum. *Claius*, 'tis your hate,
 And old revenge instructs you to accuse
 My sonne: you would have fellowes in your
 death, 90
 And to that purpose you pretend, I know not
 What mysteries of art!

Cl. Speak *Amaryllis*
 Is't not this wolfe?

Pilum. Say, virgin, was it hee?

Ama. O, I am angry with my blood for stopping!
 This coward ebbe against my will betraies mee; 95
 The streame is turned, my eyes run faster now.

Pilum. Can you accuse my sonne?

Amar. By *Ceres*, no;
 I have no heart to doe it: does that face
 Look cruell? doe those eyes sparkle with hate,
 Or malice? Tell me, Father, looks that brow 100
 As if it could but frowne? Say, can you thinke
 Tis possible *Damon* could have the heart
 To wound a Virgin? surely barbarous cruelty
 Dwels not in such a brest: mercy, and mildnesse,
 Courtesy, love, and sweetnesse breath in him, 105

(81) oth' '38.

(99) doe| does '52.

Not Anger, wrath, or murther; *Damon* was not
 Fed at a *Thracian* teat, *Venus* did send
 Her Doves to nurse him, and can he be cruell?
 Whence should he learne so much of barbarisme
 As thus to wrong a Virgin? if he wound mee 110
 Tis only from his eyes, where loves blind God
 Whets his pil'd arrowes; He besides, you know,
 Had never cause to wrong mee, for he knowes
 Alwaies I lov'd him: Father, doe not wrong
 An innocent; his soule is white, and pure, 115
 Tis sinne to thinke there lives a sinne in him;
 Impiety to accuse him.

Clai. In his lookes
 He carries guilt, whose horror breeds this strange
 And obstinate silence: shame, and his conscience
 Will not permit him to deny it.

Amar. Tis, alas 120
 His modest, bashfull nature, and pure innocence,
 That makes him silent: think you that bright rose
 That buds within his cheekes, was planted there
 By guilt or shame? no he has alwaies been
 So unacquainted with all act of sinne, 125
 That but to be suspected strikes him dumb
 With wonder and amazement. For by *Ceres*
 (I think my oath be lawfull) I my selfe
 Was cause of this.

Clai. Still I am confident

'Twas hee.

130

Pilum. It is your envy makes you so.

SCEN. 9.

Alexis. Laurinda.

- Lau.* ----- I will *Alexis*,
And so he must if oathes be any tye.
- Alex.* To lovers they are none, we break those
bonds
As easily as threds of silke: A bracelet
Made of your maidens haire's a stronger chaine 5
Then twenty cobweb oathes, which while we
break
Venus but laughs: it must be your perswasion
That works him to it.
- Lau.* *Damon*, you must stand
To what you promis'd, how shall I believe
Those other oathes you sweare, if you respect 10
This one no better? It was my device
To have her judge, was it not, *Amaryllis*?
How, all in blood!
- Cl.* Yes, this unmercifull man
(If he be man that can doe such a crime)
Has wounded her. 15
- Amar.* Indeed it was not hee.
- Pil.* You see her selfe frees him.
- Lau.* When last we left her
She was with *Damon*.
- Amar.* Pray believe her not,
She speaks it out of anger, I nere saw
Damon to day before.
- Alex.* And when we left 'em
He was incens'd. 20

(6) .] ; '40b, ff.

(11) ?] : '38.

(14) be a man '52.

Amar. You are no competent witness;
 You are his Rivall in *Laurinda's* love,
 And speak not truth but malice; 'tis a plot
 To ruin innocence.

Lau. O ungratefull man!
 The wolfe that does devoure the brest that nurst
 it
 Is not so bad as thou: here, here, this Letter 25
 Th' eternall Chronicle of affection,
 That ought with golden characters to be writ
 In *Cupids* Annals, will (false man) convince
 thee
 Of fowle ingratitude: you shall hear me read it.

The Letter.

Laurinda, you have put it unto mee 30
To choose a husband for you, I will be
A judge impartiall, upright, just and true,
Yet not so much unto my selfe as you.

Alex. Now I expect to hear my blessed doome.

Lau. Alexis well deserves, but Damon more; 35
I wish you him I wisht my selfe before.

Alex. O, I am ruin'd in the height of hope.
 How like the hearb Solstitiall is a lover,
 Now borne, now dead again, he buds, sprouts
 forth,
 Flourishes, ripens, withers in a minute. 40

Lau. Take him, the best of men, that ever eye
 Beheld, and live with him for whom I dye.

Amarillis.

Here look on't. --

Dam. Writ with blood? o let me kisse
 My bill of Accusation! here my name 45
 Lookes like my soule, all crimson, every line,
 Word, syllable, and letter, wears the livery
 Of my unnaturall action. *Amarillis*
 That name of all is black, which was alone
 Worthy so pretious inke; as if disdainning 50
 The character of cruelty, which the rest
 Were cloath'd in: for as if that word alone
 Did weare this morning colour, to bewaile
 The funerall of my vertue, that lies buried 54
 Here in this living tombe, this moving sepulchre.

Lau. Know murderer I hate thy bed, and thee,
 Unkind, unthankfull villaine.

Ama. Nay, *Laurinda*,
 You have bound your selfe to stand to my award;
 The sentence now is past, and you must love him,
 It cannot be revers'd; you are deceiv'd, 60
 He is not guilty of this sinne, his love
 To me for mine, makes him against his conscience
 Seeme to confesse it, but believe him not.

Lau. Nor will I, he is all falsehood, and ingratitude.

Da. *Laurinda*, you may spare in this harsh lan-
 guage 65

To utter your dislike: had you a beauty
 More than immortall, and a face whose glory
 Farre outshind angels, I would make my choyce
 Here, and no where but here; her vertue now
 Moves a more noble flame within my brest 70
 Then ere your beauty did; I am enamour'd

(47) weare '40b, were '52 wear '62, '68.

(56) murderer '68 thee] then '52.

(62) To me, '38 To me; '40a.

(64) I] om. '38.

More of her soule, then ever yet I doted
 Upon your face: I doe confesse the fact;
 Pardon me vertuous maid, for though the action
 Be worthy death, the object most condemnes
 mee!

Take me to death *Corymbus; Amarillis,* 76
 I goe to write my story of repentance
 With the same inke, wherewith thou wrotes
 before
 The legend of thy love, farewell, farewell.

Exeunt Corymb. Dam.

Pil. *Laurinda,* and *Alexis,* doe you call 80

The Shepheards, and the virgins of *Sicilia*
 To see him sacrific'd, whose death must make
 Their loves more fortunate; this day shall be
 Happy to all *Sicilians,* but to mee. 84

Yet come thou cursed *Claius,* the sweet comfort
 Which I shall take when my revenge is done,
 Will something ease the sorrow for my sonne.

Clai. *Amarillis,* prethee call *Amyntas* to me,
 And *Thestylis:* I fain would have mine eye
 Behold them once again before I dye. 90

Ex. Pil. Cla.

Ale. Come my *Laurinda,* through how many
 chances,

Suspitions, errors, sorrowes, doubts, and feares
 Love leads us to our pleasures! many stormes
 Have we sail'd through my Sweet, but who could
 feare

A tempest, that had hope to harbour here? 95

Ex. Alex. Lau.

(78) So '40a: all other editions] wrote.

(93) !] ; '38.

(95) ?] . '38, '40a, '68.

Amarillis sola.

Amar. All, all but the distressed *Amarillis*
 Are happy, or lesse wretched; fair *Laurinda*
 Is ready for a wedding, old *Pilumnus*
 Hath lost a sonne, yet mitigates his grieffe
 In *Claius* death, my father *Claius* dies, 100
 Yet joyes to have the sonne of his old enemy
 A partner of his sorrowes; my father looses
 Only himselfe; and *Damon* too no more;
Amyntas but a father, onely I
 Have lost all these; I have lost *Claius*, *Damon*, 105
 And my selfe too; A father with *Amyntas*,
 And all the rest in *Damon*, and which more
 Affects mee, I am cause of all; *Pilumnus*
 Had not else lost his sonne, nor had *Amyntas*
 Wept for a Father, nor poore *Thestylis* 110
 Bewail'd a brother; *Damon* might have liv'd,
 And *Claius* but for mee; all circumstances
 Concurrre to make my miseries compleat,
 And sorrowes perfect: for I lost my father
 As soone as I had found him, and my *Damon* 115
 As soone as I had found he lov'd mee: thus
 All I can find is losse; o too too wretched,
 Distressed virgin! when they both are dead
 Visit their Ashes, and first weepe an howre
 On *Claius* Vrne, then go, and spend another 120
 At *Damon's*; thence again goe wet the tombe
 Of thy dead father, and from thence returne
 Back to thy lovers grave; thus spend thy age
 In sorrowes; and till death doe end thy cares
 Betwixt these two equally share thy teares. 125

Finis Actus quarti.

Now she would this, then that, then this againe,
 Vntill poore foole (true emblem of her mistresse)
 Shee almost starv'd in choosing which to feed on;
 At last (so heaven pittied the innocent foole)
 A westerne gale nipt one, which being blasted 15
 Shee fed upon the other.

Ale. Pretty fool! lets now no more deferre our
 nuptial joyes.

Med. How sweet a folly is this love! But rash
 youth, *Alexis*,
 (As youth is rash) runnes indiscreetly on
 While mature judgment ripened by experience 20
 Stayes for loves season.

Alex. Season? why, can love
 Be ever out of season?

Med. Yes, *Alexis*,
 Nothing's borne ripe, all things at first are greene.

Alex. Lau. And such shall our affection still be seene.

Med. You are to hasty reapers that doe call. 25
 For Sickles in the spring.

Alex. Loves harvest shall;
 (Lovers you know) his harvest ought to bee
 All the yeare long.

Lau. In *Cupids* husbandry,
 Who reapes not in the spring, reapes not at all.

Med. Woemen indeed too soone begin their fall. 30
 Yet till curst *Claius* dye, as now he must,
Alexis, and *Laurinda*, let my counsell
 Asswage the heat of youth; pray be perswaded

(12) Until the poor fool '68.

(17) Pretty fool!] These words of Alexis undoubtedly belong to l. 16, which is metrically incomplete, while l.17 is complete without them.

(18) !] ? '38.

(23) .:] , '38.

(26) .:] : '38 Loves, '38.

A little for to deferre your nuptiall blisse;
'Tis but a while.

35

Alex. A while in lov's an age.

Lau. Maids in a while grow cold.

Med. Temper loves fire.

Alex. 'Tis but cold love that's temperate in desire.

Med. Yet, loving paire, stay 'till a fayrer gale;

He deserves shipwrack, ('tis the Marriners flout)

And justly too, that in a storme sets out. 40

Lau. I will suppress my flame, (ah still it glowes.)

Alex. And I, but how unwilling *Cupid* knowes!

Med. Tis well; now let's goe take our place, to see

For our sad griefes a sadder remedy.

(36) Temper love's fire. '62.

SCEN. 3.

Amyntas. Amarillis.

Amar. -- Yes, it was he: hee's in the temple brother,

A place wherein he doth deserve a shrine,

Yet is to him a prison; can you Gods

Suffer the place that's reard unto your honours

Be made so vile a thing?

5

Amyntas.

Pray give me entrance:

I am not mad, (and yet I would I were)

Am I not mad to wish so? Let me come

And see him, sure you had your selfe a father.

Did you not wish to see him ere he died?

If he be dead, wee'l only pray a while,

10

And weep; will tears pollute the hallowed Ompha?

For we must shed them, yes, we cannot choose:

(10) dead: '38.

Come sister, he will let us, for though *Lalage*
 Was our sad mother, yet the Gods will let us
 Weepe for her: come, come *Amarillis*, come. 15
Exit.

SCEN. 4.

Mopus. Iocastus.

Iocast. Brother, aread, what meanes his graces favour?

Mop. It signifies you bear the bell away,
 From all his Graces nobles.

Io. Divinely Augur'd;
 For this I'le make thee Augur to his grace.

Mop. Belwether of Knight-hood, you shall bind me
 to you. 5

Io. I'le have't no more a sheep-bell; I am Knight
 Of the *Mellisonant Tingle tangle*.

Mop. Sure one of my progeny; tell me gracious
 brother,
 Was this *Mellisonant Tingle tangle* none
 Of old *Actæons* hounds? 10

Io. Ignorant mortall!
 Thou dost not understand the termes of honour.

Mop. How should I sir, my trees bear no such
 apples:

Io. As mine, th' Hesperian fruit are crabbs to
 mine,
 Hence came the Knight-hood, hence.

(1) aread,] read, '68.

(3) ;] ! '4ob, ff.

(10) !], '38.

(12) How should I sir? my trees beares no such apples. '4ob, ff.
 beares] bear '68.

(14-16) These lines should probably be arranged as follows

Hence came the Knight-hood, hence.

Mop. Rings loud. The fame whereof*Io.* We know it.*Mop.* Foure such knight-hoods more

Mop. The fame whereof rings loud. 15

Io. We know it.

Mop. Foure such knight-hoods more
Would make an excellent peale.

Io. I'le have 'em so.

Mop. But you must get a squirell too.

Io. For what?

Mop. To ring your Knight-hoods.

Io. I'le have any thing,
His grace will not deny me, o sweet orchard.

Mop. To see the fruit that came of such an orchard!

Io. But shall we not see *Claius* sacrific'd?

Mop. Oh by all meanes.

Io. But how deserv'd he death?

Mop. No matter for deserving it or no;

Tis fit he suffer for example sake.

Io. And not offend?

Mop. Tis fit he should offend.

They take their places.

(20) .]. '68

.] ! '4ob, ff.

SCEN. 5.

Pilumnus with a sacrificing knife, fire laid on the Altar, a Priest holding a Taper ready to kindle it, another Priest powring water on Claius head, who was bound: Corymbus leading out Damon bound.

Pil. Sicilians, Nature and religion
Are at contention in mee: my sad soule
Divided 'twixt my Goddess and my sonne,
Would in her strange distractions, either have mee

Turne Parricide or Apostate: Awefull *Ceres*, 5
 For whom I feed the fattest of my Lambs,
 To whom I send the holiest of my prayers
 Vpon the smoaky wings of sweetest myrrhe,
 Instruct thy doubtful *Flamen*! As I cannot
 Forget I am thy priest: for sooner shall 10
 Our Lambs forget to feed, our swaines to sing,
 Our Bees forget first, from the fruitfull Thyme
 To cull them baggs of *Nectar*: every thing
 Forget his nature, ere I can forget
 I am thy Priest: Nor can I but remember 15
 That *Damon* is my sonne: yet take him *Ceres*!
 You need not powre water upon his head,
 I'le doe it with my teares. *Ceres*, I hope
 Thy anger will not bind the Fathers eye
 To look into the Bowels of his sonne, 20
 I'le therefore first spill on thy hallowed Altar
 This Captives blood; and then retire my selfe
 Not to be present at my *Damons* death,
 Least nature might turne Rebell to devotion.

Song.

Ceres, to whom we owe that yet 25
We doe not Mast and Acornes eat:
That didst provide us better meat,
The purest flower of finest wheat.
This bloud we spill at thy desire
To kindle and to quench a fire. 30
O let it quench thy flame of ire,
And kindle mercies more entire.

(9) As] as '40b, '52.
 (19) blind '68.

(30) a ire. '38 an ire. '40a.
 (31) ire,] fire, '38, '40a.

O let this guilty blood atone
 For every poore unlucky one;
 Nymph, or Swain, who ere doe grone 35
 Vnder sad Loves imperious throne.
 That Love a happier age may see
 In thy long tortur'd Sicily.
 That blood which must th' Attonement bee
 Thus Goddess, thus, we pay to thee! 40

Amyntas. Amarillis.

Amy. Stay, stay that impious hand, whose hasty
 zeale

Thinks murther can appease the Goddess wrath!
 If it be murther must appease her wrath,
 What is't can move her anger? Doe not then,
 Doe not pollute her Altar, least it keep 45
 The crimsod staine of blood, and blush for ever,
 At this too cruell, ignorant devotion.

Pil. Avoid the mad man.

Amy. Why *Pilumnus*, Why?
 By the dread *Omph*, spare this guilty blood,
 And I'll expound the Oracle. 50
 What fire has yet his blood or quench't or kindled?

Pil. Why it hath quench't the sadder flames of
 love,

And more auspicious fires begin to move.

Amy. Where? in what brest? No love in all *Trinacria*
 But under *Cupid's* scepter faints and groanes 55
 More now then ever. Thy unfortunate *Damon*,
 And more unfortunate *Amarillis* stand
 A sad example; Thy *Vrania*

(33) at one '40b, '52.

(42) murder '40b, ff.

(43) murder '52, ff.

(51) *Amy.* What fire has

(54) Where in? in what '68.

(O sad sweet name!) may with her poore *Amintas*
 Witnesse his tyrannous reigne: here in *Sicilia* 60
 Turtles grow jealous, Doves are turn'd unchast,
 The very Pellicans of *Trinacreean* woods
 Are found unnaturall, and thirst the bloud
 Of their young brood, (alas who can believe it?)
 Whom they were wont to suckle with their own. 65
 O wretched season! Bitter fruits of love!
 The very Storks with us are Parricides.
 Nay even the senselesse trees are sensible
 Of this imperious rage: the gentle Vine
 (The happy embleme once of happier Lovers) 70
 That with such amorous twines and close imbraces
 Did cling about the loved-loving elme,
 With slacker branches now falls down and withers:
 If then to adde more fuell to the flame,
 To powre in oyle and sulphure be to quench it, 75
 The flame is quench'd. Nor are you hee, *Pi-*
lumnus,
 That must expound the Oracle, 'Tis a witt
 Such as mine is neglected, that must hit
 The Goddess meaning: you, the living Oracle 79
 Of *Sicilie*, the breathing *Omph*a of the Kingdome
 Will misconceive the Goddess; you are wise
 Skil'd in the vertues of all herbs, and flowers,
 What makes our Ewes ean best, what keeps them
 sound;
 Can tell us all the mysteries of heaven,
 The number, height, and motion of the starres; 85
 'Tis a mad brain, an intellect you scorne
 That must unty this riddle.

(60) Witnesse his tyrannous reigne here in *Sicilia*. '40b, ff.

(83) ean] can '40b, '52 them] the '38. ;] ? '52.

(86) an] and '68 intellect, '38.

(87) unite '40b, '52.

- Pil.* But I know
The wrath of *Ceres* cannot be appeas'd
But by the blood of *Claius*.
- Amy.* So it is.
- Pil.* How can that bee? yet his accursed gore 90
Hath not imbru'd the Altar.
- Amy.* But his blood
Hath been already shed in *Amarillis*:
Shee is his blood, so is *Vrania* yours,
And *Damon* is your blood; That is the blood
The Goddesses aime at, that must still her ire, 95
For her blood hath both quench't and kindled
fire.
- Pil.* What hath it quencht or kindled?
- Amy.* Love, the fire
That must be quench't and kindled. *Damons*
love
To his *Laurinda* in that blood extinguish'd,
Is by that powerfull blood kindled anew 100
To *Amarillis*, now grown his desire:
Thus *Claius* blood hath quench't and kindled fire.
- All.* *Amyntas, Amyntas, Amyntas, Amyntas.*
- Pil.* And is the fire of my *Damon* kindled
But to be quench't againe: *Ceres!* a frost 105
Dwell on thy Altars, ere my zeale renew
Religious fires to warme 'em.
- Amy.* Spare these blasphemies,
For *Damon* is acquitted & assoil'd
Of any trespasse.
- Pil.* How *Amyntas?* speake!
Thou that hast sav'd a Father, save a sonne. 110

(98) must] mnst '38.

(105) :] ! '68 !], '62, '68.

Amyntas. Thus, *Amarillis* is the Sacrifice
 The Goddess aim'd at: and the bloud of Sacrifice
 (As you all know) may lawfully be spilt
 Even in the *Holy vale*, and so it was;
 Besides your *Damon* is a Priest by birth, 115
 And therefore by that Title, he may spill
 The sacrificized *Amarillis* bloud.

If this interpretation be not true,
 Speak you *Sicilians*, I'le be judg'd by you.

All. *Amyntas, Amyntas, Amyntas, Amyntas.* 120

Pil. *Amyntas*, thou hast now made full amends
 For my *Philebus* death; *Claius* all envy,
 Envy the viper of a venemous soule
 Shall quit my brest: This is the man, *Sicilians*,
 The man to whom you owe your liberties; 125
 Goe Virgins, and with Roses strow his way,
 Crowne him with violets, and lilly wreathes;
 Cut off your golden tresses, and from them
 Weave him a robe of love: *Damon*, pay here
 The debt of duty that thou ow'st to mee; 130
 Hence was thy second birth.

Da. Or hither rather:
 The Balsame of *Sicilia* flowed from hence,
 Hence from this scarlet torrent, whose each drop
 Might ransome *Cupid* were he captive tane.

Amaril. How much owe I my *Damon*, whose blest
 hand 135

Made mee the publique sacrifice! could I shed
 As many drops of blood, even from the heart
 As *Arethusa* drops of water can,
 I would outvie her at the fullest tide,
 That other Virgins loues might happy be, 140
 And mine my *Damon* be as blest in thee.

(111)], '62 ; '68.

(118) sacrificized '40a, ff.

Clai. O what a showre of joy falls from mine eyes!
 The now too fortunate *Claius!* my *Amyntas*,
 My *Amarillis*, how shall I divide
 My teares and joyes betwixt you! 145

Pil. Lovers come,
 Come all with flowry chaplets on your browes,
 And singing Hymmes to *Ceres*, walk around
 This happy village; to expresse our glee
 This day each yeare shall *Cupids* triumphs bee.

Amyn. Still my impossible Dowry for *Vrania* 150
 Leaves mee unfortunate in the mid'st of joy;
 Yet out of piety I will heere a while
 (Though blest I am not 'till she be my bride)
 In publique joyes lay private griefes aside. 154

Exeunt cum Choro cantantium.

Io. And I'le goe fetch the youngsters of the
 towne,
 The mortall Fairies, and the lasses browne,
 To bring spic'd cakes, and ale, to dance and play,
 Queen *Mab* her selfe shall keepe it holy-day. *Exit.*

Mop. Ah *Dorilas* that I could not have the wit
 To have been a mad man rather then a foole. 160
 I have lost the credit.

Dor. Tis no matter
 You shall have *Thestylis*.

Mop. Shall I, *Dorylas*,
 I had as live interpret her as Oracles.

Dor. And here she comes, give me your quail pipe,
 harke you. --- *Exit.*

Enter Thestylis.

(148) ;], '40a, ff.
 (*154) *constantium* '52.
 (157) play. '68.

(160) mad-man '68.
 (162) .], '38.

Mop. Now, *Thestylis*, thou shalt mine Oracle
bee, 165

Hence forth I will interpret none but thee.

Thes. Why haue the birds (my *Mopsus*) counsel'd
so?

Mop. They say I must, whether you will or noe.

Thes. How know I that?

Mop. The birds doe speak it plain.
Dorilas with a quaille pipe.

Harke, *Thestylis*, the birds say so again. 170

Thes. I understand them not.

Mop. Will you be judg'd

By th' next we meet?

Thes. *Mopsus*, I am content,
So you will stand unto it as well as I.

Mop. By *Ceres*, *Thestylis*, most willingly.

Enter Dorylas.

Mop. Ah *Dorilus*, heard you what the birds did
say? 175

Dor. I *Mopsus*, you are a happy man to day.

Mop. What said they boy?

Dor. As if you did not know.

Mop. But *Thestylis*.

Dor. Why sure she understands it,
Have you to her this language never read?

Mop. No, *Dorylas*, I can teach her best in bed. 180

Dor. The Birds said twice: (as you full well doe
know)

You must have *Thestylis* whether she will or no.

(167) counsel'd '4ob, ff.

(*169) This stage direction is in the margin opposite ll. 169-170 in the old editions.

(177) *Dor.*] *Mop.* '62.

- Thes.* And am I caught? Tis no great matter though;
 For this time *Mopsus* I will marry thee;
 The next I wed, by *Pan*, shall wiser bee! 185
- Mop.* And have I got thee? thanks my witty boy.
- Do.* Harke, *Thestylis*, the birds doe bid you joy.
- Thes.* For fooling *Mopsus*, now 'tis time give ore.
- Mop.* Mad man I may, but will be foole no more.
- Thes.* Mad after marriage as a foole before. 190
 For hee's a foole that weds, all wives being bad;
 And shee's a foole makes not her husband mad.

(188) ,] ; '62, '68.

SCEN. 6.

*Iocastus with a Morrice, himselfe maid
 Marrian, Bromius the Clowne.*

- Dor.* See, *Mopsus*, see, here comes your Fairy
 brother,
 Hark you, for one good turne deserves another.
Exeunt Dor. Mop.
- Iocast.* I did not think there had been such delight
 In any mortall Morrice, they doe caper
 Like quarter Fairies at the least: by my Knight-
 hood, 5
 And by this sweet *Mellisonant Tingle tangle*,
 The ensigne of my glory, you shall bee
 Of *Oberons* Revels.
- Bro.* What to doe I pray?
 To dance away your Apples?

(7) of] or '52.

(9) your] our '40b, ff.

?]. '38.

- Iocas.* Surely mortall,
 Thou art not fit for any office there. 10
Enter Dorylas like the King of Fairies. Mopsus.
- Io.* See, blind mortall, see,
 With what a port, what grace, what majesty
 This princely *Oberon* comes, your Grace is welcome.
- Do.* A beauteous Lady, bright and rare,
 Queen *Mab* her selfe is not so faire. 15
- Io.* Does your grace take me for a woman then?
- Do.* Yes beauteous virgin; Thy each part
 Has shot an arrow through my heart;
 Thy blazing eye, thy lip so thinne,
 Thy azure cheek, & christall chinne, 20
 Thy rainbow brow, with many a rose;
 Thy saphyre eares, and ruby nose,
 All wound my soule, O gentle be
 Or Lady you will ruin mee. 24
- Io.* *Bromius*, what shall I doe? I am no woman!
 If geelding of me will preserve your grace,
 With all my heart.
- Bro.* No master, let him rather
 Steale away all your orchard Apples.
- Io.* I and shall,
 Beauteous Queen *Mab* may loose her longing else.
- Do.* How's this? are you no woman then? 30
 Can such bright beauty live with men?
- Io.* An't please your grace, I am your Knight
Iocastus.
- Do.* Indeed I thought no man but hee
 Could of such perfect beauty bee.
- Io.* Cannot your Grace distill me to a woman? 35

(28) I, and he shall, '62, '68.

(35) ?]. '38, '40a, '40b.

- Do.* I have an hearb, they *Moly* call,
Can change thy shape (my sweet) and shall.
To tast this *Moly* but agree,
And thou shalt perfect woman bee.
- Io.* With all my heart; nere let me move 40
But I am up to th' eares in love.
But what if I doe marry thee?
- Do.* My Queene *Iocasta* thou shalt bee:
- Io.* Sweet *Moly*! pray let *Bromius* have some
Moly too,
Hee'l make a very pretty waiting maid. 45
- Bro.* No indeed forsooth, you have Ladies enough
already.
- Do.* Halfe your estate then give to mee,
Else, you being gone, there none will be,
Whose Orchard I dare here frequent.
- Io.* Sweet *Oberon*, I am content. 50
- Do.* The other halfe let *Mopsus* take.
- Io.* And *Thestylis* a joynture make.
- Bro.* Why master, are you mad?
- Io.* Your mistresse sirrah.
Our grace has said it, and it shall be so.
- Bro.* What, will you give away all your estate? 55
- Io.* We have enough beside in *Fairy* land.
You *Thestylis* shall be our maid of honour.
- Thes.* I humbly thank your Grace.
- Io.* Come Princely *Oberon*,
I long to tast this *Moly*: pray bestow 59
The Knight-hood of the *Mellisonant Tingle tangle*,
Vpon our brother *Mopsus*, we will raise
All of our house to honours.

(37) Can] C an. '38.

(41) the eares '40b, '52.

(47) Do.] Io. '52.

(55) away] om. '62, '68.

(62) honour '62, '68.

- Mop.* Gracious sister!
- Io.* I alwaies thought I was borne to be a Queene.
- Do.* Come let us walke, majestique Queene,
Of Fairy mortalls to be seene. 65
In chaires of Pearle thou plac't shalt bee,
And Empresses shall envy thee,
When they behold upon our throne
Iocasta with her --- *Dorilas*.
- All.* Ha, ha, ha! 70
- Io.* Am I deceiv'd and cheated, guld and fool'd?
- Mop.* Alas sir you were borne to be a Queene.
- Io.* My lands, my livings, and my orchard gone?
- Dor.* Your grace hath said it, and it must be so.
- Bro.* You have enough beside in Fairyland. 75
- Thes.* What would your Grace command your maid
of honour?
- Dor.* Well I restore your lands: only the orchard
I will reserve for fear Queen *Mab* should long.
- Mop.* Part I'le restore unto my liberall sister
In leiw of my great Knighthood. 80
- Thes.* Part give I.
- Io.* I am beholding to your liberality.
- Bro.* I'le some thing give as well as doe the rest,
Take my fooles coat, for you deserve it best.
- Io.* I shall grow wiser.
- Dor.* *Oberon* will be glad on't.
- Thes.* I must goe call *Vrania* that she may 85
Come vow Virginity. *Exit.*

(77) orchar'd '38.

(84) on't '38.

SCEN. 7.

Pilumnus. Amyntas. &c.

Amyntas. Ceres, I doe thank thee,
 That I am author of this publike joy:
 But is it justice (Goddesse) I alone
 Should have no share in't? Every one I see
 Is happy but my selfe that made 'em so, 5
 And my *Vrania* that should most be so.
 I thirst amid the Bowles; when others sit
 Quaffing off Nectar, I but hold the cup;
 And stand a sadder *Tantalus* of love,
 Starving in all this plenty; *Cere's* Demand 10
 Feeds me with gall; stretching my doubtfull
 thoughts
 On many thousand racks: I would my Dowry
 Was all the gold of *Tagus*, or the ore
 Of bright *Pactolus* channell: --- But, *Vrania*,
 Tis hid, alas I know not what it is. 15

SCEN. 8.

Vrania. Thestylis.

My *Thestylis*, since first the Sea-gods Trident
 Did rule the small three pointed peece of earth
 Of this our conquering soile, it has not been
 A place of so much story as to day,
 So full of wonders: O 'twill serve (my *Thestylis*) 5
 For our discourse when we goe fold our Ewes,
 Those Sheapheards that another day shall keep

(1) This line not indented in '38, '40a, '40b, '52.

(6) fol'd '38.

Their Kiddes upon these mountaines shall for ever
 Relate the miracle to their wondring Nymphs,
 Of my *Vrania*; it will fill their eares 10
 With admiration.

Thes. Sir, *Vrania's* here.

Amy. How! is this habit! This me thinks befits not
 A Lover, my *Vrania*.

Vra. Yes, *Amyntas*.

This habit well befits a Virgins life.
 For since my Dowry never can be paid 15
 Thus for thy sake I'll live and dye a maid.

Amy. O is it just, so faire a one as you
 Should vow Virginitie? must the sacred womb
 Of my *Vrania* fit to have brought forth
 A fruitfull race of Gods, be ever barren? 20
 Never expect *Lucina*? shall this beauty
 Live but one age? how curs'd is our posterity
 That shall have no *Vrania's*! can one Tombe
 Contain all goodnesse? *Ceres* rather blast
 The corne thou gav'st us: let the earth grow
 barren; 25

These trees, and flowers wither eternally;
 Let our Plowes toyle in vaine, and let there be
 No more a harvest: Every losse is small,
 Yea though the *Phænix* selfe should burne to
 ashes
 And nere revive again! But let there be 30
 Some more *Vrania's* ----

Pilum. 'Tis necessity,
 We must obey.

Amy. But yet *Vrania*,
 I hope we may sometimes come pray together;

'Tis not prophane, and mid'st our sacred Ori-
sons 35

Change a chast kisse or two; or shall I too
Turne Virgin with thee? --- But I foole my selfe,
The Gods intend to crosse us, and in vaine
We strive (*Vrania*) to crosse them again.

Vrania kneeling before the Ompha.

Vran. Great *Ceres*, for thy daughter *Proserpines*
sake 40

Ravisht by *Pluto* from *Sicilian* plaines
To raigne with him Queen of *Elysian* shades,
Accept the sacrifice of a Virgin, for
It is thy Pleasure, thine, by whom the earth
And every thing growes fruitfull, to have mee 45
Be ever barren: Thy impossible Dowry,
Makes me despaire to be *Amyntas* bride;
Therefore that cold chast snow that never should
Have melted but betwixt his amorous armes
I vow unto thy Cloyster (*Awfull* Goddess!) 50
Almighty *Ceres*, is not this life holy?

Echo. Folly.

Better then live in an unhappy love?

Ec. Happy love.

Be judge ye woods, & let *Amyntas* speak.

Ec. *Amyntas*, speak.

Pil. The Goddess is well pleas'd, she daines to
answer

By gracious *Echo*'s; goe *Amyntas* speak. 55

Amyntas. Why, will she answer mee before *Vrania*?

No, 'twas the musique of her Angels voice,
Whose heavenly Accents with such charming notes
Ravish'd the Goddess eares, she could not choose

But bear a part in that harmonious song; 60
 Yet if she will after such melody
 Endure to hear the harsh *Amyntas* speak.

Ec. *Amyntas*, speak.

When wilt thou think my torments are enow?

Ec. Now.

Alas, how is it possible I should hope it?

Echo. Hope it.

How shall I pay the Dowry that you aske mee? 65

Echo. Aske mee.

I aske a Dowry to be made a Husband.

Echo. A Husband.

Answer directly to what I said last.

Echo. What I said last.

A Husband, *Ceres*? Why is that the guesse?

Ec. Yes.

That which I have not, may not, cannot have, ---

I have not, may not, cannot have a Husband. 70

Tis true, I am a man, nor would I change

My sexe, to be the Empresse of the world.

Vrania, take thy Dowry, 'tis my selfe;

A Husband, take it.

Vran. Tis the richest Dowry

That ere my most ambitious praiera could beg! 75

But I will bring a portion, my *Amyntas*,

Shall equall it, if it can equall'd bee:

That which I have not, may not, cannot have

Shall be thy portion, 'tis a wife, *Amyntas*.

Amyn. Should greater Queenes wooe mee in all their
 Pride, 80

And in their laps bring me the wealth of worlds,

I should prefer this portion 'fore the best:

(79) .] *om.* '38.

(82) 'fore] for '40b, ff.

Thankes *Ceres*, that hast made us both be blest.

Echo. Be blest.

Clai. *Pilumnus*, let us now grow young againe,
 And like two trees robb'd of their leafy boughes 85
 By winter, age, and *Boreas* keener breath,
 Sprout forth and bud again: This spring of joy
 Cuts forty yeares away from the gray summe.
 Once more in triumph let us walke the Villagel

Pilum. But first I will intreat this company 90
 To deigne to take part in this publique joy.

Pilumnus Epilogizes.

*All Loves are happy, none with us there bee,
 Now sick of coynesse, or unconstancy.
 The wealthy summes of Kisses doe amount
 To greater scores then curious art can count!
 Each eye is fix'd upon his Mistris face, 5
 And every arme is lock't in some embrace.
 Each cheeke is dimpled; every lip doth smile:
 Such happinesse I wish this blessed Isle,
 This little world of Lovers: and least you
 Should think this blisse no reall joyes, nor true, 10
 Would every Lady in this orbe might see
 Their Loves as happy as we say they be!
 And for you gentle youths, whose tender hearts
 Are not shot prooffe 'gainst love and Cupids darts;
 These are my Prayrs, (I would those prayrs were
 charmes) 15
 That each had here his Mistrisse in his armes.
 True Lovers, (for tis truth gives love delight)
 To you our Author only means to write.*

If he have pleas'd (as yet he doubtfull stands)
For his applause clap lips instead of Hands. 20
He begs nor Bayes, nor Ivy; only this,
Seale his wisht Plaudite with an amorous Kisse.

Exeunt Cantantes.

FINIS.

NOTES



NOTES

ON THE INTRODUCTORY POEMS

ROBERT RANDOLPH. The brother of the poet. See p. 27.

I. T. A. M. Probably this is Jerameel Terrent, M.A., who was a graduate of Westminster School and of Christ Church, Oxford. He was well known as a tutor at Oxford and later became rector of Clewer, Berkshire.

THO. TERRENT. He also was a graduate of Westminster School and of Christ Church, and served as curate of Bensington. He contributed to a number of collections of Oxford poems.

R. BRIDE-OAKE. Ralph Brideoake (1613-1678), a graduate of Brasenose College, Oxford. In 1634 he was made Prochaplain of New College, and was afterward Bishop of Chichester and Master of the Manchester Free Grammar School.

ED. GAYTON. Edmund Gaytoun or Gayton, one of the "Sons of Ben." He was a fellow of St. John's College, Cambridge, and, according to Wood, was the author of a number of works "some good, others most vain and trashy things."

G. W. *Joan*. Apparently George Wilde (1610-1665), a graduate of St. John's College, Oxford, where he became a fellow in 1631; in 1635 he was incorporated at Cambridge. He was considered a wit in his younger days, and it was his play which was acted before the royal party in the College Hall in 1636. He was chaplain to Archbishop Laud, and after the Restoration became Bishop of Derry.

IOS. HOWE. Josias Howe, a graduate and fellow of Trinity College, Oxford. Wood says that he has "several copies of verses that are extant in various books which shew him to have been a good poet."

OWEN FELTHAM. (1602?-1668), best known for his *Resolves*, a series of moral essays. See p. 359.

R. GOSTELOW. Richard Gostelow, who was graduated B.A. from Corpus Christi, Oxford, in 1631 (as Gorstelow) and M.A. in 1634.

When he in Cambridge Schooles did moderate,

The Moderator was the person chosen to preside over the "disputations" or exercises in the University Schools required of all candidates for degrees.

- RIC. WEST. This Richard West was not, according to our present terminology, the "brother-in-law" of the poet; he was the son of Randolph's step-mother and her first husband, Thomas West, of Cotton End. See p. 5.

NOTES ON THE POEMS

- p. 73. IN ANGUEM, QUI LYCORIN DORMIENTEM AMPLEXUS EST.

In the original editions this poem is preceded by a Latin version which bears this title, while the English one is headed simply *Englished thus Παραφροστικῶς*.

- p. 78, l. 13. *A third speaks raptures, and bath gaind a wit
By praising Cælia,*

This is apparently a reference to the poems of Carew, which were not, however, published until 1640.

- p. 84. A GRATULATORY TO MR BEN JOHNSON.

See the story of Randolph's "adoption" given in the introduction, p. 12, and his own account given on p. 84. Baker tells us (*Biog. Dram.* 2, 590) that Jonson "admitted him as one of his adopted Sons in the Muses, and held him in equal Esteem with the ingenious Mr. Cartwright."

- p. 86 l. 57. *To cure thy Palsie;*

Jonson, according to his own statement, was first stricken with the palsy in the year 1628.

IN LESBIAM, & HISTRIONEM.

- p. 87, l. 12. *more then a treble share.*

At this time the actors did not have regular salaries, but each received, in accordance with his abilities, a certain proportion of the profits.

- p. 87, ll. 25-26. *can to Brackly goe,
To Lincolne Race, and to New-Market too;*

Newmarket in Suffolk has long been famous for its horse-races; formerly they were held also at Brackley in Northamp-

tonshire. "Lincoln Race" is perhaps that held at Stamford in Lincolnshire.

p. 87, l. 34. *Maw, Gleeke and Primero.*

Card games popular at about this period.

p. 88, l. 52. *Mezentius bloody cruelty.*

This is described by Vergil, *Æneid*, VIII, 485.

p. 97. AN ELEGIE UPON THE LADY VENETIA DIGBY.

Lady Digby was the wife of Sir Kenelm Digby, and the daughter of Sir Edward Stanley. She died suddenly on May 1, 1633, which fixes fairly closely the date of the composition of this poem.

p. 99. AN EPITAPH UPON M^{rs} I. T.

Mistress I. T. was in all probability the wife of the I. T., A.M., who was the author of one of the prefatory poems. The latter person seems to have been Jerameel Terrent (see p. 355).

p. 102. AN EPITAPH UPON HIS HONOUR'D FRIEND M^r WARRE.

This is apparently the "much lamented Mr. J. Warr," referred to also as "John Weare Councillour" by Herrick in his *Hesperides*. He took his B.A. degree from Exeter College, Oxford, in 1621-22, and his M.A. in 1624. In 1627 he was a student of Gray's Inn, being registered as the son and heire of Edward Warre, of Chipley in Somerset, Esq., but I find no record of him after that date. Accounts differ as to his age, but he was born some time between 1601 and 1605.

p. 103. VPON THE LOSSE OF HIS LITTLE FINGER.

The circumstances attending the composition of this poem are given in the Introduction, p. 18. In MS. Malone 14, in the Bodleian, there is a reply to this by some unknown author who quotes the expression "pulchrum est monstrari digito," which was used by Randolph in his *Oratio Prævaricatoria*. As this speech was delivered at the Cambridge Commencement in June, 1632, it is probable that the incident took place after that time.

In MS. Ashmole 38 there is a poem headed "Mr. Thomas Randall the Poett, his finger being cut of by a Riotous Gentleman, his frinde Mr William Hemminge made this Elegie on the same." This describes, in mock heroic style, the burial of the finger, which was attended by all the chief poets of the time.

p. 104. ON THE PASSION OF CHRIST.

In MS. Egerton 2725, which contains this poem, it is preceded by the following Latin version.

In diem passionis.

Quid templum abscindit? quo luxque diesque recessit?

An potuit tenebras totus Apollo habi?

Astrologi dubitate^c, fides ait; Haud ita mirum

Natura malo si sit, moriente^c Deo.

In *A collection of Select Epigrams*, published in 1757 by John Hackett, there is another version of this poem, which may possibly be the original one, but is more probably not authentic (Epigram clxii).

The Temple's Veil is rent, the Day is gone;

A sudden gen'ral Darkness hides the Sun:

Why Nature thus shou'd deviate from her Laws,

Philosophers amaz'd explore the Cause.

Give o'er weak Men; in vain your Skill ye try;

Nature must needs be sick, when God can die.

p. 104. NECESSARY OBSERVATIONS.

These "Observations" were most probably school exercises of the young poet. See p. 8.

p. 113. A PLATONICK ELEGIE.

This poem belongs, apparently, to the last year of Randolph's life. James Howell, writing on June 3, 1634, says: "The court affords little news at present, but that there is a love called platonic love, which much sways there of late . . . This love sets the wits of the town on work; and they say there will be a masque shortly of it."

p. 115. AN APOLOGIE FOR HIS FALSE PREDICTION, etc.

This "Aunt Lane" was some relative of Randolph's step-mother, probably the wife of Sir Richard Lane. See p. 5.

Μάντις ἄριστος ὅς τις εἰκάξει καλῶς.

This saying (in the form Μάντις δ' ἄριστος ὅστις εἰκάξει καλῶς) is credited by Plutarch to Euripides, but it is not in any of his extant works.

p. 115, l. 6. Doctor Lambe.

Dr. John Lambe, who was accused of practicing the Black Art, was beaten to death by a London street mob in June, 1628.

p. 115, l. 8. *Madam Davers*

Eleanor Touchet, wife of Sir John Davies, was the author of several fanatical books on prophecy. She gained notice through being popularly supposed to have predicted the death of William Herbert, Earl of Pembroke, in 1630.

p. 116, l. 35. *Albumazar*

The Arabic astrologer Abu-Maschar (805-885)

p. 116, l. 36. *Erra-Pater*

"A Jew, born in Jewry, Doctor of Astronomy and Physick," according to the title-page of his book of prophecy. The name was sometimes applied to William Lilly, the astrologer.

p. 116, l. 38. *Shepheards Calender.*

For this work see the note on p. 364.

p. 117, l. 55. *Levinus*

Lovinus Lemnius, a Dutch physician of the Sixteenth Century the author of a number of books. He was a native of Zierikse on the island of Schouwen in Zeeland.

p. 119. AN EPITHALAMIUM TO M^r F. H.

The references in this poem to Ninus (the Nene), and Weston make it clear that the parties concerned lived in the neighborhood of Northampton. At this time there were Wards living at Little Houghton, the home of Randolph's father, and there were Harveys at Weston Favell not far away. (See the 1619 *Visitation of Northamptonshire*, pp. 151 & 99.) In this latter family there were several Francis Harveys, and it is very probably one of these, the father of the bride, who is the "F.H." and the "Frank" addressed here. It is interesting, though not particularly significant, that Mary Harvey of this family married Lewis Atterbury of Great Houghton, and that the poet's brother William afterwards married their daughter.

p. 121, l. 87. *be that awed the seas,*

"Captain" (John?) Ward, who flourished 1601-1615, was a notorious pirate.

p. 123. TO M^r FELTHAM ON HIS BOOKE OF RESOLVES.

These *Resolves*, a series of moral essays, appeared first in 1620 (?), and a *Seconde Centurie* in 1628. These two parts went through a number of editions, but in none of them that I have seen are Randolph's verses printed.

- p. 124, l. 30. *So Lesbians by their worke their rules doe frame,*

Aristotle (*Nic. Eth.* 5, 10) says, "Of a Lesbian building the rule is leaden, since the rule is bent conformable to the figure of the stone, and does not remain the same."

- p. 128. IN NATALEM AUGUSTISSIMI PRINCIPIS CAROLI.

In the original editions this poem is preceded by four lines in Latin of which this is but a paraphrase.

On May 13, 1629, Henrietta Maria, Queen of Charles I, gave birth prematurely to her first child, a boy, who died in two hours. Her next child, afterwards Charles II, was born on May 29, 1630.

- p. 129. AN ODE TO M^r ANTHONY STAFFORD TO HASTEN HIM INTO THE COUNTRY.

Anthony Stafford (1587-1645), "descended from those of that name living in Blatherwyck," was a good scholar, "well read in antient history, poets and other authors," and was also the author of a number of books.

- p. 129, l. 16. *Punie of the Innes of Court.*

A recently admitted student or freshman at the law schools.

- p. 131, l. 76. *noble Barkley*

George Berkeley, eighth Baron Berkeley (1601-1658), to whom Stafford dedicated his *Guide of Honour*.

- p. 132. AN ANSWER TO M^r BEN JOHNSON'S ODE, etc.

On Jan. 19, 1628-9, Jonson's play *The New Inne* was acted at the Blackfriars Theater and was a hopeless failure. Two years later Jonson printed it together with his *Ode to Himself*, which had apparently been written soon after the failure. (See Tennant's edition of the *New Inne*.) The *Ode* inspired a number of answers besides this one of Randolph's.

In the *Crewe of Kind London Gossips*, 1663, we find "Ben Johnson's *Discontented Soliliqui upon the sinister censure of his play, called the New Inn, Translated into Latin, and Answered Verse for Verse* by THOMAS RANDALL," and the same thing occurs in several of the MSS. in which this poem appears.

- p. 133, l. 34. *what Broome swept from thee.*

Tennant has shown that Jonson's original version probably read "Brome's sweepings," and that this was changed before publication. Brome, who had been Jonson's servant, produced his *Love-sick Maid* three weeks after the failure of the *Newe Inne*, and it proved a great success.

p. 133, l. 49. *the Palsie*

See note on p. 356.

p. 140. TO THE VERTUOUS AND NOBLE LADY, THE LADY COTTON.

This poem was first printed in the *Parentalia* (see Bibliography, Sec. 3.) in 1635, and was afterwards included in the collected editions of the poems.

Lady Cotton, the wife of Sir Rowland Cotton, was Jocosa, daughter and coheirress of Richard Welsh (or Walsh) of Shal-desley in the county of Warwick (1623 *Visitation of Shropshire*, p. 155). Kottas thinks that the poem is addressed to the wife of Sir Robert Cotton.

p. 140. AN ELEGIE ON THE DEATH OF . . . SIR ROWLAND COTTON, etc.

First printed in the *Parentalia* in 1635. Sir Rowland was Sheriff of Shropshire in 1617, according to Fuller, which identifies him as the Rowland Cotton of Alkington, who appears in the 1623 Shropshire Visitation (p. 155). The date of his death is not given, but it appears from Wm. Strode's poem in the *Parentalia* that it took place after the death of Sir Robert, that is after 1631; it was probably not long before the publication of the *Parentalia*.

Fuller says of Sir Rowland, "Incredible are the most true relations, which many eye-witnesses, still alive, do make of the valour and Activity of this most accomplished Knight. So strong as if he had been nothing but bones: so nimble as if he had been nothing but sinewes."

p. 141, l. 15. *Royall Henry,*

Henry Frederick (1594-1612), Prince of Wales, oldest son of James I.

p. 144. AUSONII EPIGRAM 38.

In all the editions of Ausonius which I have seen this epigram is No. 39.

p. 145. VPON THE REPORT OF THE KING OF SWEDENS DEATH.

Gustavus Adolphus was slain in the battle of Lutzen on Nov. 6, 1632. James Howell writes to his brother in the following month: "One Jerbire, who says that he was at the very action brought the first news to this town, and every corner rings of it; yet such is the extravagance of some, that they will lay wagers he is not yet dead, and the Exchange is full of such people."

p. 146, l. 14. *a great and a more holy warre*

One of Gustavus's reasons for attempting to "pull down" the Holy Roman Empire was that he wished to secure relief for his fellow-Protestants who were oppressed by it.

p. 147. ON SR ROBERT COTTON, THE ANTIQUARY.

This is Sir Robert Bruce Cotton, whose library at Cotton House was a meeting-place for all the scholars of the country. Ben Jonson was intimate with him and often visited him. Cotton died on May 6, 1631.

p. 149. Ἡ Ἐμφυῶς ἢ ποιησις ἢ μανικῶ: ARIST.

Aristotle (*Poetics*, Chap. 17) says: διὸ ἐμφυῶς ἢ ποιητικὴ ἔστιν ἢ μανικῶ.

p. 150. IN CORYDONEM & CORINNAM.

In the original editions this title is prefixed to the Latin version which precedes these lines; the English verses are headed simply *Paraphras'd*.

p. 152. AN EGLOGUE OCCASION'D BY TWO DOCTORS DISPUTING UPON PREDESTINATION.

In the British Museum there is a manuscript volume (Harl. 3357) which contains, among metrical translations of the Psalms, divine meditations, etc., a version of this poem; it is there credited to "T. Randolph gent." It differs considerably from the version given in the printed editions of Randolph, the speakers being Thyrsis, Corydon, Thenot, and Colin Clout. If the date 1633, given in the manuscript, be correct, we must assume that we have here an earlier version which Randolph afterwards revised, for the whole book is too carefully copied for us to suppose the differences due to pure carelessness.

In the front of the book is the following inscription: "Henrietta Holles her book given her by her father John Holles, the last Duke of that name. She married the late Edw. Harley, Ld Oxford, son of Robert Harley first Ld of Oxford of that family."

p. 153, ll. 37-38. In MS. Harl. 3357 these two lines read:

The.

Doaturd you fowle on Pans Omniscience fall,

Col.

Dunce, you his goodness into question call:

p. 156. AN EGLOGUE TO M^r JOHNSON.

In this poem it seems tolerably certain that Tityrus is intended to represent Jonson, while Damon stands for Randolph himself.

p. 162, l. 168. *Call'd thence to keep the flock of Corydon.*

This is the passage upon which Fleay bases his conjecture that Randolph acted as assistant to the manager of the company playing at the Salisbury Court Theater under the name of "Prince Charles' Men."

p. 163, l. 176. *A desolation frights the Muses there!*

It seems most natural to refer this to the plague which caused the closing of the university from April to November, 1630, during which time Randolph was almost certainly in London. In this case, however, Fleay's conjecture cannot be correct, for Prince Charles' Men did not come to Salisbury Court until January, 1632.

p. 170. VPON A VERY DEFORMED GENTLEWOMAN.

In MS. Malone 21 this is credited to "Dr. Lewis," but the evidence in Randolph's favor is overwhelming.

p. 170, ll. 19, 20. *Gammut, Ela.*

Gammut was the lowest tone in the mediæval system as Ela was the highest.

p. 171, l. 41. *What but a Panther*

See Pliny, *Nat. Hist.*, 8, 23.

THE MILK-MAIDS EPITHALAMIUM.

p. 172, l. 6. *When I shall deal my Rosemary.*

Rosemary was supposed to strengthen the memory and so was used at both funerals and weddings.

p. 174. AN EGLOGUE ON THE NOBLE ASSEMBLIES REVIVED ON COTSWOLD HILLS.

These verses appeared first in the *Annalia Dubrensia* (see bibliography, Sec. 3, No. 7), which was licensed on Jan. 11, 1636. The poems in this volume, all dealing with Dover and the Cotswold Games, were by various poets and must have been written at different times, as several of the authors were dead when the volume appeared.

The collection has been reprinted by Grosart in *Occasional Issues*, and there is a discussion of it in *Anglia* Vol. 12. For the purposes of collation I have used the copy in the British Museum which bears the signature of Dover himself.

According to Wood (*Athenæ* 4, 222), the games were begun by Dover and by him continued for forty years, being held at a certain time each year on Cotswold Hills in Gloucestershire. They were finally abolished by the Puritans. The character of the sports held there is made clear from this poem of Randolph's.

- p. 176, l. 54. *Barley-break, the ready way to Hell.*

In the game of Barley-break the middle inclosure was called "Hell."

- p. 176, l. 70. *Did skirmish out a fight arm'd but with reeds;*

The "cane game," or jousting with hollow canes instead of lances was a fairly common mode of amusement; it is said to have originated at Messina when Richard I was on his way to the Holy Land.

- p. 181, l. 182. *Shepherds Calendar*

This work is a translation of the French *Le compost et Kalendrier des Bergers*, a work very popular in the Sixteenth Century; most of the editions contained, among other things, a chapter on astrology and a "Kalender with the figures of euery Saint that is hallowed in the yeare."

- p. 185. *Vpon Love Fondly Refus'd for Conscience sake.*

Samuel Austin, in his *Epistle to the Reader* prefixed to his *Panegyric* [1661], declares that he intends to write "The Authors answer to Mr. Randolphs poem styled, *Love fondly refused for Conscience sake &c.*," but nothing further is known of this answer.

POEMS ADDED IN THE 1640 EDITION.

ON IMPORTUNATE DUNNES.

- p. 191, ll. 43-44. *And 'tis a second charge to me, poor man
To make the new born Babe a Christian.*

At the time of the christening it was the custom to give an entertainment at which the guests not only ate all they wished, but from which they carried away in their pockets as much as they pleased; at the time of the churching it was customary to give another large entertainment.

p. 193, l. 70. *Use and Doctrine*

According to Gifford it was the custom for the Puritan preachers to divide their sermons into "doctrine" and "use," meaning by the former term the subject under explanation, and by the latter the practical inference to be derived from it.

p. 194, l. 96. *Trinity Lecture*

These lectures were given on Sunday afternoons in Trinity Church, Cambridge, by one of the university faculty appointed for that purpose. They were very popular with the townspeople, and made such an appeal to the Puritans, that Laud attempted to abolish them in 1630, but without success.

A CHARACTER.

p. 195, l. 28. *Middletons Mine*

In 1617 Sir Hugh Myddleton or Middleton leased some abandoned lead and silver mines in the Plylimmon district of Wales, and after clearing them of water made a large sum of money by working them.

p. 195, l. 30. *Currantoes*

A kind of weekly newspaper notorious for its inaccuracy.

p. 195, l. 32. *Gallobelgicus*

Mercurius Gallobelgicus, a kind of historical chronicle published at Cologne. One of the editions in the British Museum has as a sub-title *Rerum in Gallia et Belgio . . . ab anno 1588 (usq. ad nundinas autumnales anni 1630) gestarum*.

p. 196, ll. 41-42. *Celarent, Ferio, Baralypton*

Terms used by the Schoolmen to designate various forms of syllogisms.

p. 196. ON THE LOSSE OF HIS FINGER.

See the note on p. 357.

p. 197. A PARANETICON TO . . . M. ENDYMION PORTER.

Endymion Porter (1587-1649) was Groom of the Bed-Chamber to Prince Charles and also held various public offices. He wrote poetry himself and was the friend and patron of poets.

p. 197, l. 11. *The bright soul that's fled.*

Apparently a reference to the death of Prince Henry which occurred in 1612.

p. 200. ON SIX MAIDS BATHING THEMSELVES IN A RIVER.

In the Scattergood MS., formerly in the Huth collection, this poem is headed, "On 6 Cambridge Maids bathing themselves by Queen's Coll." and the date is given as June 15, 1629. From this manuscript Hazlitt has added two lines not found in the printed copies, and I have followed him in this (*ll.* 35-36).

p. 200, l. 8. *Clælia*

Clælia was a Roman virgin who was given as a hostage to Porsena; with nine of her companions she escaped and, pursued by the Etruscans, swam across the Tiber to safety.

Livy, 2, 13.

p. 201, l. 48. *Tiberius eye*

Suetonius tells us that the eyes of Tiberius, which were large had a wonderful faculty for seeing in the night-time and in the dark.

Life of Tiberius, 68.

p. 205. TO M. I. S. ON HIS GRATEFULL SERVANT.

These lines were prefixed to the 1637 edition of Shirley's *Gratefull Servant*, and were reprinted in the 1640 edition of Randolph's Poems.

POEMS NOT IN ANY OF THE COLLECTED EDITIONS.

p. 209. THE TOWNS-MENS PETITION OF CAMBRIDGE.

Although this poem is not in any of the early editions of Randolph's collected works and the earliest ascription of it to him is in 1662, there can be little doubt of its authenticity. Not only is it quite in his style but it also deals with an event which occurred while he was at Cambridge.

On Sept. 1, 1629, John Shirwood, who was at that time mayor of the town of Cambridge, was discommoded by the University for interfering with the punishment of three chandlers whom the University had found guilty of selling candles to the students at a price above that fixed by its own officers.¹ Shirwood made three different trips to London to put the townsmen's side of the case before the king,² complaining, as we learn from the answer of the University³ to his plea that he had been used "as no

(1) Baker MS. 25, 259. Quoted by Cooper, *Annals* 8, 285.

(2) Accounts of the Treasurers of the Town, 5 & 6 Car. I. Quoted by Cooper, *Annals* 3, 320.

(3) Domestic papers, Charles I, Dec. 4, 1629. Cooper mentions another answer of the University (dated Oct. 6, 1629) which is now in the Downing College Library.

mayor was ever used before." The king, by an Order of Council dated Dec. 4, ordered the townsmen to pay the fines imposed upon them by the University, and to "make public confession in the V. Chan^s. court of their fault in breaking the said rates & prices so set, & refusing to pay the fines assessed upon them, & questioning the Privileges of the University."¹ I think it quite clear that the poem alludes to this dispute and to the humiliation of the townspeople which resulted.

p. 213, l. 131. *They'l have the Town made a City,*

There had been considerable agitation to this effect not long before this time.

p. 213. ON THE FALL OF THE MITRE TAVERN IN CAMBRIDGE.

This poem likewise is not in the collected editions, yet there is little doubt of its authenticity. Three early commonplace books which I have seen (MSS. Rawl. 62, d 108, and d 1092) all credit it to Randolph; Dr. Bliss had a fourth in his own collection, and Hazlitt mentions still another in the Huth Library. In the copies which I have seen the division into stanzas is in each case indicated, so that in this matter I have departed from the printed text.

The Mitre Tavern, which stood on the south end of the site now occupied by the screen of King's College, fell down in 1633, or thereabouts; it was subsequently rebuilt.

p. 214, l. 5. *The dismal fire of London-Bridge*

During the night of the 13th of February, 1632-33, forty-three of the houses on the Bridge were consumed by a fire which broke out at about eleven o'clock and raged until eight in the morning.

p. 214, l. 20. *Pembrook's Cardinals Cap.*

The tavern called the Cardinal's Cap, stood nearly opposite Pembroke Hall, occupying a portion of the site upon which the Pitt Press has since been erected.

p. 214, l. 24. *the Crown.*

The Crown was another Cambridge tavern of the period, as were the Rose, Falcon and Dolphin mentioned below.

p. 215, l. 37. *Eaton-conjurers*

Until comparatively recently, King's College was what is known as a "close college" for Eton; that is, all of the fellowships, scholarships, etc., were open only to graduates of that school, and most of the students in the college were Eton men.

(1) Quoted by Dyer, *Privileges* 1, 142.

p. 216. ANNAGRAM. VIRTUE ALONE THY BLISSE.

The ascription of this poem, and the two which follow, to Randolph rests, in each case, upon the authority of a single manuscript. This is scanty evidence upon which to attribute any work to a given author, yet in both subject matter and style they so closely resemble the undisputed work of Randolph (the third not quite so closely as the other two) that in the absence of any other claimant for them I think that they should be credited to him.

p. 219. EPIGRAM.

This is from a manuscript which I have not seen and I have been forced to follow Hazlitt's transcription of it, which is probably only approximately correct. Considerable doubt is cast upon the authenticity of this poem by the fact that the other epigram printed by Hazlitt from the same manuscript is by Ben Jonson. In the absence of definite evidence to the contrary, however, I have thought it best to include this among the poems of Randolph.

p. 219 [TO RICHARD WESTON.]

In the British Museum copy where this poem is found it is preceded by the following Latin verses:

vir durus ac honestus

Richardus Vvestonus

vir Durus ac Comus

Te licet Durum vocal ac honestum

nominis felix annagramma vestri

sis tamen quaeso mihi miti durus

valde et honestus.

I have been unable to identify the particular Richard Weston to whom the poem is addressed.

p. 219. A LETTER TO HIS MISTRESSE.

While this poem may not be by Randolph (although I myself believe that it is) it is certain that the scribe who compiled the volume thought it his. The names Randolph and Randall were almost interchangeable at this period; the poet himself was often called Randall, while his brother Robert took his B.A. as Randolph but his M.A. as Randall.

p. 220. THE CHARACTER OF A PERFECT WOMAN.

The ascription of this poem to "T.R." in the midst of a group of Randolph's poems shows that the scribe believed it his, and

merely used this form of abbreviation, as in other cases we find "T. Rand:" etc., in places where the name has already been given in full. I think that the poem shows clear traces of Randolph's hand, although its authenticity is by no means beyond question. The text as it stands is very corrupt; in a number of cases the real meaning is quite obvious but I have preferred to reproduce the poem exactly as it stands in the manuscript, giving in the foot-notes such conjectural emendations as to my mind admit of no question. In case of doubt I have preferred to let each reader settle the question for himself.

p. 224. AD AMICAM.

The external evidence for attributing this poem to Randolph is slight indeed, yet it is so very much in his style that in the absence of any other claimant I feel justified in crediting it to him. It is found in MS. Tanner 465, where it is credited to "T. R." This MS. contains but one other poem by Randolph, and that is in another part of the volume, yet Randolph was undoubtedly the best known T. R. of the period and it seems more than likely that he is the person meant; the Bodleian catalogue ascribes it to him without hesitation.

Another version (unsigned) of this poem is written in the back of the volume of Various Poems numbered $\frac{c39a}{1-5}$ in the British Museum. In 1874 Furnivall reprinted this for the Ballad Society among *Love Poems and Humourous Ones*.

p. 224. [ON THE BOOK FISH.]

"It must not be forgotten, how during my abode in Cambridge on *Mid-summer Eve*, 1626, a Book was found in the belly of a Cod (brought into the Market to be sold) containing therein three *Treatises*, whereof the first and largest was entituled, *A Preparation to the Crosse*. It was wrapped about with Canvass, and probably that voracious Fish plundered both out of the pocket of some *Ship-wracked Seaman*. The *Wits* of the University made themselves merry thereat, one making a long copy of Verses thereon, whereof this Dystick I remember

* Tho. * *If Fishes,*" etc.

Randolph. Fuller *Worthies*, 1662. p. 359, under Richard Tracey of Gloucestershire.

p. 224. ON MR PARSON ORGANIST OF WESTMINSTER ABBYE.

This is the epitaph placed upon Parsons' tomb in the cloisters of Westminster Abbey; its ascription to Randolph apparently rests solely upon the authority of MS. Ashmole 38, which is not

always accurate in its attributions. The claim of Camden to it, which has been advanced, rests upon no ground whatever, since he expressly states that he is quoting it from some "modern wit." It was probably written soon after the death of Parsons, which occurred early in 1623; at this time Randolph was still at Westminster School.

p. 225. [EPITAPH ON WILLIAM LAWRENCE.]

"Dr. Busby, schoolmaster of Westminster, was Tom Randolph's school-fellow and coetaneous, and sayth that he made these verses — 'Tis his vaine: —"

Aubrey, Life of Randolph.

This epitaph was placed over the tomb of Lawrence, which is in the North walk of the cloisters at Westminster Abbey. Lawrence died on Dec. 28, 1621.

p. 225. RANDOLPH HIS ANSWER TO SOME MERRY COMPANION.

Henry Oxinden of Barham gives the following in his commonplace-book, 1647 (I quote Hazlitt's transcription): "Several wits being a drinking together, hearing that Randolph the poet was in the house, being desirous to make sport with him, sent for him into their company. Randolph came to them: they in their discourse propounded who was the best poet, so one said Virgil, another Horace, another Ovid, &c. and gave their reasons. Randolph, being demanded his opinion, said he thought the sweet singer of Israel the best. They asked him why? He said because —

'From all the ills,'" etc.

p. 225. [RANDOLPH'S ANSWER TO THE "SONS OF BEN."]

For Winstanley's account of the circumstances attending the production of this poem see the introduction, p. 13.

p. 226. PRÆLUDIUM.

I have compared the indorsement on the MS. with other papers which are known to be by Clarendon, and the handwriting seems to be the same. Clarendon was a friend of Jonson's, and was in London at the time Randolph was there, so that it is more than likely that they knew each other, but of this there is no proof. (The Edward Hide whose verses were prefixed to the *Jealous Lovers* is almost certainly the one who entered Trinity College from Westminster in 1625.) If Clarendon's note be correct I can see but two possible explanations of it. One is that Randolph wrote the prologue for some revival of Fletcher's *Woman Hater* (called also the *Hungry Courtier* in the 1649 edition)

of which we have no record. It is quite within the bounds of possibility that some such revival took place before Randolph's death, and that the secondary title was given it at this time, but the prologue seems hardly appropriate to this play.

The more likely explanation is that it was written by some one else for a performance of one of Randolph's plays,¹ given in all probability subsequent to the closing of the theaters. (The lean times referred to may, of course, be merely one of the times when the theaters were closed because of the plague.) In that case the name "Hungry Courtier" was chosen simply for its appropriateness, without regard to any play actually in existence. The language of this prologue sounds much more like a burlesque of Randolph's style than like his own serious work.

p. 231. [THE CITY OF LONDON.]

The fact that the name "Randall" was evidently added in the margin at some time after the rest of the page was written is in itself suspicious; this taken in conjunction with the fact that in none of the poems unquestionably his does Randolph use a metre prevailingly dactylic makes me quite certain that the poem is not by him. The events referred to in the poem would also seem to point to a date later than Randolph's death. Since, however, I cannot assign it to any other author I have thought it better to include it here among the doubtful poems.

NOTES ON THE AMYNTAS.

The Latin quotation on the title-page is from Virgil, *Eclogue* VI, ll. 4-5.

ACT I.

Sc. ii, ll. 47-48.

Other Nymphs

(p. 243) *Have their varietie of loves, for every gown,*

Probably an echo of Guarini's

"Corisca, mi dicea, si vuole appunto

Far degli amanti quel che della vesti:

Molti averne, un goderne, e cangiar spesso;"

Pastor Fido, I, iii.

Sc. v, l. 103. *Omphra*

(p. 255)

A word apparently coined by Randolph from the Greek, *ὀμφή*, a divine voice or prophecy; he may also have associated with it the Delphic *ὀμφαλός*.

(1) Compare especially with this prologue the *Jealous Lovers*, III, iv v, & and the *Hey for Honesty*, IV, i.

ACT II.

Sc. iii, l. 34. *copple crowne*
(p. 266)

A crest or tuft of feathers on a bird's head.

l. 35. *they'l — ly.*

An allusion to the lapwing's wily methods of drawing a stranger away from its nest.

Sc. vi, l. 28. *Spanish needles.*
(p. 278)

At this period the best needles still were, as they long had been, imported from Spain.

l. 36. *so, bo, bo.*

"So ho" was the call used to direct the dogs when they were hunting the hare.

ACT III.

Sc. i, l. 62. *Pelian speare*
(p. 286)

Compare this with the "Pelias hasta" of Ovid, the spear of Achilles cut on Mount Pelion.

Sc. ii, l. 75. *Lylibæan mountaines*
(p. 290)

Lilybæum, the modern Marsala, is a town in the western part of Sicily.

Sc. iii, ll. 26-41. *Start unkennel spring*

Amyntas uses of the oracle the terms applied to various kinds of game by the hunters; they spoke of "starting" a hare, "unkennelling" a fox, and "springing" a bird.

Sc. v, l. 70. *Ti-ti-ta-tie*
(p. 301)

These same words are used by the pseudo-fairies in the *Alchemist* when they impose upon Dapper: Gifford supposes them to be merely a hint to the performers to use some strange and inarticulate jargon.

ACT IV.

Sc. i, l. 18. *Carduus Benedictus*
(p. 306)

The plant known as the Blessed Thistle, which Dodoens in his *Herbal* says "is given with great profite against the pestilence"; Dragon water was another popular remedy.

Sc. viii, ll. 33-34. *And by the womb that bare thee, by the breasts*
 (p. 322) *Of thy dead mother, Lalage*
 These lines are taken over almost verbatim from the *Jealous Lovers*, II, ix.

Sc. ix, l. 38. *herb Solstitial*
 (p. 327)
 This is from Plautus (*Pseudolus* I, I, 36-37)
 "Quasi solstitialis herba paulisper fui:
 Repente exortus sum, repentino occidi."
 but what plant he means by it is unknown.

ACT V.

Sc. iv, l. 2. *bear the bell away*
 (p. 334)
 To be successful over, to take precedence of. It is supposed that this meaning of the expression arose from the custom of giving little golden bells as prizes in the horse-races.

APPENDIX

Variations, too unimportant for mention in the foot-notes, between the 1638 text of the *Amyntas* and that given in this volume.

ACT I

- Sc. i. From *l.* 46 to the end of the scene the capital D's in the italicized words are in roman type.
- Sc. ii. From *l.* 7 to *l.* 22 the L's and in *l.* 31 the D's in italicized words are roman.
- Sc. iii. From *l.* 81 to the end of the scene (except in *ll.* 91 & 94), the I's, when standing alone, are italic.
- Sc. iv. In this scene all the I's are italic, and from *l.* 4 to the end all the D's in italicized words are roman.
- Sc. v. In *ll.* 2 to 10, and 36 to 75 the I's are italic; in *ll.* 6, 9, 16, and 28 the D's, and in *ll.* 50, 63, 68, 73, 75, 83, and 86 the L's, in italicized words are roman.
- Sc. vi. In *l.* 26, and *l.* 44 to the end of the scene the I's are italic; in *l.* 14 the small i in pity is also italic. In *ll.* 12, 15, 32, and *l.* 37 to the end the L's, and in *ll.* 1-19, 38-50, and 60 to the end the D's are roman in italicized words.

ACT II

- Sc. ii. *l.* 47, *Corymbus*
- Sc. iii. *l.* 39, ditto
- Sc. iv. In *ll.* 34, 35, and 38 the I's are italic, and in *ll.* 7 and 9, and 60 to 94 the V's in italicized words are roman.
- Sc. v. In *ll.* 16-29 the I's are italic; from the beginning to *l.* 31 the A's in italicized words are roman.
- Sc. vi. In *l.* 17 the I is italic; from *l.* 40 to the end the D's in italicized words are roman.
- Sc. vii. Throughout the scene the D's, and from *l.* 32 to the end the A's, in italicized words, are roman; in *l.* 56 the I of In is italic.

ACT III

- Sc. i. All the I's as far as *l.* 56 are italic; throughout the scene the D's, and as far as *l.* 43 the A's (except in *l.* 36), in the italicized words, are roman.

- Sc. ii. In italicized words the D's and L's as far as *l.* 57 are roman, as are the A's in *ll.* 45 and 59. The I in *l.* 58 is italic.
- Sc. iii. The I's in *ll.* 19-57 (except *l.* 44), 77, 111-124 and 167 to the end of the scene are italic; so also is the first y in *l.* 100. In *ll.* 58, 59, 86, and 87 the L's are roman, as is the C in the margin opposite *l.* 46.
- Sc. iv. In *ll.* 1-29 the I's are italic.

ACT IV

- Sc. ii. The I's in *ll.* 3, 7, and 11 (the first) are italic; the E in *l.* 25 is roman.
- Sc. iii. The I's in *ll.* 15, 18 and 19 are italic.
- Sc. v. The I's from *l.* 41 to the end of the scene (except *l.* 54) are italic; the D's in *ll.* 25-50, 62, and 68-73, and the L in *l.* 56, are roman.
- Sc. vi. The I's in *ll.* 11, 25 (the second), 48, and 57 are italic; the D's from *l.* 1 to the end of the scene, and the A's in *ll.* 44 and 62 are roman in the italicized words.
- Sc. vii. The I's in *ll.* 3 and 6 are italic; the A's in *ll.* 4 and 6 are roman.
- Sc. ix. The D in *l.* 19 is roman, as are the j's in *l.* 32.

ACT V

- Sc. ii. The I in *l.* 28 is italic.
- Sc. v. The C's in *ll.* 16 and 18 are roman.
- Sc. vi. The I's in the italicized words in *ll.* *2, 30, 47, 51, 64, and 69 are roman.

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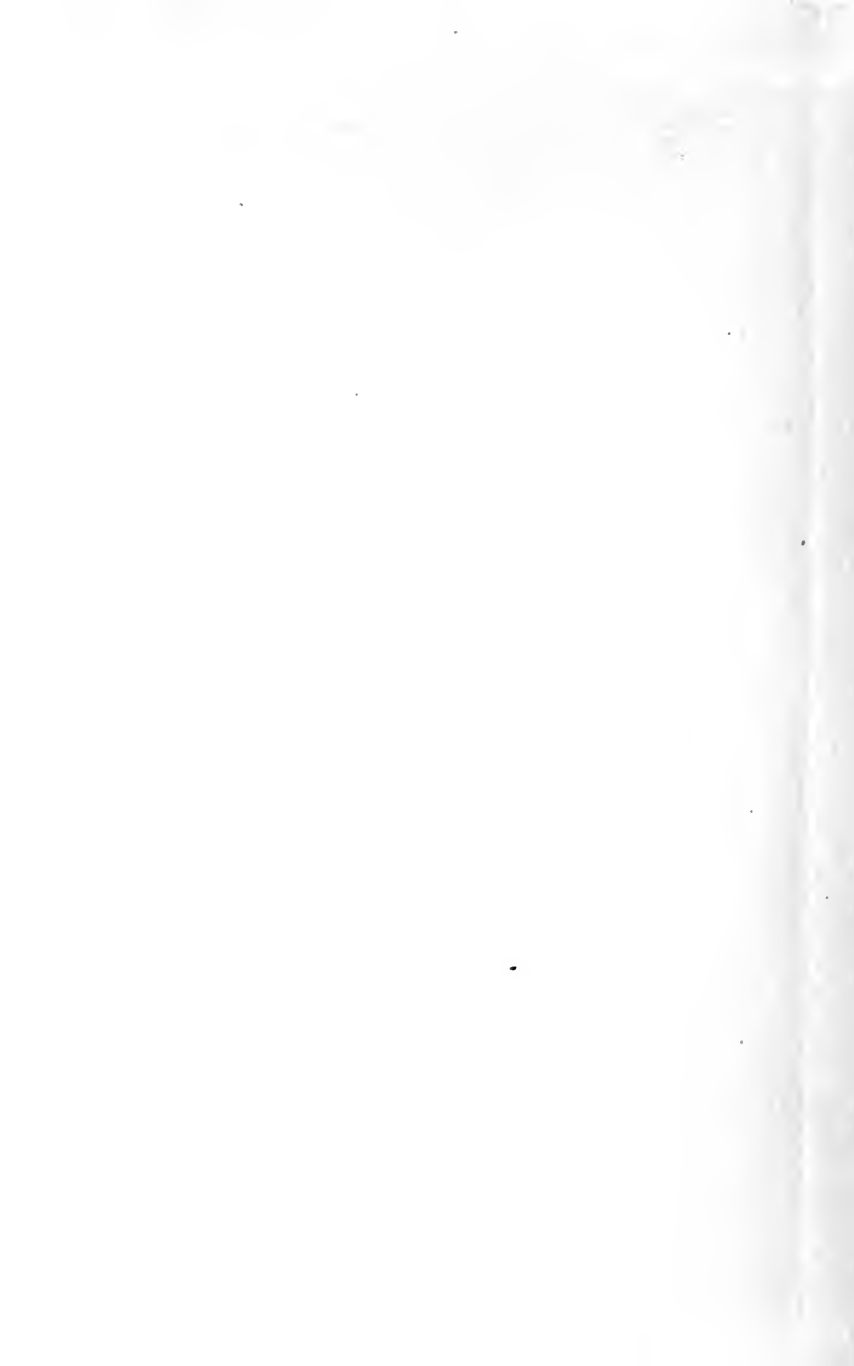
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