C:4:

Melville.

POEMS

OF

SIR ROBERT AYTOUN.

MONUMENT OF SIR ROBERT AYTOUN.

IN WESTMINTER ABBEY.

THE

POEMS

OF

SIR ROBERT AYTOUN,

EDITED BY

CHARLES ROGER,
DUNINO,

FROM A MS. IN HIS POSSESSION, AND OTHER AUTHENTIC SOURCES.

Eton, inexhaustis Phœbi satiate fluentis,
Palladis et Suadæ viva medulla deæ.

EDINBURGH:
ADAM & CHARLES BLACK, NORTH BRIDGE,
BOOKSELLERS TO HER MAJESTY.

MDCCCXLIV.

MURRAY AND GIBB, PRINTERS, GEORGE STREET, EDINBURGH.

TO

DAVID IRVING, Esq., LL.D.

WHOSE ACCURATE AND EXTENSIVE RESEARCHES INTO

EVERY DEPARTMENT OF SCOTTISH POETRY, AND INTO THE HISTORY OF

SCOTTISH POETS,

ARE SO WELL KNOWN AND SO HIGHLY APPRECIATED,

This Volume

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PREFACE.

An attempt is here made to rescue from oblivion the poetical works of an author who has been comparatively neglected for upwards of two hundred years. A taste for the early productions of the Scottish and English Muse has of late more extensively diffused itself; and the works of our ancient poets are more sought after, and more highly appreciated. Under these circumstances, the editor has prepared the accompanying volume for the press, trusting that the poems of Sir Robert Aytoun will now receive that attention which, he humbly conceives, they well merit, and which the neglect of two centuries ought to render more obligatory. How far the editor has been successful in his department must depend on the opinion of a candid public. It is, however, but justice to himself to state, that in preparing these poems for publication, he has had no small difficulties and disadvantages to encounter. Living in a rather retired part of the country during the summer months, and engaged during winter in following out an academical education at St Andrews University, and at a distance from places of antiquarian research, he was

enabled to devote only his leisure hours to his duties as an editor, and to acquire much of his information through the kindness of his friends. From his youth and inexperience, too, the work may not be so complete as it otherwise might have been; and though he has made every effort in his power to do justice to his author, several deficiencies may be detected, for which he claims the indulgence of the public; and he shall be most happy to correct them, if pointed out, should the work be fortunate enough to pass into a second edition.

The MS. from which the greater number of the English poems are published, was accidentally discovered, and purchased by the editor, at the sale of the books of the late Miss Hadow, an old residenter in St Andrews, daughter of Dr George Hadow, Professor of Hebrew in St Mary's College, and grand-daughter of Mr James Hadow, Principal of St Mary's College, to which office he was appointed in 1710. The MS. is a small duodecimo volume, in a high state of preservation, and appears to have been regarded with great reverence. On the first page, it is entitled "The Poems of that worthy Gentleman, Sir Robert Aytoun, Knight, Secretary to Anna and Mary, Queens of Great Britain, &c., 1 volume;" and on one of the boards appears the date of 1678, with the initials I. S. From the penmanship, unlike the ordinary writing of the period, the orthography, and the various mistakes evidently committed by the transcriber, arising from

the contractions in the original MS., the editor has little doubt that it was written by a juvenile hand. The original MS. of Aytoun's Poems, written either by himself, or by his intimate friend Sir James Balfour of Denmiln, Lord-Lyon-at-Arms, the indefatigable collector of everything connected with the literary and antiquarian history of Scotland, was in the possession of this latter gentleman long after the death of Sir Robert. Many of Balfour's valuable manuscripts were lost, and scattered throughout the country, on the capture of Perth in 1644, whither he had conveyed them for safety in those distracted times. The MS. in the possession of the editor, he conceives to have been transcribed from the original by Master John Sharp, the youngest son of Archbishop Sharp, who was baptized at St Andrews on the 16th February 1666; on which occasion, David Aytoun of Kinaldie, nephew of the poet, acted as one of the witnesses. Whether the original MS. came into the possession of Master John Sharp, through the nephew of Sir Robert, or whether it became the property of the Archbishop after the capture of Perth, or was presented to him by the second son of Sir James Balfour, who purchased the estate of Randerston, in the parish of Crail, from him and his brother-in-law, the editor has not the means of ascertaining. That the transcript in the editor's possession, however, was written by Master John Sharp in his twelfth year, there are many reasons to believe.

How the MS. became the property of the Hadow family, the editor has been unable to discover; but from the family care that seems to have been bestowed on it, it had probably come into their possession by the intermarriage of Mr James Hadow, Principal of St Mary's College, with one of the family of the Archbishop. In the beginning of last century, it appears to have been used as a household book, as the latter half of the volume, unoccupied by the poems, is filled with directions for dyeing, and other domestic recipes. There occur in this part of the volume the dates of 1704, 1705, and 1708, and the writing resembles that of Principal Hadow.

A second volume of Aytoun's Latin Poems was among the MSS. of Sir James Balfour in the Advocates' Library, but has been amissing for several years. His Latin poems, published in this volume, are reprinted from the first volume of the *Delitiæ Poetarum Scotorum*, which was printed at Amsterdam in 1637, during the poet's lifetime, and in all probability contains the whole of the Latin poems which he had considered worth preserving; so that the loss of the MS. in the Advocates' Library is of less consequence. It would appear that the MS. in the possession of the editor had been copied from the first volume of Balfour's MS. of Aytoun's Poems, and that the second volume had remained among Balfour's other MSS. The editor is informed that the whole MSS. of Aytoun's poems were sold at the sale of the

late indefatigable and distinguished book-collector, Mr Richard Heber, about 1834; but who the purchaser was he has not been able to ascertain.

The editor has made inquiry regarding Aytoun's Greek and French Poems, and has reason to believe that none of them now exist in this country. From Aytoun's long residence in France, he would be able to acquire a complete knowledge of the French language; and from the natural smoothness and sweetness of his verses, there may be some of them preserved in the old French poetical collections; but the editor has not yet been fortunate enough to discover them.

The editor has reprinted the Latin poems exactly as they appear in the *Delitiæ Poetarum Scotorum*, and has scrupulously adhered to the reading of the English poems in the MS., except where the transcription is obviously erroneous. In these cases the original reading has been substituted, in as far as it could be made out from the meaning and rhythms of the poems. The orthography of the MS. being evidently not that of the original, the editor has substituted, as far as possible, the mode of spelling that obtained at the period when the poet flourished. Most of the poems in the MS. are without names, and the editor has distinguished them by different appellations, though many of them are on the same subject, to enable the reader more easily to discover them by the index. There are a number of Aytoun's English poems published in the volume, which the editor has collected

from various sources, though they are not contained in the MS. None of these, however, have been inserted without a strict investigation as to their authenticity. The editor has no doubt but that if all the old collections of English poetry were carefully examined, various other poems of Aytoun might be discovered, which, from the poet's peculiar manner, could be at once recognised. Of the information contained in the first volume of the Bannatyne Miscellany, regarding the poet's life and writings, the editor has freely availed himself, and has the satisfaction to state, that in very few instances he has had to differ from the opinion and authority of its learned editor.

The editor has prefixed to the Poems a Memoir of the Author, from the information of the public records, and other authentic sources; and an Introduction to the Poetry of the period, chiefly compiled from the historians of Scottish and English song. He has also been enabled to prepare, with much cost and labour, a Genealogical Tree of the Family of Aytoun of Kinaldie; together with an Appendix, giving a detailed account of the family. He has embellished the work with an engraving of the monument of the author in Westminster Abbey, drawn and adapted to the volume by Mr Paterson of the Madras College, St Andrews, from the copies in Smith's Iconographia Scotica, and Dart's History of the Abbey Church of St Peter's, Westminster. A Glossary of Scotticisms,

and copious Notes on the English Poems will be found at the end of the volume.

In conclusion, the editor's best thanks are due to the Very Rev. Principal Haldane, and Drs Hunter and Gillespie of St Andrews, for the very polite and ready manner in which they gave him access to the Kirk-session and University records of that city; to Messrs Latto and Webster, Session-Clerks of Kingsbarns and Crail, for the great research they undertook, to procure information regarding the Aytoun family, from the records of their respective parishes; to James Aytoun, Esq., Advocate, Edinburgh, for his valuable information as to the origin of the Aytoun family; to John Purvis, Esq., younger of Kinaldie, for the very obliging manner in which he showed him the charters of the property; to the Rev. Hew Scott of Anstruther-wester, for the facility of acquiring much valuable information; to Charles Roger, Esq., Dundee, author of the Genealogical and Historical Trees of the Kings of Scotland, for delineating the Genealogical Tree of the Aytoun family; and to David Laing, Esq., of the Signet Library, Edinburgh, for the kind manner in which he supplied him with several necessary and important materials. To Dr Thomas Murray, in particular, author of the *Literary History of Galloway*, the editor has to express himself as much indebted, for the great interest he has shown in bringing this work before the public, and for the great trouble he has taken in revising the proofs. The editor begs

also to return thanks to his Subscribers, who have in some degree contributed to the laying of this work before the public.

DUNINO, BY ST ANDREWS,
December 1843.

MEMOIR

OF

SIR ROBERT AYTOUN.

THE few and scanty materials furnished by history, or by the public records, regarding the life of a poet, whose strains more entitle him to immortality than those of many of his less gifted but more ambitious contemporaries, afford little room for the Biographer to remark on the traits of his character, or peculiarities of his manners. The chief ground which exists for reflection and remark, are his verses, and from these may be deduced the tenor of his disposition. The materials, therefore, being limited, this Memoir must necessarily be brief and general.

Sir Robert Aytoun was the second son of Andrew Aytoun proprietor of Kinaldie in Fife.* Mention of his birth can-

* The estate of Kinaldie is situated in the parishes of Dunino and Cameron. It is divided into South and North Kinaldie, the latter half lying in Cameron, where there is reason to believe Sir Robert was born, from the circumstance that the castle of Kinaldie, the foundations of which were cleared out by the present proprietor, Alexander Purvis, Esq., being situated in the latter parish, a little to the west of the present elegant mansion house. The castle of Kinaldie is reported to have

not be found in any public register, but, from the inscription on his monument in Westminster Abbey, he appears to have been born in the castle of Kinaldie, in 1570. Where he received the rudiments of his education is unknown, but in the Matriculation Register* of the University of St Andrews, it is stated that he was incorporated a student in St Leonard's College, along with his elder brother, in 1584. He is also mentioned as obtaining the degree of Master of Arts, in 1588, after the usual curriculum of study. Having obtained a philosophical education at the University of St Andrews, he went to France, probably to complete his education, as was the custom of the youth of the period, by studying civil law at the University of Paris. What was his object in visiting France has not, however, been completely ascertained, and his employment during his protracted residence there is also in a great measure unknown. Dempster, who gives a short account of Aytoun in his *Historia Ecclesiastica Gentis Scotorum*, states, that "he long cherished useful learning in France, and left there a distinguished proof and reputation of his worth." It is probable, therefore, that he had devoted himself to literary pursuits, and to the invocation of the muses. Dempster adds, that he was a writer of Greek

been a magnificent structure, but was uninhabited after 1676, when the proprietor succeeded his uncle, Sir John Aytoun, Knight of the Black Rod, in his estate of Kippo, where the family resided subsequent to that period. (*See Genealogical Tree and Appendix.*)

* This Register is entitled "*Nomina Incorporatorum et subscribentium articulis Religionis.*" It has always been used since the foundation of the colleges; and, to this day, every student, during the first year of his curriculum, must affix to it his signature, otherwise he is not entitled to the honours and privileges of the university. The record contains Sir Robert Aytoun's signature.

and French, as well as of Latin and English verses, and it is likely the former were composed during his residence on the continent. At all events, there are no traces of such compositions having been written by him in his native country. His first appearance in Britain, after his departure to France, was in 1603, when he addressed an elegant Latin panegyric to King James, on his accession to the English throne. It was printed at Paris in the same year,* but might have passed unnoticed by King James, among the many flattering congratulations, both in verse and prose, heaped upon him on the occasion, had he not perceived its intrinsic merit. Whatever may have been the frailties and failings of James VI., his knowledge of Latinity is indisputable. He received his education under the direction and superintendence of Buchanan, who, with perhaps more than becoming severity, instilled into the mind of the youthful sovereign such a knowledge of, and taste for, the Latin classics, that, looking back on his preceptor, he could not but congratulate himself on being educated under such a scholar, while he deprecated the harshness and rigidity of his discipline. This panegyric, therefore, had great effect in obtaining for Aytoun the royal favour, and, in all probability, was the origin of his connexion with the English court.

* De Foelici, et semper Augusto, Jacobi VI. Scotiæ, Insularumque adiacentium Regis Imperio, nunc recens florentissimis Angliæ et Hiberniæ Sceptris amplificato, Roberti Aytoni Scoti Panegyris. Parisiis cioioc. iii. 4to. 10 leaves, with a prose dedication to King James. This elegant Latin panegyric was again published during the author's lifetime, in the *Delitiæ Poetarum Scotorum*, from which it is reprinted in this volume.

From various circumstances, it appears that Aytoun was brought under the notice of King James immediately after the presentation of his panegyric, and became henceforth a member of the royal household. Here he speedily acquired high offices and honours. It is recorded on his monument, that he was Private Secretary to Queen Anne, Gentleman of the Bed-chamber, a Privy Councillor, Master of the Requests, and Master of the Ceremonies. These offices he held to the great satisfaction and admiration of the court; and Dempster states, that "he conducted himself with such moderation and prudence, that when he obtained high honours in the palace, all held that he deserved greater." It appears, too, from Aytoun's monumental inscription, that he was sent by his royal master, King James, to the emperor and princes of Germany, with a little book written by the monarch. This is supposed to have been James' "Apology for the Oath of Allegiance," which he first published anonymously, and afterwards acknowledged in 1609, when he dedicated it "to Rodolph II., Emperor of Germany, Hungary, &c., and to all other right high and mighty Princes and States of Christendome." It seems to have been on this occasion that the honour of knighthood was conferred on the poet, and that out of respect to his royal master, as well as for his own merit. That this ceremony did not take place in Britain, is nearly evident, since, among the many hundred knights created annually by King James, mentioned by Nicholas in his history of the Orders of Knighthood, by Nichols in his Progresses of King James, and by Rymer in his *Foedera*, Aytoun's name does not occur. Doubtless, from the everyday occurrence of dubbing knights during the

reign of James VI., the recording of the poet's name in the public archives might have been omitted, and, from his own natural modesty, the fact might not seem surprising. "Previous to 1603," says Rymer, in his *Foedera*, vol. xvi. p. 529, "knighthood had been considered as an especial mark of royal favour; but on the 17th of July, the king being then at Hampton Court, a general summons was issued for all persons who had £40 a year in land, either to come and receive the honour, or to compound with the king's commissioners." But greater honour, in all probability, was reserved for the poet, than to obtain by merchandise that distinction to which his powers and rank so justly entitled him.

Dempster styles Aytoun *eques auratus*, an appellation used in general to designate those knights who are created on the coronation or marriage-days of emperors and kings, and who receive, at the same time, the spurs of honour. This title, however, cannot have been applied to the poet from his receiving the honour at either of these occasions by King James, since he is styled Mr Robert Aytoun, in a sonnet addressed to him by Alexander Craig of Rosecraig, printed in 1609. But the designation of *eques auratus* has been applied to the order of the Golden Fleece, in which sense it is evidently used by Dempster. "This great and illustrious order of knighthood," says a writer on the subject, "which is second only to the Garter, was instituted on the 10th January 1429, by Philip the Good, Duke of Burgundy and Brabant, and Earl of Flanders, the most puissant prince of that age. According to the fundamental principle of its original institution, the grand-mastership appertains inalienably to the prince who is in possession of the earldom of

Flanders." Thus Rodolph the Second of Germany, by succeeding his father, Maximilian, who married Mary the heiress of Burgundy, possessed the earldom of Flanders, and had the power of conferring this order of knighthood. It is expressly specified in the code of laws of the order, "that whoever is the object of the choice of the sovereign, possesses, in virtue of his so being, every requisite which may entitle him to his admission therein." * It is not improbable, therefore, that Rodolph, to testify his regard for his friend and ally, King James, and for the honour conferred on him by the dedication of his work, had bestowed on his ambassador this order of knighthood, which, from the learning which the poet would display, he might conceive to be the more merited.

It is stated in Aytoun's monumental inscription, that he was Prefect of St Catherine. This was an ancient military order of knighthood, but whether it was ever used in this country, we have not been able to ascertain. It is not improbable, however, that the poet had received this honour from some of the other kings or emperors, to whom he had carried the royal work, which was not only dedicated to Rodolph, but generally "to all the right high and mighty princes, and states of Christendome." In this way, it would appear that the poet possessed two orders of knighthood, one of a royal and merited, and the other of a military nature, which may account for the following lines addressed to him by the Latin poet, Dunbar.

* Clark, in his history of knighthood, says, that all the knights of the Golden Fleece must prove their noble descent from the 12th century, a qualification which, if really necessary, Aytoun could have had little difficulty in producing. (*See Appendix to Genealogical Tree.*) The motto of the order is *Pretium non vile laborum.*

AD ROBERTUM ETONEM EQUITEM,

ANNÆ REGINÆ SECRETARIUM, &c.

Eton, inexhaustis Phœbi satiate fluentis,
Palladis et Suadæ viva medulla deæ:
Mars aliis equitum solos largitur honores;
Hos tibi sed præbent Mars et Apollo simul.
Una manus calamum teneat, manus altera ferrum,
Sic sis nominibus dignus utrinque tuis.*

On the demise of James and his queen, Aytoun, who appears to have ingratiated himself with the Prince of Wales, continued to possess the same offices and honours in the court. He became secretary to Harrietta Maria, Queen of Charles I., and likewise enjoyed the favour of that monarch to his death.

Sir Robert was acquainted with many of his learned and poetical contemporaries. Aubrey† states, "he was acquainted with all the witts of his time in England." He adds, that "he was a great acquaintance of Mr Thomas Hobbes, of Malmesbury, who told me, he made use of him (together with Ben Jonson) for an Aristarchus, when he drew up his Epistle Dedicatory for his translation of Thucydides."‡

* Epigramatia Joan. Dunbar, Cent. iii. xlv. London, 1616, p. 73.

† Aubrey's Letters, vol. ii. p. 200. Aubrey adds an erroneous note in regard to Aytoun's ancestry, which it is unnecessary to quote.

‡ "Eight bookes of the Peloponnesian Warre, &c., interpreted with faith and diligence." This translation, dedicated to Sir William Cavendish, Earl of Devonshire, was first printed at London, 1634, folio. In his address to the reader, Hobbes says, it had "past the censure of some whose judgment I very much esteem."

Aytoun appears to have been the favourite of all to whom he was known; and as a proof of the modesty of his pretensions and genius, Ben Jonson, in his celebrated conversation with Drummond of Hawthornden, while slashing all his contemporaries by his poignant and bitter satire, made it his boast that "Sir Robert Aytoun loved him dearly."* The terms of intimacy which subsisted between Aytoun and Sir James Balfour of Denmiln, seem to have been great, and they afterwards became distantly connected by marriage.† Natives of the same shire, and both belonging to the royal household,‡ they had every opportunity of forming that close intimacy and friendship which perhaps led, in a great measure, to Aytoun's poetic immortality, from the care taken by Balfour to procure copies of his verses. Sir James had himself, in his younger years, pretty extensively and successfully courted the Muses, as appears from his eulogy by the Latin poet, Leoch, in his *Strenæ*, published in 1626, where he dedicates his *Janus* to Sir James, in the most flattering terms. Balfour's muse was both prolific of Scottish and Latin verse, but he, who was so careful to preserve the strains and writings of others, left his own to perish.§ Aytoun was also in habits of great intimacy with Sir William Alexander, of

* Gifford's Life of Ben Jonson, 8 vols. 8vo. 1816.

† Sir James Balfour married, 21st October 1630, Anna, daughter of Sir John Aytoun of that Ilk, and his spouse, Lady Elizabeth Wemyss, fourth daughter of John, first Earl of Wemyss.

‡ Sir James held the office of Lord-Lyon-at-arms in Scotland, to which he was installed in 1630, and though he did not reside at court, his personal attendance was often required thither.

§ None of Balfour's verses have come down to our times. (*See Chambers' Lives of Illustrious and Distinguished Scotsmen.*)

Menstrie, afterwards created Earl of Stirling by Charles I., and Sir James Hay, afterwards Earl of Carlisle, both of whom he has celebrated by his muse.

During Aytoun's residence abroad, a biographer relates, "he lived in intimacy with, and secured the acquaintance of, the most eminent persons of his time," as well as at the court of England. Though possessed of the estate of Over-Durdie,* in the parish of Kilspindie in Perthshire, which there is ground for supposing he had himself purchased, it does not appear that he embraced opportunities of becoming acquainted to any extent with his Scottish contemporaries; nor have we ever been able to discover him on any public visit to Scotland, by accompanying King James in any of his expeditions thither. At what time Aytoun purchased† the estate of Over-Durdie, or whether he ever resided on the property, we have been unable, after considerable inquiry, to ascertain. That he should, however, have purchased such a pleasant estate,—the celebration of whose hills and dales

* David Aytoune de Kinnaldie, *hæres talliæ et conquestus* Domini Roberti Aytoune Secretarii S D N Regis Moderni, *patrui*, in terris de Over-Durdie. Decimus garbalibus dictarum in parochia de Kilspindie, et dominio de Scone. *Inquis. Special.* Perth, Oct. 27, 1649.

† I am informed by the Rev. Mr Black of Kilspindie, that the estate of Over-Durdie is beautifully situated on the declivity of the Carse of Gowrie, and commands an extensive and delightful prospect of the eastern district of Perthshire. It consists of two farms, and contains about 370 acres. The estate has of late been much improved. Mr Black states, that there is no tradition or record of the poet in the parish. The present proprietor of the estate, Principal Dewar of Marischal College, Aberdeen, informs me that he is unable to give any account as to whom, or from whom, Aytoun purchased the property.

would have been such a fit subject for his muse,—without having a residence upon it, it would be unreasonable to suppose. Indeed, in one of his poems he seems to allude to his romantic abode—

> The hills, the dales, the deserts where I lie,
> With echoes of my sighs would breathe my pain.

At whatever period the poet exchanged the bustle of court for his pleasant estate in Perthshire, it is certain that he did not long reside there, since we always find him a close attendant at the royal court, preferring the gaiety and ease of state to the troubles and inconveniences of travelling. All the subjects of his muse that are now left to us, with few exceptions, relate to the followers of the court; and he seems to have made it his constant study to contribute to their flattery and amusement.

Further particulars regarding the poet's history we have been unable to learn. It is recorded on his monument that he did not live to a very advanced age, having died in the palace of Whitehall in London, in March 1638, in his sixty-eighth year. Though his life was not extended to a very advanced period, yet we have much reason to believe that his days on earth were spent in the midst of much enjoyment and pleasure, and as free from the turmoils and agitations of the period as fell to the lot of any of his exalted contemporaries. The earthly remains of the poet were consigned to Westminster Abbey, to mingle with the dust of poets, scholars, and heroes. A magnificent monument of black marble, with his bust in brass gilt, was erected to his memory, and in expression of his worth, by his nephew, Sir

John Aytoun,* Knight of the Black Rod in England, and younger brother of the proprietor of Kinaldie, in the south aisle of the choir of Westminster Abbey, at the corner of Henry Vth's chapel. The monument and bust are still in excellent preservation, while the bust of Henry,† the hero of Agincourt, has long since disappeared. An engraving of the monument and bust has been adopted for the frontispiece to the volume, which has been very carefully copied from the engravings in Smith's Iconographia,‡ and Dart's History of the Abbey Church, Westminster. The following is an accurate§ copy of the inscription on the monument :—

* In Chambers' Lives of Illustrious and Distinguished Scotsmen, it is stated, that the monument was erected by David Aytoun, the proprietor of Kinaldie. This is a mistake, as the inscription itself bears otherwise.

† It was made of silver, and was melted and converted into coin by Cromwell's soldiers.

‡ *Iconographia Scotica*, or Portraits, &c. of Illustrious Persons in Scotland; by John Smith, of Inner Temple. London, 1798, 4to. *Westmonasterium*, or the History and Antiquities of the Abbey Church of St Peter's, Westminster ; by Mr John Dart. Folio. The following is Dart's descriptive note,—"Fixed to the corner of Henry Vth's chapel, on this side, as Gouvernet's is on t'other, and under Philippa's tomb, is a monument of black marble, with a busto of brass gilt, for Sir Robert Aiton, knight, a person of great virtue and learning, especially in poetry. He was Gentleman of the Privy Chamber to King James, and sent Legate into Germany to the Emperor. He died, Anno 1638."

§ In several works, Aytoun's monumental inscription has been so incorrectly printed as to be completely unintelligible. Here it is carefully revised, and compared with the various copies.

M. S.

Clariss^mi. omnigenaq. virtute et eruditione, præsertim poesi ornatissimi Equitis Domini Roberti Aitoni ex antiqua et illustri gente Aitona, ad castrum Kinnadinum apud Scotos, oriundi, qui a Serenissmo. R. Jacobo in Cubicula Interiora admissus, in Germaniam ad Imperatorem Imperiiq. Principes cum Libello Regio, Regiæ authoritatis vindice Legatus, ac primum ANNAE demum MARIAE Seremiss^mis. Britanniarum reginis ab Epistolis, consiliis et libellis supplicibus, nec non Xenodochio, Stae. Catherinae Præfectus. Anima CREATORI reddita hic depositis mortalibus exuviis secundum Redemptoris adventum expectat.

CAROLUM linquens repetit Parentem,
Et valedicens MARIAE revisit
ANNAM, et Aulai decus alto Olympi
Mutat honore.

Obiit coelebs in Regia Albaula
Non sine maximo bonorum omnium
Luctu et mœrore ætat. suæ LXVIII.
Salut. Humanæ M.D.CXXXVIII.

Hoc devoti gratiq. animi
Testimonium optimo Patruo
Io. Aitonus M. L. P.

Musarum Decus Hic, Patriæq. Aulaeq. Domique
Et Foris Exemplar sed non imitabile Honesti.

TRANSLATION.

SACRED TO THE MEMORY

Of a very illustrious Knight, Sir Robert Aytoun, most adorned by every virtue and species of learning, especially poetry. He was descended from the ancient and eminent family of Aytoun, at the Castle of Kinaldie in Scotland. Being appointed Gentleman of the Bed-chamber by his most gracious majesty King James, he was sent to the Emperor and Princes of Germany, with a royal little work, defending royal authority; and having been made Prefect of St Catherine, he became Private Secretary, first to Anne, and then to Mary, the most serene Queens of Great Britain. He was also a Privy Councillor, Master of the Requests,

and Master of the Ceremonies. His soul being restored to its Creator, while his mortal remains are here deposited, awaits the second coming of the Redeemer.

Leaving King Charles, he returns to his Royal sire; and bidding adieu to Queen Mary, he revisits Queen Anne; and exchanges the honour of the Palace, for the exalted glory of Heaven.

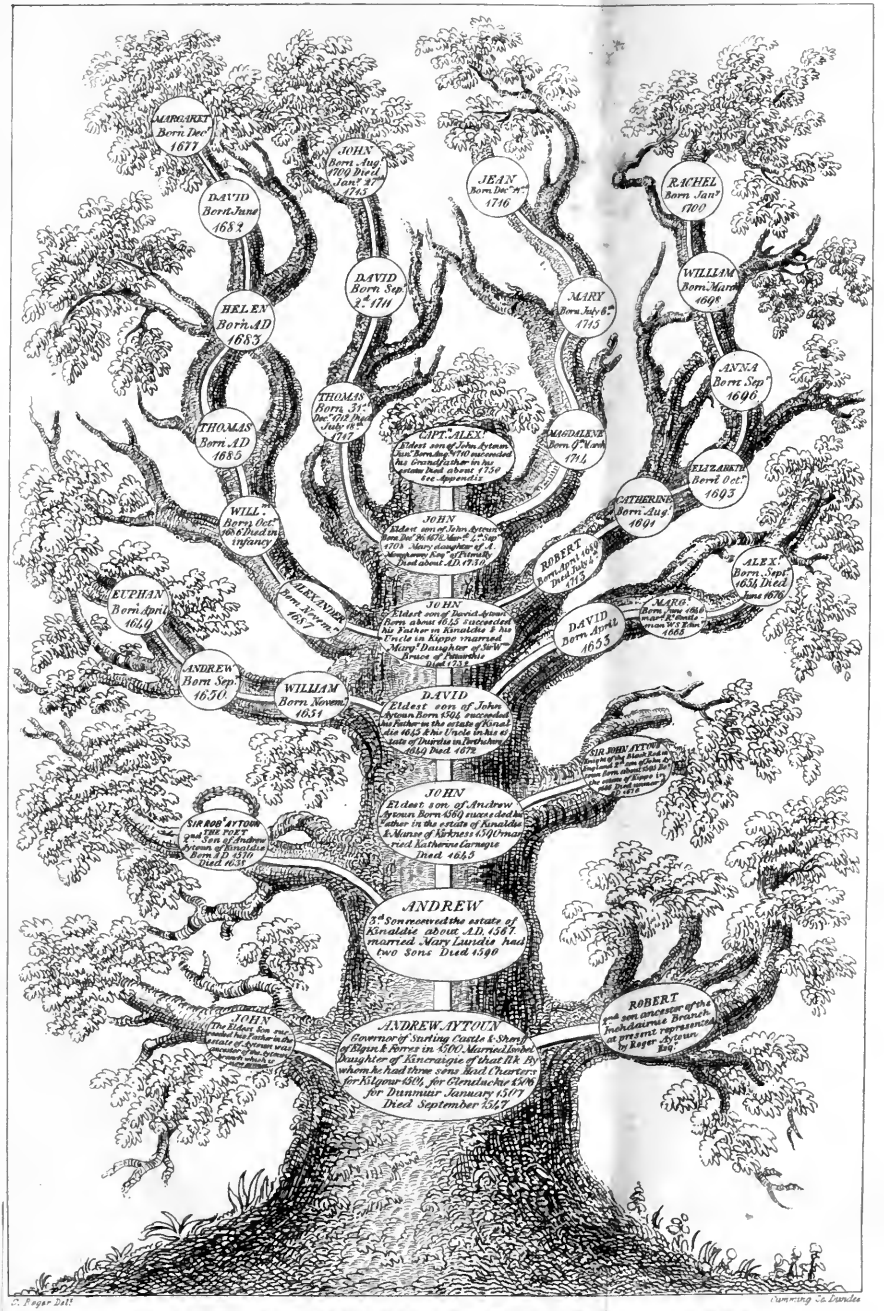
He died, unmarried, in the Palace of Whitehall, not without the greatest grief and lamentation of all good men, in 1638, aged sixty-eight years.

As a testimony of his devoted and grateful mind, John Aytoun has erected this mournful monument to the best of Uncles.

Here lies entombed the unrivalled example of worth—
The glory of the Muses—of the Court and Country—of
Home and Abroad.

What were Aytoun's personal attractions cannot now be ascertained. It is certain, that although he was the acknowledged favourite of the royal court, and daily increased in the estimation of his sovereigns, he was allowed to sing the disdain of his mistress to his latest hour, having died unmarried. Every biographer and historian who record his name, mention his amiability of manners, and winning address. He appears to have been the perfect model of exquisite politeness and courtly accomplishments. These, added to his profound and extensive learning, and great poetical genius, ought justly to rank him among the prodigies of his age. Probably, taking no interest in the public affairs and political movements which distracted and convulsed the

empire, he had recourse to his poetic muse to resound the praises of the court, and to pass the pleasing hour. To his other accomplishments, Aytoun added that of extreme modesty, which prevented him from publishing his English poetic strains, and thus, in a great degree, bereft himself of posthumous fame.



C. Roger Delt

Cumming Sc. Dundee

TO ROGER AYTOUN ESQ.r OF INCHDAIRNIE

Head & Representative of the Aytoun Family

This Genealogical Tree of the Family of Aytoun of Kinaldie is very respectfully Dedicated

INTRODUCTION TO THE POETRY.

No sooner had King James VI. crossed the Tweed, on his accession to the English throne, "than the Muses," says Campbell in his History of Scottish Poetry, "as if fascinated by the splendour of a southern Court, fled from Scotland to encircle the throne of the pedantic monarch." This circumstance, however, cannot be attributed to the Sovereign's adoption and example of the language of his new kingdom, since his speech was in the broadest dialect of his native language; and even his writings display, in a great measure, the ordinary Scottish phraseology of the period. But the sudden change of the language of metrical composition is easily explained. England had now become the seat of the Court of both kingdoms; and the nobles and literati of Scotland naturally chose to imitate the acquirements and speech of a nation which had exceeded them in every species of literary and social refinement. "The vulgar languages of Scotland and England," observes Dr Irving, in his Lives of the Scottish Poets, "probably remained at an ample distance from each other till about the time of the union of the two crowns." Dr Robertson, in his History of Scotland, considers that, "at the end of the sixteenth century, the languages of both kingdoms

were in a state nearly similar, differing from one another somewhat in orthography; though not only the words, but the idioms, were much the same." This statement of Dr Robertson, however, might be easily shown to be incorrect, as there is much evidence to believe that the ordinary languages of the sister kingdoms differed from each other very considerably, for many years after the union of the crowns, both in idiom and orthography. As to whether the languages of Scotland and England were derived from one common source, has been an ample theme for polemical controversy among antiquaries; and the historians of both nations have sometimes puzzled themselves, and often their readers, in accounting for the origin of the languages of their respective countries. Whether they were branches of the same tree, or fundamentally and primitively distinct, it is not for us at present to inquire. It is certain that our ancient Scottish poets all use many of the phrases abounding in the English language of the same period; and the nearer they live to the present time, the more similar is their language to that of the sister kingdom. In this way, it appears that the Scotch had gradually borrowed and adopted the language of their neighbours, and have continued to do so, until the written style of both kingdoms, and even spoken, excepting the vulgar peculiarities of accent abounding in both countries, are in every respect the same. That the languages of the two kingdoms, however, differed very considerably from each other at the union of the crowns, the writings of both nations clearly show; and it was only subsequent to that important event that the similarity became universally apparent; and it cannot be doubted, that, had it not been for the fortunate incorporation

of both kingdoms, their respective languages at this day would have been in a state of very considerable dissimilarity.

The Scotch appear, at every period, to have preferred the language of their sister kingdom to their own, notwithstanding all the rivalry and jealousy that otherwise prevailed between them; and it was entirely owing to the little friendly intercourse that subsisted between them, that the language of Scotland was so inferior to that of England. As a remarkable illustration of the want of intercourse between the two kingdoms, Dr Robertson mentions that there were only fifty-eight Scotsmen in London and Westminster in the year 1567, when Queen Elizabeth ordered the Bishop of London to ascertain the number of strangers in these cities. The internal difficulties which retarded the improvement and refinement of the Scottish language, are well pointed out by Dr Robertson;—the hasty productions of the clergy, who had the most frequent opportunities of addressing the people; the equally loose and inaccurate pleading of the lawyers; and the business in Parliament being transacted by the iniquitous system of the Lords of the Articles.

The earlier productions of the English muse, it is probable, will continue longer to be admired than those of the poets of Scotland, whose strains, though equally sweet and melodious to those to whom they are intelligible, are generally regarded as wanting that smoothness and harmony of diction, which will always be the *criteria* by which we can judge of literary and poetical immortality. The trouble of perpetually referring to Glossaries, which, even in the progress of time, cannot fail to be erroneous—and the changes the Scottish language at various periods underwent, will soon so fatigue the English

reader in his perusal, that the works of our early bards, which otherwise lay claim to our attention, will soon become neglected and unsought after, from the obsolete nature of their phraseology. This inevitable fatality can be remedied only by means of translations; and however disagreeable these may be to the feelings of the antiquary, and the admirers of our ancient language, they seem alone calculated to rescue the works of our national poets from indifference and neglect. They may, doubtless, continue to be praised, on the authority of celebrated writers; they may be admired as a person eulogizes a work he has only heard of; but their excellence will not be appreciated by, or their beauties may be entirely lost to, the modern reader of English poetry. Few at present can enjoy the beautiful verses of Dunbar, and the poignant satire of Lyndsay.

The History of Scottish poetry commences to be recorded with the thirteenth century; and the different editors of the works of our Scottish poets have in general given a summary of the state of Scottish verse previous and subsequent to the eras of their respective authors. In such a dissertation as this, such a task would be superfluous, since this work more particularly refers to English poetry. With Sir David Lyndsay of the Mount the old Scottish poetry terminated, and every vestige of it threatened to be removed by the effulgent beams of the famous poets of England during the seventeenth century, until it was again, in some degree, revived, long after, by the beautiful strains of Allan Ramsay. Probably this poet did more by the publication of his Evergreen, and his own writings, to rescue our Scottish verse from oblivion, than any who preceded, or have succeeded, him in the

same task.* He laid the foundation of a taste for the revival of ancient poetry, without which all the exertions of our Scottish bards might have been in vain to have secured for them even a short-lived preservation, and far less an unfading immortality.

The state of poetry in Scotland, in the middle of the sixteenth century, which was considered the golden age of Scottish verse, cannot be better illustrated than by the following quotations from the *Dreme* of Sir David Lyndsay of the Mount :—

So with my hude, my heid I happit warme,
And in my cloke, I fauldit baith my feit ;
I thocht my corps, with cauld, suld tak na harme,
My mittanis held my hands weill in heit ;
The skowland craig, me coverit from the sleit :
Thare, still I sat, my banes for to rest,
Till Morpheus, with sleip, my spreit opprest :
. . . . .
Thare was the cursit empriour Nero,
Of everilk vice, the horribill veschell ;
Thare was Pharao, with divers princes mo',
Oppressouris of the bairnis of Israell ;
Herode, and many mo', than I can tell,
Ponce Pylate was thare, hangit be the hals,
With unjust jugis, for thair sentence fals.

The accession of James to the throne of England found the poetry of Scotland at this stage. And here we cannot

* The first published collection of ancient Scottish poems, after the Union of the Crowns, was printed in the beginning of the 18th century. by James Watson, a printer in Edinburgh, from whose collection several of Aytoun's poems are reprinted in this volume, which are not to be found in the editor's MS. Watson's Collection is now very scarce, but is by no means so valuable as Ramsay's Evergreen.

do better than quote the appropriate and elegant remarks of Dr Robertson, when treating of the beneficial effects of the union of the Scottish and English crowns. "At the union of the crowns," says that elegant historian, "the Court being withdrawn, no domestic standard of propriety and correctness of speech remained; the few compositions that Scotland produced were tried by the English standard, and every word or phrase that varied in the least from that was condemned as barbarous; whereas, if the two nations had continued distinct, each might have retained idioms and forms of speech peculiar to itself; and these, rendered fashionable by the example of a Court, and supported by the authority of writers of reputation, might have been viewed in the same light with the varieties occasioned by the different dialects in the Greek tongue; they even might have been considered as beauties; and, in many cases, might have been used promiscuously by the authors of both nations. But, by the accession, the English naturally became the sole judges and lawgivers in language, and rejected as solecisms every form of speech to which their ear was not accustomed." With the whole of these remarks, however, we cannot concur; for while we conceive that the union of the crowns of Scotland and England, and more particularly of the kingdoms, were inestimable advantages to the civil and religious interests of both nations, we also consider that the former event tended much to the improvement and refinement of the language of the former country. Dialects of the same language, we confess, we cannot admire; and we prefer a universal idiom and accent to endless forms and varieties of speech. If it be accurate, too, as Dr Robertson elsewhere supposes, that both languages

are sprung from one common original, then certainly the one must have undergone improvement on the other, or both had been exactly similar, which we have shown was not the case until considerably after the union of the crowns. Now, it has been acknowledged that the language of England was in advance of that of its sister kingdom ; and then it is obvious that the latter had to follow its steps until it could arrive at similar perfection. To have retained, therefore, any of the antiquated expressions of the language would have been to have preserved as many barbarisms ; and to have written or spoken in its ancient phraseology, would have been to imitate the writers of the early ages of Roman literature, instead of adopting the models of classic Livy, Horace, and Virgil, or other writers of the Golden or Augustan age. The Scottish writers, as we have previously stated, with readiness and cheerfulness submitted to the decision of their English contemporaries, for the alteration of their language, after the era of the union of the crowns, and were contented to adopt a style in many respects different from their own. Accordingly, in the seventeenth century, no poet flourished in Scotland, who wrote in his native language, who has obtained much reputation, or could be in any degree compared to those who adorn the annals, during the same period, of his sister kingdom. But the universal language of England is not only calculated to refine and polish every species of literary pursuit, but tends, in a great measure, thoroughly to remove and eradicate prejudices which so long subsisted between the kingdoms of England and Scotland. Even thus we conceive the interests of Great Britain are more firmly united, and in a great degree strengthened by the downfall

and neglect of a language which, with its many barbarisms and harsh-sounding gutterals, has been superseded by the pure and classic tongue which has now received throughout Britain an almost universal sway. But while such are our decided convictions and sentiments, we would by no means disparage that modern edition of the Scottish tongue in which Allan Ramsay and Robert Burns sung, to the understanding and the feelings of their admiring countrymen. The modern version of the Scottish lauguage, with which we have been familiar from our earliest years, must certainly find a place in our affections, and by recalling the tenderest associations, must be pleasing. But this partiality, in the course of time, must be removed; and one universal speech will be found from one end of the British territory to the other.

We have already exhibited a specimen of the standard of Scottish poetry previous to the union of the crowns. The poetry of England was then far in the ascendant in the elegance and smoothness of its language—of which the poems contained in this volume may serve as an example. We have considered it necessary to say thus much in regard to the effect of the union of the crowns of Scotland and England upon the language of the former kingdom. Previous to that happy event, it appears that the Scotch had gradually borrowed and adopted the language of the neighbouring nation, but then at once they deserted their native tongue; and "all of them," says Campbell, "who wished to distinguish themselves in the republic of letters, wrote in the improved and improving language of the age of Queen Elizabeth." To Sir Robert Aytoun must the honour be duly ascribed of being the first Scotchman who forsook the language of his native

country, and wrote in English verse with elegance and purity. This honour has been generally ascribed to Drummond of Hawthornden, and particularly by the most recent editor of his poems, Dr Cunningham, who asserts that "he was the first and best example of a Scottish poet departing from the dialect of his country, and rising into pure and classic English." He adds, that "between the days of Sir David Lyndsay and Allan Ramsay, or more properly Thomson, Scotland produced no poet, save Drummond, who could be named with the mighty ones who adorned England: the strains of these songsters were humble and uncouth; and, with the exception of some songs and ballads, scarcely merit the name of poetry." On the comparative merits of Drummond and Aytoun it is not our intention to enter; they invoked the muse on different subjects, and both merit much praise. But we cannot allow the laurel to be thus summarily snatched from the brow of Sir Robert, and himself and his writings thus unceremoniously consigned to oblivion and contempt. It is true that the poems of Aytoun are only now, for the first time, given to the public in a separate and entire form; but long since, all acquainted with the history of the English muse were in possession of as many of his productions as enabled them to form a just estimate of his character. All the writers of the least eminence in the history of Scottish and English poetry, have assigned him a place, and passed on him a panegyric. Indeed, Pinkerton,*

* We conceive that Pinkerton's whole writings, which have been too much followed by antiquaries, are calculated to do more harm by their infidelity, than to promote the history of the kingdom by their research. His peculiar opinions in regard to many of our Scottish poets, render

the most fastidious and peculiar of all the writers on the subject of the Scottish muse, has recorded him in his List of the Scottish Poets, without censure;—a compliment which may be considered as great from such a writer. Certainly, no one who has an ordinary share of judgment, will assert, on reading Aytoun's poem on Woman's Inconstancy alone, that it is either "humble and uncouth," or "scarcely merits the name of poetry." But passing from this calumny, gratuitously heaped on the writings of Aytoun, and all his Scottish contemporaries and successors (with the exception of Drummond) during the space of upwards of a century, we cannot allow that the latter was the first Scottish poet who departed from the dialect of his country into "pure and classic English." The poet, Drummond, was born in 1585, and his first known production, "The Tears on the Death of Mæliades; or the Death of Prince Henry, eldest son of James I.," according to Dr Cunningham, was written in 1613. Now Sir Robert Aytoun was born in 1570, and, after his connexion with the English court in 1603, became a constant writer of verses,

his approbation and censure of almost equal importance. The poets and poems which are universally most admired and appreciated, Mr Pinkerton uniformly most condemns and deprecates. Allan Ramsay is "a buffoon," and his poetry is "far beneath the middling," and shows "no spark of genius." The Gentle Shepherd is "an *hyper-monster*, whose *monstrosity monstrously outmonsters that monster*." Pinkerton's account of Aytoun is very short, and he displays as much ignorance of his history, as he does of that of most other celebrated poets. Blair, author of "The Grave; a Poem," who lived much nearer his own time, he denominates "a minister of the Episcopal Church." He says "Aytoun wrote some Latin poems in the *Delitiæ Poet. Scot.*, and some light genteel pieces in English."

and indeed, from the dates of several of his poems in the MS. in our possession, there is the most decided proof that he courted the southern muse several years previous to the era of Drummond's first appearance. But the honour of being the first Scottish writer of English verse, has been also ascribed to Sir William Alexander, Earl of Stirling, the intimate contemporary of Aytoun, by Campbell, in his History of Scottish Poetry. "The first poet of any reputation," says Campbell, when treating of the change of the Scottish language at the union of the crowns, "who flourished in the seventeenth century in Scotland, was William Alexander, Earl of Stirling." Now, this eminent courtier was born in 1580, ten years after the birth of Sir Robert, and made no appearance in the circle of letters for some time after Aytoun's connexion with the English court. His *Monarchick Tragedies* are also, in every respect, inferior in regard to elegance and sentiment to the similar productions of his contemporary. We conceive, therefore, that Sir Robert Aytoun is justly entitled to the honour which has been too long ascribed to others, of being the first Scotsman who wrote in the language of his sister kingdom.

Drummond of Hawthornden says of himself, that "he was the first in the isle that did celebrate a mistress dead, and Englished the madrigal;" an assertion, by which it would appear that he had been unacquainted with, and ignorant of, the existence of his senior bard.

The few English poems of Aytoun which were rescued from oblivion, through the means of Watson's Collection, and a few other sources, have been often quoted, and much admired by almost all the collectors of Scottish and English

verses. Indeed, the loss of Aytoun's poems has been more and justly regretted than the verses of any other Scottish or English bard; and there is perhaps no greater desideratum in the history of English poetry, than the works of a poet whose strains so much contributed to the happiness and amusement of the courts of two successive sovereigns, and whose rare gifts enabled him to write in several languages foreign to his own, with equal elegance and taste. The omission is now likely, in some degree, to be supplied in the middle of the nineteenth century, a period more refined in every species of taste, than any other in the history of the world. It cannot be uninteresting to produce the opinions and notices of the poet, from the works of various distinguished poetical collectors and historians. Alexander Campbell, in giving an account of Watson's Collection of Scottish Poems, quotes several of Aytoun's, and adds, that "his verses are smooth, flowing, and possess a considerable degree of sprightliness by no means contemptible." Dr Irving, in his history of Scottish poetry, thus notices the poet,—"Sir Robert Aytoun, an accomplished courtier, has cultivated English poetry, and the specimens with which he has presented us, are such as must induce us to regret their paucity." Mr Laing, the learned secretary of the Bannatyne Club, thus remarks on the poetry of Aytoun, in his notices of his life, in the first volume of the Bannatyne Miscellany. "The name of Sir Robert Aytoun as a poet is worthy of remembrance, as he was one of the earliest of our native bards who wrote English verses with any degree of elegance or purity. Those poems which we have been able to recover, display so much elegance of fancy, and sweetness of versification, as

to occasion a regret that their number should not have been sufficient for separate publication." Mr Robert Chambers, in his Lives of Illustrious and Distinguished Scotsmen, thus concludes his memoir of Aytoun. "His elegant sentiments, expressed in such elegant language, are an honour to their author, to his age, and country." Allan Cunningham, in his Scottish Songs, conceives that Aytoun "is one of those fortunate poets who have obtained a reputation by one lucky or judicious effort,—by obeying one of those vagrant fits of inspiration, which, like the flower of the aloe, comes but once in a lifetime to some, while to others, under a happier dispensation, they return regular as the light of day." No sentiment could have conveyed a more mistaken idea of Aytoun's powers. From reviewing the history of his career, or, at least, what is known of it, it appears he was born a poet, and that he continued to invoke the Muses with the most agreeable success during his whole life. With how much greater justice might he have been termed one of those great, but unfortunate poets, whom modesty withheld from the reputation and fame so justly due to him by posterity.

Aytoun was not without the admiration of his contemporaries. Dempster says, that "all his poems are written in a style of unusual elegance, and abound in the most happy sentiment." Aubrey also remarks, that "he was one of the best poets of his time," and adds the more important testimony of Dryden, who, he says, "had seen verses of his, some of the best of that age, printed with some other verses."

The English poems of Sir Robert Aytoun have been, and will be, deservedly ranked among the brightest and most

elegant specimens of early English poetry, and though he did not write on a variety of subjects, yet on those he has written, he displays the utmost taste and refinement. The English poems are, indeed, chiefly amorous and complimentary,—subjects, of course, most suited for the courts with which it was his fortune to be connected. His love poems and sonnets are chiefly addressed to ungrateful and haughty mistresses, and in that species of upbraiding he has been considered to excel. His complimentary odes are, of course, in praise of the king, the queen, the court, and the courtiers, and would, very probably, tend to raise him in the estimation of the grandees of the kingdom. None of his productions are epic, but entirely belong to the department of lyric poetry. After the commendation which has been lavished on Aytoun's English poems, by the eminent authorities we have quoted, we do not feel ourselves called on, or competent, to add any further remarks upon them, but leave them to the taste and judgment of the candid reader.

The Latin poetry of Aytoun unites the smoothness of Virgil with the sweetness of Ovid, and classic elegance of Horace. Few poets in modern times have written Latin verse more classically, and more free from those barbarisms which have not unfrequently deformed the writers of modern Latinity. The subjects of the Latin poems are, for the most part, complimentary, which would have the effect of drawing towards them the attention of the court. During the period when Aytoun flourished, it was more customary than at any other era of our country's literature, even than in the days of Bucchanan, to write verse in the ancient language of Rome. This was probably owing to King James'

partiality for the Latin classics, which he had acquired under the tuition of Bucchanan. Dr Irving observes, that "the number of our countrymen who about this period cultivated English poetry with any degree of success, is inconsiderable; but in the department of Latin poetry, they maintained an eminent station among the scholars of the age." The *Delitiæ Poetarum Scotorum hujus aevi illustrium*, which was published at Amsterdam in 1637, by Sir John Scott of Scotstarvet, furnishes a very extensive collection of the productions of contemporary poets; and, probably as a mark of distinction, the poems of Aytoun have been placed near the commencement of the first volume. Pinkerton considers that "it were certainly no loss if all the works of modern Latin poets were thrown into the flames,"—a sentiment that might certainly be applied, with much greater propriety and truth, to the writings of that pretended and declamatory antiquary. What might have been this author's knowledge of the ancient languages, we are not aware; but certain it is, that their cultivation has tended, in every age and nation, to improve the taste and refine the sentiments. It is also nearly as certain, that the works of many of our modern Latin poets will continue to be read and admired, while the declamations of Mr Pinkerton will be unheeded and forgotten. Allan Cunningham remarks, in speaking of Aytoun's Latin poetry,—"I cannot imagine how a man can hope to write felicitously out of his mother tongue,—by what spell he is to be possessed, with all the proverbial turnings and windings of language,—all those meltings of word into word, those gradations of meaning, direct and implied, which give a deeper sense than they seem to bear, and assist in the richness and strength of composi-

tion. The language may be learned, and words may be meted out in heroic or lyric quantities, by the aid of a discreet ear, but such verses will want the original flavour of native poetry,—the leaf will come without the fragrance, and the blossom without the fruit." Such remarks are indeed most natural, and very generally hold true, but Aytoun had every advantage of improving his taste for, and knowledge of, Latinity, by associating with those who also possessed an intimate acquaintance with the Roman tongue. We have already stated, that there is reason to believe that Aytoun never wrote in his native language, but entirely in those foreign to his own. In this respect, it is evident he was a man of profound and extensive learning, which, added to his brilliant accomplishments as a courtier and a poet, rendered him

> The man of wit, of learning, and the sage
> Of merry England in the golden age.

ENGLISH POEMS

OF

SIR ROBERT AYTOUN.

DIOPHANTUS AND CHARIDORA.[1]

I.

When Diophantus knew
The Destinies' decreet—
How he was forced to forgoe
His dear and lovely sweet,

II.

O'er vaulted with the vail
Of beam-rebeating trees,
And gastly gazing on the ground
With death-print in his eyes,

III.

Oft pressed he to speak,
But while he did essay,
The agonizing dreads of death
His wrestling voice did stay.

IV.

At last, as one that strives
Against both woe and shame,—
" Dear Charidora, oh !" he cries,
" My high adored dame.

V.

" First I attest thy name,
And then the Gods above ;
But chief of these, the Boy[2] that bears
The stately stile of Love.

VI.

" Let those record with me
What was my constant part ;
And if I did not honour thee
With an well hallow'd heart.

VII.

" I sacrificed to thee ;
My secret chaste desires
Upon thy beauteous altar burnt
With never quenching fires.

VIII.

" Thou was that idol still,
Whose image I ador'd—
The saint to whom I made my vows,
Whose pity I implor'd.

IX.

" The star that sav'd my ship,
From tempest of despair,
When the horizon of my hope
O'er-clouded was with care.

X.

" Thou art the sovereign Balm,
The sweet Catholicon [3]—
Which cured me of all my cares
When I did grieve and groan.

XI.

" Tho' now such strange events
Are interven'd since syne—
As I dare not avow to say,
Nor think that thou art mine.

XII.

" Which makes me thus insert,
In these my sorrowing songs—
The history of my mishap,
My miseries and wrongs.

XIII.

" Not that I can accuse
My Charidora ; No !
I only execrate the fates,
Chief workers of my woe.

XIV.

" Should she whom I have lov'd
So many loathsome years—
For whom my dew-distilling eyes
Have shed such streams of tears,—

XV.

" Should she I say be made
A prey to such a one,
Who for her sake yet never gave
But one untimely groan.

XVI.

" No surely, surely no;
The Fates may do me wrong,
And make her by their bad decreet
To whom they please belong.

XVII.

" Yet I dare boldly say,
And peradventure vaunt,
That she is mine by lot of love
Tho' luck in love I want.

XVIII.

" And tho' my Horoscope[4]
Envy my worldly things,
Yet unto love it gave me leave
For to compare with kings.

XIX.

" And if I knew there were
Under the starry sky,
That durst avow to love my dame
More faithfully than I—

XX.

" I should tear out this heart
Which entertains my breath,
And cast it down before her feet
To die a shameful death.

XXI.

" But since both time and she
Have tried me to be true—
And found such faithfulness in me
As shall be found in few,

XXII.

" I rest secure in this
And care not who pretend ;
The more pursues—the more my part
Proves perfect to the end.

XXIII.

" And others' faithless faiths,
In balance weigh'd with mine,
Shall make my truth for to triumph,
And as the sun to shine.

XXIV.

" There shall no change of things,
Of time—of soil—of air,
Enforce me to forgoe the vows
Made to my fairest fair ;

XXV.

" Which here I do renew
In solemn form again,
To witness as I did begin
So shall I still remain.

XXVI.

" I swear by those two eyes,
My only dearest dear,
And by the Stygian lakes of hell,
Whereby the gods did swear ;

XXVII.

" That thou art only she
Whose countenance I crave,
And shall be both in life and death
Thy best affected slave ;

XXVIII.

" That there shall no deceits
Of lovely laughing een,
No sugar'd sound of Syren songs
With far-fetched sighs between—

XXIX.

" Deface out of my mind,
What love did so engrave,
Thy words, thy looks, and such things else
As none but angels have.

XXX.

" And this which here I swear,
And solemnly protest—
These trees which only present are
Shall witness and attest.

XXXI.

" But chief above them all
This holly sad and green
On which the cyphers of our names
Character'd, shall be seen.

XXXII.

" O happy, happy tree
Unto whose tender rynd,
The trophies of our love shall live
Eternally enshryn'd ;

XXXIII.

" Which shall have force to make
Thy memory remain,
Sequester'd from the bastard sort
Of trees, which are profane.

XXXIV.

" For when with careless looks,
The rest o'er pass'd shall be,
Then thou shalt be ador'd and kiss'd,
For Charidora's tree.

XXXV.

" And peradventure too
For Diophantus' sake
Some civil person that comes by
Shall homage to thee make.

XXXVI.

" Thus bless'd shalt thou remain,
While I unhappy prove,
And doubtful where I shall be blest
When I shall leave my love.

XXXVII.

" Indeed all is in doubt,
But this—I must depart;
The body must a pilgrim be,
And she retain the heart.

XXXVIII.

" The thoughts of which exile
And dolorous divorce
Works sorrow—sorrow doth from me
Those sad complaints enforce.

XXXIX.

" For while I was resolved
To smother up my grief,
Because it might but move in men
More marvel than belief—

XL.

" The never-ceasing pow'rs
Of mal-encountrous fates
Extorted those abortive births
Of importune regrates,

XLI.

" To witness to the world,
That my mishaps are such,
Although I mourn like one half mad,
I cannot mourn too much.

XLII.

" For if of all mishaps,
This be the first of all
To have been highly happy once,
And from that height to fall ;

XLIII.

" I'm sure I may well say,
That Diophantus' name
Is the synonyme of mishaps,
Or else exceed the same.

XLIV.

" Or if there be no Hell
But out of Heaven to be,
Consider what her want should work,
Whose sight was such to me.

XLV.

" I think all those that speak
Of sorrow, should think shame,
When Diophantus shall be heard,
Or Charidora's name.

XLVI.

" Her worth was without spot—
His truth was unreproved ;
The one deserv'd at least to live,
The other to be lov'd.

XLVII.

" Yet hath the Dev'lish doom
Of destinies, ordained—
That he should lose both life and love,
And she a faithful friend.

XLVIII.

" Wherefore all you that hear
Those amorous tragic plays—
Bestow on him a world of plaints,
On her a world of praise."

TO HIS HEART AND MISTRESS.[5]

I.

My heart exhale in grief,
With an eternal groan—
And never let thy sighing cease,
Till life or love be gone.
Thy life is cros't with love,
Thy love with loathed breath,
Thou hates thyself to live such life,
Life in such love is death.

II.

Resolve then one of two
And patiently comply,
Whether to live a loveless life,
Or foster love and die.
But thou can'st neither live,
Unless thou be in love,
Nor can'st thou love unless thou be
Allowed to breathe and move.

III.

So thou must live and love—
  Live wretched—love disgrac'd,
Disgraced by her in whom thy life,
  In whom thy love was plac'd.
O thrice unhappy heart!
  Of life and love forlorn—
In what strange postures were the stars
  The hour that thou wast born?

IV.

Since then their bad aspects,
  Did all conspire in one,
To make a man, whose luck should be
  To be belov'd of none.
And when they fram'd thy saint
  They did decree above,
That e'en her shadow should infect
  A world of hearts with love.

V.

Of these—oh! thou wert one—
  O that thou had'st not been—
But either had been void of sense,
  Or else depriv'd of een.
And yet I would not so:
  No, no, I wish that thou
Had lov'd her many years ago,
  Had seen her long ere now.

VI.

For this I must confess,
Although I live in strife—
I count the first day of my love
The first day of my life.
If I had made a choice,
Of some unworthy dame,
I might perchance have curs't the Sun,
That shin'd to see the same.

VII.

But since in thee, my dear,
Such rare perfections lie,
As might make Cupid die for love,
If he had eyes as I.
I must confess the truth,
Thy love brings life to me,
And I esteem him as stark dead
That lives not loving thee.

VIII.

I never was mine own,
But since I thought me thine—
And I would think I had no heart,
If that my heart were mine.
I sacrificed it once
Unto thy sacred eyes—
And ay since then I think it lives,
Because for thee it dies.

IX.

Now this too by perchance
A paradox doth prove,
Yet none mistrusts such miseries
But heretics in love.
Lov'd thou as well as I,
Thou would confess the same,
But thou art not well purified
With Love's refining flame.

X.

Thou tak'st a great delight,
To murder with disdain,
As others take delight to save,
An innocent unslain.
Tho' thou disdain me still,
My soul shall still abide,
Content to sail the seas of love,
Against both wind and tide.

XI.

And ever will thy grace,
Some kind of succour send,
My sorrow shall be like my love
When it began its end.
So shall I thee oblige,
That thou shalt either be,
The most ungrateful that e're lived,
Or thou shalt pity me.

XII.

For so resolv'd a love,
And so despis'd a pain
Might oblige stocks, might oblige stones,
To pity me again.
Behold, when I did weep,
The clouds did melt in tears,
The whisp'ring winds to hear me wail,
Did change their mouth to ears.

XIII.

Yea e'en Apollo's self
O'er-vailed his face for woe,
And thought it horror to behold
A man tormented so.
Whilst thou still like thyself,
Still cruel—still unkind,
Did'st think it was thy beaut'ous praise
To see thy patient pin'd.

XIV.

But pity, pity now,
Not mine, but thy disgrace,
And suffer not a tiger's heart,
To wrong an angel's face.
Behold, thou'rt fair, thou'rt wise,
Thou'rt good, thou'rt all, what then ?
If cruelty convert these gifts
In monsters unto men ?

XV.

Were thy perfections more,
As more they cannot be,
Since their infirmity disdain
Both number and degree.
But if they were not all
At clemency's command,
They were but like a naked sword,
Put in a mad man's hand.

XVI.

For this is out of doubt,
That whoe'er should you see,
Would straightway love, and loving straight,
Should thy poor martyr be.
I wish not to be one,
That those adventures prove,
I wish not to be canonized,
In kalendars of love.

XVII.

Though my affection's wings,
Might so ambitious be,
Yet I believe there is no blank
Left in that book for me.
I rather wish to live,
To testify my truth,
And by good service to deserve
The recompence of Ruth.

XVIII.

Yet if there be no way,
To reconcile this strife,
But either the ruin of my love,
Or shipwreck of my life,
Content I am, sweet Nymph,
E'en with my dearest blood
To seal th' indenture of my death
If that can do thee good.

XIX.

Meanwhile I live like one,
That waits for death's decree,
And think that I shall gain my life
When I shall lose 't for thee.
For I attest the rounds,
That run about above,
I'd rather die for love of thee—
Than live for other's love.

XX.

Though my mishap in love
Might cause me to despair,
Yet Hope assures me thou art meek—
As well as thou art fair.
Methought that in thine eyes,
There shone some beams of grace;
And may not love lodge in thy heart,
As well as in thy face?

XXI.

I will believe the best,
And think that thou art mine,
As well as thou may'st safely say
That I am only thine.

A LOVE LAMENT.[6]

I.

O THAT my tongue had been as dumb,
As now I find
My eyes were blind,
When they did make my heart become
A votary unto a saint,
That hath no ears to my complaint.

II.

Had I but made my eyes, my tongue
My very looks
Had served for books—
Wherein she might have read her wrong—
But now my words as shams she hears,
And serpent-like doth shut her ears.

III.

Yet who would not have cried for ai d
Burnt to the quick,
A senseless stick—
Till Vulcan's tyranny be tried—
Wilt waste itself in more expense,
And keep a noise as grief had sense.

IV.

Speak then must I, tho' to no end,
For love doth say,
That silence may
Much more than friendship's tie offend—
Love once profess'd, and then forborn,
Turns deaf neglect to spiteful scorn.

A LOVE DIRGE.[7]

I.

My temperate style at first
With comic groans did greet,
And tho' the entry seemed sour,
The hinmost act was sweet.
Now tragic trumpets blow,
And sorrowing sounds unsought
Unto my Muse's mourning mouth,
A wail again is wrought.

II.

Before—eternal joys
  Did promise some relief,
Now—care and love conspir'd in one
  Have swol'n my endless grief.
So that I see no sole
  Companion of my pains,
Unless it be those wretched ones
  Which Pluto's gate retains.

III.

And yet they must confess
  My grief their grief exceeds ;
I suffer sacklessly, alas !
  But they for their misdeeds.
And this much more I add
  The Rodopean sounds
Spent at Eurydice's[8] fare-well
  Did mitigate their wounds,

VI.

And when Alcmena's[9] son
  The siege to hell did lay,
The prisoners of Pluto's pit,
  Got leave to take the play.
But I, since first I did
  This luckless love embrace,
Have never felt, no, not by dream
  The smallest glance of grace.

V.

But crosse came upon crosse,
And cares conjoin'd with care,
Sighs were companions to my tears
And danger to despair.
I died and liv'd again,
I liv'd again to die ;
I died, I knew not what a death,
A life it could not be.

VI.

It could not be a life,
Since that I had no heart,
And well I knew it was no death
Since that I felt my smart.
It was then such a midst
As takes part of the two,
Or rather such, as both extremes
Do utterly misknow !

VII.

No ! it was none of these,
No, neither this, nor that,
For anything that I can see,
It was—I know not what.
I knew not what it was ;
This knowledge much me griev'd
I knew I was the unhappiest he,
That ever lov'd or liv'd.

VIII.

And thus remaining yet—
I glifter and I glance,
A pattern of unhappiness,
A mirror of mischance.
A trophy which the Fates
Erected have on hie,
To testify the true triumphs
That they have gain'd o'er me.

IX.

Yet blame I not the Fates,
For ought I do sustain,
My grief is grounded upon this,
That I dare not complain.
I neither dare, nor will,
I neither will nor may,
I might if that I would,
If that I durst essay.

X.

But to disclose my grief,
Unto my fatal foe
Methinks it were the ready way,
For to augment my woe.
So thus concealed close
My grief grows always great;
The closer that the furnace be,
The sharper is the heat.

XI.

And floods are deepest there
Where highest is the dam,
And camomile doth prosper best
When men tread down the same.
But yet I fear, alas,
Or rather have no doubt,
My firie rage is so extreme
Of force, it must burst out.

XII.

And so I shall remain
A gazing-stock to be
To such as will not credit tales,
Where poets seem to lie.
Like to Typhon's[10] rage,
Or girning Gorgon's[11] ire,
Such furious and enraged sp'rits
Out-thunder flaughts of fire.

XIII.

Yet if I could endure
Eternally as they,
My state were more miraculous,
I dare both swear and say.
But things too violent
Cannot too long endure,
My passions are so excessive,
Their own end they'll procure.

XIV.

O happy thrice were I
If so could me befall,
As chanced to Mausolus[12] asse,
Whose wife did drink them all.
But wishes are but vain,
Things run so to the wrest
Unto my life, that after death
I should be more at rest.

XV.

For who should promise me
A burial at her heart,
When I am dead, who in my life
Doth play me Nero's part?
That cruel tyrant set
The seven hill'd town on fire,
And neither eyes nor flinty heart
At such a sight did tire.

XVI.

But from his palace high,
He looked down along,
And thinking on the siege of Troy,
He burst out in a song.
So she—fair cruel she,
Whose looks set me on fire,
Perceiving that my bairnliness
To speak dare not aspire.

XVII.

As it is heritage
Unto that sex and sort,
That seeing makes her not to see,
And laughs at such a sport.
Yet since I dare not press
Her ears for to acquaint
With tragedies of my distress,
And words of my complaint,

XVIII.

I shall not cease to shew
The biel' wherein I bide,
Unto my courted secretaries
In whom I do confide.
The hills and craigs I mean,
The high and stately trees,
The valleys low, and mountains high,
Whose tops escape our eyes.

XIX.

And whilst I shew to them,
The nearest air shall hear it;
The air shall carry to the fire,
The fire to heav'ns bear it.
The heav'ns shall lay abroad,
Before the gods above,
And if they will not find relief,
Farewell both life and love.

ADDRESS TO HIS MISTRESS.[13]

I.

Wrong not sweet empress of my heart
The merit of true passion,
Pretending that he feels no smart,
That shews forth no compassion.

II.

Since if my plaints come not to prove
The conquests of thy beauty,
They come not from defect of love,
But from excess of duty.

III.

For knowing that they come to serve
A saint of such perfection,
As all desire, but none deserve
A place in her affection.

IV.

I'd rather choose to want relief
Than venture the revealing;
Where glory recommends the grief,
Despair distrusts the healing.

V.

Thus those desires, which aim too high
For any mortal lover—
When reason cannot make them die,
Discretion doth them cover.

VI.

Yet when discretion bids them live,
The plaints which they should utter ;
Then thy discretion may perceive
That silence is the suitor.

VII.

Silence in love bewrays more woe,
Than words, tho' ne'er so pithy,
A beggar that is dumb you know,
Doth merit double pity.

VIII.

Then wrong not, dear heart of my heart,
My true, tho' secret passion,
He smarteth most that hides his smart,
And shows forth no compassion.

ADIEU TO HIS MISTRESS.[14]

I.

Wilt thou—remorseless fair,
Still laugh while I lament,
Or shall thy chief contentment be,
To see me malcontent?

II.

Shall I Narcissus'[15] like,
A fleeting shadow chase,
Or like Pygmalion[16] hug a stone,
That hath no sense of grace?

III.

No, no, my blind love now
Must borrow Reason's eyes,
And as thy fairness made me blind,
Thy wrongs must make me wise.

IV.

My loyalty disdains
To love a loveless dame;
The life of Cupid's fire consists
Unto a mutual flame.

V.

Had'st thou but given one look,
Or had'st but gi'en one smile,
Or had'st thou but sent one sweet sigh
My sorrows to beguile,—

VI.

My captive thoughts perchance
Had been redeem'd from pain,
And thus my mut'nous discontents,
Made friends with hope again.

VII.

But thou, I know not how,
Art careless of my good,
And would ambitiously imbue
Thy beauty in my blood.

VIII.

A great disgrace to thee,
To me a monstrous wrong,
Which time would teach thee to repent
Before that it were long.

IX.

But to prevent thy shame,
And to abridge my woe—
Because thou can'st not love thy friend,
I'll cease to love my foe.

TO A SCORNFUL MISTRESS.[17]

I.

THERE is none, no, none but I,
None but I so full of woe,
That I cannot choose but die,
Or beg physic from my foe.

II.

Now what hopes she shall be moved
To relieve my hopes forlorn?—
She who loves for to be loved,
Yet pays lover's hopes with scorn.

III.

Whose deserts misflame desire,
Whose disdain strikes comfort dead,
In whose eyes lives love's fire,—
From whose heart all love is fled.

IV.

Lovely eyes, and loveless heart,
Why do you disagree?
How can sweetness cause such smart,—
And smarting delightful be?

V.

No fair eyes, none more so,
Cruel eyes, and full of guile,
You are only sweet in show—
And never kill but when you smile.

VI.

Yet fair eyes this I must say,
Tho' you should be unkind,
He, whose heart is not your prey,
Must either be a fool or blind.

TO A CARELESS MISTRESS.[18]

I.

Dear, why do you say you love
When indeed you careless prove,
Reason better can digest
Earnest heat, than love in rest.

II.

Wherefore do your smiling eyes
Help your tongue to make sweet lies?
Leave to statesmen tricks of state,
Love doth politicians hate.

III.

You perchance presume to find
Love of some cameleon kind,
But be not deceiv'd, my fair,
Love will not be fed on air.

IV.

Love's a glutton of his food,
Since fates do his stomach good,
Love whose diets graves precease,
Sick from some consumption case.

V.

Then, dear love, let me obtain
That which may poor love maintain—
Or, if kind you cannot prove,
Prove true—say you cannot love.

TO AN UNSTEADFAST MISTRESS.[19]

I.

When thou did'st think I did not love,
Then thou did'st doat on me :—
Now when thou find'st that I do prove
As kind as kind can be,
Love dies in thee.

II.

What way to fire the mercury
Of thy inconstant mind,
Methinks it were good policy
For me to turn unkind,
To make thee kind.

III.

Yet I will not good nature strain,
To buy at so great cost,
That which before I did obtain,
I make account almost,
That it is lost.

IV.

And tho' I might myself excuse,
By imitating thee,
Yet will I not examples use,
That may bewray in me
Lightness to be.

V.

But since I once gave thee my heart,
My constancy shall shew,
That tho' thou play the woman's part,
And from a friend turn foe
Men do not so.

ON LOVE.[20]

I.

THERE is no worldly pleasure here below,
Which by experience doth not folly prove,
But among all the follies that I know,
The sweetest folly in the world is Love.

II.

But not that passion, which by fools' consent,
Above the reason bears imperious sway,
Making their lifetime a perpetual Lent,
As if a man were born to fast and pray.

III.

No! that is not the humour I approve,
As either yielding pleasure or promotion;
I like a mild and lukewarm zeal in love,
Altho' I do not like it in devotion.

IV.

For it hath no coherence with my creed,
To think that lovers die as they pretend;
If all that say they die, had died indeed,
Sure long ere now the world had had an end.

V.

Besides, we need not love but if we please,
No destiny can force men's disposition,
And how can any die of that disease,
Whereof himself may be his own physician?

VI.

But some seem so distracted of their wits,
That I would think it but a venial sin,
To take one of these innocents that sit
In Bedlam out, and put some lover in.

VII.

Yet some men, rather than endure the slander
Of true apostates, will false martyrs prove;
But I am neither Iphis nor Leander,[21]
I'll neither drown nor hang myself for love.

VIII.

Methinks a wise man's actions should be such
As always yield to reason's best advice,
Now for to love too little, or too much,
Are both extremes, and all extremes are vice.

IX.

Yet have I been a lover by report,
Yea, I have died for love as others do,
But praised be God, it was in such a sort,
That I revived within an hour or two.

x.

Thus have I liv'd, thus have I lov'd till now,
And found no reason to repent me yet,
And whosoever otherwise will do,
His courage is as little as his wit.

ON AN INCONSTANT MISTRESS.[22]

I.

Shall fear to seem untrue
To vows of constant duty,
Make me digest disdains undo,
From an inconstant beauty?

II.

No! I do not affect,
In vows to seem so holy,
That I would have the world to check
My constancy with folly.

III.

Let her call breach of lo'e,
What I call just repentance,
I count him base and brain-sick too,
That doats on coy acquaintance.

IV.

Thus if out of her snare,
At last I do unfold me,
Accuse her not that caught me there,
And knew not how to hold me.

V.

And if I rebel prove,
Against my will I do it—
Yet can I hate as well as love,
When reason binds me to it.

ON THE DEPARTURE OF HIS MISTRESS.[23]

I.

Then wilt thou go, and leave me here?
Ah, do not so, my dearest dear:
The sun's departure clouds the sky,
But thy departure makes me die.

II.

Thou can'st not go, but with my heart,
E'en that which is my chiefest part;
Then with two hearts thou shalt be gone,
And I shall rest behind with none.

III.

Prevent the danger of this ill,
Go not away, stay with me still,
I'll bathe thy lips with kisses then,
Expecting increase back again.

IV.

And if thou need'st must go away,
Ah, leave one heart with me to stay,
Take mine, let thine in pawn remain,
That thou wilt quickly come again.

V.

Meantime my part shall be to mourn,
To tell the hours till thou return,
My eyes shall be but eyes to weep,
And neither eyes to see nor sleep.

VI.

And if perchance their lids I close,
To ease them with some false repose—
Yet still my longing dreams shall be,
Of nothing in the world but thee.

TO A HAUGHTY MISTRESS.[24]

I.

What means this niceness now of late ?
Since time doth truth approve,
Such distance may well stand with state,
It cannot stand with love.

II.

It's either cunning or distrust,
That doth such ways avow,
The first is base, the last unjust ;
Let neither blemish you.

III.

If you intend to draw me on,
You have acted your part,
And if you mind to send me gone,
You need not half this art.

IV.

Speak but the word, or do but cast
A look which seems to frown,
I'll give you all the love that's past,
The rest shall be mine own.

V.

For such a fair and aefauld way
On both sides, none can blame,
Since every one is bound to play
The fairest at his game.

TO A VARIABLE MISTRESS.[25]

I.

Why did I wrong my judgment so,
As to affect, where I did know
There was no hold for to be taken,
That which her heart thrists after most?
If once her hope can of it boast,
Straight by her follies is forsaken.

II.

Thus while I still pursue in vain,
Methinks I turn a child again;
And of my shadow am a-chasing,
For all her favours are to me,
Like apparitions which I see—
Yet never can come near th' embracing.

III.

Oft have I wish'd that there had been
Some Almanac whereby to 've seen,
When love with her had been in season ;
But I perceive there is no art
Can find an epock of the heart :
Thus love's by chance, and not by reason.

IV.

Yet will I not for this despair,
For time her humour may prepare,
To love him now who is neglected,
For what unto my constancy
Is now denied, one day may be,
From her inconstancy expected.

TO AN INCONSTANT MISTRESS.[26]

I.

I LOVED thee once, I'll love no more,
Thine be the grief, as is the blame,
Thou art not what thou wert before,
What reason should I be the same ?
He that can love unlov'd again,
Hath better store of love than brain.
God send me love my debts to pay,
While unthrifts fool their love away.

II.

Nothing could have my love o'erthrown,
If thou had'st still continued mine,
Nay, if thou had'st remain'd thine own,
I might perchance have yet been thine.
But thou thy freedom did recall,
That it thou might elsewhere enthrall,
And, then, how could I but disdain
A captive's captive to remain ?

III.

When new desires had conquer'd thee,
And chang'd the object of thy will,
It had been lethargy in me,
Not constancy, to love thee still.
Yea, it had been a sin to go,
And prostitute affection so,
Since we are taught no pray'rs to say,
To such as must to others pray.

IV.

Yet do thou glory in thy choice,—
Thy choice of his good fortune boast,
I'll neither grieve, nor yet rejoice,
To see him gain what I have lost.
The height of my disdain shall be,
To laugh at him, to blush for thee ;
To love thee still, but go no more
A begging at a beggar's door.

THE AUTHOR'S ANSWER.[27]

WRITTEN AT THE KING'S COMMAND.

I.

Thou that lov'd once, now loves no more,
For fear to show more love than brain,
With heresy unhatch'd before,
Apostacy thou dost maintain.
Can he have either brain or love,
That doth inconstancy approve?
One choice well made, no change admits,
And changes argue after-wits.

II.

Say that she had not been the same,
Should thou therefore another's be?
What thou in her as vice did blame,
Can thou take virtue's name in thee?
No, thou in this her captive was,
And made thee ready by her glass;
Example led revenge astray,
When true love should have kept the way.

III.

True love hath no reflected end,
The object good sets all at rest,
And noble sp'rits will sweetly lend,
Without expecting interest.
It's merchant love, it's trade for gain,
To barter love for love again,
It's usury, nay worse than this,
For self-idolatry it is.

IV.

Then let her choice be what it will,
Let constancy be thy revenge ;
If thou retribute good for ill,
Both grief and shame shall check her change.
Thus may'st thou laugh, when thou shalt see ?
Remorse reclaim her home to thee,
And where thou beg'st of her before,
She now sits begging at thy door.

SONNET.[28]

ON LOVE AND WEALTH.

Can Eagle birds fly lower than their kind ?
Or can ambition stoop to servile gain ?
Can free-born breasts be forc'd against their mind,
To put the mask of love upon disdain ?

Can Love be bought? Can avarice constrain
  Great Cupid to do homage unto gold?
Can his wings, or can his flames restrain
  Or be induc'd by riches, worldlings' lord?
No, no, my fates are in the heavens enroll'd,
  Men's laws may force my life, but not my love,
Men may my eyes, but not my heart, behold,
  My eyes may their's, my heart my own, shall prove.
And ere I change, by heav'n I vow to leave
A joyless bed, and take a joyful grave.

SONNET.[29]

ON THE DISDAIN OF HIS MISTRESS.

My Fair 's unkind, and I have spent my pains,
And purchased nothing but undue disdains.
O had she been as kind as I was true,
What praise to her, what joys to me 'd been due?
But to my grief and her disgrace, I find
That fair ones' too much lov'd, prove seldom kind.
What, then, shall loving less be my revenge?
O no, I wrong my judgment if I change—
The dice are cast, and let her loathe or love,
I may unhappy, not inconstant prove,
For it is else impossible for me,
To love her less, or more in love to be.

SONNET.[30]

TO HIS EARS AND EYES.

Unhappy eyes, why did you gaze again,
  Upon these fatal love-inspiring spheres ?
Knew you not how her fire-flaughts would constrain,
  Your crystal circles to dissolve in tears ?
And you again, e'en as unhappy ears,
  Why did her painted phrase your fort surprise ?
Knew you not well, that on her lips she bears
  A charming host of persuasive replies ?
Oh, eyes and ears, that ye had been more wise,
  And had not waked up in a sleeping flame,
Yet since the fault is done, my comfort lies
  Unto the merits of a matchless dame—
For whoso loves her not that hears and sees,
Is never worthy to have ears nor e'es.

SONNET.[31]

ON THE DEATH OF HIS MISTRESS.

Lo ! how the sailor in a silent night
  Wails and complains till he the stars perceive
Whose situation and assured height,
  Should guide him thro' the strong and wat'ry wave.

As many motives, wretched soul, I have
For to regret, as few as to rejoice,
In seeing all things once, this sight I crave
Since I the lead-star of my life did lose,—
And what is worse, in midst of all my woes,
Amidst my pain, which passes all compare,
No help, no hope, no comfort, no repose,
No sun appears to clear these clouds of care,
Save this, that fortune neither may nor dare
Make my mishaps more hapless than they are.

SONNET.[32]

TO A SCORNFUL MISTRESS.

Fair cruel Sylvia, since thou scorn'st my tears,
And overlook'st my cares with careless eyes,
Since my request in love offends thine ears,
Henceforth I vow to hold my earnest cries.
But if I should, e'en lifeless things shall cry,
The brooks shall murmur, and the winds complain,
The hills, the vales, the deserts where I lie,
With echoes of my sighs shall breathe my pain.
Yea, put the case,—my silence should remain,—
Imagine brooks and winds should hold their peace.—
Say that woods, vales and deserts, would disdain
To acquaint thy deaf disdain with my disgrace;
Yet were they deaf,—thou dumb to me shall prove,
My death shall speak, and tell the grave my love.

SONNET.[33]

ON THE EYES OF HIS MISTRESS.

Were those thon eyes, or lightnings from above
Whose glorious glimpse dazzled so much my sight ?
I took them to be lightnings sent from love
To threaten that his thunder-bolt would light.
Yet lightning could not be so long, so bright,—
They rather seemed to be some meteor, whose rays
Promov'd to the meridian of their height,
Yet e'en in that their number them betrays :
Suns were they not, for there endures but one ;
Their force, their figure, and their colour says
That they were heav'ns—yet heav'ns on earth are none—
Whate'er they were, my sight no odds espies
'Twixt heaven, 'twixt sun, 'twixt lightning and thine eyes.

THE GAME OF IRISH.[34]

Love's like a game at Irish, where the dye
Of maids' affection doth by fortune fly ;
Which, when you think you're surest of the same,
Proves but at best a doubtful after-game.

For if they find your fancy in a blot,
It's two to one if then they take you not,
But, being gamesters, you must boldly venture,
And when you see the point lie open, enter.
Believe me one thing,—nothing brings about
A game half won so soon as holding out;
And next to holding out, this you shall find,
There's nothing worse than entering still behind.
Yet doth not all in happy entrance lie
When you are one, you must throw home and hie.
If you throw low and weak, believe me then,
Do what you can, they will be bearing men;
And if you look not all the better on,
They will play false,—bear two instead of one.

SONNET.[35]

LEFT IN A LADY'S MIRROR.

To view thy beauty well, if thou be wise,
Come not to gaze upon this glass of thine;
But come and look upon these eyes of mine,
Where thou shalt see thy true resemblance twice;
Or if thou think'st that thou profan'st thine eyes,
When on my wretched eyes they deign to shine,
Look on me, wherein, as within a shrine,
The lovely picture of thy beauty lies;

Or if thy harmless modesty thinks shame
To gaze upon the honours of my heart,
Come read those lines, and reading see in them
The trophies of thy beauty and my smart;
Or if to none of those thou'lt deign to come,
Weep eyes, break heart, and then my lines be done.

SONNET.[36]

ON A LADY THAT WAS PAINTED.

Pamphilia hath a number of good arts,
Which commendation to her worth imparts;
But, above all, in one she doth excel,
That she can paint incomparably well;
And yet so modest, that if prais'd for this,
She'll swear she does not know what painting is,
But straight will blush with such a portrait grace,
That one would think vermilion dyed her face.
One of her pictures I have oftimes seen,
And would have sworn that it herself had been;
And when I bade her it on me bestow,
I swear I heard the picture's self say—No!
What! think you this a prodigy? its none—
The Painter and the Picture both were one!

SONNET.[37]

ON TOBACCO.

Forsaken of all comforts but these two,
My faggot and my pipe, I sit and muse
On all my crosses, and almost accuse
The Heav'ns for dealing with me as they do.
Then Hope steps in, and with a smiling brow
Such cheerful expectations doth infuse
As makes me think ere long I cannot choose
But be some grandee, whatsoe'er I'm now.
But having spent my pipe, I then perceive
That hopes and dreams are cousins—both deceive.
Then mark I this conclusion in my mind,
It 's all one thing—both tend into one scope—
To live upon Tobacco and on Hope,
The one's but smoke, the other is but wind.

ON RETURNING LATE AT NIGHT FROM COURT.[38]

The other night from Court returning late,
Tir'd with attendance, out of love with state,
I met a boy who ask'd if he should go
Along to light me home? I answered, No!

Yet he did urge the darkness of the night,
The foulness of the way required a light.
"It 's true, good boy," quoth I; "yet thou may'st be
More useful to some other than to me;
I cannot miss my way; but they that take
The way from whence I came, have need to make
A light their guide; for boldly do I say,
It 's ten to one but they shall lose their way."

ON ALEXANDER CRAIG'S POETICAL ESSAYS.[39]

Why thought fond Greece to build a solid fame
On fleeting shades of fables passing name?
Why did her self-deceiving fancy dream
That none but she the Muses did maintain?
She said these sacred sisters did remain
Confined within a *craig* that there did lie;
That great Apollo's self did not disdain,
For that rough palace, to renounce the sky;
That there a well, still drawn, but never dry,
Made all men poets ere they left the place.
But all were tales which fame doth now belie,
And builds up Albion's glore to their disgrace.
Lo! here the Craig, whence flows that sacred well,
Where Phœbus reigns—where all the Muses dwell.

SONNET.[40]

ON SIR WILLIAM ALEXANDER'S MONARCHIC TRAGEDIES.

WELL may the programme of thy tragic stage
Invite the curious pomp-expecting eyes
To gaze on present shews of passed age,
Which just desert Monarchic dare baptise.
Crowns thrown from thrones to tombs, detomb'd arise,
To match thy muse with a Monarchic theme,
That whilst her sacred soaring cuts the skies,
A vulgar subject may not wrong the same.
And which gives most advantage to thy fame—
The worthiest Monarch that the sun can see,
Doth grace thy labours with his glorious name,
And deigns protector of thy birth to be.
Thus all Monarchic; patron, subject, style,
Make thee the Monarch-Tragic of this isle.

SONNET.[41]

ON KING JAMES.

THE old records of analyzed fame
Confirms this wonder with the world's assent,
That once that Isle which Delos height by name,
In Neptune's bosom like a pilgrim went;

After, when great Apollo was content,
To grace it with the bliss of his birth day,
Then, those inconstant motions did relent,
And it began to rest, to stand and stay.
Delos, while I admire thy hap, I needs must say
In this our Albion may now with thee compare.
Before our Phœbus' birth we were a prey
To civil motions, tossed here and there;
But since his Birth-star did o'ershine our state,
We stand secure, redeem'd from all debate.

SONNET.[42]

TO KING JAMES.

Where Thebes' stately towers did threat the sky,
And overlook'd the fertile Pharian land,
There Memnon's[43] statue all of stone did stand,
And challenge wonder of each gazing eye;
For of itself no sense in it was found,
No breath, no motion, and no life at all;
But when Apollo's beams on it did fall,
Then it sent out a vital vocal sound.
I am that statue, great and mighty king;
Thou art that Phœbus, who with rays of love
Did make me both to breathe, to live and move.
When of myself I was a feckless thing.
Then gracious sun still shine, and with these rays,
Still give him life, who still shall give thee praise.

SONNET.[44]

ON THE GUNPOWDER TREASON.

The mighty Mavors, zealous to behold
A Mars more mighty than himself below,
Did once resolve his rival to o'erthrow
By Assassins, whom open force made bold;
But finding there that open force did fold
Under the princely valour of his foe,
He then determined to assail him so
As no defence should his offence withhold.
Thus comes he down to Pluto's drear abode,
And there for fire and brimstone straight doth call—
Wherewith he thinks to play the thund'ring god,
And make the world admire his rival's fall;
But cease fond Mars to make the world to wonder,
Ten thousand Laurels save our Mars from thunder.

SONNET.[45]

ON FALSE HOPES.

You louts, you bankrouts of time and youth—
You shadows which Cepheus' son did chase—
You pools which fled from Tant'lus'[46] thirsty mouth,

Go hence from me, and take your dwelling place
With such Cameleons as can live on air—
With such as bow unto their own disgrace,
Thurinus spoke for good and solid ware.
For me, I'd rather cherish true despair,
Than entertain such hopes as do betray;
Yea, I would rather stoop to such a care
As cuts me short, than such as do belay.
A hopeless life is arm'd against all pain;
It doubleth grief, to hope and not to obtain.

SONNET.[47]

TO THE RIVER TWEED.

Fair famous flood, which sometime did divide,
But now conjoins two diadems in one,
Suspend thy pace, and some more softly slide,
Since we have made thee trustman of our moan.
And since none 's left but thy report alone,
To show the world our Captain's last fareweil,
That corse, I know, when we are gone,
Perhaps your lord-sea will it you reveal,
And you, again, the same will not conceal;
But straight proclaim'd thro' all his bremish bounds,
Till his high tides these flowing tidings tell,
And soon will send them, with his murm'ring sounds,
To that religious place, whose stately walls,
Does keep the heart, which all our hearts enthralls.

SONNET.[48]

TO MRS MARGARET LESLIE, AFTERWARDS LADY MADERTY.

Relig'ous Relics of that ruinous place,
Which sometimes gloried in the glore of saints,
Now hath no glore but one, whereof it vaunts,
That one saint's beauty makes it heav'n of grace—
In balmy fields, which fair'd her flow'ry face
With sweet perfume of corn, of trees, of plants,
While Neptune swells with pride, when there he haunts,
And longs for joy such beauty to embrace;
Bear me record, that while I passed by,
I did my dut'ous homage to your dame;
How thrice I sigh'd, thrice on her name did cry,
Thrice kiss'd the ground for honour of the same;
Then left these lines to tell her, on a tree,
That she made them to live, and me to die.

LINES TO QUEEN ANNE UPON NEW YEAR'S DAY 1604.[49]

Madam,

Who knows your greatness cannot but with fear
Draw near your altar to make off'rings there,

But whoso knows your goodness may make bold,
And with a mite as with a mine of gold,
As confidently sacrifice to you;
And this is it that must plead pardon now,
Both for the poorness of my gifts and lines.
Princes are gods; gods laugh to see their shrines
Adorned with any gift, but of that kind
That Irus[50] may as well as Crœsus find.
They know how worldlings personate their parts,
And mask gold presents within leaden hearts.
They know how gifts at Court are but a train,
To steal from great ones twice as good again.
Now I have no such end; my poor oblation
At this auspicious time of salutation,
Had it a tongue, this only would it say,
Heav'ns heap upon you many a New Year's Day.

ON A

RING SENT BY QUEEN ANNE TO THE AUTHOR,

WITH A DIAMOND IN FORM OF A HEART.[51]

I.

Thou sent to me a heart—'twas crown'd;
I thought it had been thine,
But when I saw it had a wound,
I knew the heart was mine.

II.

A bounty of a strange conceit,
To give mine own to me,
And give it in a worse estate
Than it was giv'n to thee.

III.

The heart I sent, it had no pain,
It was entire and sound,
But thou did'st render'd back again
Sick of a deadly wound.

IV.

O heav'ns, how would you use a heart
That should rebellious be,
When you undo it with a dart,
That yields itself to thee.

V.

Yet wish I it had no more pain
Than from the wound proceeds ;
More from the sending back again,
Than for the wound, it bleeds.

VI.

I may well say some undesert
Hath caus'd thee turn 't away,
And either 'twas thy fault or art,
The blame on it will lay.

VII.

Yet thou dost know that no defect
In it thou could'st reprove,
Thou only fear'd it should infect
Thy loveliest heart with love.

VIII.

A crime which if it could commit
Would so infect to thee,
That thou would rather harbour it
Than send it back to me.

IX.

Yet keep it still, or if your heart
Hath been thine own too long,
Send me it back as free from smart
As it was free from wrong.

CHLORIS AND AMYNTAS.[52]

I.

Chloris, since thou art fled away,
Amyntas' sheep are gone astray,
And all the joys he us'd to see,
These pretty lambs run after thee.
She's gone, she's gone, and halladay,
Cries nothing else but walladay, walladay.

II.

The embroider'd scrip he used to wear
Neglected hangs, so doth his hair.
His crook is broke, dog whinging lies,
And he himself nothing but cries—
Chloris, O Chloris, come away,
And heal Amyntas' walladay, walladay.

III.

His pipe, whereon he used to play
So oft to her a roundelay,
Is cast aside, and not a swain
Dares pipe or play upon the plain.
It's death for any one to say,
One word to him but walladay, walladay.

IV.

Yon May pole, where her pretty feet
In their due measure oft did meet,
Is broken down, and no content
Comes near Amyntas since she went,
But all that e'er I've heard him say
Was, Chloris, Chloris, come away, come away.

V.

The ground whereon she used to tread,
He ever since hath laid his head,
And suffer'd there such pining woe,
That not a blade of grass doth grow.
O Chloris, Chloris, come away,
And heal Amyntas' walladay, walladay.

TO THE MOST WORSHIPFUL AND WORTHY KNIGHT,

SIR JAMES HAY,[53]

GENTLEMAN OF HIS MAJESTY'S BEDCHAMBER.

I.

When Janus' keys unlock the gates above,
And throw more age on our sublunar lands,
I sacrifice with flowers of fervent love
These hecatombs of kisses to thy hands;
Their worth is small, but thy deserts are such,
They'll pass in worth, if once thy shrine they touch.

II.

Laugh but on them, and then they will compare
With all the harvest of th' Arabian field,
With all the pride of that perfumed air
Which winged troops of musked zephyrs yield,
When with their breath th' embalm th' Elysian plain,
And make the flowers reflect those scents again.

III.

Yea they will be more sweet in their conceit
Than Venus kisses spent on Adon's wound;
Than those wherewith pale Cynthia[54] did entreat
The lovely shepherd of the Latian bounds;
And than those which Jove's ambrosian mouth
Prodigaliz'd upon the Trojan youth.

IV.

I know they cannot such acceptance find,
If rigor censure their uncourtly frame,
But thou art courteous, and wilt call to mind
Th' excuse which shields both me and them from blame ;
My muse was but a novice unto this,
And, being virgin, scarce well taught to kiss.

ÆTHON CRAGIO SUO.[55]

Fain would I sing, if songs my thoughts could ease,
Or calm the tempest of my troubled brain,
Fain would I force my silent muse to please
The gallant humour of thy wanton vein.
But O, a miser mancipat to pain,
Sold slave to sorrow, wedded to mischief,
By mirth of songs, perhaps more grief might gain ;
In vain of them I should expect relief ;
Then sacred Craig, if thou would ease my grief,
Invite me not to wantonize with thee,
But tune thy notes unto my mourning cleif,
And when I weep, weep thou to echo me.
Perhaps the tears that from a Craig shall flow,
May prove a sovereign balm to cure my woe.

ON PRINCE HENRY'S DEATH,

TO PRINCE CHARLES.[56]

Admired Phœnix springing up apace
From the ashes of another Phœnix' bones,
Which too too courteous yielded thee his place,
Lest earth were burden'd with two birds at once
Of that rare kind which love to live alone,
Whose only offence is to be but one.

INCONSTANCY REPROVED.[57]

I.

I do confess thou'rt smooth and fair,
And I might have gone near to love thee ;
Had I not found the slightest pray'r
That lips could speak, had pow'r to move thee ;
But I can let thee now alone
As worthy to be lov'd by none.

II.

I do confess thou'rt sweet, yet find
Thee such an unthrift of thy sweets,
Thy favours are but like the wind
Which kisseth everything it meets ;
And since thou canst love more than one
Thou'rt worthy to be kiss'd by none.

III.

The morning rose, that untouch'd stands,
Arm'd with her briars, how sweet she smells!
But pluck'd, and strain'd through ruder hands,
Her sweets no longer with her dwells;
But scent and beauty both are gone,
And leaves fall from her, one by one.

IV.

Such fate, ere long, will thee betide,
When thou hast handled been awhile,
Like fair flow'rs to be thrown aside,
And thou shalt sigh, when I shall smile,
To see thy love to every one,
Hath brought thee to be lov'd by none!

OLD LONG SYNE.[58]

PART I.

I.

Should old acquaintance be forgot,
And never thought upon,
The flames of love extinguished,
And freely past and gone?
Is thy kind heart now grown so cold
In that loving breast of thine,
That thou canst never once reflect
On old long-syne?

II.

Where are thy protestations,
Thy vows and oaths, my dear,
Thou made to me, and I to thee,
In register yet clear ?
Is faith and truth so violate
To th' immortal gods divine,
That thou canst never once reflect
On old long-syne ?

III.

Is't Cupid's fears, or frosty cares,
That make thy sp'rits decay ?
Or is't some object of more worth,
That's sto'en thy heart away ?
Or some desert makes thee neglect
Him, so much once was thine,
That thou cans't never once reflect
On old lang-syne ?

IV.

Is worldly care so desperate,
That makes thee to despair ?
Is't that makes thee exasperate,
And makes thee to forbear ?
If thou of that were free as I,
Thou surely should be mine ;
If this were true, we should renew
Kind old long-syne.

V.

But since that nothing can prevail,
And all hope is in vain,
From these rejected eyes of mine,
Still showers of tears shall rain.
And tho' thou hast me now forgot,
Yet I'll continue thine,
And ne'er forget for to reflect
On old long-syne.

VI.

If e'er I have a house, my dear,
That truly is called mine;
And can afford but country cheer,
Or ought that's good therein;
Tho' thou were rebel to the king,
And beat with wind and rain,
Assure thyself of welcome, love,
For old long-syne.

PART II.

I.

My soul is ravish'd with delight,
When thee I think upon;
All griefs and sorrows take the flight,
And hastily are gone;

The fair resemblance of thy face,
So fills this breast of mine,
No fate or force can it displace,
For old long-syne.

II.

Since thoughts of thee do banish grief,
When I'm from thee remov'd;
And if in them I find relief,
When with sad cares I'm moved,
How doth thy presence me affect,
With ecstasies divine,
Especially when I reflect,
On old long-syne.

III.

Since thou hast robb'd me of my heart,
By those resistless pow'rs,
Which Madam Nature doth impart
To those fair eyes of yours;
With honour it doth not consist
To hold a slave in pyne;
Pray let your rigour then desist,
For old long-syne.

IV.

'Tis not my freedom I do crave,
By deprecating pains,
True liberty he would not have,
Who glories in his chains;

But this, I wish the gods would move,
That noble soul of thine
To pity, since thou can'st not love,
For old long-syne.

ALEXANDER CRAIG,[59]

TO HIS DEAR FRIEND AND FELLOW-STUDENT, MR ROBERT AYTOUN.

Sing swift hoof'd Æthon to thy matchless self,
And be not silent in this pleasant spring;
I am thy echo, and thy ærie elf,
The latter strains of thy sweet tunes I'll sing.
Ah, shall thy muse no further fruits forth bring,
But Basia bare? and wilt thou write no more
To higher notes? I pray thee tune thy string!
Be still admired as thou hast been of yore.
Write, Æthon, write, let not thy vein decay,
Least we become Cymmerians dark, or worse;
If Æthon fail, the sun his course must stay,
For Phœbus' chariot takes the chiefest horse—
Though fortune frown, ah, why should vertue die?
Sing, Æthon, sing, and I shall echo thee.

LATIN POEMS

OF

SIR ROBERT AYTOUN.

ROBERTI AYTONI POEMATA.

AD JACOBUM VI.

BRITANNIARUM REGEM, ANGLIAM PETENTEM, ROBERTI AYTONI PANEGYRIS.

Fata per æthereos jam maturata recursus,
Implêrant justum decreti temporis orbem ;
Quo vatum firmanda fides, quorum entheus ardor,
Auspiciis, Jacobe, tuis, et sospite ductu,
Sæcla Caledoniæ desponderat aurea genti.
Ergo illi, ut soles lucerent purius auro ;
Ergo illi, ut quercus sudarent roscida mella,
Sponte suâ tellus gravidam demitteret alvum,
Omnigenis fœcunda bonis, et pacis in umbra
Lætius exurgens fronderet termes olivæ ;
Ecce velà primis teneri lallatibus oris,
Ad jam septeni sinuata volumina lustri,
Imperiis famulata tuis sunt omnia cæli
Numina : nec quisquam nostro fælicius orbe
Sceptra manu tenuit, repetas licet ordine longo,

Et quos Ferguso deductos Scotia jactat,
Et quos famosis memorat vicinia fastis :
Junge etiam externas alio sub sidere gentes,
Quæ Rhenum Rhodanumq ; bibūt, quas alluit Ister,
Quas Tagus exuviis pretiosæ ditat arenæ,
Denique luciferis lustrat quascunque quadrigis
Phœbus, et Eoâ surgens illustrior undâ,
Et jam defessum tingens devexior axem :
Non illæ laudare queant è stemmate Regum,
Atque coronigeræ numerosa stirpe cohortis
Unum aliquem, qui te meritis et sorte secundâ
Æquiparet, tecumque ausit certare regendo.
Sic votis fortuna tuis servire per omnes
Edidicit casus, postquam tibi purpura cessit,
Et commissa tuis suprema potentia curis.
Scilicet ut primum Genius te lucis in auras
Edidit, occultæ virtutis signa dedisti,
Quæ te per totum vitæ est comitata tenorem,
Et cui se comitem socia compagine junxit
Prodiga successu semper fortuna secundo.
Dilaniare tuos cives feralis Enyo
Cœperat, et diros pallens miscere tumultus
Tisiphone, socias acies cognataque signa
Committens : jam bella placent, jam lusus in armis
Quæritur, ut quam non valuerunt perdere Cimbri,
Non Picti, non Saxo ferox, non belliger Anglus,
Viribus ipsa suis iret gens Scotica pessum.
Sed tua prosperitas inter cunabula victrix
Emicuit, patriæque vicem miserata gementis
Jam conclamatis potuit succurrere rebus :

Auspiciis effecta tuis victoria velox,
Quæque tuum cœptis prætendit factio nomen
Hostibus edomitis victricia signa reduxit
Ocyus, et subitâ cinxit sua tempora lauro
Tantæ molis opus lactens infantia, mirum !
Duxit ad optatum facili molimine finem.
Prisca quidem Herculeis elisos viribus angues,
Fama refert, tener in cunis dum luderet infans,
Roboris indicio spem confirmante futuri :
Sed facinus quod tu pappanti crudior ævo
Ausus es, exsuperat tanti miracula facti.
Tu solo nutu, semoto robore dextræ,
Monstrum horrendum, ingens, gemino crudelius angue
Vicisti, cursu tam præcipitante, putasses
Posse tuum cum velle pari procedere passu.
Qualiter Eois rutilus cum surgit ab undis
Phœbus, et aurato fulget præsignis amictu,
Illico disparent nubes, quas humida noctis
Temperies patulis cœli suspenderat oris.
Aut velut in magnâ cùm tempestate laborat
Navita, nec quicquam prodest prudentia cani
Rectoris contra rabiem cœlique, marisque
Pinum impellentis quò dirigit ira procellæ,
Ledæi geminus si favit fideris ardor,
Continuò ponunt venti, mare sternitur, æther
Ridet, et obductum clarat ferrugine frontem :
Haud aliter virtute tuâ disparuit ista
Seditiosa lues et tetri bellua belli :
Nec contenta tuos fines liquisse, recessit
In tam lōginquas procul hinc trans æquora terras,

Ut nunquam revocare gradum te sceptra tenente
Ausa sit, imperiive tui turbare quietem.
Mox tibi maturis ut crevit robur ab annis,
Tam facili crevit velox prudentia cursu,
Ut populum indigenam placidis in pace teneres
Imperiis, gentes alias ad fœdera regni
Virtutis solo ductos splendore vocares.
Hinc tibi Gallorum vinclo propiore ligata
Candida corda tenes, et belli nobile fulmen
Henricum socio jungis tibi fœderis ictu.
Hinc fastosus Iber, quem nulli parcere regno
Regni sacra fames patitur, tibi gestit, et unum
Nititur officiis alternis vincere Regem.
Quinetiam infestis discerpta Britannia bellis
Flagrat amore tui, et Scotis debere fatetur
Facta truci præsens quod non sit præda tyranno.
Jam vero antiquis gens nobilitata trophæis
Cimbrica, virtutis tantæ miracula cernens
Riphæos montes et Balthica littora famâ
Transiliisse suâ, voluit te fœdere certo
Devincire sibi, fraternum ut surgeret inde
Nomen amicitiæ nullo delebile sæclo.
Fælix illa dies, niveoque notanda lapillo,
Qua thalamis conjunx, qua sceptris addita consors
Dana fuit, quæ si non esset filia Regis,
Regia non esset conjunx, non Regia mater,
Forma tamen dignam faceret, quæ regia corda
Imperiis premeret, sceptrumque teneret amoris.
Una tibi, ex omne fieres ut parte beatus,
Gloria restabat, Scotos ut jungeret Anglis

Non simulata fides, rixasque oblita priores
Gratia divisas gentes solidaret in unam,
Et Tamesin Forthæ socio vinciret amore :
Hoc vatum responsa dabant sperare, sed olim
Hoc tantum sperare dabant, cum bina sub uno
Principe regna forent, et jus daret unus utrique.
Ergo unum hoc populus votis suspirat uterque,
Ergo satis geminis faciant ut sidera votis,
Ecce placet Superis Arctoo lumen Olympo,
Atque Ariadneæ sidus laterale Coronæ
Addere, regali quondam quæ sidus in aulâ
Fulserat, Angligenis venerabile nomen Elizam.
O nimium dilecte Deo, cui sidera parent,
Et conjuratæ veniunt ad vota coronæ,
Adspice quam facili nutu tibi serviat æther,
Dum tibi securo, punctis hominumque Deûmque
Defertur, quod cæde alii, quod sanguine quærunt.
Angla etenim, cum jam sciret cœlestia signa
Adventu gestire suo, cum conscius Atlas
Pondere venturo quateret nutantia membra,
Distulit illa tamen cupido si reddere cœlo,
Dum tibi pacatos hæredi traderet Anglos.
Sic proceres affata : Mihi jam fata supremum
Indixere diem, nec fas convexa tueri
Serius, en abeo gravis annis, atque trophæis,
Non immaturo moriens aut præcoce fato :
Nil vitæ me cura coquit, nil territat horror
Mortis, et adveniens lassis sopor altus ocellis,
Præteritæ tam grata animo virtutis imago
Occursat, tam dulce mihi meminisse, tot annos

Alitibus faustis populi diadema potentis
Fœmineas decorasse comas, ut non nisi læta
Elisias mediter sedes, ubi justa laborum
Præmia, ubi merces non fraudat fortiter acta.
Unum hoc solicitam supremâ vellicat horâ,
Qua vobis ratione queam regnique saluti
Consulere, et tantis custodem adsciscere sceptris.
Ergo animus sese partes dum versat in omnes,
Et satagit laudare ducem, cui pareat ultrò,
Quem colat, et cujus ductu ditata trophæis
Anglia captivas suspendat in arbore cristas,
Herculeas juxta metas hostilis Iberi,
Unum hoc occurrit : melius non posse caveri
Rebus et imperii rationibus, Anglica quam si
Sceptra manu teneat, qui Scotica torquet, eâdem.
Si pietas, si cana fides, si candida morum
Temperies, si virtutum collecta caterva,
Si magnos semper volvens mens ardua motus,
Lactea lingua fluens Hyblæo prodiga succo,
Denique forma decens, et totos sparsa per artus
Gratia membrorumque modus, blandita priorum
Qualem semideis non fingunt carmina vatum,
Imperium meruisse queant, hic solus ab isto
Dignus erit solio vobis qui jura ministret.
Sed nihil hæ valeant, et sint sine pondere dotes,
At leges et jura volunt, et sanguinis ordo
Poscit, ut Anglorum regali in sede locetur,
Regibus Anglorum qui sacros imputat ortus.
Ecquid erit validum vestram turbare quietem ?
Quæ regio in terris vestris non cesserit armis,

Quum geminas jungat generosa Britannia vires ?
Anglica si quantis attollet gloria rebus ;
Cum Rosa pubescens foliis bicoloribus Anglo,
Et quæ purpureo splendet Lancastria fuco,
Quæque Eboracensis niveo velatur amictu,
Fulva Caledonii distinguet colla Leonis ?
Ergo uni parete omnes, hic flectat habenas
Imperii, nutuque suo suprema gubernet :
Atque istud monuisse satis, me plura parantem
Dicere Lethææ prohibet vicinia ripæ.
His dictis dedit ore animam, cæloque locata
Inter sidereas fulsit fax aurea tædas,
Propitio spargens cœlum fulgore Britannum.
Nec mora, quos fidos vivens experta probârat,
Invenit obsequiis plenos post funera cives.
Ex omni procerum turba florente leguntur,
Qui suprema tibi referant mandata puellæ
Sceptrigeræ, qui te populo sine fine potenti,
Atque tibi populum per mutua vincla maritent.
Quales lætitiæ festos ad sydera plausus
Congeminasse putes Scotæ gratantia gentis
Agmina, tam grati cunctis cum nuntia casus
Fama Caledonias tepeficit motibus auras ?
Non tantum in longos solvit se natio lusus,
Non tantum paterâ noctes et carmine duxit
Mista senum et juvenum confuso turba tumultu ;
Nec satis accensis sævi flammantis acervis
Justa fuit gratæ testari gaudia mentis :
Quinetiam quæ stare solent exsensa, putasses
Fortunæ risisse tuæ genioque litasse.

Abjiciens tellus hyberni tegmina panni
Versicolore tulit distinctam emblemate pallam :
Suspirans blandos Zephyrus de nare susurros
Aëra cinnameis dissectum infecerat alis.
Ipse etiam Nereus, cujus stat gurgite vasto
Insula, pacatis adlambens littora lymphis,
Subridente leveis blandum dedit ore cachinnos.
Interea quo fata vocant, quo te tua virtus
Invitat, moliris iter, Scotisque relictis
Tendis ad affines Anglorum sedulus oras.
Illa dies quæ te certum discedere vidit
Accinctumque viæ, docuit quam charus abires
Dilectusque tuis : subito se gaudia motu
In luctus vertere graves, dum pondus amoris
Accendit vigilem trepido sub pectore curam,
Ne perdat commune bonum, commune salutis
Præsidium, patriæ patrem populique parentem.
Eheu solliciti res est quam plena timoris
Magnus amor ! metuit semper qui diligit, et quod
Mente capit, cupit ante oculos ut semper oberret.
Ergo tui nequit avelli conspectibus oris
Scotia, te sequitur gressum quocunque moveres.
Ordo omnis, sequiturque omnis te sexus et ætas,
Patriciæ, procerum turmæ, plebeiaque turba,
Longævi cum plebe senes, cum virgine matres
Adglomerant, comitesque tuis se passibus addunt :
Tu prohibes, et quemque jubes ad priva reverti,
Contentus tali studio ceu pignore amoris.
Turba sequax, quamvis sit letho durius omni
Extremum proferre vale, vultusque serenos

Principis, heu nunquam vultus fortasse videndos
Linquere, versa tamen retro vestigia flectit,
Dum studet exactum gessisse per omnia morem.
Et jam terga dabat, cum rursus flectere vultum
Sollicitavit amor, talesque effundere voces
Singultu medias interrumpente querelas :
Tune potes, Rex magne, tuam sic linquere gentẽ ?
Sic tibi sordescit, regna ad vicina vocato,
Scotia, nulla tui super ut sit cura popelli ?
Quod si certa nimis sedet hæc sententia menti
Inceptum pertexere iter, fixumque tenendas
Regis et hæredis titulo stat cernere terras,
I fælix quo fata vocant, perge alite faustâ,
Dummodo prima tuis reducem te Cynthia sistat :
Sed si perpetuum regno meditaris in Anglo
Hospitium, et Scotæ jamdudum pœnitet oræ,
Da veniam, justi si vis extrema doloris
Imputet, in nostris primum quod sedibus æther
Haustus, et infirmis pulsus vagitibus aër,
Quod nondum primævus adhuc, imbellis, inermis
Defensus nostris clypeis, hostilia tela
Spreveris et regno fueris submotus avito.
Anglia quid ? verum præstat non dicere, nos te
Per Genium, patriam, per pignora chara rogamus,
Per si quid tibi dulce magis, ne desere gentem,
Quæ nunquã obsequio cecidit nec decidet unquã,
Rupta licet rerum solvantur fœdera, brutum
Inque chaos redeat luxati machina mundi.
Dictabat graviora dolor, sed jam ungula pernix
Quadrupedante tuas saltu subduxerat aures :

Tu pergis, populoque tuo post terga relicto,
Metiris tractus quos lati fluminis alveo
Tueda rigat, mox succedis lætantibus arvis,
Quæ vicina suis Northumbria continet ulnis.
At tunc quos habitus, quantæ miracula pompæ
Cérnere erat ? cum tu magnâ stipante catervâ
Saxonidûm, fallax rumor quos sæpius ante
Luserat, adveniens omni dum crederis horâ,
Rura per et medias, solito conspectior, urbes
Spumanti vehereris equo : creberque feriret
Aures iste sonus, VIVAT, multosque per annos
Temperet augusto junctas moderamine gentes,
Ordine qui Sextus, primus virtutibus audit.
Certe ego crediderim, simili lustrasse paratu
Nascentis quæ regna vident cunabula Phœbi
Thyrsigeri currus et patris ovantia signa,
Cum grex hirsutus Satyrorum, atque ebria Mænas
Euion ingeminaret, Io clamaret Iacche.
Aut simili pompâ stipatam credere fas est
Solis avem, cum jam reparavit morte juventam,
Et rediviva suo struxit cunabula busto.
Hanc volucrum numerosa cohors, te millia vulgi
Mirantur, populus Dominum submissus adorat,
Et lassata quidem, sed non satiata videndo
Lumina deponunt in te juvenesque senesque :
Præcipuè juvenes, qui te ductore perennes
Mente agitant lauros, quorum mens nescia claudi
Finibus angustis queis insula clauditur, alis
Transvolat Oceani reboantia septa, tuumque
Imperium terris, famam metitur Olympo.

En (ajunt) olim auspiciis muliebribus usi
E Gaditanis lauros decerpsimus arvis,
Saxonidumque rosas Hispano insevimus orbi,
Et quisquam nostris fines præscripserit armis,
Imperiove modum Sexto duce et auspice SEXTO ?
Quid loquar, ut queruli patres, ut garrula mater,
Ut puer, ut virgo, te viso, gaudia vultu
Pinxerit, et festos clamores plausibus aptans,
Non ingrata tuas in laudes solverit ora ?
Non mihi ferrato streperet si pectore Phœbus,
Et centum gemino manarent verba palato ;
Gratantis turbæ varios habitusque modosque
Dinumerare queam : satis est voluisse notare
Lætitiæ monumenta suæ, tenuique Minervâ
Delibasse tibi quos consecravit honores
Jugitur, à primo calcati limite regni
Ad medium penetrale : caput qua tollit in auras
Urbs antiqua, potens armis, et splendida luxu,
Quæque alias tanto supereminet intervallo,
Quantum humiles superat pinus procera myricas,
LONDINUM indigenæ vocitant. Hic ultima pompæ
Pars fuit, hoc centro ceu consummatus obhæsit
Lætitiæ tractus : quid enim sors addere votis
Ulterius potuit ? post pulvinaria divum
Tot precibus lassata venis, ut numen amicum
Ut Tutelaris sacrans pomœria Divus.
Ergo tibi hic summū quod restat solvitur, omnis
Unanimi populus regem te voce salutat,
Sceptra manu sistit, cingit diademate crinem,
Membra superfuso trabeæ miratur in auro,

Se tibi submittit, sua devovet, in tua verba
Conceptis properat verbis jurare, tuisque
Mancipat imperiis summam vitæque necisque :
  Felices, queis sors melior dedit ista tueri
Comminus ! ac oculo propius lustrare fideli !
Hos justas animare fideis in cuncta monebat
Officii pietas totius conscia pompæ,
Ad nos tam longo tractu cælique solique
Distractos, famæ tenuis vix labitur aura.
Quid mirum si rauca strepat, si murmure balbo
Sibilet ægra chelys, si vix millesima rerum
Pars nervis aptata tuos enervet honores ?
Culpa quidem ingenii permultum deterit, at nos
Non adeo agresti carmen tenuamus avenâ,
Ut tibi non olim patrio vernacula versu
Riserit, occultos dum suspiraret amores,
Et Charidoreo Diophantus ferveret æstu
Forsit et hæc, quamvis grandi fastosa boatu
Non fremat, at tenui tantum spiramine musset,
Oceani transvecta domos et cærula regna,
Augustas grata novitate morabitur aures.
  Interea, Rex, macte tuis virtutibus, istis
Versibus, et tanti parto diademate regni :
Crede mihi, quidquid mundi per furta Tonantis
Cepit Agenoreæ nomen de nomine natæ,
Attonitum stupet omne tui miracula fati.
Pluribus invaluit tam vasta potentia sceptris,
Quisque sibi ut timeat. Non tu de pulvere tressis
Regulus, aut vilis populi sine nomine princeps.
Quidquid ab Ausoniis est alter creditus orbis,

Hoc nutu tremit omne tuo, quæ sistere cursum
Romani imperii potuit, tibi Scotia servit :
Quæ toties Gallos, toties tremefecit Iberos,
Anglia, colla tuis ultrò submittit habenis.
Dedignata jugum multos muliebre Decembres,
Deposita feritate tibi famulatur Ierne.
Orcades, et maculæ plures in fronte Britannæ
Doridos, extremæ spectantes littora Thules
Adscribi titulis tanti rectoris anhelant.

Quodque tibi ingentes animos et mascula corda
Excitet, et magnos justâ spe nutriat ausus,
Non ullos natura tuo præscribere fines
Ausa est imperio, nisi quos circumsona Nerei
Pertica spumanti metatur cuspidis ictu :
Omine monstrosæ sortis, quandoque futurum,
Quicquid ut Oceanus restuis complectitur ulnis,
Te colat, et toto distantes orbe Britanni
Subjiciant totum lege et legionibus orbem.

Nec minus aucta novo regni custode, superbum
Exere læta caput, contemptis Anglia telis
Invidiæ ; non jam rabies livoris iniqui
Objiciet muliebre jugum, dum jussa capessis
Herois Fergusiadæ, dum Martia corda,
Rege sub invicto patiens ratione domari.
Respicis Augustum ? tuus est fælicior. Optas
Trajanum ? tuus est melior. Juvat addere Titum ?
Et primas Jacobus habet, tam comis, ut unus
Deliciæ humani generis mereatur haberi.

Scotia testis erit, quæ sic amplexa regentem est,
Sic colit, insano nec adhuc non deperit æstu,

Ut nisi te sociam junxissent mille catenæ,
Proximitas cæli atque soli, par cultus ad aras,
Par sonitus linguæ, species non discolor oris,
Quæque animos mollire solent iterata vicissim
Fœdera regalis commissa per oscula lecti ;
Vix raptos impunè suos pateretur amores.
Sed tibi rivali tantum liveret honorem.

Nunc vero, læta atque libens hoc Sole fruisci
Te patitur, precibusque suis invitat, ut illi
Obsequiosa geras morem, cultusque rependas,
Quos monet officium tanto persolvere Regi.
Dilige ceu patrem, ut Dominum reverere, loquantur
Marmora muta, suos statuæ fateantur honores :
Ficta viri vivant auratis ora figuris :
Non incus vacet ulla, pio quæ pondere vultus
Regalis non pressa gemat, vix tota Corinthus
Sit satis, ut calidis fornacibus æra ministret,
Effigies ductura suas, quas omnis ubique
Angulus, extremo quantumvis devius Anglo
Non minus observet sacro veneramine, prisci
Quam Troes delapsa polo simulacra Minervæ.

Illa dies, illi qua rerum summa potestas,
Qua regni commissus apex, qua publica moles
Incubuit tantis primum inclinata lacertis :
Murice Gætulo fastis inscripta notetur :
Annuaque instauret festa solennia pompa.
Quæ decus et famam tam chari principis, atris
Unguibus eripiant Libitinæ, et sceptra Stuartæ
Gentis ab hoc puncto transmittant perpetis ævi,
Ad natos natorum et qui nascentur ab illis.

EPICEDIUM IN OBITUM THOMÆ RHÆDI.

Scilicet hoc fatum est validæ virtutis, et acris
Ingenii hæc genesis, dum Famæ extendere metas
Ultra busta parat, vitæ pomœria in arctum
Contrahit, accersit funus dum funeris expers
Emolitur opus, sit et umbra ut colligat auras.
Sic querimur te Rhæde rapi : dum totus anhelas
Mnemosynes clarum fastis inscribere nomen,
Et vel privatis juvat impallescere chartis,
Ut possis prodesse orbi, vel jussa capessis
Regia, et Ausonio donatur epistola cultu
Ad reges mittenda alios : sub pondere tanto
Ilia paulatim ducis : vis ignea mentis
Imperia in famulos tam dura exercuit artus,
Ut non sufficerent vires conatibus altæ
Indolis, et magnæ captantis præmia famæ.
Sed macie exsangui pallentem lurida tabes
Occupat, et lentâ carpit præcordia flamma :
Consumptam sic sæpè facem conspeximus, omnem
Dum lucem impendens alienis usibus, altè
Liquitur, et proprias depascitur igne medullas.
Si qua tamen spes est victuri nominis ulli,
Si qua Novensilibus vis est concessa Deabus,
Cultores sacrare suos, Tua posthuma Rhæde
Innumerabilibus canescet gloria seclis.
Nempe tibi infanti, qua Scotia vergit ad Arctos,
Ipsa fuit Pallas nutrix, dedit ubera, cunas

Impulit, adduxit somnos modulamine cantus
Ausonii Grajique : dein cum prima tenellus
Tentamenta pedum faceres, per devia Pindi
Tesqua, per Aonios lucos et amœna vireta
Fortunatorum nemorum, quæ laurus inumbrat,
Ipse tibi rexit Phœbus vestigia, toto
Pieridum plaudente choro : tunc firmior annis
Fælici auspicio Sophiæ per cuncta vagaris
Naturæ secreta, vides quæcunque profundis
Democritus putei finxit demersa latebris :
Mente etiam petis alta poli, velumque reducente
Uranie, humanis impervia visibus audes
Rimari, et toto latè discurrere cælo.
Subsidiis fretum tantis, talique saburrâ
Libratum juvat à patrio secedere fumo,
Externasque videre plagas. Sic matre relicta
Deserit angusti genitiva cubilia nidi
Alarum tyrocinium factura volucris:
Sic tractus alio quærit sub sole jacentes
Mercator, patriæ fructus et munera terræ
Permutaturus peregrini mercibus orbis.
Gallia visa tibi primùm, sed Gallia tantum
Visa tibi per transennam (ceu flumina Nili
Delibat canis) attraxit Germania philtro
Et precis et pretii, geminâque hac arte morandi
Consilium extorsit. Geminas sic inter amicas
Eligitur, non quæ roseo formosior ore est,
Sed quæ pervigili studio magis instat, et urget
Fortius affectum, Paphiæque incendia flammæ.
Palladis in castris multâ hic cum laude merentem,

Et victa de Barbarie sciolisque sophistis
Ducentem insignes fama victrice triumphos
Lipsia detinuit longum. Quis credidit illic
Se ritè admissum in Phœbi sacraria, Rhædo
Non pandente fores? Quis per dumeta Lycæi
Ausus iter tentare, nisi duce et auspice Rhædo?

Nec tibi fama minor quà Balthica littora spectat
Rostochium, paucis istic tibi plurimus annis
Crevit honos, nullo non admirante profundæ
Doctrinæ aggestos tot in uno pectore acervos,
Fælicemque viam fandi, quocunque liberet
Ore loqui, quocunque habitu producere partus
Mentis, et examines scriptis animare papyros.

Æqua tamen tantæ virtuti præmia nondum
Contigerant, non scena satis contermina luci.
Hanc tibi debebat florentibus inclyta rebus
Anglia, florenti fueras flos debitus aulæ,
Et decuit tali talem clarere theatro.

Namque Minervæi quamvis nutritus in umbrâ,
Non tamen in curis fueras civilibus hospes,
Sed te dexteritas genii versatilis aptum
Finxerat ex æquo studiis, aulæve, scholæve.
Unde capessenti graviorum pondera rerum,
Tradenti et Latiis mandata Augusta tabellis,
Incorrupta fides, solers industria, coctum
Judicium, et priscæ certans facundia Romæ
Hîc magnum peperere decus, quodque omnia vincit
Elogia, hîc magno Regi potuisse placere
Contigit, et talem meritis adciscere testem,
Quo nihil in terris sapientius adspicit æther.

Ille tuum eloquium tanto est dignatus honore,
Ut tibi, non alii, propriæ monumenta lucernæ
Crediderit vertenda illo sermone, per orbem
Quo peregrinari possent, et Regibus esse
Pro speculo, non qua sceptris stat meta Britannis,
Sed quacunque patent Latiæ commercia linguæ.
Jamque hic ad summum voti venisse cacumen
Rhæde videbaris, nihil amplius addere laudi
Fama tuæ poterat, nihil illi aut livor avarus
Detrahere, aut Nemesis rebus non æqua secundis :
Verum ô perfidium fati ! quod demere laudi
Haud potuit, luci et vitalibus abstulit auris.
Et tu Rhæde jaces opera inter manca, minasque
Scriptorum ingentes, queis si suprema fuisset
Cum limâ porrecta manus, non ulla fuisset
Calliopes toto Sophiæve illustrior albo,
Quam quæ Rhædeum præferret pagina nomen.
Nunc ceu rapta tuis superant tantummodo bustis
Paucula furtivas schediasmata fusa per horas.
Qualiacumque tamen sunt hæc, hæc ipsa revincent
Esse Caledoniis etiamnum lumen alumnis,
Et Genium, quo vel Scoti Subtilis acumen,
Vel poterunt dulces Buchanani æquare Camœnas.
Jamque vale, mi Rhæde, (mei ah pars maxima quondam,
Nunc cæli pars magna) tuo mihi funere tantum
Cordolium inflixit fati importuna tyrannis,
Cogat ut inceptas lachrymis abrumpere laudes.
Heu quoties dixi, descendam lætus ad umbras
Elysias, moriarque libens, modo carmina nostro
Inscribat tumulo Rhædus, nunc ordine verso

Naturæ votique mei, (proh fata) sub umbras
Is prior, et nobis demandas pensa supremi
Officii, quæ dum multis firmatis ab annis
Nodus amicitiæ satagit persolvere, charis
Manibus obstrepimus, non justaque justa ferentes
Indoctâ heu doctam pietate lacessimus umbram.
Tu tamen affectu placido libamina nostri
Affectus capias, poterit meruisse videri,
Qui propriæ famæ impensis tua nomina famæ
Tradere, et ad seros voluit transferre nepotes.

BASIA SIVE STRENA AD JACOBUM HAYUM,

EQUITEM ILLUSTRISSIMUM.

Ecce per obliqui duodena habitacula circi
Luciferis qui fertur equis, reducique rotatu
Inducit senium mundo Phœbeius axis,
Jam subit hospitium Jani, qui clave recludens
Sæcula, principium tribuit nascentibus annis.
Instauranda pio veniunt solennia ritu,
Muneribusque datis anni bona scæva futuri
Captanda est: etenim cedit fælicius annus,
Si primum fausta transmittas alite solem.
Mene igitur festas deceat tempsisse Calendas,
Cum passim genus omne virum delubra Patulci
Ingreditur, supplexque pias operatur ad aras?

Mene igitur (prælustris Eques) tua tecta subire
Immunem et vacuum xenio ; cum plurima passim
Strena datur, Charitesq ; terunt vaga limina, densis
Stipantes calathis venturi pignora lucri ?
Dii melius, tu jure tuo vel dona neganti
Extorquere potes ; nam blandi gratia vultus,
Accessus facilis, conditæ melle loquelæ,
Insignisque ardor bene de virtute merendi,
Me tibi devotum desponsavere clientem.
Nec mirum si forte meos prædatus amores,
Hæc spolia è nostro non grandia corde tulisti :
Tu potis es Regum tacitas adlambere fibras,
Virtutis magnete tuæ, philtroque potenti
Indolis ingenuæ augustos inflectere sensus.
Tu rectæ invidiam menti plerumque novercam
Conciliare vales : tu numina fœdere raro
Juncta simul socias, cogis committere dextras
Virtutem et meritum : sub quorum sospite ductu
Aulai tumidum spumosis fluctibus æquor
Fortiter invectus, non ut pars maxima, in ipso
Ludibrium portu ventis undæque dedisti :
Verum evitatis brevibus, scopulisque vadisque
Omnibus, in quæ vela solent impingere passim
Aulica, spes omnes tuta statione locasti :
Unde alios, jam securus, post reddita vota
Neptuno, partim fluitantes cernis in alto
Spemque metumque inter, partim inclementibus auris
Disjectos ; sic ut nec rasi vertice crines,
Nec digitis ungues præsecti flectere divos
Evaleant, luges vicina ab littoris acta.

Quando igitur sic cuncta tuo famulantur honori,
Quando igitur sic cuncta tuos venantur amores;
Relligio mihi sit non ebservare perenni
Obsequio Geniumque tuum, dotesque stupendas,
Quarum ope regalis, jubar exorabile, vultus
Perpetuo usurpas, terras cum lampade Phœbus
Illustrat, lateri comes indivisus adhærens,
Et cum nox piceis mundum complectitur alis,
Contiguis recubans stratis, sanctoque cubili.
Præsertim cum prima dies revolubilis anni
Cultibus officiisque vacat, cum munere signet
Obsequium quicunque tuis succedere tectis
Molitur; peream potius de millibus unus,
Millibus è multis quam solus asymbolus adsim.
Sed quid agam heu demens? aut quo te munere mactem
Infælix? mittamne Tagus quas volvit arenas?
Aut ab Erythræo collectas littore conchas?
Vasave queis pretium fecit jactura Corinthi?
Non equidem tali vel censu nostra supellex
Luxuriat; nec si flueret jam divite gaza,
Hæc animo sunt apta tuo. Quam vilia semper
Duxeris aurivoro quæ plebs affectat hiatu,
Scit Tamesis quacunque fluit; scit Sequana; novit
Ipse Tagus; flavaque fluit pallentior unda,
Despectas dum sentit opes, quas devehit alveo.
Ergo alio juvat ire, tuo quo strena paretur
Par animo; sortisque meæ non indecor: et jam
Occurrit satis esse mihi, si more clientum
Non ullo gravis ære tuo me limine sistam;
Et tantum teneræ delibam basia dextræ.

Dic verum, num ingrata jacent, num vilia sordent
Quæ tibi strigosi tenuis dat trama peculi ?
Non credo : est nostris etiam sua gratia donis,
Et proprium quoque pondus habent, quo freta ruborem
Deponant, sperentque sinus implere faventes.
Non ego plebei condita liquoribus oris
Basia promitto, non cuilibet obvia linguæ ;
Sed non invitæ forsan surrepta Minervæ ;
Sed non invitis forsan Charitumque Dianæque,
Atque Novensilium labris decerpta Sororum.
Quæ magis ut constet quam sint pretiosa, parumper
Si vacat, Aonios mecum spatiare per hortos ;
Et quo sint censenda loco mea basia, disces
Ex ipso, cujus sunt hæc oracula, Phœbo.
Fama est intonso dilecti basia Branchi
Tam placuisse Deo, caput ut puerile corona
Ornarit, virgaque manum decoraverit aurea :
Nec satis esse ratus decorasse insignibus artis,
Quæ populo responsa daret præsaga futuri,
Creditur et puero sacras statuisse columnas,
Creditur et puero certamina sacra dicasse,
In quibus, ex omni cirrata gente vocaret
Victorem præco, qui sublabrare valeret
Doctius ; et tenera melius dare basia lingua.
O lepidum ingenium sacri certaminis, et quod
Spectassem potius, quam vel quos Elis agones
Alphei exhibuit vitreas propè fluminis undas ;
Vel quae Romanus dederat spectacula Prætor ;
Et nisi decipior, quod tu lascive Poeta
Cui non mille satis, non altera mille fuerunt

Basia, non toties rursus superaddita mille,
Non modo spectasses oculo saliente, relictis
Et circo et scena; sed si licuisset inire
Certamen, toto fieri te corpore linguam
Optasses, olim ut Nasum tuus ille Fabullus.

Nec tantum Phœbo placuerunt basia, si quid
Credimus antiquis, totum cælestis Olympi
Consilium tali veneramine delinitum
Ilico mitescit. Nam cnm Gentilia passim
Dogmata suspensos sacro terrore tenerent
Mortales, si quis superûm fortasse catervæ
Extorquere aliquid voluit; non mascula thura
Accendit, non farre pio salienteque mica,
Aut extis fecit potius, quam basia fixit
Postibus; et calidæ redimitis cornibus aræ.

Adde quod hoc etiam sæclo pars maxima mundi
Sic Divos veneratur; amant namque ire per omnes
Sanctorum exuvias, et hianti gutturis haustu
Lambere prostantem cineres quæ continet urnam,
Qui cœtus Tiberine tuos, et sacra frequentant
Romulidum, varias terræ jam sparsa per oras.

Jam vero humano generi tam grata feruntur
Basia, deliciis istis ut cassa subinde
Langueat, et cœtus imitetur vita ferarum.
Verte oculos quocunq; lubet, seu te ista morantur
Tempora, seu sæcli repetes exempla prioris,
Invenies celebrem celebrati muneris usum.

Ille Parens Sophiæ, cujus nascentis in ore
Hyblæas perhibent sedem posuisse volucres,
Dum cœtum instrueret civilem legibus æquis,

Cavit, ut adversos qui se gessisset in hostes
Fortiter, invictoque tulisset pectore Martem,
Nil aliud tantæ pretium virtutis haberet,
Quam bene dilectæ paucissima basia formæ.
Romanos inter veteres, gentemque togatam,
Non fora, non circus, non limina priva potentum,
Non quæ prætextos capiebat Curia Patres,
Tempserat illecebras doctæ dare basia linguæ ;
Turba salutantum tumidi quæ limina Regis
Observare togâ pluviam stillante solebat.
Non alium magno cultum præstabat amico :
Cretata ambitio fasces, sellamque curulem
Dum peteret, per vana levis suffragia vulgi,
Non aliter tanti redimebat culmen honoris,
Quam totas prensando tribus, quam basia dando :
Quin etiam quocunque loco, quocunque recessu,
Sive palam in triviis, seu clam sub tegmine tigni,
Moris erat notos sic exceptare sodales :
Usque adeo, ut quondam per tam promiscua passim
Basia, se totam turpis mentagra per urbem
Sparserit, et vili fœdarit furfure vultus.
Induperatores ipsi (si credere fas est)
Reddere sic soliti sic acceptare salutem :
Testis erit magno diductum nomen Iülo,
Julius, ingratam qui tinxit sanguine Romam :
Cæsus ab his, qucis colla, manus, queis crura pedesque
Obtulit, expectans soliti veneramina basî.
Par etiam (si parva licet componere magnis)
Par etiam casus te nobis abstulit, alma
Alma Dei soboles, magnum Patris incrementum,

Qui falso obtentu amplexum simulantis Iüdæ
Traditus hostili turbæ, crudelibus umbris
Occumbis clavisque cruci suffixus adhæres.
Infidum et crudele genus, mansueta sed atrox
Bellua, quæ falso cultu sic prodis amicos,
Dispeream nisi te justis mea pagina diris
Hic peteret, patrioque volens demitteret Orco ;
Basia si justo sinerent servire dolori.
Verum apage hinc quo tu meruisti, accedite rursus
Basia, plena mei vestro sint nectare versus.
Vos sapitis cuneos redolet quod fusa per omnes
Corycii pressura croci, quod veris honore
Dives humus, molli quod sparsa opobalsama collo,
Divitibusque comis lapsæ inter vina coronæ.
Sed nihi nescio quis secretam gannit in aurem,
Et Beguinarum moroso more susurrat,
Basia turpe nefas, labris non digna pudicis,
Incauto damnosa homini, male grata Tonanti,
Ducere lethalis secum contagia culpæ ;
Atque animæ æternam peccati adspergere labem.
Vana superstitio, pietas præpostera, quæ sic
Deludis trepidas falsa formidine mentes,
Quære alium cui tu fugitivæ gaudia vitæ
Legitima eripias ; cæcoque horrore fatiges :
Non ego victuris studeo committere chartis
Basia de lustris et olentis fæce suburræ
Lecta, columbantis poppismata lubrica linguæ ;
Tota sui quinto quæ tinxit nectaris haustu
Diva potens Cypri ; sed quæ sine crimine nato
Det genitor, mater natæ, nova nupta marito :

Qualia Christiadum primævi ab origine cœtus
Dividere inter se soliti, cum cinctus ad aras
Staret, et offerret cælo pia vota Sacerdos :
Qualia, mortales olim qui morte redemit,
Infantem amplexus balbo superaddidit ori :
Qualia constringunt certo sponsalia vinclo,
Et prohibent spe conjugii data munera reddi,
Qualia dat prolytæ doctor, dum præmia confert
Detriti masuri, et vigilatæ in Codice noctis :
His ego si coner justas addicere laudes,
Esse queat fraudi, sunt omnia criminis umbra
Tam procul, ac sacris fidei vicina sigillis.
Scilicet ut primâ spectabis basia fronte,
Res nihili naucique putes, et nomina vana ;
Sed simul in tacitas vires descenderis acri
Judicio, effectusque quibus sunt fœta notaris,
Egregium invenies vili sub cortice fructum :
Ut roseum Phœbi fusca sub nube nitorem.
Nonne hoc amplexu linguarum alterna meantum
Ora per et fauces, nodo constricta tenaci
Fœdera pangit amor ; legemque hanc dicit amori,
Ut quoties geminas libuit committere linguas,
Oscula transfundant animas per aperta sequaces,
Et pariter curent ut amati in corpore totus
Vivat amans, arque hic versa vice vivat in illo ?
Desine mirari, quisquis legis horrida tabo
Corpora, et infames lepræ livoribus artus
Indeptos priscum per basia sola vigorem :
Nec magis obstupeas, quisquis monumenta revolvens
Hebraidum, legis æthereas ad luminis oras

Sedibus a Stygiis revocatam corporis umbram,
Admotis tantum labris ad mortua labra.
Mystica vis teretis comitatur verbera linguæ ;
Non minus infundens animas, quam inspirat amores,
Æternæque jugum fidei, et pia fœdera pacis.
O fælix, nimium fælix, cui fata dederunt,
Pallenti livore procul rivalis avari,
Securos agitare dies, ac ore ab amato
Fercula prædari (dictum sit pace Deorum)
Non minus æternæ convivis prodiga vitæ ;
Quam quæ cælestes onerant convivia mensas.
Sed quorsum tam multa (Equitum flos auree) quorsum
Tam plebeia tibi, qui tantum grandia curas ?
Sit modus adveniet tempus, modo cæpta secundet
Æquus amor, cum tu Dominæ de fronte legendo
Lilia, vellendo è labris violasque rosasque,
Experiere meæ quam sint veracia Musæ
Dogmata, cum dices, (nisi me mens credula fallit)
Dispeream meus ille olim nisi vera canebat
Aytonus ; justas habeant sua basia laudes.
Interea dextræ ista tuæ ceu supplicis arrham
Obsequii Aytonum primis fixisse Calendis
Sit satis, et totum vitæ cum sanguine fundum
Addixisse tibi parvæ sub imagine glebæ.
Et quandoque tibi croceo velatus amictu
Arridebit Hymen, cum pronuba Juno favebit,
Non sine honore tuas patiar sordescere tædas ;
Sed liber, laxisque ruens in carmen habenis,
Arcessam summo Phœbum de vertice Pindi ;
Inque tuas laudes, et charæ encomia nuptæ,
Expromam totas Permessi prodigus undas.

LESSUS IN FUNERE RAPHAELIS THOREI MEDICI ET POETÆ PRÆSTANTISSIMI, LONDINI PESTE EXTINCTI.

Tene Thori obscuris clarum caput abdidit umbris
Pestiferi vis sæva mali ? non absque querelæ
Et tanto invidæ cumulo sævire profanam
In plebem, et solo magnos abdomine Patres
Cæca lues poterat ? Cur tu pars maxima cladis ?
Cur de te tantum licuit ? te mixime vatum
Te medici Coriphæe gregis ? Certe illa nocentem
Plus fecit se morte tuâ quam mille potentum
Funeribus, quam si totam grassante veneni
Profluvio ignavis vacuasset civibus urbem.
Amusæ levis est turbæ jactura, resurgit
Absque labore filix, loliumque renascitur agris
Semine non jacto : sed si Narcissus ab imâ
Evulsus radice fuit, si frigore adusta
Vel rosa, vel violæ, vel mollis amaracus, ægre
Nec nisi post multum veniunt exculta laborem.
Quæ nobis nunc gleba dabit, quæ cura secundum
Substituet Thorium ? potis est natura beare
Ingenio, Genium ingenio superaddere curtas
Naturæ transcendit opes, Heroica virtus
Raro habet hæredem, doctos dat quælibet ætas,
Non quævis Thorios, concurrant sydera oportet
Omnia, conjunctis pariant ut viribus unum
Vel Medicum insignem, vel plenum Numine vatem.
At Thorius fuerat tam fœlix, unus utrâque

Ut pariter foret arte potens, promittere vitam.
Pæonia, Aonia poterat promittere famam.
Rarus honos paucisque datus producere vitæ
Fila vel invitis (si fas est dicere) Parcis:
Et mage rarus honos, Parcam exarmare secantem
Cum medicina nequit, pereuntis stamina vitæ
Supplere æterno famæ subtemine, et istam
Quæ pars est melior, vivendi et causa, perennem
Transferre in telam, quam nec livoris iniqui
Stigmata, nec possunt senii corrodere dentes.
Hoc aliis, hoc ipse sibi præstare valebat
Versipotens Thorius: quod erat mortale sub umbras
Ante diem si permisit descendere, fati
Crimen erat, non artis iners vel culpa, vel error
Artificis, quem Naturæ non ulla latebant
Arcana; herbarum cunctas cum nomine vires
Noverat, omnigenum rixas et fœdera rerum,
Quicquid et ad Medicos Chymicus calor exceqit usus:
Quin etiam ætheriis quicquid descripta maniplis
Lumina mortales influxu operantur in artus.
Vos animæ, vos ô animæ, quas ille minaci
Eripuit monstro cum grassaretur Erynnis,
Spargeret et totam virus ferale per urbem,
Vos testor, meministis enim et memorare potestis,
Quam bene de vobis meruit, quam fortiter ægris
Adfuit, et quoties Libitinam elusit hiantem.
Non Cous plus ipse senex devinxit Athena
Afflictas contage gravi, et lethalibus auris,
Unde gravem tulit ex auro radiante coronam,
Quam Thorius Luddi dictos de nomine cives:

Et cunctatur adhuc tanto defuncta periclo
Reddere protractæ statuam pro numere vitæ
Plumbea gens ? certè talem si prisca tulissent
Sæcla virum, non effigies, satis una fuisset,
Non umbris satis ullus honos, mortalibus addi
Consuetus, certe Thorius superaddita bustis
Templa et fumantes habuisset odoribus aras.
Sed sæcli vitio nec sint sua præmia vivis
Nec morte ereptis, jaceat sine vindice virtus :
Non ingrata tamen penitus nostra audiet ætas
Chare Thori, non hæc omnes infamia tanget :
Nos tibi, queis tecum communia sacra fuerunt,
Symmystæ Aonii, tibi nos æterna laborum
Præmia, mansuras et consecrabimus aras,
Non structas mortali opera, sed Numinis arte,
Quo plenum tibi pectus erat, dum ingente cothurno
Aut Magnum infami trajectum pectora ferro,
Ereptum aut nobis crudeli funere Daphnin,
Aut caneres læti ludens miracula fumi.
Ipse ego de tanto minimus grege carmen ad aras
Appendam, leget appensum sic forte viator :
Nil opus est hospes bijuges exquirere clivos,
Ut Phœbi afflatum captes per somnia ; Divus
Hic colitur Thorius, totum qui pectore toto
Et Phœbum et Phœbi natum congesserat, istas
Tantum aras ornare velis violisque rosisque,
Et Maneis placare pios : his functus abibis
Et medicus fælix, et anhelus Apolline vates.

CARINA CARO.

Hæc Caro Carina suo mandata salutem
Mittere quam possit, non habet ipsa sibi :
Nec scribit mandata, acri custodia cura
Excubat, et calamo verba notata vetat.
Quæ custos prohibere nequit, suspiria, planctus,
Et lachrymæ, his curas exonerare juvat.
Quis scit an hæc Tamesis querulæ qua suspicit ædes
Audiet, et pronis dum petit æquor acquis,
Deferat ad turrim ? Tu quanvis carcere clausus
Aure reor patulâ murmura nota bibes.
Sed vereor ne non agnoscas ; scilicet ad te
A nobis isthæc prima querela venit.
Hactenus exortes curarum viximus una,
Vitaque lætitiæ nil nisi scena fuit,
Nunc qualis tragicum solet infamare theatrum,
Gaudia præcipiti turbine versa ruunt.
Fortunæ tam fluxa fides ; tu raptus ab aulæ
Luce, tenebrosi carceris antra subis,
Ipsa ferens utero, custodi tradita, culpæ
Conscia, consiliis sola relicta meis
Mille modis pereo. Jam jam Lucina minatur,
Tormina mox judex asperiora parat.
Functa puerperii fuero si forte periclo,
Carnificis vix est effugienda manus.
Fac etiam effugiam, poterone avertere labem,
Quæ famæ et genti vivet inusta meæ ?
O possem vel morte ; mihi quodcunque minatur
Exitio Nemesis non satianda meo ;

Despicerem penitus, lucrique in parte locarem,
Mors tua morte meâ si redimenda foret :
Nec sola Alcestis fuerit cantata poetis,
Quod potuit chari fata subire viri ;
Sed mala quæ miseros nunquam præsagia fallunt,
Nescio quæ de te dira timere jubent.
Vide ego cum multa stipata satellite cymba
Ad turrim spoliis iret onusta meis.
Et nimis, heu ! memini cymbam, quæ forte tegebat
Stragula, sanguineo tincta colore fuit.
Pulla sequebatur comitum per inane volantum
Turba, cadaveribus qualis adesse solet.
Dum crocitat, dum raucisono secat aëra planctu,
Remigibus visum est triste celeusma dari.
Adde quod in somnis hæc omnia firmat imago,
Quæ capite orbatum te mihi sæpe refert.
Vana precor fuerint, et Thusca scientia fallax,
Nec sit in ominibus auguriisve fides :
Tu nihilo secius nostris divelleris ulnis,
Cogeris et letho deteriora pati.
Scilicet est gravius letho, Pæana canente
Invidia, instabiles sortis obire vices.
Utque semel dicam, famosis sontibus addi
Crimina, quos justo carcere nota tenent,
Dedecus est omni letho crudelius, et quod
Vix unquam è fastis deleat ulla dies.
Tene per augustam solitum dominarier aulam,
Dividere et famulis atria tota tuis,
Nunc crypta squalente premi ! nec sole nec aura
Nunc nisi per rimas semimicante frui !

Ah durus quicunque premit te finibus arctis,
Qui neget hospitio libera tecta tuo.
Sæviat immitis rapido moderamine custos
In quos est pietas quam minime esse pium.
Tu neque regalem voluisti exscindere stirpem,
Nec dare sulphureo sceptra cremanda rogo.
Objicitur fidei violatæ crimen amico,
Et cæde insontis fax hymeneia calens.
Nescio quam verax fuerit qui detulit index,
Nescio qua peraget te ratione reum.
Hoc scio quod perperi scelus obstricante Locusta,
Illa dedit faciles ad mea vota vias.
Jussit ut argento condirem crustula vivo,
Arsenicum docuit dissimulare sale.
Omnia perfeci miseræ dictata magistræ,
Ivit et invisum Ditis ad antra caput.
Quid facerem, nostro remoras nectebat amori
Ausus et immeritam lædere mille modis.
Si dedit ultrices atrox injuria pœnas,
Non mea sed justi culpa doloris erit.
Toxica si data sunt, excuset fæmina factum,
Toxica pro tellis sexus inermis habet.
Denique quicquid erat, magni fuit error amoris,
Et facile absolvit crimine quisquis amat.
Dant veniam cæco populorum jura furori,
Heu nimis est species nota furoris amor.
Sed nihil excuso, crimen non deprecor, immo
Nec pœnam, fas sit morte piare scelus.
Fas mihi sit quæcunque parat tibi vulnera livor,
(Qui sequitur claros corpus ut umbra viros)

Invidia removere mea, te sospite possem
Nec cultum ut decuit propitiare Jovem.
Sic mihi sive dabit finem Lucina malorum,
Seu mage quod timeo, judicis urna, fero.
Læta tamen furvas descendam victima ad umbras,
Et Caro emoriar fida Carina viro.

DE PRODITIONE PULVEREA, QUÆ INCIDIT IN DIEM MARTIS.

Heu Marti sacrata dies, quam pene fuisti
Sacra Jovi inferno et cæcis devota tenebris!
Sanguineo torrente suis te inscribere fastis
Cerberus et Stygiæ properabat cura catervæ,
Sed Superi vetuere nefas. Tu primus Apollo
Infandas scelerum fraudes, deposta latebris
Sulphura, et ardenti glomeranda incendia ligno
Sensisti, et roseos potius tenebrescere vultus
Passus es insoliti marcentes tabe laboris,
Quam si magna suo viduata Britannia Phœbo
In tenebras totum traxisset funditus orbem.
Nec tibi cura minor nocturna Diana Dianæ
Saxonidis fuerat, te cæca silentia noctis,
Quæ sceleri indictam præcessit proxima lucem,
Destituisse ferunt flamma ductrice, et opaci
Pensa ministerii facibus mandasse cruentis,
Quæ totum per inane vagæ flammante ruboris

Prodigio eriperent Arctoam protenus Annam
Cæde, cruore, rogis. Sed quo portenta Deorum
Consiliis inscripta polo, si cæca futuri
Mens hominum nescit superos audire vocantes,
Si visis tam parca fides ? Scelerata nocentum
Perfidia admissas fraudi laxabat habenas,
Et cœptum peragebat opus, cum Martis ab alto
Cura vigil propius, terras despexit inerteis,
Henricique memor, cujus victricibus armis
Deberi Imperium mundi fatale sciebat,
Non tulit ulterius, sed dedignatus amores
Deliciasque suas in aperta pericula ferri,
Luce sibi sacra roseis ubi vecta quadrigis
Venit agens Aurora diem, molimina cuncta
Criminis infandi dedit innotescere mundo.
I nunc et superos infami fraude lacesse
Cerbere, et his meritis inde sperare salutem.

GRATIARUM ACTIO, CUM IN PRIVATUM CUBICULUM ADMITTERETUR.

Post malè civili servatum more pudorem,
Legitimosque dies et tempora lapsa loquendi
Sera quidem penito sed prompta è pectoris antro
Gratia Regalem gestit pensare favorem.
Mirum equidem infami quisquam sua labra reatu
Damnet, et æterno traducat crimine nomen

Heu nimis ingrati. Decimum jam Phœbus ab undis
Advexit temone diem, totiesque sub undas
Demersit roseo flexos temone jugaleis,
Ex quo voce tua Rex augustissime Regum
Copia facta mihi primum calcare cubile,
Obtutus captare sacros, bibere aure loquelas,
Doctaque flexanimæ gustare oracula linguæ,
Et tamen haud ullo grati se pectoris ardor
Prodidit indicio, non officiosa rependit
Pro tantis vel verba bonis : tantum abfuit eheu,
Ut quo par fuerat gestu, quo more decebat
Adrepens genibus sacris vestigia vultu
Verreret et tactæ libaret basia dextræ.
Siccine semper erit ? sic me sic semper habebit
Torpor, et exsensi tabes ignava veterni ?
Sic semper teneræ pudibunda modestia frontis
Legibus officii linguam parere vetabit ?
Absit, ab expertis damnum torporis Amyclis
Non colere obnixè nocturna silentia discat
Muta Charis, pietas linguæ jam vincula solvat,
Ne si fortè sacro grates quas debet honori
Subtrahat, exurgat culpæ Lex Julia vindex,
Principis et læsa de majestate queratur.
Ergo tibi quod me famulum tam prona voluntas
Ascivit, musasque meas erroribus actas
Innumeris tandem optato requiescere portu
Jusserit Augustæ blanda indulgentia curæ,
En tibi quas animo grateis, quæ vota repono.
Di te majorem faciant ter maxime Princeps,
Nam melior non esse potes, respondeat aura

Fortunæ meritisque tuis votisque tuorum,
Ut tu respondes precibus, votisque tuorum,
Justitiæ pacisque pater, tibi serviat orbis
Non aliter quàm tu Superis: nisi serus Olympum
Non adeas, et cum repetent te sæcula cæli
Templa fatiscentem sub pondere honoris et ævi,
Tunc fama factisque tuis super æthera vectus
Innumera innumero transmittas sceptra nepoti.

AULÆ VALEDICIT.

Aula vale, quid me ludis fallacibus umbris,
Quid mentem amenti credulitate necas?
Jam bis frigoribus gelidis astricta quievit
Terra per hibernas desidiosa moras:
Bis Zephyro tepefacta novo pia viscera partu
Solvit, et in vernas luxuriavit opes:
Ex quo grande moræ pretium sperare jubebas,
Fataque non meritis inferiora meis.
At nunc nil misero restat nisi turba dolorum,
Post infælicis tædia longa moræ.
Fugerunt anni celeres, occasio velox
Terga dedit versis non revocanda comis.
Quodque magis doleo, tristes fugere Camœnæ,
Et desolatis rebus adesse negant.
Quas ego sum toties faciles expertus et æquas,
Nunc mihi difficiles sors minus æqua facit.

Usque adeo ut cum jam redeant solennia Jani,
Tempus et assueto munera more petat :
Vix post discerptos centenis morsibus ungues
Unus ab exhausto pectore versus eat.
Adde, quod et justæ geminat momenta querelæ,
Teque facit certi criminis aula ream.
Qui fueram plausu veniens exceptus amico,
Sibila nunc in me naris adunca jacit.
Scilicet ut nunc sunt mores, sordescere virtus
Incipit, et vili vilior esse luto,
Ni comes assistens vultu fortuna faventi,
Sublimem in celsa conditione locet.
Scilicet ut nunc sunt mores, famuletur oportet
Et simulet virtus dissimuletque simul,
Aut lacera in triviis discurrat, et obsita pannis
Emendicatos ingerat ore cibos.
Si qua est conditio melior virtutis, opimas
Magnatum ad mensas macra analecta legit.
Me tamen haud unquam recto de tramite flectet
Aut lucri, aut nimii cæcus honoris amor.
Sed licet obscurus mediaque inhonorus in aula,
Virtutem ut colui, quà licet usque colam.
Et quandoque mihi proprio componere vitam
Arbitrio forsan fata benigna dabunt ;
Privatus vivam potius non cognitus aulæ,
Surget ubi obscuro pergula parva loco.
Et Phœbo Phœbique vacans ardoribus, omni
Transmittan : vacuos ambitione dies :
Quam scelerum auspicio mistus primoribus aulæ
Inque auro inque ostro conspiciendus eam.

Interea tu testis eris, tu cujus in ore
Suada, manu Mavors, corde Minerva sedet,
Me quoscunque dies fluxi et quantumlibet ævi
Subduxit studiis hactenus aula meis,
Ægro ferre animo, non quod lactarit inanem
Spe sterili ingratæ messis acerba moræ :
Sed quia non licuit de te bene posse mereri,
In me qui tanti plenus amoris eras.
Sed quia non licuit per iniquæ incommoda sortis
Grati animi firmam conciliare fidem :
Erga illum qui flos equitum, sol aureus aulæ
Regis amor, Patriæ delitiumque suæ,
Tam placido semper me aspexit lumine, et unus
Musarum in vernas officiosus erat.

COMPARATIO CONDITIONIS SUÆ CUM VERE.

Cuncta virent viresque novas à vere resumunt,
Deciduis languet spes mea sola comis.
Ne tamen omnino discors à vere recedam ;
Cura mea æterno germine fœta viret.
En unquam transcribit hyems sua tempora veri.
En unquam brumæ ver sua regna dabit.
Spes mea, jam tepidi redeunt cum tempora veris,
Aut exspectata fertilitate viret :
Aut dolor æternum fundens per membra rigorem
Ocyus hoc ævi ver breve claude mei.

PRO NUPTIIS CARI ET CARINÆ.

Legitimas quicunque audes traducere tædas,
Disce verecundo parcius ore loqui.
Ullane jura vetant nuptam bis quatuor annos,
Quæ gelido jacuit sicca silensque toro,
Deserere imbelles thalamos, mollemque maritum,
Et dare semiviri regna tenenda viro ?
Crede mihi, jus est Naturæ abdicere fundum
Agricolæ, qui nil quo fodiatur habet.

IN RUMOREM DE CÆDE REGIS JACOBI.

Unde pavescentem crebrescit fama per urbem
Regale insidiis succubuisse caput ?
Hancne fecit livor, qui somnia fingit ut optat,
Præcipiens animo gaudia falsa suo ?
An potius populi pius et laudabilis error,
Qui, si absit quod amat, jam periisse putat ?
Si livor, princeps isthinc tibi disce cavere,
Si favor, hinc populo disce cavere tuo.

DE REBUS BOHEMICIS.

Dum gener infaustis tentat temerarius ausis
Eripere Austriaco colla Bohema jugo ;
Consilium damnas Jacobe Britannice, et Orbis
Ne te consilii participem esse putet ;
Permittis generum fatis, causæque labanti
Suppetias solâ vel prece ferre negas.
Quin etiam laribus pulsos natamque nepotesque,
Aspicis immotis et sine rore genis.
Justitiæ ô mirum specimen ! de te tamen orbis
Quid musset, liceat dicere pace tua.
Hac ratione potes justus Rex fortè videri,
Sed non crudelis non potes esse pater.

AD JACOBUM ÆGROTANTEM CUM COMETA APPARUIT ANTE MORTEM REGINÆ.

Vidit ut in cælo metuendum Regibus astrum
Anna, repentino corruit ægra metu.
Non tamen ægra sui formidine corruit, omnis
Pro charo fuerat cura metusque viro.
Tene inquit vir chare suo petit igne Cometes,
Nec fax placari vilius ista potest ?
An nihil offensi satiabit Numinis iram,
Publica ni pereat te pereunte salus ?

Dî melius, liceat potius tua fata subire,
Proque viro conjunx victima læta litet.
Alcestis potuit morituri fata mariti
Morte sua ad longos continuare dies.
Hanc laudem non sola feret. Vix dixerat, ecce
Lurida tabisicus corripit ossa dolor,
Et moritur. Quid nunc metuas Rex maxime, plenum
Nonne piamentum sideris Anna fuit ?

EXPOSTULATIO CUM JACOBO REGE.

Ergo etiam immeritos ditant ubi præmia largâ
Sparsa manu, solus præmia nulla feram ?
Ergo etiam incautis veniunt ubi munera sortis.
Lapsa sinu ; vacuus munere solus ero ?
Heu quâ labe reo, quo sonti crimine sors est
Blanda parens aliis, dura noverca mihi !
Certe ego nil feci quod nunc atrocius audit,
Aut Majestatis crimen olere solet.
Non damam aut cervum nocturnâ fraude peremi,
Sed colui sacrum ceu tibi Phœbe pecus.
Non hausi infames fumos quos India mittit,
Guttureque attractos reddere nare docet.
Non mihi de Catharo melior sententia, quam de
Papicola, ob maculas sordet uterque suas.
Sed si Pierias coluisse impensius artes,
Crimen apud sciolos degeneresque fuit :

Si personato nescire obducere fuco
Verba, sed ingenuo quidlibet ore loqui :
Si nolle obsequio servili fingere frontem,
Sed simulare nihil, dissimulare nihil :
Hæc si crimen habent, fateor pejora merenti
Sors mihi blanda parens, nulla noverca fuit.

DE DUPLICI BUCKINGAMII PRÆFECTURA.

Buckingamus Io maris est præfectus, et idem
Qui dominatur equis, jam dominatur aquis.
Sic inter Superos tumidas qui temperat undas
Neptunus, celeres et moderatur equos.
Et cuiquam nunc displiceat geminata potestas,
Exemplum Superis cum placuisse videt.

AD REGEM JACOBUM.

Carmina quæ scripsi, laudasti maxime Princeps ;
Et fuerant genio non malè grata tuo.
Sed laus eripuit mercedem maxime Princeps,
Heu mihi sunt genio quàm malè grata meo !

EPITAPHIUM JOANNIS MORAVI.

Huc quicunque venis, disce hoc ex marmore quam sit
Invida virtuti sors et iniqua bonis.
Moravius nulli Musis aut Marte secundus,
Post varios casus hâc requiescit humo.
Primum aulæ malefida fides, mox carceris horror,
Tandem hydrops misero fata suprema tulit.
Hydrops crudelis, carcer crudelior, aula
Sæva hydrope magis, carcere sæva magis ;
Unica mors clemens, quæ hydropis, carceris, aulæ,
Tot simul et tantas finiit una cruces.

EPITAPHIUM ROBERTI JUNII.

Junius hic situs est, nullo plus funere Musæ,
Aut charites madidis condoluere genis.
Jam docti periere sales, jam Musa, lepores
Hellados et Latii fundere sueta, silet.
Nec quicquam aut Solymas lustrasse aut marmora Romæ,
Profuit, aut si quæ rudera Memphis habet.
Scilicet immensum cum per lustraveris orbem,
In patriam reditus non nisi morte patet.

CUJUSDAM GALLI IN LAUDEM PUELLÆ AURELIANÆ.

Rustica sum, sed plena Deo, sed pectore forti,
Sed micat eximio regius ore decor.
Castra virûm sed casta sequor, duce Virgine fatum
Vertitur, et cantant virginis arma viri.
Redditus hoc sceptris testabere Galle paternis,
Tuque nec id pulsus sæve Britanne neges.
Quod vici, pereo, flammas cur objicis Angle ?
Et nos Herculea scandimus astra via.

RESPONSIO AYTONI.

Foemineos quid Galle juvat jactare triumphos ?
Vix est fœminea digna Joanna fide.
Hæccine plena Deo, magicis quæ freta susurris
Visa fuit stultis nomen habere Dei ?
Quam perminxerunt calones atque bubulci,
Hæccine casta virûm castra sequuta fuit ?
Hine viri, quos fœminei præpostera virtus
Exempli, et solus traxit ad arma pudor ?
Mutavit fatum Nemesis, non fœmina vindex,
Nec nisi semiviri fœminea arma canunt.
Lauda ergo ad libitum flammas, non invidet Anglus
Herculeam Gallo qua petat astra viam.

ALIA RESPONSIO EJUSDEM.

Si quæ de Jana jactantur, falsa fuerunt ;
Quis pudor est falsis velle parare fidem ?
Si quæ de Jana jactantur, vera fuerunt ;
Quis furor alterius laude nocere sibi ?
Semper in opprobrium Galli Lotharinga canetur,
Et gemino infamis crimine Gallus erit.
Ignavus, qui sceptra colo debere fatetur :
Ingratus, non dans debita sceptra colo.

ANAGRAMMA, RICHARDUS WESTONUS, VIR DURUS AC HONESTUS.

Durus es ac (nomen nisi decipit) es vir honestus,
Hic pretio flecti non volet, ille prece.
Duritiem emollit generosi dulcis honesti
Temperies, ulli nec sinit esse gravem.
Durities ut spina rosam sic armat honestum,
Utque saburra ratem, sic stabilire solet.
Poscit honestatem fisci tibi credita cura,
Duritiem regni cætera cura petit.
Aut his subsidiis, aut nullis dyscola vinces
Tempora, durus eas ac vir honestus eas.

IN OBITUM DUCIS BUCKINGAMII À FILTONO CULTRO EXTINCTI, 1628.

Dum classe amissos reparatum is classe triumphos,
Magnaque stat flatu vela datura tuo ;
Fit tibi pro lauro merces, Dux magne, cupressus,
Classis et officium cymba Charontis obit.
Scilicet humanam vultu mentita figuram
Invidia eximiis semper iniqua viris,
In te audet cultro infami, quod nulla tacere,
Et quod nulla velint sæcla probare scelus.
Dumque Dei obtendit nutum, patriæque salutem.
Vindictæ mactat sacra cruenta suæ.
Sed sceleri semper Deus est sua dira cupido,
Publicaque obtendit, dum sua damna gemit.
Nam nihil est commune Deo cum sanguine, nullum
Placari numen cædis odore velit.
Afflavit parricidam furialis Erynnis,
Armavitque trucem sæva Megæra manum.
Quicquid eras, quicquid querula de plebe fuisti
Promeritus, non sic percutiendus eras.
Non tua cujusquam rubuit vel dextera letho,
Linguave, apud Reges grata, potens duos.
Officiis multos obstrinxti, injuria paucos
Attigit, aut si quos, absque cruore fuit.
Si tua credulitas non succubuisset ineptis
Consiliis, Regni dum grave pondus obis,
Si tibi quanta fides, constantia tanta fuisset,

Si sors fortunæ fida ministra tuæ ;
Par animo et factis summis Heroibus isses,
Nec posset de te terra Britanna queri.
Nunc quia pauca domi non sunt benè gesta, forisque ;
Paucula successus non habuere suos :
Creditur esse dolus, fuerat quæ culpa : putatur
Esse scelus, lapsus qui juvenilis erat.
Rumpatur livor, dicam quod sentio, certè
Imprudens potius quàm sceleratus eras.
Ætonum si Ætona ambit, si Ætonus et illam,
Quis malè disjungat quos benè jungit amor ?
Nominibus si fata latent, affinia amantum
Nomina, quis nutum Numinis esse neget ?
Maxime Rex fatis accede, beabis amantes,
Ætono Ætonæ si paranymphus eris.

Per Musas te Ætona rogat, Rex optime, ut illa
Splendori antiquo restituisse velis.
Per Musas quoque te supplex Ætonus adorat,
Ut Musis illum restituisse velis.
Utrumque efficies, unum si feceris, hoc est,
Ætonum Ætonæ si sociare velis.

NOTES

ON

THE ENGLISH POEMS.

NOTES ON THE ENGLISH POEMS.

NOTE I

DIAPHANTUS AND CHARIDORA.

It is supposed that this poem was published by Aytoun during his lifetime, in a separate form; but no copy of that edition can now be found. Drummond of Hawthornden, in a list of his English books in 1611, mentions one, entitled "Diaphantus," price "6d." Aytoun alludes to this poem in his Latin panegyric to King James in 1603; so it is probable it was composed during his residence in France. It is Aytoun's longest poem; and may be adduced as a specimen of his graceful ease of writing. Diophantus, the hero of the poem, appears to be dying, and making his last address to his lover. He renews to her, in strains perhaps too humorous for such a solemn occasion, his many pledges of eternal attachment; and laments that the destinies force him to depart from her. This poem was printed in Watson's Collection of Scots Poems in 1711, Part III. p. 33; but not so correctly as it was found in the MS.

2 **But chief of these, the Boy that bears**
The stately stile of Love.

The god Cupid, supposed by the ancients to have been the

Deity who inspired mortals with love. He was represented as a Boy, on account of love's innocent and tender affection.

3 The sweet Catholicon.

The Catholicon is a supposed universal remedy for all diseases.

4 And tho' my Horoscope.

The configuration of the heavenly bodies at the time of one's birth, by which astrologers professed to discover the fortunes and fates of men.

NOTE V.

TO HIS HEART AND MISTRESS.

This poem is written in Aytoun's usual peculiar manner. He begins with an address to his heart, deprecating the Fates that so formed it as to be infected with love; but he soon withdraws his lamentation, by congratulating his heart on having chosen such a lovely dame for the object of its affection. Next, he chides his mistress for her disdain and inattention to his addresses, but vows he has no intention to suffer martyrdom on her account; and concludes by hoping such a thought entirely unnecessary, as he will continue to think that she is his. This rambling method abounds in almost all Aytoun's love poems, and may be accounted as his characteristic. So far as the editor can ascertain, this poem never before appeared in print; and is now first published from the MS. in his possession.

NOTE VI.

A LOVE LAMENT.

The poet laments the scorn of his mistress, and her silence to his love entreaties. He wishes he had testified by his "looks," instead of his "tongue," the sincerity of his profession; as thus she might have been convinced of his true passion. He resolves, however, to continue his addresses, as

> **Love once profess'd, and then forborn,**
> **Turns deaf neglect to spiteful scorn.**

NOTE VII.

A LOVE DIRGE.

He says, that formerly his muse merely mourned "comically," or in jest; but now the disdain of the Fair had led him to actual grief; and he deplores the miseries with which the cruel Fates had tormented him. He promises to die for his love, if she would but promise him "a burial at her heart." But, since this might be in vain, he gives his plaints to the mountains and valleys, hoping that the gods will give relief to his miseries; or otherwise he threatens to bid "adieu both to life and love." This poem, in Aytoun's usual manner, deplores the disdain of a cruel mistress. It was never before published.

> 8 **The Rodopean sounds**
> **Spent at Eurydice's fare-well.**

Eurydice was the wife of the poet and musician, Orpheus,

famed in ancient mythology. When she died, by the sting of a serpent, Orpheus was so disconsolate, that he ventured to descend to the regions of the shades in quest of her; and having drawn "iron tears down Pluto's cheek" by his music, was permitted by him to take Eurydice back to the earth, on condition he did not look back until he arrived in the upper world. He violated the condition, and she vanished from him.

[9] **And when Alcmena's son**
The siege to hell did lay.

Hercules, the son of Jupiter and Alcmena. His twelfth labour was to descend into hell, and bring upon the earth the three-headed dog Cerberus—a task which, it is recorded in mythology, he accomplished. Aytoun gives the inhabitants of Tartarus "the play" on this occasion.

[10] **Like to Typhon's rage.**

Typhon, or Typhœus, was a celebrated giant of antiquity. He is said to have had an hundred heads like those of dragons; and to have made war against the gods, until Jupiter put him to flight by his thunderbolts, and crushed him under Mount Ætna.

[11] **Or girning Gorgon's ire.**

Gorgon is a name specially applied to Medusa, one of the three sister Gorgons. Their hair was entwined with serpents, their bodies covered with impenetrable scales, and their teeth long as the tusks of a wild boar.

[12] **As chanced to Mausolus asse,**
Whose wife did drink them all.

Mausolus was a king of Caria. His wife, Artemisia, was so

disconsolate at his death, that she drank up his ashes, and resolved to erect a magnificent monument to his memory. It is supposed to be one of the seven wonders of the world; and hence all magnificent sepulchres and tombs have been called *Mausoleums*.

NOTE XIII.

ADDRESS TO HIS MISTRESS.

The poet entreats his mistress not to consider that he is treating her with neglect on account of his silence, since that proceeds from excess of love. This is an exceedingly sweet poem; and every line seems to display more pathos than another. It was never before printed.

NOTE XIV.

ADIEU TO HIS MISTRESS.

He upbraids his mistress for her disdain, and carelessness of his welfare; but resolves to be no longer a slave, subject to her control, by forthwith rejecting her. This poem was published by Pinkerton, in his Scottish Tragic Ballads, in 1781, p. 117, from a MS. collection then in his possession, which was afterwards (at a sale in 1812), purchased by Mr Heber. Whether Pinkerton had attempted to *improve* on the original, by alterations of his own, or whether the MS. was incorrect, the editor cannot ascertain; but the version published by him is different, in many respects, from that of the MS. in the

editor's possession, and is destitute of all its sweet flowing elegance.

[15] **Shall I Narcissus' like,**
A fleeting shadow chase?

Narcissus was a beautiful youth, a native of Thespis, who, seeing his image reflected in a fountain, became enamoured of it, thinking it to be the nymph of the place. His fruitless attempts to approach this beautiful object so provoked him, that he slew himself; and the fable states his blood was changed into the flower which bears his name.

[16] **Or like Pygmalion hug a stone,**
That hath no sense of grace?

Pygmalion was a celebrated statuary in the island of Cyprus. He conceived an aversion to the fair sex, and resolved never to marry; but becoming enamoured of a beautiful statue of marble which he had made, Venus changed it into a woman, whom he married.

NOTE XVII.

TO A SCORNFUL MISTRESS.

Aytoun reproves his mistress for her disdain, and contrasts her bewitching eyes with her scornful heart. This is a very happy effort at severe censure, conjoined with extreme praise; and may be considered an exquisite specimen of such a species of poetry. The verses were never before in print.

NOTE XVIII.

TO A CARELESS MISTRESS.

This is a very sweet poem. The lines are all good, and exhibit much elegance of expression, as well as felicity of sentiment. They were never before published.

NOTE XIX.

TO AN UNSTEADFAST MISTRESS.

The poet represents the inconstancy of his mistress since he commenced to bestow his affections on her; but resolves not to imitate her by equal disregard, to show the superiority of his sex. This poem is written in a peculiar mode, and in a very happy style. It is now first printed.

NOTE XX.

ON LOVE.

This is one of Aytoun's best poems. He shows that his love was not always so sincere as his profession. He ridicules the idea of "dying for love," and recommends moderation in this sovereign passion. The whole poem is couched in the most smooth and appropriate language, and merits no ordinary approbation. It was printed in Watson's Collection, Part III. p. 39.

21 But I am neither Iphis nor Leander.

Iphis was a beautiful youth of Salamis, of ignoble birth. Being enamoured of Anaxarete, and his addresses being received with contempt, he hung himself; and Anaxarete saw him carried to the grave without emotion.

Leander was a youth of Abydos, who became so much in love with a beautiful priestess, that he escaped, during night, from the vigilance of his family, and swam across the Helespont to meet her. After many interviews of mutnal affection, he was drowned in a tempestuous night, as he attempted his usual course.

NOTE XXII.

ON AN INCONSTANT MISTRESS.

This is a very neat ode. The poet resolves no longer to allow his constant regards to be received with neglect, by threatening to desert his mistress. This poem is first printed in this volume.

NOTE XXIII.

ON THE DEPARTURE OF HIS MISTRESS.

This is an excellent poem in every respect; and its style has been much imitated in more modern times. We can scarcely conceive a more affectionate address on the part of a lover at the departure of his mistress; and every reader cannot fail to appreciate its beauty and pathos. It is here first published.

NOTE XXIV.

TO A HAUGHTY MISTRESS.

The poet upbraids his mistress of haughtiness and neglect, and assures her it will not have the effect of making him more ardent, but will be the means of making him renounce all his former estimation of her charms. This poem is printed in Pinkerton's Collection of Tragic Ballads, but most incorrectly, and, indeed, in a quite different form from that contained in the MS. of the editor. Pinkerton publishes only four verses.

NOTE XXV.

TO A VARIABLE MISTRESS.

This poem is composed in a measure different from Aytoun's usual manner. He ridicules an inconstant mistress, and compares her to the fleeting shadow of an apparition; but ironically hopes that her variable disposition may one day change her present disdain to greater constancy and attachment to his addresses. The verses are now first published.

NOTE XXVI.

TO AN INCONSTANT MISTRESS.

This is another of Aytoun's best poems. The manner in which he chides his mistress for her inconstancy is exquisite, and is one of the best specimens of similar productions in our language.

No description of it can exceed the beauty and elegance of the original. It was printed in Watson's Collection, Part III. p. 41, and has been re-published, together with the answer, in various collections of old English poetry. Allan Cunningham justly considers it as one of the best performances of Aytoun's muse.

NOTE XXVII.

THE AUTHOR'S ANSWER.

It is mentioned in the title to this poem, in the MS. in the editor's possession, that it was "written by the King's Majesty's command;" so it is evident that the former poem had attracted the notice, and, in all probability, the admiration, of King James. The answer is excellent, and is written in Aytoun's usual graceful style, and happy humour. It may be accounted as good an apology for a lady's inconstancy as can be easily imagined. This poem has been repeatedly published with the former.

NOTE XXVIII.

SONNET.

ON LOVE AND WEALTH.

The poet denies the effect of riches upon his love, and is determined to follow the dictates of his heart. This sonnet is first published in this volume.

NOTE XXIX.

SONNET.

ON THE DISDAIN OF HIS MISTRESS.

This sonnet is written in Aytoun's characteristic manner. He chides his mistress with uncourtesy to the expressions of his regard; but vows to continue to admire her. It was never before published.

NOTE XXX.

SONNET.

TO HIS EARS AND EYES.

The poet laments that his eyes and ears had permitted him to fall in love; but greatly commends their choice, and extols the beauty of his "dame." This is a very elegantly expressed sonnet. It is here first published.

NOTE XXXI.

SONNET.

ON THE DEATH OF HIS MISTRESS.

From the tenor of this melancholy ditty, the editor conceives it had been composed by the poet on the death of his mistress,

"the lead-star of his life." Very few of Aytoun's poems are written in a serious strain; and he perhaps excels most in the humorous style, although this sonnet may be accounted an excellent example of elegant and genuine lamentation. It was never before printed.

NOTE XXXII.

SONNET.

TO A SCORNFUL MISTRESS.

Aytoun severely reproves his mistress of her scornful disdain, in spite of all his entreaties; and supposes she would continue her neglect, though the woods, the vales, and the deserts, should supplicate her for him. This sonnet is first published in this volume.

NOTE XXXIII.

SONNET.

ON THE EYES OF HIS MISTRESS.

The poet extols the eyes of the mistress in the most glowing colours, and makes use of very extreme metaphor, perhaps more than may be considered legitimate at the present time, except for the purpose of the grossest ridicule. This sonnet was never before published.

NOTE XXXIV.

THE GAME OF IRISH.

Aytoun compares the movements in love to the game of Irish—a game which seems to have been fashionable at the court of England at that period. This poem was published in Watson's Collection, Part II. p. 115.

NOTE XXXV.

A SONNET.

LEFT IN A LADY'S MIRROR.

This is a very neat sonnet, written in the poet's usual manner. It is first published in this volume.

NOTE XXXVI.

SONNET.

ON A LADY THAT WAS PAINTED.

Perhaps more satire is conveyed in this sonnet than in most of the similar productions of more celebrated poets. The smoothness of the language, the sweetness of the versification, and the apparent politeness of expression, render the satire the more poignant, and the delicacy with which the enigma is solved renders the taunt the more bitter and severe. No one

can read this sonnet without much admiration of the poet, and great amusement at the subject. It was printed in Watson's Collection, Part II. p. 114.

NOTE XXXVII.

SONNET.

ON TOBACCO.

Aytoun, it would appear, had not been much influenced by the precepts of his sage master King James, who composed a work, entitled "A Counterblast to Tobacco," which, however, he was advised not to publish, lest it might diminish the extent of his revenue—that could little endure diminution. It is probable smoking had been a prevalent custom at the Court of England at that period, and disagreeing with the imbecile constitution of King James, had moved him to attack it with all the vengeance of his pen. This sonnet is first published in this volume.

NOTE XXXVIII.

ON RETURNING LATE AT NIGHT FROM COURT.

This ode is intended as a reproof on the follies and excesses of the Court, and there can be little doubt was very happily applied to the licentiousness which then so much pervaded the English Court. The manner of the poem is very amusing, and displays no ordinary genius in the author. It is to be found in Watson's Collection, Part II. p. 116, and there is a

copy of it, in an old hand, in a volume of the Wodrow MSS., in the Advocates' Library.

NOTE XXXIX.

ON ALEXANDER CRAIG'S POETICAL ESSAYS.

This is an extremely sweet and elegantly expressed sonnet. It will be found in a rare volume, entitled "The Poeticall Essays of Alexander Craig. Scoto-britane. London 1604." 4to.

NOTE XL.

ON SIR WILLIAM ALEXANDER'S MONARCHICK TRAGEDIES.

This commendatory sonnet is prefixed to the "Monarchick Tragedies" of Sir William Alexander of Menstrie, printed in 1607, and dedicated to King James. Sir William was created Earl of Stirling by Charles I., and he appears to have been an intimate acquaintance of Aytoun.

NOTE XLI.

SONNET.

ON KING JAMES.

The poet compares the nativity of King James, and its effect upon Britain, to the fable regarding the birth of Apollo

in the island of Delos. This sonnet is published in Watson's Collection, Part III. p. 44.

NOTE XLII.

SONNET.

TO KING JAMES.

Aytoun thanks his Majesty for past favours, and solicits a continuance of royal patronage. He compares King James to Apollo, and himself to the statue of Memnon. (See following Note.) This sonnet is here for the first time published.

43 There Memnon's statue all of stone did stand.

The statue of Memnon, an aboriginal Ethiopian or Egyptian king, was erected to his memory by the people of Thebes, and is recorded to have had the wonderful property of emitting musical sounds when struck by the rays of the rising and setting sun. The upper part of this famous colossus has been brought to London, and may be seen in the gallery of the British Museum.

NOTE XLIV.

ON THE GUNPOWDER TREASON.

The poet compares King James to Mars, the heathen god of war, who, feeling a rivalship in the existence of an earthly potentate more mighty than himself, had resolved his destruction, but had been unsuccessful in both his attempts. All the

lines of the sonnet abound in the most elegant language. It was never before printed.

NOTE XLV.

ON FALSE HOPES.

He despises false hopes, and prefers genuine despair. This sonnet was never before published.

46 You pools which fled from Tant'lus' thirsty mouth.

Tantalus was a king of Lydia, who, for murdering his own son, and serving him up to Jupiter to try his divinity, was condemned to remain up to the neck in water, which always fled from his lips as he attempted to quench his perpetual thirst.

NOTE XLVII.

TO THE RIVER TWEED.

Like most others of Aytoun's sonnets in the MS. belonging to the Editor, this one appears without a name, and the above title has been adopted as the most suitable to the subject. It would seem, on reading the sonnet attentively, that it had been written on a Captain, who had perished in the river Tweed during the time the poet had been crossing it. It was never before published.

NOTE XLVIII.

TO MRS MARGARET LESLIE, AFTERWARDS LADY MADERTY.

This is a very beautiful sonnet, and is expressed in the most mellifluous language. Mrs Margaret Leslie was daughter of Patrick Leslie, first Lord Lindores, and was married to John Drummond, second Lord Maderty. The sonnet is published in Watson's Collection.

NOTE XLIX.

LINES TO QUEEN ANNE.

Though this ode abounds in the excess of flattery, it may still be accounted as a poem of no ordinary merit. The lines are all good, and several approach to unusual elegance. They are printed in Watson's Collection, Part III. p. 44.

[50] That Irus may as well as Crœsus find.

Irus was a beggar of Ithaca, and Crœsus a king of Lydia, supposed to be the richest of mankind, hence the poverty of the former, and the wealth of the latter, have become proverbial.

NOTE LI.

ON A RING SENT BY QUEEN ANNE TO THE AUTHOR.

The reader of the present age may well wonder at the great

familiarity the poet uses in this poem to Queen Anne, but in the age during which Aytoun flourished, a remarkable, and perhaps an undue, levity and familiarity of expression abounded even at Court. Taste and refinement were then certainly progressing above the indelicate customs and practices of former times, but they had by no means, or even long after, acquired that delicacy and height which ornament and adorn the present age. Those who have read the works of the poet Dunbar, who was an attendant of the Scottish Court during the reign of James IV., must have been astonished at the most revolting levity and indecorum that pervade even the addresses to royalty. The poems of Sir Robert Aytoun, though abounding in occasional familiarity, at no time transgress the rules of chastity and refinement, a compliment that cannot be happily applied to all his contemporaries. The present poem, which is by far the most familiar of Aytoun's productions, when considered as an address to the Queen, cannot be said to exceed the bounds of propriety, even in the present state of society, except it may be accounted a piece of no ordinary presumption, which, however, there can be little doubt but her Majesty would receive with much good humour. This poem is first published in this volume.

NOTE LII.

CHLORIS AND AMYNTAS.

This is a very sweet pastoral poem. The shepherd Amyntas laments the absence of his Chloris, throws aside his pipe, and no pleasure can retard his disconsolation. It was never before published.

NOTE LIII.

TO SIR JAMES HAY,

GENTLEMAN OF HIS MAJESTY'S BEDCHAMBER.

This poem and all the following are not contained in the MS. in possession of the Editor, but are printed in this volume after an accurate investigation regarding their authenticity. These stanzas to Sir James Hay serve as a dedication to Aytoun's Latin poem "Basia, sive Strena Cal. Jan. ad Jacobum Hayum, Equitem illustrissimum. Londini. 1605." 4to. The Latin poem (reprinted from the *Delitiæ Poet. Scot.*) will be found in another part of this volume. Sir James Hay was a favourite of King James, and was afterwards raised to the Peerage, by the title of Earl of Carlisle and Viscount Doncaster.

54 Than those wherewith pale Cynthia did entreat.

Cynthia is one of the names of Diana. See story of Endymion.

NOTE LV.

ÆTON CRAIGIO SUO.

This sonnet is addressed to Mr Alexander Craig of Rosecraig, and is to be found in his "Poeticall Recreations," printed at Edinburgh in 1609. It is an answer to one addressed to Aytoun by Craig, which will be found in p. 71. It appears from the Records of the University of St Andrews that Craig was a fellow-student of Sir Robert Aytoun, and Craig's address to Aytoun styles him as such.

NOTE LVI.

ON PRINCE HENRY'S DEATH.

TO PRINCE CHARLES.

This is a very neat and elegant ode. Prince Henry died 6th November 1612. Reprinted from Watson's Collection, Part III. p. 45.

NOTE LVII.

INCONSTANCY REPROVED.

This poem is reprinted in this volume from Watson's Collection, Part III. p. 91, where it appears anonymous, as well as in many others of our earlier collections of English poetry. From its similarity to Aytoun's other productions, in the graceful and elegant manner in which it is written, it has been often ascribed to him, and little doubt can be entertained as to its authenticity. The first time it was published, so far as the Editor has been able to ascertain, was in Playford's "Select Ayres and Dialogues," printed in 1659, so it is probable it had been retained on the memories, or preserved in MS., by those to whom it had been read previous to that time. It is undoubtedly one of Aytoun's best productions, and it so attracted the notice of the poet Burns, who had found it in some old collection of poems, that he made an attempt "to improve the simplicity of the sentiments, by giving them a Scottish dress." Burns' alteration, however, was a complete failure, but for the sake of satisfying

the reader's curiosity by comparison, we subjoin Burns' version :—

I.

" I do confess thou art so fair,
I wad been o'er the lugs in love,
Had I na found the slightest prayer
That lips could speak, thy heart could move.
I do confess thee sweet—but find
Thou art sae thriftless of thy sweets—
Thy favours are the silly wind,
That kisses ilka thing it meets.

II.

" See yonder rosebud rich in dew,
Among its native briers sae coy;
How sune it tines its scent and hue
When pu'd and won a common toy.
Sic fate, ere long, shall thee betide,
Tho' thou may gaily bloom awhile;
Yet sure thou shalt be thrown aside
Like any common weed and vile."

The reader must perceive the great superiority of Aytoun's verses in every respect. The following are the remarks of Allan Cunningham. After stating that the poet was entitled to greater fame than he had hitherto received, he proceeds, " His song to a Forsaken Mistress is one of the sweetest and happiest of our early compositions. It has the singular merit of uniting natural elegance of language with originality of thought, and wholesome counsel with felicity of diction. We have the story of woman's levity and man's sympathy, related in a way which has been rarely equalled, and which must be felt by all who can feel for the modest dignity of offended love." He adds, " I may mention, that the Forsaken Mistress seems to unite the two characteristics of Scottish and English song; there is story mingled with sentiment—the former without prolixity, and the latter without conceit."

NOTE LVIII.

OLD LONG SYNE.

This celebrated song has been ascertained to have been rendered in its present form by Aytoun, although it appears as anonymous in various collections. Aytoun, however, was not the original author, but simply gave it an English version. It was probably first written by one of the earlier Scottish poets, as the language, in its original form, appears very antiquated. This song had evidently early acquired much celebrity, as in both its Scottish and English dress, it will be found highly appreciated in most of our old collections of Scottish and English verses. It has underwent, what very few old songs or ballads have done, three different dresses, the latter of which was by Burns, with much more success than in his attempt on the former song. Burns' version has become the favourite and solace of every family circle, and has procured the most unbounded admiration. Aytoun's version has been in a great measure forgotten, since it was remodelled by Burns, but it still receives, and deserves, much applause among all the admirers of old English poetry. Indeed many of the verses breathe an elegance and pathos rarely to be found in any songs, either ancient or modern, and all of them are sweet and melodious.

NOTE LIX.

ALEXANDER CRAIG,

TO HIS DEAR FRIEND MR ROBERT AYTOUN.

This is a very beautiful sonnet, addressed by Mr Alexander Craig of Rosecraig to the poet. See note lv.

GLOSSARY.

Aefauld—honest, straightforward.

Airt—art, craft.

Asse—ashes.

Bairnliness—childishness.

Bankrout—bankrupt, spendthrift.

Bealle—a house, building.

Belay—deceive.

Bremish—saltish, brinish.

Cleif—a certain pitch of music.

Courtisie—courtesy, complaisance.

Cross—annoy, perplex, contradict.

Een—eyes.

Faird—paint, ornament.

Fareweil—farewell, adieu.

Feckless—weak, trifling.

Firie—fiery, burning.

Fire-flaught—lightning.

Flaught—flake, spark.

Forgoe—forsake, desert, forget.

Glifter—glimpse.

Greet—mourn, weep.

Glore—glory.

Hie—high, aloft.

Hinmost—last, hindermost.

Lak—want.

Light to—to fall.

Loe—love.

Loute—a lazy person.

Mancipat—bound, tied.

Miser—a miserable person.

Odds—difference.

Pand—pledge.

Pyne—pain.

Rynd—the rind or bark of a tree.

Romedelay—a mixture of tunes.

Ryne—rain.

Sacklessly—undeservedly, innocently.

Sham—pretence.

Syne—then, since, ago.

Tristman—teller, informer.

Ware—war, contest.

Wrest—worst, utmost.

APPENDIX TO GENEALOGICAL TREE.

The Aytoun family in Scotland is sprung from the Norman family of De Vescy in England, who possessed the great barony of Sprouston in Northumberland, and of whom a long thread of pedigree is given by Sir William Dugdale in his Baronetage of England. The family of De Vescy's was of great antiquity, but the family name is now extinct. One of the family much distinguished himself as one of the barons who compelled King John to grant the Magna Charta, for securing the lives and properties of the English subjects. His name is appended to the Magna Charta. About the same time a younger son of the family, Gilbert de Vescy, came into Scotland, and received from King Robert I. the lands of Aytoun in the Merse, and changed his name, by royal authority, to the estate, as was the custom of the period. The Aytoun family continued in the Merse until the reign of James III., when a brother of the house of Home married the heiress, and carried the estate into that family. This lady's uncle, her father's younger brother, Andrew Aytoun, was Captain of Stirling Castle, and Sheriff of Elgin and Forres during the reign of James IV. To him the king gave by his charters, "pro fideli et bono servitio, terras de Nether-Dunmure in vicecomitatu de Fyfe," in 1507, "terras de Kilgour," in 1504, and "terras de Glenduckie," in 1506. These estates were at a subsequent period, by a new charter from the Crown, called Aytoun, and the elder branch of the family denominated of that Ilk.

Captain Aytoun had three sons and seven daughters. His eldest son John succeeded him in the estate of Aytoun, his second son Robert obtained the estate of Inchdairnie, and Andrew, his third son, succeeded to the estate of Kinaldie.

The estate of Kinaldie, from an examination of the Charters, appears to have come into the possession of the Aytoun family about 1539, when there is mention of a John Aytoun, who, there is reason to believe, was a younger brother of the Captain of Stirling Castle. He was succeeded by his son Robert Aytoun in 1547, who, dying probably without issue, left his estate to his uncle's youngest son. Margaret Stewart, the widow of Robert Aytoun of Kinaldie, was married to John Winram, the celebrated sub-prior of St Andrews, and some curious facts are mentioned in the Commissary Records of St Andrews regarding a dispute after her death, in March 1573, between Andrew Aytoun of Kinaldie, with his two sons, John and Robert, and Winram, for succession to several of her gold trinkets, and some rents of her estate of the Manse of Kirkness, &c. See "Act Buik of the Commissariat of St Andrews," p. 130.

Andrew Aytoun, the third son of the Captain or Governor of Stirling Castle, obtained the estate of Kinaldie about 1567. His name is mentioned in the Matriculation Register of the Students of St Andrews University in 1539. He was the father of Sir Robert Aytoun, and his descendants can be traced in the Genealogical Tree.

David Aytoun, the grandson of Andrew Aytoun of Kinaldie, distinguished himself, along with other two elders, as the prosecutors of Archdean Gladstanes, before the Presbytery of St Andrews, for drunkenness, and almost every other vice, which led to his deposition by the celebrated General Assembly at Glasgow, in 1638. A handsome marble monument was erected to the memory of David Aytoun, in the old church of Denino, which, however, was removed on the erection of the

present church in 1825. An exact drawing of it is in the possession of the Editor.

The family of Aytoun of Kinaldie was at one period one of the best connected and extensive proprietors in the eastern district of Fifeshire. Besides the estate of Kinaldie, they possessed the estates of Kippo, Carhurlie, Hilary, Northquarter, Westside, Egtoun, Little Kilduncan, Lochton, Wilkiestoun, and Cookstoun, in the parish of Kingsbarns, with many other portions of land in various parts of the country. The estate of Kinaldie remained in the possession of the family, in a direct male line, for upwards of 200 years, until it was alienated from it by the will of the second last proprietor, noticed in the Tree, John Aytoun, jun. All the family of this person seem to have died young, save his eldest son, Captain Alexander Aytoun, who succeeded him, but he left the estate, that in the event of his son dying without issue, the estates should be possessed by a nephew of his wife's, James Monypenny, brother of the late Colonel Alexander Monypenny of Pitmilly. The brothers and relatives of John Aytoun, on the death of Captain Alexander Aytoun, questioned the validity of the will, but after a protracted litigation before the Court of Session and House of Lords, its validity was affirmed, and the estate of Kinaldie, with the estates of Kippo, Carhurlie, &c., departed wholly out of the original Aytoun family. On the succession of James Monypenny to the estates, he took the family name of Aytoun, but in twelve years after, in 1778, was obliged to sell the estate of Kinaldie to defray the expenses of ascertaining his right to the property. The large estates of Kinaldie and Kippo were at one period so independent, and possessed so many heirs, that it is said Thomas the Rhymer, among a long thread of prophecies regarding the delapidations of properties in *the East Nook*, foretold, "that none of woman born should succeed to the estates of Kinaldie and Kippo, save those of Aytoun

blood." The prophecy has been stated to have proved correct, and to have been fulfilled by James Monypenny being brought into the world by the Cesarian operation.

As far as can possibly be ascertained, all the male representatives of the family of Aytoun of Kinaldie are extinct. The only mention we have heard of any of the Aytouns, after their attempt to regain their paternal inheritance in 1750, is of a Mrs Aytoun, a widow, and her two daughters, who lived for some time in Crail and Anstruther, and were afterwards found by the late Captain (Sir) James Black of Anstruther, at Portsmouth, who knew their dog, when it jumped and fawned upon him. Following the dog he was led to the house, and called on them. It is said it was they that lost their family estates by the will of John Aytoun.

The family of Aytoun of Aytoun, the eldest branch of the family, is also now extinct, and the Governor of Stirling Castle is represented through his second son Robert of Inchdairnie. The late John Aytoun, Esq. of Inchdairnie, in 1829, served himself nearest and lawful heir male, and head of the family of Aytoun, and he is at present represented by his son Roger Aytoun, Esq. of Inchdairnie.

Preparing for Publication,

LITERARY HISTORY OF FIFESHIRE,

Uniform with Dr MURRAY's Literary History of Galloway,

In One Volume 8vo.

BY CHARLES ROGER.

MURRAY AND GIBB, PRINTERS, GEORGE STREET, EDINBURGH.