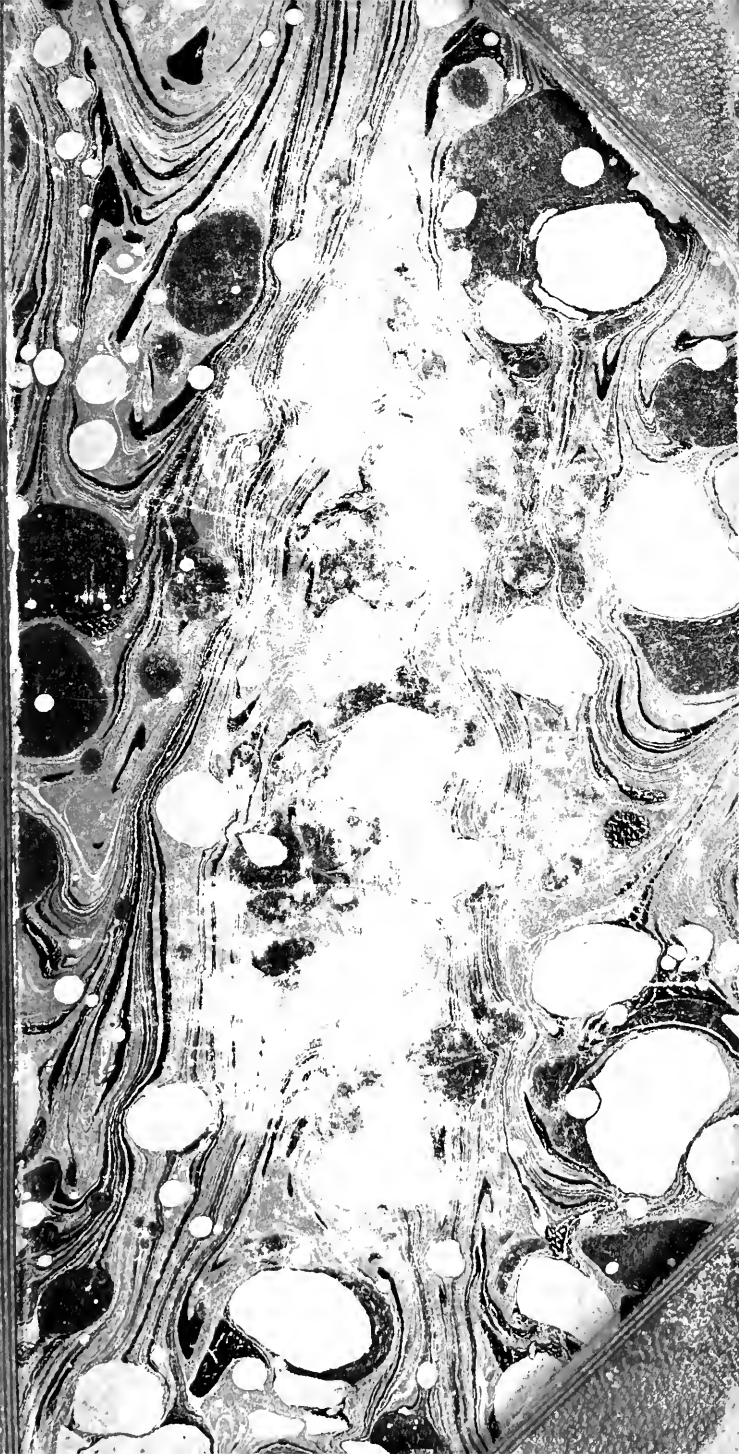


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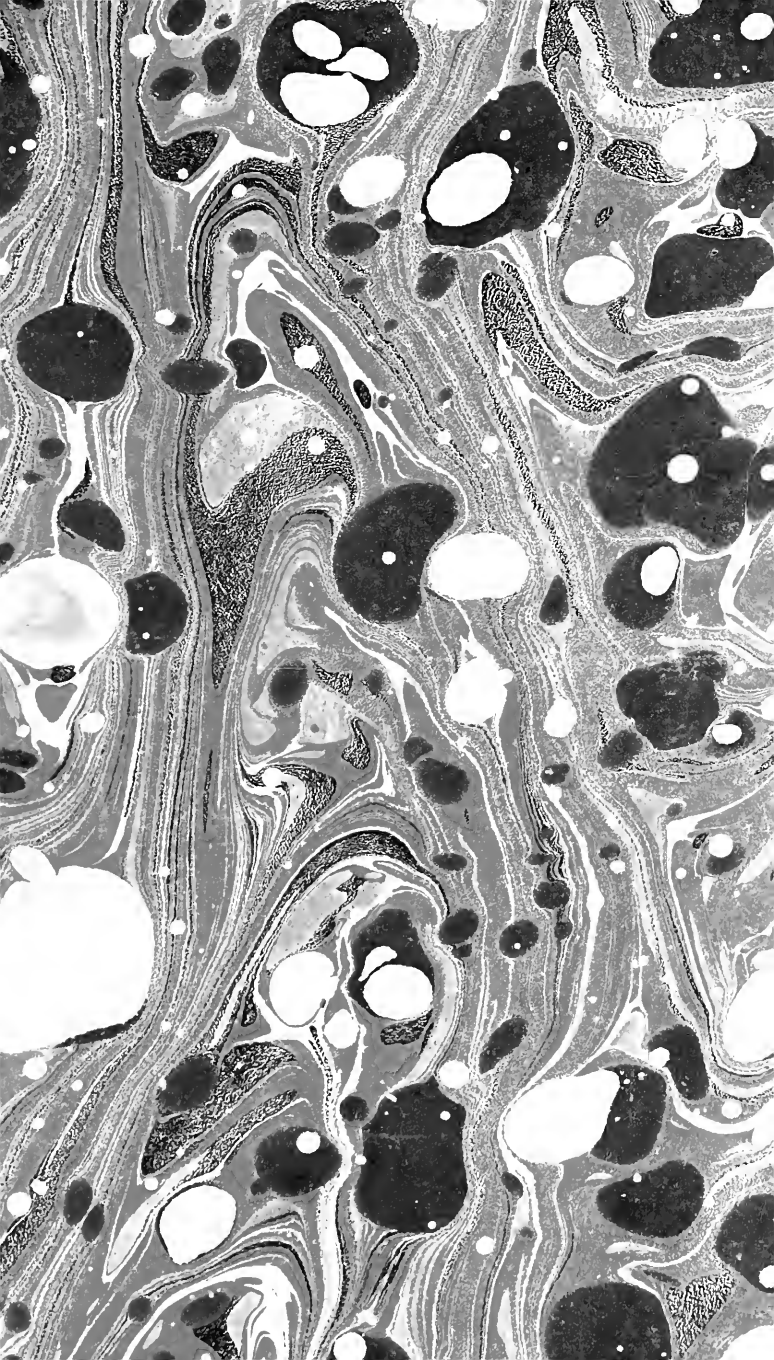


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THE
POETICAL RHAPSODY:

TO WHICH ARE ADDED,
SEVERAL OTHER PIECES,
BY
FRANCIS DAVISON.

WITH
MEMOIRS AND NOTES,
By NICHOLAS HARRIS NICOLAS, Esq.
FELLOW OF THE SOCIETY OF ANTIQUARIES.

VOL. I.



LONDON:
WILLIAM PICKERING, CHANCERY LANE.

M. DCCC. XXVI.

LONDON :
PRINTED BY S. AND R. BENTLEY, DORSET-STREET.

ABRORILLAS TO MINE
23.11.1881
1881

51. 2V

TO

CHARLES GEORGE YOUNG, ESQ.

FELLOW OF THE SOCIETY OF ANTIQUARIES;

THESE VOLUMES

ARE MOST AFFECTIONATELY INSCRIBED,

AS A SINCERE AND PERMANENT, THOUGH VERY

INADEQUATE TESTIMONY OF ESTEEM

FOR HIS CHARACTER,

AND OF GRATITUDE FOR HIS FRIENDSHIP.

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P R E F A C E.

THE favourable manner in which the early impressions of the POETICAL RHAPSODY were received, together with the intrinsic merit of its contents, perhaps justifies the expectation that the present edition will meet with a reception no less gratifying.

In the lapse of two centuries, the public taste with respect to literature has naturally varied; and works which, at their first appearance, were hailed with rapturous applause, have sometimes been consigned to total oblivion, or exist only in the collections of Antiquaries or Bibliographers; whilst, on the other hand, the same period gave birth to writers, whose productions will be co-existent with our language. Thus, though, of the many stars which formed the Poetic constellation that irradiated the reign of Elizabeth, some have become totally extinct, or shine with diminished brightness; there are, nevertheless, a few which will ever retain their pristine lustre; and

PREFACE.

like the planets which govern the revolutions of the natural, exercise a most powerful control over the literary world.

A Miscellany, formed of a few articles from the pens of many of the eminent individuals alluded to, as well as of those whose claims upon our admiration, though less strong, are not wholly without foundation, cannot, it is presumed, fail of becoming to some extent popular; for at the same time that it preserves many pieces of well-known poets, which are not inserted in the usual editions of their works, the effusions of several will be found, whose productions do not elsewhere exist.

The **POETICAL RHAPSODY** first appeared in 1602; it was much enlarged and reprinted in 1608; again, with many additions, in 1611; and, after undergoing a new arrangement, a fourth edition was published in 1621. It consisted of Sonnets, Odes, Elegies, Madrigals, and other Poems, by some of the most distinguished writers of the reigns of Elizabeth and James the First; and was edited by Francis Davison, the eldest son of that victim of Queen Elizabeth's cowardice and treachery, William Davison, one of her secretaries of state.

In 1814, this Collection was reprinted at the Lee Priory press by Sir Samuel Egerton Brydges; but the impression, like that of the other reprints of the Elizabethan poetry by that accomplished antiquary,

PREFACE.

was limited to one hundred copies: an arrangement which tended in a very slight degree to make the public acquainted with our early poets; for the price and rarity of a copy of the new, was very little less than that of one of the original editions.

The contributors to the *RHAPSODY*, which has been pronounced by a highly competent judge, to be the most valuable miscellany of the day, were Sir Philip Sydney, Edmund Spenser, Sir Walter Raleigh, Sir John Davies, Mary, Countess of Pembroke, Sir Henry Wotton, Henry Constable, John Donne, Robert Greene, Thomas Campion, Thomas Watson, Joshua Sylvester, Charles Best, Thomas Spelman, Francis Davison, and his brother Walter; and a very extensive proportion, extending to nearly one hundred pages, was by a poet whose initials are said to have been A. W., but whose name has never transpired—a circumstance which his merit renders equally an object of surprise and regret.

Of the value of the pieces contained in the collection, it seems almost superfluous to say any thing. If the illustrious names of Spenser, Raleigh, and Sydney, do not attract attention, the editor cannot flatter himself that any recommendation of his, will produce it; and those who peruse the poems will of course be alone influenced by their own judgment. It has also been usual to prefix to a new edition of works of this nature, some observations on the Poetry of the time; but in the present instance they appear to be uncalled for,

PREFACE.

because the best possible data for forming an opinion on the subject is afforded by the contents of the volumes, from their presenting specimens of seventeen poets of the period.

Under these circumstances it will only be further remarked, that the Lee Priory Edition of the *RHAPSODY*, in which the various readings of each of the other impressions are minutely noticed, was reprinted from the edition of 1608; and that the present was taken from a copy of that of 1611, from the belief that that edition was the last which was published during the life-time of the original editor, and consequently that it received his final corrections. The spelling has been modernized throughout—a change upon the propriety of which the best judges are at issue, and for which the Editor has no other apology than the very unsettled state of orthography in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, in proof of which it is merely necessary to state, that the same word is frequently written in different ways in one line. This alteration may also be justified by the fact that it has been made in those copies of Shakspeare which are the most generally read. With this exception the text has only been disturbed where an obvious typographical error required it, or in those instances stated in the notes. Every material difference between the text of the different editions is specified; for which, from the rarity of the early impressions,

PREFACE.

the editor acknowledges himself indebted to the Lee Priory edition, which had been collated with each of them by Mr. Haslewood, whose research and accuracy are a full security for their correctness; but, from an unwillingness to crowd the pages with useless references, mere *literal* variations have not always been pointed out. The notes likewise contain such illustrations and explanations of the text as seemed likely to render it more generally understood.

To the present edition of the **POETICAL RHAPSODY** many important additions have been made; it having been the editor's plan to render these volumes a perfect collection of the writings of **FRANCIS DAVISON**. Besides translations of some Psalms by him and by his brother Christopher, the greater part of which were first printed by Sir Egerton Brydges, the following articles from his pen have been inserted; nearly the whole of which were copied from his own manuscripts, and are for the first time published.

The Dialogue between the Squire, Proteus, Amphitrite, and Thamesis, in the Gray's Inn Masque, 1594.

Fragments of Poems and Anagrams.

A Censure upon Machiavel's Florentine History.
Imperfect.

Answer to Mrs. Mary Cornwallis, pretended Countess of Bath's Libel, against the Countess of Cumberland.

To the work, biographical notices of each of the contributors, and also, for the reasons assigned, of

PREFACE.

Sir Edward Dyer and Fulke Greville afterwards Lord Brooke, are prefixed. The account of Francis Davison and of Sir Edward Dyer, will, it is presumed, be thought particularly worthy of attention, from the many curious original letters which are introduced. Of these letters the extraordinary communication from Dyer to Sir Christopher Hatton, respecting Queen Elizabeth, which it is believed has not hitherto been printed, must be read with no common interest, for it appears to throw considerable light upon the delicate question of her Majesty's moral character.

These prefatory remarks cannot be concluded without the expression of the Editor's gratitude for the assistance with which he has been favoured by those three celebrated poetical antiquaries, Sir Samuel Egerton Brydges, Mr. Park, and Mr. Haslewood. To Sir Egerton Brydges, for the valuable notes and illustrations in the *Lée Priory* edition of the *RHAPSODY*; and to Mr. Park and Mr. Haslewood, for their kind and prompt attention to his personal applications for information, his best thanks are therefore eminently due.

February, 1826.

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BIOGRAPHICAL NOTICES
OF
THE CONTRIBUTORS
TO THE
POETICAL RHAPSODY.



Autographs of the Contributors
to the Poetical Rhapsodies.

Fra. Dawson.

B. Sidney
Edward Jones

John Gresham

W.B. Anley:

J. D. DAVY.

Henry Wotton

Hen. Constable

J. Somers

FRANCIS DAVISON.

BARREN and imperfect as the accounts which are preserved of many of the Poets of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries are, there is scarcely one who has experienced the neglect which has attended Francis Davison, the original editor and principal contributor to the *POETICAL RHAPSODY*. The obscurity in which Genius too frequently leaves her favourite sons, has in his case been impenetrable; and notwithstanding that strenuous exertions have now been made to trace his career, they have been attended with only partial success. Still, much of considerable interest has been recovered; and whilst the following particulars of him afford some curious information on the period in which he lived, they will, it is hoped, be considered an acceptable addition to our poetical biography. Nor can they fail to increase our regret that more is not known of one who evinced in the dawn of life the possession of talents and acquirements, which, under a more propitious fortune, would in all probability, at its meridian, have been productive of important results to himself and to others.

Francis was the eldest son of the unfortunate William Davison, privy councillor and secretary of state to Queen Elizabeth, and is supposed to have been born about the year 1575. His mother was Katherine, only daughter of Francis Spelman, younger son of William Spelman, of Norfolk, Esq. the descendant of an ancient family in that county, and to which the celebrated antiquary, Sir Henry Spelman, was nearly related. Through this alliance it will be seen by the accompanying genealogical table, that Francis Davison was connected with Sir Philip Sydney, and many of the other contributors to the Rhapsody, and with most of the persons noticed in his letters and memoranda. In 1593 he was admitted a member of Gray's Inn;* and in the following year, when he could not have been above nineteen years of age, he composed, what may be considered the earliest of his literary efforts,† the "Speech of Gray's Inn Masque, consisting of three parts, the story of Proteus' Transformations, the Wonders of the Adamantine Rock, and a Speech to her Majesty." The Masque was performed in December 1594, and Davison appears to have taken an active part in it, for, in the "Order of the Prince of Purpoole's proceedings with his officers and attendants at his honorable inthronization," he was one of the "Gentlemen Pensioners;" and was also a Knight of the prince's Order of the Helmet. In another part of the Masque his name again occurs,

* Harl. MSS. 1912

† See a copy of the Masque printed in *Nichols's Progresses of Queen Elizabeth*, pp. 266 and 301.

“ There do reign likewise thereabouts another sort of dangerous people, under the name of poor soldiers, that say they were maimed, and lost their limbs in his honor's service and wars against the Amazons; and they pretend to have passports from their captains. Some of them say, they have served under Sir Robert Kemp and Sir Robert Cooke; others under William Knaplocks, Lord Marshal, Sir Francis Marham, Captain Crymes, Captain Conny, Yelverton, Hugan, *Sir Francis Davison*, and some other of good place.” *

To what extent he prosecuted his legal studies is uncertain; but as we are without any evidence of his professional acquirements, it may be inferred that the smiles of Poetry entirely seduced him from severer but more useful pursuits. In May 1595, Davison was sent by his father, agreeably to the custom among the higher classes of society at the period, to travel in different parts of Europe. Of this part of his life we have very minute and curious information; and the following letters from his tutor and himself to his father must be read with considerable interest, from the picture they present of the times, as well as the traits they exhibit of the young poet's character and attainments. The usual licence from the Queen allowing them to go abroad, has been preserved; and the subjoined literal copy was taken from the original.

ELIZABETH R.

Elizabeth, by the grace of God Queene of England, France, and Irland, Defender of the Faith, &c. To all and singular

* Printed in this work. The Sonnet which accompanied a copy of this *Speech* to his *First Love*, will be found in p. 110.

our Justices of Peace, Mayors, Sheriffes, Bailiffes, Constables, Comptrollers, and Searchers, and to all other our Officers, Ministers, and Subjects, to whom it may apperteyne, and to everie of them greeting. Whereas of our especial grace we have licensed, and by this presents do license our trustie and well-beloved subiecte Frauncis Davison of Graissin, in the Countie of Midd', gentleman, and Edward Smythe, Mr of Arts, to passe out of this realme. Wherefore we will and comande you and everie of you to suffer them quietlie to passeby you out of this our R^ealme, with one servant, two horses, and fifty poundes in money or under, with their baggs, bagguages, and other necessaries, without any your lett, troble, or contradiction, as ye tender our pleasure. And this our Let^res, or the duplicate of them, shalbe as well unto you as unto the said Frauncis Davison and Edward Smythe, sufficiente warrant and discharge in this behalfe. Provided allwaies, that the said Frauncis Davison and Edward Smythe do not haunte or resorte unto the territories or dominions of any foreine prince or potentate not being with us in league or amitie, nor yet wittinglie kepe companie with any parson or parsons evell affected to o^r State, or with any other that is departed out of this our Realme without our license, or that contrarie to o^r license doth yet remayne on the other side the Seas. Provided also, that notwithstanding any thing in this our license conteyned, whensoever it shall seme good unto us to call the said Frauncis Davison and Edward Smythe home againe before the end of the tearme before expressed, and shall signifie the same unto them either by our owne l^res or by the l^res of any fower of our privie Counsell, or by meanes of any of our Ambassadors, that then it shall not be lawfull for them to abide on the other side the seas any longer time then the distance of their aboade shall require, and o^r lawes do permitt, and that without fraude or covin. And if they do not (without urgent and verie necessarie cause to the contrarie) retourne in maner abovesaid, then we will this our License furthwith to be taken void and of non effect from the beginninge, and to be

enterpreted and judged to all purposes and entents as though no such license had been geven, and they departed without license. Geven under our Signett at our Manor of Grenwich, the xxviith daie of Maie, in the xxxviith yeere of our reigne, 1595.*

The earliest of the letters alluded to is from Mr. Smyth,† Davison's tutor, dated from Venice, in the January after their departure. From this communication we learn the amount which Secretary Davison had allowed for their expenses; its insufficiency for their wants; the means which Smyth had employed to make it extend as far as possible; and, from the postscript, proof of his pupil's high spirit, and his fear lest it should involve him in a quarrel.

To the Right Honorable Mr. Secretary Davison, at his House at Stepney, give these.

“ I HAVE so often and so directly written unto your honor heretofore, concerning our necessary expences in our travelling through Germany, and the excessive rate that we are enforced to endure since our coming into Italy, by reason of our continual residing in Venice, that I might very well have spared to have been troublesome in these, had I not perceived that your proportion of £100 yearly for our expences is so absolutely resolved upon (as I gather both by your letters to Mr. Francis and to myself), that howsoever our excess has been born withal heretofore, yet hereafter we may not look for a larger allowance,

* Harl. MSS. 33, f. 183.

† Query if it was not this individual who was of Brasen Nose College, Oxford, and took the degree of B. D. 5th July, 1566: An Edward Smith, and most likely the same person, translated *A Discourse touching the Tranquillity and Contentation of the Mind*. London, 1592.

because you know that such a sum may very well suffice. Although it becometh not me to make any question of that which your honor does at any time so expressly affirm, yet both because I assuredly know that in this point you ground upon other men's report, and for that it hath pleased your honor to command me to advertise you faithfully how this proportion will agree with the time and place wherein we live, I trust it may stand with your accustomed favour to pardon me, though I be bold to be of a far different opinion, and, for some proof, allege my own experience. I have hitherto gone to the market, and, as frugally as I could, made our provision of all our necessities; and albeit we have not at any time more than one dish, and that not very costly neither, yet, with the rent for our chamber, our weekly expences amount very near to 40s. beside apparel, books, and many other trifling charges which I see cannot be avoided, especially so long as we are in these parts, where, in truth, such are not fit to remain as cannot eat oil, roots, salads, cheese, and such like cheap dishes, which, forsooth, Mr. Francis can in no wise digest, and any good thing else whatsoever is at a very great rate; we are necessarily compelled to spend the more, and yet not so much as other gentlemen of our nation in this town do make show of; for the most part of them have told me of a greater expence by many degrees. But I allege not other men's examples for argument to persuade your honor to allow us any farthing for the nourishing of any prodigal humours; neither would I wish that you should be deceived any longer in Mr. Wo: * and some others, who report they have lived in these parts for a hundred marks by the year; for Mr. Granger and some other merchants can prove the contrary by their wofull experience, to whom so many hundred crowns are due by these and such like frugal travellers. But seeing we cannot hope for any such favour whilst we are abroad, I beseech you, Sir, either to make account of spending £ 200 yearly, or very near, or else

* Query—Mr. Wotton.

to call me home, who have endured that to deserve well of your honor, to pleasure Mr. Francis, and to spare your purse, that I would not be hired unto for any money. And yet, to my grief, I fear a hard censure, considering you shall find yourself charged so far beyond your expectation. But I desire you, Sir, to spare to think otherwise than well of me until I return, and then, if I be not able to justify myself, let me be blamed. I would have removed to Padua long since, if the expectation of money from Stoad, which we as yet hear not of, and the scattering receiving of Mr. Hickmans ducats, which we took up by twenty and by forty at a time, had not necessarily tied us to remain in this place, where, in truth, we have already spent much to small purpose, and so long as we stay here, we may account our time in a manner lost. And I fear, that wheresoever we live in Italy, neither your nor our own expectation will be satisfied; but as touching this point, if it may please your honor to confer with my honorable Lord Willoughby* at his coming home, to whom Mr. Francis is much bound for his many kindnesses, though Doctor Hawkins,† who liveth here almost in contempt of all gentlemen by reason of his pride and other follies, hath played him an unkind part, by seeking his discredit by impertinent speeches, and far unbeseeming an Ambassador, as, God knoweth, he would fain be accounted. I doubt not but your honor will judge otherwise of this country than peradventure you have done heretofore, and cause us to retire where we have better means to serve God, to gain knowledge, and to spare your purse. Howsoever, I beseech your honor to let me understand in your next what your resolution is touching these expences, that I may, by your direction, accordingly dispose of

* Peregrine Bertie, Lord Willoughby of Eresby.

† Dr. Henry Hawkins. He was a civilian, and the nephew of Christopher Yelverton, the Speaker of the House of Commons in 1597, and was then employed by the Earl of Essex to collect and transmit intelligence from Italy. Numerous letters from Hawkins are referred to in Birch's *Memoirs of Queen Elizabeth*.

compass of that, certainly you will be deceived, for the best and wisest of our nation, who have had better means than we have, and I make no question but as earnest desire to profit themselves, are of this opinion, and freely confess that they have been exceedingly astonished. If your honor talk with my Lord Grey,* my Lord Willoughby, and others, I think they will not report otherwise. As we are now clean-without money, and if Mr. Hickman does not help us, as he hath done hitherto, we know not what to do; and for my part, if these wants be no better supplied, and that speedily, I think we must make some beggarly shift to come home, for we cannot continue on these terms. Thus, being sorry that I have no more pleasing matter to write of at this present, and beseeching you to spare to censure me for any thing that is amiss until my return, with my humblest duty, I cease this 16th of February, from Venice.

“Your honor’s ever to command,

“ED. SMYTH.†

Whilst at Florence, in the autumn of 1596, Davison received the following letter from his kinsman, Anthony Bacon, brother of Francis, afterward the renowned Lord Verulam, who was then secretary to the Earl of Essex, the steady and zealous patron of the Davison family. The “Relation of Saxony,” mentioned by Bacon, must have been written towards the end of the year 1595, and would have been a valuable addition to this collection of his works: it was stolen from the Earl’s house sometime in 1596, ‡ and does not appear to be now extant.

* Apparently Thomas, Lord Grey of Wilton.

† Harl. MSS. 296, f. 111, original. This letter is also cut through in many parts, and stained, probably from having been fumigated.

‡ Birch’s *Memoirs of the Reign of Queen Elizabeth*, vol. ii. p. 255.

To my very assured good friend, Mr. Francis Davison, at
Florence.

“ SIR,

“ HAVING received the special favour and contentment of my very honorable good friend your father, as to have tasted the sweetness of the first fruits of your travel, I mean your relation of Saxony, wherein you show no less diligence in observing and collecting, than judgment in orderly disposing the same, I would not fail by these few lines to greet your so happy a beginning, and in special good will to advise you to proceed and continue, assuring you that as you know such a course of study requireth an earnest intention of the mind and a retentive memory, and consequently will cost you no small pain ; so after the same little practise having brought your mind as it were to a habit of judgment, you shall reap exceeding pleasure and profit answerable unto your painful endeavours.

“ As for occurrences here, namely, the last happy success of our most honorable and peerless Earl my Lord of Essex, because I know you shall receive them otherwise, I will not trouble you with any reiteration ; neither will I make any unseemly mixture in joining any other news with so noble and happy an accident.

And therefore requesting you most heartily to make account and dispose of my sincere good will and affections, and of any friendly endeavours that time and occasions may enable me to perform, I commit you to God’s best protection.

“ Your very intire loving friend to use.”

Indorsed—“ A Mons^r Fra. Davison,
le 7^{me} d’Aoust, 1596.”*

* Addit. MSS. 4120.

The preceding letter reached Davison early in September; and on the 21st of that month he replied to it.

To my very honorable good Friend Mr. Anthony Bacon, Esquire, at Essex House.

“SIR,

“I have always held it for a true principle, that the effect followeth the nature of the cause: and your most honorably courteous letter hath undoubtedly confirmed me in the truth thereof, which, coming from so virtuous and noble a person, as I may without flattery affirm your self to be, it hath wrought in me more than ordinary virtuous effects. In your exceeding kindness towards me I read mine own forgetfulness of my duty towards you; and your vouchsafing to write first to my poor self, who should by all reason often ere this time have performed that duty, makes me confess your extraordinary humanity, and acknowledge mine own unpardonable error; in excuse whereof I will bring nothing, but only this, that it hath not been proper to you alone, but hath extended itself to all my most honorable and best deserving friends; among whom, if any had been remembered, you might justly have taken it more unkindly to have been forgotten. But having erred alike towards all, I hope to find the more favorable excuse with yourself, because of you first I crave pardon, and to you first I begin some course of amendment.

“Touching your letter itself, I must needs confess, that if the very kindness of writing hath wrought so good effects in me, the matters written have wrought much more. And surely if *laudari à laudato viro* be a great happiness, I know no man of so mean deserts more happy than myself; and should account myself much more if I were not in mine own heart assured that they are utterly undeserved. And though I may perhaps with more judgment, imagine that you deal with me as men commonly do

with great ladies, to extol their beauty whether they be fair or no; yet in the assurance of your love towards me, I will rather conceive that your praises proceed either from over-favorable affection, *che spesso occhio ben san fa veder torto*, or else from an honorable kind of dissimulation, hoping by commending things not greatly praiseworthy, to stir up a mind, not altogether resty to virtue, to more commendable actions. Howsoever, I will think that my passed labours have performed very much, if they may cancell my long silence and forgetful negligence, and retain me in your indifferent good opinion till I may by some better fruits deserve some part of those praises which now undeserved it pleaseth you to bestow upon me; which if shall be able to obtain, I will account my time and pains, though much greater than the former, very profitably bestowed, and largely recompensed.

“As for your honorable and friendly counsel, of continuing that kind of observation, and making use of my travel, you have not only stirred me up, who was perhaps soon disturbed from good courses, or spurred me on, if of myself I were not altogether backward, but both in this incredibly incited me to labour by all means to yield yourself and the rest of my honorable friends some satisfaction answerable to the expectation which you have unworthily conceived of me, and made me most ready always to give your counsel in any other course whereto you shall advise me, that place both in approving and following, which the excellency of your judgment, and the extraordinary kindness of your affection, may justly challenge.

“With what joy I received the news of my noble Lord’s victorious success,* and with what fervency I have wished the continuance thereof, you may easily guess in me, who am, and that with so good cause, wholly devoted to his Lordship; when as his greatest enemies cannot chuse but commend and admire his virtues, so far as they cannot wish him sinister fortune. And

* The Earl of Essex’s expedition against Cadiz.

among the rest I may not forget how exceeding honorable speeches were reported to me of his noble Lordship by some, from the Emperor's own mouth, at my being the last year at Prague. If my fortune had served, I would have been infinitely glad to have been an eye-witness of his Lordship's glorious fortune in this voyage; but since I was not so happy as to have opportunity to use my unpractised sword in his service, I have employed those weapons which were in my power to use, as my prayers and good wishes, in the best and most fervent manner I could; which I do infinitely hope shall have the desired issue, both in continuance of his happy victories and safe and honorable return.

“ I beseech you both to excuse me and humbly recommend me to your honorable brother, Mr. Francis Bacon, who if he have received part of those advancements which his excellent virtues merit, you shall do me a special favour if it please you to let me understand it. I would desire you also, if he be yet in England, to recommend my most humble service to Don Antonio Perez.* In recompense of your most kind and honorable offer of

* This individual was the son of Gonzalo Perez, who for forty years was Secretary of State to the Emperor Charles, and to his son Philip II. and succeeded his father in that situation. He however, forfeited the confidence and favour of his sovereign by his intimacy with the Princess of Eboli, the king's mistress, and on the pretence of revealing the secrets of his office, he was thrown into prison; from which he escaped into France, and about August 1592, came to England, with the avowed intention of giving Queen Elizabeth some important information prejudicial to his late master. To her Majesty's honor she magnanimously refused to encourage so despicable a traitor; but being countenanced by the Earl of Essex, to which circumstance may be attributed Francis Davison's knowledge of him, he continued in this country for some years, during which time he was constantly consulted by the Earl on every point relating to the affairs of Spain. Such, however, was the horror which James felt towards a traitor, that on his accession Perez was obliged to quit the kingdom, and, after various vicissitudes, he ended his days at St. Paul, in France, on the 4th Nov. 1611. His treach-

your sincere love and affection, I am able to yield you nothing but the tribute of infinite thanks, and humbly to intreat you, with full authority, to command and dispose of myself, and all my actions, as it please you, assuring you, that whatsoever good offices I am able in any kind to perform, are always most readily and deservedly at your service. And so I humbly take my leave.—Florence, the 21st of September, *stilo novo*, 1596.

“Your’s to command and dispose of,

FRA. DAVISON.”

“SIR,—Of news there is not any thing of assured truth, worth the writing, but only this, the King of Spain’s Armada in these seas of 80 gallies, under Don Andrea Doria, was to go out of Messina, where and about Capo d’ Otranto they have long lain hovering, the 1st of this present, to meet the Turkish fleet, whom they have long expected, of some 90 gallies (but not over well provided and furnished) who were coming from about Navarina and Modone in Negropont, with purpose, as they understood by some prisoners, to set upon them: so as some great matters are expected upon their meeting. They have before their going out, taken two English ships and three others, Dutch and French. The fame of the Turkish huge preparations by land doth every day decrease, by reason of the great famine and mortality in the camp; and little matters feared this year, ex-

ery to his country was not the only blemish in his character; and the following extract from Lady Bacon’s letter to her son Francis Bacon, clearly shows the opinion entertained of his principles.

“Though I pity your brother, yet so long as he pities not himself, but keepeth that bloody Perez, yea as a coach companion and bed companion, a proud, profane, costly fellow, whose being about him I verily fear the Lord God doth mislike, and doth less bless your brother in credit and otherwise in his health, surely I am utterly discouraged, and make conscience further to undo myself to maintain such wretches as he is, that never loved your brother but for his own credit, living upon him.”—Birch’s *Elizabeth*, v. i. p. 143.

cept he winter, as he hath given out, in Hungary. Vienna hath been lately reviewed, the fortifications repaired, and the suburbs made defensible, and a new garrison and provision put into it to prevent the worst. The Prince of Transylvania is strong in the field. The Imperials are said to have lately taken Hatnan,* though with some loss, whereby the passage is opened into Transylvania, to be able to conjoin their forces upon any occasion. The League between the Polacks and the Imperials, after so long motioning, handling, and noising weekly, standeth yet in very doubtful terms, the Polacks demanding the Archduke Maximilian's absolute renunciation of all pretences to their crown, and divers other hard conditions, before they will enter into the treaty of the League; and the other loth to grant them till the conclusion. Here are divers rumours of our fleet, of which every man's mouth is filled, but nothing of certainty. Of other matters nearer home, you are there more truly advertised therein, and again I humbly take my leave."†

The next letter of the series, in point of time, was likewise from Davison to Bacon. Self-interest may be fairly considered as the chief, if not the sole motive of this correspondence, for it was Francis Davison's manifest object to keep himself alive in the Earl's recollection, to whom he believed his communications would be shewn. This letter, like the former one, is therefore, frigid and constrained; and they are remarkable only, for the flatteries with which they are filled, both to the Earl and to his secretary. The manuscript of these documents partakes of the charac-

* Query—Hatvany.

† Addit. MSS. 4121, f. 127; collated, through the kindness of the Rev. Dr. D'Oyley, with the original in the library of the Archbishop of Canterbury.

ter of the contents, for they are most carefully and beautifully written; not a blot nor an erasure exists, and they present a fine specimen of the chirography of the time.

To my honorable good Friend Mr. Anthony Bacon Esquire,
at Essex House.

“SIR,

“YOUR great deserts towards me words cannot express, nor thanks cannot repay: and therefore, having so kind and honorable a creditor, I am willing, being already indebted past likelihood of answering, to engage myself far beyond all possibility of restoring.

“I am exceedingly glad to understand by my father’s last letter, that you were not contented to have bestowed the reading upon my trifling relation of Saxony, and these undeserving commendations wherewith your kind letter to me overflowed, but that you would needs of especial favour vouchsafe to present it yourself to my noble Lord. I hope, that as many men bear with the imperfections of their servants for their sake by whom they were preferred, so his Lordship hath excused the faults and defects thereof, for the great favour and respect he beareth to you, that recommended it. I send you here enclosed, a letter of congratulations to his Lordship. I beseech you, Sir, that as it hath no less need of your recommendation than the other, so it may find you no less willing justly to excuse this, than you were ready undeservedly to praise that. Yourself best knows how unaccustomed my pen is to write to so great persons, especially on a subject where the matter so far exceedeth the style; and the true greatness of my inward joy hindreth the effectual expressing of my outward rejoicing.

“I am ashamed of myself that I have no new relation or discourse ready, of some of these parts of Italy, whereby I might both have testified my duty to his Lordship and made some

amends for the errors and oversights of the last. But the uncertainty of his Lordship's coming home, and some indisposition that I have had of late, have constrained me (much against my desire) to take a longer date. I trust my noble Lord will no more decrease his wonted favour to my unworthy self for neglecting or delaying some necessary offices and services, than my devotion to his Lordship, being only founded upon his excellent virtue and worth, can receive increasing by the augmenting of his honor or fortune. I am now in a private corner of Tuscany, where there is little news stirring, and therefore I hope you will expect the less. If any thing fall out worthy the advertisement, you shall from time to time hear of it. I humbly intreat you to commend me in all dutiful and mindful sort to your honorable brother, Mr. Francis Bacon; and so wishing both yourself and him all deserved good fortune and worthy advancement, I kiss your hands.

“Your's most humbly to command and dispose of,

FRA. DAVISON.

From Lucca, the 16th of
October, 1596, *Stilo Novo*.*

From such cold and studied epistles the mind turns with pleasure to the more natural and interesting letters from Davison to his father. His reply to his parent's repeated reproofs of his extravagance; his indignation at the Secretary's misfortunes, together with his satirical remarks upon those whom he considered as the authors of them; and the intelligence he imparts about foreign courts, combine to render these letters highly deserving of attention.

* Addit. MSS. 4121, f. 265; collated with the original in the library of the Archbishop of Canterbury.

The "noble Lord" mentioned in the following letter, was the Earl of Essex, who had then just returned from his successful expedition against Cadiz. That nobleman's arch-enemy was evidently Sir Robert Cecil, Secretary of State, who was deformed in his person; whilst the remark about "bumbasted legs and St. Gobbo," seem to refer to Lord Burleigh, who, towards the end of his life, suffered severely from the gout. It was about this period that the long contest between the Lord Treasurer and the Earl of Essex for the appointment of a secretary of state, was terminated by the nomination of Sir Robert Cecil to that office, and the consequent defeat of the Earl; to which circumstance Francis Davison alludes in speaking of "this storm and accident:" and when it is remembered that Essex, and other powerful friends, had used every possible effort to restore Secretary Davison to that situation, the bitterness with which Francis in this and a subsequent communication, speaks of Burleigh, who is accused of having impeded the attempt, with the view of obtaining it for his son, cannot excite surprise. The same cause likewise explains his animosity against Sir Robert himself, whom he ridicules in the most ludicrous terms.

FRANCIS DAVISON TO HIS FATHER.

"My most humble duty premised, Sir, your last letter of the 11th of September, to Mr. Smith, hath acquainted me with news, and wrought effects so contrary to my expectation, as I almost know not what to write: not so much

for your discontent towards me, for that I would hope by good actions to remove; nor for your abstaining upon that respect to write to me, for I assure myself you would not long dwell in so bitter an humour: nor yet for the pretended cause to which you attribute it, namely, my indiscreet and immoderate expence, for that I could easily either excuse or amend: but for those other matters you mention, which may, and that most justly, give you such great cause of inward discontent. Miserable estate of times, and more miserable estate of men that live in them, where great virtue is a man's ruin; either none, or else ill merits, the high way to advancement; and a man's noblest and most glorious actions, nothing but weights to thrust down himself and his friends, and bring up his enemies in the balance of his prince's favour. But my noble Lord, I doubt not, being rooted in her Majesty's favour and countenance, by so great an enterprise as this his journey hath fallen out to be, will be able himself to ride out both this and any other storm, as well as he hath done those heretofore. But whether he shall be able to bring in any of his friends to strengthen him, (of which all the world thinks he hath need) or keep out his greatest enemies, who will seek by all possible means to overthrow him, I now neither see nor hope for. I write perhaps more liberally than the dangers letters are subject to would permit; but where good words will prevail nothing, nor ill can reduce a man into worse estate than he is in, there is both want of judgment and liberty not to disburthen his own passions. Without question, my Lord's fortune is hard, and his enemies estate most fortunate. If my Lord break their necks as nature hath broke their backs, they may comfort their fall with the nobleness of the author, and his arch (*i.e.* his enemy made like an arch) enemy may glory in himself that *Æncæ magna dextrâ cadit*. But what glory shall it be to him, that hath so notably beaten the greatest monarch of the world at his own door, to cut off such a viper's tail, or being a Hercules, to beat a Pigmy? But if he be vanquished (*quod Deus omen avertat!*) without question all the world shall

never make me confess but that humbasted legs are a better fortification than bulwarks ; and St. Gobbo a far greater and more omnipotent saint than either St. Philip or St. Diego.

“ For your self, I doubt not but that you bear this accident with your wonted resolute constancy and virtuous magnanimity, as I seek, with that poor revenge which words offered,* to sweeten the bitterness of my mind. I pity poor Cambridge-shire ; † I lament our court, and I wish the amendment of your fortune ; and I only sustain my burthenous hope with this, that *tolluntur in altum, ut lapsu graviore ruant.*

“ Touching our expence, I can write no more than I have done. You must needs consider we are three fed, three lodged, three clothed, three taught, three that travel, three that must have somewhat more than meat in our mouths and clothes on their backs ; and in sum, I protest to you, considering how sicknesses, inconveniences, misfortunes, and I know not what, hath fallen out, I do not see how we can help it.

“ My promised relation of Tuscany your last letter hath so dashed, as I am resolved not to proceed withal, till I hear how his Lordship accepted the last, and what favour this is like to expect. In the mean time I go on with my studies, contenting myself with the profit and use I make, without displaying it to others.

“ Touching our journey, Mr. Smith hath written sufficiently, considering what I have written heretofore ; only for our seeing Vienna and that part of Hungary, and so the Emperor’s court, &c., I am exceeding not only willing, but desirous, if so it please you, to allow the charge, which in truth will be very great. But I hope you will rest satisfied with this, that whosoever, being a traveller, will feed his eyes and his mind, must starve

* Query—*afford.*

† This allusion it is difficult to explain otherwise than by supposing that one of the enemies of the Davison family had then been returned as knight of the shire for Cambridgeshire, or was nominated lord lieutenant of that County.

his purse. If you resolve of that course, I desire you not only to procure me those letters of commendations which I mentioned for France, but others also for the Emperor's court; if it be possible, to the Duke of Saxony's, the Count Palatine's, the Duke of Wirtemberg, to Strasburg, &c.; of which in my next I will advise you more certainly and particularly.

"Mr. Archer* sent me word from Nuremberg long since, that he would be at Venice about the midst of the last month; but as yet I hear nothing of him, though I have sent two or three letters thither in my stead, to entertain him and give him knowledge where I am.

"There is one Mr. Cranmer† some 10 days since arrived at Florence, but whether it be Mr. George or another of that name, that was likewise expected, I yet know not.

"News there is this; this day sennight the father and the eldest son of the Interminelli, of whom I sent you inkling before my coming from Florence, were publicly beheaded here in the Piazza. They spake nothing in the world to the people. The old father died much more resolutely than the Doctor of Law, his son, though he had that miserable disadvantage to behold his son dead upon the scaffold when he came to the place of execution. The gates of the town all shut but one, and that very strongly guarded: 500 soldiers in the town, 200 usual, the rest sent for on purpose. The walls, which are very well fortified, well guarded, and all the ordnance bent. The cause objected, (for in matters of state they have a public judgment or sentence read) for that he would have sold the right and patent of divers

* Apparently Henry Archer, who was his fellow-student of Gray's Inn, into which Society he was admitted in 1586.

† In a letter which is extant from John Carpenter, the husband of Secretary Davison's sister, dated 7th October, 1586, addressed to the Secretary, Carpenter speaks of his *brother Cranmer*, to whom he had written touching his resolution for his son *George*. It was probably this George Cranmer who is mentioned above.

castles now in the hands of the Signoria, which he claimeth from his supposed ancestor, Castruchio ; as some say, to Capone ; as others affirm, to Cavalier Vinta ; but, as all men affirm, to the use indeed of the Great Duke, to whom the Emperor should have confirmed the sale and privileges. The Pope, as is given out, understanding of the practice, bewrayed it, as one between whom and the Great Duke there is no good intelligence. The Duke resteth much distasted withal, as a matter that toucheth him both in honor and interest ; and which is most strange, though two thirds, if not three fourths of the gentlemen of this town, who are only capable of office, being allied unto him, yet so dear a thing is public liberty, so much doth the bond of a man's country exceed all others, of 130 voices he had not above 12 for the saving of his life, nor almost any friend that blames the justice, or laments his end.

“ Since his execution his other two sons that were in prison, the eldest being a priest, is said to be strangled this night privately in prison ; the other, a fine young gentleman of seventeen years old, and altogether innocent of the fact and consent, mured up in prison. The other brother, who was in Antwerp at the taking of his father, and thought to have been fled into England, is now taken, as I am lately informed, and on the way to be brought hither, to receive such punishment as the rest : their goods and houses confiscated and sold : the table of their genealogy, most sumptuous, and esteemed at 500 crowns, burnt ; and so consequently, not only the house utterly extinct, of which none were left but he and his children, being the ancient and noblest of all the silkwinders and sellers of thread, but even the memory thereof clean defaced.

“ This other news is of much greater importance, if I could inform it as particularly ; which is, that there are, some ten days since, six Englishmen shipped at Leghorn for Spain, lately come from Rome, and all sworn to kill the Queen. The one calleth himself Bãuchling, or Barber, or Barker, a Lincolnshire man, and sometime a Bachelor of Arts in Corpus Christi College

in Oxford; one Fercox, son to a mercer in Cheapside; and the other four whose names I know not. I doubt not but they have one false brother at least amongst them, who will so behave himself, as I shall have no need either to *Informare* or *Topliffzare*,* being an office to which I have no great stomach.

“Our last advices mention the winning of Agria by the Turk, but no particulars thereof. I beseech you pardon my scribbling, since the time will permit no copying. If you think any of these news worthy, I pray you communicate it with Mr. Anth. Bacon, to whom I account myself exceedingly beholden.

“I beseech you, Sir, not to leave our bills either unaccepted or unanswered; for if the merchants should thereupon refuse me, I know not what would become of us. And I assure you, you may much easlier rest discontented with our expences than we abate them.

“Besides my letter to Mr. Anth. Bacon, of the 21st of September, I sent another the last post but one, and with it a letter of congratulation to my Lord, to whom I wish, though so honorable it cannot be, yet as full and absolute victory over his private enemies as against the public foes of the state. If the letter fall not out to your liking, excuse it by the divers matters I have to attend unto: writing, speaking, and reading Italian; desire to frame an indifferent style in English; especially having so often occasion of undergoing so great and curious eyes; reading story, and policy; observing what I hear and see; and, which is the greatest labour, to dispose all of it so as other men may understand of my knowledge, and find that perhaps in half an hour that cost me half a week.

“I beseech you, Sir, remember my most humble duty to my mother, and my brothers and sisters, and to keep me in your good grace and favour, which, except it be by my expences, which I cannot remedy, I know not that I have deserved to lose. And

* Alluding to a Mr. Topcliffe, who had rendered himself notorious by his discovery of Papists.

so with my humble prayers to God for your health and contentment, I end. Lucca, the 6th of November, *Stilo Novo*, 1596.

“Your most loving and obedient son,

FRA. DAVISON.”*

A fortnight after the date of the preceding, Francis Davison again wrote to his father. This letter merits attention from the political news which it conveys, and for the shrewd remarks of its writer respecting the different reports which had been circulated. His observations upon the numerous friars and priests of Italy are both amusing and just; and the repetition of his satirical allusions to Sir Robert Cecil's appointment, as well as to his personal infirmities, clearly show the rancorous feelings which he entertained towards that statesman.

To the R^t Hon^{ble} and my very good Father, Mr. Secretary Davison, at his House at Stepney, near London.

“MY most humble duty premised, Sir, your last letter of the 11th of September, I answered by the last post but one, and sent you such small news as this private Commonwealth and the retiredness of the place afforded. My other discourse, or rather descant upon the ill news of your letter, if it seemed unworthy your eyes, both for the general reverence of your sometime respected and honored person, and particular respect which is to be used to a loving and grave father, and indiscreet, considering the peril that letters are subject unto, I hope you have rather laughed at my folly than condemned my judgment.

* Addit. MSS. 4122, f. 35, *et seq.*

“The last news of the overthrow which the Imperials and the Transylvanians have received of the Turk, I doubt not but you shall hear of before this letter come to your hands. We hear in this place that they have lost 20,000 men. Maximilian fled one way and the Prince another, and the whole camp dispersed; and the Turk followeth the victory, making up to Vienna; which if he go forward withal, and set himself down with resolution to take it, I protest to you I repose so little upon that nation, that I assure myself, that if either God’s providence or the unseasonableness of the year, divert him not, our journey to Vienna and that part of Hungary, will be utterly laid a Sir, by my poor observation since I came into Italy, I have always found that the Turks die in arising, and the Christians in effect. You will not perhaps believe it, but by the particular account by the almanack I have kept, I have found that there have perished, within these twelve months, at the least 350,000 Turks by the edge of the Christians’ sword and some small famine; whereas, indeed, I think there have not been lost, by all means, 40,000, nor, to speak with the most, 30,000; or, if our advices be true, I think they are all Hydras, since, the more still are dead, the more they rise up in number, and the more terrible in effect. I doubt not but you in England do not greatly either respect or greatly trouble yourselves about it, since, perhaps, you may imagine, and not without some cause, that it will force the great king to employ some forces and more measures to the defence of the House of Austria, which should otherwise have been destined to wreak his revengeful malice up with the little triumphant island. But we here in Italy, that know how open the passage lies, if Vienna be taken, do fear the damasks, satins, and cloth of gold, will find a much worse vent than they have. But I would easily, out of this country, pick out an army of fat idle priests, friars, and others of that rabblement, that, if they could handle a sword as well as a cross, or marshal a battle in as good order as a procession, or carry an helmet to as good purpose in an army, as their shaven crowns support a

mitre with proud superstition at a mass, were able to drive away three armies of Turks, and conquer two kingdoms of Hungary. I do hope they will one day be put to that profession, for I am sure to this they were neither created by nature nor are accommodated by art.

“ But to leave this as a matter further off, I have very desirously expected some other letters from you these last two weeks, to understand more fully in what state things stand at home. I doubt not but long since my noble Lord hath waded through all displeasures, and is arrived on the *terra firma* of his former grace and favour. But yet would I very gladly be resolved of it, and have it confirmed by yourself, so much honoured by him and so exceedingly revered of me. On the other side, I am afraid that the late instalment and canonization of the venerable saint, so contrary to so many promises, oaths, and protestations, after so long expectation of the world, and so many prayers and wishes to the contrary of all men, hath made many that stood indifferent before, now to bend their heads like bulrushes with the wind, and, as the proverb is, run with the stream. But yet I infinitely long to understand whether this, added to so many other former afflictions, have made you remit any of that former patience and magnanimity which have been to you no less honor and reputation in your hardest fortune, than your moderation made you revered in your greatest prosperity.

“ I would also (and I think not without cause, being so much interested in it) marvellously gladly know, whether you find as much mutability in those few friends which were left, as you have experienced variety in your fortune, and what effects of hopes and despair do offer themselves to be considered of. I assure myself that you will presently answer me, that I rather demand these things for advice and discourse sake, than that I have either heretofore sought to meet with such not unexpected occasions, or will hereafter conform my mind to my fortune, but cut my coat to the narrowness of my cloth. First, for the times past, I should do both you and myself wrong, to excuse all my

expences and charges I have put you to these two or three years, and sure you should do me some injustice (if I may so say) to condemn me altogether of unthriftiness, especially since my coming abroad. For the time to come, though I assure you that no incident of this nature in the world can either pull down my mind or abate my hope, or till my assurance that, so I may say, infinite deserts as yours shall not one day, whensoever it shall fall out, receive their due recompense, and that this low ebb of your fortune will, without question, at one time or other, so return to, if not a high, yet indifferent flow; yet, till better effects or greater hopes draw me on, I will now be content to dance a low drowsy galliard to so sullen a piping as the great minstrel of the world, Dame Fortune, makes. And as in this poor country we are content, by reason of the dearth, to eat chesnuts instead of marmalade, so since there is such a dearth of friends and favour in England, and that Sicilia, that was wont to be *hordeum populi Romani*, and the magazine of Italy, doth now pile all up within her own barns, and suffer no other countries living about her (perhaps as well deserving) to participate of her fruitful, fertile, immeasurable abundance, I will now conclude that *cedendum est tempori*, and that *non si fa ben par huom quel ch' il ciel nega*. But, Sir, I would to God I could perform this in effect, as determine it in mind, or promise it in words. I have in so many letters heretofore given you reason of our expences, as I may well often redouble the same, but more and newer arguments I cannot bring. Something may be perhaps out, if by exceeding sparefulness and limited squared expences on all occasions, but both your purpose and mine own desires being, as I think, not to save so much a few crowns for the present, (for that, surely no place were so fit as a retired life at home) as to enable myself to be worthy to spend much more in the time hereafter; and that which I overspend in money, to overgain in knowledge. I cannot see how much can be diminished, howsoever, except you mean to ruin us altogether, and to bring us to those straits that we have been once or twice at already, and

other men feel daily. We must intreat you to justify our bills and maintain our credits here intire abroad, howsoever you mislike the expences; for the least word of yours, and the least dislike, may perchance reduce us to those extremities that were very unfitting either for your honour or our merits. And, to tell you the truth, I wish with all my heart, that your leaving our bills unpaid (as you mention) do not give us a very present experience of it; for we have written, both of us, both to Hickman and Higgons, twice for sundry supplies, and the time is past that the last letters might have been answered. As yet we can hear nothing in the world, one way or other. I doubt not but if they rest never so little distasted, they will soon discontinue to supply us; and yet we shall never know the cause of it: but pretending either ignorance of our desires or to be unadvertised by our supposed miscarried letters, we shall live in want, a thing hard to bear at home, but insupportable abroad. And I protest, if we hear not from one of them within these fifteen days, I cannot tell what shift we shall be put to, or how we shall wade out of them, or whether we shall find other men as able and willing to pleasure us in our extremity, as perhaps we have been favorable to some in their like wants.

“If you please to determine our journey to Vienna, and though I imagine I shall be indifferently welcome to those Princes’ courts through which I passed at my coming into Germany into Italy, yet, if you can conveniently, I would gladly be very favorably recommended to the Emperor’s court, and if it be possible, to the Duke of Wirtemberg, the Commonwealth of Strasburg, and to Geneva, if I take the way of France, which I most affect; if that of the Low Countries (which I mislike very much), the Landgrave of Hesse. If I have occasion or opportunity to see more, I know that the commendations to these, or the most of these, will be able to procure me infinite recommendations to any other.

“The other, no less essential or material point, is, that if you would be content to take such order for our provision of money,

I beseech you to give order to Hickman or Higgons at Venice, Mr. Granger at Nuremberg, (for that way we must pass, or so near as his favour may pleasure us) and some French merchants at Genoa, that whatsoever fall out, we be not driven to sell ourselves to buy a little experience. For all matters after we are come into France I have written exceeding largely heretofore, and being so near and among our friends, as I hope, we may send to hear oftener, and presume more upon other men's kindness.

“Touching giving some proof to yourself and others, whether I have made the same use of our travel in Italy that it pleased you to think I did in Germany, I have gathered and observed divers particulars, both of Tuscany and some other places, which I forbear to reduce into an absolute discourse before I hear how my Lord accepted of my other; whensoever I hear of his favoring of that, I doubt not but to give you and his Lordship sufficient satisfaction. But you know the old rule, *haud facile emergunt quorum virtutibus obstat res angusta domi*; and not only in money but in credit, hope, reputation, and assurance of some kind of recompense of all their pains. A letter from his Lordship would be exceeding welcome, and might work extraordinary effects, coming from so extraordinary a person, to an ordinary subject as I confess myself to be.

“Mr. George Cranmer and the gentleman whom he accompanies, have been at Florence, and are now gone to Vienna, but I never heard from him either by letter or word of mouth, whereat, considering he could not be ignorant where I was, being but 40 miles from Florence, I take some unkindness.

“Of my dear friend Harry Archer, I have understood nothing a long time, (at which I marvel exceedingly) and the day that he proposed to his coming into Italy is long since past. I fear that either sickness, or some other accident of importance, hath kept both me from enjoying, and him from imparting, that comfort and profit that I think we should both receive from one another's company and presence.

“Here hath been of late with the Great Duke, Sir Richard

Fiennes* (for whose restoring to an old undeserved barony I remember you were a suitor at your being at court) with infinite dishonor to the Queen and eternal infamy to himself. He had letters patents, *secundum usum Tarum*, to all princes, for his favorable entertainment, which how he used among the Dutch princes where he was, I know not. I think answerable to the L.† with whom he came over to the Landgrave's, of whom we have heard many dishonorable particulars, and you will know more. But here it hath procured him a few loaves of stale bread, a pair of cold pigeons, &c. his charges for which, notwithstanding, he taketh himself much beholding to one of the Duke's secretaries, who promised him that favour; and he hath promised in sign of gratefulness, to send him one of his sons for a page. Much like entertainment to this he hath also of the‡ of Venice, and the D. of Ferrara. You may see by these things how little care is taken of her Majesty's honor and the glory of our noble country. But these matters are both scanned and descanted upon by others, though they be but private and particular; and I assure you the Great Duke stuck not to censure our public actions with as much liberty, having publicly affirmed that, if all the rest had been like the Earl's§, nay more, if the Empress of the ocean had not been betrayed, the great Iberian king had received no golden merchandize this year. But of these things sufficient, and perhaps more than will be either pleasing to you or oversafe for myself.

* Sir Richard Fiennes was the heir of James Fiennes, who was summoned to Parliament as Lord Say and Sele, in the 25 Hen. VI.; and the Barony so created was, according to modern principles, then vested in Sir Richard, and which dignity he claimed. He was not, however, allowed it until the accession of James the First, when he obtained a confirmation of the title to him and the heirs of his body, though, as he was placed in the House of Peers as junior baron, it would seem that he was then considered to have been *created* rather than *restored* to the Peerage.

† Query—Lords.

‡ Query—Doge.

§ The Earl of Essex.

“ If there come to you from Mr. Granger, or any of his partners, a bill of exchange from me, of the 18th or 26th of July, or thereabouts, for the sum of about 30*l.* sterling, received at Florence of one Luci Torsigniani, and payable at double usance, I beseech you to see it discharged. The reason why it cometh signed with my hand alone, is because the bill being given and directed in my name alone, I thought it very unfit, especially receiving it of a stranger, to join another’s patent with me for it. I shall not need to put you in mind how much it imports your honor and my credit, being recommended unto him by my Lord, to see him well satisfied, and to except the less of it for being signed only by me. I have forborne to advertise you of it before this time, because the day was so far off. I beseech you, Sir, not only to persuade but assure yourself ever, that though I may seem more unthrifty in my expences than you expect or your estate may well bear, and in my letters perhaps more humourous than your judgment or my duty will allow, yet I rest as loving and respectful a son, and as desirous to give you all possible content and satisfaction, as any other son whatsoever to so good and kind a father. I intreat you to remember my humble duty to my mother, and to continue me still in her good favour, which I exceedingly desire to retain, and, for any thing I know, have not any way extraordinarily deserved to lose.

“ I would desire you to give your absolute resolution, and to give such an answer to this letter, and such order to the matters therein mentioned, as soon after this comes to your hands as you can conveniently for howsoever you determine our journey, but especially if for Vienna. I purpose to be going out of Italy as soon as the sharpness of the winter will give me leave, which perhaps may be about the midst or end of February; but I am afraid that it will be the middle or end of March, for as I found last year by experience, and understand by common voice, the winter falls out much sharper after Christmas than before, especially upon all those mountains either towards France or Hun-

gary, so as there is no good travelling till the end of March or beginning of April. But if it please you to resolve as, and to give order and perfection to matters, we shall be at Venice to take the first opportunity, and to work upon the advantage of the year as it shall fall out.

“And so desiring the continuance of your favour, the excuse of my follies, and to be recommended to Mr. Anthony and Mr. Francis Bacon, Mr. Wade, and the rest of my dear and honorable friends, and lastly to my beloved sisters and brothers, I humbly take my leave, with my prayers for your help and preservation. Lucca, the 20th of November, 1596, *stilo novo*.

“Your most obedient and loving son,

FRA. DAVISON.”

“The true name of one of these six unnatural Englishmen which I mentioned in my last, is Alexander Fairclothe, as I have since understood by a letter intercepted by a friend of mine.*

About the same time, Anthony Bacon again wrote to Davison, chiefly, it would seem, to explain why their patron, the Earl of Essex, had not fulfilled his intention of writing to him.

MR. ANTHONY BACON TO FRANCIS DAVISON, ESQ.

“SIR,

“ALBEIT I know that the care, allegation, and plea of my wonted infirmities at the bar of your respective kindness and judgment, be sufficient to justify my silence since the receipt of your two most welcome letters, yet should I have rejected it as insufficient, unless it had been fortified with another impediment

* Addit. MSS. 4122, f. 103, *et seq.*

out of my power to redress, which was his Lordship's promise, upon the sight of your first letter unto me, and of your Relation, to signify his liking of both by a few lines unto yourself, in expectation whereof I have deferred till now, when seeing his Lordship, by an extraordinary unlooked-for journey to the sea-coasts, not likely to have a moment of leisure till his return, I thought it high time to present unto you this my justification, namely, by so sure a carrier as this bearer my servant, called Edward Yates,* who, having followed Sir Charles Davers in the late French wars, with my leave and liking returneth now unto him to attend him into Italy. I have given him charge, so soon as he meeteth with you, to advertise you particularly how things stood at his departure from hence, and to offer you his service when and wherein it may be any way acceptable or available unto you.

“ And so, Sir, in extreme haste sending this but as a poor harbinger of so noble a guest as I hope shall visit you shortly, I mean the most worthy Earl's own letter, I must desire you to excuse this my abrupt end, and to dispose of my best endeavour, as he whom you shall find by proof at all times and occasions rather than by protestation,

“ Your most assured and loving friend to use.”

Indorsed—“ November 24, 1596.” †

The long-promised letter from the Earl was at length written; and the following copy of it was taken from the original.

* This individual is also spoken of as “ my man Yates,” in a letter from Mr. Anthony Bacon to Sir Charles Davers, dated 20th July, 1596. *Addit. MSS.* 4120, f. 98. Some letters are preserved in the same collection from Yates to Mr. Bacon.

† Vol. xiv. Lambeth Library, marked No. 660, Anno 1596; vol. vii. *Addit. MSS.* in British Museum, No. 4122.

THE EARL OF ESSEX TO MR. FRANCIS DAVISON.

“ IF this letter do not deliver to you my very affectionate wishes, and assure you that I am both careful to deserve well, and covetous to hear well of you, it doth not discharge the trust I have committed unto it. My love to your worthy father, my expectations that you will truly inherit his virtues, and the proof I have seen of your well spending abroad, are three strong bands to tie my affections unto you. To which, when I see added your kindness to myself, my reason tells me it cannot value you or affect you too much. You have laid so good a foundation of framing yourself a worthy man, as if you now do not perfect the work, the expectation you have raised will be your greatest adversary. Slack not your industry in thinking you have taken great pains already. *Nunquam enim nec opera sine emolumento, nec emolumentum sine impensâ est. Labor voluptasque, dissimiles naturâ, societate quadam naturali inter se conjuncti sunt.* Nor think yourself anything so rich in knowledge or reputation as you may spend on the stock; for as the way to virtue is steep and craggy, so the descent from it is headlong. It is said of our bodies that they do *lentè auferere et cito extinguuntur*; it may be as properly said of the virtues of our minds. Let your virtuous father, who in the midst of his troubles and discomforts hath brought you by his care and charge to that which you are, now in you receive perfect comfort and contentment: learn *virtutem ab illo, fortunam ab aliis*. I write not this suspecting that you need to be admonished, or as finding myself able to direct; but as he, that, when he was writing, took the plainest and naturalest style of a friend, truly affecteth to you: receive it therefore, I pray you, as a pledge of more love than I can now shew you; and so desiring nothing more than to hear often from you, I wish you all happiness, and rest

“ Your very affectionate,

“ R. ESSEX.”

“ Whitehall, 8th Jan. 1596.” *

* 1596-7. Harl. MSS. 1323, f. 248.

Nothing more is preserved relating to Davison whilst on his travels, nor is it certain in what year he returned to England; probably, however, towards the end of the year 1597. The annexed memoranda, relative to the books he took abroad with him, which are taken from the original in his own autograph,* and written, with his usual neatness, in the order in which it is here given, is deserving of insertion. The notes relative to his MSS. are very curious; and under the "Manuscripts to get," the productions of some of the most distinguished poets of the age are noticed. Constable, and it is presumed Donne, were contributors to the RHAPSODY, and it is likely that these notes were made with a view to that collection. The circumstance of many of his manuscripts being connected with the Queen of Scots is explained by the memorable part taken in her execution by his father, and which produced the total wreck of his and his family's fortunes. His mentioning among them his *father's Apology*, satisfactorily refutes the highly absurd opinion of Mr. Moleville,† that that document was "an entire forgery."

The memoranda about his "Manuscripts to get," it is evident, were made after the death of the Earl of Essex in 1600: and the others were perhaps written about the same time.

* Harl. MSS. 298, f. 151, *et seq.*

† *Chronological Abridgement of the History of England*, vol. ii. p. 343.

A NOTE OF ALL THE RELATIONS WHICH I CARRIED INTO
FRANCE, BOTH MINE OWN AND MR. WROATH'S.

	1	1	F.D.	Conclave di Clemente 8 ^o .
P.W.	}	1	2	P.W. Breve Discorso sopra l' Arsenale di Venetia.
		2	3	P.W. Relatione della Sig ^{ra} di Venetia quanta Armata mettono in Mare, quanto State & st.
		3	4	P.W. Relatione di Terra Ferma d' Alniza Morengio, 1568.
	2	5	F.D.	Relatione di Dalmatia del Zane, 1588.
	3	6	F.D.	Nota di tutti i Magistrati di Venetia, 1580.
P.W.	}	4	7	P.W. Relatione di Lucca.
		5	8	P.W. †Discorso del Regno di Napoli. Observations out of divers.
		6	9	P.W. Relatione del gran Ducato di Toscana, 1576.
		7	10	P.W. Del modo d' impationissi * di Portogallo à Re Catolico.
		8	11	P.W. Instructione al Sig ^r Lodovico Orsino per la Corte Calolica.
		9	12	P.W. Instructione al Cardinal Gaetano.
		10	13	P.W. Instructione al Sig ^r Annibal di Capua, Nuntio alla Sign ^{ria} Venetiana.
		11	14	P.W. Essortatione & Escusatione al Re Francesco del tenes Amicitia col Turco.
		12	15	P.W. †Cose di Constantinopoli, 1584.
		13	16	P.W. Relatione di Constantinopoli, del Barbaro, 1573.
	14	17	P.W.	Relatione di Constantinopoli, del Soranzo.
	4	18	F.D.	Relatione del Regno di Sicilia, di Ferrante Gonzaga. chang'd.
	5	19	F.D.	Problema sopra l' Imperio Turchesio.

* Sic, in the MS.

- 6 20 F.D. Relatione del Imperio Turcheso del Seldoni. 94.
- 7 21 F.D. Del Imperator Carlo 5^o del Navagero, 1546.
†Lent to Mr. A. Bacon.
- 8 22 F.D. Summaria Instruptione del Imperio del Turco.
- 9 23 F.D. Relatione di Spagna di Michel Suriano 1573.
- 10 24 F.D. Relatione del Regno di Napoli, di Gerolamo Lippomani Amb^{re} a D^a Gio. d'Austria.
- 11 25 F.D. Memoriale quante furtano le Rolle della Crociata & et. al Re di Spagna.
- 12 26 F.D. Discorso sopra le differenze de' Genevesi.
- 13 27 F.D. Capitoli na'l Re Philippo & il Duca Cosimo p' le cose di Siena.
- 14 28 F.D. Instrumentu' Ligæ & Fœderis inter Pium 5, Philippu' Catholicu' & Venetos, contra Turcas, 1570.
- 15 29 F.D. Nota dell' Entrate Annue del Regno di Napoli.
- 16 30 F.D. Discorso sopra la pace fatta da Sigrⁱ Venetiani col Turco di Mr. Paolo Paruta.
† To Mr. A. Bacon.
- 17 31 F.D. Cause per le quali la Rep: Venetiana ha fatto la pace col Turco. Incerto.
- 18 32 F.D. Risposta d' un Spagnuolo alla detta Giastificatione. † To Mr. A. Bacon.
- 19 33 F.D. Allegationi intorne le differentie sopra 'l Mar Adriatico, tra li Venetiani & la Casa d' Austria.
- 20 34 F.D. Relatione delle Cose di Spagna. Incerto. 1577.
- 21 35 F.D. Relatione del Imperio Turchesco l' anno 1594, & perche habbia messo l' armi contra Hungaria.

	22	36	F.D.	Relatione dello Stato di Milano, 1589. Changed for one of Mr. Wroth's.	
	23	37	F.D.	Oratione del Vescovo Caserta Nuntio Apost ^{co} nella dicta di Varsovia, 1596.	
P.W.	{	15	38	P.W.	Nota delle Entrate della Sede Apostolica.
		16	39	P.W.	Della Casa d' Austria, 1548.
		17	40	P.W.	Discorso sopra i Soggetti Papapili, a ^o In- certo.
		18	41	P.W.	Relatione d' Inghilterra di Giovanni Mi- chele, 1557.
		19	42	P.W. & Avertimenti al Cardinal Mon- talto.
	—	43	P.W.	Relatione della Fiandra & perche si rio 1586.	
	24	44	F.D.	Entrate & Spese della Camera Apostolica.	
	25	45	F.D.	Entrate & Spese della Sig ^{ria} di Venetia. †In hands of Mr. Smyth.	
P.W.	{	20	46	P.W.	Parlamento di Carlo 5 al Re Filippo nella Consignatione delli suoi Stati.
		21	47	P.W.	Ricordi dell' Imperatore Carlo 5 ^o , per il Re Filippo suo figliuolo, 1548.
	26	48	F.D.	Ordini necessarii al Regimento d' una Ar- mata.	
	27	49	F.D.	Relatione d' Urbino, di Lazaro Maconigo, 1570.	
P.W.	{	22	50	P.W.	Relatione de Swizzeri, Grigioni & Valle- sani, &c. Incerto.
		28	51	F.D.	Relatione di Savoia del 1576.
P.W.	{	23	52	P.W.	Relatione di Savoia del S ^r Sigismondo di Cavalli, 1563.
		24	53	P.W.	Relatione di Savoia del S ^r Girolamo Lippo- mani, a ^o

On the other side of the preceding list,

COSE DI FRANCIA.

- 1 F.D. Ritratti del Regno di Francia.
- 2 P.W. Cose di Francia, 1589. Incerto.
- 3 P.W. Del Re Enrico 3. del Entrate, &c. & della Principi propinqui alla Corona. 1^o. Incerto.
- 4 P.W. Relatione di Francia di Gio. Correr. Amba. Veneto. 1^o.
- 5 F.D. Relatione di Francia nel tempo di Carlo 9^o di Giovanni Michele, 1560.
- 6 P.W. Com'entarii di Francia. An Extract.
- 7 P.W. Lettera responsiva, interno la Francia. Incerto.
- 8 P.W. L'ra del Card^l Moresini legato al Duca d' Vinena. 1589.
- 9 F.D. Discorso interno al Assoluzione di Henrico 4^o & riceverlo nel Gremio di Sta Chiesa.
- 10 F.D. Se 'l Re di Navarra facendosi Catolico, debba esser reledetto & avettato per Re di Francia.* Incerto.
- 11 F.D. Risposta d' un Gentilluomo Italiano interno la reberiditione del re Enrico 4.
Pregadi. di Venetia.

On the next leaf,

Books.

Tragedies de Mont-Chrestien, fr. Les Œuvres Poétiques du Sieur de la Bergerie. Les Essais Poétiques du Sieur de Perat. Les Travaux sans travail du Sieur d'Aviti. Recueil des Œuvres du Sr Bertault Les Œuvres † du Sr Renyer Nepueu de feu Mr Desportes. Celles du Sr Flaminio Beragno. Les honnestes loisirs du Sr de la Mothe Messeme. Les Œuvres de Mad^{lle} de

* Sic, in the MS.

† All from this mark are in another hand.

Gournay. Relivre de Mad^{lle} de Beaulieu. Rabustes. Les Amours Duvial et de Lunesse. Les adventures de Floride. Celles D strimide. Merlyn Cocaye. L'hermaphrodite. Le Livre du Sr Turguet de Mayerne. Le Nouvelle Franciade. Les Illus Frau'ns de Gaule, nouvelle Imprimus. L'image du grand Cap^{ne} par Pontaymery.—De la Sagesse, par le St Charon. Le Sener que Xpien. Le Curte de Henry le Grand 4^e de la nom en France. Les Vengeance dyvines. Le Revers de Fortune. La Perle Evangelicque. Le Miroir de Consolation pour les affliq'. Contre les mal marier par le St de Cournal Med. vers Nouveaux, où il est amplement transfu du Marragn. Nouveau Tuanti^s de Leucans tre pour le St de Plessis Morny. Le Livre de M. Duperron Ca^{nl} a M. Casobon, nouvellez imprime. Le Roxam Franceys. Le Contrefeu franc'. La Trompette Francoise. Le Paisan francoys. La Philosophie des Esprit. Le Tombeau des heretiques, livre excellent.

On another slip of paper are the following notes, likewise in Davison's hand,

PAPERS LENT.

†A great book of Instructions, to y^e L. Zouche.
 †Sir Henry Savile's Oration to y^e Queen at Oxford in Latine and English.—The Bishop of Oxford.
 Grayes In Sportes under Sir Henry Helmes.—Eleaz Hogdson.
 †My L. of Salisburie's Negociation in France. } Mr. H. Bing.
 Tables of Counsell by Dr. Bing. } Idem.
 John Dun's* Satyres.—My br. Christopher.
 BARONAGIUM ANGLIÆ. ‡ Doctor Mondfort.

†—These marks are prefixed in the manuscript.

* John Donne, Dean of St. Paul's.

‡ It is very probable that the MS. thus described is now extant in Harl. MSS. 304, f. 102, *et seq.*, for that volume contains several papers apparently in Francis Davison's autograph; and

My Discourse of Saxony.
 My L. of Essex his l're to me. * } Monsr de la Faille.
 Rime et Satire d'Ariosto.—Sr John Constable.

 REMEMBRANCES.

All my books and papers w^{ch} my brother Duncom hath. Among w^{ch} specially

The great French Bible,
 Tremellius' Bible,
 Thevet's Cosmography, 2 vols.
 Parson's Answer to y^e L. Cook,
 Com'ines.

PAPERS.

My Father's Apology.
 †His Answer at y^e Star-Chamber.
 †Sir Henry Savile's Discourse of y^e Union.
 Instructions for Ireland.
 Tables of Counsell. By Dr. Bing.
 †Discourses about the Sc. Q.

On the other side of the paper marked "Remembrances," is the following note, over which are several memoranda in the hand of Ralph Starkey, partly erased :

Tremellius' Bible }
 1 Part of Livy, French } My br. Christopher.

among other documents is an account of the *Baronage of England*, early in the reign of James I., which in some places contains additions in a hand very like the Poet's.

‡ This letter is presumed to be that which is printed in p. xxxvii.

MANUSCRIPTS TO GET.

Letters of all sorts, especially by y^e late E. of Essex.

Orations, Apologies, Instructions, Relations.

Sports, Masks, and Entertayments, to y^e { late Queen.
The King, &c.

Emblemes & Impresaes. Qy. Those in White-hall Gallery.

Anagrams.

POEMS of all sorts { Divine.
Humane.

Psalmes by y^e Countes of Pembroke. Q^{re}. If they shall
not bee printed.

Psalmes by Joshua Silvester.

Psalmes by Sir John Harrington and Joseph Hall.*

Satyres, Elegies, Epigrams, &c. by John Don. Q^{re}. some from
Eleaz. Hodgson † and Ben Johnson.

Poems by Ben Johnson.

Hen. Constable's 63 Sonnets.

 WRITTEN BOOKS, DISCOURSES.

My Br Duncom.—A great Book of Instructions.

Dr Mondford.—Officers of y^e Crown of England and their fees.

Baronagium Angliæ.

Genealogies des Maisons Illustre du Paÿs Bas.

A great Booke of Irish Discourses.

Certayne Bandes of y^e Estates to y^e Queen, in a Booke.

A Booke of Recusants.

* Bishop of Exeter.

† Of the poetical productions of this individual, nothing is known, nor is his name even mentioned by Ritson or Philips. It would appear that he was a fellow student in Gray's Inn of Francis Davison's. Some account of him will be found in Bliss, Wood's *Fasti Oxonienses*, vol. i. pp. 328, 365.

Certain Irish Pres in fo.

Extract of y^e Booke of Instruction, 4^o.

The Manner of Proceeding against y^e Queen of Scotts.

Armes of y^e Nobillity & Gent. of Scotland, 8^o.

Q^{re}

† Sir Tho. Smyth's Dialogue touching y^e Q marriage, f.

† A relation of Spayne, f^o.

{	† A Discourse touching y ^e Matt. between y ^e D. of Norfolke & y ^e S. Q.	}	4 ^{to} .
	† Hales his book for y ^e succession of y ^e Heyres of y ^e F. Queen.		
	† Allegations for Mary Q. of Scotts.		

Dialogue betwixt Browne & Fairfaxe touching Forren birth,
4^o.

Parte of Mr. Savil's translation of Tacitus, 4^o.

A Breef Demonstration of y^e State of England & Wales, fo.

Mr. Finche his Book of lawe, ould Edition, 4^o.

† Sophistica, by W. Bright, 8^{vo}.

Historye des Contes d'Egvemont, 4^o.

Q^{re} An Extract of Corcelles' Negociation in Scotland, 1586, fo.

A devise for having a Marte Towne in England, 1571, fo.

Ralfe Lane's Relation of Virginia, fo.

Agricolaes life by Mr. Savile, fo.

Dr Hamon's dialogue touching y^e Justice of y^e Sc. Queen
Execution, fo.

† The Bishop of Rosse's Oration to y^e Fr. K. Henry 3. 1574,
4^o.

Certayne Counsellors L'res & Instructions. Ed. 6. fo.

† Traicte de la France, 4^o.

Copy of certaine l're to y^e Councill. W. D.*

Notes touching y^e Q. Mariage w^t Mr d'Anjou, 4^o.

* Apparently his father's correspondence.

In the next folio, a long list of books* occurs, classed according to subjects; but as the manuscript, though extremely like Francis Davison's writing, is not sufficiently similar to his other papers, to be certain that it was written by him, it is not here introduced.

In 1600 the young Poet's pen was employed in drawing up a defence of the marriage of Lady Elizabeth Russell with William Bouchier, third Earl of Bath, who had been sued by Mary, daughter of Sir Thomas Cornwallis, in 1581, relative to a marriage stated to have been contracted with the Earl some years before; the particulars of which, as well as the article itself, are given towards the end of this work. This production, which is very well written, displays considerable talent, and throws much light on that very singular affair. It also affords some information about the writer himself, for it appears that he then enjoyed the protection of the noble house of Russell, to two members of which, the Countesses of Cumberland and Warwick, sisters of Elizabeth, Countess of Bath, he afterwards addressed an ode in the RHAPSODY. Speaking of that family he observes, as the motive for undertaking the task of refuting Mary Cornwallis's charges, "to which myself am specially obliged, and have always vowed my poor duty and service." To what extent their patronage was bestowed we have

* This list is very curious and is well deserving of the attention of the bibliographer.

now no means of learning, but the probability is, that he did not derive much advantage from it.

About the middle of 1602 Francis Davison published the first edition of the *POETICAL RHAPSODY*, which was thus noticed in a letter from Mr. Chamberlaine to Sir Dudley Carleton,* dated 8th July, 1602:

“It seems young Davison means to take another course, and turn poet, for he hath lately set out certain Sonnets and Epigrams.”

This allusion to “another course,” evidently meant from the study of the law, for which profession it appears he was intended. The preface to the *RHAPSODY* affords some interesting particulars both of the work and of its editor. Having, he informs us, yielded to the solicitation of others, that he would publish some of his poems, he added to them several by his brother Walter, and his other friends, without their knowledge or consent; and intended that their names should have been withheld: but the printer not only affixed to the greatest part the initials of the respective authors, but inserted several by Sir Philip Sydney, with the motive “to grace the forefront,” or, “to make the book grow to a competent volume;” and he concludes by boldly setting criticism at defiance, and by intimating his intention of soon publishing a work of more importance. The *RHAPSODY*, however, contains the only part of his productions which appears ever to have been hitherto printed; but there are strong grounds for believing

* Addit. MSS. in the British Museum, 4173, f. 125.

that he was then engaged upon, or at least meditated, some other literary undertaking. A manuscript in the British Museum* contains the following notes for a "Relation of England," which seem to have been thrown together as a sort of outline for a work with that title, and, from the internal evidence, appear to have been written between the years 1605 and 1612. Whether this was the "graver work," to which he alluded in the Preface to the RHAPSODY in 1602, cannot be determined, but the possibility that such was the case, together with the curious specimen they present of the manner in which he arranged his ideas, render their insertion desirable.

FOR A RELATION OF ENGLAND.

The 3 Kingdoms.

England.
Scotland.
Ireland.

Sr Th. Smyth's de Rep. Anglor'.
Camden's Britannia.
Lambert's book written.
Relations of England in

In which are 4 severall Nations.

English.
Welche.

Botero.
Metterland's Story of
y^c Low Countries.

Irish { Civil.
Wilde. Southerne.

English }
Scottish } Chronacles.

Scottish.....Hylanders and
Ilanders.

Irish }
Survey of London—Stowe.

The Portes, Citties, Stroug Townes, Castles, Garrisons.

The king's ships.

Ships of { Warr.
Marchants.

* Harl. MSS. 304, f. 79.

Number of Artillery. $\left. \begin{matrix} \text{Brass} \\ \text{Iron} \end{matrix} \right\}$ of all sortes.

The Armory of y^e Tower.

The People, &c.

The Nobility, $\left. \begin{matrix} \text{Ancient before Henry 7th} \\ \text{Created since, before K. J.} \\ \text{Newly created since.} \end{matrix} \right\}$ $\left. \begin{matrix} \text{England.} \\ \text{of Ireland.} \\ \text{Scotland.} \end{matrix} \right\}$

The King } with thr. The Prince. Lordes of the Counsaile.
 The Queen } children. Duke of York. Lieutenants of Counties.
 Lady Elizabeth. Great Officers of State.
 Lady Judges and y^e King's learn-
 ed Counsell.
 Cheefe Men in every Shire.

The Archbishops and Bishops.
 Names, learning.

Revenues, chief Houses.

Ambassadors abroad in $\left. \begin{matrix} \text{France.} \\ \text{Spayne.} \\ \text{Italy.} \\ \text{Archeduke.} \\ \text{States.} \end{matrix} \right\}$ $\left. \begin{matrix} \text{Government of London,} \\ \text{with y^e cheefe and} \\ \text{richest Citizens.} \\ \text{All y^e King's Courte, with} \\ \text{y^e Cheef Officers.} \end{matrix} \right\}$

Ambassadors fro' $\left. \begin{matrix} \text{France.} \\ \text{Spayne.} \\ \text{Venice.} \\ \text{Archduke.} \\ \text{States.} \\ \text{D. of Florence, \&c,} \end{matrix} \right\}$

President of Wales, L. Evers.*
 President of y^e North, L. Sheffield.
 of Scotland.
 Deputy of Ireland, Sr Arthur Chichester.
 President of Munster, Sr Henry Broncker, L. D.

* Lord Zouche's name was first inserted.

Governour of Connought,	E. of Clanrickard ; his Deputy, Rob. Remington.
Gov. of the Isle of Wight,	Earl of Southampton,
Governour of Garnzay,	Sr Thomas Leighton.
Governour of Jersay,	Sr John Payton.
Silley.	
Alderney.	
Leiutenant of y ^e Tower,	Sr William Wade.
Governour of Portesmouth	
Capt. of the Fort of Plimouth,	Sr Ferdinando Gorges.
Barwick.	
Queen-borough Castle,	Sr Edward Hoby.
Dover Castle	
The 3 Fortes in y ^e Downes.	

Ambassadors.

In France,	Sr Cary.
In Spagne,	Sr Cornwallis.
W th y ^e Archeduke,	Sr Thomas Edmonds.
W th y ^e States,	Mr. Winwood.
In Venice,	Sr Henry Wotton.

Ambassadors here fro'

The French King.	
King of Spayne.	
Arch Duke.	
States,	Sr Noel Caroun.
Venetians.	
D. of Florence.	

At this period in Francis Davison's life, we are left without the slightest information of his future career, beyond his being mentioned in his father's will in 1608; and the exertions made by his present biographer to trace him to the close of his existence have entirely failed of success. It was this research, however, which

discovered the fragments at the end of this work, and his other articles and memoranda here printed. The unfortunate death of the Earl of Essex was a severe blight to the prospects of the Davison family, for during the whole of the Secretary's misfortunes that generous nobleman proved himself a warm and most faithful friend;* and had he continued in power, the fate of his children would, there is every cause for believing, have been very different. Francis Davison lost his father on the 23d or 24th of December, 1608; † and by his will he was bequeathed, out of the profits of the office of Custos Brevium of the King's Bench, which had been granted to Secretary Davison and his assigns during the lives of his friends and relations, George Byng of Wrotham, Esquire, and Henry Byng of Gray's Inn, Gent. one hundred pounds per annum; and after the payment of certain incumbrances, he was to have half the profits of these appointments, with reversion "to such children as he should leave of his body." †

Here, all trace of this accomplished man is lost, nor can the period of his demise be satisfactorily established, though some circumstances persuade us that he died before the year 1619. There can scarcely be a doubt that his brothers and himself, after their father's death, became reduced to a state of poverty; for the Secretary died much involved, and left nothing but the emoluments of his office of Custos Brevium of the King's Bench

* *Life of William Davison, Secretary of State to Queen Elizabeth.* 8vo. 1822.

† *Ibid.*

to pay his debts and support his children ; and in 1610, one of his executors was accused, as will be more fully noticed when speaking of Christopher Davison, of having appropriated that appointment to his own advantage. Though educated for the legal profession, Francis Davison was never called to the bar ; and the service of the Muses, for which he appears to have abandoned more useful occupations, seldom yields any substantial advantage ; and, as one of the contributors to his own work justly observes,

Praise is the greatest prize that poets gain,
A simple gain that feeds them not a whit.*

An obscure life, and an early grave, may therefore, with apparent certainty, be considered to have been his lot ; nor is it the blind partiality of biography which assumes that his genius, talents, and accomplishments, merited a far different fate. His person, from no known portrait being extant, cannot of course be imagined ; but judging from the following line in speaking of himself, it may be concluded that his face was much marked with the small pox :

“ Is ’t that my *pock-hol’d face* doth beauty lack ? ” †

Of his merits as a Poet, it would be almost superfluous to say any thing, because ample specimens are contained in the following sheets upon which to form a judgment. Most of those pieces were, however, as he himself informs us in his Preface, written whilst he

* Page 70.

† Page 144.

was on his travels, at which time he could not have been above twenty years of age ; hence they ought not to be judged with the same severity as if they had been the productions of a maturer period of life. Without being influenced by this consideration, it is not more than is warranted by truth to say, that if he did not reach the excellence of some of his contemporaries, he far surpassed many who are infinitely better known to posterity ; and in an age when almost every gentleman was a Sonneteer, we may fairly class Francis Davison amongst the few who were more indebted to nature than to art for their poetical qualifications. Sir Egerton Brydges, whose accurate judgment of early English poetry few will have the hardihood to dispute, has thus described Davison's productions : " A thought of native beauty, a felicitous combination of simple, elegant, and energetic words frequently catch the ear, and convey a sudden thrill of sympathy and admiration to the heart." * His translations of the Psalms are not only the happiest of his efforts, but they have strong pretensions to be placed amongst the best versions of the inspired monarch which have ever appeared.

It is not, however, merely as a Poet that Francis Davison is to be considered ; for from the large portion of his correspondence and other papers, now printed, we are enabled to estimate his talents on other subjects. His letters prove him to have been no less high-minded and affectionate, than he was intelligent

* *Lee Priory Edition of the Rhapsody, Part III. p. 2.*

and accomplished; but his prudence is certainly far from being satisfactorily evinced. Nor does it appear that at the period when our information about him closes he had acquired greater steadiness of conduct; for his father's office was ordered by the Secretary to be *executed* by his *second* son, Christopher, he paying a proportion of the emoluments to his brother Francis. Notwithstanding that Secretary Davison had several children, he only makes a provision in his will for such issue as his sons Francis and William may leave; from which it does not seem too much to infer, that they had each a family in 1608: but on this point nothing positive has been ascertained.

Besides the articles by Francis Davison which are printed in this work, there are several manuscripts in the Harleian collection, which bear a strong resemblance to his writing, and may with great probability be attributed to him, though the identity is not sufficiently established to justify their insertion. Of these the principal are, "That the Lord Treasurer Burleigh endeavoured to suppress and keep down Mr. Secretary Davison." *—Harl. MSS. 290, f. 237. "Names of persons of rank put to death during the reigns of Henry VII., Henry VIII., Edw. VI., and Mary."—*Ibid.* f. 260. "Observables to be noted by a Traveller." †—*Ibid.* f. 261, 262. "The Cypher used by Se-

* Printed in the Appendix to the *Life of Secretary Davison* before cited.

† These notes are nearly a verbatim copy, so far as they extend, of the first part of a small volume, 16mo printed in

cretary Davison.”—*Ibid.* 291, f. 84. And “*Tabula Analytica Politica.*”—*Ibid.* 588, f. 3.

Many of the papers of Secretary Davison now extant, are indorsed by his son Francis; and the following circumstances connected with them may serve to some extent as a clue by which to unravel the mystery in which the poet's fate is involved. The greatest part of his manuscripts, as well as those of his father, were in 1619 in the possession of the indefatigable Ralph Starkey; and on the 10th of August in that year, the privy council issued a warrant, directed to Sir Thomas Wilson, commanding him to repair to Starkey's lodgings, and to seize on all such papers and matters of state as in time past were in the custody of Secretary Davison.* That Francis Davison's manuscripts were once in the hands of Starkey is manifest, from the writing of the latter being in several of them now extant. These afterwards became the property of Sir Simon D'Ewes; and it is difficult, if not impossible, to explain in what way either of the individuals in question became possessed of them; but the conclusion seems evident, that as those belonging to the poet were in the custody of Ralph Starkey in 1619, he must have died before that year.

1633, entitled *Profitable Instructions, describing what special Observations are to be taken by Travellers in all Nations, States, and Countries, pleasant and profitable, by the three much admired Robert late Earl of Essex, Sir Philip Sydney, and Secretary Davison.* In Harl. MSS. 6893, is an imperfect copy of the same, styled “Most brief but excellent instructions for a Traveller, written by Secretary Davison for his son.” Hence it may be concluded, that Francis Davison transcribed the copy noticed above, from his father's manuscript, for his own use.

* Harl. MSS. 286, f. 160.

The following wretched acrostic by W. Fletcher, on Francis Davison's name, and indorsed by him—“W. Fletcher's acrosticke upon my name,” is extant in the Harleian Collection* in the British Museum.

F aithful he is, and fully will perform
 R espective promise to his own elect :
 A ttend therefore his word, which will us form.
 N ot any person is of true respect
 C ountry or nation, with the Holy one,
 (I n all on earth) respect of persons none.
 S ince it so, let all submission make

 D esiring God to guard us in his fear.
 A ssuring then ourselves for Christ's sake
 V isions by night will then to us appear.
 I n hope whereof I do my prayers rear
 S ith nothing else, in me contignate is,
 O nce every day to pray, I will not fail
 N ot friend nor foe 'gainst Davison prevail.

Secretary Davison left by Katherine Spelman before mentioned, four sons; Francis, Christopher, William, and Walter; and two daughters, wife of Townley, and Katherine, who married Duncombe, and obtained letters of administration to her father's will; but no account of either of his children besides what is contained in these pages, has been discovered. The ancestry of the Secretary is conjectured to have been obscure, from the circumstance of his having in 1586 received a grant of arms; namely, *Gules, a Stag trippant, Or. Crest, on a wreath of the colours a Stag's head, coup'd at the shoulders, and winged, Or; † previous to which he had used for his crest, a Stag trippant, pierced through the neck with an arrow.‡*

* In Harl. MSS. 347, f. 148.

† *Cook's Grants*, in the College of Arms.

‡ Vide his seal attached to several letters in the British Museum.

CHRISTOPHER DAVISON.

CHRISTOPHER DAVISON was, as has been just observed, the second son of Secretary Davison. It is presumed that he was admitted of Gray's Inn in 1597,* from which time, until the death of his father in December 1608, nothing is known of him. By the Secretary's will, he was appointed to execute the office of Custos Brevium of the King's Bench, paying to his brothers certain proportions of the emoluments arising from it.

In March 1610, however, he petitioned parliament, and as that document throws much light on the affairs of his family, it is deserving of notice.

His petition stated, that " Queen Elizabeth, by letters patent, 19th January, 21 Eliz. granted to William Davison, Esquire, the office of Custos Brevium of the King's Bench, *habendum* after the death of one Richard Payne, then Clerk of the same office. The King's Majesty, after the death of the said Richard Payne, by his letters patent, 25 July, 5 Jaq. confirmed and ratified the Queen's grant, and further (at the humble petition of the said William Davison) granted the reversion of the said office unto George Byng, of Wrotham in Kent, and Henry Byng of Gray's Inn, whose names he used in trust for the benefit of him and his children, and payment of his debts, the greatest part

* Harl. MSS. 1912.

whereof was such debts as were owing to them. William Davison dieth, and (by his will in writing reciteth the said trust) willeth the said George Byng and Henry Byng, or one of them, to exercise his said office until his debts and daughters' portions be paid, and after such payment, or security put in for that purpose, to assign over the said office, with the execution thereof, to Christopher Davison, second son of the said William Davison. After the death of the said William Davison, George Byng and Henry Byng, by virtue of the letters patent, were sworn in and admitted. Since, Christopher Davison hath offered payment of all sums of money and charges whatsoever to the Byngs, owing or by them disbursed, and to put in security for payment of the other debts, and whatsoever else is required by his father's will; upon performance of which, he desireth (according to his father's will) the said office to be assigned over unto him. Henry Byng, confessing the trust, is well contented; but George Byng, making many pretences, unconscionably refuseth. The humble suit of Christopher Davison unto the High Court of Parliament is, that, after satisfaction of all debts and demands to the said Byngs, and sufficient security put in for the payment of all other the creditors of his father (whom his special desire is to have satisfied), the said office may be settled upon him and his assigns, according to his father's will, during the lives of the said George Byng and Henry Byng, and the longer liver of them. The reason why he is driven to seek an Act of Parliament is, for that he must disburse so great sums of money to the Byngs, which they affirm to amount to £2000 and upwards, and besides to pay the debts of his father, being very great. All which he cannot furnish himself of without the help of his friends, whom (unless it be by Act of Parliament confirmed unto him) he cannot sufficiently secure, for that it is litigious whether the office be in the King's gift, or the Lord Chief Justice's. And the said office hath, in like sort, been heretofore confirmed to one John Payne, by Act of Parliament, 33 Hen. VIII.

- “ 1st. This is all the estate that William Davison hath left his children; and if they should be detained from it, they are all utterly undone.
- “ 2nd. William Davison’s creditors, (which are many, and which, by his will, he desireth should be satisfied) by the course which George Byng holdeth (denying the trust) be all defrauded, when Christopher Davison will pay them all, according as his father hath appointed by his will.*

A bill connected with this petition was read on the 14th March, 1610, and again on the 27th of the same month; and on the 10th July following, a motion was made for counsel to be heard upon it; † but nothing more on the subject has been discovered, nor does the slightest notice of Christopher Davison occur after this period.

Though, like his brothers Francis and Walter, Christopher Davison was a poet, it does not appear that any of his productions are inserted in the *RHAPSODY*; and his only literary efforts which are known to be extant, are translations of some Psalms, which will be found in this work, and which are not without merit.

* Lansdowne MSS. 91, f. 56.

† Journals of the House of Commons, vol. i. p. 448.

WALTER DAVISON.

IT is to the Preface to the **POETICAL RHAPSODY** alone that we are indebted for the little information we possess of **WALTER DAVISON**. A letter is however extant, dated London, 23rd December, 1581, from his father, Secretary Davison, to Lady Mason,* Walter's great grandmother, stating that he had "a young son" born on the Monday preceding, and that he wished her to join with his honour her husband, Mr. Vicechamberlain, and her good nephew, Sir Thomas Shirley,* in standing for him, though it was contrary to the usual custom to wish a wife and husband to act as sponsors upon the same occasion. The "young son" alluded to was, there is little doubt, the subject of this notice; and we may therefore conclude that he was born in London on Monday, 17th December, 1581, and which agrees perfectly with his brother Francis saying, in 1602, that he was not eighteen when the poetical effusions by him, which are introduced into the **RHAPSODY**, were written. About the year 1602, Francis Davison also informs us that Walter was in the Low Country wars; after which time no account of him has been

* See the genealogical table in a former page.

found. He is not mentioned in his father's will, and it is therefore highly probable that he died between the years 1602 and 1608, unmarried.

Walter Davison's poems must, at least, be thought to hold out a fair promise of future excellence; for they ought, in justice, to be considered as the mere germs of a genius, which was never allowed to attain maturity.

SIR PHILIP SYDNEY.

OF SIR PHILIP SYDNEY, the Phoenix of his own, and the admiration of succeeding times, scarcely any thing can be related which will possess a claim to novelty; for who is there unacquainted with every trait in a character which affords the most gratifying objects for contemplation, which can be found in British biography? Magnanimity, Heroism, Poetry, and Virtue, appear to have erected their thrones in his breast; and he whom sovereigns and their subjects equally loved, honoured, and mourned, must have been possessed of no ordinary merit. The idol of his own family; the friend of the best and wisest of his contemporaries; the patron of learning; and, at once, the ornament and the votary of every thing chivalrous and good. Such is the picture presented to us of this illustrious individual by those who, from being the companions of his childhood, as well as of his maturer years, were undoubtedly competent to form a correct judgment of his merits. The historian, the biographer, the poet, and the painter, have combined to perpetuate the glory of his actions; and it must be confessed that they have rather derived celebrity from, than conferred it upon their subject. Sydney's splendid career, though short, was

terminated in a manner highly consistent with his life. He died on the bed of honour; and, as if nothing should be left for imagination to supply in the character of a Hero, the brightest and most magnanimous of all his deeds was that which arose from his fatal wound; and familiar as the circumstance is, from the painting of a distinguished artist, it is not possible to resist relating it. When carried from the field of battle, exhausted from pain and loss of blood, he eagerly demanded some water; but at the moment it was brought, his eyes fell on a dying soldier, and, turning the vessel from him just as it had approached his lips, he desired that it might be given to the object of his compassion, observing, "This man's necessity is still greater than mine."

Notwithstanding all which has been written on Sir Philip Sydney, a chronological abstract of the principal events in his life,* may prove acceptable.

- | | | |
|-------|---------|--|
| 1554. | Nov. 29 | Sir Philip Sydney was born. |
| 1569. | | Admitted a Member of Christ Church, Oxford.
Proposals made for his marriage with Mildred,
daughter of Lord Burleigh. |
| 1572. | May | Left England to travel on the Continent.
Formed an intimacy with the celebrated Hu-
bert Languet. |
| 1574. | | Arrived at Venice.
Became acquainted with Tasso and Ursinus. |
| 1575. | May | Returned to England. |
| 1576. | | Appointed Ambassador to the Court of Vienna. |

* From Zouch's *Life of Sydney*.

1577. Held the office of Cup Bearer to the Queen.
1578. Was invited by John Casimir, Count Palatine of the Rhine, to join his army, which he declined.
1579. Wrote to the Queen to dissuade her from marrying Monsieur.
1580. Quarrelled with the Earl of Oxford. Retired to Wilton, and composed the *ARCADIA*.
1581. Was solicited to assist Don Antonio in obtaining the Throne of Portugal, but with which request he did not comply.
- Was Knight of the Shire for the county of Kent.
1582. Accompanied Monsieur to Antwerp.
- Composed the “Defence of Poesy.”
- Spenser dedicated his *Shepherd's Calendar* to Sydney.
1583. Jan. 27 Applied to Burleigh to be joined with the Earl of Warwick “in his office of ordinance,” but did not succeed.
- Married Frances, daughter and sole heir of Sir Francis Walsingham. A marriage had long been contemplated between Sydney and Penelope, daughter of Walter Devereux, Earl of Essex, but which never took place.
1584. January. Received the honour of Knighthood at Windsor Castle.
- Was appointed to condole with Henry III. of France on the death of his brother the Duke of Anjou; but it does not appear that he proceeded on his mission.
- Wrote his Answer to “Leicester's Commonwealth.”

1585. Proposed to join Sir Francis Drake in his second expedition.
- Elizabeth, his only child, was born.
- Is supposed to have been named as one of the competitors for the crown of Poland, but he is said to have declined the dignity.
- Constituted a Privy Councillor.
- Nov. 7. Was appointed Governor of Flushing.
- Promoted to the office of General of the Horse by his uncle the earl of Leicester.
1586. May. Lost his father, Sir Henry Sydney, K. G.
- July. Took the town of Axell, in Flanders.
- August. His mother, Lady Mary Sydney, sister of Robert Earl of Leicester, died.
- Sept. 22. Was mortally wounded at the battle of Zutphen.
- Oct. 17. Died at Arnheim, æt. 32.
- Nov. 5. His body arrived in London.
1587. Feb. 16. Was buried with great pomp at St. Paul's.

Sir Philip Sydney's contributions to the RHAPSODY consist only of *Two Pastorals upon his meeting with his Two worthy friends and fellow Poets, Sir Edward Dyer and Sir Fulke Greville*, p. 29 to 35.

SIR EDWARD DYER.

NOTWITHSTANDING that neither this individual nor FULKE GREVILLE, afterwards Lord Brooke, were contributors to the RHAPSODY, yet, as they are alluded to in it, and were the intimate friends of Sir Philip Sydney, between whom he ordered by his will that his books should be divided, the following particulars may be thought acceptable; especially as many of the circumstances relating to Dyer have not before been noticed. The highly curious letters from him to his patrons and associates, one of which is peculiarly deserving of attention, because it is presumed to afford most important information on Queen Elizabeth's moral character, are believed to be for the first time printed.

SIR EDWARD DYER was the son of Sir Thomas Dyer, of Somersetshire, Knt. the representative of an ancient family in that county, by his second wife, the daughter of Lord Poynings.* He is considered by Anthony Wood to have been admitted either of Baliol

* Harl. MSS. 1141. *The Original Heralds' Visitation of Somersetshire in 1623.* But Sir Edward's mother was, it is more probable, the daughter of one of the *bastard* brothers of the Thomas Lord Poynings, who died *without issue*, 18th May, 1545, and who was the only person at that time to whom the title of peerage could be applied.

College, or of Broadgate Hall, Oxford; but, like his fellow poet Daniel, he left the university without a degree, and travelled on the Continent. On his return, he is supposed to have become attached to the court, and afterwards became known by the productions of his Muse. The earliest proof we possess of his deriving any benefit from his attendance upon his sovereign, was in the eighth year of her reign, 1566, when he obtained a licence to pardon and dispense with tanning of leather contrary to the statute of the 5th Eliz., and to license any man to be a tanner.*

In 1571, he wrote the following letter to Mr. Smith, from which it is evident that he was in some way connected with Lord Leicester; and, as will be stated hereafter, there is little doubt that he possessed very considerable influence over the mind of that nobleman.

“ To my very Friend Mr. John Smith, Esquire, at his Lodgings
by Bridewell.

“ SIR,

“ MY L. of Leicester hath, since her Majesty's coming hither, moved her concerning you. His L. hath let her know what account hath been made of you abroad, and your worthiness (in his opinion) thereof. He willed her highness to consider thereof, and how that your friends might find just cause to persuade you (that if her Majesty did not entertain, encourage, and grace you accordingly) to repair whither your reputation hath been most advanced, again: which, if her Majesty should

* Lodge's *Illustrations of British History*.

suffer it, would not only be a cooling to men's desires to learn to serve their prince and country, but her Majesty should lack him perhaps in need, and be thought abroad in the world careless of men given to virtue.

“ Her Majesty hath made very gracious and wise answer, pretending a full disposition to do you good, and taking nothing away from the good opinion my L. set forth, but rather allowed my L. his motion.

“ So that my L. his advice is, that you repair to the Court, and bad me write so unto you, with this, that he lacketh nothing but some particular matter wherein he might deal for your good with her Majesty, which, if you will but seek out, you shall not need to sue. Thus I have done his good L. commandments, and, as your assured friend, do wish you to join with him herein; and when you come to the Court, I will bestow an advertisement on you for you to deal in if you like thereof.

“ From the Court, the 2nd of August, 1571.

“ Your friend,

“ EDW. DYER.” *

In the ensuing year, his friend Sir Christopher Hatton, the Vice-Chamberlain, incurred the Queen's displeasure; and of the deep interest taken in the subject by Dyer, the subjoined letter of advice exhibits undoubted proof. It is not, however, from that circumstance that this valuable letter derives its claim to attention, but from the extraordinary allusions it contains to Queen Elizabeth.

TO SIR CHRISTOPHER HATTON.

SIR,

“ AFTER my departure from you, thinking upon your case as my dear friend, I thought good to lay before you mine opi-

* Lansdowne MSS. 13, f. 40. *Original.*

nion in writing somewhat more at large than at my last conference I did speak. And I do it of good will, for you need no counsel of mine, I know right well. But one that standeth by shall see more in the game than one that is much more skilful, whose mind is too earnestly occupied. I will not recite the argument, or put the case as it were, for it needeth not, but go to the reasons, such as they be.

“ First of all, you must consider with whom you have to deal, and what we be towards her ; who, though she do descend very much in her sex as a woman, yet we may not forget her place, and the nature of it, as our Sovereign. Now if a man, of secret cause known to himself, might in common reason challenge it, yet, if the Queen mislike thereof, the world followeth the sway of her inclination. And never fall they in consideration of reason, as between private persons they do. And if it be after that rate for the most part in causes that may be justified, then much more will it be so in causes not to be avouched : a thing to be had in regard ; for it is not good for any man straightly to weigh a general disallowance of her doings.

“ That the Queen will mislike of such a course, this is my reason. She will imagine that you go about to imprison her fancy, and to wrap her grace within your disposition ; and that will breed despite and hatred in her towards you. And so you may be cast forth to the malice of every envious person, flatterer, and enemy of yours, out of which you shall never recover yourself clearly, neither your friends, so long as they shew themselves your friends.

“ But if you will make a proof *par ver vramo* as the Spanish phrase is, to see how the Queen and he will yield to it, and it prosper, go through withal ; if not, to change your course suddenly into another more agreeable to her Majesty, I can like indifferently of that. But then you must observe this, that it be upon a by-occasion, for else it were not convenient, for divers reasons that you cannot but think upon.

“ But the best and soundest way in mine opinion is, to put on

another mind; to use your suits toward her Majesty in words, behaviour, and deeds; to acknowledge your duty, declaring the reverence which in heart you bear, and never seem deeply to condemn her frailties, but rather joyfully to commend such things as should be in her, as though they were in her indeed; hating my Lord of Ctm* in the Queen's understanding for affection's sake, and blaming him openly for seeking the Queen's favour. For though in the beginning when her Majesty sought you (after her good manner) she did bear with rugged dealing of yours, until she had what she fancied, yet now after satiety and fulness, it will rather hurt than help you. Whereas, behaving yourself as I have said before, your place shall keep you in worship, your presence in favour, your followers will stand to you; at the least you shall have no bold enemies, and you shall dwell in the ways to take all advantages wisely and honestly to serve your turn at times. Marry, thus much I would advise you to remember, that you use no words of disgrace or reproach towards him to any, that he, being the less provoked, may sleep, thinking all safe, while you do awake and attend your advantages.

“ Otherwise you shall, as it were, warden him and keep him in order, and he will make the Queen think that he beareth all for her sake, which will be as a merit in her sight, and the pursuing of his revenge shall be just in all men's opinions, by what means soever he and his friends shall ever be able.

“ You may perchance be advised and encouraged to the other way, by some kind of friends that will be glad to see whether the Queen will make an apple or a crab of you, which as they find, will deal accordingly with you; following, if fortune be good, if not, leave and go to your enemy, for such kind of friends have no commodity by hanging in suspense, but set you a fire to do off or on, all is one to them, rather liking to have you in any extremity, than in any good mean.

“ But beware not too late of such friends, and of such as make

* Apparently Lord Leicester.

themselves glewe between them and you, whether it be of ignorance or practise. Well not to trouble you any longer. It is very necessary for you to impart the effect of this with your best and most accounted friends, and most worthy to be so; for then you shall have their assistance every way, who being made privy of your counsel, will and ought in honour to be partners of your fortune, which God grant to be of the best. The 9th of October, 1572.

“ Your assured poor friend to command,

“ EDW. DYER.” *

The moral character of her Majesty is a question upon which historians and biographers have been long at issue; but no document has ever fallen under the Editor's observation which affords so much data for forming a conclusive opinion. Of the authenticity of the transcript from which it is taken there are no just grounds of suspicion; and the internal evidence, when compared with Dyer's other letters, particularly with that to Lord Leicester, in a subsequent page, is strongly in its favour; for it is certain that, whether qualified for the task or not, Dyer was in the habit of freely offering his advice. The first idea which occurred on perusing the letter to Hatton was, how far he would have risked committing such sentiments to paper, much less have recommended him to impart the effect of his letter to his “best and most accounted friends.” But this doubt is removed by the consideration that if Dyer was so well acquainted with

* *Harl. MSS. 787, f. 38*, being a Collection of Transcripts of many Letters and Papers, said to have been found in the study of Mr. Dell, Secretary to Archbishop Laud.—*Catalogue of Harleian Manuscripts.*

the existence of an intrigue between Hatton and the Queen, those whom he describes as the confidential friends of the Vice-Chamberlain were, in all probability, equally well informed.

Setting aside speculations as to what it would have been prudent for Dyer to have written, we find among a collection of documents of the period, this letter; and, if it be admitted as a genuine transcript of the original, it only remains to inquire whether the passages under consideration can bear any other interpretation than those now put on them; a point upon which the readers of this article must judge for themselves. The letter, it is clear, was written to dissuade Hatton from the conduct he had marked out for himself towards the Queen, in consequence of the removal of her usual favour; but as, his friend justly observes, "those who stand by see more in the game than those whose mind is too earnestly occupied," he offers him his best counsel on the occasion. The expressions that *though she do descend very much in her sex as a woman, yet that he must not forget that she was still his sovereign; that if a man, of secret cause known to himself, might in common reason challenge it, his ease was one not to be avouched; that the Queen would imagine he meant to imprison her fancy if he remonstrated, or showed his jealousy of his rival, the nobleman to whom Dyer so cautiously alludes, and who must have been Lord Leicester; that he should not seem deeply to condemn her frailties; and, more than all, the remark, that, though in the beginning,*

when her Majesty sought him (after her good manner) she did bear with rugged dealing of his until she had what she fancied, yet now, after satiety and fulness, it would rather hurt than help him,—seem to admit of no other construction than one of damning import to the fame of the “Virgin Queen.”* Nor, it will be seen, are these extracts at all contradicted or softened by the context.

The authenticity of the preceding letter is further corroborated by the following extract from a letter

* An accomplished literary friend, to whom this letter was shewn, has obligingly reminded the writer of these pages of the charges brought against Elizabeth in the scurrilous pamphlet, signed by Cardinal Allen, entitled *An Admonition to the People of England*, a full account of which will be found in a note to Dr. Lingard's admirable History, 4to. vol. v. p. 660; 8vo. vol. viii. p. 535. Without, by any means, crediting all the Cardinal's accusations, still it must be confessed that Dyer's letter gives some strength to many parts of them, particularly to Sir Edward's allusion to Leicester. Speaking of his Lordship, he says, “In which sort, besides others whom we need not note, she hath exalted one special extortioner, whom she took up first of a traitor, and worse than nought, only to serve her filthy lust; whereof to have the more freedom and interest, he (as may be presumed, by her consent) caused his own wife cruelly to be murdered.”..... “With the aforesaid person, and with divers others, she hath abused her body against God's laws, to the disgrace of princely majesty, and the whole nation's reproach, by unspeakable and incredible variety of lust, which modesty suffereth not to be remembered; neither were it to chaste ears to be uttered how shamefully she hath defiled and infamed her person and country, and made her court as a trap, by this damnable and detestable art, to intangle in sin and overthrow the younger sort of the nobility and gentlemen of the land, whereby she is become notorious to the world, and in other countries a common fable for this her turpitude..... She does not marry, because she cannot confine herself to one man.”—And so far does the *Admonition* carry the accusations on this subject, that an allusion is made to “her unlawful, long-concealed or fained issue.”

from Gilbert Talbot to his father, the Earl of Shrewsbury, dated in 1573, a few months only after Dyer's was written; and as it also shows the humiliating means by which Elizabeth's favourites sought the recovery of her favour when in disgrace, as well as Dyer's compliance with the custom, and some memorable particulars about him, it is worthy of notice.

“Hatton is sick still: it is thought he will very hardly recover his disease, for it is doubted it is in his kidneys. The Queen goeth almost every day to see how he doth. Now, in these devices (chiefly by Leicester, as I suppose, and not without Burghley's knowledge) how to make Mr. Edward Dyer as great as ever was Hatton, for now in this time of Hatton's sickness the time is convenient. It is brought thus to pass. Dyer lately was sick of a consumption, in great danger; and, as your Lordship knoweth, he hath been in displeasure these eleven years. It was made the Queen believe that his sickness came because of the continuance of her displeasure toward him, so that, unless she would forgive him, he was like not to recover; and hereupon her Majesty hath forgiven him, and sent unto him a very comfortable message. Now he is recovered again; and this is the beginning of this device.” *

There can be little doubt that Elizabeth was generally attached to some personal favourite. As she changed the objects of her regard, Burleigh and Leicester endeavoured to attract her affections towards one of their own dependents; and, if the construction put upon the preceding letter be well founded, it would be difficult to find any other motive for her

* *Lodge's Illustrations of British History*, vol. ii. p. 101.

favor than a sexual one. Hatton we know to have been extremely handsome, and to have excelled in many accomplishments; but neither he nor Dyer had ever performed any public service worthy of the applause or countenance of their Sovereign. If Elizabeth's virtue, with respect to Hatton, be rendered extremely doubtful by the contents of Dyer's letter to him, it may be inferred, that the attempt of Leicester and Burleigh to make Dyer "as great as ever" the Chamberlain had been, was to have been accomplished in a similar manner.

It is not lightly, nor upon slight grounds, that the character of any woman should be suspected, much less when that woman was one of the most powerful monarchs that ever swayed the English sceptre. Notwithstanding all the insinuations of historians, and the unauthenticated stories so commonly promulgated against Elizabeth, the Writer's opinion was decidedly against the justice of the accusations; but the letter under consideration has produced a conviction of an immediately opposite nature; and with whatever reluctance the opinion of her immorality has been formed, it is now, however, but too firmly established. This important conclusion, if just, affords a key to many parts of Elizabeth's conduct, which have hitherto been irreconcilable with the magnanimity which she sometimes displayed.

To what extent Burleigh and Leicester's plan succeeded we are not informed; but it was most likely frustrated by Hatton's recovery. His sickness indeed, might have been only feigned; though, from the manner in which Talbot speaks of it, and the attempt

founded upon the danger in which he was supposed to have been, rather tend to show that it was real. Neither the Queen's "comfortable message," nor the patronage of such powerful friends, produced any substantial benefit to Dyer for nearly twelve years. But early in 1584 it appears that he was sent on a diplomatic mission to the Low Countries; for on the 28th of February in that year, Mr. Faunt, in a letter to Mr. Bacon, observes:

"This day Mr. Dyer is returned out of the Low Countries, where he was lately employed by her Majesty to the Prince and States: what is there effected you shall there know by my Lord Ambassador."*

Soon after his return it seems, from the subjoined letter, that he suspected that the favour of his patron, Lord Burleigh, had declined; and he was therefore induced to write to his Lordship on the subject.

To the Right Honorable the Lord Burghley, Lord High Treasurer of England, &c.: my especial good Lord.

RIGHT HONORABLE MY VERY GOOD LORD,

WE that live in Court do much observe countenance in personages of the highest honor; and as they shew it favorable or strange towards us, so we reckon more or less upon our reputation. Your Lordship's countenance hath sometimes been such as I have taken great comfort of it; but now of late I have found it altered, though I cannot imagine any cause why it should so be; wherefore I have occasion to suppose, and I am greatly afear'd that the author of evil hath used his instruments of this time to trouble my good fortune, for your Lordship doth not (as the common humorish sort) put off and on your mind

* Birch's *Memoirs of Queen Elizabeth*, vol. i. p. 46.

as a garment; and the countenance doth declare the mind. May it therefore please your Lordship to understand that I do heartily lament me of this misfortune; since I have long, and still do honor you and yours. Secretly and openly, I will maintain it to be true by all ways. And I most humbly beseech your Lordship to admit me to some private speech the better to satisfy my duty, whereby he, whom my Prince and Country ought to love for his singular merits and worthiness, may not hold me one apt to bear false witness to the contrary.—At the Court, the 7th of May, 1585.

“ Your most honorable Lordship’s,

to do you service,

EDWARD DYER.*

From this letter it may be inferred that Dyer was at that time rather an expectant, than actually possessed of an official appointment.

This application appears to have hastened the object of his wishes, for in 1586 the Queen granted him authority to search for and find out what manors, lands, &c. were concealed or detained from her Majesty; and a copy of the articles of agreement, dated 26 August, 1586, between Lord Burleigh and himself, in which he is described as “ Edward Dyer. of Weston, in the County of Somerset, Esqr.” containing the conditions upon which he was to exercise that power, is still extant. This office was, however, only preparatory to a grant of a more beneficial nature, but which was not conferred upon him for nearly two years. About this period we again find Dyer performing the disagreeable office of giving advice, and to one whose hasty and im-

* *Lansd. MSS.* 46, No. 4. Orig. Indorsed by Lord Burghley, “ 7 May, 1585, Edw. Dyer, for speech.”

perious nature must have rendered it rather a hazardous attempt. As we know not in what manner Lord Leicester received it, or the terms upon which he stood with that personage, we cannot precisely estimate the writer's hardihood; but his motives cannot be mistaken. Judging from this and the previous specimen of his zeal towards his friends, when he thought his counsel would do good, the disposition of his heart appears to us in a very amiable light; whilst the soundness of his judgment and the clearness of his views, do equal credit to his understanding. The brief manner in which he speaks of Sir John Norris's capacity is not a little amusing. The letter refers to Leicester's expedition for the relief of Grave, which was at that time besieged by the Prince of Parma.

TO THE EARL OF LEICESTER, HIS EXCELLENCY.

“RIGHT HONORABLE, MY ESPECIAL GOOD LORD,

“I HEAR that your Lordship is in the field, with purpose to fight; which giveth great honor and lustre to your Lordship's name, while so plain a demonstration of your Lordship's courage is made, and added to so many virtues and great ornaments as the world acknowledgeth besides to be in you. In this deliberation of yours I doubt not but your Lordship hath taken ripe and deep advice, and therefore is near a presumption to offer any advertisement in that behalf; and peradventure your Lordship would mislike that any should go about to temper your feverish desire to win honor and fame. Yet by the old proof of your Lordship's wonted favour I cannot forbear to write even a word or two, which, if I were so happy to be present, I would say to your Lordship.

“Let it please your Lordship to consider that there be causes

why a general should not fight. The first is, when (as it were laying too great odds) his loss shall be more than he can gain.

“ The second, when the General seeth that if he do fight, it shall be upon disadvantage.

“ The third, when not provoked by necessity himself, he perceiveth that with time, he may weary his enemy.

“ If I be not deceived, all these three cases are set in your Lordship’s action now in hand; for if your Lordship be overthrown, not only you, but the cause, the country, and all hope of repair hereafter is gone also: when the Prince of Parma loseth but himself and that day only; for Her Majesty will be utterly discouraged, but the king of Spain will make up his force again. So that your Lordship layeth (as I said) too great odds to commit to peril or hazard, then three to one and much more.

“ The Prince of Parma is not inferior in number; he is above yours in goodness of soldiers, captains, and counselship* for the field; and his horsemen, which (unless the place be unhappy unto him, must needs give him victory) are twice so many and twice so good, or my intelligence faileth.

“ Long in the field for lack victual and other necessaries, he is not like tarry; and greater honor is it to obtain without danger than with it.

“ I beseech your Lordship to weigh these things well; and if any of the enemies part have promised secret service at the day, put not your trust thereto, but let their act go before your danger. I would be much longer, but the messenger crieth for haste, and bid be one of your side. At the Court, the 22nd of May, 1586.

“ Your Lordship’s

at commandment,

Norris is not sufficient
for such a day.

EDWARD DYER.” †

* Query.

† Original Galba, C. ix. f. 245. Sealed with a shield—a chief indented, a crescent for difference: and indorsed, “ Mr Edw^d Dyer. Not to fight.”

The zeal which Dyer displayed in the invidious task of ascertaining what lands were withheld from the crown, was in 1588 rewarded; for, by a warrant, dated on the 30th of March in that year, the Queen granted him all the lands which he had ascertained to have been thus concealed before the 20th November, 1558, 1 Eliz. for five years next ensuing.* This proof of Elizabeth's favourable disposition towards him, corroborates the assertions of his biographers, that he possessed a considerable share of her good opinion, and which was further evinced by his having been employed on many diplomatic missions, particularly to Denmark, in 1589; from which time until 1593, very little is known of him. In that year Dyer again incurred her Majesty's displeasure, from the manner in which he exercised the duties confided to him by her warrant before noticed. Of this fact we have undoubted testimony from the following letter to his steady friend, Lord Burleigh.

“ To the Right Honorable the L. Burghley, L. High Treasurer of England, &c. my singular Patron.

“ RIGHT HONORABLE MY ESPECIAL GOOD LORD,

“ IT is the least that I ought to do, to acknowledge my duty towards your L. yet I may not omit the same, especially now upon this present occasion, since it hath pleased your L. to use such favour as to answer generally for me before her Majesty; and then in so honorable a manner to send for this bearer to be informed more particularly, for to maintain that favour.

* Lansdowne MSS. 56, f. 42, in which there is a copy of the warrant.

Such is your Lordship's honorable disposition, not to be contented only to be most worthy of all honour, but to contend also, by right worthy dealing, to kindle men's hearts with an extraordinary desire to your service, which I unfeignedly do feel; and so I beseech God to preserve your L. in long and healthful life, and to fill your honorable estate full of all prosperity. At Winchester House, this xiiijth of March, 1592.*

“ Your most honorable bda.

“ Ever to serve you,

EDWARD DYER.” †

A paper of Dyer's, entitled “The whole course of my Proceedings, both before and since the granting of her Majesty's warrant unto me,” is still extant; † and which throws much light upon the subjects to which it relates. From the indorsement in Burleigh's hand, “A Report by Mr. Dyer, of his State of the Government of Coc'cl,” it may be inferred, that he was intrusted with a command, but from the name being abbreviated, the precise place can only be conjectured.

His disgrace, either from his innocence of the charges brought against him, or through the influence of the Treasurer, was but of short duration; for on the death of Sir John Wolley in 1596, the Queen conferred upon him the chancellorship of the Order of the Garter, on which occasion he received the honour of Knighthood—a distinction which, like all other dignities, she very cautiously and rarely bestowed, and which may, therefore, be received as strong evidence of her Majesty's

* Qu. 1592-3.

† Lansdowne MSS. 73, f. 37.

esteem. From that period until his death, which is presumed to have taken place about the year 1607, nothing appears to be recorded of Dyer's public services or private pursuits. Though the time of his birth has not been ascertained, it is certain that he lived to an advanced age, for as we have seen that he obtained a grant from the crown as early as 1566, at which time he must have been at least twenty-five years of age, and was probably much older, it is almost certain that at the death of Queen Elizabeth in 1601, he was above sixty. The ground for believing that Sir Edward Dyer died about the year 1607, is that an account preserved in the British Museum,* of the value of his lands, which were then to be sold, as well as of his debts, together with a statement of "Monies received by virtue of Sir Edward Stafford's warrant, as for Sir Edward Dyer's warrant of concealment between 1585 and the 29th of April, 1607," † close with the year in question.

On the subject of Dyer's pecuniary affairs we have two curious accounts; the one from the manuscripts just alluded to, in which it is calculated that his lands, which were of the yearly rent of 130*l.* would, at one hundred years' purchase, produce 13,000*l.*; and where his debts are stated to have been 11,200*l.* 13*s.* 8*d.* The other statement is by the well-known Aubrey, who relates, that "he had four thousand pounds per annum, and was left four-score thousand pounds in money. He

* Lansdowne MSS. 165. f. 320.

† Ibid. f. 322.

wasted it almost all. This I had from Captain Dyer, his great grandson, or brother's great grandson. I thought he had been the son of the Lord Chief Justice Dyer, but that was a mistake. The Judge was of the same family, the Captain tells me."*

Sir Edward Dyer died without issue;† nor does it appear that he ever was married. From the account in the Lansdowne MSS. we may be convinced that his effects more than paid his debts, but Aubrey's story of his having had a legacy of 80,000*l.* is, to say the least, extremely questionable, for so large an amount was but very rarely bequeathed at the period in which he lived; and it may also be asked, by whom could it have been given? Certainly not from his own relations, for he was the younger son of a numerous family.

As a poet, Dyer's productions, though not entirely without merit, would scarcely have been saved from oblivion, had they not been preserved among those of greater value. He was a contributor to the *Collections of Choice Flowers and Descriptions*; and many of his pieces will be found in *England's Helicon* and other works, but they have never been collected in a separate volume; nor indeed has much research been before employed with respect to Dyer himself. Several of his inedited pieces are extant among Dr. Rawlinson's MSS. in the Bodleian Library, one of which Dr. Bliss, whose learning and industry are justly appreciated, has given in his edition of Wood's *Athenæ*.

* Bliss's *Wood's Athenæ Oxon.* v. i. p. 743.

† *Original Visitation of Somersetshire, Harl. MSS.* 1141.

Oxonienses.* There is likewise in the Ashmolean Museum a poem by him, entitled "*A Description of Friendship*."

Sir Edward Dyer studied chemistry, and is considered to have been infected with the folly of the day, by believing in astrological predictions and in the transmutations of metals; for, according to his own statement, he saw, whilst in Bohemia, Dr. Dee and Edward Kelly, the well-known astrologers, put base metal into a crucible, and after it was set on the fire and stirred with a piece of wood, it came forth in great proportion perfect gold! †

Of Dyer's character we have little information beyond what is afforded by his letters, and by finding some Odes addressed to him by his contemporaries. Both these sources are undoubtedly objectionable; the former because the picture they exhibit is drawn by himself; and the latter, because no one would trust to the evidence of merit afforded by a complimentary poetical address. These considerations, however, though just to a great extent, are by no means conclusive; for a man's correspondence often affords traits of his heart and motives which cannot be mistaken; and the individual who was frequently the object of the admiration of poets, must either be endowed with influence, or with sterling merit. Dyer, ever a dependant himself, could scarcely have had any parasites of his own; and moreover, some of those who thus complimented him moved in too elevated a sphere to flatter him from interested feelings. Another criterion by

* Vol. i. p. 743.

† Ibid.

which to estimate his character, and which, according to the well-known Spanish adage, is an infallible one, is the friendships which he formed. For the purpose of ascertaining his moral worth, it would be idle to speak of the existence of such a sentiment in relation to Hatton, or others of the court, or to adduce the good opinion entertained of him by Burleigh or Leicester. The friendship of courtiers is proverbially hollow and insincere, and he was removed at too great a distance from either of those noblemen for the existence of an intimate association. But there is one individual whose esteem the biographer of Dyer may with confidence cite, as evidence of his virtues—one who was too elevated in soul and in situation, to applaud him from unworthy motives, and whose regard was of that ennobling description that it conferred honour upon its object. Of the whole court of Elizabeth during her long reign, there was but one person to whom this description can apply; who, standing alone in that hemisphere of fraud and baseness, served to prove to his contemporaries that there might be splendid virtue without one counterbalancing vice. In this description every one must recognize Sir Philip Sydney: and to say that Sir Edward Dyer was his intimate friend and chosen companion; that he mentions him with peculiar kindness in his Odes; that between him and Sir Fulke Greville he orders in his will that his books—the most cherished gift which one literary man can confer upon another—shall be divided, seems to supply the most satisfactory proof

of Dyer's merit. Indeed so strong was the intimacy which subsisted between these individuals, that they were denominated the Castor and Pollux of Poetry! Spenser styles them "the two very diamonds of Her Majesty's Court;" and we likewise possess the great Lord Bacon's testimony of Dyer's abilities, who speaks of him as "a grave and wise gentleman." *

His talents may be fairly judged of from the letters now printed, and from his Poems. It is not too much to attribute to him a superior understanding; for he was evidently shrewd, calculating, and prudent. His judgment appears to have been sound and penetrating; and the perspicuity with which he conveys to others the opinions he had formed, as well as the reasons upon which they were founded, display no common ability. His advice to Hatton on the subject of his conduct towards the Queen, is not overrated, if it be described as a master-piece of policy. With proofs then, that Dyer possessed the favour of his sovereign, and the good opinion of her two most powerful ministers; that he was esteemed by Sir Philip Sydney, and on friendly terms with most of his fellow-courtiers; that he was considered in a respectable light as a poet; that he occasionally filled confidential offices, and was in every respect looked upon as deserving of all which he acquired, it is not too high an eulogium of his character to conclude this account of him by saying, that he was equal in talents, attainments, and moral worth, to most, and superior to many of his contemporaries.

* Zouch's *Life of Sydney*, p. 323.

SIR FULKE GREVILLE.

THOUGH an accomplished courtier and a respectable poet, SIR FULKE GREVILLE, afterwards LORD BROOKE, is chiefly known as the friend of Sir Philip Sydney. His lineage is too well ascertained to require any more notice being taken of it here than to observe, that he was the kinsman, as well as the chosen associate of Sydney, both being descended from Sir Edward Grey, the father of John Lord Grey of Groby; and that, though this relationship was exceedingly distant, still, as the claims of kindred were admitted when much farther removed than they would be at the present day, it is not impossible that it strengthened their friendship. Greville was introduced at court at a very early age, and was so fully possessed with the chivalrous desire of distinguishing himself, that he incurred Queen Elizabeth's displeasure by going abroad with the hope of being present at a battle between Henry III. of France and the King of Navarre, for which offence he was banished the royal presence for six months. His ardour was not, however, extinguished by this check; for when Sir Philip Sydney meditated joining Sir Francis Drake's expedition, Sir Fulke, as he expresses it himself, "having been brought up with him from his youth, was chosen

to be his loving and beloved Achates in this voyage ;” but being discovered by her Majesty, they were compelled, by the menace of her severest displeasure, to return to the Court.

It was about this period of his life that he became inspired with a taste for poetic composition, of which several specimens are extant. On the death of Sir Philip Sydney he became his biographer, and solaced his grief for his loss by delineating his character and virtues. During the latter part of the reign of Elizabeth he held several honourable offices, and at her death was Treasurer of the Navy, a situation which he had filled for some years ; and was created a Knight of the Bath at James’s coronation, 15th July, 1603, shortly after which event he was appointed Chancellor of the Exchequer, and admitted into the Privy Council. In right of his grandmother he was one of the coheirs of the barony of Willoughby de Broke, a dignity now vested in the representative of his sister Margaret, who married Sir Richard Verney, Knight. By letters patent, dated 19th January, 1620–1, Sir Fulke Greville was created a peer by the title of Baron Brooke, of Beauchamp’s Court, in the County of Warwick, with limitation of that honour, failing his issue male, to his kinsman, Robert Greville, Esq. the ancestor of the present Earl and Baron Brooke, and Earl of Warwick. On being raised to the Peerage he resigned the Chancellorship of the Exchequer, and was constituted one of the Gentlemen of the King’s Bedchamber. He was never married ; and wishing to perpetuate the

honour of his name, settled all his lands by will, dated 18th February, 1627-8, on his relative Robert Greville, his successor in his honours. His death was produced by the treachery of one of his household, named Heywood, who was a legatee in his master's will, but being omitted in a codicil, by which an alteration was made in the former testament, he, when alone with him in his lordship's bedchamber, in Brooke House in Holborn, warmly expostulated on the circumstance, and in a moment of ungovernable rage, stabbed his aged master in the back, and escaping into another room, destroyed himself before he could be secured. Lord Brooke languished a few days, and died on the 30th September, 1628, in the 75th year of his age, and was buried on the north side of the choir of the church of Warwick, in an apartment which was originally the chapter-house of the dean and canons, under a monument of black and white marble, which he had erected himself; on which was engraven the following celebrated and romantic inscription, of which it has been well observed, "that he could not have delivered to posterity materials for an estimate of his character more modest yet more comprehensive."

FULKE GREVILLE,

SERVANT TO QUEEN ELIZABETH,

COUNSELLOR TO KING JAMES,

AND

FRIEND TO SIR PHILIP SYDNEY.

TROPHÆUM PECCATI.

MARY, COUNTESS OF PEMBROKE.

THIS distinguished woman was equally illustrious by her birth and by her love of literature. As the beloved sister of Sir Philip Sydney, to whom he dedicated his *Arcadia*, her name must have been preserved, had she not claims on the respect of posterity independent of the celebrity conferred upon her by others. A poet herself, she was the patron of that "prince of poets," as Francis Davison emphatically terms him,* Samuel Daniel, and probably also, in some degree, of Spenser. Her works, though not perhaps entitled to great praise, are not void of merit; but they are chiefly deserving of attention as evidence of the literary attainments of a female at a period, when the pen did not so frequently usurp the place of the needle as at present. *The Tragedy of Anthony, done into English by the Countess of Pembroke*; printed in 1595, and dated from Ramsbury, 26th November, 1590; *An Excellent Discourse of Life and Death, written in French; done into English by the Countess of Pembroke*; dated Wilton, 13th May, 1590; and the *Dialogue between Two Shepherds in Praise of Astrea*, printed in the POETICAL RHAPSODY,

* P. 145.

pages 39 to 41, are the only undoubted productions of her pen. The version of the Psalms generally attributed to Sir Philip Sydney, is considered by Mr. Park to have been the joint composition of his sister; and which opinion is corroborated by Francis Davison having noticed some "Psalms by the Countess of Pembroke."* She was the third wife of William Herbert, second earl of Pembroke, K.G., whom she married in 1625. This alliance was, it appears from a letter from her father to his brother-in-law the Earl of Leicester, so desirable to him, that he observes, he would "lye a year in close prison rather than it should break."†

The Earl died at Wilton, 19th January, 1601, leaving by his widow two sons: William, his successor in the earldom, and to whom, probably from the remote family connexion shown in a former page, Francis Davison inscribed the POETICAL RHAPSODY; Philip; and a daughter Ann, who died young. The Countess having attained a very advanced age, died at her house in Aldersgate-street, London, 25th September, 1621, and was buried with her lord in Salisbury Cathedral.

The lines to her memory by Ben Jonson have been so much and so justly admired, that nothing but their extraordinary beauty could justify the insertion of them in this place.

Underneath this marble hearse
Lies the subject of all verse;
Sydney's sister, Pembroke's mother:
Death, ere thou hast slain another,
Great, and good, and fair as she,
Time shall throw a dart at thee.

* P. xlv.

† Zouch's *Life of Sydney*, p. 105.

SIR WALTER RALEIGH.

THE romantic life and melancholy fate of Sir Walter Raleigh; his splendid abilities; and, perhaps more than all, the injustice he experienced, have combined to throw an intensity of interest around his character, which has rendered it familiar to every reader. Very little will therefore be expected to be said of him in this brief sketch of the contributors to the *POETICAL RHAPSODY*, because nothing could be stated which would not be a repetition of what has been so frequently and so much more ably detailed. The plan adopted relative to Sir Philip Sydney, of submitting a chronological abstract of the most important events in his life, will therefore be followed; but it is impossible to resist the temptation of first throwing a few poor flowers on a grave which the choicest literary parterres have been culled to adorn.

Descended from an ancient family, and inheriting from nature its noblest gifts, both personal and intellectual, Raleigh possessed all the chivalrous ardour and devotion to high and dangerous enterprize which characterized the age. Though at an early period he became attached to the court, the life of a courtier but ill agreed with his ardent spirit; and as no other opportunity presented itself by which he

could obtain distinction, he eagerly prosecuted the discovery of unknown regions. Rapidly rising in his sovereign's esteem, honours were abundantly bestowed on him; and, until his amour with the lady whom he afterwards married, he continued to possess the good opinion of the Queen without interruption; and his merits and services fully justified her partiality. The short season of her displeasure having soon passed away, he was restored to his offices and to her favour. From this event until death deprived him of his illustrious mistress, his career was as successful as his transcendent talents deserved, or his ambition could desire. The enemy of the impetuous Essex, he was viewed with dislike by king James; and almost the first act of that monarch's reign was to displace him from some of his appointments. His fortunes declined from that era. A few months afterwards he was accused of high-treason, and though the real facts of the conspiracy have never been, and probably never will be developed, after a trial, notorious for the manner in which the forms of justice were trampled upon and despised, Raleigh was condemned to suffer the ignominious death of a traitor. The sentence, however, was suspended, and for twelve years he was confined a prisoner in the Tower: on which circumstance his amiable patron Henry, Prince of Wales, observed, with peculiar shrewdness, that "no other king but his father would have kept such a bird in a cage."

During his imprisonment his powerful and energetic mind, disdaining the trammels which confined his body,

employed itself in literary and scientific pursuits. What, however, neither respect for his talents, nor the love of justice could produce, was at length effected by a bribe, and Raleigh was released in March 1617. No sooner had he again tasted the blessings of freedom, than he sought and obtained a commission for a voyage to Guiana. The loss of his eldest son, sickness, and other unavoidable misfortunes, were among the least of the untoward results of this undertaking; for the offence given by it to the Spanish Court induced James to adopt the cowardly policy of sacrificing a man who was the glory of his reign, as a victim to its fury. Immediately on Raleigh's return, his conduct was disavowed, and he himself sent to the Tower, not for any new offence he had committed, but that he might undergo the execution of a sentence passed fifteen years preceding! Little as justice had been observed on his trial, this most flagrant neglect of every sentiment of humanity rendered the former proceedings pure and spotless in the comparison; but in despite of every feeling, social and moral, public and private, Raleigh was beheaded in Old Palace Yard on the 29th October, 1618.

Thus fell a man who, in whatever age he had lived, would have improved and adorned it. First in rank in science, and in literature; a most skilful commander; a poet, and a hero, Raleigh's name will live for ever in the history of his country: whilst that of the Prince who, though forgetful of the murder of his own mother, could, either in revenge of that of his

favourite Essex, or from the pusillanimous dread of offending the Court of Spain, consent to the destruction of so illustrious a subject, must be remembered with pity, if not with indignation.

Extraordinary as many of the events of Raleigh's life were, it was, as is pointed out by his able biographer,* the most singular of them, that he should have been condemned for a conspiracy in favour of Spain, but that the sentence should only have been executed in consequence of his hostile acts against that country! The intercession used by Anne, James's consort, in favour of Raleigh, whilst it is highly honourable to her memory, shows the rancorous feeling which existed in the heart of her husband, that even her solicitations should have been in vain.

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|-------|----------|--|
| 1552. | | Sir Walter Raleigh was born at Hayes, in the parish of Budley, in Devonshire. |
| 1568. | | Became a Commoner of Oriel College, Oxford. |
| 1569. | October. | Accompanied Henry Champernon into France in aid of the Hugonots. |
| 1575. | | Returned to England. |
| 1577. | | Attended Sir John Norris to the Low Countries. |
| 1579. | | Accompanied his half brother, Sir Humphrey Gilbert, in his voyage to America. |
| 1580. | August. | Was in Ireland, and served with distinction against the rebels. |
| 1581. | Spring. | Was, with Sir William Morgan and Captain Piers, appointed to govern the Province of Munster. |

* Cayley's *Life of Sir Walter Raleigh*.

1582. Introduced to Queen Elizabeth, and soon after appointed to attend Simier, the agent of the Duke of Anjou.
1583. 11th June. Accompanied Sir Humphrey Gilbert in his expedition, but was forced back to Plymouth.
1584. 25th March. Received the Queen's Patent to discover "Remote Heathen Barbarous Lands," and about the same time was granted another patent for licensing the venders of wine.
- 27th April. Two vessels, fitted out by Raleigh, sailed in pursuance of the said patent, and on the 4th of July they discovered Virginia.
- Elected Knight of the Shire for the County of Devon.
1585. Received the honour of knighthood.
- Obtained a grant of 12,000 acres in the Counties of Cork and Waterford, in Ireland.
- Appointed Warden of the Duchy of Cornwall, and Lord Warden of the Stannaries in Devon and Cornwall.
1586. Was constituted Captain of the Guard to her Majesty, and Lieutenant-General of Cornwall.
1587. Received a grant of the lands of Anthony Babington.
Was at this time Gentleman of the Queen's Privy Chamber.
1589. 7th March. Assigned over his patent of the Plantation of Virginia.
- About this year he had also a patent for granting licences for the keeping of taverns and for retailing wine.
- Sailed under Sir Francis Drake and Sir John

- Norris, to assist Don Antonio in his claim to the throne of Portugal.
1589. August. The Earl of Essex "chased Raleigh from the Court, and confined him in Ireland."
1591. 27 Dec. Spenser dedicated *Colin Clout come Home again* to Raleigh, though that poem was not published until 1595.
- Raleigh wrote his Defence of Sir Richard Grenville's action off the Azores with a Spanish squadron.
1592. February. Sailed as General of the Fleet destined against the Spanish Settlements in the West Indies.
- July. Was imprisoned in the Tower soon after his return, for having seduced Elizabeth Throckmorton, a maid of honour, whom he however married.
- September. Liberated from the Tower.
1593. Feb. to April. Distinguished himself in the House of Commons as a speaker.
1594. Obtained a grant of the Manor of Sherborne, in Dorsetshire; about which time he expected to have been admitted of the Privy Council, having recovered the Queen's favour, which he had lost from his affair with Miss Throckmorton. In this year also his eldest son Walter was born.
1595. 6 Feb. Sailed from England on his voyage to Guiana.
- July. Returned to England.
1596. 1st June. Sailed in the Fleet under the command of the Earl of Essex against Spain.
- 10th Aug. Arrived at Plymouth.
1597. Was candidate for the office of Vice-Chamberlain, and endeavoured to be allowed to exercise his office of Captain of the Guard,

- from which he had been suspended, probably when confined in the Tower.
1597. June 1st Was reinstated in his office and in the favour of the Queen.
- July 10. Sailed as Rear-Admiral of the Fleet in the expedition commonly called the Island Voyage.
- The fleet returned.
- Acted as mediator, by the Queen's command, between the Earls of Essex and Nottingham, and took his seat in the Parliament, which met 24th October in this year.
1599. August. Constituted Vice-Admiral of the Fleet destined to oppose the expected invasion.
1600. January. Disappointed in being made a Privy Counsellor, he returned to Sherborne.
- May. Returned to the Court, and renewed his applications for the office of Vice-Chamberlain; soon afterwards he accompanied Lord Cobham to Flanders, and returned in a few weeks.
- 26th August. Appointed Governor of Jersey.
1601. February. Examined relative to Essex's conspiracy, and acted as Captain of the Guard at his execution.
- Was appointed to receive M. de Rosny, afterwards Duke de Sully, and accompanied the Queen in her progresses in this year.
- 27th Oct. Sat in Parliament as knight of the shire for Cornwall, and was conspicuous in it as a speaker on many important subjects.
1603. Queen Elizabeth died, and Raleigh was deprived of his office of Captain of the Guard, and also of his patent for wines: in recom-

- pense for which he received a grant of 300*l.* per annum.
1603. August. Accused as a party to Lord Cobham's conspiracy, and was committed to the Tower, where he is said to have attempted to destroy himself.
- 17 Nov. Tried at Winchester, and condemned and attainted.
- 15th Dec. Removed again to the Tower.
1604. The goods and chattels forfeited by his attainder granted to others.
1605. His second son, Carew, born.
1614. His "History of the World" published.
1616. 17th March. Released from the Tower.
- 26th Aug. Obtained a commission for a voyage to Guiana.
1617. 28th March. Sailed with his fleet from the Thames.
- November. Arrived at Guiana.
- December. His eldest son, Walter, killed in an assault.
1618. June or July. Returned to England.
- 10th Aug. Apprehended near Woolwich in attempting to escape, and committed to the Tower.
- 28th Oct. Summoned before the Court of King's Bench, and the sentence passed on him in November 1603, just *fifteen years before*, ordered to be carried into execution. The King, however, directed that he should be beheaded.
- Thursday, } Beheaded in Old Palace-Yard. His body
29th Oct. } was buried in the chancel near the altar of St. Margaret, Westminster; but his head, after being preserved for twenty-nine years by his widow, is supposed to have been buried at West Horsley, in Surrey.

The only poem printed in the RHAPSODY which was undoubtedly written by Raleigh, is, *A Poesy to prove Affection is not Love*, p. 276 to 278; but Sir Egerton Brydges, in the Lee Priory edition of that work, has attributed every article signed *Ignoto* or *Anomos*, as well as that excessively beautiful poem, *The Lie*, to his pen; though that elegant writer afterwards admits that the reason which induced him to do so was not so well grounded as he expected. Some remarks on *The Lie* will be found in a note appended to it, where the observation that it could not, from the date, have been written, as is pretended, by Sir Walter the night before his execution, is repeated. It is nevertheless possible that it was written by Raleigh the night before he *expected* to have been executed at Winchester, November 1603, a circumstance which is perfectly reconcileable to dates, and in some degree accounts for the tradition alluded to.

SIR JOHN DAVIES.*

SIR JOHN DAVIES was born in 1570, at Chisgrove, in the parish of Tylsbury in Wiltshire, and was the son of an opulent tanner of that place. At the age of fifteen he became a Commoner of Queen's College, Oxford, where his progress in his studies was highly creditable; and after taking a degree in Arts, he entered himself of the Middle Temple, by which Society he was called to the Bar. Having quarrelled with, and beaten, Richard Martin, afterwards Recorder of London, at dinner in the Hall, he was expelled the Society; when he returned to Oxford, and there composed his admirable poem, *Nosce Teipsum*, which was published in 1599, in quarto, and dedicated to Queen Elizabeth. By the interest of the Lord Keeper Eger-ton, Davies was restored to the Society of the Middle Temple, practised at the Bar, and was elected a member of the Parliament which met at Westminster in 1601. On the death of Queen Elizabeth he went,

* As the biographical sketches of Davison, Sydney, and Dyer, have nearly occupied the whole space which it was intended to give to the notices of the Contributors to the RHAPSODY, this and the following must be as brief as possible.

with Lord Hunsdon, to congratulate King James upon his accession; and being recognized by him as the author of *Nosce Teipsum*, was most graciously received. James's favour towards Davies was soon displayed by his appointing him Solicitor, and shortly afterwards, Attorney General in Ireland. Whilst holding the latter office the king conferred the honour of knighthood upon him, on the 11th February, 1607. He was constituted King's Serjeant 30th June, 1612, and is said to have been appointed Chief Justice of the King's Bench in 1626, but he died suddenly of apoplexy on the 7th December, in that year before he had taken his seat. Sir John Davies married Eleanor Touchet, daughter of George, Baron Audley, and Earl of Castlehaven in Ireland; which alliance, it seems, took place about March 1609:* the only issue of it was a son, who was an idiot, and a daughter, Lucy, who married Fernando, sixth Earl of Huntingdon, and by him had four sons and six daughters. The Countess died in 1652.

Davies's works are well known; hence it is only necessary to allude to his contributions to the RHAPSODY. The first article, *Yet other Twelve Wonders of the World; A Lottery presented before the Queen; and, A Contention betwixt a Wife, a Widow, and a Maid*, were certainly written by him; but it is doubtful whether the *Hymn in Praise of Music*,† and the

* See a letter from Chamberlaine among the Addit. MSS. in the British Museum, noticed in Part III. p. 23, of the *Ice Priory Edition of the RHAPSODY*.

† P. 261.

Ten Sonnets to Philomel,* which follow it, signed I. D. were his productions, or those of John Donne, the celebrated Dean of St. Paul's. Sir Egerton Brydges observes, that "they seem rather to partake of the conceits of Donne than of the simple vigour of Davies;" and the idea that Donne was the author of them is in some degree supported by Francis Davison's note of *Manuscripts to get*, apparently for the RHAPSODY, among which were, *Satyres, Elegies, Epigrams, &c. by John Don.* †

* P. 263 to 271.

† See p. xlv.

EDMUND SPENSER.

As a contributor to the RHAPSODY, the immortal SPENSER claims a place in these biographical sketches; but, like Raleigh and Sydney, his name is too generally known by the world, to justify any other account of him than a slight abstract of the principal events of his life.

Spenser is said to have been born in East Smithfield, London, about the year 1553. His pedigree is unknown, for though he claimed to be related to the ancient family of his name in Northamptonshire, the connexion has never been ascertained.— He was educated at Pembroke Hall, Cambridge.*

1573. January. Took his degree of A. B.
1578. Proceeded M. A., and retired to the North, in consequence of being disappointed of a Fellowship.
About this period he became enamoured of his *Rosalind*, and is presumed to have written his SHEPHERD'S CALENDAR, and which obtained the patronage of Sir Philip Sydney, to whom it was dedicated.
1579. Was sent abroad by the Earl of Leicester.
1580. Became Secretary to Arthur Lord Grey of Wilton, on that nobleman being appointed Lord Deputy of Ireland.

* Sir Egerton Brydges's edition of Philips's *Theatrum Pœtarum*.

1582. Returned to England on Lord Grey being recalled; and is presumed from this time to 1586, to have been employed in the composition of the FAERIE QUEENE.
1586. June 27. Obtained a grant of 3000 acres in the county of Cork, in Ireland, part of the estate forfeited by the Earl of Desmond.
1587. Took possession of his estate in Ireland, and seated himself at Kilcolman, near the river Mulla, where he continued until visited by Sir Walter Raleigh, when he was persuaded by him to prepare the three first books of the FAERIE QUEENE for publication.
1588. Accompanied Raleigh to London.
1590. January. The three first books of the FAERIE QUEENE appeared in 4to. About this period he married, and appears to have returned to Ireland, where he composed three additional books of the FAERIE QUEENE, and other Poems.
1591. February. Obtained a pension of 50*l.* a year from the Queen.
1595. Published his *Colin Clout come Home again*.
1596. He wrote *A View of the State of Ireland*; and in this year the fourth, fifth, and sixth books of the FAERIE QUEENE appeared, when he is presumed to have again come to London.
1597. In this year Speuser has been supposed to have closed his mortal career, in Ireland; though Camden states, that being obliged to return to England in 1598, in consequence of Tyrone's rebellion, when his fortune was plundered, he died either in that or the fol-

lowing year. His decease, it has been recently stated, occurred in London on the 16th of January, 1598-9. He was buried in Westminster Abbey, at the expense of the Earl of Essex. In the rebellion alluded to, Ben Jonson asserts that Spenser's goods were robbed; his house and little child burnt; that he and his wife narrowly escaped a similar fate; and that he refused twenty pieces sent him by the Earl of Essex, and gave this answer to the person who brought them—"That he was sure he had no time to spend them." Spenser is related to have left two sons, Sylvanus and Peregrine; and in the reign of Charles II., Hugolin Spenser, a great grandson of the poet, is recorded to have been restored to part of his father's lands.

Dr. Birch * cites the following lines from *Parnassus, or the Scourge of Simony, publicly acted by the Students in St. John's College in Cambridge*, printed in 1606, as evidence that Spenser died in a very destitute condition. After eulogizing the poet, it is observed,

“And yet for all, this unregarding soil
Unlac't the line of his desired life,
Denying maintenance for his deare reliefe,
Careless care to prevent his exequy,
Scarce deigning to shut up his dying eye.”

Such are the only facts known of a man whose works will be coeval with the language in which they are

* *Memoirs of the Reign of Queen Elizabeth.*

written; and however much it is to be regretted that more minute particulars of his life and character have not been preserved, it is at least consoling to his admirer to reflect, that of all who have adorned the literature of their country, or who are identified with its fame, in none can the loss alluded to be, of less importance; for the mighty genius of Spenser was alone sufficient to render his name imperishable.

The only article from his pen which was introduced into the RHAPSODY, is an elegy entitled *Love's Embassy*, which will be found in p. 290.

JOSHUA SYLVESTER.

THE biography of this individual, who was known by the name of "silver-tongued Sylvester," and who is described by Sir Egerton Brydges* as the most popular writer of King James's reign, is extremely scanty. He was educated by his uncle W. Plumb, Esq. and is said to have been a merchant adventurer.

Distinguished alike by his moral conduct, his piety, his patience in adversity, his talents, and his acquirements, he obtained the respect of Queen Elizabeth, of James the First, and of the amiable Henry Prince of Wales. In 1597 he was a candidate for the situation of secretary to the merchant adventurers of Stode; and the Earl of Essex in that year wrote two letters, the one of a private nature to Mr. Ferrars, the Deputy Governor, and the other a public one to the Company, strongly recommending him for the appointment;† but whether the application was successful has not been ascertained.

Sylvester's chief production was a translation of Du Bartas' Poem on the Creation, ‡ to which some of

* Preface to the *Lec Priory edition of the Rhapsody*, p. 70.

† Birch's *Memoirs of Queen Elizabeth*, vol. ii. page 341.

‡ This poem went through *thirty-eight* editions in five years, and was translated into Latin, English, German, Spanish, and Italian.—*Lec Priory edit. of the Rhapsody*, p. 72.

his own poems were added. With the French, Spanish, Dutch, Italian, and Latin languages, he is stated to have been well acquainted; but his forwardness in exposing and correcting the vices of the age, excited a powerful resentment against him; and his country, it has been observed, having treated him with ingratitude, he retired to Middleburg in Zealand, where he died in 1618, aged fifty-five.

A list of Sylvester's works will be found in Ritson's *Bibliographia Poetica*; but it would appear from Davison's memorandum of *Manuscripts to get*,* that he had also written some Psalms.

His production in the RHAPSODY consists only of a Sonnet, which is inserted in p. 233.

* Page xlv.

HENRY CONSTABLE.

THIS writer is presumed to have been descended from the ancient family of that name in Yorkshire, and to have taken his degree of B.A. at St. John's College, Cambridge, in 1579. It is evident that he was a Catholic, and that he was in the employment of Mary Queen of Scots, of whom, in one of his Sonnets, he speaks as *his dear mistress*. His political opinions caused him to be banished for many years from this country; and in 1595 he was at Paris, from which place he wrote thus to Anthony Bacon,* dated 6th of October, in that year.

“ It was my fortune once to be beloved of the most part of the most virtuous gentlemen of my country; neither think I that I have deserved their evil liking since: I trust I have given my Lord of Essex sufficiently to understand the dutiful affection I bear to my Country; and all my Catholic countrymen that know me, are witnesses how far I am against violent proceedings.”

In January 1596, Constable was at Rouen, and wrote from thence to the Countess of Shrewsbury, imploring her to obtain permission for him to return to England.† Shortly afterwards he came privately

* It is from this letter, which is preserved in the library of the Archbishop of Canterbury, that the *fac-simile* of his autograph was taken.

† These letters are printed in Lodge's *Illustrations of British History*; but the Editor says, he can neither affirm nor

to London ; but being soon discovered, he was imprisoned in the Tower, from which he was released in the latter end of the year 1604, after which event nothing can be traced of him.

One of his contemporaries, in 1606, speaking of Constable, says,

“ *Sweet Constable* doth take the wond’ring ear,
And lays it up in willing imprisonment.”

and in 1616, Bolton in his *Hypercritica*, alludes to him,

“ *Noble Henry Constable* was a great master of the English tongue ; nor had any gentleman of our nation a more pure, quick, or higher delivery of conceits.”

From the construction of the passages just quoted it may be inferred, that Constable was living in 1606 ; but that he was dead when noticed by Bolton in 1618.

His only contribution to the RHAPSODY was one SONNET, addressed to the Countesses of Cumberland and Warwick, printed in page 292 ; though Francis Davison includes in his memorandum of *Manuscripts to get*,* “ Hen. Constable’s 63 Sonnets,” which is very nearly the number in the manuscript collection of his Sonnets, lately discovered by the Rev. John Todd.†

deny that this Henry Constable was the poet. Sir Egerton Brydges, however, conceives that there can be little doubt on the point ; and hence, in the *Lee Priory Edition of the Rhapsody*, from which the above account has been almost entirely taken, he has spoken with certainty of the poet being the writer of this correspondence.

* Page xlv.

† *Lee Priory Edition of the Rhapsody*, p. 123.

ROBERT GREENE.*

THIS unfortunate poet was a native of Norwich, and is supposed to have been born about the year 1550. His father is said to have been a citizen of that place, and, by the exercise of trade, to have accumulated a sufficient fortune to send his son to the university of Cambridge, where he was admitted of St. John's College, and proceeded B. A. in 1578; not long after which he travelled into Italy and Spain. In 1583 he took his degree of M. A. at Clare Hall, and it has been asserted that he soon afterwards entered into holy orders, and was the individual who was presented to the vicarage of Tottesbury in Essex, on the 19th of June, 1584; but, as will be more fully stated, there are good grounds for believing that he was ordained nearly eight years before.

His chief, if not only occupation was, however, composing plays and amatory pamphlets; and he appears to have fallen into the lowest courses of vice and debauchery; conduct which, as it has been well remarked, was totally inconsistent with the duties of his sacred office. An author by profession, and the asso-

* The following notice of Greene has been chiefly taken from the biographical memoir prefixed to the reprint by Sir Egerton Brydges of *Greene's Goat's-worth of Wit*.

ciate of some of the most dissipated of his contemporaries, his pecuniary resources and his morals seem to have been equally wretched: and this period of Greene's career was, it seems, afterwards the subject of his heartfelt and poignant regret. About 1586 he is supposed by Mr. Park to have married an amiable woman, whom he deserted.

With the exception of an account of Greene's publications, and his quarrel with Gabriel Harvey, the preceding notice embraces all which was known of him by his accomplished editor; but from the following extract from *Rymer's Fœdera*, referred to in Lansdowne MSS. 982, f. 187, as an addition to Anthony Wood's account of Robert Greene, who died in 1592, it would appear that he was in 1576 one of the Queen's chaplains, and that her Majesty presented him to the rectory of Walkington, in the diocese of York.

“ ANNO 1576. Regina, dilectis Nobis in Christo, Decano et Capitulo Ecclesiæ nostræ Cathedralis et Metropoliticæ Eboracensis, aut Vicario suo in Spiritualibus Generali et Officiali Principali aut alii cuicumque in hac parte potestatem habenti, Salutem.

“ Ad Rectoriam sive Ecclesiam Parochialem de Walkington Eboracen. Dioces. per mortem Johannis Newcome ultimi Incumbentis ibidem, jam vacantem et ad nostram Donationem et Præsentationem pleno jure spectantem, Dilectum Nobis in Christo, Robertum Grene, unum Capellanorum nostrorum Capellæ nostræ Regiæ, vobis tenore Præsentium præsentamus, Mandantes et Requirentes quatenus eundem Robertum Grene ad Rectoriam sive Ecclesiam Parochialem de Walkington prædictam admittere, ipsumque Rectorem ejusdem ac in et de eadem cum suis Juribus et Pertinentiis universis instituere et investire, cæteraque om-

nia et singula peragere facere et perimplere, quæ vestro in hac parte incumbunt Officio Pastoralis, velitis cum favore. In cuius rei, &c.

“ Teste Regina apud Gorbambury tricesimo primo die Augusti.

“ *Per breve de Privato Sigillo.*” *

In the Lee Priory edition of the RHYMPSODY, Greene is said to have been born in 1550, but in other works,† in 1560. If the preceding document relates to the poet, he must, in 1560, have been at least nine or ten years of age, which agrees with the statement that his birth took place in 1550.

He died in September 1592, of a surfeit, occasioned by eating pickled herrings, and drinking Rhenish wine with them. His real character is perhaps better displayed by the following letter to his wife, than by any evidence afforded by his writings, or by the description which has been given of it. Remorse is generally the attendant of a heart naturally good, though perverted by seduction or accident; for, as the immortal Johnson has so justly observed, “where there is shame, there may in time be virtue.” It is thus gratifying as well as useful to peruse the effusions of repentance; to contemplate the mind, led away by the erratic wanderings of genius, and the proud belief that splendid talents justified, or at least extenuated those excesses, which in others would infallibly

* *Rymer's Fœdera*, tome xv. p. 765.

† Bliss' *Wood's Athen. Oxon.*—*Great's-worth of Wit*, before cited.

excite contempt, at last, sensible of the folly of its opinions; and prostrate, either from sickness or grief, relieving an overburdened conscience by making every possible atonement. The letter of Greene to his amiable but ill-used wife, may therefore justly be deemed the most valuable of his writings, both to himself as redeeming in a great degree his former errors, and to others as a warning and an example.

“ The remembrance of many wrongs offered thee, and thy unreprieved virtues, adds greater sorrow to my miserable state than I can utter, or thou conceive. Neither is it lessened by considerations of thy absence (though shame would let me hardly behold thy face) but exceedingly aggravated; for that I cannot (as I ought) to thy own self reconcile myself, that thou mightest witness my inward woe at this instant, that have made thee a woeful wife for so long a time. But equal Heaven hath denied that comfort, giving, at my last need, like succour as I have sought all my life: being in this extremity as void of help as thou hast been of hope. Reason would, that after so long waste, I should not send thee a child to bring thee greater charge: but consider he is the fruit of thy womb, in whose face regard not the father's so much, as thy own perfections. He is yet green, and may grow straight if he be carefully tended: otherwise apt enough (I fear me) to follow his father's folly. That I have offended thee highly I know; that thou canst forget my injuries I hardly believe; yet, persuade I myself, if thou saw my wretched estate, thou couldest not but lament it: nay, certainly I know thou wouldest. All my wrongs muster themselves about me. Every evil at once plagues me. For my contempt of God, I am contemned of men; for my swearing and forswearing no man will believe me; for my gluttony I suffer hunger; for my drunkenness, thirst; for my adultery ulcerous sores. Thus God hath cast me down, that I might be humbled and punished for

example of other sinners. And although he suffers me in this world to perish without succour, yet trust I in the world to come to find mercy by the merits of my Saviour, to whom I commend thee, and commit my soul.

“Thy repentant husband for his disloyalty,

“ROBERT GREENE.”

Greene died, as may be expected from what has been already stated, extremely poor; and his reviler Harvey informs us that he did not leave enough to bury him. What became of his son is not known, nor are we acquainted with the name of his wife.

His productions are extremely numerous, and are decidedly marked by wit and genius; but his only contribution to the RHAPSODY was the translation of Anacreon's third Ode in p. 247.

SIR HENRY WOTTON.

THOUGH but the contributor of a solitary article to the RHAPSODY, *An Elegy of a Woman's Heart*,* the intention of noticing each of the writers whose productions are contained in it, renders it necessary that a few words should be said of him.

Sir HENRY WOTTON was a younger brother of Edward Lord Wotton, of Maberly, in Kent, and was born at Bocton Hall in that county, in 1568. At a proper age he was sent to Winchester, whence he removed to Oxford, and afterwards spent several years on the Continent.† On his return, his accomplishments procured him the notice of the Earl of Essex; but on that nobleman's execution he went to Florence, and was honoured with the confidence of the Grand Duke of Tuscany; who, having intercepted some letters developing a plot for the assassination of James VI. of Scotland, sent Wotton to acquaint him with it. Soon after that monarch's accession he received the

* P. 275.

† It is not unlikely that the "Mr. Wo." mentioned by Mr. Smyth in his letter to Secretary Davison, p. viii. was the individual noticed in the text.

honour of knighthood, and was frequently employed in diplomatic missions. About the year 1623 Sir Henry was made Provost of Winchester College, which situation he held until his death, in 1639, aged seventy-one.

As a statesman and a writer Sir Henry Wotton was equally distinguished ; nor was he less esteemed for the amiable qualities of his heart : but from his character having been drawn by a biographer whose works, much more from the caprice of public taste than from their own value, are in every person's hands, Wotton has obtained a celebrity which his own merits would never have procured.

JOHN DONNE.

IN the brief notice of Sir John Davies it was observed, that the *Hymn in Praise of Music*, and the *Ten Sonnets to Philomel*, signed I. D. in pages 261 to 272 of the RHAPSODY, were, for the reasons there assigned, supposed to have been the production of JOHN DONNE, Dean of St. Paul's, rather than of Davies. As, however, it is far from certain to whom they should be attributed, all which will be here said of DONNE is, that he was born in 1573; and though originally destined for the law, King James, to whose notice he was introduced, thought him better qualified for the Church; in consequence of which he took orders, and was appointed one of his Majesty's chaplains. In 1621 he became Dean of St. Paul's, in which situation he died in 1631.

Dr. DONNE was no less eminent as a divine than as a poet; and his Satires, to which Francis Davison alludes,* were republished by Pope. It must be observed, that the translation of the 137th Psalm, printed in a subsequent page, from the belief that it was written by FRANCIS DAVISON, is, with a few verbal alterations, included among the poems of DONNE.

* Page xlv.

THOMAS CAMPION.

THIS writer flourished as a poet and physician during part of the reigns of Elizabeth and James the First. He was educated at Cambridge, but no particulars of his life or family can be found. From the "Admittances to Gray's Inn,"* in which a THOMAS CAMPION is stated to have been admitted a member of that Society in 1586, and who is in a great measure identified as the poet, from his having composed a song for the *Gray's Inn Masque*, it would appear that he was originally intended for the profession of the law. By his contemporaries he is styled "Sweet Master Campion;" and he was famous as well for his musical as for his poetical talents.

CAMPION is presumed to have made his will in October 1621, and which was proved in January 1623.† His pieces in the RHAPSODY are, *A Hymn in Praise of Neptune*, sung in the *Gray's Inn Masque* in 1594; *Of his Mistress's Face*; *Upon her Paleness*; and *On Corinna singing*.‡

* Harl. MSS. 1912.

† *Ancient Critical Essays*, edited by Mr. Haslewood, vol. ii. p. vi. note, in which an account of Campion's publications will be found, compiled with that editor's usual research and accuracy.

‡ P. 271 to 274.

CHARLES BEST.

A WRITER whose name is only known as a contributor to the RHAPSODY, and whose merits Sir Egerton Brydges has described as being very slender. His productions will be found in p. 183, 184, and from p. 304 to p. 318.

The articles in the pages last cited were, for the reasons stated in a note to p. 308, certainly written between the years 1603 and 1608, and in many parts they seem to deserve for their author higher praise than has hitherto been bestowed upon him.

THOMAS SPILMAN.

LIKE Charles Best, SPILMAN is only known by the few poems with his signature in the RHAPSODY. The Editor is inclined to believe that his name was properly SPELMAN, and that he was the Thomas Spelman who, as is shown by the genealogical table introduced in a former page, was the first cousin of Francis Davison.

His poems consist of *A Translation of Anacreon's Second Ode*, p. 246, 247; *Upon his Lady's Sickness of the Small Pox*, p. 280; and perhaps also of the *Madrigal* in p. 278, as well as of the address *To his Lady's Garden*, p. 279.

At the end of Harleian MSS. 1893, are two curious letters by a *Thomas Spelman*, without date,* addressed "to the noble Knight, Sir Francis Bacon," but the uncertainty whether he was the individual here noticed has prevented their insertion at length. It appears that the writer was then under legal restraint, and he implores Bacon to employ "the predominance" he has with Sir Henry Montagu, who was then Lord Chief Justice of the King's Bench, to allow him a hearing at the bar, when, he observes, "If by the strictest inquisition that may be, they discover a piece or sample of vice in me, let him turn the point of justice on me with his utmost force."—Many expressions in these letters are very extraordinary. After informing Bacon that he was mistaken in supposing that "the clamour and thunder which filled his ears yesternight came from him, and that if he gave him an interview, he had no doubt he could remove his prejudice against him," he remarks, "Concerning my life, it is a snuff which will go out, if it be not put out; only I would

* They must, however, have been written towards the end of the year 1616, or very early in 1617, as Sir Henry Montagu was not promoted to the Bench until the 16th November, 1616. Sir Francis Bacon was at that time Attorney General, to which office he was appointed on the 27th October, 1613, and was created Lord Verulam in July 1618.

not have it leave a stink behind it;" and he concluded the first of these letters by assuring him, "that this favor will shew the purity of his disposition, neither shall it be any dishonor to him that he was his creature." From the mention of the loss of his life, and a postscript, "that it must be effected before sun-rising to-morrow," it would appear that the case in which he was involved was of a very serious nature.

Nothing which tends to identify the Poet either as the writer of the letters alluded to, or as Francis Davison's relative, has been discovered; but it is not at all improbable that it was the same person.

THOMAS WATSON.

THOMAS WATSON was a native of London, and was educated at Oxford, where his pursuits were chiefly directed to poetry and romance. On his return to the metropolis he studied the law, but his progress in that science is very problematical. He is supposed to have died in 1592. Watson's productions are numerous, but his principal publication was the *Hecatompethia; or, Passionate Century of Love*; in which the poems introduced into the RHAPSODY were, with some slight variations, printed.

A. W.

ALTHOUGH above one hundred pages of the POETICAL RHAPSODY are occupied by the productions of a writer whose initials appear to have been A. W., his name has never been discovered. The extreme beauty of his poems renders this circumstance an object of much regret, for few poets of the period possess such high claims to our admiration.

The only individuals mentioned by Ritson, with whose names this signature agrees, are Andrew Willett and Arthur Warren; but it does not seem at all probable that these pieces were written by either of them. Ritson, however, was inclined to attribute them to Warren; but no proof whatever exists of the fact. Sir Egerton Brydges once thought that they were by Sir Walter Raleigh; but this conjecture was proved to be erroneous, by a list of all A. W.'s poems being found in a manuscript of Sir Simon D'Ewes, in the British Museum,* among which were nearly the whole of the anonymous articles in the RHAPSODY. The attention of the present Editor has of course been directed to this interesting document; but all which he has been able to ascertain from the examination of it, is the

* Harl. MSS. 280, f. 102.

certainly that it is in the handwriting of Francis Davison. To many of the articles peculiar marks have been affixed, and those selected for the RHAPSODY have a similar note or mark annexed to them. It must also be observed, that the article preceding this list is, "A Catalogue of y^e Poems containd in England's Helicon," and which is likewise in Francis Davison's writing.

Two deductions illustrative of the question of who A. W. really was, may be made from this list, and from the certainty that it was written by Davison. The first, that the poems alluded to had never been published until 1602, when they were inserted in the first edition of the RHAPSODY; and the other, that the volume which contained them was at that time in the possession of Francis Davison: but whether it was his own property, or merely lent to him, cannot be determined; though, from the manner in which he speaks of some articles being bound up with his copy of the *Shepherd's Calendar*, it is most likely that the collection was his own. If this be admitted, it is not too much to conclude that the poet himself was not at that time in existence; for, had he been alive, he would hardly have parted with the manuscript of his productions. That A. W. was living after the death of Sir Philip Sidney in 1585, is manifest from his having written an *Eclogue*, *Hexameters*, and *An Epigram upon his Death*.* Under these circumstances, though

* Pages 68, and 252 to 254.

it is admitted that there is nothing like proof of the fact, still it is most probable that A. W. died some time between 1585 and 1602; that his MSS. came into the hands of Francis Davison; and that the only part of his poems which have been printed are those inserted in the RHAPSODY.

Besides the articles which on the authority of that list are attributed to A. W., the little piece entitled *Cuddy's Emblem*,* seems, from the place where it occurs in the RHAPSODY, to have been written by the same person. It is not a little singular that one of the poems, *Ye ghastly groves that hear my woeful cries*,† which in the list in Davison's own autograph is inserted among A. W.'s, should in each edition of the RHAPSODY be signed "FRANCIS DAVISON." In this Catalogue will also be found *A Song in Praise of a Beggar's Life*,‡ which Isaac Walton calls "Frank Davison's Song."

It may be asked, is it possible that in this instance Davison substituted the initials A. W. for his own? But this conjecture, however strongly supported by the fact just stated relative to the poem, *Ye ghastly groves*, is opposed by his having generally added his proper initials, or the letter *D.* to the articles found in his manuscript; and also by the possibility that the signature in the RHAPSODY was put by the printer without his authority.

Still it seems highly improbable that Davison should

* Page 67.

† Page 87.

‡ Page 250.

have allowed a poem to bear his name in three editions of his collection, unless he was the author of it; and this consideration certainly tends to identify Davison with A. W., however strongly every other circumstance persuades us that they were different persons.

The Catalogue of all A. W.'s productions, which has been printed by Sir Egerton Brydges, may at some future period tend to unravel the mystery in which the question is enveloped; but at present it would be useless to prosecute the inquiry, it being one of those points of frequent occurrence in which *accident* does so much more than *research*.

A
POETICAL RHAPSODY;

CONTAINING

DIVERS SONNETS, ODES, ELEGIES, MADRIGALS,
EPIGRAMS, PASTORALS, ECLOGUES,

With other Poems,

BOTH IN RHYME AND MEASURED VERSE;

FOR VARIETY AND PLEASURE THE LIKE NEVER YET
PUBLISHED.

The bee and spider by a diverse power
Suck honey and poison from the self-same flower.

NEWLY CORRECTED AND AUGMENTED.

LONDON:

Printed by WILLIAM STANSBY, for ROGER JACKSON,
Dwelling in Fleet Street near the Great Conduit. 1611.



TO

THE MOST NOBLE, HONOURABLE, AND WORTHY LORD,

WILLIAM, EARL OF PEMBROKE,

LORD HERBERT OF CARDIFF, MARMION, AND

ST. QUINTIN.^a

GREAT Earl, whose brave heroic mind^b is higher
And nobler than thy noble high degree ;
Whose outward shape, though it most lovely be,
Doth in fair robes a fairer soul attire :
Who rich in fading wealth, in endless treasure
Of Virtue, Valour, Learning, richer art ;
Whose present greatness, men esteem but part
Of what by line of future hope they measure.
Thou worthy son unto a peerless mother,
Or nephew^c to great SIDNEY of renown,
Who hast deserv'd^d thy coronet, to crown
With laurel crown, a crown excelling th' other :
I consecrate these rhymes to thy great name,
Which if thou like, they seek no other fame.

FRA. DAVISON.^e

^a A slight account of the Earl will be found in p. xcii.

^b whose high and noble mind.—*edit.* 1602.

^c Thou nephew.—*ibid.*

^d Thou deserv'st.—*ibid.*

^e Subscribed in *edit.* 1602, “ The devoted admirer of your
Lordship's noble virtues, “ FRA. DAVISON,
“ humbly dedicates, his own, his brothers', and Anomos
Poems, both in his own and their names.”



TO THE READER.

BEING induced by some private reasons, and by the instant entreaty of special friends, to suffer some of my worthless poems to be published, I desired to make some written by my dear friends *Anonymoi*, and my dearer Brother, to bear them company: both without their consent, the latter being in the Low Country wars, and the rest utterly ignorant thereof. My friends' names I concealed; mine own and my brother's I willed the printer to suppress, as well as I had concealed the other: which he having put in without my privity, we must now undergo a sharper censure perhaps than our nameless works should have done, and I especially. For if their poems be liked, the praise is due to their invention: if disliked, the blame, both by them and all men, will be derived upon me, for publishing that which they meant to suppress.

If thou think we affect fame by these kinds of writing, though I think them no disparagement even to the best judgments, yet I answer in all our behalves, with the princely shepherd Dorus,

“ Our hearts do seek another estimation.”

If thou condemn poetry in general, and affirm that it doth intoxicate the brain, and make men utterly unfit, either for more serious studies, or for any active course of life, I only say, *Jubeo te stultum esse libenter*. Since experience proves by examples of many, both dead and living, that divers delighted and excelling herein, being Princes or Statesmen, have governed and counsellèd as wisely; being soldiers, have commanded armies as fortunately; being lawyers, have pleaded as judicially and eloquently; being divines, have written and taught as profoundly; and being of any other profession, have discharged it as sufficiently as any other men whatsoever. If, liking other kinds, thou dislike the lyrical, because the chiefest subject thereof is love, I reply, that love, being virtuously intended, and worthily placed, is the whetstone of wit, and spur to all generous actions; and many excellent spirits, with great fame of wit, and no stain of judgment, have written excellently in this kind, and specially the ever praiseworthy Sydney. So as, if thou wilt needs make a fault, for mine own part,

“Haud timeo, si jam nequeo defendere crimen,
Cum tanto commune viro.”

If any except against the mixing (both at the beginning and end of this book) of divers things written by great and learned personages, with our mean and worthless scribblings, I utterly disclaim it, as being done by the printer, either to grace the forefront with

Sir Philip Sydney's, and other names, or to make the book grow to a competent volume.

For these Poems in particular, I could allege these excuses: that those under the name of "Anonymos" were written (as appeareth by divers things, to Sir Philip Sydney living, and of him dead) almost twenty years since, when poetry was far from that perfection to which it hath now attained;—that my brother is by profession a soldier, and was not eighteen years old when he writ these toys;—that mine own were made, most of them six or seven years since, at idle times, as I journeyed up and down during my travels. But to leave their works to justify themselves, or the authors to justify their works, and to speak of mine own:—thy mislikes I contemn; thy praises (which I neither deserve nor expect) I esteem not, as hoping (God willing) ere long to regain thy good opinion, if lost; or more deservedly to continue it, if already obtained, by some graver work. Farewell.

FRA. DAVISON.



POETICAL RHAPSODY.

YET OTHER TWELVE WONDERS OF THE WORLD:

NEVER BEFORE PUBLISHED.

BY SIR JOHN DAVIS.

I. THE COURTIER.

LONG have I liv'd in Court, yet learn'd not all this while
To sell poor suitors, smoke: nor where I hate to smile;
Superiors to adore, inferiors to despise,
To fly from such as fall, to follow such as rise;
To cloak a poor desire under a rich array,
Nor to aspire by vice, though 'twere the quicker way.

II. THE DIVINE.

My calling is Divine, and I from God am sent;
I will no chop-church be, nor pay my patron rent;
Nor yield to sacrilege; but, like the kind true mother,
Rather will lose all the child, than part it with another.
Much wealth I will not seek; nor worldly masters serve,
So to grow rich and fat, while my poor flock doth starve.

III. THE SOLDIER.

My occupation is the noble trade of Kings,
 The trial that decides the highest right of things ;
 Though MARS my master be, I do not VENUS love,
 Nor honour BACCHUS oft, nor often swear by JOVE ;
 Of speaking of myself I all occasion shun,
 And rather love to do, than boast what I have done.

IV. THE LAWYER.

The law my calling is ; my robe, my tongue, my pen,
 Wealth and opinion gain, and make me Judge of men.
 The known dishonest cause I never did defend,
 Nor spun out suits in length, but wish'd and sought an end ;
 Nor counsel did bewray, nor of both parties take ;
 Nor ever took I fee for which I never spake.

V. THE PHYSICIAN.

I study to uphold the slippery state of man,
 Who dies, when we have done the best and all we can.
 From practice and from books I draw my learned skill,
 Not from the known receipt of 'Pothecaries bill.
 The earth my faults doth hide, the world my cures doth see ;
 What youth and time effect is oft ascrib'd to me.

VI. THE MERCHANT.

My trade doth every thing to every land supply,
 Discover unknown coasts, strange countries doth ally ;

I never did forestall, I never did engross,
 Nor custom did withdraw, though I return'd with loss.
 I thrive by fair exchange, by selling and by buying,
 And not by Jewish use, reprisal, frand, or lying.

VII. THE COUNTRY GENTLEMAN.

Though strange outlandish spirits praise towns, and
 country scorn,
 The country is my home, I dwell where I was born :
 There profit and command with pleasure I partake,
 Yet do not hawks and dogs my sole compauions make.
 I rule, but not oppress ; end quarrels, not maintain ;
 Seetowns, but dwell not there, t'abridge my charge or train.

VIII. THE BACHELOR.

How many things as yet are dear alike to me,
 The field, the horse, the dog, love, arms, or liberty!
 I have no wife as yet, whom I may call mine own ;
 I have no children yet, that by my name are known.
 Yet if I married were, I would not wish to thrive,
 If that I could not tame the veriest shrew alive.

IX. THE MARRIED MAN.

I only am the man among all married men,
 That do not wish the priest to be unlink'd again ;
 And though myshoe did wring, I would not make my moan,
 Nor think my neighbour's chance more happy than mine
 own,
 Yet court I not my wife, but yield observance due,
 Being neither fond, nor cross, nor jealous, nor untrue.

X. THE WIFE.

The first of all our sex came from the side of man,
 I thither am return'd, from whence our sex began :
 I do not visit oft, nor many, when I do ;
 I tell my mind to few, and that in counsel too.
 I seem not sick in health, nor sullen but in sorrow ;
 I care for somewhat else, than what to wear tomorrow.

XI. THE WIDOW.

My husband knew how much his death would grieve me,^a
 And therefore left me wealth to comfort and relieve me :
 Though I no more will have, I must not love disdain ;
 PENELOPE herself did suitors entertain.
 And yet to draw on such as are of best esteem,
 Nor younger than I am, nor richer will I seem.

XII. THE MAID.

I marriage would forswear, but that I hear men tell,
 That she that dies a maid must lead an ape in hell.
 Therefore if Fortune come, I will not mock and play,
 Nor drive the bargain on, till it be driven away.
 Titles and lands I like, yet rather fancy can,
 A man that wanteth gold, than gold that wants a man.

^a In Sir Egerton Brydges's Edition of the Rhapsody this line stands

“ My *dying* husband knew,” &c.

an interpolation which, though perhaps called for by the metre, does not appear to be justified by either of the four editions supposed to have been printed during the lifetime of the original editor.

A LOTTERY,

PRESENTED BEFORE THE LATE QUEEN'S MAJESTY
AT THE LORD CHANCELLOR'S HOUSE, 1601.^b

A Mariner with a box under his arm, containing all the several things following, supposed to come from the Carrick,^c came into the presence, singing this Song:

CYNTHIA, Queen of seas and lands,
That Fortune every where commands,
Sent forth Fortune to the sea,
To try her Fortune every way.

There did I Fortune meet, which makes me now to sing,
There is no fishing to the sea, nor service to the King.

All the Nymphs of THETIS' train
Did CYNTHIA'S Fortune entertain ;
Many a jewel, many a gem,
Was to her Fortune brought by them.

^b This Lottery was presented to the Queen in the summer of 1601, at York House, the residence of Sir Thomas Egerton, Lord Keeper.—NICHOLS' *Progresses*, vol. iii. p. 570.

^c Or *Carack*, a large ship.—Chaucer speaks of Satan having

“ a tayl

Broder than of a *Carrike* is the sayl.”

Sir Walter Raleigh, a contributor to the *Rhapsody*, observes, “ In which river the largest *Carack* may,” &c.

Her Fortune sped so well, as makes me now to sing,
There is no fishing to the sea, nor service to the King.

Fortune, that it might be seen
That she did serve a royàl Queen,
A frank and royàl hand did bear,
And cast her favours every where.

Some toys fell to my share, which makes me now to sing,
There is no fishing to the sea, nor service to the King.^d

THE SONG ENDED, HE UTTERED THIS SHORT
SPEECH:

God save you, fair Ladies all ; and for my part, if ever I be brought to answer for my sins, God forgive me my sharking, and lay usury to my charge. I am a Mariner, and am now come from the sea, where I had the fortune to light upon these few trifles. I must confess, I came but lightly by them ; but I no sooner had them, but I made a vow that as they came to my hands by Fortune, so I would not part with them but by Fortune. To that end I have ever since carried these lots about me, that,

^d Mr. Nichols, in his *Progresses of Queen Elizabeth*, cites the following passage from a speech made at the Queen's entertainment at Cowdray, to prove that the line in the text was an "olde saying." "Madame it is an olde saying ' *There is no fishing to the sea, nor service to the King*' ; but it holds when the sea is calm, and the King virtuous."—*Vol. iii. pp. 95—571.*

if I met with fit company, I might divide my booty among them. And now, I thank my good fortunes! I am lighted into the best company of the world, a company of the fairest Ladies that ever I saw. Come Ladies, try your fortunes; and if any light upon an unfortunate blank, let her think that fortune doth but mock her in these trifles, and means to pleasure her in greater matters.

THE LOTS.

I. FORTUNE'S WHEELS.

Fortune must now no more on triumph ride;
The Wheels are yours that did her chariot guide.

II. A PURSE.

You thrive, or would, or may; your lot's a Purse,
Fill it with gold, and you are ne'er the worse.

III. A MASK.

Want you a Mask? here Fortune gives you one,
Yet Nature gives the rose, and lily none.

IV. A LOOKING GLASS.

Blind Fortune doth not see how fair you be,
But gives a Glass, that you yourself may see.

V. A HANDKERCHIEF.

Whether you seem to weep, or weep indeed,
This Handkerchief will stand you well in stead.

VI. A PLAIN RING.

Fortune doth send you, hap it well or ill,
This plain gold Ring, to wed you to your will.

VII. A RING, WITH THIS POESY.

‘As faithful as I find.’

Your hand by Fortune on this Ring doth light,
And yet the words do hit your humour right.

VIII. A PAIR OF GLOVES.

Fortune these Gloves to you in challenge sends,
For that you love not fools, that are her friends.

IX. A DOZEN OF POINTS.

You are in ev’ry point a lover true,
And therefore Fortune gives the Points to you.

X. A LACE.

Give her the Lace, that loves to be straight lac’d,
So Fortune’s little gift is aptly plac’d.

XI. A PAIR OF KNIVES.

Fortune doth give this pair of Knives to you,
To cut the thread of love, if’t be not true.

XII. A GIRDLE.

By Fortune’s Girdle you may happy be,
But they that are less happy, are more free.

XIII. A PAIR OF WRITING TABLES.

These Tables may contain your thoughts in part,
But write not all that's written in your heart.

XIV. A PAIR OF GARTERS.

Though you have Fortune's Garters, you must be
More staid and constant in your steps than she.

XV. A COIF AND CROSS-CLOTH.

Frown in good earnest, or be sick in jest,
This Coif and Cross-cloth will become you best.

XVI. A SCARF.

Take you this Scarf, bind CUPID hand and foot;
So Love must ask you leave, before he shoot.

XVII. A FALLING BAND.

Fortune would have you rise, yet guides your hand
From other lots to take the Falling Band.

XVIII. A STOMACHER.

This Stomacher is full of windows wrought,
Yet none through them can see into your thought.

XIX. A PAIR OF SCISSARS.

These Scissars do your housewifery bewray,
You love to work, though you were born to play.

XX. A CHAIN.

Because you scorn Love's captive to remain,
Fortune hath sworn to lead you in a Chain.

XXI. A PRAYER-BOOK.

Your fortune may prove good another day ;
Till Fortune come, take you a Book to pray.

XXII. A SNUFTKIN.^e

'Tis summer yet, a Snuftkin is your lot !
But 'twill be winter one day, doubt you not.

XXIII. A FAN.

You love to see, and yet to be unseen ;
Take you this Fan to be your beauty's screen.*

XXIV. A PAIR OF BRACELETS.

Lady ! your hands are fallen into a snare,
For CUPID'S manacles these Bracelets are.

XXV. A BODKIN.

Even with this Bodkin you may live unharmed,
Your beauty is with Virtue so well armed.

XXVI. A NECKLACE.

Fortune gives your fair neck this Lace to wear ;
God grant a heavier yoke it never bear !

XXVII. A CUSHINET.

To her that little cares what lot she wins,
Chance gives a little Cushinet to stick pins.

^e Explained in Archdeacon Nares's *Glossary* to be a muff, in which work this example of the use of the word is cited.

XXVIII. A DIAL.

The Dial's yours; watch time, lest it be lost;
Yet they most lose it, that do watch it most.

XXIX. A NUTMEG, WITH A BLANK PARCHMENT
IN IT.

This Nutmeg holds a blank, but chance doth hide it;
Write your own wish, and Fortune will provide it.

XXX. A BLANK.

Wot you not why Fortune gives you no prize?
Good faith! she saw you not,—she wants her eyes.

XXXI. A BLANK.

You are so dainty to be pleas'd, God wot,
Chance knows not what to give you for a lot.

XXXII. A BLANK.

'Tis pity such a hand should draw in vain;
Though it gain nought, yet shall it pity gain.

XXXIII. A BLANK.

Nothing's your lot, that's more than can be told,
For nothing is more precious than gold.

XXXIV. A BLANK.

You fain would have, but what, you cannot tell.
In giving nothing, Fortune serves you well.

I. D.

A CONTENTION

BETWIXT A WIFE, A WIDOW, AND A MAID.

WIFE. WIDOW, well met ; whither go you to-day ?
Will you not to this solemn offering go ?
You know it is ASTREA'S holy day,
The saint to whom all hearts devotion owe.

WIDOW. Marry, what else ? I purposed so to do :
Do you not mark how all the wives are fine,
And how they have sent presents ready too,
To make their offering at ASTREA'S shrine ?

See, then, the shrine and tapers burning bright !
Come, friend, and let us first ourselves advance ;
We know our place, and if we have our right,
To all the parish we must lead the dance.

But soft ! what means this bold presumptuous
Maid,
To go before, without respect of us ?
Your forwardness, proud maid ! must now be
staid :
Where learn'd you to neglect your betters
thus ?

MAID. Elder you are, but not my betters here :
This place to maids a privilege must give ;
The Goddess, being a maid, holds maidens
dear,
And grants to them her own prerogative.

Besides, on all true virgins, at their birth,
Nature hath set a crown of excellence,
That all the wives and widows of the earth
Should give them place, and do them reverence.

WIFE. If to be born a maid be such a grace,
So was I born, and grac'd by Nature too ;
But seeking more perfection to embrace,
I did become a wife as others do.

WIDOW. And if the maid and wife such honour have,
I have been both, and hold a third degree ;
Most maids are wards, and every wife a slave ;
I have my livery sued, and I am free.

MAID. That is the fault, that you have maidens been,
 And were not constant to continue so ;
 The fall of Angels did increase their sin,
 In that they did so pure a state forego.

But, Wife and Widow, if your wits can make
 Your state and persons of more worth than mine,
 Advantage to this place I will not take ;
 I will both place and privilege resign.

WIFE. Why marriage is an honourable state !

WIDOW. And widowhood is a reverend degree !

MAID. But maidenhead, that will admit no mate,
 Like majesty itself must sacred be.

WIFE. The wife is mistress of her family :

WIDOW. Much more the widow, for she rules alone :

MAID. But mistress of mine own desires am I,
 When you rule others' wills, and not your own.

WIFE. Only the wife enjoys the virtuous pleasure :

WIDOW. The widow can abstain from pleasures known ;

MAID. But th'uncorrupted maid observes such measure,
 As being by pleasures woo'd she cares for none.

WIFE. The wife is like a fair supported vine ;

WIDOW. So was the widow, but now stands alone ;
 For being grown strong, she needs not to incline.

MAID. Maids, like the earth, supported are of none.

WIFE. The wife is as a diamond richly set ;
 MAID. The maid unset doth yet more rich appear ;
 WIDOW. The widow a jewel in the cabinet,
 Which though not worn, is still esteem'd as dear.

WIFE. The wife doth love, and is below'd again ;
 WIDOW. The widow is awak'd out of that dream ;
 MAID. The maid's white mind had never such a stain ;
 No passion troubles her clear virtues' stream.

Yet if I would be lov'd, lov'd would I be,
 Like her whose virtue in the bay is seen :
 Love to wife fades with satiety,
 Where love never enjoy'd is ever green.

WIDOW. Then what's a virgin but a fruitless bay ?
 MAID. And what's a widow but a roseless brier ?
 And what are wives, but woodbines which decay
 The stately oaks by which themselves aspire ?

And what is marriage but a tedious yoke ?

WIDOW. And what virginity but sweet self-love ?

WIFE. And what's a widow but an axle broke,
 Whose one part failing, neither part can move ?

WIDOW. Wives are as birds in golden cages kept ;

WIFE. Yet in those cages cheerfully they sing :

WIDOW. Widows are birds out of those cages leapt,
 Whose joyful notes makes all the forest ring.

MAID. But maids are birds amidst the woods secure,
Which never hand could touch, nor net could
take ;
Nor whistle could deceive, nor bait allure,
But free unto themselves do music make.

WIFE. The wife is as the turtle with her mate ;

WIDOW. The widow as the widow dove alone,
Whose truth shines most in her forsaken state ;

MAID. The maid a Phœnix, and is still but one.

WIFE. The wife's a soul unto her body tied ;

WIDOW. The widow a soul departed into bliss ;

MAID. The maid an Angel which was stellified,
And now t'as fair a house descended is.

WIFE. Wives are fair houses kept and furnish'd well ;

WIDOW. Widows old castles void, but full of state :

MAID. But maids are temples, where the Gods do
dwell,

To whom alone themselves they dedicate.

But marriage is a prison during life,

Where one way out, but many entries be :

WIFE. The Nun is kept in cloister, not the wife,
Wedlock alone doth make the virgin free.

MAID. The maid is ever fresh, like morn in May ;

WIFE. The wife with all her beams is beautified,

Like to high noon, the glory of the day ;

WIDOW. The widow, like a mild sweet eventide.

WIFE. An office well supplied is like the wife ;

WIDOW. The widow, like a gainful office void ;

MAID. But maids are like contentment in this life,

Which all the world have sought, but none
enjoy'd.

Go, wife, to Dunmow, and demand your fitch.

WIDOW. Go, gentle maid, go, lead the apes in hell.

WIFE. Go, widow, make some younger brother rich,

And then take thought and die, and all is well.

Alas, poor maid ! that hast no help nor stay.

WIDOW. Alas, poor wife ! that nothing dost possess.

MAID. Alas, poor widow ! Charity doth say,

Pity the widow and the fatherless.

WIDOW. But happy widows have the world at will.

WIFE. But happier wives, whose joys are ever double.

MAID. But happiest maids, whose hearts are calm and
still ;

Whom fear, nor hope, nor love, nor hate doth
trouble.

WIFE. Every true wife hath an indented heart,
Wherein the covenants of love are writ ;
Whereof her husband keeps the counterpart,
And reads his comforts and his joys in it.

WIDOW. But every widow's heart is like a book,
Where her joys past imprinted do remain ;
But when her judgment's eye therein doth look,
She doth not wish they were to come again.

MAID. But the maid's heart a fair white table is,
Spotless and pure, where no impressions be,
But the immortal characters of bliss,
Which only God doth write, and Angels see.

WIFE. But wives have children : what a joy is this !

WIDOW. Widows have children too ; but maids have none.

MAID. No more have Angels ; yet they have more bliss
Than ever yet to mortal man was known.

WIFE. The wife is like a fair manured field ;

WIDOW. The widow once was such, but now doth rest ;

MAID. The maid, like Paradise, undrest, untill'd,
Bears crops of native virtue in her breast.

WIFE. Who would not die a wife, as Lucrece died ?

WIDOW. Or live a widow, as Penelope ?

MAID. Or be a maid, and so be stellified,
As all the virtues and the graces be.

WIFE. Wives are warm climates well inhabited ;
But maids are frozen zones, where none may
dwell.

MAID. But fairest people in the North are bred ;
Where Africa breeds monsters black as hell.

WIFE. I have my husband's honour and his place :

WIDOW. My husband's fortunes all survive to me.

MAID. The moon doth borrow light ; you borrow grace :
When maids by their own virtues graced be.

White is my colour ; and no hue but this
It will receive, no tincture can it stain.

WIFE. My white hath took one colour ; but it is
An honourable purple dyed in grain.

WIDOW. But it hath been my fortune to renew
My colour twice from that it was before ;
But now my black will take no other hue,
And therefore now I mean to change no more.

WIFE. Wives are fair apples served in golden dishes ;

WIDOW. Widows good wine, which time makes better
much ;

MAID. But maids are grapes desired by many wishes,
But that they grow so high as none can touch.

WIFE. I have a daughter equals you, my girl.

MAID. The daughter doth excel the mother, then,

As pearls are better than the mother of pearl ;
 Maids lose their value when they match with
 men.

WIDOW. The man with whom I match'd, his worth was
 such,

As now I scorn a maid should be my peer :

MAID. But I will scorn the man you praise so much,
 For maids are matchless, and no mate can bear.

Hence is it that the virgin never loves,
 Because her like she finds not any where ;
 For likeness evermore affection moves ;
 Therefore the maid hath neither love nor peer.

WIFE. Yet many virgins married wives would be,

WIDOW. And many a wife would be a widow fain.

MAID. There is no widow but desires to see,
 If so she might, her maiden days again.

WIDOW^a. There never was a wife that liked her lot :

WIFE. Nor widow, but was clad in mourning weeds.

MAID. Do what you will, marry or marry not,
 Both this estate and that repentance breeds.

^a In the previous editions of the RHAPSODY, this line has always been imputed to the *wife*, and the following one to the *widow* ; but as throughout the CONTENTION each party praises her own state, whilst she ridicules that of the others, the transposition in the text appeared to be imperiously called for.

WIFE. But she that this estate and that hath seen,
Doth find great odds between the wife and girl.

MAID. Indeed she doth, as much as is between
The melting hailstone, and the solid pearl.

WIFE. If I were widow, my merry days were past.

WIDOW. Nay, then you first become sweet pleasure's
guest ;

For maidenhead is a continual fast,
And marriage is a continual feast.

MAID. Wedlock indeed hath oft compared been
To public feasts, where meet a public rout,
Where they that are without would fain go in,
And they that are within would fain go out.

Or to the jewel which this virtue had,
That men were mad till they might it obtain ;
But when they had it, they were twice as mad
Till they were dispossess'd of it again.

WIFE. Maids cannot judge, because they cannot tell,
What comforts and what joys in marriage be.

MAID. Yes, yes ; though blessed Saints in Heaven
dwell,

They do the souls in Purgatory see.

WIDOW. If every wife do live in Purgatory,
Then sure it is that widows live in bliss,
And are translated to a state of glory ;
But maids as yet have not attain'd to this.

MAID. Not maids ? To spotless maids this gift is given,
To live in incorruption from their birth :
And what is that, but to inherit heaven
Even while they dwell upon the spotted earth ?

The perfectest of all created things ;
The purest gold, that suffers no alloy ;
The sweetest flower that on th' earth's bosom
springs ;
The pearl unbored, whose price no price can
pay.

The chrystal glass, that will no venom hold ;
The mirror, wherein Angels love to look :
(DIANA'S bathing fountain, clear and cold ;
Beauty's fresh rose, and virtue's living book.

Of love and fortune both the mistress born ;
The sovereign spirit that will be thrall to none ;
The spotless garment that was never worn ;
The princely eagle that still flies alone.

She sees the world, yet her clear thought doth
take

No such deep print as to be chang'd thereby;
As when we see the burning fire doth make
No such impression as doth burn the eye.

WIFE. No more, sweet maid ; our strife is at an end,
Cease now ; I fear we shall transformed be
To chattering pies, as they that did contend
To match the Muses in their harmony.

WIDOW. Then let us yield the honour and the place,
And let us both be suitors to the maid ;
That, since the goddess gives her special grace,
By her clear hands the offering be convey'd.

MAID. Your speech I doubt hath some displeasure
moved ;
Yet let me have the offering, I will see :
I know she hath both wives and widows lov'd,
Though she would neither wife nor widow be.

SIR JOHN DAVIS.

THE LIE.

Go, soul, the body's guest,
 Upon a thankless arrant ;^e
 Fear not to touch the best,
 The truth shall be thy warrant :
 Go, since I needs must die,
 And give the world the lie.

^e The orthography of this word is retained on account of the rhyme ; but in Ellis's *Specimens of the Early English Poets*, as well as in the copy in Sir Egerton Brydges's edition of the *Rhapsody*, it is altered to "errand ;" which certainly but ill agrees with the termination of the fourth line. There is very considerable doubt to whom this beautiful poem should be attributed. It has been assigned to Sir Walter Raleigh by Bishop Percy, by whom it is said to have been written the night before his execution : this assertion is, however, proved to be unfounded, from the fact that Raleigh was not executed until 1618, and the poem in question was printed in the second edition of the *Rhapsody* in 1608. Nor does there appear to be any satisfactory reason for believing it to have been written by Raleigh. In the folio edition of the Works of John Sylvester it is inserted among that writer's poems, entitled "The Soul's Errand ;" and Mr. Ellis, in his *Specimens*, has introduced it, apparently from that volume, and justly remarks, that as it was at-

Say to the Court, it glows,
 And shines like rotten wood ;
 Say to the Church, it shows
 What's good, and doth no good
 If Church and Court reply,
 Then give them both the lie.

Tell Potentates they live
 Acting by others' action ;

tributed to Sylvester by the Editor of that edition of his Works, "he has restored it to its ancient proprietor, until a more authorized claimant shall be produced." Its being placed among that writer's productions must not, however, be deemed conclusive evidence on the subject; for on the same grounds we should be obliged to consider Lord Penbroke as the author, as it is printed among that accomplished nobleman's poems. Ritson, whose authority merits great attention, peremptorily attributes it to Francis Davison: "*The Answer to the Lye*," he observes, "usually ascribe'd to Raleigh, and pretended to have been written the night before his execution, was in fact by Francis Davison."—*Bibliogr. Poetica*, p. 308. In this state of uncertainty the Editor is obliged to leave the question, for he acknowledges his incompetency to throw any light on the subject; and the probability is, that the real author will never be discovered. The extreme beauty of this poem has caused it to have been frequently printed; and it is singular that there are not two copies precisely alike. At the end of this volume two copies of it are inserted; the one from Harl. MSS. 2296, the other from a manuscript in the same collection, No. 6910; the readings of which not only differ materially from each other, but in a slight degree also from the printed copies.

Not loved unless they give,
Not strong but by affection :
If Potentates reply,
Give Potentates the lie.

Tell men of high condition,
That manage the estate,
Their purpose is ambition,
Their practice only hate :
And if they once reply,
Then give them all the lie.

Tell them that brave it most,
They beg for more by spending,
Who in their greatest cost
Like nothing but commending :
And if they make reply,
Then tell them all they lie.

Tell zeal it wants devotion ;
Tell love it is but lust ;
Tell time it is but motion ;
Tell flesh it is but dust :
And wish them not reply,
For thou must give the lie.

Tell age it daily wasteth ;
Tell honour how it alters ;

Tell Beauty how she blasteth ;
 Tell favour how it falters :
And as they shall reply,
 Give every one the lie.

Tell wit how much it wrangles
 In tickle points of niceness ;
Tell Wisdom she entangles
 Herself in over-wiseness :
And when they do reply,
 Straight give them both the lie.

Tell Physic of her boldness ;
 Tell skill it is pretension ;
Tell charity of coldness ;
 Tell law it is contention ;
And as they do reply,
 So give them still the lie.

Tell Fortune of her blindness ;
 Tell nature of decay ;
Tell friendship of unkindness ;
 Tell justice of delay :
And if they will reply,
 Then give them all the lie.

Tell Arts they have no soundness,
 But vary by esteeming ;

Tell Schools they want profoundness,
And stand so much on seeming :
If Arts and Schools reply,
Give Arts and Schools the lie.

Tell faith it 's fled the City ;
Tell how the country erreth ;
Tell manhood shakes of pity ;
Tell virtue least preferreth :
And if they do reply,
Spare not to give the lie.

So when thou hast, as I
Commaned thee, done blabbing ;
Because to give the lie,
Deserves no less than stabbing :
Stab at thee who that will,
No stab the soul can kill !

(1)

TWO PASTORALS,

MADE BY SIR PHILIP SIDNEY, UPON HIS MEETING
WITH HIS TWO WORTHY FRIENDS AND FELLOW-
POETS, SIR EDWARD DYER AND M. FULKE
GREVILLE.^f

JOIN mates in mirth to me,
Grant pleasure to our meeting ;
Let PAN, our good god, see
How grateful is our greeting.
Join hearts and hands, so let it be,
Make but one mind in bodies three.

Ye Hymns, and singing skill
Of God APOLLO's giving,
Be press'd our reeds to fill
With sound of music living.
Join hearts and hands, &c.

^f A slight account of these individuals will be found among
the Biographical Notices at the commencement of the volume.

Sweet ORPHEUS' harp, whose sound
 The stedfast mountains moved,
 Let here thy skill abound,
 To join sweet friends beloved.
 Join hearts and hands, &c.

My two and I be met,
 A happy blessed trinity,
 As three most jointly set
 In firmest band of unity.
 Join hands, &c.

Welcome my two to me, E.D. F.G. P.S.^κ
 The number best beloved,
 Within my heart you be
 In friendship unremoved.
 Join hands, &c.

Give leave your flocks to range,
 Let us the while be playing;
 Within the elmy grange,
 Your flocks will not be straying.
 Join hands, &c.

Cause all the mirth you can,
 Since I am now come hither,

^κ Edward Dyer, Fulke Greville, Philip Sydney.

Who never joy, but when
I am with you together.
Join hands, &c.

Like lovers do their love,
So joy I in you seeing:
Let nothing me remove
From always with you being.
Join hands, &c.

And as the turtle Dove
To mate with whom he liveth,
Such comfort fervent love
Of you to my heart giveth.
Join hands, &c.

Now joined be our hands,
Let them be ne'er asunder,
But link'd in binding bands
By metamorphosed wonder.
So should our sever'd bodies three
As one for ever joined be.

SIR PH. SIDNEY.

DISPRAISE OF A COURTLY LIFE.

WALKING in bright PHŒBUS' blaze,
 Where with heat oppress'd I was,
 I got to a shady wood,
 Where green leaves did newly bud ;
 And of grass was plenty dwelling,
 Deck'd with pied flowers sweetly smelling.

In this wood a man I met,
 On lamenting wholly set ;
 Ruing change of wonted state,
 Whence he was transformed late,
 Once to Shepherds' God retaining,
 Now in servile Court remaining.

There he wandering malecontent,
 Up and down perplexed went,
 Daring not to tell to me,
 Spake unto a senseless tree,
 One among the rest electing,
 These same words, or this affecting:

" My old mates I grieve to see
 Void of me in field to be,

Where we once our lovely sheep
 Lovingly like friends did keep ;
 Oft each others friendship proving,
 Never striving, but in loving.

But may love abiding be
 In poor shepherds' base degree ?
 It belongs to such alone
 To whom art of Love is known :
 Seely^g shepherds are not witting
 What in art of love is fitting.

Nay, what need the art to those
 To whom we our love disclose ?
 It is to be used then,
 When we do but flatter men :
 Friendship true, in heart assured,
 Is by Nature's gifts procured.

Therefore shepherds wanting skill,
 Can Love's duties best fulfil ;
 Since they know not how to feign,
 Nor with love to cloak disdain,

^g In *Todd's Johnson* this word is described on the authority of Chaucer and Spenser to mean lucky, happy; and likewise, agreeably to the usage of the latter writer, silly, inoffensive, harmless. Perhaps the instance in the text, as well as that in the next page, afford the best proof which can be adduced of the word being used synonymously with silly, ignorant, or simple.

Only two do me delight
With their ever-pleasing sight ;
Of all men to thee retaining,
Grant me with those two remaining.

So shall I to thee always
With my reeds sound mighty praise ;
And first lamb that shall befall,
Yearly deck thine altar shall,
If it please thee to be reflected,
And I from thee not rejected."

So I left him in that place,
Taking pity on his case ;
Learning this among the rest,
That the mean estate is best ;
Better filled with contenting,
Void of wishing and repenting.

SIR PH. SIDNEY.

A FICTION,

HOW CUPID MADE A NYMPH WOUND HERSELF
WITH HIS ARROWS.

It chanced of late a shepherd's swain,
That went to seek a strayed sheep,
Within a thicket on the plain,
Espied a dainty Nymph asleep.

Her golden hair o'erspread her face,
Her careless arms abroad were cast,
Her quiver had her pillow's place,
Her breast lay bare to every blast.

The shepherd stood, and gazed his fill ;
Nought durst he do, nought durst he say ;
When chance, or else perhaps his will,
Did guide the god of Love that way.

The crafty boy that sees her sleep,
Whom, if she waked, he durst not see,
Behind her closely seeks to creep,
Before her nap should ended be.

There come, he steals her shafts away,
And puts his own into their place;
Nor dares he any longer stay,
But, ere she wakes, hies thence apace.

Scarce was he gone, when she awakes,
And spies the shepherd standing by;
Her bended bow in haste she takes,
And at the simple swain let fly.

Forth flew the shaft, and pierced his heart,
That to the ground he fell with pain;
Yet up again forthwith did start,
And to the nymph he ran amain.

Amazed to see so strange a sight,
She shot, and shot, but all in vain;
The more his wounds, the more his might;
Love yieldeth strength in midst of pain.

Her angry eyes are great with tears,
She blames her hands, she blames her skill;
The bluntness of her shafts she fears,
And try them on herself she will.

Take heed, sweet Nymph! try not thy shaft;
Each little touch will prick thy heart:
Alas! thou knowest not CUPID'S craft;
Revenge is joy, the end is smart.

Yet try she will, and prick soon bare ;
Her hands were glov'd, and next to hand
Was that fair breast, that breast so rare,
That made the shepherd senseless stand.

That breast she prick'd, and through that breast
Love finds an entry to her heart :
At feeling of this new-come guest,
Lord ! how the gentle nymph doth start !

She runs not now, she shoots no more,
Away she throws both shafts and bow :
She seeks for that she shunn'd before,
She thinks the shepherd's haste too slow.

Though mountains meet not, lovers may ;
So others do, and so do they :
The god of Love sits on a tree,
And laughs that pleasant sight to see.^h

^h Signed "ANOMOS" in the first Edition ; but it is attributed by Bishop Percy to Francis Davison.

4

A DIALOGUE BETWEEN TWO
SHEPHERDS,

THENOT AND PIERS,

IN PRAISE OF ASTREA. ⁱ

THENOT. I SING divine ASTREA's praise ;
O Muses ! help my wits to raise,
And heave my verses higher.

PIERS. Thou need'st the truth but plainly tell,
Which much I doubt thou canst not well,
Thou art so oft a liar.

THEN. If in my song no more I show,
Than Heaven, and earth, and sea do know,
Then truly I have spoken.

PIERS. Sufficeth not no more to name,
But being no less, the like, the same,
Else laws of truth be broken.

ⁱ " Made by the excellent Lady, the Lady Mary Countess of
Pembroke, at the Queen Majesty's being at her house at ———,
Anno 15**." *Edit.* 1602. .

- THEN. Then say, she is so good, so fair,
 With all the earth she may compare,
 Nor Momus self denying :
- PIERS. Compare may think where likeness holds,
 Nought like to her the earth enfolds :
 I look to find you lying.
- THEN. ASTREA sees with wisdom's sight ;
 ASTREA works by virtue's might ;
 And jointly both do stay in her.
- PIERS. Nay, take from them her hand, her mind,
 The one is lame, the other blind :
 Shall still your lying stain her ?
- THEN. Soon as ASTREA shows her face,
 Straight every ill avoids the place ;
 And every good aboundeth.
- PIERS. Nay, long before her face doth show,
 The last doth come, the first doth go :
 How loud this lie resoundeth.
- THEN. ASTREA is our chiefest joy,
 Our chiefest guard against annoy,
 Our chiefest wealth, our treasure.
- PIERS. Where chiefest are, there others be,
 To us none else but only she :
 When wilt thou speak in measure ?

- THEN. ASTREA may be justly said,
 A field in flowery robe array'd,
 In season freshly springing.
- PIERS. That spring endures but shortest time,
 This never leaves ASTREA'S clime :
 Thou liest, instead of singing.
- THEN. As heavenly light that guides the day,
 Right so doth shine each lovely ray
 That from ASTREA flieth.
- PIERS. Nay, darkness oft that light in clouds,
 ASTREA'S beams no darkness shrouds :
 How loudly Thenot lieth !
- THEN. ASTREA rightly term I may
 A manly palm, a maiden bay,
 Her verdure never dying.
- PIERS. Palm oft is crooked, bay is low,
 She still upright, still high doth grow :
 Good Thenot leave thy lying.
- THEN. Then, Piers, of friendship tell me why,
 My meaning true, my words should lie,
 And strive in vain to raise her ?
- PIERS. Words from conceit do only rise ;
 Above conceit her honour flies :
 But silence, nought can praise her.

MARY, COUNTESS OF PEMBROKE.

(5)

A ROUNDELAY,

IN INVERTED RHYMES, BETWEEN THE TWO FRIENDLY
RIVALS, STREPHON AND KLAIUS, IN THE PRE-
SENCE OF URANIA, MISTRESS TO THEM BOTH.

STREPHON. O WHITHER shall I turn me
From thine eyes' sight,
Whose sparkling light
With quenchless flames, present and ab-
sent, burn me?
For I burn when as I view them,
And I burn when I eschew them.

KLAIUS. Since I cannot eschew them,
But that their light
Is in my sight,
Both when I view them not, and when I
view them ;
Ere their flames will cease to burn me,
From myself, myself must turn me.

STREPH. When none are present by you,
I feel their might ;
And your eyes bright

Appear more glorious, others being nigh you :
So alone, or else compared,
Wretch, I am by them ensnared.

KLAIUS. Since that I am ensnared
By your eyes bright,
And feel their might,
Whether alone they be, or else compared ;
Wheresoever I am nigh you,
Love I must, if I be by you.

STREPH. When you look kindly on me,
They love incite ;
And, spite of spite,
I love them likewise when you frown upon me :
So, howe'er your looks are framed,
By your looks I am inflamed.

KLAIUS. Since that I am inflamed
Even by their spite,
And they incite
Soul-warming flames when they are mildly
framed ;
Howsoe'er you look upon me,
Love I must, if you look on me.

STREPH. Oh ! when shall I them banish,
Since against right,
Nor day nor night,

Though absent from me, from me they do va-
nish?

So no respite time doth grant me,
But incessantly they haunt me.

KLAIUS. Since they, alas ! do haunt me
Both day and night,
And wonted right,
Obtain'd by absence, absence doth not grant me ;
Night and day may sooner vanish,
Than from me I can them banish.

STREPH. They, when the day doth leave me,
Lodge in my sp'rit ;
And of their sight,
No sight by day discerned can bereave me :
So, nor day aught else revealeth,
Nor the night the same concealeth.

KLAIUS. Since day, like night concealeth
Each other sight,
And to mysp'rit
Concealing darkness them like day revealeth ;
Time of time must quite bereave me,
Ere your looks' sweet looks will leave me.

WALTER DAVISON.

6

STREPHON'S PALINODE.

Strephon, upon some unkindness conceived, having made show to leave Urania and make love to another nymph, was, at the next solemn assembly of shepherds, not only frowned upon by Urania, but commanded with great bitterness out of her presence: whereupon, sorry for his offence, and desirous to regain her grace, whom he never had forsaken but in show, upon his knees he in this song humbly craves pardon; and Urania, finding his true penitence, and unwilling to lose so worthy a servant, receives him again into greater grace and favour than before.

SWEET, I do not pardon crave,
Till I have
By deserts this fault amended:
This, I only this desire,
That your ire
May with penance be suspended.

Not my will, but Fate, did fetch
Me, poor wretch,
Into this unhappy error;

Which to plague, no tyrant's mind
 Pain can find
 Like my heart's self-guilty terror.

Then, O then, let that suffice !
 Your dear eyes
 Need not, need not more afflict me ;
 Nor your sweet tongue, dipp'd in gall,
 Need at all
 From your presence interdict me.

Unto him that Hell sustains,
 No new pains
 Need be sought for his tormenting.
 Oh ! my pains Hell's pains surpass ;
 Yet, alas !
 You are still new pains inventing.

By my love, long, firm, and true,
 Borne to you ;
 By these tears my grief expressing ;
 By this pipe, which nights and days
 Sounds your praise ;
 Pity me, my fault confessing.

Or, if I may not desire,
 That their ire
 May with penance be suspended ;

Yet let me full pardon crave,
 When I have,
 With soon death my fault amended.

(7)

URANIA'S ANSWER, IN INVERTED RHYMES,
 STAFF FOR STAFF.

SINCE true penance hath suspended
 Feigned ire,
 More I'll grant than you desire.
 Faults confess'd are half amended,
 And I have
 In this half, all that I crave.

Therefore, banish now the terror
 Which you find
 In your guiltless grieved mind ;
 For, though you have made an error,
 From me, wretch.
 First beginning it did fetch.

Ne'er my sight I'll interdict thee
 More at all ;
 Ne'er speak words more dipp'd in gall ;
 Ne'er, ne'er will I more afflict thee
 With these eyes :
 What is past, shall now suffice.

Now new joys I'll be inventing,
Which, alas!
May thy passed woes surpass.
Too long thou hast felt tormenting ;
Too great pains
So great love and faith sustains.

Let these eyes, by thy confessing
Worthy praise,
Never see more nights nor days ;
Let my woes be past expressing ;
When to you
I cease to be kind and true.

Thus are both our states amended :
For you have
Fuller pardon than you crave ;
And my fear is quite suspended,
Since mine ire
Wrought th' effect I most desire.

FRANCIS DAVISON.

ECLOGUE.

A SHEPHERD poor, Eubulus call'd he was ;
Poor now, alas ! but erst had jolly been ;
One pleasant morn, when as the Sun did pass
The fiery horns of raging Bull between,
His little flock into a mead did bring,
As soon as daylight did begin to spring.

Fresh was the mead in April's livery dight,
Deck'd with green trees, bedew'd with silver brooks :
But, ah ! all other was the shepherd's plight,
All other were both sheep and shepherd's looks ;
For both did show, by their dull heavy cheer,
They took no pleasure of the pleasant year.

He weeping went ; ay me that he should weep !
They hung their heads, as they to weep would learn :
His heavy heart did send forth sighing deep ;
They in their bleating voice did seem to yearn :
He lean and pale, their fleece was rough and rent ;
They pin'd with pain, and he with dolours spent.

His pleasant pipe was broke, alas ! the while,
And former merriment was banish'd quite ;

His shepherd's crook, that him upheld ere while,
 He erst had thrown away with great despite :
 Tho' leaning 'gainst a shrub that him sustain'd,
 To th' earth, sun, birds, trees, echo thus he plain'd.

“ Thou all forth-bringing earth ! though winter chill
 With blust'ring winds blow off thy mantle green,ⁱ
 And with his snow and hoary frosts, do spill
 Thy Flora-pleasing flowers, and kill them clean ;
 Yet when fresh Spring returns again^k
 To drive away the winter's pain,
 Thy frost and snow
 Away do go,
 Sweet Zephyr's breath cold Boreas doth displace,
 And fruitless showers
 Revive thy flowers,
 And nought but joy is seen in every place.

“ But, ah ! how long, alas ! how long doth last
 My endless winter, without hope of spring !
 How have my sighs, my blust'ring sighs, defac'd
 The flowers and buds which erst my earth^l did bring !
 Alas ! the tops that did aspire
 Lie trodden now in filthy mire ;
 Alas ! my head
 Is all bespread

ⁱ With boisterous blasts blow off thy mantle green.—*edit.* 1602.

^k Yet soon as spring returns again.—*ibid.*

^l youth, *edit.* 1608 ; soul, *edit.* 1621.

With too untimely snow: and eke my heart
 All sense hath lost,
 Through harden'd frost
 Of cold despair, that long hath bred my smart.

“ What though some rising torrents overflow
 With nought-regarding streams thy pleasant green,
 And with their furious force do lay full low
 Thy drowned flowers, however sweet they been?
 Soon fall those floods, as soon they rose,^m
 For fury soon his force doth lose,
 And then full eath
 Apollo's breath,
 The cold, yet drying North-wind, so doth warm,
 That by and by
 Thy meads be dry,
 And grow more fruitful by their former harm.

“ O would the tears, that torrent-like do flow
 Adown my hollow cheeks with restless force,
 Would once, O that they could once, calmer grow!
 Would like to thine, once cease their ceaseless course.
 Thine last not long; mine still endure:
 Thine cold; and so thy wealth procure:
 Hot mine are still,
 And so do kill

^m Soon fall their flood as they rose.—*edit.* 1602.

Both flower and root, with most unkindly dew :
 What sun or wind
 A way can find,
 The root once dead, the flowers to renew ?

“ Thou, though the scorching heat of summer’s sun,
 While ill-breath’d dog the raging lion chaseth,
 Thy speckled flowers do make of colour dun,
 And pride of all thy greeny hair defaceth ;
 And in thy moisture-wanting side,
 Deep wounds do make, and gashes wide :
 Yet as thy weatⁿ
 By Phœbus’ heat
 To turn to wholesome dryness is procured,
 So Phœbus’ heat
 By South-winds weat
 Is soon assuaged, and all thy wounds recured.

“ Such heat as Phœbus hath me almost slain.
 As Phœbus’ heat ? ah ! no, far worse than his ;
 It is ASTREA’S burning-hot disdain
 That parched hath the root of all my bliss :

ⁿ “ Yet as *they* weat,” in the third edition, but corrected in the text, on the authority of the first edition. *Weet* was with the extensive poetical licence of the times used for *wet* whenever the rhyme required it. In support of this assertion, Archdeacon Nares has cited Spenser :—

“ And so from side to side till all the world is weat.”

That hath, alas ! my youth defaced ;
 That in my face deep wounds hath placed.

Ah ! that no heat^o

Can dry the weat,

The flowing weat, of my still weeping eyes !

Ah ! that no weat

Can quench the heat,

The burning heat within my heart that lies !

“ Thou dost, poor earth ! bear many a bitter stound ;

While greedy swains, forgetting former need,

With crooked ploughs thy tender back do wound,

With harrows' biting teeth do make thee bleed :

But earth, so may those greedy swains

With piteous eye behold thy pains !

Oh, earth ! tell me,

When thou dost see

Thy fruitful back with golden ears beset,

Doth not that joy

Kill all annoy,

And make thee all thy former wounds forget ?

That *weat* was so used in the text is manifest from the sense of this line and the following ones. *Vide* p. 53.

° In Sir Egerton Brydges's edition, a note gives the following reading to this line :

“ All three have weat ;”

but no authority is cited for it.

“ And I, if once my tired heart might gain
The harvest fair that to my faith is due ;
If once I might ASTREA’S grace regain ;
If once her heart would on my sorrows rue :
Alas ! I could these plaints forego,
And quite forget my former woe.
But, oh ! to speak
My heart doth break ;
For all my service, faith, and patient mind,
A crop of grief
Without relief,
A crop of scorn, and of contempt I find.

“ Soon as the shepherd’s star abroad doth wend,
Night’s harbinger, to shut in brightsome day,
And gloomy night, on whom black clouds attend,
Doth, tyrant-like, through sky usurp the sway,
Thou art, poor earth, of sun depriv’d,
Whose beams to thee all joy deriv’d ;
But when Aurore
Doth ope her door,
Her purple door, to let in Phœbus’ wane,
The night gives place
Unto his race,
And then with joy thy sun returns again.

“ Oh ! would my sun would once return again !
Return, and drive away th’ infernal night,

In which I die, since she did first refrain
 Her heavenly beams, which were mine only light.
 In her alone all my light shin'd ;
 And since she shin'd not, I am blind.
 Alas ! on all
 Her beams do fall,
 Save wretched me, whom she doth them deny ;
 And blessed day
 She gives alw
 To all but me, who still in darkness lie.

“ In mournful darkness I alone do lie,
 And wish, but scarcely hope, bright day to see ;
 For hop'd so long, and wish'd so long have I,
 As hopes and wishes both abandon me.^p
 My night hath lasted fifteen years,
 And yet no glimpse of day appears !
 Oh ! do not let
 Him that hath set
 His joy, his light, his life, in your sweet grace,
 Be unreliev'd,
 And quite depriv'd
 Of your dear sight, which may this night displace.

“ Phœbus, although with fiery-hoofed steeds
 Thou daily do the steepy welkin beat,

^p “ As hopes and wishes both are gone from me.”—*edit.* 1602.

And from this painful task art never freed,
 But daily bound to lend the world thy heat ;
 Though thou in fiery chariot ride,
 And burning heat thereof abide ;
 Yet soon as night
 Doth dim the light,
 And hale her sable cloak through vaulted sky,
 Thy journey's ceast,
 And thou dost rest
 In cooling waves of Thetis' sovereignty.

Thrice happy Sun ! whose pains are ceased by night :
 Oh, hapless I ! whose woes last night and day !
 My pains by day do make me wish for night,
 My woes by night do make me cry for day :
 By day I turmoil up and down,
 By night in seas of tears I down :
 O painful plight !
 O wretched night,
 Which never finds a morn of joyful light !
 O sad decay !
 O wretched day,
 That never feels the ease of silent night !

“ Ye chirping birds ! whose notes might joy my mind,
 If to my mind one drop of joy could sink ;
 Who erst through Winter's rage were almost pin'd,
 And kept through barren frost from meat or drink ;

A blessed change ye now have seen,
That changed hath your woeful teen :
 By day you sing,
 And make to ring
The neighbour groves with echo of your song ;
 In silent night,
 Full closely dight,
You soundly sleep the bushes green among.

“ But I, who erst, ah ! woeful word to say,
 Enjoy'd the pleasant spring of her sweet grace,
And then could sing and dance, and sport and play ;
 Since her fierce anger did my spring displace,
 My nightly rest have turn'd to detriment,
 To plaints have turn'd my wonted merriment :
 The songs I sing
 While day doth spring,
Are bootless plaints till I can plain no more ;
 The rest I taste,
 While night doth last,
Is broken sighs, till they my heart make sore.

“ Thou flower of the field ! that erst didst fade,
 And nipt with northern cold didst hang the head ;
And trees whose bared boughs have lost their shade,
 Whose wither'd leaves by western blasts were shed ;
 Ye 'gin to bud and spring again :
 Winter is gone, that did you strain.

But I, that late,
 With upright gait,
 Bare up my head, while happy favour lasted,
 Now old am grown,
 Now overthrown,
 With woe, with grief, with wailing now am wasted.

“ Your springing stalk with kindly juice doth sprout,
 My fainting legs do waste and fall away ;
 Your stretched arms are clad with leaves about,
 My grief-consumed arms do fast decay ;
 You 'gin again your tops lift up,
 I down to earth-ward 'gin to stoop :
 Each bough and twig
 Doth wax so big,
 That scarce the rind is able it to hide ;
 I do so faint,
 And pine with plaint,
 That slops, and hose, and galage,^q wax too wide.

“ Echo, how well may she that makes me moan,
 By thy example learn to rue my pain !
 Thou hear'st my plaints when as I wail alone,
 And wailing accents answerest again :

^q *Galage* is described by Archdeacon Nares to be “ a clown's coarse shoe. The word *galloche* is now naturalized among us for a kind of clog worn over the shoes.”

When as my breast through grief I beat,
That woeful sound thou dost repeat ;

When as I sob,
And heartily throb,

A doleful sobbing sound again thou sendest ;

And when I weep,
And sigh full deep,

A weepy, sighing voice again thou lendest.

“ But, ah ! how oft have my sad plaints assay’d

To pierce her ears, deaf only unto me !

How oft my woes, in mournful ink array’d,

Have tried to make her eyes my griefs to see !

And you, my sighs and tears, how often

Have ye sought her hard heart to soften !

And yet her eye

Doth still deny,

For all my woes, one bitter tear to shed ;

And yet her heart

Will not impart

One hearty sigh for grief herself hath bred.

“ Nor I, alas ! do wish that her fair eyes,

Her blessed-making eyes, should shed a tear ;

Nor that one sigh from her dear breast should rise,

For all the pains, the woes, the wrongs I bear :

First, let this weight oppress me still,

Ere she through me taste any ill.

Ah! if I might
 But gain her sight,
 And show her ere I die my wretched case :
 O then should I
 Contented die :
 But ah ! I die, and hope not so much grace."

With that his fainting legs to shrink begun,
 And let him sink with ghastly look to ground ;
 And there he lay, as though his life were done,
 Till that his dog, seeing that woeful stound,
 With piteous howling, kissing, and with scraping,
 Brought him again from that sweet sour escaping.

Then 'gan his tears so swiftly for to flow,
 As forced his eyelids for to give them way ;
 Then blust'ring sighs too boist'rously 'gan blow,
 As his weak lips could not his fury stay ;^r
 And inward grief withal so hugely swell'd,
 As tears, sighs, grief, had soon all words expell'd.

At last, when floods of tears began to cease,
 And storms of weary sighs more calm to blow
 As he went on with words his grief to ease,^s
 And remnant of his broken plaint to show,

^r And their weak lips could not his fury stay.—*edit.* 1602.

^s At last, when as his tears began to cease,

And weary sighs more calmly for to blow,
 As he began with words his grief to ease.—*edit.* 1602.

He 'spy'd the sky o'erspread with nightly clouds ;
So home he went, his flock and him to shroud.

EUBULUS HIS EMBLEM.

UNI MIHI PERGAMA RESTANT.

FRANCIS DAVISON.

ECLOGUE

ENTITLED CUDDY.^t

A LITTLE herdgroom, for he was no bett',
When course of years return'd the pleasant spring,
At break of day, withouten further let,
Cast with himself his flock afield to bring ;
And for they had so long been pent with pain,
At sight of sun they seem'd to live again.

Such was the flock, all bent to browse and play,
But nothing such their master was to see :
Down hung his drooping head like rainy day ;
His cheeks with tears like springs bedewed be ;
His wringed hand such silent moan did make,
Well may you guess he was with love y'take.

The while his flock went feeding on the green,
And wantonly for joy of summer play'd ;
All in despight, as if he n'ould be seen,
He cast himself to ground full ill appay'd.

^t Not inserted in the edition of 1602.

Should seem their pleasance made him more com-
plain,
For joy in sight, not felt, is double pain.

“ Unhappy boy ! why livest thou still,” quoth he,
“ And hast thy deadly wound so long ago ?

What hope of afterhap sustaineth thee,
As if there might be found some ease of woe ?
Nay, better die ten thousand times than live,
Since every hour new cause of death doth give.

“ The joyful Sun, whom cloudy Winter’s spight
Had shut from us in watery fishes haske, ”
Returns again to lend the world his light,
And red as rose begins his yearly task :
His fiery steeds the steepy welkin beat,
And both the horns of climbing Bull do heat.

“ But ah ! no Sun of grace appears to me ;
Close hid she lies, from whom I should have light ;
The clouds of black disdain so foggy be,
That blind I lie, poor boy, bereft of sight :
And yet I see the Sun I seek to find ;
And yet the more I see, the more am blind.

^u This word was frequently used for the constellation Pisces.
See Nares’ *Glossary*, in which this line is cited in proof of it.

“ Thrice happy ground! whom, spoiled with winter’s
rage,

The heat of pleasant spring renews again :

Unhappy I, who, in my spring of age,

The frost of cold despair hath well nigh slain ;

How shall I bide your stormy winter’s smart,

When spring itself hath froze my bloodless heart?

“ I see the beauty of thy flow’rs renew ;

Thy mantle green with sundry colours spread :

Thou see’st in me a change of former hue,

Paleness for white, blackness for lively red.

What hope of harvest fruit, or summer flowers,

Since that my spring is drown’d with tears like
showers?

“ And last of all, but liev’st of all to me,

Thou leany flock that didst of late lament,

And witness wast for shepherds all to see ;

Thy knees so weak, thy fleece so rough and rent,

That thou with pain didst pine away unfed,

All for thy master was with love misled.

“ Thou ’ginst at erst forget thy former state,

And range amid the busks thyself to feed :

Fair fall thee, little flock! both rathe and late ;

Was never lover’s sheep that well did speed.

Thou free, I bound ; thou glad, I pine in pain ;

I strive to die, and thou to live full fain.

Woe worth the stund, wherein I took delight
 To frame the shifting of my nimble feet
 To cheerful sound of pipe in moonshine night !
 Such pleasance past at erst now makes me greet ;^x
 I ween'd by night have shunn'd the parching ray ;
 But night itself was twice more hot than day.

Then first of all, and all too soon for me,
 I saw thilke Lass, nay graved her in my breast ;^y
 Her chrystal eyes more bright than moon to see,
 Her eyes, her eyes, that have robb'd me of rest :^z
 On them I gaz'd, then saw I to my cost,
 Through too much sight mine only sight is lost.

Where been the dapper ditties that I dight,
 And roundelays, and virelays so soot ?
 Whilom with COLIN's self compare I might,
 For other swain to strive was little boot,
 Such skill I had in making all above ;
 But all too little still to conquer love.

What helps it to me to have my piping praised
 Of all save her, whom I would only please ?
 Nought care I, though my fame to skies be raised^a
 For pleasant song that brings my heart no ease,

^x At erst does gar me greet.—*edit.* 1621.

^y Yea more than saw her too. *ibid.*

^z Eyes through which I am undo. *ibid.*

^a Nought care I though my fame to sky be rais'd. *ibid.*

Wherefore both pipe and song I all forswear,
And former pleasance wilfully forbear.

With that he cast his look to welkin high,
And saw the double shadows flit away :
And as he glanced half in despight awry,
He spy'd the shepherds star shut in the day ;
Then rose, and homeward with his flock he went,
Whose voice did help their master's case lament.

CUDDY'S EMBLEM.

QUESTO PER AMAR S'AQUISTA.

THE CHRISTIAN STOICK.

THE virtuous man is free, though bound in chains ;
Though poor, content ; though banish'd, yet no stranger ;
Though sick, in health of mind ; secure in danger ;
And o'er himself, the world, and fortune reigns.

Nor good haps, proud, nor bad, dejected make him ;
To God's, not to Man's will, he frames each action ;
He seeks no fame but inward satisfaction ;
And firmer stands, the more bad fortune shakes him.

AN ECLOGUE:

MADE LONG SINCE UPON THE DEATH OF
SIR PHILIP SIDNEY.

THENOT. PERIN.

THENOT.

PERIN agreed what new mischance betide,
Hath reft thee of thy wonted merriment?
Fair feeds thy flock this pleasant spring beside;
Nor love, I ween, hath made thee discontent,
Sild age and love do meet in one consent.

PERIN.

Ah, THENOT! where the joy of heart doth fail,
What marvel there, if mirth and music quail?
See how the flow'rets of the field do spring!
The purple rose, the lily white as snow,
With smell and colour for an harvest king,
May serve to make us young again, I trow:
Yet all this pride is quickly laid full low:
Soon as the root is nipt with northern cold,
What smell, or beauty, can we then behold?

THENOT.

As good not hear, as heard, not understand :
 My borrell brains through eld been all too dull,
 Sike miſter meaning nill by me be ſcann'd,
 All as my face, ſo wrinkled is my ſkull.
 Then ſay me, PERIN, by thy hope of wull,
 And by thine ewes' blown bags, and bagpipes ſound.
 So not one aneling in thy flock be found.

PERIN.

Ah, THENOT ! by thine alderliefeſt laſs,
 Or whatſoever is more dear to thee,
 No bagpipe name ; let ſong and ſolace paſs ;
 Death hath undone my flock, my pipe and me ;
 Dead is the ſheep's delight, and ſhepherd's glee ;
 Broke is my pipe, and I myſelf forlorn ;
 My ſheep unfed, their fleeces rent and torn.

THENOT.

I mickle muſed ſuch uncouth change to ſee :
 My flocks reſuſed to feed, yet hale they were ;
 The tender birds ſat drooping on the tree ;
 The careleſs lambs went wand'ring here and there ;
 Myſelf unknown a part of grief did bear :
 Nor wiſt I why, yet heavy was my heart,
 Untimely death was cauſe of all this ſmart,
 Up, Perin, up, advance thy mournful lays ;
 Sound loud thy pipe, but ſound in doleful wiſe.

PERIN.

Who else but THIENOT can the Muses raise,
 And teach them sing and dance in mournful guise?
 My finger's stiff,—my voice doth hoarsely rise.

THENOT.

Ah! where is COLIN, and his passing skill?
 For him it fits our sorrow to fulfil.

PERIN.

T'way sore extremes our COLIN press so near:
 Alas that such extremes should press him so!
 The want of wealth, and loss of love so dear:
 Scarce can he breathe from under heaps of woe:
 He that bears heaven, bears no such weight, I trow.

THENOT.

Hath he such skill in making all above,
 And hath no skill to get, or wealth, or love?

PERIN.

Praise is the greatest prize that Poets gain,
 A simple gain that feeds them ne'er a whit.
 The wanton lass for whom he bears such pain,
 Like running water loves to change and flit.
 But if thou list to hear a sorry fit,
 Which CUDDY could in doleful verse indite,
 Blow thou thy pipe, while I the same recite.

THENOT.

'Gin when thou list, albeit my skill but small,
My forward mind shall make amends for all.

PERIN.

YE nymphs that bathe your bodies in the spring,
Your tender bodies, white as driven snow ;
Ye virgins chaste which in this grove do sing,
Which neither grief of love, nor death do know :
So may your streams run clear for aye !
So may your trees give shade alway !

Depart a space,
And give me place
To wail with grief my restless woe alone ;
For fear my cries
Constrain your eyes
To shed forth tears, and help lament my moan.

And thou, my Muse, that whilom wont to ease
Thy master's mind with lays of sweet delight,
Now change those tunes, no joy my heart can please :
Gone is the day, come is the darksome night,

Our sun close hid in clouds doth lie :
We live, indeed ; but living die.
No light we see,
Yet wander we ;
We wander far and near without a guide :

And all astray
 We lose our way,
 For in this world n'is such sun beside.

Ye shepherds' boys that lead your flocks afield
 The whilst your sheep feed safely round about,
 Break me your pipes that pleasant sound did yield ;
 Sing now no more the songs of Colin Clout.

Lament the end of all our joy,
 Lament the source of all annoy.

WILLY is dead,
 Who wont to lead
 Our flocks and us in mirth and shepherd's glee :
 Well could he sing,
 Well dance and spring ;
 Of all the shepherds was none such as he.

How often has his skill in pleasant song
 Drawn all the water nymphs from out their bow'rs ?
 How have they lain the tender grass along,
 And made him garlands gay of smelling flow'rs !

Phœbus himself, that conquer'd Pan,
 Striving with WILLY, nothing wan.

Methinks I see
 The time when he
 Pluck'd from his golden locks the laurel crown ;
 And so to raise
 Our WILLY's praise,
 Bedeck'd his head, and softly set him down.

The learned Muses flock'd to hear his skill,
And quite forgot their water, wood, and mount ;
They thought his songs were done too quickly still ;
Of none but WILLY's pipe they made account.

He sang, they seem'd in joy to flow ;

He ceas'd, they seem'd to weep for woe.

The rural rout,

All round about,

Like bees came swarming thick to hear him sing ;

Not could they think

On meat or drink

While WILLY's music in their ears did ring.

But now, alas ! such pleasant mirth is past !

Apollo weeps, the Muses rend their hair ;

No joy on earth that any time can last :

See where his breathless corpse lies on the bier !

That selfsame hand that reft his life

Hath turned shepherds' peace to strife.

Our joy is fled,

Our life is dead,

Our hope, our help, our glory all is gone ;

Our poet's praise,

Our happy days,

And nothing left but grief to think thereon.

What Thames, what Severn, or what western seas,

Shall give me floods of trickling tears to shed ?

What comfort can my restless grief appease?
 Oh that mine eyes were fountains in my head!

Ah, COLIN, I lament thy case:

For thee remains no hope of grace.

The best relief

Of Poet's grief

Is dead and wrapp'd full cold in filthy clay;

And nought remains

To ease our pains,

But hope of death to rid us hence away.

PHILLIS, thine is the greatest grief, above the rest.

Where bin thy sweetest posies featly dight,

Thy garlands with a true-love's knot address,

And all that erst thou Willy didst behight?

Thy labour all is lost in vain;

The grief shall aye remain.

The sun so bright

That falls to-night,

To-morrow from the East again shall rise;

But we decay

And waste away,

Without return: alas! thy WILLY dies.

See how the drooping flocks refuse to feed!

The rivers stream with tears about the bank;

The trees do shed their leaves, to wail agreed;

The beasts, unfed, go mourning all in ranks;

The sun denies the earth his light ;
 The spring is kill'd with winter's might ;
 The flowers spill,
 The birds are still,
 No voice of joy is heard in any place ;
 The meadows green
 A change have seen,
 And FLORA hides her pale disfigur'd face.

Watch now, ye shepherds' boys, with waking eye,
 And lose your time of sleep to learn to sing.
 Unhappy skill, what good is got thereby
 But painted praise that can no profit bring ?
 If skill could move the sisters three,
 Our WILLY still alive should be.
 The wolf so woo'd
 Amazed stood
 At sound of WILLY's pipe, and left his prey.
 Both pipe and skill
 The sisters spill :
 So worse than any wicked wolf are they.

O flatt'ring hope of mortal men's delight !
 So fair in outward show, so foul within :
 The deepest streams do flow full calm to sight ;
 The rav'ning wolves do jet in wether's skin.
 We deem'd our WILLY aye should live,
 So sweet a sound his pipe could give.

But cruel death
 Hath stopp'd his breath :
 Dumb lies his pipe that wont so sweet to sound :
 Our flocks lament
 His life is spent,
 And careless wander all the woods around.

“ Come now, ye shepherds' daughters, come no more
 To hear the songs that CUDDY wont to sing :
 Hoarse is my Muse, my throat with crying sore ;
 These woods with echo of my grief do ring.
 Your WILLY's life was CUDDY's joy ;
 Your WILLY's death hath kill'd the boy :
 Broke lies my pipe
 Till reeds be ripe
 To make a new one, but worse I fear :
 Save year by year
 To wail my dear,
 All pipe and song I utterly forswear.”

THENOT.

Alack and well-a-day ! may shepherds cry,
 Our WILLY dead, our COLIN kill'd with care !
 Who shall not loath to live, and long to die ?
 And will not grief our little CUDDY spare,
 But must he too of sorrow have a share ?
 Aye how his rueful verse hath prick'd my heart !
 How feelingly hath he express'd our smart !

PERIN.

Ah, **T**HENOT ! hadst thou seen his sorry look,
His wringed hands, his eyes to heaven upcast,
His tears that stream'd like water in the brook,
His sighs, that made his rhymes seem rudely drest.
But hie we homeward ; night approacheth near,
And rainy clouds in southern skies appear.

A. W.

(10)

ECLOGUE.

SHEPHERD. HERDMAN.

SHEPHERD.

COME, gentle herdman, sit by me,
And tune thy pipe by mine,
Here underneath this willow tree,
To shield the hot sunshine ;
Where I have made my summer bower,
For proof of summer beams ;
And deck'd it up with many a flower,
Sweet seated by the streams ;
Where gentle Daphne once a day
These flow'ry banks doth walk,
And in her bosom bears away
The pride of many a stalk ;
But leaves the humble heart behind,
That should her garland dight ;
And she, sweet soul ! the more unkind
To set true loves so light :
But whereas others bear the bell,
As in her favour blest,
Her shepherd loveth her as well
As those whom she loves best.

HERDMAN.

ALAS, poor pastor ! I find
Thy love is lodg'd so high,
That on thy flock thou hast no mind,
But feed'st a wanton eye.
If dainty Daphne's looks besot
Thy doating heart's desire,
Be sure, that far above thy lot
Thy liking doth aspire.
To love so sweet a nymph as she,
And look for love again,
Is fortune fitting high degree,
Not for a shepherd's swain.
For she of lordly lads becoy'd,
And sought of great estates ;
Her favour scorns to be enjoy'd
By us poor lowly mates.
Wherefore I warn thee to be wise ;
Go with me to my walk,
Where lowly lasses be not nice ;
There like and choose thy make :
Where are no pearls or gold to view,
No pride of silken sight,
But petticoats of scarlet hue,
Which veil the skin snow-white.
There truest lasses be to get
For love and little cost :
There sweet desire is paid his debt,
And labour seldom lost.

SHEPHERD.

No, herdman, no! thou rav'st too loud,
Our trade so vile to hold ;
My weed as great a heart doth shroud,
As his that 's clad in gold.
And take the truth that I thee tell,
This song fair Daphne sings,
That Cupid will be served as well
Of shepherds as of kings.
For proof whereof, old books record
That Venus, queen of love,
Would set aside her warlike lord,
And youthful pastor's prove ;
How Paris was as well beloved
As simple shepherd's boy,
As after when that he was proved
King Priam's son of Troy.
And therefore have I better hope,
As had those lads of yore :
My courage takes as large a scope,
Although their haps were more.
And that thou shalt not deem I jest,
And bear a mind more base,
No meaner hope shall haunt my breast
Than dearest Daphne's grace.
My mind no other thought retains ;
Mine eye nought else admires ;
My heart no other passion strains,
Nor other hap desires.

My Muse of nothing else entreats,
My pipe nought else doth sound,
My veins no other fever heats,
Such faith's in shepherds found.

HERDMAN.

Ah! shepherd, then I see, with grief,
Thy care is past all cure ;
No remedy for thy relief,
But patiently endure.
Thy wonted liberty is fled,
Fond fancy breeds thy bane,
Thy sense of folly brought abed,
Thy wit is in the wane.
I can but sorrow for thy sake,
Since love lulls thee asleep ;
And whilst out of thy dream thou wake,
God shield thy straying sheep !
Thy wretched flock may rue and curse
This proud desire of thine,
Whose woeful state from bad to worse
Thy careless eye will pine.
And even as they, thyself likewise
With them shall wear and waste
To see the spring before thine eyes,
Thou thirsty canst not taste.
Content thee, therefore, with conceit,
Where others gain the grace ;

And think thy fortune at the height,
 To see but Daphne's face.
 Although thy truth deserved well
 Reward above the rest,
 Thy haps shall be but means to tell
 How other men are blest.
 So, gentle shepherd, farewell now !
 Be warned by my reed ;
 For I see written in thy brow,
 Thy heart for love doth bleed.
 Yet longer with thee would I stay,
 If aught would do thee good ;
 But nothing can the heat allay,
 Where love inflames the blood.

SHEPHERD.

Then, herdman, since it is my lot,
 And my good liking such,
 Strive not to break the faithful knot
 That thinks no pain too much :
 For what contents my Daphne best
 I never will despise,
 So she but wish my soul good rest
 When death shall close mine eyes.
 Then, herdman, farewell once again,
 For now the day is fled :
 So might thy cares, poor shepherd's swain,
 Fly from thy careful head !

IGNOTO. ^b^b *Edit.* 1602.

ECLOGUE.

CONCERNING OLD AGE.

[The beginning and end of this Eclogue are wanting.]

PERIN. WRENOCK.

PERIN.

FOR when thou art not as thou wont of yore,
No cause why life should please thee any more.
Whilom I was in course of former years,
Ere freezing Eld had cool'd my youthful rage ;
Of mickle worth among my shepherds' peers.
Now for I am some-deal 'ystept in age,
For pleasance, strength, and beauty 'gins assuage,
 Each little herd-groom laughs my wrinkled face
 Each bonny lass for Cuddy shuns the place :
For all this woe none can we justly twight,
But hateful Eld, the foe to pleasant rest,
Which like a thief doth rob us of delight.

WRENOCK.

Perin, enough ; few words be always best ;
Needs must be borne that cannot be redrest.

Self am I as thou seest in thilke estate ;
 The grief is eath to bear that has a mate :
 But sickcr for to speak the truth, indeed,
 Thou seem'st to blame that blameless seems to me,
 And hurtless Eld to sneb ; ill mought he speed,
 That slays the dog, for wolves so wicked be ;
 The faults of men thou lay'st on age, I see ;
 For which if Eld were in itself to blame,
 Then I and all my peers should taste the same.

PERIN.

Wrenock, I ween, thou doat'st through rusty Eld,
 And think'st with feigned words to blear mine eye ;
 Thou for thy store art ever blessing held :
 Thy heaps of gold, nil let thee sorrow spy :
 Thy flocks full safe here under shade do lie ;
 Thy weanlings fat, thine ewes with bladder blown :
 A jollier shepherd have we seldom known.

WRENOCK.

For thilke my store, great Pan y'herried be :
 But if for thee mine age with joy I bear,
 How falls it that thyself unlike to me,
 Art vexed so with grief and bootless fear ?
 Thy store will let thee sleep on either ear.
 But neither want makes age to wise men hard ;
 Nor fools by wealth from grievous pain are barr'd.

PERIN.

Seest not how free yond' lambkin skips and plays,
 And wags his tail, and butts with tender head?
 All for he feels the heat of youthly days,
 Which secret law of kind hath inly bred.
 Thilke ewe from whom all joy with youth is fled,
 See how it hangs the head, as it would weep;
 Whilom it skipp'd,^c neaths now may it creep.

WRENOCK.

No fellowship hath state of beasts with man;
 In them is nought but strength of limb and bone,
 Which ends with age, as it with age began.
 But man they say'n as other creature none;
 Hath uncouth fire convey'd from heaven by one:
 His name, I wist, that yields him inward light,
 Sike fire as Welkin shows in winter night.

Which neither age nor time can wear away;
 Which waxeth bett' for use, as shepherd's crook,
 That ever shineth brighter day by day.
 Also though wrinkled seems the aged look,
 Bright shines the fire that from the stars we took.
 And sooth to say, thilke ewe laments the pain
 That thilke same wanton lamb will like sustain.

PERIN.

Ah, Thenot! be not all thy teeth on edge,
 To see youth's folk to sport in pastimes gay?
 To pith the barr, to throw the weighty sledge;
 To dance with Phillis all the holy-day;
 To hunt by day, the fox; by night, the gray?^d
 Sike peerless pleasures wont us for to queem,
 Now lig we laid, as drown'd in heavy dream.

DEEST.^e

^d A 'badger.' The same term appears to be applied to that animal, in the *Canterbury Tales*:

"I saw his sleeves purfited at the hond
 With *gris*, and that the finest of the lond."

Mr. Tyrwhitt states that he is not clear what species of fur was meant: but the following passage from Skelton's *Crowne of Laurell* tends to prove that *gris* or *grey* meant the badger:

"In general wordes I say nat greatly nay,
 A poet somtyme may for his pleasaure taunt,
 Spekyng in parables, howe the fox, the *grey*,
 The gander, the goose, and the huge oliphant."

In the will of Thomas Mussenden, dated in 1402, the expression also occurs,

"A gown of skarlet furred with *red gray*."

And again in that of Lady Elizabeth Andrews, in 1474.—*Testamenta Vetusta*, pp. 161 and 330.

^e Omitted in the fourth edition.

12

SONNETS, ODES, ELEGIES,

MADRIGALS, AND EPIGRAMS,

BY

FRANCIS DAVISON AND WALTER DAVISON,

BRETHREN.

SONNETS.

A COMPLAINT.

OF WHICH ALL THE STAVES END WITH THE WORDS OF
THE FIRST, LIKE A SESTINE.

I.

YE ghastly groves, that hear my woeful cries,
Whose shady leaves do shake to hear my pain ;
Thou silver stream, that dost with tears lament
The cruel chance that doth my grief increase ;
Ye chirping birds, whose cheerless notes declare
That ye bewail the woes I feel in mind !
Bear witness how with care I do consume,
And hear the cause why thus I pine away !

II.

Love is the cause that makes me pine away,
 And makes you hear the echo of my cries,
 Through grief's increase : and though the cause of pain
 Which doth enforce me still thus to lament,
 Proceed from love, and though my pain increase
 By daily cries which do that pain declare,
 And witness are of my afflicted mind,
 Yet cry I will, till crying me consume.

III.

For as the fire the stubble doth consume,
 And as the wind doth drive the dust away,
 So pensive hearts are spent with doleful cries,
 And cares distract the mind with pinching pain.
 But all in vain I do my cares lament ;
 My sorrow doth my sobs, sighs, tears increase :
 Though sobs, sighs, tears, my torments do declare,
 Sobs, sighs, nor tears, move not her flinty mind.

IV.

I am cast out of her ungrateful mind ;
 And she hath sworn I shall in vain consume
 My weary days—my life must waste away,
 Consum'd with pain, and worn with restless cries.¹
 So Philomel, too much oppress'd with pain,
 By his misdeed that causeth her lament,
 Doth day and night her mournful lays increase,
 And to the woods her sorrows doth declare.

¹ Consum'd with deadly pain and restless cries.—*edit.* 1621.

V.

Some ease it is, hid sorrows to declare ;^g
 But too small ease to such a grieved mind,
 Which by repeating woes doth more consume,
 To end which woes I find at all no way ;
 A simple salve to cure so great a pain ;
 But to death's deafened ears to bend my cries.
 Come, then, ye ghastly owls, help me lament !
 And as my cries, so let your shrieks increase.

^g “ The conclusion of this poem,” remarks the accurate Mr. Haslewood in a note to Sir Egerton Brydges' reprint, “ is materially varied in the fourth edition, with an addition of four lines : it is thus printed :”

It is some ease, hid sorrows to declare,
 But too small ease to such a grieved mind ;
 As by repeating cries doth more consume,
 To end that which he finds at all no way.
 But careful sighs mingled with ruthless cries,
 (A simple salve to cure so great a pain :)
 Come then, ye ghastly owls, help me lament,
 With fearful shrieks, and as your shrieks increase.

VI.

When as the sun departing doth increase
 The doubted shadows which as signs declare
 The night draws near : so I to ease my mind,
 Here will augment my plaints ; so to consume
 My wasted life : and though you fly away
 Soon as the day returns and cease your cries ;
 Yet I, unhappy wretch, oppress'd with pain,
 But day and night am forced to lament

VI.

For as your shrieks the tunes of death increase,
 When sun is set and shadows do declare
 The night's approach ; so I from my dark mind,
 Since my bright sun is fled, in cries consume
 My night of woes ; and though you fly away
 Soon as the day returns and cease your cries,
 Yet I by day find no release of pain,
 But day and night so foul a change lament.

VII.

So foul a change : but while I thus lament
 My grief with tears, the more for to increase
 My woe with scoffs, my state she doth declare
 To him who first from me her wanton mind
 By gifts did win ; since when I still consume
 Ay more and more ; ne find I any way
 To ease my mind : but thus with mournful cries
 I living die, and dying live in pain.

VIII.

And now adieu delight, and farewell pain ;
 Adieu vain hope ; I shall no more lament
 Her feigned faith which did my woes increase !
 And ye to whom my griefs I thus declare ;
 Ye which have heard the secrets of my mind,
 And seen my lingering life in pain consume ;
 Adieu, ye woods and waters ! hence away ;
 By death I must, and cease my ruthless cries.

Ye which hear not my cries, nor know my pain,
 Yet do my chance lament : let pity increase :
 Your grief by tears declare, to ease your mind :
 Witness how I consume and waste away.

VII.

But while I thus to senseless things lament,
 Ruth of my case in them thereby d' increase,
 Which she feels not, with scoffs she doth declare
 My pangs to him, who first her wanton mind
 From me did win: since when I still consume
 Like wax 'gainst fire, like snow that melts away
 Before the sun: thus, thus, with mournful cries
 I living die, and dying live in pain.

VIII.

And now adieu delight, and farewell pain;
 Adieu vain hope; I shall no more lament
 Her feigned faith which did my woes increase!
 And ye to whom my griefs I thus declare;
 Ye which have heard the secrets of my mind;
 And seeing then my ling'ring life in pain consume,
 Grove, brook, and birds adieu! now hence away;
 By death I will, and cease my deadly cries.

FRANCIS DAVISON.

INSCRIPTIONS.

THISBE.

YE woeful sires, whose causeless hate hath bred
 Grief to yourselves, death to my love and me,
 Let us not be disjoin'd when we are dead,
 Though we alive conjoin'd could never be.

Though cruel stars deny'd us two one bed,
 Yet in one tomb us two entomb'd see.
 Like as the dart was one, and one the knife,
 That did begin our love and end our life.

CLYTEMNESTRA TO HER SON ORESTES,
 COMING TO KILL HER FOR MURDERING HIS FATHER
 AGAMEMNON.

HOLD! hold thy hand, vile son of viler mother!
 Death I deserve, but oh not by thy knife.
 One parent to revenge wilt thou kill the other,
 And give her death that gave thee, wretch, thy life?
 Furies will plague thy murder execrable,
 Stages will play thee, and all mothers curse thee.
 To wound this womb or breast, how art thou able,
 When the one did bear thee, and the other nurse thee?

AJAX.

THIS sword is mine, or will Laertes' son
 Win this as he Achilles' armour won.
 This sword, which you, O Greeks, oft bathed have known
 In Trojan blood, I'll now bathe in mine own.
 This fearless breast, which all mine enemies fierce
 Have left unpierced, now I myself will pierce.
 So men shall say, Ajax to none did yield,
 But t' Ajax' self; and Ajax, Ajax kill'd.

ROMULUS.

No common womb was fit me forth to bring,
 But a pure virgin priest, child to a king :
 No mortal father worthy was to breed me ;
 Nor human milk was fierce enough to feed me.
 Therefore the God of war by wonder bred me,
 And a she-wolf by no less wonder fed me.

In fine, the Gods, because earth was too base,
 T' entomb me dead, did me in heaven place.

FABRITIUS CURIO,

WHO REFUSED GOLD OF THE SAMNITES, AND DIS-
 COVERED TO KING PYRRIUS HIS PHYSICIAN,
 WHO SOUGHT TO POISON HIM.

My famous country values gold far less
 Than conquest brave of such as gold possess.
 To be o'ercome with wealth I do not use,
 And to o'ercome with poison I refuse.
 No hands loves more than mine to give to many ;
 No heart hates more than mine to take of any.
 With so firm steel virtue my mind hath armed,
 That not by gold nor iron can it be harmed.

CATO UTICAN,

WHO SLEW HIMSELF BECAUSE HE WOULD NOT
FALL INTO CÆSAR'S HANDS.

CÆSAR, thou hast o'ercome, to thy great fame,
Proud Germans, valiant Gauls, and Britons rude,
Rome's liberty; but to thine eternal shame,
And her great Champion thou hast each subdued.
Yet neither shall thy triumphs with my name
Be graced, nor sword be with my blood imbru'd :
 Though all the conquered earth do now serve thee,
Cato will die unconquered and free !

A DIALOGUE,

IN IMITATION OF THAT BETWEEN HORACE AND LYDIA,
BEGINNING, " DONEC, GRATUS ERAM TIBI," &c.

LOVER.

WHILE thou didst love me, and that neck of thine,
More sweet, white, soft than roses' silver down,
Did wear a necklace of no arms but mine,
I envy'd not the King of Spain his crown.

LADY.

While of thy heart I was sole sovereign,
And thou didst sing none but MELINA'S name,
Whom for brown CHLOE thou dost now disdain,
Nor envy'd I the Queen of England's fame.

LOVER.

Though CHLOE be less fair, she is more kind ;
Her graceful dancing doth so please mine eye ;
And through mine ears her voice so charms my mind,
That so, dear, she may live, I'll willing die.

LADY.

Though CRISPUS cannot sing my praise in verse,
I love him so for skill in tilting shown,
And graceful managing of coursers fierce,
That his dear life to save I'll lose mine own.

LOVER.

What if I sue to thee again for grace,
And sing thy praises sweeter than before,
If out of my heart I blot CHLOE'S face,
Wilt thou love me again, love him no more ?

LADY.

Though he be fairer than the morning star ;
Though lighter than the floating cork thou be ;
And than the Irish sea more angry far ;
With thee I wish to live, and die with thee.

MADRIGALS.

I.

THOUGH you be not content
 That I, poor worm, should love you,
 As Cupid's power and your sweet beauty cause me ;
 Yet, dear, let pity move you
 To give me your consent
 To love my life, as law of nature draws me :
 And if my life I love, then must I too
 Love your sweet self, for my life lives in you.

II.

BORROWED OUT OF A GREEK EPIGRAM.

HE's rich enough whose eyes behold thee ;
 Who hears thee sing, a monarch is :
 A demi-god who doth thee kiss ;
 And love himself whose arms enfold thee.

III.

UPON HER DREAMING THAT SHE SAW HIM DEAD.

O fair, yet murd'ring eyes,
 Stars of my miseries,
 Who while night clouds your beams,
 How much you wish my death show in your dreams !
 Is't not enough that waking you do spill me,
 But you asleep must kill me ?
 O kill me still while you your sleep are taking,
 So you lend me kind looks when you are waking !

The sound of thy sweet name, my dearest treasure,
 Delights me more than sight of other faces :
 A glimpse of thy sweet face breeds me more pleasure,
 Than any other's kindest words and graces.

One gracious word that from thy lips proceedeth,
 I value more than others' dove-like kisses :
 And thy chaste kiss in my conceit exceedeth
 Others' embraces, and love's chiefest blisses.

SONNET.

WHEN trait'rous Photine, Cæsar did present
 With his great rival's honourable head,
 He taught his eyes a stream of tears to shed,
 Hiding in his false heart his true content.

And Hannibal, when Fortune's balance light
 Raised low-brought Rome and sway'd proud Carthage
 down,
 While all but he bewail'd their yielding town,
 He laugh'd to ease his swelling heart's despight.

Thus cunning minds can mask with diverse art,
 Grief under feigned smiles, joy under tears :
 Like Hannibal, I cannot hide my fears,
 | Setting clear looks upon a cloudy heart. †

But let me joys enjoy, dear, you shall try,
 Cæsar did not his joys so well as I.

SONNET.

WHILE love in you did live, I only liv'd in you ;
 While you for me did burn, for you alone I burned ;
 While you did sigh for me, for you I sigh'd and
 mourned ;
 Till you prov'd false to me, to you I was most true.
 But since love died in you, in you I live no more,
 Your heart a servant new, mine a new saint enjoyeth :
 My sight offends your eyes, mine eyes your sight an-
 noyeth :
 Since you held me in scorn, by you I set no store.
 Yet if dead love, if your late flames return,
 If you lament your change, and count me your sole
 treasure,
 My love more fresh shall spring, my flame more
 bright shall burn ;
 I 'll love none else but you, and love you without
 measure :
 If not, untrue, farewell : in sand I 'll sow no grain,
 Nor plant my love, but where love yields me love again.

TO MISTRESS DIANA.

PHŒBUS of all the Gods I wish to be ;
 Not of the world to have the overseeing :
 For of all things in the world's circuit being,
 One only thing I always wish to see.
 Not of all herbs the hidden force to know,
 For ah ! my wound by herbs cannot be cured :
 Not in the sky to have a place assured,
 For my ambition lies on earth below.
 Not to be prince of the celestial quire,
 For I one nymph prize more than all the Muses :
 Not with his bow to offer love abuses,
 For I Love's vassal am, and dread his ire :
 But that thy light from mine, might borrow'd be,
 And fair Diana might shine under me.

MADRIGAL, UPON HIS DEPARTURE.

SURE, dear, I love you not ; for he that loveth,
 When he from her doth part,
 That's mistress of his heart,
 A deadly pain, a hellish torment proveth.
 But when sad fates did sever
 Me far from seeing you, I would see ever ;
 I felt in my absenting
 No pain, nor no tormenting.
 For sense of pain how could he find,
 That left his heart and soul behind ?

EPIGRAMS,

TRANSLATED OUT OF MARTIAL.

AD ÆLIAM, 20. l. 1.

Si memini, fuerant tibi quatuor, Aelia, dentes,
 Exspuit una duos tussis, et una duos.
 Jam segura potes totis tussire diebus,
 Nil istuc quod agat tertia tussis habet.

FOUR teeth of late you had, both black and shaking,
 Which durst not chew your meat for fear of aching;
 But since your cough, without a barber's aid,
 Hath blown them out, you need not be afraid
 On either side to chew hard crusts, for sure
 Now from the tooth-ache you live most secure.

IN HERM. 15. l. 2.

Quod nulli calicem tuum propinas,
 Humane facis, Herme; non superbe.

A MONSIEUR NASO, VEROLE.

NASO lets none drink in his glass but he.
 Think you, 'tis curious pride? 'Tis courtesy.

DE CODRO, 15, l. 3.

Plus credit nemo, quam tota Codrus in urbe.
 Cum sit tam pauper, quomodo? caecus amat.

CODRUS, although but of mean estate,
 Trusts more than any merchant in the city ;
 For being old and blind, he hath of late
 Married a wife, young, wanton, fair, and witty.

AD QUINTUM, 76. l. 5.

Quæ legis causa nupsit tibi Lælia, Quinte,
 Uxorem hanc poteris dicere legitimam.

THY lawful wife fair Lælia needs must be,
 For she was forc'd by law to marry thee.

IN MARONEM, 68. l. 11.

Nil mihi das vivus, dicis post fata daturum.
 Si non es stultus, scis, Maro, quid cupiam.

TO A. S.

RICH Chremes while he lives will nought bestow
 On his poor heirs, but all at his last day.
 If he be half as wise as rich, I trow,
 He thinks that for his life they seldom pray.

Semper eris pauper, si pauper es, Æmiliae.
Dantur opes nullis nunc nisi divitibus.*

TO ALL POOR SCHOLARS.

FAIL ye of wealth, of wealth ye still will fail,
None but fat sows are now greas'd in the tail.

* The following translations of this Epigram, amongst which are two, excepting in a mere verbal alteration, the same as that in the text, together with the others which follow them, are taken from Harl. MSS. 290, and the grounds on which they are attributed to Francis Davison are fully explained in the memoir of his life at the commencement of this volume. The words omitted are rendered illegible by the carelessness of the binder; in one or two places the words apparently defaced are supplied, and placed within brackets.

Semper eris pauper, &c.

If thou be poor, poor shalt thou still remain,
Little grows less, but wealth more wealth doth gain.
[Those who] are poor shall yet be nearer driv'n :
[For] only to the rich are all things giv'n.
The rich find friends ; the poor stand [quite] alone :
They wealth and honour gain ; the poor get none.
[Fairest] thou of wealth ? of wealth thou still wilt fail ;
[Now] men grease none but fat sows in the tail.
If thou be poor, thou wilt be poorer yet,
For fat sows' tails now all the grease do get.
If thou be poor, poor still thou 'lt be, that 's flat ;
No sows' tails now are greas'd, but those are fat.
Nothing hangs now for poor men's mouths at all ;
But all good haps in rich men's mouth do fall.
Dost thou want wealth ? 'faith thou shalt want it more.
But hast thou much ? thou shalt have greater store.
Honour and wealth are wit and virtue's nurses ;
And wit and virtue, wealth and honour merit :

IN CINNAM, 43. l. 7.

Primum est ut præstes, si quid te, Cinna, rogabo,
 Illud deinde sequens, ut cito, Cinna, neges.
 Diligo præstantem, non odi, Cinna, negantem,
 Sed tu nec præstas, nec cito, Cinna, negas.

TO HIS FRIENDS.

My just demands so one grant or soon deny;
 Th' one friendship shows, and th' other courtesy.
 But who, nor soon doth grant, nor soon say no,
 Doth not true friendship, and good manners know.

But wit and virtue join'd with empty purses,
 [Nor] wealth, nor honour, in this time inherit.

..... burthen that doth bear the steve
 of so sore a weight as poverty.

Want 's like an Irish bog, wherein who sticketh,
 By striving to get out, still deeper sinketh.

Virtue and learning were in former time
 Sure ladders by the which a man might climb
 To honor's seat: but now they will not hold,
 Unless the mounting steps be made of gold.

Virtue and learning, that were late neglected,
 And now (oh! happy times!) restored to grace;
 And nothing now in suitors is respected,
 But that they have good gifts fit for the place.

Who seeks promotion now is not respected,
 Except he have good gifts for the place.

The following translations, which have not before been printed,
 were taken from the same MS.

Haud facile emergunt.

Virtue, thou canst not now to honour flee
 Except thy wings with gold well . . . ped be.

IN CINNAM, 61. l. 3.

Esse nihil dicis, quicquid petis, improbe Cinna ;
Si nil, Cinna, petis, nil tibi, Cinna nego.

WHATSO'ER you coggingly require,
'Tis nothing, Cinna, still you cry :
Then, Cinna, you have your desire ;
If you ask nought, nought I deny.

DE PHILONE, 48. l. 5.

Nunquam se cœnasse domi Philo jurat, et hoc est,
Non cœnat quoties nemo vocavit eum.

PHILO swears he ne'er eats at home a-nights :
He means, he fasts when no man him invites.

If Virtue's wings be clypt by poverty,
She cannot now unto preferment fly.

*Funi gestato geritur nunc funi sacerdos,
Et jugulum qui obiit pectora funis obiit.*

A rope bears him who late a rope did bear ;
And what his reins late wore, his neck doth wear.

Who bore a rope, now by a rope is borne ;
And now his neck wears that, his back hath worn.

Who bare a rope, now by a rope is borne,
And what his loins wore, by his neck is worn.

Te speculum fallit, &c.

Gellia, thy glass extremely flatters thee :
For if thy filthy face thou once shouldst see
In a true glass, doubtless thou wouldst refrain
From ever looking in a glass again.

D.

12. 1. 12.

You promise mountains still to me,
 When over-night stark drunk you be ;
 But nothing you perform next day :
 Henceforth be morning drunk, I pray.

AD PESSIMOS CONJUGES, 35. 1. 3.

Cum sitis similes, paresque vita :
 Uxor pessima, pessimus maritus,
 Miror non bene convenire vobis.

WHY do your wife and you so ill agree,
 Since you in manners so well matched be ?
 Thou brazen-fac'd ; she impudently bold ;
 Thou still dost brawl ; she evermore doth scold.
 Thou seldom sober art ; she often drunk ;
 Thou a whore-hunting knave ; she a known punk.
 Both of you filch, both swear, and damn, and lie ;
 And both take pawns, and Jewish usury.
 Not manners like, make man and wife agree ;
 Their manners must both like and virtuous be.

EPIGRAMS.

A RULE FOR COURTIERS.

HE that will thrive in court, must oft become,
 Against his will, both blind, and deaf, and dumb.

ON A PAINTED COURTESAN.

WHOSOEVER saith thou sellest all, doth jest :
 Thou buy'st thy beauty, that sells all the rest.

IN AULAM.

HER sons rich Aula terms her lechers all,
 Whom other dames, loves, friends, and servants call.
 And sure methinks her wit
 Gives them a name more fit ;
 For if all mothers them their sons do call,
 Whom they have only borne nine months in all ;
 May she not call them sons with better reason,
 Whom she hath borne nine times as long a season ?

FOR A LOOKING-GLASS.

IF thou be fair, thy beauties beautify
 With virtuous deeds and manners answerable :
 If thou be foul, thy beauties want supply,
 With a fair mind and actions commendable.

IN ASINIUM.

THOU still wert wont, in earnest or in jest,
 To praise an ass as a most worthy beast.
 Now like an ass thyself thou still commendest,
 Whats'e'er thou speakest, with thine own praise thou
 endest.

Oh ! I perceive thou praisest learnedly,
 An ass in *Thesi* and *Hippothesi*.

ON A LIMPING CUCKOLD.

THOU evermore dost ancient poets blame,
 For feigning Venus wife to Vulcan lame.
 I blame the stars, and Hymen too, that gave
 A fair straight wife to thee, a foul lame knave :
 And nought doth ease my grief but only this,
 Thy Venus now hath got a Mars to kiss.

ON CRAMBO, A LOUSY SHIFTER.

BY want of shift since lice at first are bred ;
 And after, by the same increas'd and fed :
 Crambo, I muse how you have lice so many ;
 Since all men know you shift as much as any.

IN QUINTUM.

QUINTUS is burnt, and may thereof be glad ;
 For being poor, he hath a good pretence
 At every church to crave benevolence,
 For one that had by fire lost all he had.

IN SABAM.

WHY will not Saba in a glass behold
 Her face, since she grew wrinkled, pale and old ?
 Doubtless, I think she doubts that ugly sight,
 Like cow-turn'd Io would herself affright.

SONNETS.

DEDICATION OF THESE RHYMES TO HIS FIRST LOVE.

IF my harsh humble style, and rhymes ill dressed,
Arrive not to your worth and beauty glorious,
My Muse's shoulders are with weight oppressed,
And heavenly beams are o'er my fight victorious.

If these dim colours have your worth expressed,
Laid by love's^h hand, and not by art laborious,
Your sun-like rays have my wits' harvest blessed,
Enabling me to make your praise notorious.

But if, alas! alas! the heavens defend it!
My lines your eyes, my love your heart displeasing,
Breed hate in you, and kill my hope of easing;
Say, with yourself, how can the wretch amend it?
I wond'rous fair, he wond'rous dearly loving,
How can his thoughts but make his pen be moving?

THAT HE CANNOT HIDE OR DISSEMBLE HIS AFFECTION.

I BEND my wits, and beat my weary brain,
To keep my inward grief from outward show.
Alas, I cannot; now 'tis vain, I know,
To hide a fire whose flame appeareth plain.
I force my will, my senses I constrain,
T' imprison in my heart my secret woe:

^h Lovers.—*edit.* 1608.

But musing thoughts, deep sighs, or tears that flow,
 Discover what my heart hides all in vain.
 Yet blame not, dear, this undissembled passion ;
 For well may love, within small limits bounded,
 Be wisely mask'd in a disguised fashion :
 But he whose heart, like mine, is thoroughly wounded,
 Can never feign, no, though he were assured
 That feigning might have greater grace procured.

UPON HIS ABSENCE FROM HER.

THE fairest eye, O eyes in blackness fair!
 That ever shin'd, and the most heavenly face,
 The daintiest smiling, the most conquering grace,
 And sweetest breath that e'er perfumed the air ;
 Those cherry lips,ⁱ whose kiss might well repair
 A dead man's state ; that speech which^k did displace
 All mean desires, and all affections base,
 Clogging swift hope, and winging dead despair ;
 That snow-white breast, and all those faultless fea-
 tures,
 Which made her seem a personage divine,
 And far excelling fairest human creatures,
 Hath absence banish'd from my cursed eyne.
 But in my heart, as in a mirror clear,
 All these perfections to my thoughts appear.

ⁱ The cherrist lips.—*edit.* 1602.

^k Omitted.—*edit.* 1610 and 1621.

UPON PRESENTING HER WITH THE SPEECH OF
GRAY'S-INN MASK, AT THE COURT, 1595,

Consisting of Three Parts—The Story of Proteus' Transformations, The Wonders of the Adamantine Rock, and a Speech to Her Majesty.¹

Who in these lines may better claim a part,
That sing the praises of the maiden Queen,
Than you, fair sweet, that only sovereign been
Of the poor kingdom of my faithful heart ?

Or to whose view should I this speech impart,
Where th' adamantine rock's great power is shown ;
But to your conq'ring eyes, whose force once known,
Makes even iron hearts loath thence to part ?

Or who of Proteus' sundry transformations,
May better send you the new-feigned story,
Than I, whose love unfeign'd felt no mutations,
Since to be yours I first received the glory ?
Accept, then, of these lines, though meanly penn'd,
So fit for you to take, and me to send.

¹ Some observations on this Masque, and of the part taken in it by Francis Davison, will be found in the Memoir of him in this volume. That portion of it which is considered to have been written by Davison is inserted in a subsequent page.

ELEGY.

HE RENOUNCETH HIS FOOD, AND FORMER DELIGHT
IN MUSIC, POESY, AND PAINTING.

SITTING at board sometimes, prepared to eat,
If't hap my mind on these my woes to think,
Sighs fill my mouth instead of pleasant meat,
And tears do moist my lips in lieu of drink :
But yet, nor sighs, nor tears, that run amain,
Can either starve my thoughts, or quench my pain.

Another time with careful thought o'erta'en,
I thought these thoughts with music's might to chase :
But as I 'gan to set my notes in frame,
A sudden passion did my song displace :
Instead of rests, sighs from my heart did rise ;
Instead of notes, deep sobs and mournful cries.

Then, when I saw, that these my thoughts increas'd,
And that my thoughts unto my woes gave fire,
I hop'd both thoughts and woes might be releas'd,
If to the Muses I did me retire ;
Whose sweet delights were wont to ease my woe :
But now, alas ! they could do nothing so.

For trying oft, alas! yet still in vain,
 To make some pleasant numbers to arise,
 And beating oft my dullen^m weary brain,
 In hope some sweet conceit for to devise:
 Out of my mouth no words but groans would come;
 Out of my pen no ink but tears would run.

Of all my old delights yet one was left;
 Painting alone to ease my mind remain'd;
 By which, when as I look'd to be bereft
 Of these heart-vexing woes that still me strain'd,
 From forth mine eyes the blood for colours came,
 And tears withal to temper so the same.

Adieu, my food! that wont'st my taste to please,
 Adieu, my songs! that bred mine ears' delight;
 Adieu, sweet Muse! that oft my mind didst ease;
 Painting, adieu! that oft refresh'd my sight;
 Since neither taste, nor ears, nor sight, nor mind,
 In your delights can aught, save sorrow, find.

^m Dulled.—*edit.* 1603. The proper reading appears to be,
 "And beating oft my dull and weary brain."

SONNET.

TO PITY.

WAKE, Pity, wake! for thou hast slept too long
Within the tig'rish heart of that fierce fair,
Who ruins most where most she should repair,
And where she owes most right, doth greatest wrong.
Wake, Pity, wake! Oh do no more prolong
Thy needful help, but quickly hear my prayer;
Quickly, alas! for otherwise despair,
By guilty death, will end my guiltless wrong.
Sweet Pity, wake, and tell my cruel sweet,
That if my death her honour might increase,
I would lay down my life at her proud feet,
And willing die, and dying, hold my peace.
And only live, and living, mercy cry,
Because her glory in my death will die."

" This sonnet, in the first edition, concludes thus :

“ Tell her I live, and living, cry for grace,
Because my death her glory would deface.”

ODE.

THAT ONLY HER BEAUTY AND VOICE PLEASE HIM.

I.

PASSION may my judgment blear,
Therefore sure I will not swear
 That others are not pleasing :
But, I speak it to my pain,
And my life shall it maintain,
 None else yields my heart easing.

II.

Ladies I do think there be
Other-some as fair as she,
 Though none have fairer features ;
But my turtle-like affection,
Since of her I made election,
 Scorns other fairest creatures.

III.

Surely I will not deny
But some others reach as high
 With their sweet warbling voices :
But since her notes charmed mine ear,
Even the sweetest tunes I hear,
 To me seem rude harsh noises.

MADRIGALS.

TO CUPID.

LOVE, if a God thou art,
Then evermore thou must
Be merciful and just.

If thou be just, oh wherefore doth thy dart
Wound mine alone, and not my Lady's heart?

If merciful, then why
Am I to pain reserv'd,
Who have thee truly serv'd ;
While she that by thy power sets not a fly,
Laughs thee to scorn, and lives at liberty ?

Then, if a God thou wilt^p accounted be,
Heal me like her, or else wound her like me.

o In liberty.—*edit.* 1602.

p Wouldst.—*edit.* 1602.

UPON HIS MISTRESS' SICKNESS, AND HIS OWN
HEALTH.

IN health and ease am I ;
Yet, as I senseless were, it nought contents me.
You sick in pain do lie ;
And, ah, your pain exceedingly torments me.
Whereof I can this only reason give,
That dead unto myself, in you I live.^q

HE BEGS A KISS.

SORROW slowly killeth any,
Sudden joy soon murders many ;^r
Then, sweet, if you would end me,
'Tis a fond course with ling'ring grief to spend me.
For, quickly to dispatch me,
Your only way is, in your arms to catch me,
And give me dove-like kisses ;^s
For such excessive and unlook'd-for blisses,
Will so much over-joy me,
As they will straight destroy me,

^q In the first edition the concluding lines are,
"Whereof this only is the reason true,
That dead unto myself I live in you."

^r "Sorrow *seldom* killeth any,
Sudden joy *hath* murder'd many."—*edit.* 1602.

^s And give me a sweet kiss.—*ibid.*

UPON A KISS RECEIVED.^t

SINCE I your cherry lips did kiss,
 Where nectar and ambrosia is,
 My hungry maw no meat requires ;
 My thirsty throat no drink desires.
 For by your breath which then I gained,
 Camelion-like, my life's maintained.

O grant me then those cherries still,^u
 And let me feed on them my fill.
 If by a surfeit death I get,
 Upon my tomb let this be set :
 By cherries twain his life he cherish'd,
 By cherries twain at length he perish'd.^x

^t This Madrigal begins thus in the first Edition :

“ Since your sweet cherry lip I kiss,
 No want of food I once have mist ;
 My stomach now no meat requires,
 My throat no drink at all requires.”

^u Then grant me, dear, those cherries still,
 O let me feed &c.

^x The last lines are materially different in the first edition.

“ Here lieth he whom cherries two
 Made both to live, and love forego.”

ODE.^y

UPON HER PROTESTATION OF KIND AFFECTION,
HAVING TRIED HIS SINCERE FIDELITY.

I.

LADY, you are with beauties so enriched
Of body and of mind,
As I can hardly find,
Which of them all hath most my heart bewitched.

II.

Whether your skin so white, so smooth, so tender,
Or face well form'd and fair,
Or heart-ensnaring hair,^z
Or dainty hand, or leg and foot so slender.

III.^z

Or whether your sharp wit and lively spirit,
Where pride can find no place:
Or your enchanting grace,^a
Or speech, which doth true eloquence inherit.

^y The title in the first edition is, "Upon her protesting that now having tried his sincere affection, she loved him."

^z Or face so *lovely* fair,
Long heart binding hair.—*edit.* 1602.

^a Or your most pleasing grace.—*ibid.*

IV.

Most lovely all, and each of them do move me,
 More than words can express ;
 But yet I must confess,
 I love you most, because you please to love me.

 HIS RESTLESS ESTATE.

Your presence breeds my anguish,
 Your absence makes me languish :
 Your sight with woe doth fill me ;
 And want of your sweet sight, alas, doth kill me.

If those dear eyes that burn me,
 With mild aspect you turn me,
 For life my weak heart panteth ;
 If frowningly, my spirit and life blood fainteth.

If you speak kindly to me,
 Alas ! kind words undo me :
 Yet silence doth dislike me,
 And one unkind ill word, stark dead would strike me.

Thus, sun nor shade doth ease me ;
 Nor speech, nor silence please me :
 Favours and frowns annoy me ;
 Both want and plenty equally destroy me.

ELEGY.

LETTERS IN VERSE.

My dearest Sweet, if these sad lines do hap
The raging fury of the sea to 'scape,
Oh be not you more cruel than the seas,
Let pity now your angry mind appease ;
So that your hand may be their blessed port,
From whence they may unto your eyes resort ;
And at that throne pleading my wretched case,
May move your cruel heart to yield me grace.
So may no clouds of elder years obscure
Your sun-like eyes, but still as bright endure,
As then they shone when with one piercing ray
They made my self their slave, my heart their prey ;
So may no sickness nip those flowers sweet,
Which ever flowering on your cheeks do meet :
Nor all defacing time have power to 'rase,
The goodly building of that heavenly face.

II.

Fountain of bliss, yet well-spring of my woe,
Oh would I might not justly term you so !
Alas, your cruel dealing, and my fate,
Have now reduc'd me to that wretched state,

That I know not how I my style may frame
To thanks, or grudging; or, to praise, or blame:
And where to write I all my powers do bend,
There wot I not how to begin or end.
And now my drizzling tears trill down apace,
As if the latter would the former chase,
Whereof some few on my pale cheeks remain,
Like wither'd flowers, bedew'd with drops of rain:
The other falling in my paper sink,
Or dropping in my pen increase my ink.
Which sudden passion's cause if you would find,
A trembling fear doth now possess my mind,
That you will not vouchsafe these lines to read,
Lest they some pity in your heart may breed:
But, or with angry frowns refuse to take them,
Or taking them the fire's fuel make them:
Or, with those hands, made to a milder end,
These guiltless leaves all into pieces rend.
O cruel Tyrant! yet beloved still,
Wherein have I deserv'd of you so ill,
That all my love you should with hate requite,
And all my pains reward with such despise?
Or if my fault be great, which I protest
Is only love, too great to be exprest,
What, have these lines so harmless, innocent,
Deserv'd to feel their master's punishment?
These leaves are not unto my fault consenting,
And therefore ought not to have the same tormenting.

When you have read them, use them as you list,
 For by your sight they shall be fully blest :
 But till you read them, let the woes I have,
 This harmless paper from your fury save.

III.

Clear up, mine eyes, and dry yourselves, my tears,
 And thou, my heart, banish these deadly fears :
 Persuade thyself, that though her heart disdain
 Either to love thy love, or rue thy pain,
 Yet her fair eyes will not a look deny
 To this sad story of thy misery.
 Oh then, my dear, behold the portraiture
 Of him that doth all kind of woes endure ;
 Of him whose head is made a hive of woes,
 Whose swarming number daily greater grows ;
 Of him whose senses like a rack are bent,
 With diverse motions my poor soul to rent ;
 Whose mind a mirror is, which only shews
 The ugly image of my present woes :
 Whose memory's a poison'd knife to tear
 The ever bleeding wound my breast doth bear ;
 The ever bleeding wound not to be cured,
 But by those eyes that first the same procured.
 And that poor heart, so faithful, constant, true,
 That only loves, and serves, and honours you,
 Is like a feeble ship, which, torn and rent,
 The mast of hope being broke, and tackling spent ;

Reason, the pilot, dead, the stars obscured,
 By which alone to sail it was enured ;
 No port, no land, no comfort once expected,
 All hope of safety utterly neglected ;
 With dreadful terror tumbling up and down
 Passion's uncertain waves with hideous sound,
 Doth daily, hourly, minutely expect,
 When either it should run, and so be wreck'd,
 Upon Despair's sharp rock, or be o'erthrown
 With storm of your disdain so fiercely blown.

IV.

But yet of all the woes that do torment me,
 Of all the torments that do daily rent me,^b
 There's none so great, although I am assured
 That even the least cannot be long endured,
 As that so many weeks, nay months and years,
 Nay tedious ages, for it so appears,
 My trembling heart, besides so many anguishes,
 'Twixt hope and fear uncertain, hourly languishes :
 Whether your hands, your eyes, your heart of stone,
 Did take my lines, and read them, and bemoan
 With one kind word, one sigh, one pitying tear,
 Th' unfeigned grief which you do make me bear,^c

^b But yet of all the woes that do torment my heart,
 Of all the torments that do daily rent my heart.—*edit.* 1602.

^c Th' unfeigned grief which for your love I bear.—*ibid.*

Whether y' accepted that last monument
Of my dear love, the book I mean, I sent
To your dear self, when the respectless wind
Bore me away, leaving my heart behind.
And deign, sometimes, when you the same do view,
To think on him who always thinks on you :
Or whether you, as oh, I fear you do,
Hate both my self, and gifts, and letters too.

v.

I must confess, Unkind, when I consider,^d
How ill, alas, how ill agree together,
So peerless beauty to so fierce a mind,
So hard an inside to so fair a rind,
A heart so bloody to so white a breast,
So proud disdain with so mild looks supprest ;
And how, my dear, oh, would it had been never,
Accursed word ! nay would it might be ever :
How once, I say, till our heart was estranged,
Alas, how soon my day to night was changed !
You did vouchsafe my poor eyes so much grace,
Freely to view the riches of your face,
And did so high exalt my lowly heart,
To call it yours, and take it in good part,
And, which was greatest bliss, did not disdain,
For boundless love to yield some love again.

^d I must confess (unkind) when I do consider.—*edit.* 1602.

When this, I say, I call unto my mind,
 And in my heart and soul no cause can find,
 No fact, no word, whereby my heart doth merit,
 To lose^e that love, which once I did inherit,
 Despair itself cannot make me despair
 But that you 'll prove as kind as you are fair,
 And that my lines, and book, Oh would 't were true,
 Are, though I know't not yet, received by you ;
 And often have your cruelty repented,
 Whereby my guiltless heart is thus tormented.
 And now at length, in lieu of passed woe,
 Will pity, kindness, love and favour shew.^f

VI.

But when again my cursed memory,
 To my sad thoughts confounded diversly,
 Presents the time, the tear-procuring time,
 That wither'd my young joys before their prime :
 The time when I with tedious absence tired,
 With restless love and rack'd desire inspired,
 Coming to find my earthly Paradise,
 To glass my sight in your two heavenly eyes,
 On which alone my earthly joys depended,
 And wanting which, my joy and life were ended,

^e To *love* that love, in the second, third, and fourth editions. but it is evidently a misprint. In the first edition it stands,

No fact, no word, whereby my heart hath merited,
 Of your sweet love to be thus disinherited.—*edit.* 1602.

^f Will pity, grace, and love, and favour shew.—*ibid.* 1602.

From your sweet rosy lips, the springs of bliss,
To draw the nectar of a sweetest kiss :
My greedy ears on your sweet words to feed,
Which candied in your sugar'd breath proceed
In daintiest accents through that coral door,
Guarded with precious pearl and rubies' store :
To touch your hand so white, so moist, so soft,
And with a ravish'd kiss redoubled oft,
Revenge with kindest spite the bloody theft,
Whereby it closely me my heart bereft :
And of all bliss to taste the consummation,
In your sweet, graceful, heavenly conversation,
By whose sweet charms the souls you do enchant
Of all that do your lovely presence haunt :
Instead of all these joys I did expect,
Found nought but frowns, unkindness and neglect.
Neglect, unkindness, frowns? nay, plain contempt,
And open hate, from no disdain exempt ;
No bitter words, side-looks,^g nor aught that might
Engrieve, encrease so undeserv'd despite.
When this, I say, I think, and think withal
How, nor those show'rs of tears mine eyes let fall,
Nor wind of blust'ring sighs with all their force,
Could move your rocky heart once to remorse ;
Can I expect that letter should find grace,
Or pity ever in your heart have place ?

^g Besides looks.—*edit.* 1621.

No no, I think, and sad despair says for me,
 You hate, disdain, and utterly abhor me.

VII.

Alas, my Dear, if this you do devise,
 To try the virtue of your murdering eyes,
 And in the glass of bleeding hearts, to view
 The glorious splendour of your beauty's hue,
 Ah, try it on rebellious hearts, and sprites^h
 That do withstand the power of sacred lights,
 And make them feel, if any such be found,
 How deep and cureless your eyes can wound.
 But spare, oh spare my yielding heart, and save
 Him whose chief glory is to be your slave :
 Make me the matter of your clemency,
 And not the subject of your tyranny.

^h In the second, third, and fourth editions, this line is printed

“ Ah try it on rebellious hearts and *eyes*,”

but as this ill agrees with the sense and not at all with the rhyme, Sir Egerton Brydges has, with his usual ingenuity, suggested that the concluding word of the next line “ lights” was a misprint for “ sighs ;” and though this correction would improve the passage, still the idea of trying the effect of beauty's resplendent hue on

—————rebellious hearts and *eyes*

That do withstand the power of sacred *sighs*,
 approached too nearly to nonsense, for it to have been the poet's meaning. The first edition of the Rhapsody, which was not discovered when the Lee Priory Edition was printed, but from which the text was corrected, has, however, perfectly explained the lines in question, and, as it now stands, the simile is highly beautiful.

ODE.

BEING BY HIS ABSENCE IN ITALY DEPRIVED OF HER
LOOKS, WORDS, AND GESTURES, HE DESIRETH
HER TO WRITE UNTO HIM.ⁱ

I.

My only star,
Why, why are your dear eyes,
Where all my life's peace lies,^k
With me at war ?
Why to my ruin tending,
Do they still lighten woe,
On him that loves you so,
That all his thoughts in you have birth and ending ?

II.

Hope of my heart,
Oh wherefore do the words,
Which your sweet tongue affords,
No hope impart ?

ⁱ In the first Edition the title of this Ode is " Being deprived of her sweet looks, words and gestures, by his absence in Italy, he desires her to write unto him." It is stated in the Memoir of Francis Davison, in this volume, that he was in Italy in 1596, at which time this Ode was probably written.

^k This line is omitted in the fourth edition, but probably by accident.

But cruel without measure,
 To my eternal pain,
 Still thunder forth disdain
 On him whose life depends upon your pleasure.

III.

Sunshine of joy,
 Why do your gestures, which
 All eyes and hearts bewitch,
 My bliss destroy?
 And pity's sky o'erclouding,
 Of hate an endless show'r
 On that poor heart still pour,
 Which in your bosom seeks his only shrouding?

IV.

Balm of my wound,¹
 Why are your lines, whose sight
 Should cure me with delight,
 My poison found?
 Which through my veins dispersing,
 Make my poor heart and mind,^m
 And all my senses, find
 A living death, in torments past rehearsing.

¹ *Blame* of my wound, in each of the former editions, but it is presumed to have been a misprint.

^m Doth make my heart and mind.—*edit.* 1602.

V.

Alas ! my fate
Hath of your eyes depriv'd me,
Which both kill'd and reviv'd me,
And sweeten'd hate ;
Your sweet voice, and sweet graces,
Which cloth'd in lovely weeds
Your cruel words and deeds,
Are intercepted by far distant places.

VI.

But, oh ! the anguish
Which presence still presented,
Absence hath not absented,
Nor made to languish ;
No, no, t' increase my paining,
The cause being, ah ! removed,
For which th' effect I loved,
Th' effect is still in greatest force remaining.

VII.

Oh ! cruel tiger,
If to your hard heart's centre
Tears, vows, and prayers may enter,
Desist your rigour ;
And let kind lines assure me,
Since to my deadly wound
No salve else can be found,
That you that kill me, yet at length will cure me.

MADRIGAL.

ALLUSION TO THE CONFUSION OF BABEL.

THE wretched life I live,
In my weak senses such confusion maketh,
That, like the accursed rabble
That built the tower of Babel,
My wit mistaketh,
And unto nothing a right name doth give.

I term her my dear love, that deadly hates me ;
My chiefest good, her that 's my chiefest evil ;
Her saint and goddess, who 's a witch, a devil ;
Her my sole hope, that with despair amatesⁿ me ;
My balm I call her, that with poison fills me ;
And her I term my life, that daily kills me.

ⁿ Daunts, disheartens.—*Nares*.

SONNET.

UPON HER ACKNOWLEDGING HIS DESERT, YET
REJECTING HIS AFFECTION.

IF love conjoin'd with worth and great desert,
 Merit like love in every noble mind,
 Why then do I you still so cruel find,
 To whom you do such praise of worth impart?
 And if, my dear, you speak not from your heart,
 Two heinous wrongs you do together bind,
 To seek with glozing words mine eyes to blind,
 And yet with hateful deeds my love to thwart.
 To want what one deserves, engrieves his pain,
 Because it takes away all self-accusing;
 And under kindest words to mask^o disdain,
 Is to a vexed soul too much abusing.
 Then if 't be false, such glozing words refrain;
 If true, oh! then let worth his due obtain.

HER ANSWER IN THE SAME RHYMES.

IF your fond love want worth and great desert,
 Then blame yourself that you me cruel find:
 If worth alone move every noble mind,
 Why to no worth should I my love impart?

^o *Make*, in the third edition, but probably a misprint.

And if the less to grieve your wounded heart,
 I seek your dazzled eyes with words to blind,
 To just disfavour I great favour bind,
 With deeds and not with words your love to thwart.
 The freeing of your mind from self accusing,
 By granting your deserts should ease your pain ;
 And since love is your fault, 'twere some abusing,
 With bitter words to envenom just disdain.
 Then if 't be true, all glozing I refrain ;
 If false, why should no worth worth's due obtain ?

HIS FAREWELL TO HIS UNKIND AND INCONSTANT
MISTRESS.

SWEET, if you like and love me still,
 And yield me love for my good will,
 And do not from your promise start,
 When your fair hand gave me your heart ;
 If dear to you I be,
 As you are dear to me ;
 Then your's I am, and will be ever,
 Nor time nor place my love shall sever ;
 But faithful still I will persevere,
 Like constant marble stone,
 Loving but you alone.

But if you favour more than me,
 Who love thee, dear, and none but thee ;^p

^p Who love thee still and none but thee.—*edit.* 1602.

If others do the harvest gain,
 That 's due to me for all my pain ;
 If you delight to range,[¶]
 And oft to chop and change ;
 Then get you some new-fangled mate ;
 My doating love shall turn to hate,
 Esteeming you, though too, too late,
 Not worth a pebble stone,
 Loving not me alone.

A PROSOPOPŒIA,

WHEREIN HIS HEART SPEAKS TO HIS SECOND
 LADY'S BREAST.

I DARE not in my master's bosom rest,
 That flaming Ætna would to ashes burn me ;
 Nor dare I harbour in his mistress' breast,
 The frosty climate into ice would turn me ;
 So both from her and him I do retire me,
 Lest th' one should freeze me, and th' other fire me.

Wing'd with true love, I fly to this sweet breast,
 Whose snow, I hope, will cool, but t'ice not turn me ;
 Where fire and snow, I trust, so temper'd rest,
 As gentle heat will warm, and yet not burn me.

¶ If that you love to range.—*edit.* 1602.

But oh dear breast ! from thee I 'll ne'er retire me,
Whether thou cool, or warm, or freeze, or fire me.

UPON HER GIVING HIM BACK THE PAPER WHEREON
THE FORMER SONG WAS WRITTEN, AS THOUGH
IT HAD BEEN AN ANSWER THEREUNTO.

LADY of matchless beauty ;
When into your sweet bosom I delivered
A paper, with wan looks, and hand that quivered
 'Twixt hope, fear, love, and duty ;
Thought you it nothing else contain'd
But written words in rhyme restrain'd ?
 Oh then your thought abused was ;
My heart close wrapt therein, into your breast infused
 was.

When you that scroll restor'd me
With grateful words, kind grace, and smiling merrily,
My breast did swell with joy, supposing verily,
 You, answer did afford me.
But finding only that I writ,
I hop'd to find my heart in it :
 But you my hope abused had,
And poison of despair instead thereof infused had.

Why, why did you torment me,
With giving back my humble rhymes so hatefully ?

You should have kept both heart and paper gratefull,
 Or both you should have sent me.
 Hope you my heart thence to remove,
 By scorning me, my lines, my love?
 No, no ; your hope abused is,
 Too deep to be remov'd, it in your breast infused is.

Oh, shall I hide or tell it?
 Dear, with so spotless, zealous, firm affection,
 I love your beauty, virtue, and perfection,
 As nothing can expel it.
 Scorn still my rhymes, my love despite,
 Pull out my heart, yea kill me quite ;
 Yet will your hate abused be,
 For in my very soul, your love and looks infused be.

COMMENDATION OF HER BEAUTY, STATURE, BEHAVIOUR,
 AND WIT.

SOME there are as fair to see too ;
 But by art and not by nature ;
 Some as tall and goodly be too ;
 But want beauty to their stature.

Some have gracious kind behaviour ;
 But are foul or simple creatures :
 Some have wit, but want sweet favour,
 Or are proud of their good features.

Only you, and you want pity,^r
 Are most fair, tall, kind, and witty,

TO HER HAND, UPON HER GIVING HIM HER GLOVE.

Oh HAND! of all hands living
 The softest, moistest, whitest:
 More skill'd than PHŒBUS on a lute in running,
 More than MISERVA with a needle cunning,
 Than Mercury more wily,
 In stealing hearts most sily:
 Since thou, dear hand, in theft so much delightest,
 Why fall'st thou now a giving?
 Ay me! thy gifts are thefts, and with strange art,
 In giving me thy glove, thou steal'st my heart.

CUPID PROVED A FENCER.

AH, Cupid, I mistook thee:
 I for an archer, and no fencer took thee.
 But as a fencer oft feigns blows and thrusts,
 Where he intends no harm,^s
 Then turns his baleful arm,
 And wounds that part which least his foe mistrusts:^t
 So thou, with fencing art,
 Feigning to wound mine eyes, hast hit my heart.

^r Only you in court and city.—*edit.* 1602.

^s Where he doth mean no harm.—*ibid.*

^t And wounds his foe whereas he least mistrusts.—*ibid.*

UPON HER COMMENDING (THOUGH MOST UNDESERVEDLY) HIS VERSES TO HIS FIRST LOVE.

PRAISE you those barren rhymes long since composed,
 Which my great love, her greater cruelty,
 My constant faith, her false inconstancy,
 My praises^u style, her o'er-praised worth disclosed?
 Oh, if I lov'd a scornful dame so dearly;
 If my wild years did yield so firm affection:
 If her moon-beams, short of your sun's perfection,
 Taught my hoarse Muse as you say to sing clearly,
 How much, how much should I love and adore you,
 Divinest creature, if you deign'd to love me!
 What beauty, fortune, time should ever move me,
 In these stay'd years, to like aught else before you?
 And oh, how should my Muse by you inspired
 Make heaven and earth resound your praise admired!

My then green heart so brightly did inflame.

HE COMPARES HIMSELF TO A CANDLE-FLY.

LIKE to the seely fly,
 To the dear light I fly
 Of your disdainful eyes,
 But in a diverse wise:
 She with the flame doth play
 By night alone, and I, both night and day.

^u *Praiseless* in the Lee Priory edition.

She to a candle runs ;
 I to a light, far brighter than the sun's.
 She near at hand is fired ;
 I both near hand, and far away retired.
 She fondly thinks, nor dead, nor hurt to be ;
 But I my burning and my death foresee.

ANSWER TO HER QUESTION, WHAT LOVE WAS.

If I behold your eyes,
 Love is a paradise :
 But if I view my heart,
 'Tis an infernal smart.

THAT ALL OTHER CREATURES HAVE THEIR ABIDING
 IN HEAVEN, HELL, EARTH, AIR, WATER OR
 FIRE, BUT HE IN ALL OF THEM.

In heaven the blessed angels have their being ;
 In hell are fiends appointed to damnation ;
 To men and beasts earth yields firm habitation ;
 The wing'd musicians in the air are fleeing ;
 With fins the people gliding
 Of water have the enjoying ;
 In fire, all else destroying,
 The salamander finds a strange abiding :
 But I, poor wretch, since I did first aspire
 To love your beauty, beauties all excelling,
 Have my strange diverse dwelling,
 In heaven, hell, earth, water, air, and fire.

Mine ear, while you do sing, in heav'n remaineth :
 My mind in hell, through hope and fear's contention :
 Earth holds my drossy wit and dull invention :
 Th' ill food of airy sighs my life sustaineth.

To streams of tears still flowing,
 My weeping eyes are turned :
 My constant heart is burned
 In quenchless fire within my bosom glowing.
 Oh fool, no more, no more so high aspire :
 In heav'n is no beauty more excelling,
 In hell no such pride dwelling,
 Nor heart so hard in earth, air, water, fire.

UPON HIS TIMOROUS SILENCE IN HER PRESENCE.

ARE lovers full of fire ?
 How comes it then my verses are so cold ?
 And how, when I am nigh her,
 And fit occasion wills me to be bold,
 The more I burn, the more I do desire,
 The less I dare require ?
 Ah love ! this is thy wond'rous art,
 To freeze the tongue, and fire the heart.

UPON HER LONG ABSENCE.

If this most wretched and infernal anguish,
 Wherein so long your absence makes me languish,
 My vital spirits spending,
 Do not work out my ending ;

Nor yet your long expected safe returning,
To heav'nly joy my hellish torments turning,
 With joy so overflow me,
 As presently it kill me :
I will conclude, hows'ever schools deceive a man,
No joy, nor sorrow, can of life bereave a man.

UPON SEEING HIS FACE IN HER EYE.

FAIREST and kindest of all woman-kind :
Since you did me the undeserved grace
In your fair eye to shew me my bad face ;
With loan I'll pay you in the self-same kind :
 Look in mine eye, and I will shew to you
 The fairest face that heaven's eye doth view.

But the small worthless glass of my dim eye
Scarce shews the picture of your heav'nly face,
Which yet each slightest turn doth straight deface.
But could, oh could you once my heart espy,
 Your form at large you there engrav'd should see,
 Which, nor by time, nor death can rased be.

UPON HER HIDING HER FACE FROM HIM.

Go, wailing accents go,
With my warm tears and scalding tears attended,
To th' author of my woe,
And humbly ask her, why she is offended.
Say, dear, why hide you so
From him your blessed eyes,
Where he beholds his earthly paradise,
Since he hides not from you
His heart, wherein love's heav'n you may view?

UPON HER BEAUTY AND INCONSTANCY.

WHOSOEVER longs to try
Both love and jealousy,
My fair inconstant lady let him see,
And he will soon a jealous lover be.
Then he by proof shall know,
As I do to my woe,
How they make my poor heart at once to dwell,
In fire and frost, in heaven and in hell.

A DIALOGUE,

BETWEEN A LOVER'S FLAMING HEART, AND HIS
LADY'S FROZEN BREAST.

HEART. Shun not, sweet breast, to see me all of fire.

BREAST. Fly not, dear heart, to find me all of snow.

HEART. Thy snow inflames these flames of my desire.

BREAST. And I desire, Desire's sweet flames to know.

HEART. Thy snow n' ill hurt me.

BREAST. Nor thy fire will harm me.

HEART. This cold will cool me,

BREAST. And this heat will warm me.

HEART. Take this chaste fire to that pure virgin
snow.

BREAST. Being now thus warm'd, I'll ne'er seek other
fire.

HEART. Thou giv'st more bliss than mortal hearts
may know.

BREAST. More bliss I take than angels can desire.

BOTH TOGETHER.

Let one joy fill us, as one grief did harm us ;^v
 Let one death kill us, as one love doth warm us.

FOR WHAT CAUSE HE OBTAINS NOT HIS LADY'S
 FAVOUR.

DEAR, why hath my long love, and faith unfeigned,
 At your fair hands no grace at all obtained ?

Is't that my pock-hol'd face doth beauty lack ?

No: Your sweet sex, sweet beauty praiseth :
 Ours, wit and valour chiefly raiseth.

Is't that my muskless clothes are plain and black ?

No: What wise lady loves fine noddies,
 With poor-clad minds, and rich clad bodies ?

Is't that no costly gifts mine agents are ?

No: My true heart, which I present you,
 Should more than pearl or gold content you.

Is't that my verses want invention rare ?

No: I was never skilful poet,
 I truly love, and plainly shew it.

^v In the first edition these lines stand thus :

“ Let one grief harm us, let one joy fill us,
 Let one love warm us, and let one death kill us.”

Is't that I vaunt, or am effeminate ?

Oh scornful vices ! I abhor you,
Dwell still in court, the place fit for you.

Is't that you fear my love soon turns to hate ?

No : Though disdain'd, I can hate never ;
But lov'd, where once I love, love ever.

Is't that your favours jealous eyes suppress ?

No : only virtue never sleeping,
Both your fair mind and body's keeping.

Is't, that to many more I love profess ?

Goddess, you have my heart's oblation ;
And no saint else lips invocation.

No, none of these. The cause I now discover ;

No woman loves a faithful worthy lover.



A QUATRAIN.

If you reward my love with love again,

My bliss, my life, my heaven I will deem you ;

But if you proudly 'quite it with disdain,

My curse, my death, my hell I must esteem you. "

* My curse, my hell I must esteem you.—*edit.* 1621.

SONNET

TO A WORTHY LORD,^x NOW DEAD, UPON PRESENTING
HIM, FOR A NEW YEAR'S GIFT, WITH
CÆSAR'S COMMENTARIES AND CORNELIUS TACITUS.

WORTHILY famous lord, whose virtues rare,
Set in the gold of never-stain'd nobility,
And noble mind shining in true humility,
Make you admir'd of all that virtuous are :
If, as your sword with envy imitates
Great Cæsar's sword in all his deeds victorious ;
So your learn'd pen would strive to be glorious,
And write your acts perform'd in foreign States ;
Or if some one, with the deep wit inspired
Of matchless Tacitus, would them historify,
Then Cæsar's works so much we should not glorify,
And Tacitus would be much less desired.
But till yourself, or some such put them forth,
Accept of these as pictures of your worth.

^x Probably the unfortunate Robert Earl of Essex, who, as is stated in the Memoir, was in some degree the patron of Francis Davison.

TO

SAMUEL DANIEL,^y

PRINCE OF ENGLISH POETS,

UPON HIS THREE SEVERAL SORTS OF POESY.

LYRICAL, IN HIS SONNETS;

TRAGICAL, IN ROSAMOND AND CLEOPATRA;

HEROICAL, IN HIS CIVIL WARS.

OLYMPIA'S matchless son, when as he knew
How many crowns his father's sword had gain'd,
With smoking sighs, and deep-fetch'd sobs did rue,
And his brave cheeks with scalding tears bedew;
Because that kingdoms now so few remain'd
By his victorious arms to be obtain'd.

^y SAMUEL DANIEL, who is here emphatically styled "The Prince of English Poets," was the son of a music-master, and was born near Taunton, in Somersetshire, in 1562. In 1579 he was admitted a commoner of Magdalen Hall, Oxford; but, perhaps from that want of application which is too often the companion of genius, he left the University without having graduated, and devoted himself to History and the Muses, instead of Logic and Theology. His translation of Paulus Jovius, and a "Discourse on rare Inventions," or, more probably the interest of his brother-in-law, the well known John Florio, obtained him the appointment of Gentleman Extraordinary, and afterwards, of Groom of the

So, learned Daniel, when as thou didst see,
 That Spenser erst so far had spread his fame,
 That he was monarch deem'd of Poesy,
 Thou didst, I guess, even burn with jealousy,
 Lest laurel were not left enough to frame
 A nest sufficient for thine endless name.

But as that pearl of Greece soon after pass'd
 In wond'rous conquests his renowned sire,
 And others all, whose names by Fame are plac'd
 In highest seat : so hath thy Muse surpass'd
 Spenser, and all that do with hot desire
 To the thunder-scorning laurel-crown aspire.

Chamber, to Queen Anne, consort of James I. His reputation both as a Poet and an Historian, was about this time at its meridian ; and according to Antony Wood, he succeeded Spenser as the Poet Laureat. Of his life little is recorded, possibly because it presented few incidents beyond those of ordinary men ; for, with very few exceptions, the lives of scholars afford but scanty materials for biography. It appears that in his latter years he retired near to the place where he was born, and died in October 1619, aged about fifty-seven, at Beckington near Philip's-Norton in Somersetshire. Having been the tutor to Aun, daughter and sole heiress of George Clifford Earl of Cumberland, she, from a feeling which reflects honour on her character, erected a monument to his memory, on which he is described as " that excellent Poet and Historian."

Daniel's chief productions are, " The Complaint of Rosamond ;" various " Sonnets to Delia ;" a tragedy entitled " Cleopatra ;" an historical poem on " The Civil Wars between the Houses of York and Lancaster ;" " The Vision of the Twelve Goddesses ;" &c. His Poetical Works were edited by his brother John Daniel, in 1623.

And as his empire's linked force was known,
 When each of those that did his kingdom share,
 The mightiest kings in might did match alone ;
 So of thy skill the greatness thus is shown ;
 That each of those, great poets deemed are,
 Who may in no one kind with thee compare.

One shar'd out Greece, another Asia held,
 And fertile Egypt to a third did fall ;
 But only Alexander all did wield.
 So in soft pleasing lyrics some are skill'd,
 In tragic some, some in heroical ;
 But thou alone art matchless in them all.

NON EQUIDEM INVIDEO, MIROR MAGIS.

THREE EPITAPHS

UPON THE DEATH OF A RARE CHILD OF
 SIX YEARS OLD.

I.

Wit's perfection, Beauty's wonder,
 Nature's pride, the Graces' treasure,
 Virtue's hope, his friends' sole pleasure,
 This small marble stone lies under ;
 Which is often moist with tears,
 For such loss in such young years.

II.

Lovely boy ! thou art not dead,
 But from earth to heaven fled ;
 For base earth was far unfit
 For thy beauty, grace, and wit.

III.

Thou alive on earth, sweet boy,
 Hadst an angel's wit and face ;
 And now dead, thou dost enjoy,
 In high Heaven, an angel's place.

AN INSCRIPTION FOR THE STATUE OF DIDO.

Oh most unhappy Dido !
 Unhappy wife, and more unhappy widow !
 Unhappy in thy mate,
 And in thy lover most unfortunate :
 By treason th' one was reft thee ;
 By treason th' other left thee.
 That left thee means to fly with ;
 This left thee means to die with.
 The former being dead,
 From brother's sword thou fliest :
 The latter being fled,
 On lover's sword thou diest.

PIU MERITARE, CHE CONSEGUIRE.

FRANCIS DAVISON.







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