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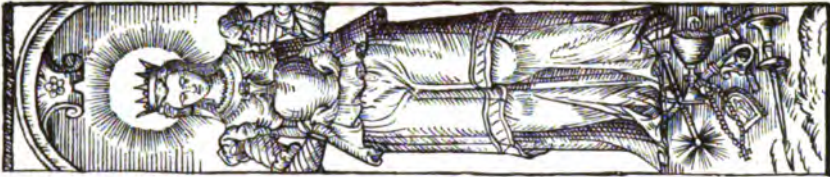
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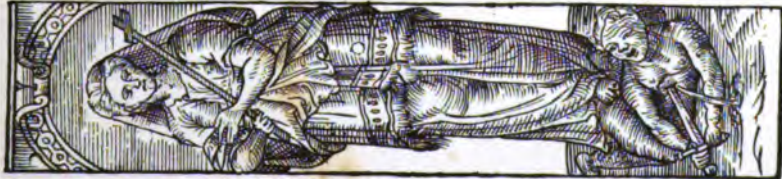


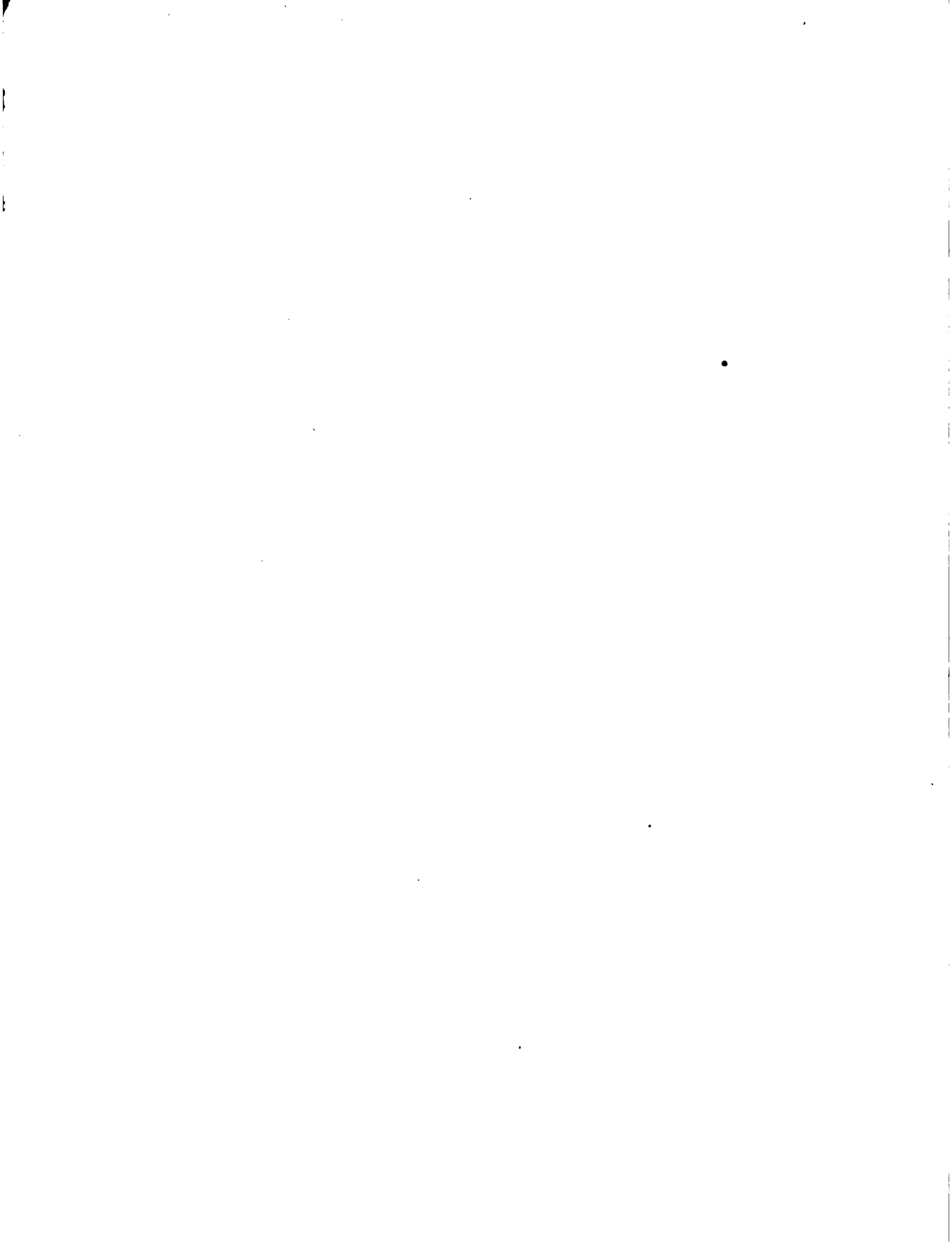


LICIA,  
or  
POEMES OF  
LOVE, AND HO-  
nour of the admirable  
and singular vertues of his Lady,  
to the imitation of the best  
Latin Poets, and others.

Wherunto is added the Rising to the  
Crowne of RICHARD  
the third.

*Auxit musarum numerum Sappho ad-  
dit a musis.  
Felix si seivus, sic voluisset Amor.*





# P O E M S

BY

GILES FLETCHER, LL.D.

(1593.)

EDITED, WITH MEMORIAL-INTRODUCTION AND NOTES,

BY THE

REV. ALEXANDER B. GROSART,

ST. GEORGE'S, BLACKBURN, LANCASHIRE.

*Fifty Copies only.*

PRINTED FOR THE SUBSCRIBERS.

1876.



PRINTED BY CHARLES E. SIMMS,  
MANCHESTER.

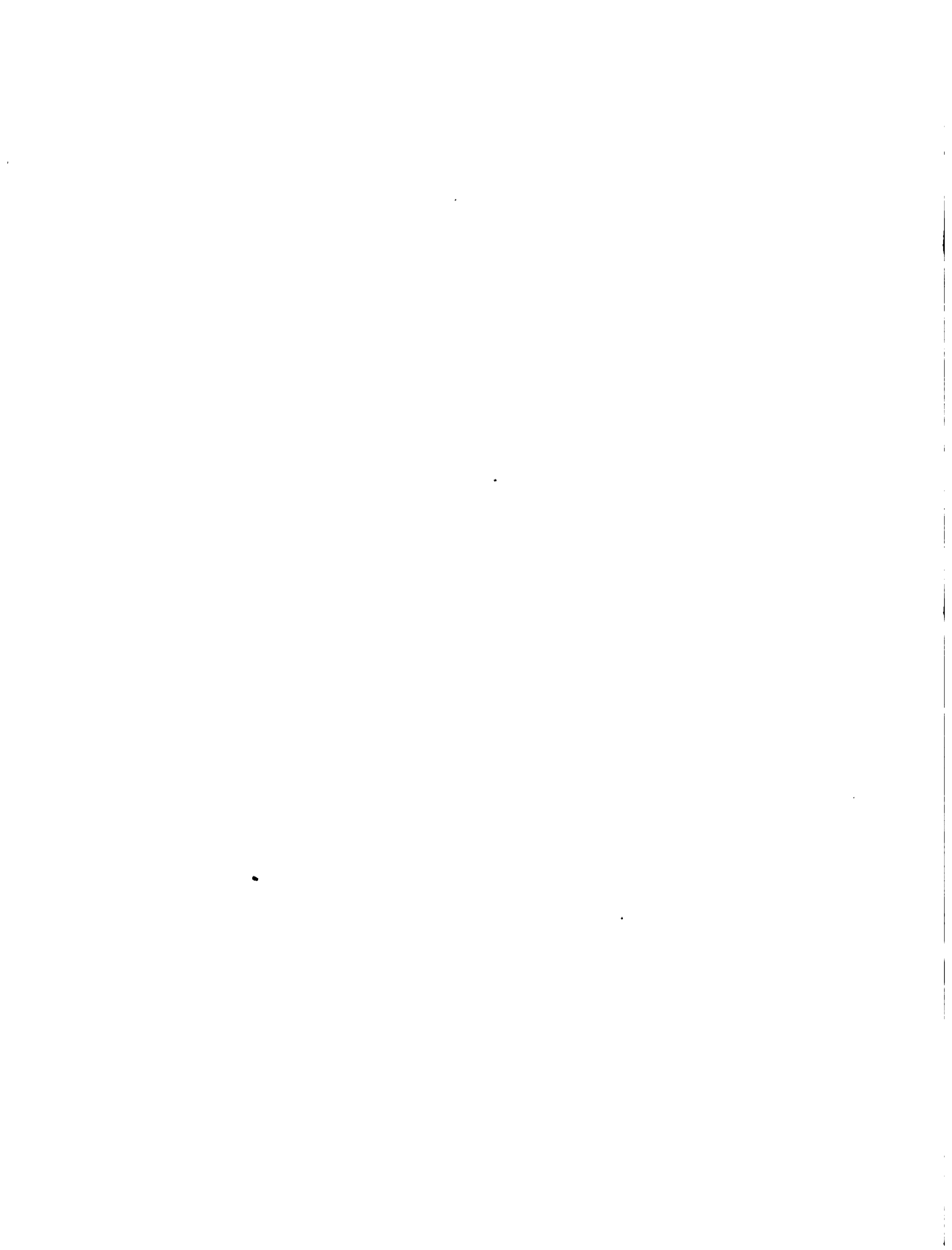


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## P R E F A C E.

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THE present volume is a reproduction of another bibliographical rarity — inasmuch as beyond the exemplar and a proof-sheet fragment in the Bodleian and another which was sold in the famous Corser library for upwards of 20*l.*, no other is known. Mere rarity, however, never has been our incentive, nor ever will be. In itself *Licia* and related love-poems deserve present-day study; while they and the “Rising to the Crowne of Richard the Third” contribute important materials to two chapters in the history of our Literature, viz : (1) our nation’s Sonnets, (2) Shakesporean illustration and elucidation.

In my Memorial-Introduction to Phineas Fletcher in the Fuller Worthies’ Library the authorship of “*Licia*,” &c., was incidentally established; in the Introduction to the reprint in the Fuller Worthies’ Library Miscellanies the evidence was re-stated; in the present it is given in full, with additions. The text has been most carefully collated and re-collated with the original in the Bodleian; and in every way the present reproduction is an advance upon the somewhat faulty one of 1871 (which went immediately out of print). I have corrected self-evident misprints — for no possible end could be gained by repeating

such blunders as "thue" for "thus," "feind" for "friend," &c., and in two or three places similar mistaken punctuation<sup>1</sup> has been rectified, and words liable to be misread I accentuate. Otherwise the original is herein furnished, as with all the others, in integrity, and page for page, line for line, and word for word. The title-page is prefixed in very admirable fac-simile by Mt. Allnutt of Oxford. I have to thank the erudite Librarian of the Bodleian for permitting this.<sup>2</sup> I wish, too, to offer my best thanks renewedly to the Rev. J. H. CLARK, M.A., West Dereham, Norfolk, for genealogical researches and for his 'pains' in volunteering the translation of the short Latin pieces *Ad Amorem* and *Ad Lectorem*, prefixed to *Licia*. They are given in the Notes and Illustrations. I would also return my hearty acknowledgments to the Rev. W. E. BUCKLEY, M.A., for a second collation of the original, and for other spontaneous help. The Memorial-Introduction and Notes and Illustrations speak for themselves.

ALEXANDER B. GROSART.

*St. George's Vestry,  
Blackburn, Lancashire.*

<sup>1</sup> In Notes and Illustrations I point out one or two emendations of the punctuation. Many more might have been added. But the reproduction of the Author's own punctuation (self-evident mistakes excepted) was demanded as a contribution to the history of our English punctuation. The comma (,) and colon (:) are herein and contemporaneously used with puzzling frequency. One however soon gets used to the irregularities and anomalies. Orthography and punctuation alike were then in tad-pole state.

<sup>2</sup> See Notes and Illustrations on this title-page.

## MEMORIAL-INTRODUCTION.

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FROM a living descendant of the Fletchers — the Rev. John R. Fletcher, D.D., of Quethiock, Cornwall — I have received a most interesting family-paper, by which it appears that the English Fletchers originally came from the Netherlands; whence a well-authenticated tradition makes them to immigrate in the reign of Edward IV., and where they had been ennobled for many generations. Curiously enough, only very recently, a gentleman in Holland forwarded to Dr. Fletcher an antique seal of the Fletchers that had been handed down in his family there for centuries; and by an impression of it sent me, the supporters (in heraldic phrase) confirm the alleged nobility. *In passing* it may be recorded that the armorial bearings of the seal correspond precisely with those in an early edition of Beaumont and *Fletcher's Works*, now in Exeter College, Oxford. By the genealogical details of the Paper (*supra*) the Fletchers are traced in considerable numbers in Yorkshire, and in Norfolk and Suffolk and Cumberland.

Since our Memoirs of Phineas and Giles Fletcher were issued, we have sought far and wide and through many fellow-workers, to recover more on the father and mother of our present worthy, and so their grandfather and grandmother; nor altogether without success as regards the former. I am now able to localize more definitely the fact of the tablet-epitaph at Cranbrook, that the good vicar of Cranbrook, Richard Fletcher, was of "the province of York":<sup>1</sup> for in a copy of Fuller, belonging to my late friend

<sup>1</sup> "Province" is the word in the epitaph, whatever it may have been intended for. If used in the ecclesiastical sense it might embrace all the northern dioceses comprised in the "proviace" of the archbishop of York.

Joshua Wilson, Esq., of Tunbridge Wells, that renowned antiquary, Ralph Thoresby, has annotated in the margin that Richard Fletcher, bishop of London, was born at Great Liversedge, Yorkshire. He gives no authority, but was himself so thorough and trustworthy, that there can be no question he had good reason for correcting Fuller's doubtful and doubtfully put statement that he was "of Kent." I suspect, however, that Thoresby has confounded the son with the father, and that not the bishop, but his father, was born at Great Liversedge, or as it is now styled Liversedge simply. I find that in the diocese of York and around, if not at Liversedge, there were Flesshers, Fleshers and Fletchers, as far back as 1500 or thereby, and ecclesiastically related. Thus in the accounts of one of archbishop Savage's executors (abp. of York) a "Dominus Robertus Flessher" occurs thus: "Domino Roberto Flesher in pecunia, xl<sup>s</sup>:" "Domino Roberto Flesher et quinque presbyteris celebrantibus quinque Missas de Quinque Vulneribus, xx<sup>d</sup>:" "Puero domini Roberti Flessher, meanti ad scholas Cant. xiii<sup>d</sup>."<sup>2</sup> It is difficult to make out whether these payments concerned the archbishop or his executor Martin Colyns, treasurer of the cathedral of York and one of the leading clergy of the diocese. But it seems evident that at that time an ecclesiastic of some importance, named Flesher or Fletcher, was connected with the cathedral dignitaries. The item concerning the "boy" going to Cambridge is very interesting. Probably the Fletchers were in some of their branches a clerical family before the Reformation; for turning to the *Kal. Ecclesiasticus*, temp. Henry VIII. (1534), various Fletchers appear in the Liversedge region of Yorkshire, e.g., a Thomas Fletcher was rector of the church of Kyrkbramwyth, rural deanery of Doncaster, also a Robertus Flessher

<sup>2</sup> Testamenta Eboracensia, vol. iv. Surtees Society, No. 53, pp. 301, 302, 307. Sir John Neville of Liversedge, in his will dated 20 December 1501 (*Ibid.* p. 199), appoints archbishop Savage supervisor.

incumbent of the vicarage of Wemersley, deanery of Pontefract, and a Thomas Flessher incumbent of the chantry of the Blessed Mary in the church of Sandall, near Wakefield, in the same deanery, and again an Edwardus Fletcher rector of Wydenerpole, deanery of Byngham. Then a Richardus Fletcher appoints a payment for Masses ("Missas"), as Robert Fletcher before. Some day some Yorkshire antiquary may be able to trace our Richard Fletcher to one or other of these branches. The occurrence of so many Fletchers in and around Liversedge, or in South and West Yorkshire, becomes the more memorable to us in that the later Fletchers cherished life-long gratitude towards the Nevilles, who were *the* family of Liversedge. Thus in dedicating "*Christ's Victorie*" to "the Right Worshipvull and Reverend Mr. Doctour Nevile, Deane of Canterburie and the Master of Trinitie Colledge in Cambridge," Giles Fletcher (*filius*) thus gratefully states his obligation to him: "As I haue alwaies thought the place wherein I liue, after heauen, principally to be desired, both because I most want and it most abounds with wisdome, which is fled by some with as much delight, as it is obtained by others, and ought to be followed by all: so I cannot but next unto God for euer acknowledge myselfe most bound vnto the hand of God (*I meane yourselfe*) *that reacht downe, as it were out of heauen, vnto me, a benefit of that nature, and price,* then which, I could wish none, (onely heauen itselfe excepted) either more fruitfull, and contenting for the time that is now present, or more comfortable, and encouraging for the time that is alreadie past, or more hopefull, and promising for the time that is yet to come."<sup>3</sup> All which refers to the "*magnificent*" dean's patronage and sending of him to the University. It would appear therefore that relationships begun at Liversedge between the Fletchers

<sup>3</sup> The complete Poems of Giles Fletcher, B.D. Chatto and Windus, 1876, 1 vol. 8vo, p. 109.

and the Nevilles were continued and sustained long afterwards. If only we were nearer the facts, it should emerge in all likelihood that an elder Fletcher had some place of trust in the service of the lordly house of the Nevilles. The bearing of all this on the authorship of *Licia*, &c., will appear in the sequel.

From whichever of the Yorkshire Fletchers generally, or Liversedge Fletchers specifically, Richard Fletcher, father of the bishop and of our Dr. Giles Fletcher, sprang—if indeed he were not himself the “boy” sent to Cambridge, though probably he was a generation later—our earliest explicit glimpse of him is, that in his admission to the University our Dr. Giles Fletcher describes himself as of Watford, Herts, “ætat 17,” thus informing us that in 1548 his parents were resident there, and also that Watford, not Kent (as so long mis-stated), was his birth-place. From lack of documents I have failed to verify the incumbency or residence of the paternal Fletcher at Watford; but I am informed that the fact is certain from the University entry.<sup>4</sup> Richard Fletcher is found next at Bishop Stortford from 1551 to 1555. There too, alas! the early documents are sadly imperfect; but again the fact is certain. I have been fruitlessly aided by willing friends in trying to get at data relative to Watford and bishop Stortford. I had hoped to recover the name of the mother of our Worthy and her death—for she does not seem to have been at Cranbrook. To Cranbrook Richard Fletcher was “presented” by the patron, archbishop Parker, in July 1559. Where he was from 1555–6 to 1558–9 has not come down, but in Foxe it comes out that in 1555 he was a witness of the martyrdom of Wade, at Dartford in Kent, and in 1557

<sup>4</sup> It is just possible that young Giles might describe himself as of Watford and mean simply to designate that he was then resident there, and that still Liversedge must be regarded as his birth-place in common with his elder brother Richard, according to Thoresby, as *supra*.



he was at Frittenden in the same county. It was not until 1566 he was "presented" to Smarden in Kent — held with Cranbrook. Perhaps we shall not greatly err if in these years we find the period of his sufferings as told in his Cranbrook epitaph, where we read that "temporibus Marianis . . . . . adversa multa et *vincula pertulit.*" This would seem to indicate imprisonment and "fettters." It is affirmed of bishop Bonner that he made use of a prison formerly attached to the castle at Bishop Stortford, for the confinement of convicted Protestants, of whom one at least was burned on Goose Green adjoining. We can scarcely suppose that the worthy vicar would escape the tender mercies of the new diocesan ; the marvel is that he was not actually put to death.

One place in the poems now re-printed gives scope for a world of imaginative romance as well earlier as later, the simple prose being that Dr. Giles Fletcher inherited his love of "travell" from his father, who, if we aright interpret the allusions, must at some time have visited Persia and the East. Here are the lines (Sonnet xxii) :

"I might have dyed, before my lyfe begunne,  
When as *my father for his countrie's good*  
*The Persian's favour and the Sophy wonne :*  
But yet with daunger of his dearest blood  
Thy father (fweet) whome daunger did befet,  
Escapèd all, and for no other end,  
But onely this, that you he might beget, &c.

We ask wistfully if by "*dearest blood*" Mrs. Fletcher could be meant? A shadow lies over the elder Fletcher's part prior to and in the times of the Reformation, save his "bondage and imprisonment" in Marian days. The tablet-epitaph in Cranbrook Parish Church tells us that he was the first Reformation "Pastor" there, and that he was among the earliest "ordained" by Bishop Ridley "*Martyr.*"

The little that has been transmitted to us concerning Fletcher (pater) shews him to have been a "parish *priest*"

(albeit he had shunned the name in loyalty to the One Priest) after George Herbert's own heart : and it is inevitable that the boys, Master Richard and Giles—there were a John and a Priscilla also<sup>6</sup>—laid in the Vicarage and Grammar School of Cranbrook, the foundation of their after-scholarship and culture. Our Giles went from Cranbrook to Eton, probably in 1560 or thereby ; for Wilmott, Bond, and all the authorities are mistaken in giving 1565 as the date of his admission as "scholar" there, seeing that he was so admitted by election from Eton 27th August, and "matriculated" at King's college, Cambridge, 12th November 1565, aged seventeen, as already noted. He successively and successfully went through his degrees and honours, being fellow 28th August 1568, proceeded A.B. 1569, and commenced A.M. 1573, deputy-orator of the University 1577, in which year (28th October) the provost of his college enjoined him to divert to the study of civil law, LL.D. 1581.<sup>6</sup> It is pleasant to know that both sons were full of all tenderest love and reverence for their father ; and that so long as he lived they are found visiting him. Better still, it is peculiarly satisfying to know from a hitherto unpublished

<sup>6</sup> See our Memoir of Phineas Fletcher, Vol. i. pp. 27, 28. I take this opportunity of correcting a singular oversight of my own therein. The "*soror*" to whom the Poet dedicated his *Locustae* must have been another daughter of Dr. Giles Fletcher, not *his* sister : or she may have been a *sister-in-law*.

<sup>6</sup> For these entries I owe thanks to Mr. Luard and Mr. Wright of Cambridge, as before. I accepted 1565 as the Eton date, formerly, misled by all authorities. The Eton Registers are imperfect. See Mr. Bond's scholarly reprint of Dr. Fletcher's "*Russe Commonwealth*" for the Hakluyt Society (1856), p. cxx. Since above was written I have been favoured with the fragment of the *Athena Cantabrigienses*, Vol. III, left by the late lamented Mr. C. H. Cooper : and I am glad to find therein my dates and other entries confirmed. To the notice of our worthy herein, I am indebted for his birth-place and date, and other references, the first verified for me by Mr. Bradshaw of the University Library, as before. With reference to the Goad quarrels, it may be stated that in this fragment of *Athena* is an interesting Memoir of him, the *data* of which make it the more strange that Giles Fletcher should have been found opposing him. Dr. Goad died a few weeks later than our Fletcher, viz. 24th April, 1610.

and unused *MS.* preserved among the treasures of the Williams' library (London), that in a time of trial to the "old vicar" in his parish, from the working of the papal "leaven" left, his son, Richard, spoke out very nobly and truly. The vicar had a like-minded man in John Stroud—as a little later another in Dudley Fenner, and when he preached the simple gospel there were those who took offence after the world-old fashion.<sup>7</sup> The vicar of Rye (to which he had been presented by Lord Buckhurst), Richard Fletcher (*filius*) came over on 27th July 1575, and preached in his father's church at Cranbrook from the story of the "healing" of the "lame man" at the temple gate "beautiful," as told in the third chapter of the Acts of the Apostles. The sermon is a powerful and manly one; and I like and I am sure my readers will like, to come on these words in it: "My father and Mr. Stroud have been very successful in healing your spiritual lameness, the glory of which belongs to your Saviour and Redeemer, nevertheless I call upon you to highly esteem both my father and Mr. Stroud, as instruments in the hands of God," and he then burningly calls upon them to remember the superstition and bondage to which they were subject under their former teachers. So it continued: and at last the two sons united in placing the quaint mural monument that remains, over the honoured "grey head."<sup>8</sup>

Returning on the University career of our worthy, Giles Fletcher became involved in college quarrels and complaints

<sup>7</sup> I have, as before, to acknowledge right heartily the kind helpfulness of Mr. W. Tarbutt of Cranbrook, a local historian in his own homely unpretending way, worth half a dozen of your stately county historians who overlook the very things wanted.

<sup>8</sup> The inscription is given *in extenso* in our Phineas Fletcher, vol. i. pp. 26, 27. Mr. Tarbutt, as before, favoured me with a capital photograph of the monument, which is of white marble, and a brass with a black border. There is at bottom the conventional skull, and above, is a Bible with a leaf turned down, and other quaintly carven "storied" symbols.

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Returning on the University career of our worthy, Giles Fletcher became involved in college quarrels and complaints

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against Dr. Roger Goad, Provost of King's, that brought him unenviable notoriety as well as drew on him the displeasure of all potent "Lord Treasurer" Burleigh. A series of characteristic letters from Fletcher to Burleigh and the Provost, is preserved in the Landowne MSS. of the British Museum: and it so chanced that we are the first to utilise them—others (as Mr. Bond) having contented themselves with mere references and the very slightest quotations. We reproduce the whole, because (*a*) these letters give us a glimpse of academic life and furnish unused materials for the Cambridge Athenæ, and (*b*) in that we are enabled by them to correct a somewhat important mistake made by the Rev. George Williams, B.D., in his "Memoir and Correspondence of William Millington, D.D.. First Provost of King's College, Cambridge," in relation to our author's "*Querela*."

Goad succeeded a Phillip Baker, as Provost of King's, and seems to have inherited rather than deserved "hatred and opposition."<sup>9</sup> Personally he stood high (avowedly) with the "complainants": and the "Lord Treasurer" stood resolutely by him. A "*Querela*" that took the form of an Eclogue after Theocritus—of which more anon—written by our impetuous young "fellow" with a refrain of "*Solvite conjugii nova vincula, solvite Daphnin*," probably reached the alert ears of Burleigh: and so drew down on its author his mordant interrogations. Be this as it may, account was rendered, apologies made, and submission exacted. Turning to the letters, it will suffice for our end, to leave the student to consult the original Latin, and give our rendering (for the first time). The three opening letters bear the same date, viz., 22nd May, 1576 (so endorsed). We take the Latin one to begin with, as having more of the defensive

<sup>9</sup> In the "Memoir," &c., mentioned *supra*, it is placed beyond question that Dr. Dillingham in accepting an old tradition libelled Dr. Millington in his heading of the "*Querela*." To Baker, not Millington, belongs the odium of that libel. But as we shew onward, the erudite writer of the memoir falls into a kindred mistake in assigning the "*Querela*" to Baker instead of Goad, *i.e.* in its subject.

than the others. It commences solemnly enough "Testor, deum opt. max teq. simul (illustrissime domine," &c.) Thus, in full: "I call the supreme God to witness, and thee also, illustrious sir, whose judgment I exceedingly revere, that in this matter I have no other end in view but domestic peace [domesticam pacem] and the public good. But if there be any one to whom domestic disputes and these academic strifes are very displeasing, I myself am one, honoured sir, whom both my own temperament has disposed to peace, and whom those studies in which if I be not equally proficient I yet am wont to delight in greater measure, have always withdrawn from contentions. Touching our Provost, who is doubtless a most excellent and (if he had made the best of himself) a most moderate man, I could say at greater length what and how high my opinion has ever been; if my judgment could confer any distinction upon him, and had not my own continual report previously declared it. Wherefore if anything unfair [inique], anything impertinent [petulanter] or insulting [contumeliose] have been spoken (for I confess there has been too much), I declare [profiteor] that it has been done not only without my consent, but even against my will and in opposition to my effort. Yet since I have received no private injury from him, I seem to have acted foolishly, in thoughtlessly and imprudently casting away the good opinion of him formed from many good offices in a suit, relying honoured sir, on thy prudence and equity.

"Our fraternity [= College] has the very flower of the best youth. I have seen this fraternity depraved by the worst examples, the studies of many kindled by no rewards and their industry weakened and interfered with by unduly heavy punishments: and on the other hand impunity granted to others who are thus recommended neither by learning, industry nor character. Pardon me, honoured and worthy sir, if I in my concern for our domestic reputation [*i.e.* of the College] proceeded further in my zeal than either my own disposition or the judgment of a thinking man, demanded.

If I had been permitted to follow my own design I would have accused no one ; I would have implored thy help, which is not wont to be refused to any one ; which even now I beseech very urgently. Thy fortune has nothing greater than to be able, nor thy nature anything better than to be willing to give help, to very many. It is for thy wisdom and equity to decide how much and what kind. The humble suppliant of thy dignity, Aegedius Fletcher."<sup>10</sup>

The preceding letter is endorsed "Aegedius Fletcher, excusing himself for siding against their Provost." Either a message or written answer must have intimated that more of apology and less of "excusing," would be acceptable : for under same date are the the English papers of "submission." The one is signed by other two "offenders" and on the back after their names is written "Their first submission." Here it is, *verbatim* :

"Wee moste humble beseech yor Lordshipp, to be or good Lord and to heare our humble submission. Wee acknowledge our vndiscrete, and vnreuerate deallnge vnto your Lordship, and howe our dutie to the Colledge ought not to have made vs so farr forgett our dutie to the Provoste ; But wee proteste before God, that verie conscience moved vs to complaine and to him wee referr the truth. And doe moste humble submitt vs to your Authoritie for the faulte in manner. Wee have but two thinges in this pointe, our Lyvinge and our honestie : to confesse grullie [grudginglie?], were to resiste or owne Consciences. To lease [sic] our Colledg, is to vndoe our selves. wee are poore and simple, yor Lordship is noble, and wise to conside the truth, and to respecte our Calamitie, And if it shall please your Lordship to deale m'cifulie wth vs and our Colledge, wee truste it shall not repente your Lordship to have sett up M' Provostes credit wth out our vtter shame and vndoinge ; if yowe shall deale otherwise, our onlie comferte is that wee hope God wch knowith our hartes and seeth our Calamitie in his good tyme will reveale our innocencye to your Lordshipp.

Your honors moste

(Endorsed) "22 Maij.

Fletcher

Lillesse

Johnson

Their first Submissiō."

[In pencil "22 May, 1576."]

humble Orators

Giles Fletcher

Robert Liles

Robert Johnson."<sup>11</sup>

<sup>10</sup> Lansdowne MSS. xxiii. No. 24.

<sup>11</sup> Lansdowne MSS. Vol. xxiii. No. 19.

The second, which no doubt accompanied the other, is from our Fletcher himself, being endorsed "22nd May, 1576. Giles Fletcher." It is as follows :

"In most humble wise submitting my self before your Honour, I acknowledge and confesse that I have verye vndiscreatiye and contrary to my dutye and that good perswasion whiche I had of Mr. Provost whom I iudge to be the servaunt of God, accompanied those whiche have exhibited Articles against him tending to his discredit and have my self very vnadvisely healped forward that matter: In the which I see and confesse after due examining the most part to be verye false tempered with vnseemiye and odious woords (others light and frivolous) for the most part not touching him but to be referred to others whome they cōcern, whiche notwithstanding I had never assented vnto if certaine abuses wherewith I found my self grieved had not moved me therevnto. In this also confessing and acknowledging my fault that being grieved therewith I deferred [sic] not those abuses unto him who I am perswaded would have punished them as the qualitie of the fault deserved: ffor the which as well as for the rest in most humble wise I crave pardon, referring the reformation thereof wholly to yowr most honourable consideration whiche can far better iudg of thes matters thē our selves.

Giles fletcher."<sup>13</sup>

Endorsed

"22 May, 1576,  
Giles Fletcher."

A "proud spirit" was evidently chafed in writing these letters to one prouder still: a feeling of justification such as was inevitable on an issue based in part at least on the legal axiom "The more 'tis a truth sir, the more 'tis a libel," underlies acknowledgment of over "zeal" and fervour. One might have expected the "submission" — collective and individual — to end the matter: but it did not. A fourth letter to the Provost and a fifth letter to Burleigh on the same day — 23rd May, 1576, or the day succeeding the "Submission" papers — remain to attest our offender's eagerness to put himself right. Again we translate. First of all to Dr. Goad: this letter being headed "To the most cultured Master Goad, Provost of the King's College ["Ornatissimo viro Mro Goado Præposito Collegii Regalis"] and endorsed "Mr. Fletcher his submission to y<sup>e</sup> Provost."

<sup>13</sup> Lansdowne MSS. Vol. xxiii. No. 20.

“ I would call thee to witness, learned sir, at greater length, what and how high my opinion of thee has ever been, if in these times it were not suspected by thee ; and had not my long-continued respect and my conversations with many concerning thee, previously declared it. I am led to it both by thy private kindness and by thy domestic example, which has always been of such a kind as became a good man, and one furnished with the remaining virtues [et cum reliquis virtutibus instructi], and especially adorned with those distinctions by which learned men are recommended to honours ; and I exceedingly rejoiced that thou camest amongst us for our domestic advantage and public adornment. We also had the advantage of thy reputation for piety and integrity, which wonderfully kindled the love of others. Although these things tended to the advantage of the entire community, yet also they seemed to me to furnish private and special reason for honouring thee. For it is an unworthy thing that to him to whom all are much indebted, each individual should be unwilling to be very much indebted, and to shew that indebtedness in the best methods, if they can ; or if they are unequal to that, by inferior means. Since I judged all this most certain, I seem to have acted inconsistently in now aspersing or permitting others to injure the reputation of him of whom I myself formerly thought so favourably and honourably, and in thoughtlessly and imprudently abandoning this good opinion of a most worthy man, which I had formed from very many kindnesses. But of thy charity [humanitatem=kindness] pardon me, who have erred not so much intentionally as by mistake. Suffer me in this cause even to add a defence, though I most freely acknowledge blame in it. Since I desire that in all things thou shouldst be most illustrious, I have never thought that thy merit should be called in question ; but rather the importunity of those who disturbed the common peace, who, if they had followed their own authorities (to whom all

duty both public and private is due) would never have destroyed our affairs by such great and frequent conflagrations. It is incredible, thou sayest: yet on my conscience I most solemnly affirm it. And indeed it seemed to me to have happened by the divine kindness; that this affair which has been handled by us rather odiously against thy worth, at length reached the ears of the most honourable Burleigh, whom all acknowledge to be the ornament of this State. For nothing could have happened more desirably for thy reputation, than that this affair should be understood by so great a man, who should be able to prove thy innocence by his own judgment; which all know to be most equitable: or more useful to us for the remainder of our lives than to be restrained by the wisdom of him who should be able by his own judgment and authority to rebuke our rashness. For it ought not to appear to us so onerous [grave] a matter to be censured by wise men and those who excel the rest in dignity (though that is very painful to a sensitive mind) as to be invigorated by their advice, wisdom and kindness. But what I do was my own suggestion, in briefly acknowledging to thee that in which I have now heavily offended. Yet I do it most willingly. But as to commit this was the part of our folly, so to remit it is the part of thy wisdom and kindness. We acknowledge that the whole affair has been undertaken by us rashly and foolishly, that there is much that is unfair, severe, odious and ought not to be endured. In this, our youth scarcely furnishes an excuse. To undertake this was imprudent and to defend it, rash; but to acknowledge that you rashly begin and stubbornly defend, is the part of a better judgment and will. Aegidius Fletcher."<sup>13</sup>

Following up the letter to the Provost—surely a very manly and gentlemanly one, even as read in our necessarily somewhat bald rendering—as already stated, another was

<sup>13</sup> *Landsdowne MSS.* Vol. xxiii. No. 26.

addressed on same day to Burleigh. Once more we translate: "To the illustrious Lord Burleigh, Lord High Treasurer of England, and the most honoured Chancellor of the University of Cambridge. Most honoured Lord, he who ventures to deal with thee in many words, knows not thy wisdom; he who does not venture, thy equity. Wherefore since your Lordship kindly received our petition, in which we have explained the state of our College; we have thought it the part of our study, to offer to your Lordship, our most humble thanks. And that your Lordship may understand how anxiously we are awaiting what you may think fit to determine in this buiness, we have undertaken to expound briefly the reason of our error in this cause and of our petition; with this reservation that whatever shall seem good to your Lordship should be approved of by us. Since it was free for us—permission having been obtained—to appeal to your Lordship, we have committed our cause to the just and most humane hands of your Lordship. To this end we have brought forward on paper and roughly arranged individual quarrels of our Fellows, so that if your Lordship should require arguments, it may be seen from them that we sought what was suitable and opportune for us. These writings, one for us, contrary to our wish, displayed as the heads of our quarrel. Wherefore we were so astonished and confounded when we first appeared in the presence of your Lordship, that we could think of no excuse whatever in the matter. Accordingly we acknowledge our rashness and stupidity, and give the praise to God and thanks to your Lordship, that by the judgment of your wisdom and the honour of your example, we now first understand what is the fruit of our letter; and we beseech you in greater measure, that your Lordship, though you might do it justly, would not overpower and destroy our broken-down cause, with this weight of imprudence. As to what pertains to the injury of our College, we beg from your Lordship and the



University, and I individually, that you would hear and understand this:—that rewards are not conferred for learning but for partizanship, that there is no one who has taken a degree at any branch of knowledge; that there are some so unlearned and of so little diligence that they have no interest in the affairs of the College; that these persons are so unskilled and unprovided in all parts of our government that they propose for themselves no object beyond their own private ease; that they keep out honourable and proved young men who would succeed to their posts with a better hope; that all openings to the advantage of the College are kept shut, though before this time, we never made any opposition to the utility of these men; that there are some of us who have been continually vexed and harassed with punishments, while those who took their part notwithstanding their complaints and our opposition, are dissolute and abandoned persons. We bring forward to your Lordship's notice, the quarrel touching these injuries to our College, under the influence of a sense of duty and right; not as accusers but as suppliants; not that we desire that those injuries should be avenged, but that they should be corrected; and therefore we most humbly pray that your Lordship will not neglect this opportunity, by which you will earn the name of the second Founder of our College. As regards ourselves, as we seek nothing else save the restitution of concord amongst the different orders, and of the study of letters in our College; so we are prepared humbly to accept the decrees of your Lordship, and we doubt not that God, moved by our misfortunes, has permitted the Episcopal authority to be thus abrogated, that at length our calamities may be relieved and checked by your singular wisdom and authority."<sup>14</sup> There is no signature to the preceding: but it is endorsed "23 Maij 1576. Mr. Fletcher to my L. Complaints how all things went into disorder in y<sup>e</sup> College

<sup>14</sup> Lansdowne MSS. Vol. xxiii. No. 27.

by reason of a *Studium* faction" and another endorsement "Mr. Fletcher's Apologie."

These careful endorsements and alterations in Burleigh's own hand and the preservation of every scrap, incidentally prove the marvellous minuteness of the High-Treasurer's surveillance and the high estimate of Fletcher formed by him. A final letter after the "judgment" of the noble Chancellor, closes these singular documents. It is addressed, as before, and as before is here translated by us: "We have received at thy hand, most illustrious Burleigh, a benefit great and most excellent, which demands not simply the thanks of a single letter, but the honour of perpetual remembrance. But my duty and the desire of the College required that I should intimate to your Lordship by letter, how gratefully we bear in mind this favour towards us and our College. For when we were pressed on every side by our own imprudence, the authority of our adversaries and your just displeasure; your singular and incredible clemency raised us from our fall, endured our faults and corrected our errors. Indeed our unhappy College, distracted with perpetual discords, and deprived of the light of learning, has so revived by this your judgment, as to be conscious that it owes all its health to your Lordship: which we consider will be not only a great advantage to us but also an example to the rest. For both our youth, when the thing is known, and your severity, understood by them, will be careful and circumspect; and their seniors, beholding your equity and reverencing your wisdom, will give much more thought to their own conduct and duties. Concerning ourselves, though it is necessary that we live in College as carefully as possible so as not to give any confirmation to those numerous and certain rumours which are disseminated through the University touching our disgrace; yet it is most pleasing to us that the Provosts put a much more favourable interpretation on our disgrace, and that many kinds of duties are left to

us, by which we may earn the fruits of your judgment and the favour of your kindness. We therefore pray, most illustrious Lord, that since it is you alone who can settle our College, you would listen only to the voice of your own wisdom, and adjudge a decree most honourable to the Provost, if he shall obey your decisions; we pray, I say, by the living God, that you would cause this benefit, which is in itself most famous, to be firmly established by your authority. We, as becomes grateful men, eagerly accept your incredible munificence, and shall govern ourselves in moderation, and shall leave the thanks to be offered to the God in whom the benefit originated. We acknowledge our highest gratitude to be ungrateful. Aegedius Fletcher." The foregoing Letter is endorsed "28 May, 1576, Aegedius Fletcher. Thanks for a judgment y<sup>e</sup> Treasurer had past in y<sup>e</sup> College case." And so the matter ended, and infirm-willed (apparently), if amiable and worthy, Dr. Goad retained his Provost-ship spite of the bitter "Solvite" of the *Querela* of our Worthy. It may be as well to explain here that the *Querela* now and before alluded to, forms one of three Latin Eclogues published for the first time by Dr. William Dillingham in a small volume of *Poemata* (1678). Its heading is "*Querela Collegii Regalis*," and the burden of its complaint the editor conjectures to have been the preference of Dr. Millington, Provost, for Yorkshire men, on account of which he adds, "*ab Rege Fundatore ad Aulam de Clare relegatus est.*" Dr. Dillingham was ignorant of the authorship of these three Eclogues, having published them as "*incerti Authoris*," otherwise the fact that our Fletcher was himself of the "province" of York, might have started a suspicion of misapplication of the *Querela* to Dr. Millington. Mr. Williams (as before) has disproved the Millington reference: but the preceding Correspondence shews that he is himself equally astray in substituting Philip Baker. By internal evidence here and elsewhere (always

uncertain), Mr. Williams is positive that it was at Baker the *Querela* was aimed. Two things suffice to shew this to have been impossible (a) Baker who succeeded Brassie in 1558 was "ejected on complaint of the Fellows in 1569": (b) Fletcher's own "Apology" is addressed to Dr. Goad and the date of the complaints and strife against him is 1576, to whom and to which year or shortly before accordingly, the *Querela* belongs.

The College and University career of our Worthy, while indisputably studious and laborious—as even the letters to Burleigh reveal—must have been somewhat stormy towards the closing terms. But the Goad "rebellion" does not appear materially to have hindered his advance, although I suspect the dragon-teeth were sown during it, out of which came the burning accusations later of Phineas Fletcher, as touched on in our Memoir of him. Be this as it may, the son of the Vicar of Cranbrook (the sons indeed) was not of the "stuff" to be put down or allow himself to be a cipher in the on-goings of a stirring time. Doubtless the years 1576-80 were well filled-up by "studies" and the usual College employments of a man of mark.

Early in 1580 (O. S. 1581) a centrally influential event in every man's life, and to Literature, took place, viz., the marriage of our Fletcher on 16th January to Joan Sheafe of Cranbrook, while in April 1582, "Phineas," and in a year or two later "Giles," was born—sons destined to eclipse their father's renown, albeit none would have more passionately resented such a possibility than they.<sup>15</sup> Pleasant to know that the "good Vicar" (almost) certainly united his two sons in the bonds of marriage in his own Church. Pleasant too that the poet-grand-children played around his knees. Tears, soft and white, would brim the young eyes as the "old grey head" was laid beneath the chancel-

<sup>15</sup> See our Phineas Fletcher, Vol. I. pp. xxviii.-xxxvi. for full notices of the Sheafes, and of the Poets' birth-places, &c., &c.

floor, and perchance their earliest lesson in Latin was the finely-touched epitaph placed on the wall of the venerable Church. It would seem that the newly-married pair took up house (as the phrase runs) at Cranbrook: for Phineas the eldest was born there. But as Giles was born in London, there had been doubtless temporary removal at least to the metropolis. There he was at the seat of empire: and *his* was a sovran nature. So early as 3rd July, 1580, he had been Commissary to Dr. Bridgewater, chancellor of the diocese of Ely. Then, under 1581 in Strype's *Life of Archbishop Grindal* (Oxford 1821, pp. 396-7) we have this entry: "The metropolitanical Visitation went forward. In prosecution whereof the commission issued out, dated at London, July the 5th, from Aubrey and Clark, for the visiting the Church at Chichester," of which diocese he was Chancellor in 1582. It was directed to Richard, Bishop of the Diocese; and also to Giles Fletcher, LL.D., Henry Blaxton, Daniel Gardiner, and William Cole, Masters of Arts, and John Drury, Bachelor of Laws." More noticeable still, from *Notitia Parliamentaria* it appears that he sat in Parliament in 1585 with Herbert Pelham, Esq., for Winchelsea.<sup>16</sup> Either preceding or succeeding his entrance into the House of Commons—probably both—he was in the service of the great Queen as a "Commissioner" in Scotland, with Thomas Randolph (the "Amyntas" of the Eclogues): a Letter by our Fletcher from Edinburgh to Walsingham is dated 17th May, 1586: and he is found at Hamburg with Salstonhall in 1587,<sup>17</sup> and in Holland, and in Germany. Fuller earlier (*Worthies* I. p. 502) and Birch later (*Memoirs of Queen Elizabeth*, Vol II. p. 78) records these facts: and afterwards his Bishop-brother referred to them. Exact dates, save at Edinburgh and Hamburg, are lacking:

<sup>16</sup> Willmott's *Lives of the Sacred Poets* (1834) p. 28, was the first to observe this in N. P.

<sup>17</sup> Hunter MSS. 24, 487; and see *Wheler on Commerce*, p. 64.

but the commissions are certain. He was probably Secretary to the Ambassadors. We have in Phineas Fletcher's poems repeated allusions to his father's manifold State-journeyings, including *the* embassy by which most of all he is remembered, to wit, to Russia in the Armada year, 1588. Under the name of "Thelgon" he thus recounts his travels, in the 1st Piscatory Eclogue :

"From thence [Cambridge] a shepherd great, pleas'd with my song,  
Drew me to Bafiliffa's [Elizabeth] courtly place:  
Fair Bafiliffa, fairest maid among  
The nymphs that white-cliffe Albion's forest grace.  
Her errand drove my slender bark along  
The seas which wash the fruitful German's land  
And swelling Rhene [Rhine] whose wines run swiftly o'er the fand.

But after-bold'ned with my first successe,  
I durst assay the new-found paths, that led  
To slavish Mosco's dullard sluggishnesse :  
Whose slothful sunne all Winter keeps his bed,  
But never sleeps in Summer's wakefulnesse :  
Yet all for nought : another took the gain :  
Faitours, that reapt the pleasures of another's pain !

And travelling along the Northern plains,  
At her command, I past the bounding Tweed,  
And liv'd awhile with Caledonian swains."<sup>18</sup>

Similarly in the second Eclogue :

"From thence he furrow'd many a churlish sea :  
The viny Rhene, and Volgha's self did passe,  
Who sleds doth suffer on his watry lea,  
And horses trampling on his ycie face."<sup>19</sup>

So elsewhere : and unhappily never without an under-tone of plaint and even complaint. It will be noticed that the "travelling along the northern plain" past "the bounding Tweed" in the Eclogue, follows the Russian embassy : so that it might seem that the Scottish commission came after the return from "Mosco ;" but it is not so. His mission to

<sup>18</sup> Our Phineas Fletcher, Vol. ii. pp. 243-5.

<sup>19</sup> *Ibid.*, pp. 254-5.

Scotland preceded it by two years. I have been so fortunate as to recover from the Public Record Office the Letter to Walsingham already referred to: and I am pleased to be the first to print it. Here it is:

“My humble duetie remembred, Right Honourable, knowing y<sup>r</sup> good care for the Church of god at home, I thought you couldbee content to hear how things stand with it hear. And thearfore have noted to your H. what hath paffed hithertoe in their generall Assemblic begoon hear the Xth of this present, if peradventure y<sup>r</sup> H. may find leysure to peruse it.<sup>20</sup> It pleased my L. Ambassadour at his laft writing to conferre with mee about my abode in this country after his retourn, for suche service as shouldbee thought meet. Hee wished me to advise well vpon it. Which my self have doon pro & contra according to my reason. And bycause I kniew it to coom from his very good affection (whearof I have had good experience both in this iourney and before) I referred my self to him again so far fourth as that (if hee so pleased) hee might make mention hearof to y<sup>r</sup> H. who can far best iudge whither I bee meet for that service or that for mee. sfor my self I am not desirous to follow any ambitious course, yett having strove with the world now soom good time to attain to somewhat whearwith to sett my self forward in the course of my profession & yet destitute of means, I wouldbee very glad to bee employed specially by y<sup>r</sup> H. to whom I have vowed my service and my self) in soom honest service that exceedeth not the measure and proportion of my mean qualitie. Whearof y<sup>r</sup> H. can far better iudge than I of myself. To whome wholly I referre my self both in this and what so ells to be commaunded & disposed of after y<sup>r</sup> good pleafure.

The Lord allmightie increafe y<sup>r</sup> H. with all his good blessinges.  
ffrom Edenborough the 17th of May. 1586.

Y<sup>r</sup> H. most humble  
G. Fletcher.

(Endorfed) 17 May. 1586.  
ffrom Dr. ffletcher.<sup>21</sup>

13

I suspect the “Faitour” who reaped “the gain” of the Russe journey must have been Jerome, afterwards Sir Jerome Horsey, whose accounts of his “Travells” Mr. Bond has associated with our Fletcher’s still quick book of the *Russe Commonwealth*—than which there are few

<sup>20</sup> This enclosure has unfortunately disappeared.

<sup>21</sup> State Papers, Scottish Series, Vol. xxxix. No. 84. It is inadvertently calendared as from Dr. *George Fletcher*.

quainter, keener, more memorable. He set out in 1588 for Russia, and returned in 1589. His Book, which had been put into rough form on the way home, was published in 1591: but notwithstanding its fine Epistle-Dedicatory to Elizabeth, the "Russian Merchants" of England secured its suppression, in dread of angering the Czar. To Mr. Bond's admirable Introduction to his reprint I refer the Reader anxious to know more, for interesting details and documentary evidence. According to one of Fuller's many anecdotes our Worthy felt on his return home much as Daniel may be supposed to have done when he escaped out of the lions' den: albeit the story as told scarcely hangs together, inasmuch as the *Russe Commonwealth* itself testifies that the then reigning Czar, Theodore Ivanowich, was "verie gentle, of an easie nature, quiet, and mercyfull." The "opposition" and scare of the Russian Merchants wrought damage: but the Ambassador's statement of his case and of what had been achieved and unachieved, is a very masterly Paper. On his settlement in London again, he was "appointed" by direct command of Elizabeth, "Remembrancer" (or Secretary) to the City and one of the "Masters of the Court of Requests." The emoluments do not seem to have been very great, while the duties to be discharged were alike onerous and delicate.<sup>22</sup> This comes out as well as the Embassages and other public services, in a letter addressed by his brother, then Bishop of London, to "the Lord Treasurer" in suit for the office of "Extraordinary Master in Chancery." It is found in Strype's *Annals of the Reformation* (vol. iv., p. 373) under 1596, and is as follows:

<sup>22</sup> In the Preface of the admirable "Analytical Indexes" to Volumes ii. and viii. of the Series of Records known as the "Remembrancia: Preserved among the Archives of the City of London, A.D. 1580-1664 (1870)" Mr. Overall, the accomplished librarian of the Guildhall Library, has furnished interesting extracts relative to the duties of "Remembrancer" as discharged by Dr. Fletcher. See pp. vii.-ix.



“As I have found your lordship's honorable aide to me in my occasions, so I humbly pray your lordship to give me leave to be a mover and solicitor (hereby) for my brother, Dr. Fletcher, to your good lordship; whom, if he were not to me as he is, I might truly commend to your lordship, to be worthy of regard. But your lordship hath many times signified your honour's respect of him. His service, in place where he is, being of much payne and employment without intermission, is notwithstanding accompanied by a stipend very unproportionably to his charge and labours. And yet so obnoxious to a people you are jealous of all dealing and solicitation even of their own agents; especially in matters of expenses and charges imposed, as if their negligence or subornation were the cause thereof. On the other side, there followeth him the mistyke and displeasure of great persons, for you he is enforced oftentimes to deliver unto them many unpleasing and denying messages on the citye's behalf; and to sollicite against the immoderate designs of some noblemen and others of the Court. Wherein he cannot find that moderation, but in very few, to excuse the messenger for the duty of his place.

Your lordship also best knoweth his employments in her Majesty's and his country's service in Scotland with Mr. Randolph, in Germany, Hamburg, and Stade, with very good effect of that trade, till this day. In Russia, for the repaire of the English intercourse then interrupted and in a manner dissolved, but since greatly increased and in especial sort continued: the regard of all which toward him, consisteth yet in favour to come. It hath pleased her Majesty, in other matters beside those, to take knowledge of him, and at his going toward Russia, to admit him extraordinary to the Bequests. And if now it may like her highness, that in this infirmity of Mr. Rockbye he might stand as Dr. Cæsar did, and so, upon occasion befalling, to be called farther to that place of service, he would be founde faithful. Whereunto by your lordship's good and favourable word in his behalf, as opportunity may serve, he shall finde furtherance, your lordship shall increase his duty and service with all faithfulness to your lordship, and add more to both of prayers and observance, which unfainedly we owe always to your honour. Whom I pray God to bless with cheerfulness and comfort of body and mynde in all your lordship's manifold and great affaires.

From Fulham, the 17th of May.

Your lordship's ever in Christ bownden  
Rich. London.”<sup>28</sup>

To the right honorable my very  
good L, the Treasurer of England.

<sup>28</sup> See the original in Lansdowne MSS. lxxxii. art. 28: our text is the result of a collation of Strype with the MS. Important blunders are rectified, as “subornation” for “subordination.”

We have little light on the "infirm" Mr. Rockbie<sup>24</sup> nor does it appear what was the issue of the application. But another 'appointment,' probably more lucrative, was obtained in the Treasurership of St. Paul's. Evidently the elder and younger brother—Richard the Bishop and our Doctor—were devotedly attached to each other: and yet very sorrowful, even tragical was one result of the tie. One short month after Bishop Fletcher penned his fraternal Letter to the Lord Treasurer, viz., on 15th June, 1596, he died suddenly: and not only left a widow and "8 poore children"—one of them John Fletcher the Dramatist, "*great Fletcher*," as John Dryden named him in *MacFlecknoë*—in painfully necessitous circumstances, but having induced our Dr. Giles Fletcher to become security for his "debt to the exchequer for his first-fruits and tenths," involved him in most harrassing supplications and defences over three years at least, and ultimately imprisonment. The pathetic Letter which the "prisoner" wrote must find place here, yielding as it does sad glimpses of the home of the Poets: for be it remembered, the "poor wyfe" was fair Joan Sheafe of Cranbrook, and two of the "many children" Phineas and Giles Fletcher.

"Right Honourable,—

I humbly thank you for regarding the humble suit of my poor wyfe. Her poor estate and great distrefs and so many children, do thus force me to mone my cafe, and to reveal unto your Honour my present state. My great charge and small revenue, with the executorship of my brother, have made my debt exceed my estate, being undoon and worfe than nought, by 500 pounds. For difcharging hereof, I have no means but the present sale of my poor house

<sup>24</sup> My friend Mr. Clark, as before, sends me these notes, viz., that there was a Ralph Rokeby, serjeant-at-law, about this period. He was a younger son of Rokeby of Mortham, the place immortalized by Scott: and had a son Ralph, who compiled a history of his Family entitled *Œconomia Rokebeiorum*, which is incorporated into Dr. Whitaker's *History of Richmondshire*. This younger Rokeby was a friend of Camden, who wrote some Latin Verses on the death of his wife Douglas. Possibly the "Rockbye" of the letter (*supra*) was the Serjeant above named.

wherein I dwell, and of my office, if I can assign it to some fitt man. At the quarter day I am to pay 200 pounds, upon forfeiture of double bonds. I have yet no means nor liberty to seek for means, for payment of it, and I am infirm through grief of mind for this restraint, and the affliction of my wife and children. How perplexed I am for them and they for me, I beseech your Honour, (who art a father of so toward and happy children) to consider. Touching my fault, what shall I say? I have been abused by those fables and foolish lyes of the Earle's daunger by Sir Walter Raleigh. But my hart is untouched and my hands clear of his wicked practices, which I know not of, nor should discern fo great a mischief under such a colour. I will learn wisdom by this folly. My humble suit is that you will be pleased to be a mean for my discharge or if not that, for enlargement of my bonds. To relieve a poor distressed family will please God, and bynde us all, besides other duties, to pray to God to blefs you and yowr. So humbly take my leave 14 of March, 1600. Your H[onour's] most humble suppliant.

G. Fletcher."<sup>25</sup>

The allusion to "the Earle" reminds us that Essex had been his friend: but one is grieved to find the illustrious Raleigh "suspect." There is reason to believe that the Lord Treasurer obtained his old College correspondent's "enlargement" and ultimate relief from the pressure of obligations that were purely technical. So far as I have been able to discover by our dim light at this later day, he succeeded in retaining his different offices, the duties of which doubtless occupied him sufficiently from 1600 onward. His last extra service of a public kind, was in his former tried capacity of a "commissioner" intrusted by the company of "Eastland Merchants" to treat with Dr. John Charisius, the King of Denmark's ambassador, about "the required removal of the trade from the towne of Crimpe (Krempe) by the mediation of John Roit," dated November, 1610. He was then "in the shadows:" for in a few months he "slept well" in the Parish Church of St. Catherine Coleman, Fenchurch Street, London, in whose Register I found

<sup>25</sup> Our Phineas Fletcher, Vol. i. pp. viii-ix: Bond's Hakluyt edition of *Russe Commonwealth*, pp. cxxv-vi.

this entry of burial: "March 11th, 1610, [*i.e.* 1610-11] Dr. Gyles Fletcher."<sup>26</sup>

It was our rare fortune to be the first to notice and recover from Phineas Fletcher's over-looked (posthumous) "Father's Testament," a fine bit of filial reverence and memorial of his father's death-bed: and I know not that I can more fittingly gather up these imperfect words than by borrowing my earlier use of them: and so here they are: In presenting his book to his own children, the Poet of the Purple Island thus addresses them: "The great legacy which I desire to confer upon you is that which *my dying Father* bequeathed unto me, and from him (through God's grace) descended upon me: whose *last and parting words* were these, 'My son, had I followed the course of this world, and would have given or taken bribes, I might (happily) [= haply] have made you rich: but now must leave you nothing but your education, which (I bless God) is such as I am well assured rather that I should dye in peace, than yourselves live in plenty. But know certainly that I your weak and dying father leave you to an ever-living and all-sufficient Father, and in Him, a never-failing inheritance: Who will not suffer you to want any good thing: Who hath been my God, and will be the God of my seed.' Thus he entered into peace and slept in Christ: leaving behind the fragrant perfume of a good name to all his acquaintance, leaving to us a prevalent example of an holy conversation, and that 'goodly heritage' where 'the lines are fallen to us in pleasant places,' (Psalm xi. 6) and leaving us to His protection Who hath never failed us. This I desire, and as I am able endeavour to bequeath it unto you." (pp. 1—3.) Radiant words! All honour to such a father! and such a son! It is clear that Misfortune (which is not always a 'miss-of-

<sup>26</sup> By inadvertence Mr. Bond, as before, after noting above commission in 1610, dates his death 1600-1 instead of 1610-11.

fortune') had mellowed the erewhile vehement, and eager, and speculative nature.<sup>27</sup>

Our Worthy must have entered suddenly and been "quick" in "walking" through, the "valley of shadows," though his resignation of the Treasurership of St. Paul's seems to intimate consciousness of final ailment.<sup>28</sup> His Will was a noncupative one: and we have recovered it from the Wills' Office, and would now present it *verbatim*:

"Memorandum, that on the eleventh day of Ffebruarie one thousand six hundred and tenne or thereabouts, Giles Ffletcher, Doctor of Lawe, late of the parishe of Sainte Catherine Colman in the Citie of London, deceased, being of perfect mynde and memorie and having an Intent to make his last Will, did nuncupatively declare the same in manner and forme followinge or the like in effecte, viz, he gave and bequeathed the residue of all his goods and chattells (his debts that he oughte [= owed,] being payed or deducted) unto Johane Ffletcher his wife, or at least he declared his Will, in some other wordes of the like effect, being then and there present, William Webb, John Lane, and others."

Phineas Fletcher was in 1610 in his 28th year: and in his "Ecloges" he softly sings—with tears like thundrous rain, sheathing fire in them—of his father. "Thelgon" as before explained is the Poet's father: "Thomalin" is Tomkins of Cambridge: "Thirsil" is the poet himself.

*Thomalin.*

Ah Thelgon, poorest but the worthiest swain,  
That ever grac't unworthy povertie!  
How ever here thou liv'dst in joylesse pain,  
Prest down with grief and patient miserie;  
Yet shalt thou live when thy proud enemy  
Shall rot, with scorn and proud contempt opprest.  
Sure now in joy thou safe and glad dost rest,  
Smil'ft at those eager foes, which here thee so molest.

*Thirsil.*

Thomalin, mourn not for him: he's sweetly sleeping  
In Neptune's court, whom here he fought to please:—  
While humming rivers by his cabin creeping

<sup>27</sup> See our Phin. Fletcher, Vol. i. 60-62.

<sup>28</sup> *Ibid.*, Vol. ii. pp. 256-7.

Rock foft his flumbering thoughts in quiet eafe,—  
 Mourn for thy felf—here windes do never ceafe ;  
 Our dying life will better fit thy crying ;  
 He foftly fleeps, and bleft is quiet lying.  
 Who better living dies, he better lives by dying.”<sup>29</sup>

The Widow and “many children” had a tranquil retreat in Ringwood: and her sons Phineas and Giles “won” their way. But I wish I knew where Joan (Sheafe) Fletcher, their mother “lies.”<sup>30</sup>

Even from the few facts that have reached us in the life-story of Dr. Giles Fletcher, it is clear that he was a man of action rather than words; and I rather think that if all were known it would be found that this later generation owes much more commercially to him that we are aware. So potential and persistent and open-eyed a Commissioner could not fail worthily to represent his beloved England, when to do so was to give direction to the very spring-flow of the tides of commerce; while in a period of venality and shiftiness it was a national blessing to have a man of incorruptible integrity as Secretary of the Metropolis. Our documents have shewn how trying the post was. Accordingly his literary work was more bye-play than work; and yet it abides. His account of his embassage to Russia is vital still: and must remain so. For the *Russe Commonwealth* (1691) is unique, alike historically and biograph-

<sup>29</sup> I find under a notice of Bayly, bishop of Bangor,—1610, 7 Febr. Ludov. Bayly, A.M. Admissus ad Thesaurarian S. Pauli, per Resign. Egidii. Fletcheri. LL.D. Reg. Lond. Wood. A. O. Bliss.

<sup>30</sup> The following hitherto unknown entries I take from the register of St. Luke's, Chelsea:—1596 June 12, Nehemias s. Giles Fletcher, Dr. of Laws. 1620 Aug. 1, Susan Fletcher, widow. 1680 Apl. 14, Mr. Philip Fletcher. 1711-12 Feb. 5. Mrs. Rebecca Fletcher, widow. There are others of Bishop Richard Fletcher and his family.

See our Phineas Fletcher, vol. i. p. 64. Mr. Williams as before, having been appointed to Ringwood, most kindly made every possible search for me there: but nothing additional was discovered concerning Dr. Giles Fletcher at Ringwood. Still, the State-Paper shows the widow was granted her petition to hold the land.

ically. It bears the stamp of a keen intellect, penetrative, alert, intense: and there are many quaint tid-bits for the lover of plain-speaking "Travellers." Sir Jerome Horsey is a boor beside Fletcher. Mr. Bond's reprint for the Hakluyt Society is itself a scarce book now. We commend it, and specially its Introduction, to our Readers. Sprung of the same "travelles," though not given to the world until long after, viz., in 1677, is his "Essay on some probable grounds that the present Tartars near the Caspian Sea, are the Posterity of the Ten Tribes of Israel," edited by Samuel Lee, and accompanied by a "Dissertation" of his own on the "Restauration of Israel." This thoughtful little treatise was furnished to the Editor by "Mr. Phineas Fletcher, his grandson, a worthy citizen of London, together with his kind leave to pass it into publick light." It struck Whiston, who has incorporated it in his "Memoirs," from another *MS.* Besides these prose writings of our Worthy published by himself and posthumously, as afterwards with Fulke, Lord Brooke, the world was deprived of a History of Elizabeth by him. Among the Lansdowne *MSS.* (65 art. 59) as before, there is an important letter—never hitherto published—addressed to Lord Burleigh, which puts the whole scheme before him. It is as follows:

"My humble duty remembered, I acquainted y<sup>r</sup> H. w<sup>th</sup> my purpose to make trial of my self for writing a Latin storie of hir Ma<sup>tie's</sup> time. Y<sup>r</sup> L. knoweth what is needfull to make it a storie not a tale, bysides *res gestas* to have *consilia rerum gestarum*, wherein I shall fynd great defect except y<sup>r</sup> H. vouchsafe y<sup>r</sup> help for instructions. I desire not the very arcana (w<sup>ch</sup> are best when they are secretest) but foe much as shalbee necessary to explaine and justifie the actions. To w<sup>ch</sup> pourpose I have sett downe a brieve of the first book and extracted out of it the pointes to be instructed in, which I mean to observe in the course of the whole for beeing over troublesome to y<sup>r</sup> H. and to note only so much at once as may serve on[e] book—except it please y<sup>r</sup> L. to give order to Mr. Mainard that I may see at once so much as I need—whear allso I am most humbly to intreat yo<sup>r</sup> H. L. that it may be doon under yo<sup>r</sup> patronage.

Y<sup>r</sup> H. knoweth what it is to write a storie, especially *de presentibus* and how hard it is to please truth and the actours. If the idea and generall scope tend to the honour of hir Ma<sup>tie's</sup> government, I hope it wilbe borne withall if I tell

truth in occurrent matters. Ffor the rest I am to speak honour of that which discovereth it and truth of all, w<sup>ch</sup> wilbee doon w<sup>th</sup> better discretion.

I may have y<sup>r</sup> H. direction in foom nicer points. As in the first book, whether I shall deal w<sup>th</sup> justifying the marriage betwixt King Henry and hir Ma<sup>tie</sup>'s mother in foom larger discourfe, w<sup>ch</sup> I would think better rather to passe by w<sup>th</sup> out any touch, for making a doubt whear the matter is found of so great a fequeal, but for the open and scurrilous sclaunders of y<sup>e</sup> Popish party allready in print in large discourfes, wherof foom of late have written with more venom than the rest; w<sup>ch</sup> may bear credit hereafter if the truth bee not known by foom other discourfe of better spirit and credit than theirs. As also whether I weare better to begin the storie w<sup>th</sup> her Ma<sup>tie</sup>'s time (touching only K. Edward and Q. Marie's time) as I have sett down in this brief; or whether I shall begin whear Polydor endeth, viz. at the 30th year of K. Henrie the 8. whear he concludeth with Catharine dowagre's letter written to him at her death; or ells w<sup>th</sup> the king's marriage with Q. Anne, whear occasion is offered in both places to make narration and discourfe of the lawfulness of that marriage in the very entrance of the storie. Y<sup>r</sup> H. knoweth Polydore's defects, his stile soomwhat harsh and uneven and the matter not very iudicial, w<sup>ch</sup> both I would avoyd. I have unfolded herew<sup>th</sup> all these scribbled papers that contain a beginning of the storie at K. Edwards time, w<sup>ch</sup> I touch very briefly, to make an introduction to hir Ma<sup>tie</sup>'s reign. If I fetch the begining from K. Henrey's marriage w<sup>th</sup> hir Ma<sup>tie</sup>'s mother (w<sup>ch</sup> will make a fuller storie) all this of K. Edward and Q. Marie is to be amplified more at large. These scribblings I am bold to offer to y<sup>r</sup> H. iudgement that may censure the same, w<sup>ch</sup> wilbee more eaven and historical when it cometh to the full narration. If y<sup>r</sup> H. allow it and will vouchsafe me y<sup>r</sup> help and patronage—God willing, I mean to proceed—Thus humbly I take my leave 7th day of Nov., 1590.

Y<sup>r</sup> H. most humble

G. Fletcher.

To the right honourable my very good  
L. the L. H. Treasurer of England.

The accompanying outline-plan it is not worthwhile giving here.

Turning now from his prose writings, there were the following Latin Poems:

(a) In the Collection presented by the Eton scholars to Queen Elizabeth at Windsor Castle 1563.

(b) Prefixed to Foxe's "Acts and Monuments" 2nd edn. 1570.

(c) An Eclogue on the death of Dr. Nicholas Carr, Master of Magdalen College and Regius Professor of Greek,



inserted in an edition of the *Olynthiacs and Philippics* of Demosthenes, edited in a Latin translation by Nicholas Carr, but not published till after his death (London 1571), with several poetical tributes to his memory in Greek and Latin. This Eclogue is entitled *Ecloga Daphnis inscripta, five Querela Cantabrigiæ, in obitum doctissimi viri D. Nicolai Carri per Aegidium Fletcherum.*

(d) Latin Verses on publication of the Prelections of Dr. Peter Baro: therein 1576.

(e) Before Baro's Prelections on Jonah 1579.

(f) In the University Collection on Death of Sir Philip Sidney. 1587.

(g) Contributions to the *Poematum Gualteri Haddoni Legum Doctoris, sparsim collectorum, Libri Duo* (Lond.) 1592.

There are three Elegies herein by our Worthy, the first noticeable as containing definite allusions to the Elegies published by Dr. Dillingham, as onward. It is headed "*De obitu clarissimi Viri, D. Gualteri Haddoni Elegia per Aegidium Fletcherum.*" \* \* \* The Widow of Walter Haddon, (Anne, d. of Sir Henry Sutton by Alice, d. of Sir John Harrington) married Sir Henry Brooke, 5th son of George Brooke, Baron Cobham, (Reliquary, Jany. 1868.) See next section:

(h) Three Eclogues in "Poemata varii argumenti" (1678.) They are entitled respectively "*Contra Prædicatorum Contemptum,*" "*Querela Collegii Regalis*" "*De Morte Boneri.*" Dr. Dillingham has entered these as "Eclogæ tres Incerti Authoris": and it is easy to understand that when the Dr. Goad "rebellion" had been amicably determined by Burleigh, as shewn in this Introduction earlier, the Author would have no desire to proclaim his authorship, or to publish. But Phineas Fletcher in his "*Piscatory Epilogue*" has distinctly assigned them and others to his father, who as "Thelgon" thus speaks:

. . . . . "Whether nature joyn'd with art, had wrought me,  
 Or I too much beleev'd the fisher's praise ;  
 Or whether Phœbus' self or Muses taught me,  
 Too much enclin'd to verse, and musick-playes ;  
 So far credulitie and youth had brought me,  
*I sang Telethusa's frustrate plaint,  
 And rustick Daphnis' wrong, and magick's vain restraint.  
 And then appeas'd young Myrtilus, repining  
 At generall contempt of shepherd's life."*

This is sufficiently explicit as to our Fletcher being the author of these Eclogues, inasmuch as the "frustrate plaint" of Telethusa and "magick's vain-restraint" form the burden of the second Eclogue, viz., "*Querela*" (= plaint or complaining) "*Colegii Regalis*," wherein he sings of Telethusa, *e.g.*

"Flumenæve movent plangentes littora Nymphæ  
 Grantigenas quantum nuper Telethusa per undas:"

(p. 123, lines 27-8.)

The "magic restraint" appears in "Et me," &c., and "Esto mihi," &c. (p. 197, *et seqq.*) The "*frustrate* plaint" comes out in the pathetic "*frustra*," "*In vain* have we tried magick arts;" and again in "*Talia*," &c., "Such things *in vain* Telethusa poured out." Again, in the first Eclogue we have Myrtilus "repining at generall contempt of shepherd's life" as the heading shews, "*Contra Prædicatorum Contemptum*." The interlocutors are Celadon and Myrtilus, and the same are the interlocutors in the third Eclogue, "*De Morte Boneri*." As already noticed, Fletcher himself tacitly claims the three Eclogues in one of his three Elegies for Haddon, wherein he thus addresses his lamented friend, using the same names of Celadon and Myrtilus :

"Non ego te (*Celadon*) ultra sub tegmine fagi  
 Teve canam placidas (*Myrtile*) propter aquas."

and again,

"Quid juvat aut reliquas coluisse laboribus artes?  
 Jurave vefani litigiofa fori?  
*Armaque Barbariem contra, Satyrosque rebelles  
 Ferre, nec e vulgi pars rudis esse choro."*

The *Querela* satire and the Goad disputes are self-indicated in these lines. Mr. Williams, as before, who (mis)applied the *Querela* to the Philip Baker disputes, in his "Notes" to *Memoir and Correspondence of Dr. Millington*," has labouriously and successfully proved the Fletcher authorship of the Eclogues, from internal evidence and comparison with the others. Strange to say he seems to have been utterly unaware of the more distinct evidence in the *Piscatory Eclogues*, or he might have been saved superfluous labour.

(i) In *Holinshed's Chronicles*, p. 1512, are verses on the motto and crest of Max. Brooke, eldest son of Lord Cobham, who died in 1383, by Dr. Fletcher Cole (Cole MSS., Addl. MSS., 5808 f. 205).

(j) *De Literis Antiquæ Britannæ, Regibus presertim qui doctrina claruerunt, quique Collegia Cantabrigiæ fundarunt.* (Cantab. 1633.) This long poem was edited and published along with his own *Sylva Poetica* by Phineas Fletcher, with profound filial reverence and love. In the *Piscatory Eclogues* he notices *De Literis* also, where Thelgon tells he

..... "taught our Chame to end the old-bred strife,  
Mythicus' claim to Nicias resigning"

as in the outset of "De Literis:"

"Mythicus et Nicias (quorum Ifidis alter ad amnem  
Alter ad irriguas Chami confederat undas)  
Certabant, ætate pares."

In reading the *De Literis*, one is struck with the ingenuity with which pre-historic or "mythical" legends are interwoven, and not less with the well-turned praise of the historic founders as Alfred, Edward, Henry, Elizabeth.

We have now reached our present reproduction :

(k) "Licia or Poemes of Love in Honour of the admirable and singular vertues of his Lady, to the imitation of the best Latin Poets, and others. Whereunto is added the

*Rising to the Crowne of Richard the Third*" (1593). The same Eclogue that determines our Fletcher to have been the author of the Eclogues "*incerti Authoris*," with equal explicitness asserts his authorship of the volume entitled *Licia*. For after Telethusa's "frustrate plaint" and "Daphnis' wrong" and "young Myrtilus' repining," Thelgon says

[I] "*rais'd my rime to sing of Richard's climbing*"

than which there could hardly be a more definite pointing out of the "*Rising to the Crowne of Richard Third*." Then, not only do the Epistles-dedicatory to Lady Mollineux and to the Reader relate to the whole volume and so necessarily include *Licia*, but their allusions harmonize with outward facts brought out in this Introduction. Thus in vindicating his devotion to "love-sonnets" he boasts of others who had shewn the same fealty, and takes the opportunity of lauding the University (of Cambridge) generally and his own College ("King's") in particular, *e.g.* "I can fay thus much, that the Vniverfitie wherein I lived (and as I thinke the other) hath so many wise, excellent, sufficient men, as setting their learning aside, wherein they are most excellent, yet in all habillements of a gentleman they are equall to any besides. This woulde that worthie Sidney oft confesse, and Harington's Ariosto (which Madame was respected so much by you) sheweth that his abode was in Kinge's Colledge." So that internally and externally the evidence seems absolute. I believe further that if we could get at the facts of the Author's mother-hood, it should be found that if not herself a Gerard or Mollineux, she was in some way related to one or other of these families. And here it is I find a key to Dr. Giles Fletcher's dedication of *Licia* to Lady Mollineux. That is to say, as stated earlier, the relationship or friendship between the Fletchers and Nevilles of Liversedge was the probable origin of the warm relationship or friendship with him and the Mollineuxes. The Nevilles

of Liversedge intermarried with the Mollineuxes. For by the Visitation of Yorkshire in 1530, Robert Neville of Liversedge married Ellen, daughter of a Mollineux of Lancashire, and by her had issue Sir John, who married Maud, daughter of Sir Robert Ryther. Then, though the Nevilles of Liversedge, in Yorkshire, and of Leverton, in Notts (the family to which Sir Thomas Neville belonged), were only remotely connected in the direct line of descent, it is noteworthy that about the time of Henry VII., a Neville of the Liversedge stock and one of the Nottinghamshire family married two Yorkshire sisters and co-heiresses named Bosvile. So that the two branches had been brought into very close connection before the Master of Trinity's time: and it is easy to suppose his patronage would willingly be extended to any worthy relation or protégé of his Yorkshire cousins, as in Giles Fletcher (*filius*). These relations of the Nevilles, and Fletchers, and Mollineuxes, and Gerards go far to supplement our other evidence of the authorship of *Licia*, and as such we have gladly turned to account the facts communicated very fully to us by Mr. Clark, of West Dereham (as before). I have placed below what I have said elsewhere on the late Mr. Dyce's remarks on *Licia*.<sup>31</sup> I find in *Licia* and related poems, very much

<sup>31</sup> In my Memoir of Phineas Fletcher (Vol. I., p. 41.) I note the late Mr. Hunter's ascription of *Licia*, &c., to our Fletcher: and I have since discovered a further statement among his MSS. I would here repeat Mr. Dyce's remarks in his *Beaumont and Fletcher* with my reply. Mr. Dyce says "A poem called *The Rising to the Crowne of Richard the Third*, which is appended, with several other short poems, to *Licia, or Poems of Love, &c.*, n.d. 4to. is unhesitatingly assigned by Mr. Hunter (*New Illus. of Shakespeare*, ii. 77) to the pen of Dr. Giles Fletcher, because in the first Piscatory Eclogue of his son Phineas, where he certainly is represented by the person called "Thelgon," he is made to say:

And then appear'd young Myrtilus, repining  
At general contempt of shepherd's life  
And rais'd my rime to fing of Richard's climbing, &c.

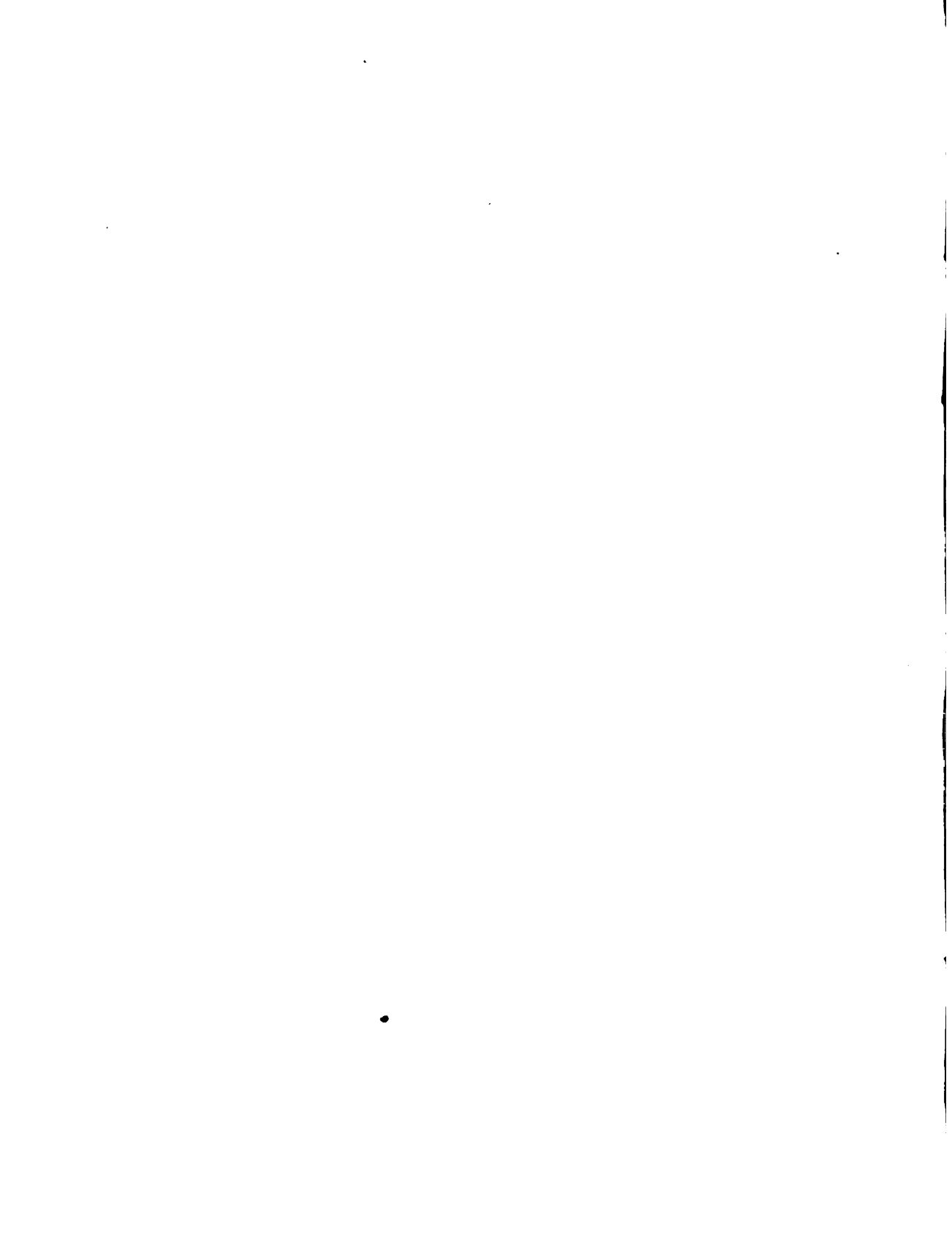
I suspect however that Mr. Hunter is mistaken. The volume in question was

more really than in the Latin poetry, a ground for that

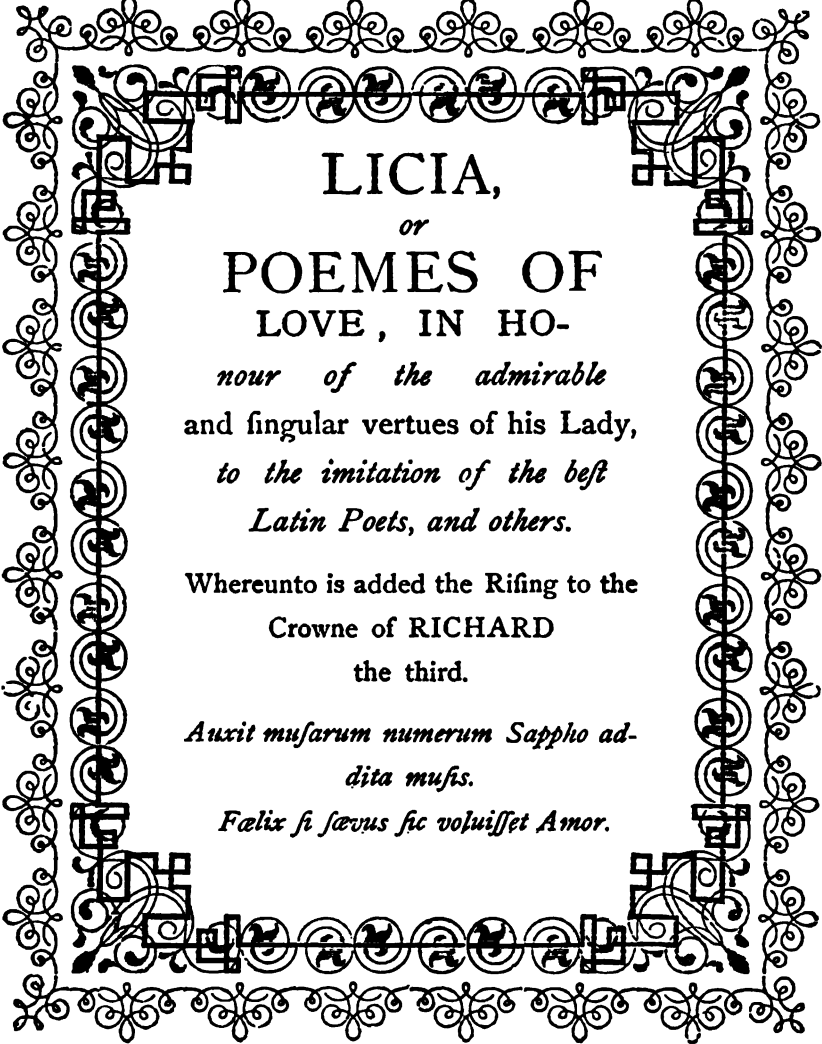
evidently intended for private circulation, having neither printer's nor publisher's name. I see no reason to doubt that all the pieces in it are by the same author. The Epistle-dedicatory to *Licia* is dated by the same author "from my chamber;" and assuredly the author of the amatory rhapsodies so entitled, was not Dr. Giles Fletcher (Vol. i. pp. 15-16.) So much for Mr. Dyce. His remarks are a tissue of most uncharacteristic blunders. I thus confute them, as *supra*: One must differ from Mr. Dyce with no less diffidence than reluctance; but his conclusion being based on errors, falls with proof of these. Had Mr. Dyce read either of the Epistles prefixed, he would have seen at once that he was mistaken in pronouncing the volume to have been "evidently intended for private circulation." So far from this, there is an elaborate special Epistle addressed to the Reader, who in the earlier to Lady Mollineux is called "the indifferent Reader" (= impartial or general): and at the close to his patroness, he says explicitly, in reference to the printing of his verses: "Well, let the Printer looke to growe not a beggar by such bargaynes, the Reader that he loofe not his labour," &c. So that it is manifest the volume was designed for any "reader," and was published in ordinary course. But what if it had been intended for private circulation—printed perchance at the expense of Lady Mollineux? That should in no wise have militated against the definite allusion of Phineas. Apart from this, Mr. Dyce on re-consideration must know well, that absence of "printer's" or "publisher's" name, is no evidence of "private circulation." There are hundreds of volumes of the period similarly issued. As I write this note *Christ's Bloodie Sweate* (1613) is before me as an instance. Mr. Dyce describes the "other short poems" as appended to *Richard's Rising*. This is incorrect: They form part of the *Licia* series. Besides it would have prevented so dogmatic a judgment on the authorship of the *Love Sonnets* and so of *Richard's Rising*, had Mr. Dyce read these so called, ludicrously miscalled, "amatory rhapsodies." The Epistle to the Reader reveals that the *Love Sonnets* were a mere form and veil for something deeper. "Amatory" is out of the question as addressed to a married "Lady," the much praised patroness of the poet. "Rhapsodies" is an equally unfortunate word. The Verse is laden with thought and brilliant in no common degree. To evidence the esoteric meaning take these few lines: "If thou nuse what *Licia* is, take her to be some Diana, at the least chaste, or some Minerva, no Venus fairer farre: It may be she is Learning's image or some heavenlie wonder which the precisest may not mislike: perhaps under that name I have shadowed Discipline. It may be I meane that kinde courtesie which I found at the Patronesse of these Poems; it may be some Colledge, it may be my conceit and pretende nothing." Finally here, Mr. Dyce being ignorant of Phineas Fletcher's allusions to his father's other writings—for he does not appear to have looked beyond the brief three lines in Mr. Hunter—was the more easily misled into rejection of an authorship certainly indubitable. (Our Phineas Fletcher, Vol. i. pp. 47-50.)

very distinct recognition contemporarily of our Dr. Giles Fletcher as a Poet. The Sonnets seem to me informed with fine and subtle thought and tremulous with a delicate emotion. The wording is close to both, as skin to body and blood: and there are "higher strains," that tell of genuine poetic faculty. The "rime" of Richard's Rising has historic interest in relation to Shakespeare, like Christopher Brooke's. Taken all in all I feel that I am conferring no slight boon in anew placing this dainty and quaint Verse within reach of the chosen few who have made themselves my constituents. And so good Readers "Good-bye" [God-be-with-you].

ALEXANDER B. GROSART.







LICIA,  
*or*  
POEMES OF  
LOVE, IN HO-  
*nour of the admirable*  
and singular vertues of his Lady,  
*to the imitation of the best*  
*Latin Poets, and others.*

Whereunto is added the Rising to the  
Crowne of RICHARD  
the third.

*Auxit musarum numerum Sappho ad-  
dita musis.*

*Fælix si sævus sic voluisset Amor.*

*Ad Amorem.*

Si Cœlum patria est puer beatum,  
Si verò peperit Venus benigna,  
Si Nectar tibi Mafficum ministrat,  
Si Sancta Ambrosia est Cibus petitus,  
Quid noctes habitas, diesq. mecum ?  
Quid Victum face supplicemq. aduris ?  
Quid longam lachrimis sitim repellis ?  
Quid nostræ dape pasceris medullæ ?  
O verè rabidum genus fœrarum :  
O domo stige patriaq. digne :  
Iam levis sumus umbra, quid laceffis ?



*Ad Lectorem.*

*Non Convitia, nec latrationes,  
Nec Ronchos timeo, Calumniasuè,  
Nec ullos obelos severiores.  
Non quod iudicio meo Poëta  
Sim tantus, nihil ut queat reprehendi :  
Sed quod iudicio meo Poëta  
Sim tam ridiculus, parumq. doctus,  
Ut nullum fore iudicem eruditum,  
Meos carpere qui velit labores :  
Nam quis Aethiopeni velit lavare ?*

# TO THE WOR-

*thie, Kinde, Wife, and Vertuous*

Ladie, the Ladie Mollineux, Wife to the

*Right Worshipfull Syr Richard*

*Mollineux Knight.*



Howsoever in the settled opinions of some wise heads this trifling labour may easily incurre the suspition of two evils; either to be of an idle subject, and so frivolous: or vainly handled, and so odious. Yet my resolute purpose was to proceed so farre, as the indifferent Reader might thinke this small paines to be rather an effect then a cause of idlenesse; and howsoever Love in this age hath behaved himselfe in that loose manner, as it is counted a disgrace to give him but a kind looke; yet I take the passion in it selfe to be of that honour and credite, as it is the perfect resemblance of the greatest happinesse, and rightlie valued at his just price, (in a minde that is syncerely and truly amorous) an affection of greatest vertue, and able of him selfe to æternize the meanest vassall. Concerning the handling of it, (especially in this age) men may wonder, if a Scholler, how I come by so much leifure: if otherwise, why a writer. Indeede to say trueth, though I cannot justly challenge the first name, yet I wish none to be writers, save onely such as knowe learning. And whereas my thoughtes and some reasons drew me rather to have dealt in causes of greater weight, yet the present jarre of this disagreeing age drive me into a fitte so melancholie, as I onely had leasure to growe passionate. And I see not why upon

A 2

our

## THE EPISTLE

our dissentions I may not sit downe idle, forsake my study, and goe sing of love, as well as our *Brownistes* forsake the Church, and write of malice.

And that this is a matter not so unfitte for a man, either that respecteth himselfe, or is a scholler. Peruse but the writings of former times, and you shall see not onely others in other countreyes, as *Italie* and *France*, men of learning, and great parts to have written Poems and Sonnets of Love; but even amongst us, men of best nobilitie, and chiefe families, to be the greatest Schollers and most renowned in this kind. But two reasons hath made it a thing foolishly odious in this age: the one, that so many base companions are the greatest writers: the other, that our English *Genevian* puritie hath quite debarred us of honest recreation; and yet the great pillar (as they make him of that cause) hath shewed us as much witte and learning in this kinde, as any other before or since. Furthermore for all students I will say thus much, that the base conceit which men generally have of their wants, is such, as I scarce terme him a scholler, that hath not all the accomplyments of a Gentleman, nor sufficiently wise that will not take oportunitie in some sort to shew it. For I can say thus much, that the Vniversitie wherein I lived (and so I thinke the other) hath so many wise, excellent, sufficient men, as setting their learning aside, wherein they are most excellent, yet in all habilliments of a Gentleman they are equal to any besides. This woulde that worthie *Sydney* oft confesse, and *Harington's Ariosto* (which Madame was respected so much by you) sheweth that his abode was in Kinges Colledge. Yet nowe it is growen to this passe, that learning is lightly respected, upon a perwasion, that it is to be found every where; a thing untrue and unpossible.

## DEDICATORIE.

Now in that I have written Love sonnets, if any man measure my affection by my style, let him say, I am in Love; no greater matter, for if our purest divines have not bene so, why are so manie married? I mislike not that, nor I would not have them mislike this. For a man may be in loue and not marrie, and yet wise; but hee cannot marrie, and not be in love, but be a mere foole. Nowe, for the manner; we will dispute that in some other place; yet take this by the waie, though I am so liberall to graunt thus much, a man may write of love, and not bee in love, as well as of husbandrie, and not goe to plough; or of witches and be none: or of holinesse and be flat prophane. But (wise and kinde Ladie) not to trouble your eares with this idle discourse, let this suffice, I found favours undeserved in such manner as my inabilityitie wants means to make recompence, and therefore in the meane time I request you to accept this: If I had not so wondered at your admirable and rare vertues; that my hearte was furcharged with the exceeding measure of your worthinesse, I had not written: you are happie everie way, and so reputed: live so, and I wish so you may live long: excuse me, favour me, and if I live, for I am loth to admire without thankfulnessse, ere long it shall be knowne what favours I received from wife Sir *Richard*, to whome in all kinde affectes I reste bound.

For the Reader, if he looke for my letters to crave his favour, he is farre deceived: for if he mislike anie thing I am forie he tooke the paines to reade, but if he doe, let him dispraise, I much care not: for praise is not but as men please: and it is no chiefe felicitie, for I have hearde some

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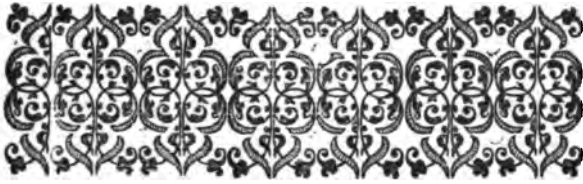
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## THE EPISTLE.

men and of late for Sermons at *Pauls crosse* and for other paines so commended by all (excepting some fewe Cynickes, that commend none that doe well) that you would have thought *England* would have striven, for their speedie preferment, but lyke a woonder it lasted but nine dayes, and all is quiet and forgotten: the best is they are yong men and may live to be preferred at another time: so what am I worse if men mislike and vse tearmes? I can say as much by them. For our great men I am sure, they want leasure to reade, and if they had, yet for the most part, the worst speake worst. Well, let the Printer looke he grow not a beggar by such bargaynes, the Reader that he loose not his labour, and for mine that is past, and who so wisely after an afternoones sleepe gapes, and saith, Oh howe yong men spend their time idlie: first, let him spende his tyme better than to sleepe; Secondlie, he knowes not my age: I feared a hot ague, and with Taffo I was content to let my wit blood. But leaving these to their dogged humour, and wishing your Lady-ship all happinesse, I humbly take my leave. From my chamber. Sept. 4. 1593.

To





*To the Reader.*



*Had thought, (curteous and gentle Reader) not to have troubled thy patience with these lines ; but that in the neglect thereof I shoulde either scorne thee as careles of thine opinion (a thing savouring of a proud humour) or dispaire to obtains thy favor, which I am loth to conceive of thy good nature. If I were knowne I would intreat in the best manner, and speake for him, whom thou knewest : but beeing not knowne, thou speakest not against me, and therefore I much care not ; for this kinde of poetrie wherein I wrote, I did it onelie to trie my humour : and for the matter of love, it may bee I am so devoted to some one, into whose hands these may light by chance, that she may say, which thou nowe saiest (that surelie he is in love) which if she doe, then have I the full recompence of my labour, and the Poems have dealt sufficientlie, for the discharge of their owne duetie. This age is learnedlie wise, and faultles in this kind of making their wittes knowne : thinking so baselie of our bare English (wherein thousandes have travailled with such ill lucke) that they deeme themselves barbarous, and the Iland barren, unlesse they have*

A 4

*borrowed*

## TO THE READER.

*borrowed from Italie, Spaine, and France, their best and choicest conceites ; for my owne parte, I am of this mind that our nation is exquisite (neither woulde I overweininglie seeme to flatter our home-spunne stufte, or diminish the credite of our brave traueilers) that neither Italie, Spaine, nor France can goe beiond vs, for exact invention ; for if aniething be odious amongst vs, it is the exile of our olde maners : and some base-borne phrases stult up with such neue tearmes as a man may sooner feele vs to flatter by our incrouching eloquence than suspect it from the eare. And for the matter of love, where everie man takes upon him to court exactlie, I could iustlie grace (if it be a grace to be excellent in that kinde) the Innes of Court, and some Gentlemen like students in both Vniuersities, whose learning and bringing up, together with their fine natures, make so sweet a harmonie, as without partialitie, the most inurious will preferre them before all others : and therefore they onelie are fittest to write of Love. For others for the moste parte, are men of meane reach, whose imbased mindes praie uppon everie badde dish : men unfitte to know what love meanes ; deluded fondlie with their owne conceit, misdeemiag so diuine a fancie, taking it to bee the contentment of themselves, the shame of others : the wrong of vertue : and the refiner of the tongue ; boasting of some fewe favours. These and such like errours (errours hatefull to an upright minde) commonlie by learnlesse heades are reputed for loves kingdome. But vaine men naturallie led, deluded themselves, deceive others. For Love is a Goddesse (pardon me though I speake like a Poet) not respecting the contentment of  
him*



## TO THE READER.

him that loves but the vertues of the beloved, satisfied with woondering, fedde with admiration: respecting nothing but his Ladie's woorthinesse: made as happie by love as by all favours, chaste by honour, farre from violence: respecting but one, and that one in such kindnesse, honestie, trueth, constancie, and honour, as were all the world offered to make a change, yet the boote were too small, and therefore bootles. This is love, and far more than this, which I knowe a vulgare head, a base minde, an ordinarie conceit, a common person will not, nor cannot have: thus doe I commend that love where-with in these poemes I have honoured the woorthie LICIA: But the love wherewith Venus sonne hath injuriouslie made spoile of thousandes, is a cruell tyrant: occasion of fighes: oracle of lies: enemy of pittie: way of error: shape of inconstancie: temple of treason: faith without assurance: monarch of tears: murderer of ease: prison of heartes: monster of nature: poisoned honney: impudant courtesan: furious bastard: and in one word not Love. Thus (Reader) take heede thou erre not, esteeme Love, as thou ought. If thou muse what my LICIA is, take her to be some Diana, at the least chaste, or some Minerva, no Venus, fairer farre; it may be she is Learning's image, or some heavenlie woonder, which the precisest may not mislike: perhaps under that name I have shadowed Discipline. It may be, I meane that kinde courtesie which I found at the Patronesse of these Poems; it may bee some Colledge, it may bee my conceit, and portende nothing: whatsoever it be, if thou like it, take it, and thanke the woorthie Ladie MOLLINEUX, for whose  
B fake

## TO THE READER.

*sake thou hast it; worthie indeed, and so not onlie reputed by me in private affection of thankefulnesse, but so equallie to be esteemed by all that knowne her: For if I had not received of her and good SIR RICHARD, of kind and wise M. LEE, of curteous M. HOUGHTON, all matchlesse, matched in one kindred, those unrequitable favours, I had not thus idly toyed. If thou mislike it, yet she or they, or both, or divine Licia shall patronize it, or if none, I will and can doe it my selfe: yet I wish thy favour: do but say thou art content, and I rest thine: if not farewel til wee both meete. Septemb. 8. 1593.*



## TO LICIA THE WISE, KINDE,

*Vertuous, and fayre.*

Bright matchles starre, the honour of the skie,  
 From whose clear shine, heavens vawt hath all his light,  
 I fend these Poems to your gracefulle eye :  
 Doe you but take them, and they have their right.  
 I build besides a Temple to your name,  
 Wherein my thoughtes shall daily sing your praise :  
 And will erect an aulter for the same,  
 Which shall your vertues, and your honour raise.  
 But heaven the Temple of your honour is,  
 Whose brafen toppes your worthie selfe made proude :  
 The ground an aulter, base for such a bliffe,  
 With pitie torne, because I figh'd so loude.  
 And since my skill no worship can impart,  
 Make you an incense of my loving heart.

B 2

Sadde



## Sonnet. I.

Sadde all alone, not long I musing fatte,  
 But that my thoughtes compell'd me to aspire,  
 A Laurell garland in my hande I gatte :  
 So [to] the Muses I approch'd the nyer.  
 My fute was this, a Poet to become,  
 To drinke with them, and from the heavens be fedde :  
 Phoebus denied, and fware there was no roome,  
 Such to be Poets as fond fancie ledde :  
 With that I mourn'd ; and fat me downe to weepe,  
 Venus she smil'd, and smyling to me faide,  
 Come drinke with me, and sitt thee still and sleepe.  
 This voyce I heard : and Venus I obeyde.

That poyson (fweete), hath done me all this wrong,  
 For nowe of love, muft needes be all my song.

Wearie



## Sonnet. II.

Wearie was love, and fought to take his rest,  
 He made his choice, uppon a virgins lap :  
 And flylie crept, from thence unto her breast,  
 Where still he meant, to sport him in his happe.  
 The virgin frown'd, like Phœbus in a cloude,  
 Go packe sir boy, here is no roome for such,  
 My breast no wanton foolish boyes must shroude ;  
 This faide, my Love did giue the wagge a tuch,  
 Then as the foot that treads the stinging snake,  
 Haftes to be gone, for feare what may enfewe,  
 So love, my love, was forft for to forfake,  
 And for more speede, without his arrowes flewe.

Pardon (he faide) for why you seem'd to me,  
 My mother VENUS, in her pride to be.

B 3

The



## Sonnet. III.

The heavens beheld the beautie of my Queene,  
 And all amaz'd , to wonder thus began :  
 Why dotes not Iove, as erft we all have feene,  
 And fhapes himfelfe like to a feemely man ?  
 Meane are the matches, which he fought before,  
 Like bloomeleffe buddes, too bafe to make compare,  
 And fhe alone hath treafur'd beauties ftore :  
 In whome all giftes and princely graces are.  
 Cupid reply'd : I pofted with the Sunne,  
 To viewe the maydes that livèd in thofe dayes,  
 And none there was, that might not well be wonne :  
 But fhe, moft hard, moft cold, made of delays.  
     Heavens were deceiv'd, and wrong they doe eftime,  
     She hath no heat, although fhe living feeme.

Love



## Sonet. IIII.

Love, and my love, did range the forrest wilde,  
 Mounted alyke, upon swift courfers both :  
 Love her encountred ; though he was a childe,  
 Let's strive (faith he) ; whereat my love was wroth,  
 And scorn'd the boy, and checkt him with a smile ;  
 I mounted am, and armèd with my speare,  
 Thou art too weake, thy selfe doe not beguile,  
 I could thee conquere, if I naked were :  
 With this love wept, and then my love reply'd :  
 Kisse me (sweet boy) so : weepe (my boy) no more ;  
 Thus did my love, and then her force she try'd,  
 Love was made yce, that fier was before.

A kisse of hers , as I poore soule doe proove,  
 Can make the hottestt freefe, and coldest love.

B 4

Love



## Sonnet. V.

Love with her haire, my love by force hath ty'd,  
 To serue her lippes, her eies, her voice, her hand ;  
 I smil'd for joy, when I the boye espy'd,  
 To lie inchain'd, and live at her commaund.  
 She if she looke, or kisse, or sing, or smile,  
 Cupid withall, doth smile, doth sing, doth kisse,  
 Lippes, handes, voice, eies, all hearts that may beguile,  
 Bicause she scornes, all hearts but onlie this.  
 Venus for this in pride began to frowne :  
 That Cupid borne a god, intral'd should be :  
 She in disdain, her prettie sonne threwe downe,  
 And in his place, with love she chainèd me.  
 So now (sweet love) though I my selfe be thrale,  
 Not her a goddesse, but thy selfe I call.

My





## Sonnet. VI.

My love amaz'd did blush herselfe to see,  
 Pictur'd by arte, all naked as she was :  
 How could the Painter, knowe so much by me,  
 Or Art effect, what he hath brought to passe ?  
 It is not lyke, he naked me hath seene,  
 Or stode so nigh, for to observe so much:  
 No, sweete ; his eyes so nere have never bene,  
 Nor could his handes, by arte have cunning such :  
 I showed my heart, wherein you printed were,  
 You, naked you, as here you painted are,  
 In that (My Love) your picture I must weare,  
 And show't to all, unlesse you have more care :  
     Then take my heart, and place it with your owne,  
     So shall you naked never more be knowne.

C

Death



## Sonnet. VII.

Death in a rage, assaulted once my heart,  
 With love of her, my love that doeth denie.  
 I scorn'd his force, and wisht him to depart,  
 I heartlesse was, and therefore could not die :  
*I* live in her, in her I plac'd my life,  
 She guydes my foule, and her *I* honour must,  
 Nor is this life, but yet a living strife,  
 A thing unmeet, and yet a thing most just :  
 Cupid inrag'd, did flie to make me love,  
 My heart lay garded with those burning eies,  
 The sparkes whereof denyed him to remooove ;  
 So conquerd now, he like a captive lies.  
 Thus two at once by love were both undone :  
 My heart not lov'd, and armlesse Venus sonne.

Hard



## Sonet. VIII.

Harde are the rockes, the marble, and the steele,  
 The auncient oake, with wind, and weather toft,  
 But you my love, farre harder doe I feele,  
 Then flint, or these, or is the winter's frost.  
 My teares too weake, your heart they cannot moove,  
 My sighes, that rocke, like wind it cannot rent,  
 Too Tyger-like, you sweare you cannot love :  
 But teares, and sighes, you fruitlesse backe have sent.  
 The frost too hard, not melted with my flame,  
 I Cynders am, and yet you feele no heate :  
 Surpasse not these (sweet love) for verie shame,  
 But let my teares, my vowes, my sighes, entreat,  
 Then shall I fay as I by triall finde:  
 These all are hard, but you (my love) are kind.

C 2

Love



## Sonnet IX.

Love was layd downe, all wearie fast asleepe,  
 Whereas my love his armour tooke away ;  
 The boye awak'd, and straight began to weepe,  
 But stood amaz'd, and knew uot what to say :  
 Weepe not, my boy, said Venus to her sonne,  
 Thy weapons non can weild, but thou alone ;  
 Lycia the faire, this harme to thee hath done,  
 I fawe her here, and presentlie was gone ;  
 She will restore them, for she hath no need,  
 To take thy weapons, where thy valour lies ;  
 For men to wound, the Fates have her decreed,  
 With favour, handes, with beautie, and with eies ;  
 No, Venus no : she scornes them (credite me)  
 But robb'd thy sonne, that none might care for thee.

A



## Sonnet. X.

A paynter drew the image of the boye,  
 Swift love, with winges all naked, and yet blind :  
 With bowe and arrowes, bent for to destroye :  
 I blam'd his skill, and fault I thus did fynde :  
 A needlesse taske, I see thy cunning take,  
 Mifled by love, thy fancie thee betrayde :  
 Love is no boye, nor blinde, as men him make,  
 Nor weapons weares, whereof to be affrayde :  
 But if thou Loue, wilt paint with greatest skill,  
 A Love, a mayde, a goddesse, and a Queene :  
 Woonder and view at Lycias picture still,  
 For other love, the world hath never seene,  
 For she alone, all hope, all comfort gives :  
 Mens hearts, foules all, led by her favour lives.

C 3

In



## Sonnet. XI.

In Ida vale three Queenes the shepheard fawe,  
 Queenes of esteeme, divine, they were all three :  
 A fight of worth, but I a wonder shawe,  
 There vertues all in one alone to be.  
 Lycia the fayre, surpassing Venus pride,  
 (The matchlesse Queene commauder of the goddes,  
 When drawen with doves, she in her pompe doeth ride)  
 Hath farre more beautie, and more grace by oddes.  
 Iuno Iove's wife, unmeete to make compare,  
 I graunt a goddesse, but not halfe so mylde :  
 Minerva wife, a vertue, but not rare.  
 Yet these are meane, if that my love but smyl'de.  
 She them surpasseth, when their prides are full :  
 As farre as they surpasse the meanest trull.

I



## Sonnet. XII.

I wish sometimes, although a worthlesse thing,  
 Spurd by ambition, glad for to aspyre,  
 My selfe a Monarch, or some mightie King :  
 And then my thoughtes doe wish for to be hyer.  
 But when I view what windes the Cedars tosse,  
 What stormes men feele that covet for renowne,  
 I blame my selfe that I have wisht my losse,  
 And scorne a kingdome, though it give a crowne.  
 A' Licia thou, the wonder of my thought,  
 My heartes content, procurer of my blisse,  
 For whom a crowne, I doe esteeme as nought,  
 And Afias wealth, too meane to buy a kisse.  
 Kisse me sweete love, this favour doe for me :  
 Then Crownes and Kingdomes shall I scorne for thee.  
Ina-



## Sonnet. XIII.

Inamour'd Iove, commaunding did intreat,  
 Cupid to wound my love, which he deny'd,  
 And fwore he could not, for she wanted heate,  
 And would not love, as he full oft had try'd.  
 Iove in a rage, impatient this to heare,  
 Reply'd with threats : Ile make you to obey :  
 Whereat the boye did flie away for feare,  
 To Lycias eyes, where safe intrench'd he lay :  
 Then Iove he scorn'd, and darde him to his face,  
 For now more safe than in the heavens he dwell'd,  
 Nor could Iove's wrath, doe wrong to such a place  
 Where grace and honour, have their kingdome helde.  
 Thus in the pride and beautie of her eyes :  
 The feelie boye, the greateft god defies.





## Sonnet. XIII.

My love lay sleeping, where birdes musicke made,  
 Shutting her eies, disdainfull of the light ;  
 The heat was great, but greater was the shade,  
 Which her defended from his burning sight :  
 This Cupid saw, and came a kisse to take :  
 Sucking sweet Nectar, from her sugred breath :  
 She felt the touch, and blusht, and did awake,  
 Seeing t'was Love, which she did think was Death :  
 She cut his winges, and causèd him to stay,  
 Making a vowe, hee should not thence depart,  
 Vnlesse to her, the wanton boy could pay,  
 The truest, kindest and most loving heart :  
     His feathers still, she usèd for a fanne :  
     Till by exchange, my heart his feathers wan.

D

I stood



## Sonnet. XV.

I stood amaz'd, and fawe my Licia fhine,  
 Fairer than Phœbus, in his brightest pride,  
 Set fourth in colours, by a hand divine,  
 Where naught was wanting, but a foule to guide.  
 It was a picture, that I could descrye :  
 Yet made with arte, so as it seem'd to live,  
 Surpassing faire, and yet it had no eye :  
 Whereof my senses, could no reason give.  
 With that the Painter bidde me not to muse,  
 Her eyes are shut, but I deserve no blame.  
 For if she saw, in faith, it could not chuse,  
 But that the worke, had wholly beene a flame.  
 Then burne me (sweete) with brightnesse of your eyes,  
 That Phoenix like, from thence I may arise.

Graunt



## SONNET XVI.

Graunt fayrest kind, a kisse unto thy friend:  
 A blush replyde, and yet a kisse I had :  
 It is not heaven, that can such nectar send,  
 Whereat my senses, all amaz'd, were glad.  
 This done, she fled, as one that was afrayde,  
 And I desyr'd to kisse, by kissing more :  
 My love she frown'd, and I my kissing stayde,  
 Yet wisht to kisse her, as I did before :  
 Then as the vine, the propping elme doeth claspe,  
 Lothe to depart, till both together dye :  
 So folde me (sweete) untill my latest gaspe,  
 That in thy armes, to death, I kist, may lye.  
 Thus whilest I live, for kisses I must call,  
 Still kisse me, (sweete) or kisse me not at all.

D 2

As



## Sonnet. XVII.

As are the sandes (faire Licia) on the shore,  
 Or colourd flourès, garlands of the Spring,  
 Or as the frosts not seene, nor felt before,  
 Or as the fruites that Autumne fourth doth bring,  
 As twinckling starres, the tinfell of the night,  
 Or as the fish that gallope in the seas,  
 As aires each part that still escapes our sight :  
 So are my fighes, controllers of my ease.  
 Yet these are such, as needes must have an end,  
 For things finite, none els hath nature done :  
 Onlie the fighes, which from my heart I fend,  
 Will never cease, but where they first begunne.  
 Accept them (sweet) as incense due to thee :  
 For you immottall made them so to be.

I fweare



Sonnet. XVIII.

I sweare (faire Licia) still for to be thine.  
By heart, by eies, by what *I* held most deare :  
Thou checkt mine oath, and said : these were not mine,  
And that *I* had no right by them to sweare.  
Then by my fighes, my passions, and my teares,  
My vowes, my prayers, my sorrowe, and my love,  
My griefe, my joy, my hope, and hopeles feares  
My heart is thine, and never shall remoove.  
These are not thine, though sent unto thy viewe,  
All els I graunt, by right they are thine owne,  
Let these suffice, that what *I* sweare is true,  
And more than this, if that it could be known.  
So shall all these, though troubles ease my griefe :  
If that they serve, to worke in thee believe.

D 3

That



## Sonnet. XIX.

That tyme (faire Licia) when I stole a kisse,  
 From of those lippes, where Cupid lovelie laide,  
 I quakt for colde, and found the caufe was this,  
 My life which lov'd, for love behind me staid :  
 I sent my heart, my life for to recall,  
 But that was held, not able to returne,  
 And both detain'd as captives were in thrall,  
 And judg'd by her, that both by fighes should burne :  
 (Faire) burne them both, for that they were so bolde,  
 But let the altar be within thy heart :  
 And I shall live, because my lyfe you holde,  
 You that give lyfe, to everie living part :  
     A flame I tooke, when as I stole the kisse :  
     Take you my lyfe, yet can I live with this.

First



## Sonnet. XX.

First did I feare, when first my love began :  
 Posselt in fittes, by watchfull jealousie,  
 I fought to keepe, what I by favour wanne,  
 And brookt no partner in my love to be.  
 But Tyrant sicknesse, fedde upon my love,  
 And spred his ensignes, dy'd with colour white :  
 Then was suspition, glad for to remoove,  
 And loving much did feare to loofe her quite.  
 Erect (faire sweet) the collours thou didst weare,  
 Dislodge thy griefes, the shortners of content :  
 For now of lyfe, not love, is all my feare,  
 Least lyfe, and love be both together spent.  
 Live but (faire love) and banish thy disease :  
 And love (kind heart) both when, and whom thou please.

D 4

Licia



## Sonnet. XXI.

Lycia my love was fitting in a grove,  
 Tuning her smiles unto the chirping songs,  
 But straight she spy'd, where two together strove,  
 Each one complaining of the other's wrongs.  
 Cupid did crie, lamenting of the harme :  
 Iove's messenger, thou wrong'ft me too too farre :  
 Vse thou thy rodde, relye upon thy charme :  
 Thinke not by speech, my force thou canst debarre.  
 A rodde (fyr boy) were fitter for a childe,  
 My weapons oft, and tongue, and minde you tooke?  
 And in my wrong, at my distresse thou smil'de,  
 And scorn'd to grace me with a loving looke.  
 Speake you (sweet love) for you did all the wrong,  
 That broke his arrowes, and did binde his tong.

I





## Sonnet. XXII.

I might have dyed, before my lyfe begunne,  
 When as my father for his countrie's good,  
 The Perfian's favour and the Sophy wonne :  
 But yet with daunger, of his dearest blood.  
 Thy father (sweet) whome daunger did beset,  
 Escapèd all, and for no other end :  
 But onely this, that you he might beget :  
 Whom heavens decreed, into the world to fend.  
 Then father, thanke thy daughter for thy lyfe,  
 And Neptune praise, that yelded so to thee,  
 To calme the tempest, when the stormes were ryfe,  
 And that thy daughter should a Venus be.  
 I call thee Venus (sweet) but be not wroth,  
 Thou art more chafft, yet seas did favour both.

E

My



## SONNET. XXIII.

My love was maskt, and armèd with a fanne,  
 To see the Sunne so carelesse of his light,  
 Which stood and gaz'd, and gazing waxèd wanne,  
 To see a starre, himselfe that was more bright.  
 Some did furrize, she hidde her from the funne :  
 Of whome, in pride, she scorn'd for to be kift :  
 Or fear'd the harme, by him to others done.  
 But these the reason of this woonder mist,  
 Nor durst the Sunne, if that her face were bare,  
 In greatest pride, presume to take a kisse :  
 But she more kinde, did shew she had more care,  
 Then with her eyes, eclipse him of his blisse.  
 Vnmaske you (sweet) and spare not, dimme the funne :  
 Your light's ynough, although that his were done.  
When



## Sonnet. XXIII.

When as my love, lay sicklie in her bedde,  
 Pale death did poste, in hope to have a praie,  
 But she so spotlesse made him, that he fledde,  
 Vnmeet to die (he cry'd) and could not staie.  
 Backe he retyr'd, and thus the heavens he told,  
 All things that are, are subiect unto me,  
 Both townes, and men, and what the world doth hold,  
 But let fair Licia still immortall bee.  
 The heauens did graunt : a goddesse she was made,  
 Immortall, faire, unfit to suffer chaung :  
 So now she lives, and never more shall fade.  
 In earth a goddesse, what can be more strange ?  
 Then will I hope, a goddesse and so neare,  
 She cannot chuse my fighes, and praiers but heare.

E 2

Seaven



## Sonnet. XXV.

Seven are the lights, that wander in the skies,  
 And at these seven, I wonder in my love,  
 So see the Moone, how pale she doeth arise,  
 Standing amaz'd, as though she durst not move :  
 So is my sweet, much paler than the snowe,  
 Constant her lookes, these lookes that cannot change.  
 Mercurie the next, a god sweet tong'd we know,  
 But her sweet voice, doth woonders speake more strange :  
 The rising Sunne doeth boast him of his pride,  
 And yet my love is farre more faire than he.  
 The warlike Mars, can weildles weapons guide,  
 But yet that god, is farre more weake than she.  
 The lovelie Venus, seemeth to be faire,  
 But at her best, my love is farre more bright :  
 Saturne for age, with groans doth dimme the aire,  
 Whereas my love, with smiles doth give it light.  
 Gaze at her browes, where heaven ingrafted is :  
 Then sigh, and sweare, there is no heaven but this.

I live



## Sonnet. XXVI.

I live (sweete love) whereas the gentle winde,  
 Murmures with sport, in midft of thickeft bowes,  
 Where loving Wood-bine, doth the Harbour binde,  
 And chirping birdes doe echo fourth my vowes :  
 Where strongeft elme, can scarce support the vine,  
 And sweeteft flowres enameld have the ground,  
 Where Mufes dwell, and yet hereat repine :  
 That on the earth fo rare a place was found.  
 But windes delight, I wifh to be content :  
 I praife the Wood-bine, but I take no joye :  
 I moane the birdes, that muficke thus have spent :  
 As for the reft, they breede but mine annoy.

Live then (fayre Lycia) in this place alone :

Then fhall I joye, though all of thefe were gone.

E 3

The



Sonnet. XXVII.

The Chryftal ftreames, wherein my love did fwimme,  
Melted in teares, as partners of my woe,  
Her fhine was fuch, as did the fountaine dimme :  
The pearlike fountaine, whiter than the fnowe,  
Then lyke perfume, refolvèd with a heate,  
The fountaine fmoak'd, as if it thought to burne :  
A woonder ftrange, to fee the colde fo great,  
And yet the fountaine, into fmoake to turne.  
I fearcht the caufe, and found it to be this,  
She toucht the water, and it burnt with love.  
Now by her meanes, it purchaft hath that bliffe,  
Which all difeafes, quicklie can remoove.  
Then if by you, thefe ftreames thus bleffed be :  
(Sweet) graunt me love, and be not woorfe to me.

I



## Sonnet XXVIII.

In tyme the strong and statelie turrets fall,  
 In tyme the Rose, and silver Lillies die,  
 In tyme the Monarch's captivee are and thrall,  
 In tyme the sea, and rivers are made drie :  
 The hardest flint, in tyme doth melt afunder,  
 Still living fame, in tyme doth fade away,  
 The mountaines proud, we see in tyme come under,  
 And earth for age, we see in tyme decay :  
 The sunne in tyme, forgets for to retire,  
 From out the east, where he was woont to rife,  
 The basest thoughtes, we see in tyme aspire,  
 And greedie minds, in tyme do wealth despise :  
 Thus all (sweet faire) in tyme must have an end,  
 Except thy beautie, vertues, and thy friend.

E 4

Why



## Sonnet. XXIX.

Why dy'd I not when as I laft did sleepe ?  
 (O sleepe too short that shadowed foorth my deare)  
 Heavens heare my prayers, nor thus me waking keepe :  
 For this were heaven, if thus I sleeping weare.  
 For in that darke there shone a Princely light :  
 Two milke-white hilles, both full of Nectar sweete :  
 Her Ebon thighes, the wonder of my fight,  
 Where all my senses with their objectes meete :  
 I passe those sportes, in secret that are best,  
 Wherein my thoughtes did seeme alive to be ;  
 We both did strive, and wearie both did rest :  
 I kist her still, and still she kiffed me.  
     Heavens' let me sleepe, and shewes my senses feede :  
     Or let me wake, and happie be indeede.

When





## Sonnet. XXX.

When as my Lycia saylèd in the seas,  
 Viewing with pride, god Neptune's stately crowne,  
 A calme she made, and brought the merchant ease,  
 The storme she stayed, and checkt him with a frowne.  
 Love at the stearne, fate smiling, and did sing :  
 To see howe seas, had learnd for to obey :  
 And balles of fire, into the waves did fling.  
 And still the boy, full wanton thus did say :  
 Both poles we burnt, whereon the world doeth turne,  
 The rownd of heaven, from earth unto the skies :  
 And nowe the seas we both intend to burne :  
 I with my bowe, and Licia with her eyes.  
 Then since thy force, heavens, earth, nor seas can move,  
 I conquer'd, yeeld ; and doe confesse I love.

F

When



## Sonnet. XXXI.

When as her lute is tuned to her voyce,  
 The aire growes proude, for honour of that found ;  
 And rockes doe leape, to shewe how they rejoyce,  
 That in the earth, such Muficke should be found.  
 When as her haire, more worth, more pale, then golde,  
 Like filver threed, lies wafting in the ayre :  
 Diana like she lookes, but yet more bolde :  
 Cruell in chafe, more chaste, and yet more fayre.  
 When as she smyles, the cloudes for envie breakes,  
 She Ioue in pride encounters with a checke :  
 The Sunne doeth shine for joye when as she speakes :  
 Thus heaven, and earth doe homage at her becke.  
 Yet all these graces, blottes not graces are :  
 Yf you my love, of love doe take no care.

Yeares



## Sonnet XXXII.

Yeares, months, daies, houres, in fighes I fadlie spend,  
 I blacke the night, wherein I sleepleffe tosse :  
 I love my griefs, yet wifh them at an end,  
 Thus tyme's expence, encreafeth but my loffe.  
 I mufing ftand, and woonder at my love :  
 That in fo faire, fhould be a heart of ft Steele :  
 And then I thinke, my fancie to remove :  
 But then more painfull, I my paffions feele.  
 Thus muft I love (fwheet faire) untill I die,  
 And your unkindneffe, doth my love encrease :  
 I conquer'd am, I can it not denie :  
 My lyfe muft end, yet fhall my love not ceafe.  
 Then heavens, make Licia faire, moft kind to me :  
 Or with my life, my love may finifht be.

F 2

I wrote



## Sonnet. XXXIII.

I wrote my fighs, and fent them to my love,  
 I prais'd that faire, that none ynough could praise :  
 But plaintes, nor praifes, could faire Lycia moove,  
 About my reach, she did her vertues raife.  
 And thus reply'd : Falso Scrawle, untrue thou art,  
 To faine those fighes, that no where can be found :  
 For halfe those praifes, came not from his hart :  
 Whose faith and love, as yet was never found.  
 Thy maister's lyfe (falso Scrawle) shall be thy doome :  
 Because he burnes, *I* judge thee to the flame :  
 Both your attempts, deserve no better roome.  
 Thus at her word, we ashes both became :  
     Beleeve me (faire) and let my paper live :  
     Or be not faire, and fo me freedome give.

Pale



## Sonnet. XXXIIII.

Pale are my lookes, forsaken of my lyfe,  
 Cynders my bones, consumed with thy flame,  
 Floodes are my teares, to end this burning stryfe,  
 And yet I sigh, for to increase the fame.  
 I mourne alone, because alone I burne ;  
 Who doubts of this, then let him learn to love,  
 Her lookes, colde yce into a flame can turne :  
 As I distressed in my selfe doe prove.  
 Respect (faire Licia) what my torments are,  
 Count but the tyth, both of my sighes and teares,  
 See how my love, doeth still increase my care,  
 And cares increase, my lyfe to nothing weares.  
 Send but a sigh, my flame for to increase,  
 Or lend a teare, and cause it so to cease.

F 3

When



## Sonnet. XXXV.

When as I wish, faire Licia for a kisse :  
 From those sweet lippes, where Rose and Lillies strive,  
 Straight doe mine eies, repine at such a blisse,  
 And seeke my lippes, thereof for to deprive :  
 When as I seeke, to glut mine eies, by sight,  
 My lippes repine, and call mine eies away :  
 Thus both contend, to have each others right :  
 And both conspire, to worke my full decay.  
 O force admyr'd, of beautie in her pride :  
 In whose each part, such strange effects there be,  
 That all my forces, in themselves divide :  
 And make my senses, plainlie difagree.  
 If all were mine, this envie would be gone :  
 Then graunt me all (faire sweet) or grant me none.

Heare



## Sonnet. XXXVI.

Heare how my sighes, are echoed of the wind,  
 See how my teares, are pittied by the rain :  
 Feele what a flame, possessed hath my mind,  
 Taste but the griefe, which I possesse in vaine.  
 Then if my sighes, the blustering windes surpasse,  
 And watrie teares, the droppes of raine exceed,  
 And if no flame, like mine, nor is, nor was,  
 Nor griefe like that, whereon my soule doth feed :  
 Relent (faire Licia) when my sighes doe blowe,  
 Yeeld at my teares, that flint-like, droppes consume :  
 Accept the flame, that doth my incense showe,  
 Allowe the griefe, that is my heart's perfume.  
 Thus sighes, and teares, flame, griefe, shall plead for me,  
 So shall I pray, and you a goddesse be.

F 4

I speak



## Sonnet. XXXVIII.

I speake (faire Licia) what my torments be :  
 But then my speach, too partiall doe I finde :  
 For hardlie words can with those thoughts agree :  
 Those thoughtes that swarme, in such a troubled mind.  
 Then doe I vowe, my tongue shall never speake :  
 Nor tell my grieffe, that in my heart doth lie :  
 But cannon-like, I then furchardg'd, doe breake,  
 And so my silence, worfe than speach I trie.  
 Thus speach, or none, they both doe breed my care :  
 I live dismayd, and kill my heart with grieffe :  
 In all respectes, my case alyke doth fare :  
 To him that wants, and dare not aske reliefe.  
 Then you (faire Licia) soveraigne of my heart :  
 Read to your selfe, my anguish and my smart.

Sweet





## Sonnet. XXXVIII.

Sweet, I protest, and feale it with an oath :  
 I never saw that so my thoughtes did please :  
 And yet content displeas'd I see them wroth :  
 To love so much, and cannot have their ease.  
 I tolde my thoughts, my soveraigne made a pause,  
 Dispos'd to graunt, but willing to delay :  
 They then repin'd, for that they knewe no cause,  
 And swore they wifht she flatlie would fay nay.  
 Thus hath my love, my thoughts with treason fill'd :  
 And gainst my soveraigne, taught them to repine :  
 So thus my treason, all my thoughts hath kill'd,  
 And made faire Licia, fay she is not mine.  
 But thoughts too rash, my heart doth now repent :  
 And as you please, they sweare, they are content.

G

Faire



## Sonnet XXXIX

Faire matchleffe Nymph, respect, but what I craue,  
 My thoughts are true, and honour is my love :  
 I fainting die, whome yet a smile might save :  
 You gave the wound, and can the hurt remove.  
 Those eyes, like starres, that twinkle in the night,  
 And cheeks like rubies pale, in lilies dy'd,  
 Those Ebon hands, that darting have such might,  
 That in my soule, my loue and life deuide,  
 Accept the passions, of a man posselt ;  
 Let Love be lov'd, and graunt me leave to live :  
 Disperse those clouds, that darkened have my rest :  
 And let your heaven, a sun-like smile but give.  
 Then shall I praise, that heaven for such a sunne,  
 That saved my life, whenas my grieve begun.

My



## Sonnet. XL.

My grieſe begunne (faire Saint) when firſt I ſaw,  
 Love in thoſe eyes, ſit ruling, with diſdaine :  
 Whoſe ſweet commandes, did keepe a world in awe :  
 And cauſ'd them ſerve, your favour to obtaine.  
 I ſtood as one enchanted with a frowne,  
 Yet ſmilde to ſee, all creatures ſerue thoſe eyes :  
 Where each with ſighes, paid tribute to that crowne :  
 And thought them gracèd, by your dumme replies.  
 But I, ambitious, could not be content :  
 Till that my ſervice, more than ſighes made knowne :  
 And for that end, my heart to you I ſent :  
 To ſay, and ſweare, that (faire) it is your owne.  
 Then greater graces (Licia) doe impart :  
 Not dumme replies, unto a ſpeaking heart.

G 2

A



A SONNET MADE VPON THE TWO

*Twinnes, daughters of the Ladie Mollineux, both  
Passing like, and exceeding faire.*

Poets did faine, that heavens a Venus had :  
Matchlesse her selfe, and Cupid was her sonne,  
Men few'd to these, and of their smiles were glad,  
By whome so manie famous were undone.  
Now Cupid mournes, that he hath lost his might :  
And that these two, so comelie are to see :  
And Venus frowns, because they haue her right.  
Yet both so like, that both shall blamelesse be.  
With heavens two twinnes, for godhead these may strive,  
And rule a world, with least part of a frowne :  
Fairer then these, two twinnes are not alive :  
Both conquering Queenes, & both deserve a crowne.  
My thoughts preface, which tyme to come shall trie :  
That thousands conquerd, for their love shall die.

If



## Sonnet. XLI.

If (aged Charon) when my life shall end,  
 I passe thy ferrye, and my wafftage pay,  
 Thy oares shall fayle thy boate, and maste shall rend,  
 And through the deepe, shall be a drye foote-way.  
 For why my heart with sighs doth breath such flame,  
 That ayre and water both incensed be :  
 The boundlesse Ocean from whose mouth they came :  
 For from my heate not heaven it selfe is free.  
 Then since to me thy losse can be no gaine :  
 Avoyd thy harme and flye what I foretell.  
 Make thou thy love with me for to be flaine,  
 That I with her, and both with thee may dwel.  
 Thy fact thus (Charon) both of us shall blesse ;  
 Thou save thy boat, and I my love possesse.

G 3

For



## Sonnet. XLII.

For if alone thou thinke to waft my love,  
 Her cold is such as can the sea commaund.  
 And frozen Ice shall let thy boate to move,  
 Nor can thy forces rowe it from the land.  
 But if thou friendly both at once shalt take,  
 Thy selfe mayst rest, for why my sighes will blowe.  
 Our colde and heate so sweete a thawe shall make,  
 As that thy boate without thy helpe shall rowe.  
 Then will I fitte and glut me on those eyes,  
 Wherewith my life, my eyes could never fill.  
 Thus from thy boate, that comfort shall arise,  
 The want whereof my life and hope did kill.  
 Together plac'd so thou her skorne shalt crosse,  
 Where if we part, thy boate must suffer losse.

Are



## Sonnet. XLIII.

Are those two starres, her eyes, my lifes light gone ?  
 By which my foule was freed from all darke :  
 And am I left distres'd, to live alone ?  
 Where none my teares and mournfull tale shall marke.  
 Ah Sunne, why shine thy lookes, thy lookes like gold,  
 When horseman brave thou risest in the East.  
 Ah Cynthia pale, to whome my griefes I told,  
 Why doe you both rejoyce both man and beast ?  
 And I alone, alone that darke possesse  
 By Licias absence brighter then the Sunne,  
 Whose smyling light did ease my sadde distresse  
 And broke the cloudes, when teares like rayne begun.  
 Heavens graunt that light, and so me waking keepe :  
 Or shut my eyes, and rocke me fast a-sleepe.

Cruell



## Sonnet. XLIIII.

Cruell fayre Love, I justly do complaine,  
 Of too much rigour, and thy heart unkind :  
 That for mine eyes, thou haft my bodie flaine,  
 And would not graunt, that I should favour find.  
 I look'd (fayre Love) and you my love lookt fayre,  
 I sigh'd for love, and you for sport did smyle.  
 Your smyles were such as did perfume the ayre,  
 And this perfumèd did my heart beguyle :  
 Thus I confesse, the fault was in mine eyes,  
 Begun with sighes, and ended with a flame :  
 I for your love, did all the world despise,  
 And in these poems, honour'd have your name.  
 Then let your love so with my fault dispense,  
 That all my parts feele not mine eyes offense.

There





## Sonnet. XLV.

There shone a Comet, and it was full west.  
 My thoughts prefagèd, what it did portend :  
 I found it threatned to my heart unrest,  
 And might in tyme, my joyes and comfort end.  
 I further fought, and found it was a Sunne :  
 Which day, nor night, did never use to set :  
 It constant stood, when heavens did restlesse run,  
 And did their vertues, and their forces let.  
 The world did muse, and wonder what it meant,  
     A Sunne to shine, and in the west to rise :  
 To search the trueth, I strength and spirits spent,  
     At length I found, it was my Licias eyes :  
 Now never after, soule shall live in darke,  
 That hath the hap, this westerne Sunne to marke.

H

If



## Sonnet. XLVI.

If he be dead, in whom no hart remaines,  
 Or livelesse be, in whome no lyfe is found :  
 If he doe pyne that never comfort gaines,  
 And be distrest, that hath his deadlie wound.  
 Then must I dye whose heart elsewhere is clad,  
 And livelesse passe the greedie wormes to feed :  
 Then must I pine, that never comfort had,  
 And be distrest, whose wound with teares doth bleed :  
 Which if I doe, why doe I not waxe cold ?  
 Why rest I not lyke one that wants a hart ?  
 Why moove I still, lyke him that lyfe doth hold ?  
 And fense enjoy both of my joy and smart.

Lyke Nyobe Queene, which made a stone, did weepe,  
 Licia, my heart dead and alive doth keepe.

Lyke



Sonnet. XLVII.

Lyke Memnon's rocke, toucht with the rising Sunne,  
Which yeelds a fownd, and ecchoes foorth a voice :  
But when it's drownde in westerne seas, is dunne,  
And droufie lyke, leaves off to make a noice.  
So I (my love) inlightned with your shyne,  
A Poet's skill within my foule I shroud,  
Not rude, lyke that which finer wittes declyne,  
But such as Mufes to the best allowde :  
But when your figure, and your shape is gone,  
I speechlesse am, lyke as I was before :  
Or if I write, my verfe is fill'd with moane,  
And blurd with teares, by falling in such store.  
Then muse not (Licia) if my Muse be slacke,  
For when I wrote, I did thy beautie lacke.

H 2

I fawe



## Sonnet. XLVIII.

I fawe (sweet Licia) when the spydar ranne,  
 Within your houle, to weave a worthlesse web :  
 You preſent were, and feard her with your fanne,  
 So that amazèd, ſpeedilie ſhe fled.  
 She in your houle ſuch ſweete perfumes did ſmell,  
 And heard the Muſes, with their notes refin'd :  
 Thus fill'd with envie, could no longer dwell,  
 But ſtraight return'd, and at your houle repin'd :  
 Then tell me (ſpidar) why of late I fawe  
 Thee looſe thy poiſon, and thy bowels gone :  
 Did theſe enchaunt, and keepe thy limmes in awe,  
 And made thy forces, to be ſmall or none ?  
     No, no, thou didſt by chaunce my Licia ſee,  
     Who for her looke, Minerva ſeem'd to thee.

If



## Sonnet. XLIX.

If that I dye (fayre Licia) with difdaine,  
 Or hartleffe live, furprifed with thy wrong,  
 Then heavens and earth fhall accent both my paine,  
 And curfe the time fo cruell, and fo long.  
 If you be kinde (my Queene) as you are fayre,  
 And ayde my thoughtes, that ftill for conqueft strive.  
 Then will I fing, and never more difpayre,  
 And praife your kindneffe, whylft I am alive.  
 Till then I pay the tribute of my teares,  
 To moove thy mercie and thy conftant trueth.  
 Refpect (fayre love) howe thefe with forrowe weares  
 The trueft heart ; unleffe it find fome ruthe.  
 Then grace me (sweet) and with thy favour rayfe me,  
 So fhall I live, and all the world fhall praife thee.

H 3

A



## Sonnet. L.

A' Licia sigh, and say thou art my owne,  
 Nay be my owne, as you full oft have sayd.  
 So shall your trueth unto the world be knowne,  
 And I resolv'd, where now I am afrayd.  
 And if my tongue æternize can your prayse,  
 Or filly speech increafe your worthy fame.  
 If ought I can, to heaven your worth can rayse,  
 The age to come, shall wonder at the fame.  
 In this respect, your love (fweete love) I told,  
 My faith and trueth I vow'd should be for ever.  
 You were the cause, if that I was too bold,  
 Then pardon this my fault, or love me never.  
 But if you frowne, I wish that none beleeve me,  
 For slayne with sighes, Ile dye, before I greive thee.  
When



## Sonnet. LI.

When first the Sunne, whome all my senses serve,  
 Began to shine upon this earthly round,  
 The heav'ns for her, all graces did reserve,  
 That Pandor-like, with all she might abound.  
 Apollo plac'd his brightnesse in her eyes,  
 His skill prefaging, and his musicke sweete.  
 Mars gave his force, all force she now defyes.  
 Venus her smyles, wherewith she Mars did meete.  
 Python a voyce, Dyana made her chaste,  
 Ceres gave plentie : Cupid lent his bowe :  
 Thetis his feete : there Pallas wifdome plac't.  
 With these she Queene-like kept a world in awe.  
 Yet all these honours, deemèd are but pelfe,  
 For she is much more worthie of her selfe.

H 4

O



## Sonnet. LII.

O fugred talke, wherewith my thoughts doe live :  
 O browes, Loves trophee, and my senses shine :  
 O charming smyles, that death or life can give :  
 O heavenly kiffes from a mouth devine :  
 O wreaths too strong, and tramels made of hayre :  
 O pearles inclofèd in an Ebon pale,  
 O Rose and Lillyes in a field most fayre,  
 Where modest whyte, doth make the red seeme pale.  
 O voyce whose accents live within my heart,  
 O heavenly hand that more than Atlas holds,  
 O sighes perfum'd, that can release my smart.  
 O happy they, whome in her armes she folds.  
     Nowe if you aske where dwelleth all this blisse,  
     Seeke out my love, and she will shew you this.





AN ODE.

**L**ove I repent me that I thought,  
My sighes, and languish, dearly bought.  
For sighes and languish both did prove,  
That he that languisht, fight for love.  
Cruell rigour, foe to state,  
Lookes disdainfull, fraught with hate.  
I did blame, but had no cause,  
(Love hath eyes, but hath no lawes)  
She was fadde, and could not chuse,  
To see me sigh, and sitt, and muse.  
We both did love, and both did doubt,  
Least any should our love finde out.  
Our heartes did speake by signes most hidden,  
This meanes was left, all els forbidden.  
I did frowne, her love to trye,  
She did sigh, and straight did crye.  
Both of us did signes beleeve,  
Yet either grievèd friend to greeve,  
I did looke, and then did smile ;  
She left sighing all that while.  
Both were glad to see that change ;  
Things in love that are not strange.  
Suspicion, foolish foe to reason,  
Caus'd me seeke, to finde some treason.  
I did court another Dame,  
(False in love, it is a shame)  
She was forrie this to vewe,  
Thinking faith was prov'd untrew.

L

Then

Then she swore, she would not love,  
 One whome false, she once did prove :  
 I did vowe I never ment,  
 From promise made, for to relent.  
 The more I said, the worse she thought,  
 My othes and vowes were dem'd as nought.  
 (False) (she sayde) howe can it be,  
 To court another, yet love me.  
 Crownes and Love no partners brooke,  
 If she be lyk'd I am forfooke.  
 Farewell false, and love her still,  
 Your chauce was good, but mine was ill.  
 No harme to you, but this I crave,  
 That your newe love, may you defave.  
 And jeaft with you, as you have donne,  
 For light's the love, that's quickly wonne.  
 Kinde, and fayre-sweete, once beleeve me,  
 Jeaft I did, but not to greeve thee.  
 Court I did, but did not love,  
 All my speach was you to prove.  
 Wordes and fighes, and what I spent,  
 (In shewe to her) to you were ment.  
 Fond I was your love to crosse,  
 (Jeafting love oft brings this losse.)  
 Forget this fault, and love your friend,  
 Which vowes his trueth unto the end.  
 Content (she sayd) if this you keepe :  
 Thus both did kisse, and both did weepe.  
 For women, long they cannot chyde,  
 As I by proove in this have tryde.

A

*A dialogue betwixt two Sea-Nymphes,*  
DORIS and GALATEA, concerning  
*Polyphemus; briefly translated*  
out of Lucian.

The Sea Nymphes late did play them on the shore,  
And smyl'd to see such sport was newe begunne :  
A strife in love, the like not heard before,  
Two nymphs contend; which had the conquest wonne,  
*Doris* the fayre, with *Galate* did chyd.  
She lyk't her choyce, and to her taunts replyd.

*Doris.*

Thy love (fayre Nymph) that courts thee on this plaine,  
As shepherds fay, and all the world can tell,  
Is that foule rude Sicilian Cyclop-swayne :  
A shame (sweet Nymph) that he with thee should mell.

*Galatea.*

Smyle not (fayre *Doris*) though he foule doe seeme,  
Let passe thy words that favour of disgrace,  
He's worth my love, and so I him esteeme.  
Renownd by birth, and come of Neptune's race,  
Neptune that doth the glassye Ocean tame,  
Neptune, by birth from mighty Iove which came.

*Doris.*

I graunt an honour to be Neptune's chyld,  
A grace to be so neere with Iove allyde.  
But yet (sweete Nymph) with this be not beguyld,  
Where natures graces are by lookes descryde.

I 2

So

So foule, so rough, so ugglye like a Clowne,  
 And worfe then this, a Monster with one eye.  
 Foule is not gracèd, though it weare a Crowne,  
 But fayre is Bewtie, none can that denye.

*Galatea.*

Nor is he foule, or shapelesse as you say,  
 Or worfe, for that he clownish seem's to be,  
 Rough, Satyr-like, the better he will play,  
 And manly lookes the fitter are for me.  
 His frowning smyles are gracèd by his beard,  
 His eye-light Sunne-like, shrovded is in one.  
 This me contents, and others makes afeard,  
 He fees ynough, and therefore wanteth none.

*Doris.*

Nay then I see (fweet Nymph) thou art in love,  
 And loving, doates ; and doating, doest commend  
 Foule to be fayre ; this oft doe lovers proove,  
 I wifh him fayrer, or thy love an end.

*Galatea.*

*Doris*, I love not, yet I hardly beare,  
 Disgracefull tearms, which you have spoke in scorne.  
 You are not lov'd : and that's the cause I feare :  
 For why, my love, of Iove, him selfe was borne.  
 Feeding his sheepe of late, amidst this plaine,  
 When as we Nymphes did sport vs on this shore,  
 He skorn'd you all, my love for to obtaine ;  
 That greev'd your hearts : I knew as much before.  
 Nay smyle not Nymphes, the trueth I onely tell,  
 For fewe can brooke, that others should excell.

*Doris.*

Shoud I envie that blinde did you that spite ?  
 Or that your shape doeth pleeafe so foule a groome ?  
 The shepheard thought of milke, you look'd so white,  
 The clowne did erre, and foolish was his doome ;  
 Your looke was pale, and so his stomach fed,  
 But farre from faire, where white doth want his red.

*Galatea.*

Though pale my looke, yet he my love did crave,  
 And lovelie you, unlyk'd, unlov'd I view :  
 It's better farre one base, than none to have,  
 Your faire is foule, to whome there's none will sew :  
 My love doth tune his love unto his harpe.  
 His shape is rude, but yet his witt is sharpe.

*Doris.*

Leave off (sweet Nymph) to grace a woorthlesse clowne.  
 He itch'd with love, and then did sing or say :  
 The noife was such, as all the Nymphes did frowne,  
 And well suspected, that some Affe did bray.  
 The woods did chyde, to hear this uglie found,  
 The prating Eccho scorn'd for to repeate ;  
 This grillic voice did feare the hollow ground,  
 Whilst artlesse fingers did his harpstrings beat.  
 Two Bear-whelps in his armes this monfter bore,  
 With these new puppies did this wanton play,  
 Their skinnes was rough, but yet your loves was more:  
 He fouler was and farre more fierce than they.  
 I cannot chuse (sweet Nymph) to thinke, but smyle,  
 That some of us, thou fearst, will thee beguyle.

*Galatea.*

Scorne not my love, untill it can be knowne,  
That you have one that's better of your owne.

*Doris.*

I have no love, nor if I had, would boast,  
Yet wo'd have bene, by such as well might speed :  
But him to love, the shame of all the coast,  
So uglie foule, as yet I have no need.

Now thus we learne, what foolish love can doe,  
To thinke him faire, that's foule and uglie too.  
To heare this talke, I fate behind an oake,  
And mark'd their wordes, and pend them as they spoke.



## AD LECTOREM, DISTICHON

cujusdam de Autore.

*Lascivi quæres fuerit cur carminis autor :*

*Carmine lascivus, mente pudicus erat.*



## A LOVER'S MAZE.

Trewe are my thoughts, my thoughts that are untrue,  
 Blinde are my eies, my eyes that are not blinde :  
 New is my love, my love that is not newe,  
 Kinde is that faire, that faire that is not kinde.  
 Thus eyes and thoughts, that fairest faire, my love,  
 Blind and untrue, unkind, unconstant prove.

True are my thoughts : becaufe they never fitte.  
 Vntrew my thoughtes : becaufe they me betraide.  
 Blinde are my eyes : becaufe in cloudes I fitte,  
 Not blinde my eyes : becaufe I lookes obeyed.  
 Thus eyes, and thoughtes, my dearest faire may vewe :  
 In fight, in love, not blinde, nor yet untrew.

Newe is my love : becaufe it never dies,  
 Olde is my love : bacaufe it ever lives.  
 Kinde is that faire : becaufe it hate denyes,  
 Vnkinde that faire : becaufe no hope it gives.  
 Thus newe my love, and still that faire unkinde,  
 Renewes my love, and I no favour finde.

Sweete are my dreames, my dreames that are not sweet,  
 Long are the nightes, the nightes that are not long :  
 Meete are the panges, these panges that are unmeet :  
 Wrong'd is my heart, my heart that hath no wrong :  
 Thus dreames, and night, my heart, my pangs, and all,  
 In taste, in length, conspire to worke my fall.

I 4

Sweet

Sweet are my dreames : becaufe my love they shoue.  
 Vnsweet my dreames : becaufe but dreames they are.  
 Long are the nights : becaufe no helpe I know,  
 Short are the nights becaufe they end my care,  
     Thus dreames, and nightes, wherein my love takes sport  
     Are sweet, unfweet, are long, and yet too short.

Meet are my panges : becaufe I was too bolde.  
 Vnmeet my panges ; becaufe I lov'd so well.  
 Wrong'd was my heart ; becaufe my griefe it tolde :  
 Not wrong'd : for why? my griefe it could not tell.  
     Thus you my love, unkindlie cause this smart,  
     That will not love, to ease my panges and heart.

Proud is her looke : her looke that is not proude,  
 Done all my dayes, my dayes that are not done,  
 Lowd are my fighes, my fighes that are not lowd,  
 Begun my death, my death not yet begunne.  
     Thus looks and dayes, and fighs, and death might move:  
     So kind, so faire, to give consent to love.

Proud is her looke : becaufe she scornes to see.  
 Not proud her looke : for none dare say so much.  
 Done are my dayes : becaufe they haplesse be.  
 Not done my dayes : becaufe I wish them such.  
     Thus lookes and dayes, increase this loving strife,  
     Not proude, nor done, nor dead, nor giving life.

Loud



Loud are my fighes, because they pearce the skie,  
 Not loud my fighes : because they are not heard.  
 My death begunne : because I artlefs crie,  
 But not begunne : because I am debarde.

Thus fighes, and death, my heart no comfort give :  
 Both lyfe denie, and both do make me live.

Bold are her smiles, her smiles that are not bold,  
 Wife were her wordes, those words that are not wise,  
 Cold are her lippes, those lippes that are not colde,  
 Ife are those hands, those handes that are not ife.

Thus smiles, and wordes, her lippes, her handes, and she,  
 Bold, wife, cold, ife, loves cruell torments be.

Bold are her smiles, because they anger flay,  
 Not bold her smiles : because they blufh fo oft.  
 Wife are her wordes : because they woonders fay,  
 Not wife her wordes : because they are not foft.

Thus smiles, and wordes, fo cruell and fo bold :  
 So blufhing wife, my thoughts in prifon hold.

Colde are her lippes, because they breath no heate,  
 Not colde her lippes, because my heart they burne.  
 Ife are her handes : because the fnow's fo great,  
 Not Ife her handes, that all to afhes turne.

Thus lippes and handes, cold Ife my forrowe bred,  
 Hands warme-white-fnow ; and lippes, cold cherrie red.

K

Smal

Small was her waft, the waft that was not small :  
 Gold was her haire, the haire that was not gold,  
 Tall was her shape, the shape that was not tall,  
 Folding the armes, the armes that did not folde :  
     Thus haire, and shape, thofe folding armes and waft :  
     Did make me love, and loving made me waft.

Small was her waft, becaufe I could it spanne,  
 Not small her waft : becaufe ſhe wafted all.  
 Gold was her haire : becaufe a crowne it wanne,  
 Not gold her haire : becaufe it was more pale.  
     Thus ſmalleſt waft, the greateſt waft doth make :  
     And fineſt haire, moſt faſt a lover take.

Tall was her ſhape : becaufe ſhe toucht the ſkie,  
 Not tall her ſhape : becaufe ſhe comelie was.  
 Folding her armes : becaufe ſhe hearts could tie,  
 Not folded armes : becaufe all bands they paſſe.  
     Thus ſhape, and armes, with love my heart did plie,  
     That hers I am, and muſt be till I die.

Sad was her joy : her joy that was not ſadde,  
 Short was her ſtaie, her ſtaie that was not ſhort :  
 Glad was her ſpeech, her ſpeech that was not glad :  
 Sporting thoſe toyes, thoſe toyes that were not ſport :  
     Thus was my heart, with joy, ſpeech, toyes, and ſtay,  
     Poſſeſt with love, and ſo ſtollen quite away.

Sadde

Sadde was her joy : because she did suspect,  
 Not sad her joy : because her joy she had.  
 Short was her staie : because to smal effect,  
 Long was her stay : because I was so sadde.  
 Thus joy, and staie, both crost a lover's sporte,  
 The one was sadde, the other too too short.

Glad was her speach : because she spake her mind,  
 Not glad her speach : because affraid to speake.  
 Sporting her toyes : because my love was kinde.  
 Not toyes in sport : because my heart they breake.  
 Thus speach, and toyes, my love began in jest :  
 (Sweet) yeeld to love, and make thy servant blest.

Tread you the Maze (sweet love) that I have run :  
 Marke but the steppes, which I imprinted have :  
 End but your love, whereas my thoughtes begun,  
 So shall I joye, and you a servant have.  
 If not (sweet love) then this my fute denie :  
 So shall you live, and so your servant die.



*AN ELEGIE.*

Downe in a bed, and on a bed of doune,  
 Love, she, and I to sleepe together lay :  
 She like a wanton kift me with a frowne,  
 Sleepe, sleepe, she saide, but meant to steal away ;  
     I could not choose, but kisse, but wake but smile,  
     To see how she, thought us two, to beguile.

She faind a sleepe, I wakt her with a kisse :  
 A kisse to me she gave, to make me sleepe :  
 If I did wrong (fweet love) my fault was this,  
 In that I did not you, thus waking keepe :  
     Then kisse me (fweete) that so I sleepe may take,  
     Or let me kisse, to keepe you still awake.

The night drew on, and needs she must be gone :  
 She wakèd Love, and bid him learne to waite :  
 She sigh'd, she said, to leave me there alone,  
 And bid Love stay, but practife no deceit.  
     Love wept for grieffe, and sighing made great mone,  
     And could not sleepe, nor staie, if she were gone.

Then staie (fweet love): a kisse with that I gave :  
 She could not staie : but gave my kisse againe :  
 A kisse was all that I could gett or crave,  
 And with a kisse, she bound me to remaine.  
     A' Licia still, I in my dreames did crie,  
     Come (Licia) come, or els my heart will die.

Distance

*ELEGIE. II.*

- 1 Distance of place, my love and me did part :  
 Yet both did sweare, we never would remove ;  
 In signe thereof, I bid her take my heart :  
 Which did, and doth, and can not chuse but love.  
 Thus did we part, in hope to meete againe :  
 Where both did vow, most constant to remaine.
- 2 A She there was that past betwixt us both,  
 By whom ech knew how others cause did fare.  
 For men to trust men in their love, are loth :  
 Thus had we both of love, a lover's care.  
 " Haply he seekes his sorrowes to renue,  
 " That for his love doth make another sue.
- 3 By her a kisse, a kisse to me she sent,  
 A kisse for price more worth then purest gold.  
 She gave it her, to me the kisse was ment :  
 A she to kisse, what harm if she were bold ?  
 Happy those lippes, that had so sweet a kisse ;  
 For heaven itfelse scarce yeeldes so sweet a blisse.
- 4 This modest she, blushing for shame of this,  
 Or loth to part from that she lik't so well,  
 Did play false play, and gave me not the kisse ;  
 Yet my love's kindnesse could not chuse to tell.  
 Then blame me not, that kissing sigh'd and swore,  
 I kist but her, whome you had kist before.
- 5 Sweet

*ELEGIE. II.*

- 5 Sweete, love me more, and blame me not (sweet love)  
 I kist those lippes, yet harmlesse I doe vowe,  
 Scarfe would my lippes, from of those lippes remoove,  
 For still me thought (sweet fayre) I kiffed you.  
 And thus kinde love, the summe of all my blisse,  
 Was both begunne, and ended in a kisse.
- 6 Then fend me moe, but fend them by your frend,  
 Kisse none but her, nor her, nor none at all.  
 Beware by whome such treasures you doe fend,  
 I must them loose, except I for them call.  
 Yet love me (deare), and still still kissing be,  
 Both like and love, but none (sweete love) but me.



*ELEGIE. III.*

- 1 If fadde complaint would shewe a lover's payne,  
Or teares expresse the torments of my hart,  
If melting sighes would ruth and pittie gaine,  
Or true Laments but ease a lover's smart.
- 2 Then should my plaints the thunder's noyfe surmount,  
And teares like seas should flowe from out my eyes,  
Then sighes like ayre should farre exceede all count,  
And true laments with sorrow dimme the skyes.
- 3 But plaintes, and teares, laments, and sighes I spend,  
Yet greater torments doe my heart destroy ;  
I could all these from out my heart still send,  
If after these I might my love enjoy.
- 4 But heavens conspyre, and heavens I must obey,  
That seeking love I still must want my ease.  
"For greatest joys are temperd with delay,  
"Things soone obtain'd do leaft of all us please.
- 5 My thoughtes repyne, and think the time too long,  
My love impatient, wisheth to obtaine ;  
I blame the heavens, that doe me all this wrong,  
To make me lov'd, and will not ease my payne.
- 6 No payne like this, to love and not enjoye,  
No griefe like this, to mourne and not be heard.  
No time so long, as that which breeds annoy,  
No hell like this, to love and be deferd.

K 4

7 But

*ELEGIE. III.*

- 7 But heaven shall stand, and earth inconstant flye,  
The Sunne shall freefe, and Ice inconstant burne,  
The mountaines flowe, and all the earth be drye,  
Ear time shall force my loving thoughtes to turne.
- 8 Doe you resolve (sweete love) to doe the same,  
Say that you doe, and seale it with a kisse.  
Then shall our truthes the heav'ns unkindnesse blame,  
That can not hurt, yet shewes their spyte in this.
- 9 The fillye prentice bound for many yeeres,  
Doeth hope that time his service will release.  
The towne besieg'd, that lives in midft of feares,  
Doeth hope in time the cruell warres will cease.
- 10 The toyling plough-man sings in hope to reape,  
The tossed barke expecteth for a shore ;  
The boy at school to be at play doeth leape,  
And straight forget's the feare he had before.
- 11 If these by hope doe joye in their distresse,  
And constant are, in hope to conquer tyme.  
Then let not hope in us (sweete friend) be lesse,  
And cause our love to wither in the Pryme.

Let us confpyre, and time will have an end,  
So both of us in time shall have a frend.

FINIS.



THE RISING TO  
*the Crowne of RICHARD*

*the third.* Written by him Selfe.

The Stage is fet, for Stately matter fitte,  
Three partes are past, which Prince-like acted were ;  
To play the fourth, requires a Kingly witte,  
Els shall my muse, their muses not come nere.

Sorrow sit downe, and helpe my muse to sing,  
For weepe he may not, that was cal'd a King.

*Shores* wife, a subject, though a Princeffe mate,  
Had little cause her fortune to lament.  
Her birth was meane, and yet she liv'd with State,  
The King was dead before her honour went.

*Shores* wife might fall, and none can justly wonder,  
To see her fall, that useth to lye under.

*Rosalmond* was fayre, and farre more fayre then she,  
Her fall was great, and but a woman's fall.  
Tryfles are these, compare them but with me,  
My fortunes farre, were higher then they all.

I left this land, possesst with Civill strife,  
And lost a Crowne, mine honour, and my life.

L 2

*Elfred*

*Elfred* I pitie, for she was a Queene,  
 But for myselfe, to sigh I forrow want :  
 Her fall was great, but greater falles have beene,  
 "Some falles they have, that use the Court to haunt.  
 A toye did happen, and this Queene difmayd,  
 But yet I see not why she was afraid.

Fortune and I (for so the match began)  
 Two games we play'd at tennys for a Crowne :  
 I play'd right well, and so the first I wan :  
 She skorn'd the losse, whereat she straight did frowne.  
 We playd againe, and then I caught my fall,  
*England* the Court, and *Richard* was the ball.

Nor weepe I nowe, as children that have lost,  
 But smyle to see the Poets of this age :  
 Like filly boats in shallowe rivers tost,  
 Loofing their paynes, and lacking still their wage.  
 To write of women, and of womens falles,  
 Who are too light, for to be fortunes balles.

A King I was, and Richard was my name,  
 Borne to a Crowne, when first my life began.  
 My thoughtes ambitious, venterd for the fame,  
 And from my nephewes I the kingdom wan.  
 Nor doe I think that this my honour stayn'd,  
 A Crowne I fought, and I a kingdom gayn'd.

Tyme-

Tyme-tyrant fate, did fitte me for a Crowne,  
 My father's fall did teach me to aspire :  
 He meant by force his brother to put downe,  
 That fo himfelfe might hap to rife the higher.  
 And what he loft by fortune, I have wonne,  
 A Duke the father, yet a king the fonne.

My father *Richard*, duke of *Yorke* was call'd ;  
 Three fonnes he had, all matchleffe at that tyme ;  
 I *Richard* yongest, to them both was thrall'd,  
 Yet two of us unto the crowne did clyme.  
*Edward* and I this realme as kinges did holde,  
 But *George* of *Clarence*, could not, though he would.

Sad Muse fet downe in tearmes not heard before,  
 My fable fortune, and my mournfull tale :  
 Say what thou canst, and wifh thou could fay more,  
 My bliffe was great, but greater was my bale.  
 I rofe with fpeed, and fo did fall as faft,  
 Great was my glorie, but it would not laft.

My brother *George* did plot for to be king,  
 Sparkes of ambition did poffeffe us all :  
 His thoughts were wife, but did no profite bring,  
 I fear'd his rifing, and did make him fall.  
 My reaching braine, bid dout what might enfew,  
 I fcorn'd his lyfe, and fo he found it trew.

My

My brother *George*, men say, was slaine by me,  
 A brother's part, to give his brother wine,  
 And for a crowne I would his butcher be,  
 (For crownes with blood the brighter they will shine)  
 To gaine a kingdome still it me behoov'd :  
 That all my lettes full foundlie were remoov'd.

*Henrie* the sixt depriued of his crowne,  
 Fame doeth report I put him to the death :  
 Thus fortune smyl'd, though after she did frowne,  
 A dagger's stab men say, did stop his breath.  
 I carelesse was both how, and who were slaine,  
 So that thereby a kingdome I could gaine.

Clusters of grapes full rypenèd with the heat,  
 Nor smaller timber builded up on height,  
 Fall not so fast as persons that are great :  
 Loosing their honours, bruised with their weight.  
 But fewer means, the faster I did rise,  
 And to be king, I fortune did despise.

My thoughts ambitious spread, began to flie,  
 And I a Crowne did followe with full wing, .  
 My hope was small, but yet I thought to trie,  
 I had no right, yet long'd to be a king.  
 Feare or suspect amaz'd me not at all,  
 If I were croft, the worst was but to fall.

The

The Lyon fierce difpoylèd of his praie,  
 Runnes not with fpeed fo fast as did my thought :  
 My doubtfull minde, forbad me long to stay ;  
 For why a kingdome was the thing *I* fought.  
 Now was the tyme when this was to be done,  
 Or blame my thoughts, because they it begun.

My brother dy'd, and left two Sonnes behind,  
 Both under age, unfitte to guyde the land :  
 This right fell out according to my minde,  
 For now thefe two were rulèd with my hand.  
*Englands* great Lord the fubjects did me call,  
 And *I* was made protectour over all.

But as the Wolfe defends the harmleffe fheepe  
 Whofe bloodie mouth can hardly be content,  
 Vntill he spoile what he was fet to keepe,  
 And fillie beaft be all to peeeces rent.  
 So ftill a crowne did hammer in my head,  
 Full of miftruft, till both thefe two were dead.

The elder fonne with fpeed to London came,  
 And walles forfooke where he had liv'd before :  
*London* the place of greateft ftrength and fame,  
 The *Iland's* treafure and the Englifh ftore.  
 For him Lord *Rivers* was appoynted guyde,  
 The King's own uncle by the mother's fide.

L 4

*Rivers*

Then more advis'd, he told her what he thought,  
 She and her sonne some causes had to feare,  
 And *Englands* seale he therefore with him brought,  
 Which by his place he custome was to beare.  
 Thus he resolv'd to leave the Seale behind,  
 Till wifer thoughts straight alter'd had his mind.

The Bishop home return'd in all haste,  
 And fadly fate, suspecting what might fall.  
 But then my coming made them all agast,  
 And for the Bishop I did straightway call.  
 I knew his deede, and blam'd him to his face,  
 And for the Seale, another had his place.

Thus tyrant hate possess'd me for a Crowne,  
 My minde the anvill of a thousand harmes.  
 I rais'd my friendes, my foes I cast them downe :  
 This made the subjects flocke to me in swarmes.  
 My will was strong, I made it for a Lawe,  
 "For basest mindes are rul'd best by awe.

I call'd the Counsell, and did straight perfwade  
 From mother's side to fetch the other Sonne.  
 My drift was further then they well could wade ;  
 I gave them reasons why it must donne.  
 The king a play-mate wanted for his yeeres,  
 And could not well be fitted with his Peeres.

The

The Cardnall went on message to the Queene,  
 And us'd perfwasions for her other chyld,  
 He plainely sayd, her feare had caufelesse bene,  
 Nor neede she dout by me to be beguyld :

I was Protector chosen by consent,  
 With counfell grave all treason to prevent.

And I proteft (quoth Cardnall) on my life,  
 (For so indeede the Cardnall did suppose)  
 Your Sonne with safetie shall cut off this strife,  
 And you, nor place, nor land, nor Sonne shall loofe.

Dread soveraigne graunt, and let your Sonne be free,  
 If he have harme, then fet the fault on me.

The Queene was mov'd, and quaking did reply,  
 A mother's love doeth breed a mother's feare,  
 And loth I am those mischiefes for to try,  
 With doubtfull hazard of a thing so deare,

I dout (my Lord) the neereft of his blood,  
 In true intent scarce wifheth any good.

The lawes doe make my Sonne his mother's ward,  
 Religion bids I should not flacke my care,  
 And nature bindes mine owne for to regard,  
 These and his health (my Lord) good reasons are,

To make my feare no smaller then it is,  
 Whylst feare perfwades what harme may come of this.

M 2

Yet

Yet take my sonne, and with my sonne take all.  
 Come kisse me (sonne), thy mother's last fare-well ;  
 Thy yeeres (sweete boy) suspect not what may fall ;  
 Nor can my tongue for teares thy fortune tell.  
     But hardly crownes their kindred will discern,  
     As you (sweete child) I feare yet long shall learne.

God bleffe thee (sonne) and I my sonne thee bleffe,  
 Thy mother's comfort, and thy brother's life.  
 Nay weepe not (sonne) God send thee good successe,  
 And safe defend thee from that tyrant's knife.  
     (Cardnal) farewell, be carefull of my sonne,  
     For once I vow'd, this never to have done.

I and the counsell in Starre-chamber weare,  
 To whom the Cardnall did in haste resort,  
 Who brought the child, which ended all my feare :  
 The mother's care he briefly did report:  
     I kist the child, and tooke it in my arme,  
     Thus none did think I meant it any harme.

Then as the Wolfe halfe famisht for his pray,  
 Or hungrie Lyon that a lamb hath got :  
 My thirftie minde, I ment his blood should stay  
 And yet the wifest not perceiue my plot.  
     To' the Towre in haste I sent him to his brother,  
     And there with speed, I both at once did smother.

Now



Nowe two there was, but living in my way,  
*Buckingham* and *Hastings* both, to croffe my mind :  
 The one was headed ftraight without delay,  
 The other, favours did unto me bind.  
 To match our children, I did him perfwade,  
 And Earle of *Herford* he him felfe be made.

Nowe as the Sea before a ftorme doeth fwell,  
 Or fumes arife before we fee the flame ;  
 So whifpering Brute began my drifts to tell,  
 And all Imparted unto babbling fame.  
 I dem'd it danger, fpeech for to defpice,  
 For after this I knew a ftorme would rife.

London's Lord Major, I ufed for my turne,  
 And caus'd him fpeake what treason had bene done :  
 I by thefe meanes the peoples hearts did turne,  
 And made them eye me as the rifing Sunne.  
 Thus whileft I ment the Iland to bring under,  
 The peoples heads on newes I fet to wonder.

Then at the croffe I caus'd a Doctör preach,  
 To tell the fubjects what I wifhd them know ;  
 The man was cunning, and had fkill to teach,  
 Out of my braine I made his Sermon flow.  
 Thus every where I did fuch notice give,  
 As all did crie, Heavens let King Richard live.

M 3

So

So did *I* live, and callèd was a king:  
 Friendes fwarm'd so fast, as Bees unto the hive,  
 "Thus bafest meanes the higheft fortunes bring.  
 The crowne obtaind did caufe my thoughts revive ;  
     I fcornd my friends, and thofe did moft defpyfe.  
     That were the means, by which *I* did aryfe.

Blood and revenge did hammer in my head,  
 Vnquiet thoughts did gallop in my braine :  
*I* had no reft till all my friends were dead,  
 Whofe helpe I ufde the kingdome to obtaine.  
     My deareft friend *I* thought not fafe to truft,  
     Nor fkarfe my felfe, but that perforce *I* muft.

Nor fpeake *I* now, as if *I* did repent,  
 Vnleffe for this a crowne *I* bought fo cheap.  
 For meaner things men wittes and lives have fpend,  
 Which blood have fowne, and crowns could never reape.  
     Live *Richard* long, the honour of thy name,  
     And fcorne all fuch as doe thy fortune blame.

Thus have *I* told how *I* a crowne did win,  
 Which now torments me that *I* cannot fleep.  
 Where *I* doe end, my forrow did begin,  
 Becaufe *I* got which long *I* could not keep.  
 My verfe is harfh, yet (reader) doe not frowne,  
     *I* wore no garland but a golden Crowne.

FINIS.

*To the Reader.*

*Courteous Reader for my owne fault I referre thee to my Preface; but for the Printers, I crave pardon. The excuse is just, if thou knew the cause. I desire thee therefore to correct the greater, thus; the lesse, of thy selfe; and to pardon all.*

*Thue, to the Read pag. 3, lin. 20: Thus,*

*Gracelesse, pag. 1, lin. 3, Gracefull.*

*You, pag. 3, lin. 6, Such.*

*O. pag. 8, lin. 14, Sonne.*

*Hands, pag. 4, line 7, O.*

*My, pag. 17. line 12. Thy.*

*Make, pag. 36. lin. 12. O.*

*Singers pag. 58. lin. 20. fingers.*

*Feiend, pag. 69. lin. 19. friend.*





## NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS.



*Fac-simile Title-page.* I scarcely think this is peculiar to *Licia*, rather that it has been transferred from some ecclesiastical-polemical book for which it may have been originally designed. Each figure seems to be trampling on things of a mundane character, and the whole suggests the cardinal virtues. The design is not inelegant, and the engraving very admirable. Nothing could exceed the fidelity or beauty of Mr. Allnutt's reproduction for me. In the motto it will be noticed, "addita" is printed with "a" separated, as if a preposition. This couplet may be Fletcher's own or those of some modern Latinist. The idea is ancient—Plato being the first who is known to have named Sappho "the tenth Muse" in his well-known epigram—since applied and misapplied. The first line is adapted from Ausonius (Epigram xxxvii.)

"Lesbia Pieris Sappho Soror addita Musis," &c.

Verso of printed Title-page "Ad Amorem" and "Ad Lectorem"—no doubt by Dr. Fletcher. The following are the translations referred to in the Preface:—

### 1. To Love.

If indeed the heavens adore thee !  
If indeed kind Venus bore thee !  
If Jove's nectar is thy wine,  
And ambrosia divine  
Is the food that's found for thee !  
Tell me, boy, how it can be  
That day and night thou art with me ?  
Why thy vanquish'd suppliant still  
Eager with thy brand to kill ?  
Why with tears long thirst deceive,  
And upon our marrow live ?  
Seed of fell beasts, fierce and wild,  
Of grim Styx the true-born child ;  
Since a fitting shade we are  
Wherefore thus incessant war ?

### 2. To the Reader.

It is not rude abuse, nor Envy's bark,  
Nor empty noise, nor any harsher mark  
I am afraid of, nor that I should seem,  
In my own judgment of such high esteem

As to be faultless ; but that I should feel  
 Myself ridiculous, equipp'd so ill,  
 That to my works no mind of weight and power  
 Should care to turn aside and pluck a flower:  
 This I should rue indeed — for what fond man  
 Would try to wash an Ethiopian ?

Epistle-Dedicatory — the “Ladie Mollineux, wife to the right Worshopfull Syr Richard Mollineux Knight,” and p. 52. These details on this illustrious family will doubtless interest — and for which I am mainly indebted to my friend Mr. W. A. Abram, the Historian of Blackburn.

MOLLYNEUX OF SEFTON.

Richard Molineux, Esq., son of William, and heir to his grandfather Sir Richard Molineux of Sefton, Co. Lanc., Knt., at his death in 1567, was born about A.D. 1560; married, about 1581, Frances, eldest daughter of Sir Gilbert Gerard, Knt., Master of the Rolls, to whom he had been in ward, his father, William Molyneux, Esq., having deceased when he was but seven years old. By the lady named (who is the “Ladie Molineux” of the Dedication) Richard Molineux, Esq., had issue six sons and seven daughters. All the thirteen children probably were born between the years 1581 and 1600. The sons were—Thomas and William, who both died young; Richard, third son but eventual heir, born in 1593 (created Viscount Maryborough in Ireland, and died about 1632, leaving by his wife Mary, daughter of Sir Thomas Carroll, Knt., sons Richard, created first Viscount Molineux; Caryll, second Viscount; and two daughters); Vivian; Gilbert; and Adam. The daughters were—Anne, wife of Sir John Byron of Newstead, Co. Notts; Alice, wife of William, son and heir of Robert, Lord Dormer of Wyng, Co. Bucks; Frances, married her kinsman, Sir Thomas Gerard of Bryn, Co. Lanc., bart.; Bridget, wife of Raphe Standish of Standish, Co. Lanc., Esq.; Elizabeth, first wife of Richard Sherburne of Stonyhurst, Esq.; Juliana, wife of Sir Thomas Walmesley of Dunkenhalth, Co. Lanc., Knt. (grandson of Sir Thomas the Judge); and Margaret, wife of George Simons of Brightwell, Co. Oxon, Esq. Richard Molyneux was knighted by Queen Elizabeth 24 June, 1586, at the age of 26. In 1589 and 1597 he was sheriff of the County of Lancaster. Upon the institution of the order of baronets Sir Richard was created a baronet; his name “Sir Richard Molyneux of Sefton, Knight,” stands second on the list of the first batch of baronets, made by James I., 22 May, 1611. Lady Molyneux died in 1620; and was sepultured in the family chapel in Sefton Church, the 9th February, 1620-1. Sir Richard Molineux died in 1622; buried

in Sefton Church, the 8th March, 1622-3. The "two twines, daughters of the Ladie Mollineux" addressed in the Sonnet (p. 52) cannot be absolutely identified; but were probably the two elder daughters of Sir Richard and Lady Molyneux, Anne, and Alice, the wives, respectively, of Sir John Byron and of William, Lord Dormer. These twain would be born between 1581 and 1585, and would therefore be out of the nursery, at the age, perhaps, of eight to ten, when the poet saw them and was inspired by their beauty to the composition of the sonnet. The four first daughters of Sir Richard Molyneux were all married before 1613; and the fifth and sixth before 1617. Juliana, the sixth daughter, wife of Thomas Walmesley, Esq., is noticed as then newly wedded in the Journal of Nicholas Assheton of Downham (Cheth. Soc. v. xiv.) under date 14 July, 1617; when there was a meeting of the Molineux, Gerard, Walmesley, and kindred families at Dunkenhalgh to celebrate the coming home of bride and bridegroom. The entry reads:—"July 14. I to Dunkenhalgh. To Blackburn, to meet old Sir Ric. Molyneaux, and Mr. Bradshaw, and wyves and two fons; then we went past the Bund, and mett Sir Tho. Gerard and his lady; Sir Richard Molyneaux, jun., his lady and hee came presently after, with young Mr. Walmesley, whose wyfe, Sir Ric. Molyneaux daughter, was her first tyme of coming to Dunkenhalgh."

- Ibid.* p. 3, l. 7, "*indifferent*" = impartial; l. 24, "*a fitte so melancholie.*" The "*Melancholic Humours*" of Nicholas Breton and other contemporary and later title-pages reflect this "*melancholie*" as avowed by the Poets of the periods.
- " p. 4, l. 2, "*Brownistes.*" These religionists were "thorns" in the side of the National Church and indeed in each other. Their mere scrupulosity was self-exalted into conscientiousness; yet were there good and noble men among them; l. 13, "*English Genevian puritie . . . . yet the great pillar,*" &c.—a gird at the Puritans. To "pillar" was Theodore Beza, a poet as well as a divine of the great school of Calvin; l. 20, "*accompliments*" = the embryo-form of "accomplishments"; l. 27, "*Harington's Ariosto*"—somewhat singular reading for a lady certainly; l. 32, "*unpossible*" = impossible.
- " p. 5, l. 7, "*hee*"—a second superfluous "hee" is in the original; l. 25, "*affectes*" = affections.
- " p. 6, l. 8, "*vse tearmes,*" *i.e.*, of reproach, or find fault.
- To the Reader*, p. 8, l. 3, "*exquisite,*" *sic* for exquisite; l. 28, "*learnlesse*" = unlearned.
- " p. 9, l. 8, "*boote*" = satisfaction or reparation; ll. 13-20, might have gone into a drama.

- To Licia, &c., p. 11, l. 2, "*vault*" = vault; l. 3, "*gracefuller*" = full-of-grace.
- Sonnet iii., l. 9, "*replyd*," misprinted "*relyd*."
- Sonnet vi., l. 5, "*lyke*" = likely, comma (,) would be better absent after "*lyke*."
- Sonnet vii., l. 5, "*I*," here and elsewhere the "*I*" is printed slantingly.
- Sonnet ix., l. 4, "*u*," misprint for "*n*."
- Sonnet x., l. 12, "*world*," misprinted "*wold*."
- Sonnet xi., l. 3, "*shewe*" = show, by stress of rhyme; l. 4, "*There*" = their; l. 16, "*trull*" = strumpet or perhaps here only slattern.
- Sonnet xii., misprinted xiii., l. 9, "*A' Licia*," *sic* here and elsewhere; Marlowe might have written l. 12.
- ". . . . . Aftas wealth, too meane to buy a kiffe."
- Sonnet xiii., l. 14, "*feele*" = simple or innocent.
- Sonnet xliii. The student will recall Sidney's famous "kiss" Sonnet to Stella. See also Sonnet xix.
- Sonnet xvi., l. 14, "*Still kiffe me, (sweete) or kiffe me not at all*." See Sonnet xxxv., l. 14.
- Sonnet xvii., l. 5, "*tinfall*," from *étincelle*, French, a spark; l. 14, "*immottall*" — *qu. immortal?* Cf. Sonnet xxiii., l. 8.
- Sonnet xviii. and xix. Again Sidney is recalled here. See Sonnet xliii. In Sonnet xviii., l. 7, "*griefes*" is misprinted "*gtief*."
- Sonnet xx., l. 4, "*brookt*" = allowed, endured. This also recalls Sidney's Sonnets on Stella's "sickness." See Sonnet xliii.
- Sonnet xxii. For the biographic interest of this Sonnet see Memorial-Introduction.
- Sonnet xxiii. Once more, Sidney to Stella when she walked un-veiled, is recalled here.
- Sonnet xxliii. See note on Sonnet xx., l. 3, "*spotlesse*," a comma certainly ought to have been placed after "*spotless*"; l. 10, "*chaung*" = change; l. 14, See Sonnet xxxvi., l. 14.
- Sonnet xxv., l. 11, "*weildes*" = wieldless is not to be wielded (humanly). It will be noticed this consists of eighteen lines; l. 17, "*heaven*" — *qu. Jove?* so completing the "seven," or as "*heaven*" = Jove?
- Sonnet xxvi., l. 3, "*Harbour*" = arbour.
- Sonnet xxvii., l. 3, "*shine*." Cf. Sonnet to Licia (p. 11.), l. 2, "*clear shine*"; l. 4, "*pearlike*" = pearl-like; l. 5, "*resolved*" = dissolved.
- Sonnet xxix., l. 7, "*ebon*" = ivory *not* "ebony" — a noticeable occurrence of the word. See Sonnet xxxix., l. 7.
- Sonnet xxx., misprinted xxi., l. 14, "*doe*," inadvertently misprinted twice in the original.
- Sonnet xxxv., l. 14. See Sonnet xvi., l. 14. This Sonnet again recalls the exquisiteness of Sidney.
- Sonnet xxxvi., l. 14. See Sonnet xliii., l. 14.
- Sonnet xxxvii. — misprinted xxxviii. in original.



- Sonnet xxxix., l. 3—"I fainting die, whome yet a smile might save"—again worthy of Marlowe; l. 7, "*Ebon*"=ivory as before in Sonnet xxix., l. 7; l. 8, "*life*," misprinted "*live*" in original.
- A Sonnet made, &c. See in Epistle-dedicatory, l. 3, "*fewed*"=sued; l. 10, "*rule the world with least part of a frown*"—once more worthy of Marlowe; l. 11, comma ought to have been removed after "*these*."
- Sonnet xlii., l. 3, "*let*"=hinder.
- Sonnet xliii., l. 10, "*sunne*," misprinted "*sunne*" in original."
- Sonnet xlv., l. 8, "*let*" as in preceding note.
- Sonnet li., l. 4, "*Pandor-like*"=Pandora-like; Daniel and Griffin have parallels to this Sonnet.
- Sonnet lii., l. 2, "*shine*." See on xxvii., l. 3, but qu. her shrine? l. 5, "*trams*"=nets, snares; l. 6, "*Ebon*." See on xxxix., l. 7; l. 6, "*pale*"=surrounding or enclosure.
- An Ode, p. 65-6. This ode will remind the student of Richard Barnfield's nearly contemporary and more celebrated one. See my Edition of Barnfield's Complete Poems for the Roxburghe Club (1 vol. 4to, 1876), l. 4, "*fight*"=sighed.
- A Dialogue, &c., p. 67, l. 10, "*mell*"=mate or match; p. 68, l. 11, in margin here "*with one eye*;" p. 69, l. 4, "*doome*"=judgment or decision; p. 70, l. 11, the printed word in original is "*to*," but it is crossed out, and "*and*" written over it.
- An Elegie, p. 76, l. 16, "*and*," misprinted in original "*add*," and l. 18, "*sleep*." Elegie ii.—reminds of Donne and of Herrick.
- The Rising to the Crowne of Richard the third. Written by him Selfe, i.e.,* as if spoken by himself. The names and incidents are all common places of history, and therefore here need no annotation here. The student may compare it with Christopher Brooke's *Ghost of Richard the Third*, reprinted in my collection of his complete Poems in the Fuller Worthies' Library Miscellanies. See our Memorial-Introduction on *The Rising*, &c., p. 86, last l. "*laide*"=[was] laide; p. 91, l. 9, "*Brute*"=rumour; p. 93, Errata; all corrected, save such as are themselves errors.—G.





