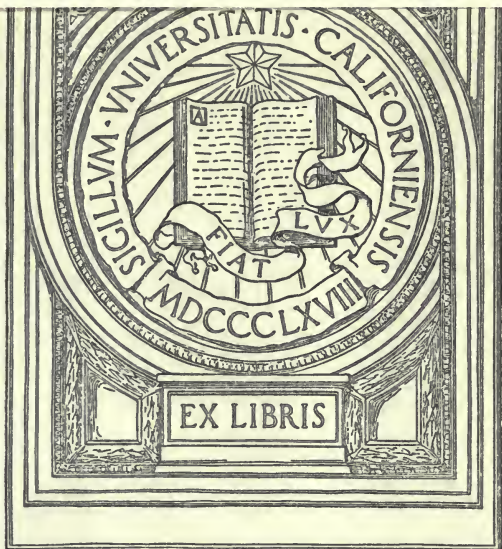


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THE POEMS
&
SONNETS
OF
HENRY CONSTABLE



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THE POEMS
&
SONNETS
OF
HENRY CONSTABLE.

THE
SHEEPHEARD'S
SONG
OF
VENUS & ADONIS
H. C.





VENUS
FAIRE
DID
RIDE.
SILVER
DOVES
THEY
DREW
HER,
BY THE
PLEASANT LAWNS,
ERE THE SUNNE DID
RISE;
VESTA'S BEAUTIE RICH
OPEN'D WIDE TO VIEW
HER;
PHILOMEL RECORDS
PLEASING HARMONIES.

Every bird of spring
Cheerefully did sing;
Paphos' goddesse they salute;
Now Love's Queene so faire
Had of mirth no care,
For her sonne had made her mute.
In her breast so tender
He a shaft did enter,
When her eyes beheld a boy;
Adonis was he named,
By his mother shamed;
Yet he now is Venus' joy.
Him alone she met
Ready bound for hunting;
Him she kindly greetes,
And his journey stayes;
Him she seekes to kisse,
No devises wanting;
Him her eyes still wooe;
Him her tongue still prayes.
He with blushing red
Hangeth downe the head;
Not a kisse can he afford;
His face is turn'd away;
Silence sayd her nay;
Still she woo'd him for a word.
Speake, she said, thou fairest;
Beautie thou impairest,
See me, I am pale and wan;
Lovers all adore mee,
I for love implore thee.
Christall teares with that downe ran.

Him heere-with shee forc'd
To come sit downe by her;
Shee his neck embrac'd,
Gazing in his face;
Hee, like one transform'd,
Stir'd no looke to eye her;
Every hearbe did wooe him
Growing in that place,
Each bird with a dittie
Prayed him for pittie
In behalfe of Beautie's Queene.
Water's gentle murmour
Craved him to love her,
Yet no liking could be seene.
Boy, she sayd, looke on mee,
Still I gaze upon thee;
Speake, I pray thee, my delight!
Coldly hee replied,
And in breefe denied
To bestow on her a sight:
I am now too young
To be wunne by beauty;
Tender are my yeeres,
I am yet a bud.
Fayre thou art, shee said;
Then it is thy dutie,
Wert thou but a blossome,
To effect my good.
Every beauteous flower
Boasteth in my power;
Byrds and beasts my lawes effect;
Mirrha, thy faire mother,
Most of any other

Did my lovely hests respect.
Be with me delighted,
Thou shalt be requited:
Every Nymph on thee shall tend,
All the Gods shall love thee,
Man shall not reprove thee,
Love himselfe shall be thy freend.
Wend thee from mee, Venus;
I am not disposed;
Thou wringst mee too hard;
Pre-thee let me goe.
Fie! what a paine it is
Thus to be enclosed!
If love begin with labour
It will end in woe.
Kiss me, I will leave.
Heere a kisse receive:
A short kisse I doe it find;
Wilt thou leave me so?
Yet thou shalt not goe.
Breathe once more thy balmie wind;
It smelleth of the mirh-tree
That to the world did bring thee,
Never was perfume so sweet.
When she thus had spoken
Shee gave him a token,
And theyr naked bosoms meet.
Now, hee sayd, let's goe;
Harke, the hounds are crying,
Grieslie Boare is up,
Hunts-men follow fast.
At the name of Boare
Venus seemed dying,

Deadly coloured pale,
 Roses over-cast.
 Speake, sayd shee, no more
 Of following the Boare,
 Thou unfit for such a chase;
 Course the fearefull Hare,
 Venson do not spare,
 If thou wilt yeeld Venus grace.
 Shun the Boare, I pray thee;
 Else I still will stay thee.
 Herein he vowed to please her minde.
 Then her armes enlarged;
 Loth shee him discharged;
 Forth he went as swift as winde.
 Thetis Phœbus' steedes
 In the west retained,
 Hunting sport was past;
 Love her love did seeke.
 Sight of him too soone,
 Gentle Queene, shee gained.
 On the ground he lay;
 Blood had left his cheeke;
 For an orped,  swine
 Smit him in the groyne;
 Deadly wound his death did bring.
 Which when Venus found,
 She fell in a swoound;
 And awakt, her hands did wring.
 Nimphs and Satires skipping,
 Came together tripping;
 Eccho every cry exprest.

 orped: fierce.

Venus, by her power,
Turn'd him to a flower,
Which shee weareth in her creast.

THE END.

DAMELUS'SONG TOHISDIAPHENIA.



DIAPHENIA, like the Daffadown-
dillie,

White as the sunne, faire as the
lillie,

Heigh hoe, how I doo love thee!

I doo love thee as my lambs

Are beloved of their Dams;

How blest were I if thou would'st proove me!

Diaphenia, like the spreading Roses,

That in thy sweetes all sweetes incloses,

Faire sweete, how I doo love thee!

I doo love thee as each flower

Loves the sunne's life-giving power;

For dead, thy breath to life might moove me.

Diaphenia, like to all things blessed,

When all thy praises are expressed,

Deare Joy, how I doo love thee!

As the Birds doo love the spring,

Or the Bees their carefull King;

Then in requite, sweet Virgin, love me.

♫ A PASTORALL SONG BETWEENE
 PHILLIS AND AMARILLIS, TWO NIM-
 PHES, EACH AUNSWERING OTHER
 LINE FOR LINE.



IE on the sleights that men
 devise,
 Heigh hoe, sillie sleights!
 When simple Maydes they
 would entice;
 Maides are yong men's
 chiefe delights.
 Nay, women they witch with

their eyes,

Eyes like beames of burning sunne;
 And men once caught they soone despise;
 So are Shepheards oft undone.

If any young man win a maide,
 Happy man is he;
 By trusting him she is betraide;
 Fie upon such treacherie.
 If Maides win young men with their guiles,
 Heigh hoe, guilefull greefe!
 They deale like weeping Crocodiles,
 That murther men without reliefe.

I know a simple country Hinde,
 Heigh hoe, sillie swaine!
 To whom faire Daphne proved kinde,
 Was he not kinde to her againe?
 He vowed by Pan with many an oath,
 Heigh hoe, Shepheards' God is he!

Yet since hath chang'd, and broke his troath,
Troth-plight broke will plagued be.

She had deceived many a swaine,
Fie on false deceite!
And plighted troath to them in vaine,
There can be no greefe more great.
Her measure was with measure paide,
Heigh hoe, heigh hoe, equall meede!
She was beguil'd that had betraide,
So shall all deceavers speede.

If every Maide were like to me,
Heigh hoe, hard of hart!
Both love and lovers scorn'd should be,
Scorners shall be sure of smart.
If every Maide were of my minde,
Heigh hoe, heigh hoe, lovely sweete!
They to their lovers should proove kinde,
Kindnes is for maydens meete.

Me thinks love is an idle toy,
Heigh hoe, busie paine!
Both wit and sence it dooth annoy,
Both sence and wit thereby we gaine.
Tush, Phillis! cease, be not so coy;
Heigh hoe, heigh hoe, coy disdain!
I know you love a Sheepheard's boy,
Fie, that Maydens so should faine!

Well, Amarillis, now I yeeld;
Sheepheards, pipe aloud!
Love conquers both in towne and field,

Like a tirant fierce and proude.
The evening starre is up, ye see;
Vesper shines; we must away.
Would every Lover might agree,
So we end our Roundelay.

TO HIS FLOCKS.



EEDE on, my Flocks, securely,
Your Sheeheard watcheth surely.
Runne about, my little Lambs,
Skip and wanton with your Dam-
mes,

Your loving Heard with care will tend ye.
Sport on, faire flocks, at pleasure,
Nip Vesta's flowring treasure;
I my self will duely harke,
When my watchfull dogge dooth barke,
From Woolfe and Foxe I will defend ye.

TO
HIS MISTRISSE.



RACE full of grace, though
in these verses heere
My love complaynes of others
then of thee,
Yet thee alone I lov'd, & they
by mee
(Thow yet unknowne) only
mistaken were.

Like him which feeles a heate, now heere, now
there,

Blames now this cause, now that, untill he see
The fire indeed from whence they caused bee;
Which fire I now doe knowe is you, my deare!

Thus diverse loves, dispersed in my verse,
In thee alone for ever I unite.

But follie unto thee more to rehearse:

To him I flye for grace that rules above,

That by my grace I may live in delight,

Or by his grace I never more may love.



RESOLV'D to love, unworthy to
obtaine,
I doe no favour crave; but humble
wise
To thee my sighes in verse I sacri-

fise,

Onely some pittie and no helpe to gaine.

Heare then; and as my hart shall aye remaine
A patient object to thy lightning eyes,
A patient eare bring thou to thundring cryes;
Fear not the cracke, when I the blow sustaine.

So, as thine eye bred mine ambitious thought,
So shall thine eare make proud my voyce for joy;
Lo (Deere) what wonders great by thee are
wrought,

When I but little favours doe enjoy;
The voyce is made the eare for to rejoyce,
And your eare giveth pleasure to my voyce.



LY low, deere Love, thy Sunne
doost thou not see?
Take heede; do not so neare his
rayes aspyre,
Least (for thy pride, inflam'd with
wreakful ire)

It burne thy wings, as it hath burned me.

Thou (haply) saist thy wings immortall bee,
And so cannot consumed be with fire;
The one is Hope, the other is Desire,
And that the heavens bestow'd them both on
thee.

A Muse's words made thee with Hope to flye,
An Angel's face Desire hath begot,
Thy selfe engendred of a Goddesse' eye:
Yet for all this, immortall thou are not.
Of heavenly eye though thou begotten art,
Yet art thou borne but of a mortall hart.



HINE eye, the glasse
where I behold my
hart;

Mine eye, the window
through the which
thine eye

May see my hart, & there
thy selfe espy

In bloody cullours how thou painted art;

Thine eye the pyle is of a murdring dart,
Mine eye the sight thou tak'st thy levell by
To hit my hart, and never shootes awry;
Mine eye thus helps thine eye to worke my
smart;

Thine eye a fire is, both in heate and lighte;
Mine eye of teares a river doth become.
Oh, that the water of mine eye had might
To quench the flames that from thine eye doth
come;

Or that the fire kindled by thine eye
The flowing streames of mine eyes could make
drie.



ELIGHT in youre bright eyes my
death did breede,
As light and glittering weapons
babes allure

To play with fire and sworde, and
so procure

Them to be burnt and hurt ere they take heed.

Thy beautie so hath made me burne and bleed;
Yet shall my ashes and my bloud assure
Thy beauty's fame for ever to endure;
For thy fame's life from my death doth proceed;

Because my hearte, to ashes burned, giveth
Life to thy fame, thou right a phœnix art;
And like a pellican thy beautie liveth
By sucking bloud oute of my breast and
hearte.

Loe! why with wonder we may thee compare
Unto the pelican and phœnix rare.



WHEN youre perfections to my
thoughts appeare,
They say among themselves: O
happy wee
Which ever shall so rare an ob-
ject see!
But happy hart, if thoughts lesse happy were.

For their delights have cost my hart full dere,
In whom of love a thousand causes be,
And each cause breeds a thousand loves in me,
And each love more then thousand harts can
beare.

How can my hart so many loves then hold,
Which yet (by heapes) increase from day to day?
But, like a shyp that's overcharg'd with gold,
Must either sinke, or hurle the gold away.
But hurle out love; thou canst not, feeble hart!
In thine owne blood thou therefore drowned art.



T may be Love my death
doth not pretend,
Although he shoots at
mee; but thinks it fit
Thus to bewitch thee for
my benefit.
Causing thy will to my
wish condescend.

For witches which some murder doe intend
Doe make a picture and doe shoote at it;
And in that part where they the picture hit
The party's selfe doth languish to his end.

So Love, too weake by force thy hart to taint,
Within my hart thy heavenly shape doth paint,
Suffring therein his arrowes to abide;
Onely to th'end he might, by witches' arte,
Within my hart pierce through thy picture's side,
And through thy picture's side might wound thy
hart.



BLAME not my hart for flying up
too hie,
Sith thou art cause that it this flight
begunne;
For earthly vapours, drawne up by
the Sunne,
Comets begun, and night sunnes, in the skie.

Mine humble hart, so with thy heavenly eie
Drawne up aloft, all low desires doth shunne;
Raise then me up, as thou my hart hast done;
So, during night, in heaven remaine may I.

I say againe: Blame not my high desire;
Sith of us both the cause thereof depends;
In thee doth shine, in mee doth burne, a fire.
Fire drawes up other and it selfe ascends:
Thine eye a fire, and so drawes up my love;
My love a fire, and so ascends above.



YES curious to behold
what nature can create,
Come see, come see, and
write what wonder
yow doe see.
Causing by true reporte
our nexte posteritye
Curse Fortune for that
they were borne so late.

Come then and come ye all; come soone, least
that

The tyme should be to shorte and men to few
should be:

For all be few to write her least part's historie,
Though they should ever write, and never write
but that.

Millions looke on her eyes, millions thinke on her
witte,

Millions speake of her, millions write of her
hand,

The whole eye or the lip I doe not understand,
Millions to few to prayse but some one part of it.
As eyther of her eye or lip or hand to write,
The light or blacke, the tast or red, the soft or
white.



ADIE! in beautie and in favour
rare,
Of favour (not of due) I favour
crave;
Nature to thee beauty and favour
gave;

Faire then thou art, and favour thou maist spare;

Nor when on mee bestow'd your favours are,
Lesse favour in your face you shall not have;
If favour then a wounded soule may save,
Of murther's guilt (deare Lady) then beware.

My losse of life a million fold were lesse
Than the least losse should unto you befall;
Yet graunt this gyft; which gift when I possesse,
Both I have life, and you no losse at all.
For by your favour onely I doe live;
And favour you may well both keepe and give.



ADIE of ladies, the delight alone
For which to heaven earth doth
no envie beare;
Seeing and hearing thee we see
and heare

Such voice, such light, as never sunge nor shone.

The want of heaven, I grant, yet we may moane,
Not for the pleasure of the angells there,
As though in face or voyce they like thee were,
But that they many bee and thow but one.

The basest notes which from thy voyce proceed
The treble of the angells doe exceed.
So that I feare theyre quire to beautifie,
Lest thow to some in heaven shall singe & shine;
Loe! when I heare thee singe, the reason why
Sighes of my breast keepe tyme with notes of
thine.



NOT that thy hand is soft, is sweete,
is white,
Thy lippes sweet roses, breast
sweet lylve is,
That love esteemes these three the
chiefest blisse

Which nature ever made for lipps' delight;

But when these three, to shew theyre heavenlye
might,

Such wonders doe, devotion then for this
Commandeth us with humble zeale to kisse
Such things as worke miracles in oure sight.

A lute of senselesse woode, by nature dumbe,
Tought by her hand doth speak devinelye well;
And from thy lips and breast sweet tunes doe
come

To my dead hearte, the which new life doe give.
Of greater wonders heard we never tell
Then for the dumbe to speak, the dead to live.



WEETE Sovereigne! sith
so many minds remaine
Obedient subjects at thy
beauty's call,
So many harts bound in thy
haire as thrall,
So many eyes die with one
look's disdain;

Goe seeke the honour that doth thee pertaine,
That the fift Monarchie may thee befall;
Thou hast such meanes to conquer men withall,
As all the world must yeeld or els be slaine.

To fight thou need'st no weapons but thine
eyes;
Thine haire hath gold enough to pay thy men;
And for their foode thy beauty will suffise,
For men and armour (Lady) care have none;
For one will sooner yeeld unto thee then
When he shall meete thee naked all alone.



WHEN beautie to the world vouch-
safes this blisse,
To shew the one whose other
there is not,
The whitest skinnes red blushing
shame doth blot,
And in the reddest cheekes pale envie is.

The fayre and fowle come thus alike by this;
For when the sun hath oure horizon gott,
Venus her selfe doth shine no more (God wot)
Then the least starre that take the light from his.

The poore in beautie thus content remaine
To see theyre jealousie cause reveng'd in thee,
And theyre fayre foes afflicted with the payne;
Loe, the cleare prooffe of thy devinitye!
For unto God is only dew this prayse:
The highest to pluck downe, the low to rayse.



FALSLY doth envie of your praises
blame

My tongue, my pen, my hart, of
flattery;

Because I said there was no sunne
but thee,

It call'd my tongue the partiall trumpe of Fame;

And saith my pen hath flattered thy name,

Because my pen did to my tongue agree;

And that my hart must needs a flatterer bee,

Which taught both tongue and pen to say the
same.

No, no, I flatter not, when thee I call

The sunne, sith that the sunne was never such;

But when the sunne thee I compar'd withall

Doubtles the sunne I flattered too much.

Witnes mine eyes, I say the trueth in this:

They have seene thee, and know that so it is.



Y Lady's presence makes the
Roses red,
Because to see her lips they blush
for shame;
The Lyllies' leaves (for envy)
pale became,
And her white hands in them this envie bred.

The Marigold the leaves abroad doth spred,
Because the sunne's and her power is the same;
The Violet of purple cullour came,
Di'd in the blood shee made my hart to shed.

In brieft, all flowers from her their vertue take;
From her sweet breath their sweet smels do
proceede;

The living heate which her eye beames doth
make

Warmeth the grounde, & quickeneth the seede.
The raine wherewith shee watereth the flowers
Falls from mine eyes, which she dissolves in
showers.



WEET hand! the sweet but cruell
bowe thou art,
From whence at mee five yvorie
arrowes flie;
So with five woundes at once I
wounded lie,
Bearing my brest the print of every dart.

Saint Fraunces had the like, yet felt no smart,
Where I in living torments never die;
His woundes were in his hands and feete, where I
All these five helpelesse wounds feele in my hart.

Now (as Saint Fraunces) if a Saint am I,
The bowe that shot these shafts a relique is;
I meane the hand; which is the reason why
So many for devotion thee would kisse;
And some thy glove kisse, as a thing divine:
This arrowes' quiver, and this relique's shrine.



HE Fowler hides, (as
closely as he may)
The net where caught the
sillie bird should be;
Least he the threatning
pryson should but see,
And so for feare be forc'd
to flye away.

My Ladye so, the while shee doth assay
In curled knots fast to entangle me,
Puts on her vaile, to th'end I should not flee
The golden net wherein I am a pray.

Alas (most sweet!) what neede is of a net
To catch a byrd that is already tame?
Sith with your hand alone you may it get,
For it desires to flie into the same;
What needes such arte, my thoughts then to in-
trap,
When of themselves they flye into your lap?

TO HIS MISTRISSE UPON THE OCCASION OF A PETRARCH HE GAVE HER.



MIRACLE of the world! I never will denye

That former poets prayse the beautie of theyre dayes;
But all those beauties were but

figures of thy prayse,

And all those poets did of thee but prophecye.

Thy coming to the world hath taught us to describe

What Petrarch's Laura meant, for truth the lips bewrayes,

Loe! why th' Italians, yet which never saw thy rayes,

To finde oute Petrarch's sence such forged glosses trye.

The beauties which he in a vayle enclos'd beheld

But revelations were within his secreat heart,
By which in parables thy coming he foretold;
His songes were hymnes of thee, which only now before

Thy image should be sunge; for thou that goddesse art

Which only we withoute idolatrye adore.



FRIEND of mine, pittying
my hopelesse
love,
Hoping (by killing hope)
my love to slay,
Let not (quoth he) thy
hope thy hart betray,
Impossible it is her hart

to move.

But, sith resolved love cannot remove
As long as thy divine perfections stay,
Thy Godhead then he sought to take away.
Deere! seeke revenge, and him a lyar prove;

Gods onely doe impossibilities.
Impossible (saith he) thy grace to gaine.
Show then the power of thy divinities
By graunting me thy favour to obtaine;
So shall thy foe give to himselfe the lie,
A Goddesse thou shalt prove, and happy I.



AIRE Sunne! if you would have
me praise your light,
When night approacheth, where-
fore doe you flie?
Time is so short, beauties so many

be,

That I have neede to see them day and night;

That by continuall view my verses might
Tell all the beames of your divinitie;
Which praise to you, and joy should be to mee:
You living by my verse, I by your sight.

I by your sight, but not you by my verse;
Neede mortall skill immortall praise rehearse?
No, no; though eyes were blinde, & verse were
dumb,

Your beautie should be seene, & your fame
known;

For by the winde which from my sighes doe
come

Your praises round about the world be blowne.

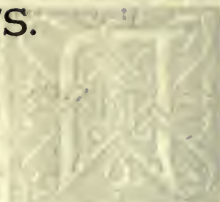


HE sunne, his journey ending in
the West,
Taking his lodging up in Thetis'
bed,
Though from our eyes his beames
he banished,
Yet with his light th' antipodes be blest.

Now when the sun-time brings my sunne to
rest,
(Which mee too oft of rest hath hindered)
And whiter skinne with white sheetes covered,
And softer cheeke doth on soft pillow rest;

Then I (oh sunne of sunnes, and light of lights!)
Wish mee with those Antipodes to be,
Which see and feele thy beames and heate by
nights,
Well though the night both cold and darksome
is;
Yet halfe the day's delight the night graunts
mee:
I feele my sunne's heate though his light I misse.

TO THE Q. AND
THE K. OF SCOTS.



TO THE Q. AFTER HIS RETURNE
OUTE OF ITALYE.



NOT longe agoe, in Poland travell-
ing,
Changing my tongue, my nation
and my weede,
Mayne wordes I heard from for-
reyne mouth proceed,
Theyre wonder and thy glorie witnessing;

How from thy wisdome did those conquests
spring
Which ruin'd them thy ruine which decreed.
But such as envyed thee in this agreed:
Thy iland's seate did thee most succoure bring;

So, if the sea by miracle were drye,
Easie thy foes thy kingdome might invade.
Foolles, which knowe not the power of thyne eye!
Thine eye hath made a thousand eyes to weepe,
And every eye a thousand seas hath made,
And each sea shall thyne ile in safetie keepe.

TO THE QUEENE: TOUCHING THE
CRUELL EFFECTS OF HER PERFEC-
TIONS.



MOST sacred Prince! why should
I thee thus praye
Which both of sin and sorrowe
cawse has beene:
Proude hast thou made thy land
of such a Queene;

Thy neighbours enuious of thy happie dayes.

Whoe never saw the sunshine of thy rayes,
An everlasting night his life doth ween;
And he whose eyes thy eyes but once have
seene

A thousand signes of burning thoughts bewrayes.

Thus sin thou caus'd, (envye, I meane, & pride)
Thus sin and darknesse doe proceed from thee;
The very paynes which men in hell abide.
Oh no; not hell, but purgatorie this,
Whose sowles some say by angells punish'd be,
For thou art shee from whome this torment is.

TO THE Q.: UPON OCCASION OF A
 BOOKE HE WROTE, IN AN ANSWER
 TO CERTAYNE OBJECTIONS AGAIN-
 STHER PROCEEDINGS IN THE LOW-
 COUNTRYES.



HE love wherewith
 youre vertues chayne
 my sprite

Envyes the hate I beare
 unto your foe;

Since hatefull pen had
 meanes his hate to
 showe,

And love like means had not of love to wryte;

I meane, write that your vertues doe endite,
 From which spring all my conceyts doe flow, *¶*
 And of my pen my sword doth envious growe,
 That pen before my sword youre foes should
 smite.

And to my inke my bloud doth envie beare,
 That in youre cause more inke then bloud I shed;
 Which envie, though it be a vice, yet heere
 'Tis vertue, sith youre vertues have it bred.
 Thus powerfull youre sacred vertues be,
 Which vice it selfe a vertue makes in me.

¶ a word is wanting.
 xl

TO THE K. OF SCOTS, WHOME AS
YET HE HAD NOT SEENE.



LOOME of the rose! I hope those
hands to kisse
Which yonge a scepter, which
olde wisdome bore;
And offer up joy-sacrifice before
Thy altar-throne for that received blisse.

Yet, prince of hope! suppose not for all this
That I thy place and not thy guifts adore;
Thy scepter, no, thy pen, I honoure more;
More deare to me then crowne thy garland is;

That laurell garland which, if hope say true,
To thee for deeds of prowesse shall belong,
And now allreadie unto thee is due,
As to a David for a kinglie throne.
The pen wherewith thou dost so heavenly singe
Made of a quill pluckt from an angell's winge.

TO THE K. OF SCOTS, TOUCHING
THE SUBJECT OF HIS POEMS DEDI-
CATED WHOLIE TO HEAVENLY
MATTERS.



HERE others hooded with
blind love doe flie
Low on the ground with buz-
zard Cupid's wings,
A heavenlie love, from love of
love thee brings,
And makes thy Muse to mount above the skie;

Young Muses be not wont to flie too hie,
Age taught by Time such sober ditties sings;
But thy youth flies from love of youthfull things,
And so the wings of Time doth overflie.

Thus thou disdainst all worldlie things as slow;
Because thy Muse, with Angel's wings, doth
leave
Time's wings behind, and Cupid's wings below;
But take thou heed, least Fame's wings thee
deceave.
With all thy speede from Fame thou canst not
flee,
But more thou flees, the more it followes thee.

TO THE K. OF SCOTS, UPON OCCASION OF A SONNET THE K. WROTE IN COMPLAINT OF A CONTRARIE WIND WHICH HINDRED THE ARRIVAL OF THE QUEENE OUTE OF DENMARK. MDLXXXIX.



as you have done;

F I durst sigh still as I had begun,
Or durst shed teares in such abundant store,
You should have need to blame the sea no more,
Nor call upon the wind

For from myne eyes an ocean-sea should run
Which the desired ships should carrie o'r,
And my sighes blowe such winde from northern shore
As soone you should behold youre wished sun.

But with those sighes my deare displeased is,
Which should both hast your joye and slake my payne;

Yet for my good will, O kinge! grant me this:
When to the winds yow sacrifice agayne,
Sith I desir'd my sighes should blow for thee,
Desire thou the winds to sigh for me.

TO THE K. OF SCOTS UPON OCCA-
SION OF HIS LONGE STAY IN DEN-
MARKE BY REASON OF THE COLD-
NESSE OF THE WINTER AND FREE-
ZING OF THE SEA.

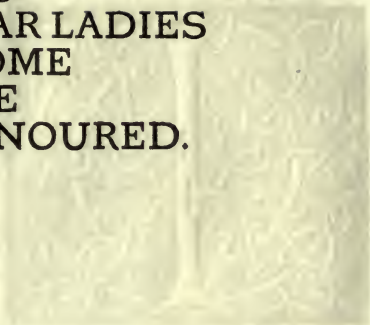


IF I durst love as heertofore I have,
Or that my heart durst flame as it
doth burne,
The ice should not so longe stay
youre returne,
My heart should easely thaw the frozen wave;

But when my payne makes me for pittie crave,
The blindest see with what just cause I mourne;
So least my torment to his blame should turne.
My hearte is forc'd to hide the fire she gave.

But what doth neede the sea my heart at all?
Thow and the spouse be suns; in beautye shee,
In wisdome thow; the sun we Phœbus call,
And Phœbus for thy wisdome we call thee;
Now if the sun can thaw the sea alone,
Cannot two suns supplie the want of one?

TO
PARTICULAR LADIES
WHOME
HE
MOST HONOURED.



TO THE PRINCESS OF ORANGE.



F nature for her workes
proud ever were,
It was for this: that she
created yow;
Yoursacred head, which
wisdome doth indue,
Is only fitte a diademe to
weare.

Your lilie hand, which fayrer doth appeare
Then ever eye beheld in shape and hue,
Vnto no other use by right is due
Except it be a scepter for to beare.

Your cherrie lips by Nature framed be
Hearts to commaund; youre eye is only fitte
With his wise lookes kingdomes to oversee;
O happie land, whose soveraigne thou hadst
beene!

But God on earth full blisse will not permitte,
And this is only cause: yow are no Queene.

TO THE COUNTESSE OF SHREWS-
BURYE.



LAYNLIE I write because I will
write true;

If ever Marie but the Virgin were
Meete in the realme of heaven a
crowne to beare,

I, as my creed, believe that it is you!

And for the world this Ile and age shall rue
The bloud and fire was shed and kindled heere,
When woemen of youre name the crowne did
beare,

And youre high worth not crownd with honoure
due.

But God, which meant for rebell fayth and sin
His foes to punish, and his owne to trye,
Would not youre sacred name imploy therein;
For good and bad he would should you adore,
Which never any burnt but with youre eye,
And maketh them you punish love you more.

TO THE COUNTESES OF CUMBER-
LAND AND WARWICK, SISTERS.



YOU sister Muses! doe not ye re-
pine

That I two sisters doe with nyne
compare;

For eyther of these sacred two

more rare

In vertue is then all the heavenly nyne.

But if ye aske which one is more devine,
I say: like to theyre owne twin-eyes they are.

Where eyther is as cleere as clearest starre,
Yet neyther doth more cleare then other shine.

Sisters of spotlesse fame! of whome alone
Malitiose tongues take pleasure to speake well;
How should I yow commend, when eyther one
All things in heaven and earth so far excell?

The highest prayse that I can give is this:
That one of you like to the other is.

TO MY LADIE ARBELLA.



HAT worthie Marquesse,
pride of Italie!
Whoe for all worth, and
for her wit & phrase,
Both best deserv'd, and
best desert could
praise,
Immortall Ladie! is re-

viv'd in thee.

But thinke not strange that thy divinitie
I by some goddesse' title doe not blaze,
But through a woeman's name thy glorie rayse;
For things unlike of unlike prayes be.

When we prayse men, we call them gods; but
when

We speake of gods we liken them to men;
Not them to prayse, but only them to knowe.
Not able thee to prayse, my drift was this:
Some earthly shadowe of thy worth to showe, ♪
Whose heavenly selfe above world's reason is.

♪ Evidently "showe"; Park has "shame."

TO THE LADY ARBELLA.



NLY hope of oure age! that ver-
tues dead
By youre sweet breath should be
reviv'd againe;
Learning, discourag'd longe by
rude disdaine,
By youre white hands is only cherished.

Thus others' worth by yow is honoured;
But whoe shall honoure youres; poore wits! in
vayne
We seeke to paye the debts which you pertayne,
Till from youre selfe some wealth be borrowed.

Lend some youre tongues, that every nation may
In his owne heare youre vertuous prayes blaz'd;
Lend them youre wit, youre judgment, memorye,
Least they themselves should not knowe what to
say;
And, that thow mayst be lov'd as much as
prays'd,
My hearte thow mayst lend them, which I gave
thee.

TO MY LADIE RICH.



THAT my songe like to a
ship might be,
To beare aboute the world
my Lady's fame;
That, charged with the
riches of her name,
The Indians might oure
country's treasure see!

No treasure, they would say, is rich but she;
Of all theyre golden parts they would have
shame,
And hap'lye, that they might but see the same,
To give theyre gold for nought they would
agree.

This wished voyage, though it I begin,
Withoute youre beauty's helpe cannot prevayle;
For as a ship doth beare the men therein,
And yet the men doe make the ship to sayle,
Your beauties so, which in my verse apeare,
Doe move my verse and it your beauties beare.

TO THE LADIE RICH.



HERALDS at armes doe three
perfections quote,
To wit: most faire, most ritch,
most glittering;
So, when those three concurre
within one thing,
Neeedes must that thing of honor be a note.

Lately I did behold a ritch, faire coate,
Which wished Fortune to mine eyes did bring,
A lordly coate, yet worthy of a King,
In which one might all these perfections note:

A field of lyllies roses proper bare,
Two starres in chiefe; the Crest was waves of
gold.

How glittering 'twas might by the starres appeare,
The lillies made it faire for to behold;
And ritch it was, as by the gold appeareth.
But happy he that in his armes it weareth.

TO
SEVERALL PERSONS
UPON
SUNDRYE OCCASIONS.



TO THE PRINCESSE OF ORANGE, UP-
ON OCCASION OF THE MURTHUR OF
HER FATHER AND HUSBAND.



HEN murdring hands,
to quench the thirst
of tyrannie,
The world's most wor-
thye i' thyspouse &
father slew,
Wounding thy heart
through theyres, a
double well they

drew,

A well of bloud from them, a well of teares from
thee.

So in thyne eyes at once we fire and water see;
Fire doth of beautie spring, water of griefe ensue;
Whoe fire and water yet together ever knew,
And neyther water dry'd, nor fire quencht to be!

But wonder it is not thy water and thy fyre
Vnlike to others' be; thy water fire hath bred,
And thy fire water makes, for thyne eyes' fire
hath shed

Teares from a thousand hearts melted with love's
desire;

And griefe to see such eyes bathed in teares of
woes,

A fire of revenge inflames against thy foes.

To the COUNTESSSE of SHREWSBURYE,
UPON OCCASION OF HIS DEARE MIS-
TRESSE, WHO LIV'D UNDER HER GO-
VERNMENT.



RUE, worthie Dame! if I thee
chieftayne call
Of Venus' host, let others think no
ill;
I graunt that they be fayre, but
what prince will
Chuse onlie by the force a generall?

Beauties be but the forces wherewithall
Ladies the hearts of private persons kill;
But these fayre forces to conduct with skill
Venus chose yow the chiefest of them all.

To yow then, yow, the fayrest of the wise,
And wisest of the fayre, I doe appeale.
A warrioure of youre campe by force of eyes
Mee pris'ner tooke, and will with rigor deale,
Except yow pity in youre heart will place;
At whose white hands I only seeke for grace.

TO THE COUNTESSE OF PEMBROKE.



LADIE! whome by reportes I only
knowe,
Yet know so well, as I must thee
adore;
To honour thee what neede I
seeke for more!

Thou art his Sister whom I honour'd so.

Yet million tongues' reporte doth further showe
Of thy perfections, both such worth and store,
As wante of seeing thee paynes me sore, ¶
As sight of others hath procur'd my woe.

All parts of beautie, meeting in one place,
Doe dazle eye, feed love, and ravish witte;
Thy perfect shape envies thy princely grace,
Thy minde all say like to thy Brother is.
What neede I then say more to honour it?
For I have praysed thyne by praying his.

¶ a word seems wanting.

TO THE COUNTESSE of ESSEX, UPON
OCCASION OF THE DEATH OF HER
FIRST HUSBAND, SIR PHILIP SYD-
NEY.



WEE TEST of ladies! if
thy pleasure be
To murder hearts, stay not
in England still;
Revenge on Spaine thy
husband's death, & kill
His foes, not them that love
both him and thee.

O sound revenge, that I desire to see;
If they be fooles which wish with theyre owne
will
Hurt to theyre foes; then what be they that will,
With theyre owne hurte, wish good to enemye?

And thus doe I; and thus ambitious Spaine
Vnsatisfied the new-found world to gayne,
Two better worlds should have; I mean thyne
eyes.

And we oure worlde, oure worlde his sun should
misse,
Oure sun his heaven, thyne eye oure want sup-
lies,
Oure worlde, oure sun, oure heaven, oure all
it is.

TO THE LADIE CLINTON.



INCE onlye I, sweet Ladie! ye be-
held,
Yet then such love I in youre looke
did finde,
And such sweet gesses of youre
gratiouse mynd
As never a shorte tyme more happie held.

Forewarning vision which even then foretold
Th' eternall cheynes which since my heart did
binde,
Even there where first youre beames into me
shin'd,
The fatall prison where my heart I held.

And how came this? It was thy lovely looke
Which doth perfume each place it sees with love,
As though from yow, my Deare, this sweetnesse
tooke,
Because where I saw her I yow had seen;
Yet every where, if any sight me move,
I knowe it is some place where yow have been.

A CALCULATION UPON THE BIRTH
OF AN HONOURABLE LADY'S [¶]
DAUGHTER, BORNE IN THE YEERE
MDLXXXVIII, AND ON A FRIDAY.



FAVOUR by inheritance, whom
borne wee see
Both in the wondrous yeere, and
on the day
Wherein the fairest Planet beareth
sway,

The heavens to thee this fortune doe decree:

Thou of a world of harts in time shalt be
A Monarch great, and with one beauty's ray
So many hoasts of harts thy face shall slay
As all the rest (for love) shall yeeld to thee.

But even as Alexander (when he knewe
His Father's conquests) wept least he should
leave

No Kingdome unto him for to subdue,
So shall thy mother thee of praise bereave;
So many harts already shee hath slaine
As few behind to conquer shall remaine.

TO MR. HILLIARD, UPON OCCASION
OF A PICTURE HE MADE OF MY LADIE
RICH.



F Michaell the arch-
painter now did live,
Because that Michaell he
an angell hight,
As partiall for his fellow-
angells, might
To Raphaell's skill much
prayse and honoure

give.

But if in secreat I his judgment shrive,
It would confesse that no man knew aright
To give to stoncs and pearles true die and light,
Till first youre art with orient nature strive.

But thinke not yet yow did that art devise;
Nay, thank my Ladie that such skil you have;
For often sprinckling her black sparckling eyes,
Her lips and breast, taught you the . . .
To diamonds, rubies, pearles, the worth of which
Doth make the jewell which you paynt seeme
Rich.

¶ Words wanting like "form you gave"
lx

COMPLAYNTS
OF
MISFORTUNES
IN
LOVE.



OW, now I love indeed, and suffer
more
In one day now then I did in a
yeare;
Great flames they be which but
small sparkles were,
And wounded now, I was but prickt before.

No mervayle then, though more then heretofore
I weepe and sigh: how can great wounds be
there

Where moysture runs not oute? and ever where
The fire is great of smoke there must be store.

My heart was hetherto but like green wood,
Which must be dry'd before it will burn bright;
My former love served but my heart to drye;
Now Cupid for his fire doth find it good;
For now it burneth cleare, and shall give light
For all the worlde youre beautie to espie.



ONDER it is, and pittie is't
that shee
In whom all beauty's treasure
we may finde
That may enrich the body and
the mind,
Towards the poore should use no charitie.

My love is gone a begging unto thee;
And if that Beauty had not beene more kind
Then pittie, long ere this he had beene pinde;
But Beautie is content his foode to bee.

Oh, pittie have, when such poore Orphans beg:
Love (naked boy) hath nothing on his backe,
And though he wanteth neither arme or leg,
Yet maim'd he is, sith he his sight doth lacke;
And yet (though blinde) he beautie can behold;
And yet (though nak'd) he feeles more heate than
cold.



ITTY refusing my poore Love to
feede,
A beggar starv'd for want of helpe
he lies,
And at your mouth (the doore of
Beauty) cries;
That thence some almes of sweete grants might
proceede.

But as he waiteth for some almes-deede
A cherrie tree before the doore he spies.
Oh deare (quoth he) two cherries may suffise,
Two only may save life in this my neede.

But beggars, can they naught but cherries eate?
Pardon my Love, he is a Goddesses' sonne,
And never feedeth but on daintie meate,
Els neede he not to pine as hee hath done;
For onely the sweet fruite of this sweete tree
Can give food to my Love, and life to mee.



F that one care had oure two hearts
possest,
Or you once, ¶ what I long suffered,
Then should thy heart accuse in my
heart's stead

The rigor of it selfe for myne unrest;

Then should thyne arme upon my shoulder rest,
And weight of griefe sway downe thy troubled
head;

Then should thy teares upon my sheet be shed,
And then thy heart should pant upon my breast.

But when that other cares thy heart doe seaze,
Alas! what succoure gayne I then by this,
But double griefe for thine and myne unease?
Yet when thou seest thy hurts to wound my
heart,

And so art taught by me what pitye is,
Perhaps thy heart will learne to feele my smart.

¶ a word is wanting; perhaps "felt"



NCIVILL sickness! hast thou no
regard,
But doost presume my deerest to
molest?
And, without leave, dar'st enter in

that brest

Whereto sweet Love approach yet never dar'd!

Spare thou her health, which my life hath not
spar'd;

Too bitter such revenge of my unrest,
Although with wrongs my thought shee hath op-
prest,

My wrongs seeke not revenge; they crave re-
ward.

Cease Sicknesse, cease in her then to remaine,
And come and welcome, harbour thou in me,
Whom Love long since hath taught to suffer
paine;

So shee which hath so oft my paine increast,
(O God, that I might so revenged be!)

By my poore paine might have her paine releast.



DEARE! though from me youre
gratiouse lookes depart,
And of that comfort doe my selfe
bereave,
Which both I did deserve and did

receave;

Triumph not overmuch in this my smarte.

Nay, rather they which now enjoy thy heart
For feare just cause of mourning should con-
ceave,

Least thou inconstant shouldst theyre trust de-
ceave

Which like unto the weather changing art.

For in foule weather byrds sing often will
In hope of fayre, and in fayre tyme will cease,
For feare fayre tyme should not continue still;
So they may mourne which have thy heart pos-
sest

For feare of change, and hope of change may
ease

Theyre hearts whome grieffe of change doth now
molest.



F ever any justlye might
complayne
Of unrequited service, it
is I;
Change is the thanks I
have for loyaltye,
And onlye her rewarde is
her disdayne.

So as just spight did almost me constraune,
Through torment, her due praynes to denye;
For he which vexed is with injurye
By speaking ill doth ease his heart of payne.

But what, shall tortor make me wrong her name?
No, no, a pris'ner constant thinkes it shame,
Though he be rackt, his first truth to gaynsay. *¶*
Her true given prayse my first confession is.
Though her disdayn doe rack me night and day,
This I confest, and will denye in this.

¶ "be" conjectured.
lxviii



UCH sorrow in it selfe my love
doth move;
More my dispaire, to love a hope-
lesse blisse;
My folly most, to love whom
sure to misse.

Oh, helpe me but this last greefe to remove;

All paines, if you commaund, it joy shall prove,
And wisdom to seeke joye; then say but this:
Because my pleasure in thy torment is,
I doe commaund thee without hope to love.

So when this thought my sorrow shall augment,
That mine owne folly did procure my paine,
Then shall I say, to give my selfe content:
Obedience onely made me love in vaine;
It was your will, and not my want of wit;
I have the paine; beare you the blame of it.



NEEDES must I leave, and yet
needes must I love,
In vaine my wit doth tell in verse
my woe;
Dispaire in me, Disdaine in thee
dooth shoe

How by my wit I doe my folly prove.

All this my hart from love can never move;
Love is not in my hart; no, Lady, no;
My hart is love it selfe; till I foregoe
My hart, I never can my love remove.

How can I then leave love? I doe intend
Not to crave grace, but yet to wish it still;
Not to prayse thee, but beauty to commend;
And so by beauty's praise, praise thee I will.
For as my hart is love, love not in mee;
So beauty thou, beauty is not in thee.



Y Reason, absent, did mine eyes
require

To watch and ward, and such
foes to descrie

As they should, neere my hart
approaching, spie.

But traitor eyes my hart's death did conspire;

(Corrupted with Hope's gyfts) let in Desire
To burne my hart, and sought no remedy,
Though store of water were in eyther eye
Which, well imployde, might wel have quencht
the fire.

Reason returned, Love and Fortune made
Judges, to judge mine eyes to punishment:
Fortune, sith they by sight my hart betraid,
From wished sight adjudg'd them banishment;
Love, sith by fire murdred my hart was found,
Adjudged them in teares for to be drownd.



ACH day new proofes of
newe dispaire I finde,
That is, newe deathes; no
marvell then though I
Make exile my last helpe,
to th' end mine eye
Should not behold the
death to me assignd.

Not that from death absence might save my
minde,
But that it might take death more patiently;
Like him the which, by Judge condemnd to die,
To suffer with more ease his eyes doth blind.

Your lippes (in scarlet clad) my Judges be,
Pronouncing sentence of eternall No;
Dispaire, the hangman that tormenteth me;
The death I suffer is the life I have;
For onely life doth make me die in woe,
And onely death I for my pardon crave.



MINE eye with all the deadly sin-
nes is fraught:

I.

First proud, sith it presum'd to
looke so hie,

A watchman being made, stooede gazing by;

II.

And idle, tooke no heede till I was caught;

III.

And envious, beares envie that by thought
Should in his absence be to her so nie.

To kill my hart, mine eye let in her eye,

IV.

And so consent gave to a murther wrought;

V.

And covetous, it never would remove
From her faire haire, gold so doth please his
sight;

VI.

Vnchast, a baude betweene my hart and love;

VII.

A glutton eye, with teares drunke every night.

These sinnes procured have a Goddesse' ire,
Wherefore my hart is damnd in Love's sweet fire.



F true love might true love's re-
ward obtaine,
Dumbe wonder onely might
speake of my joy;
But too much worth hath made

thee too much coy,
And told me long agoe I sigh'd in vaine.

Not then vaine hope of undeserved gaine
Hath made me paint in verses mine annoy,
But for thy pleasure, that thou might'st enjoy
Thy beauty's praise, in glasses of my paine.

See then thy selfe (though me thou wilt not
heare),
By looking on my verse: for paine in verse,
Love doth in paine, beautie in love, appeare.
So, if thou wouldst my verses' meaning see,
Expound them thus, when I my love rehearse:
None loves like him; that is, None faire like
mee.



OMTIMES in verse I praisd,
sometime I sigh'd,
No more shal pen with love and
beauty mell,
But to my hart alone my hart shall
tell

How unseene flames doe burne it day and night;

Lest flames give light, light bring my love to
sight,

And my love prove my follie to excell.

Wherefore my love burnes like the fire of hell,
Wherein is fire, and yet there is no light.

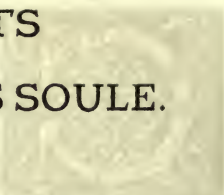
For if one never lov'd like mee, then why
Skillesse blames hee the thing hee doth not
know!

And hee that so hath lov'd should favour show,
For hee hath been a foole as well as I;

Thus shall hence-forth more pain more folly
have,

And folly past may justly pardon crave.

FOURE SONNETS
TO
SIR PHILLIP SIDNEY'S SOULE.





IVE pardon (blessed soule) to my
bold cries
If they (importun'd) interrupt thy
song,
Which nowe with joyfull notes
thou sing'st, among
The angel-quiristers of heav'nly skies.

Give pardon eake (sweet soule) to my slow
eyes, ♪

That since I saw thee now it is so long,
And yet the teares that unto thee belong
To thee as yet they did not sacrifice.

I did not know that thou wert dead before,
I did not feel the griefe I did susteine;
The greater stroke astonisheth the more,
Astonishment takes from us sence of paine;
I stood amaz'd when others' teares begun,
And now begin to weepe, when they have
doone.

♪ The Apologie for Poetrie has "cries," which,
though it has never been challenged, is clearly an
error.

lxxviii



there to excell;

WEET soule! which
now with heav'nly
songs doost tel
Thy deare Redeemer's glo-
ry, and his prayse,
No mervaile though thy
skilfull Muse assayes
The songs of other soules

For thou didst learne to sing divinely well,
Long time before thy fayre and glittering rayes
Encreas'd the light of heav'n, for even thy layes
Most heavenly were, when thou on earth didst
dwel.

When thou didst on the earth sing Poet-wise,
Angels in heav'n pray'd for thy company;
And now thou sing'st with Angels in the skies,
Shall not all Poets praise thy memory?
And to thy name shall not their works give fame
When as their works be sweetned by thy name?



VEN as when great men's heires
cannot agree,
So ev'ry vertue now for part of thee
doth sue;
Courage proves by thy death thy
hart to be his due,
Eloquence claimes thy tongue, and so doth
courtesy;

Invention knowledge sues, judgment sues me-
mory,
Each saith thy head is his, and what end shall
ensue
Of this strife know I not; but this I know for
true,
That whosoever gaires the sute, the losse have
wee;

Wee (I meane all the world); the losse to all per-
taineth;
Yea they which gaine doe loose, and onely thy
soule gaineth;
For loosing of one life, two lives are gained then.
Honor thy courage mov'd, courage thy death
did give;
Death, courage, honor, makes thy soule to live,
Thy soule to live in Heav'n, thy name in tongues
of men.



REAT Alexander then did well
declare
How great was his united King-
dom's might,
When ev'ry Captaine of his Army

might

After his death with mighty Kings compare;

So now we see after thy death, how far
Thou dost in worth surpasse each other Knight,
When we admire him as no mortall wight
In whom the least of all thy vertues are;

One did of Macedon the King become,
Another sat in the Egiptian throne,
But onely Alexander's selfe had all.
So curteous some, and some be liberall,
Some witty, wise, valiaunt, and learned some,
But King of all the vertues thou alone.

TO THE DIVINE PROTECTION OF
THE LADIE ARBELLA, THE AUTHOR
COMMENDETH BOTH HIS GRACE'S
HONOURE AND HIS MVSE'S ÆTER-
NITIE.



Y Mistrisse' worth gave wings
unto my Muse,
And my Muse wings did give
unto her name;
So, like twin byrds, my Muse
bred with her fame,
Together now doe learne theyre wings to use.

And in this booke, which heere you may peruse,
Abroad they flye, resolv'd to try the same
Adventure in theyre flight; and thee, sweet
dame!

Both she and I for oure protectoure chuse;

I by my vow, and she by farther right,
Vnder youre Phœnix, I presume to flye;
That from all carrion beakes in saftie might
By one same wing be shrouded, she and I.
O happie if I might but flitter there,
Where yow and shee and I should be so neare!

∫ a word is wanting: perhaps "wing"
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OF THE DEATH OF MY LADIE RICH'S
DAUGHTER. SHEWING THE REAS-
ON OF HER UNTIMELY DEATH HIN-
DRED HER EFFECTING THOSE
THINGS WHICH BY THE FORMER
CALCULATION OF HER NATIVITYE
HE FORETOLD.



E that by skill of stars doth fates
foretell,
If reason give the verdict of his
side,
Though by mischance things
otherwise betyde
Then he foretold, yet doth he calcule well.

A Phœnix, if she live, must needs excell;
And this, by reason's lawes, should not have dy'd;
But thus it chanct: nature cannot abyde
More than one Phœnix in the world to dwell.

Now as the mother Phœnix death should slay,
Her beauty's light did dazle so his eye,
As, while he blindfold let his arrowe flye,
He slew the yonge one which stood in the way.
Thus did the mother scape; and thus did I,
By good ill hap, fayle of my prophecie.

SPIRITUALL SONNETTES
TO
THE HONOUR OF
GOD
&
HYS SAYNTES.
BY
H. C.



TO GOD THE FATHER.



CREATE God, within whose
symple essence wee
Nothyng but that which ys thy
selfe can fynde,
When on thy self thou dydd'st re-

fect thy mynde,
Thy thought was God, which tooke the forme
of thee;

And when this God, thus borne, thou lov'st, and
hee

Lov'd thee agayne, with passion of lyke kynde,
(As lovers' syghes, which meete become one
wynde),

Both breath'd one spryght of æquall Deitye.

Æternall Father, whence theis twoe doe come,
And wil'st the tittle of my Father have,
An heavenly knowledge in my minde engrave,
That yt thy Sonne's true Image may become;
And sente my hart with syghes of holy Love,
That yt the temple of the Spryght may prove.

TO GOD THE SONNE.



REATE Prynce of heaven, be-
gotten of that Kyng
Who rules the kyngdome that
himself dyd make;
And of that vyrgyn-Queene man's
shape did take,
Which from kynge Davyd's royal stock dyd
sprynge;

No mervayle though thy byrth mayd angells
synge,
And angells' dyttes shepehyrdes' pipes awake;
And kynges lyke shepehyrdes, humbled for thy
sake,
Kneele at thy feete, & guyftes of homage brynge.

For heaven & earth, the hyghe & lowe estate,
As partners of thy byrth make æquall clayme:
Angells, because in heaven God the begatt,
Sheepehyrdes & kynges, because thy mother
came
From pryncely race, & yet, by povertye,
Mayd glory shyne in her humillitye.

TO GOD THE HOLY-GHOST.



TERNALL Spryght:
which art in heaven
the Love
With which God and his
Sonne ech other
kysse;
And who, to shewe who
God's beloved ys,
The shape and wynges
took'st of a loving dove;

When Chryste, ascendyng, sent the from above
In fyery tongues, thou cam'st downe unto hys,
That skylle in utteryng heavenly mysteres,
By heate of zeale, both faith & love myght move.

True God of Love, from whom all true love
sprynges,

Bestowe upon my love thy wynges & fyre,
My soule a spyrytt ys, & with thy wynges
May lyke an aungell fly from earth's desyre;
And with thy fyre a hart inflam'd may beare,
And in thy syght a Seraphin appeare.

TO THE BLESSED SACRAMENT.



WHEN thee (o holy sacrificed
Lambe)
In severed sygnes I whyte &
liquid see,
As in thy body slayne I thinke
on thee,
Which pale by shedding of thy bloode became.

And when agayne I doe behold the same
Vayled in whyte to be receav'd of mee,
Thou seemest in thy syndon wrapt to bee
Like to a corse, whose monument I am.

Buryed in mee, unto my soule appeare,
Pryson'd in earth, & bannisht from thy syght,
Lyke our forefathers who in lyngo were,
Cleere thou my thoughtes, as thou did'st gyve
them light,
And as thou others freed from purgyng fyre
Quenche in my hart the flames of badd desyre.

TO OUR BLESSED LADY.



IN that (O Queene of Queenes) thy
byrth was free
From guylt, which others do of
grace bereave,
When in theyr mother's wombe
they lyfe receive,
God as his sole-borne daughter loved thee.

To matche thee, lyke thy byrth's nobillitye,
He thee hys Spyryt for thy spouse dyd leave,
Of whome thou dydd'st his onely Sonne con-
ceave,
And so wast lynk'd to all the Trinitye.

Cease then, O Queenes who earthly crownes do
weare,
To glory in the pompe of worldly thynges;
If men such hyghe respect unto yow beare
Which daughters, wyves, & mothers ar of
kynges,
What honour should unto that Queene be donne
Who had your God for father, spouse & sonne!

TO ST. MYCHAELL THE ARCHANGEL.



HEN as the prynce of angells,
puff'd with pryde,
Styrr'd his seditious spyrittes to
rebell,

God choose for cheife his cham-
pion Michaell;
And gave hym charge the hoste of heaven to
guyde.

And when the Angells of the rebells' syde
Vanquisht in battayle from theyr glory fell,
The pryde of heaven became the drake of hell,
And in the dungeon of dispayre was tyed.

Thys dragon, synce lett loose, God's Church
assail'd,
And shee by helpe of Mychaell's swoarde pre-
vail'd.

Who ever try'd adventures lyke thys knyght;
Which, generall of heaven, hell overthrewe?
For such a lady as God's spouse dyd fyght,
And such a monster as the Dyvell subdue?

TO ST. JHON BAPTIST.



S Anne, longe barren,
Mother dyd become
Of hym who last was
Judge in Israell,
Thou, last of prophetts
borne, lyke Samuell,
Dydd'st from a wombe
past hope of issue

come.

Hys mother sylent spake; thy father, dombe,
Recoveryng speache, God's wonder dyd foretell;
He after death a prophet was in hell;
And thou unborne within thy mother's wombe.

He dyd annoynte the kynge, whom God dyd
take

From charge of sheepe to rule his chosen land;
But that highe Kynge who heaven & earth did
make

Receav'd a holyer lyquour from thy hand,
When God his flocke in humayne shape did
feede,

As Israell's kynge kept his in sheepehird's weede.

TO ST. PETER AND ST. PAUL.



E that for feare hys mayster dyd
denye,
Andata mayden's voyce amazed
stoode,
The myghtyest monarche of the
earth withstoode,
And on his mayster's crosse rejoyc'd to dye.

He whose blynde zeale dyd rage with crueltye,
And helpt to shedd the fyrst of martyrs' bloodde,
By lyght from heaven hys blyndenesse under-
stoode,
And with the cheife Apostle slayne doth lye.

O three tymes happy twoe; O golden payre!
Who with your bloodde dyd lay the church's
grounde
Within the fatall towne which twynnes did
founde,
And setled there the Hebrew fisher's chayre,
Where fyrst the Latyn sheepehyrd rais'd his
throne,
And synce the world & church were rul'd by
one.

TO ST. MARY MAGDALEN.



OR fewe nyghtes solace in
delicious bedd,
Where heate of luste dyd kyndle
flames of hell,

Thou nak'd on naked rocke in
desert cell

Lay thirty yeares, and teares of grief dyd shedd.

But for that tyme thy hart there sorrowed,
Thou now in heaven æternally dost dwell;
And for ech teare which from thyne eyes then
fell

A sea of pleasure now ys rendered.

If short delyghtes entyce my hart to straye,
Lett me by thy longe pennance learne to knowe
How dear I should for triflyng pleasures paye;
And if I vertue's roughe beginnyng shunne,
Lett thy æternall joyes unto me showe
What hyghe rewarde by lyttle paine ys wonne.

TO ST. KATHARYNE.



BECAUSE thou wast the daughter
of a kyng,
Whose beautye dyd all nature's
workes excede,
And wyssdome wonder to the
world dyd breede,
A muse myght rayse yt self on Cupid's wyng.

But syth theys graces which from nature sprynge
Were grac'd by those which from grace dyd
proceede,
And glory haith deserv'd, my Muse doth neede
An angell's feathers when thy prayse I synge;

For all in thee became angelycall;
An angell's face had angells' puritye;
And thou an angell's tongue did'st speake withall.
Loe why thy sowle, sett free by martyrdome,
Was croun'd by God in angells' company,
And angells' handes thy body dyd intombe.

TO ST. MARGARETT.



AYRE Amazon of heaven,
who took'st in hand
St. Mychaell & St. George
to imitate,
And for a tyrant's love trans-
form'd to hate,
Wast for thy lyly faith re-
tayne'd in bande;

Alone on foote, & with thy naked hande
Thou dydd'st lyke Mychaell & his hoste; & that
For which on horse arm'd George we celebrate;
Whylst thou, lyke them, a dragon dydd'st with-
stand.

Behold my sowle shutt in my body's jayle,
The which the drake of hell gapes to devoure;
Teache me, (o virgyn), how thou dydd'st pre-
vayle.
Virginity, thou saiest, was all thy ayde;
Gyve me then purity in steade of power,
And let my soule, mayd chaste, passe for a Mayde.

TO OUR BLESSED LADY.



OVEREIGNE of Quee-
nes! if vayne ambition
move

My hart to seeke an earthly
prynce's grace;

Shewe me thy Sonne in his
imperiall place,

Whose servants reigne our

kynge & queenes above.

And if alluryng passions I doe prove
By pleasyng sighes, shewe me thy lovely face;
Whose beames the angells' beuty do deface,
And even inflame the seraphins with love.

So by ambition I shall humble bee,
When in the presence of the highest kynge
I serve all his, that he may honour mee.
And love my hart to chaste desyres shall brynge,
When fayrest queene lookes on me from her
throne,
And, jealous, byddes me love but her alone.

TO OUR BLESSED LADY.



HY should I any love, O Queene,
but thee ?

If favour past a thankfull love
should breed,

Thy wombe dyd beare, thy
brest my Saviour feede;

And thou dyddest never cease to succour me.

If love doe followe worth and dignitye,

Thou all in thy perfections doest exceede ;

If Love be ledd by hope of future meede,

What pleasure more then thee in heaven to see ?

An earthly syght doth onely please the eye,

And breedes desyre, but does not satisfye;

Thy sight gyves us possession of all joye,

And with such full delyghtes ech sence shal fyll,

As harte shall wyshe but for to see thee styll,

And ever seyng, ever shall injoye.

¶ "thy" conjectured

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n

TO OUR BLESSED LADY.



WEETE Queene, although thy
beuty rayse upp mee
From syght of baser beuty es here
belowe,
Yett lett me not rest there, but
higher goe
To hym, who tooke hys shape from God &
thee.

And if thy forme in hym more fayre I see,
What pleasure from his deity shall flowe,
By whose fayre beames his beuty shyneth so,
When I shall yt behold æternally.

Then shall my love of pleasure have his fyll,
When beuty self, in whom all pleasure ys,
Shall my enamored sowle embrace & kysse;
And shall newe loves, & newe delyghtes distyll,
Which from my sowle shall gushe into my hart,
And through my body flowe to every part.

TO ST. MARY MAGDALEN.



BLESSED offendour, who thy self
haist try'd

How farr a synner dyffers from a
Saynt,

Joyne thy wett eyes with teares
of my complaint,

While I sighe for that grave for which thou cry'd.

No longer let my synfull sowle abyde

In feaver of thy first desyres faynte;

But lett that love which last thy hart did taynt

With panges of thy repentance pierce my syde.

So shall my sowle no foolysh vyrgyn bee,

With empty lampe; but lyke a Magdalen beere,

For oyntment boxe, a breast with oyle of grace;

And so the zeale which then shall burne in mee

May make my hart lyke to a lampe appere,

And in my spouse's pallace gyve me place.

TO ST. MARY MAGDALEN.



UCH as retyr'd from sight
of men, lyke thee
By pennance seeke the joy-
es of heaven to wynne,
In desartes make theyr par-
adyce begynne,
And even amongst wylde
beastes do angells see.

In such a place my sowle doth seeme to bee
When in my body she laments her synne;
And none but brutall passions fyndes therin,
Except they be sent down from heaven to mee.

Yett if those graces God to me impart
Which He inspyr'd thy blessed brest withall,
I may fynde heaven in my retyred hart;
And if thou change the object of my love,
The wyng'd affection which men Cupid call
May gett his syght, & like an angell prove.

TO ST. MARY MAGDALEN.



WEETE Saynt, thow better canst
declare to me

What pleasure ys obteyn'd by
heavenly love




Then they whych other loves dyd
never prove,

Or which in sexe ar differyng from thee.

For lyke a woman spowse my sowle shal bee,
Whom synfull passions once to lust did move,
And synce betrothed to God's sonne above,
Should be enamored with his deitye.

My body ys the garment of my spryght,
Whyle as the day tyme of my lyfe doth last;
When death shall brynge the nyght of my
delight,

My soule, uncloth'd, shall rest from labours past;
And, clasped in the armes of God, injoye,
By sweete conjunction, everlastyng joye.

 Amen.  Amen.  Amen.

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