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DAVISON'S POETICAL RHAPSODY.

VOL. II.

POETICAL RHAPSODY

DAVISON'S  
POETICAL RHAPSODY,

EDITED BY  
A. H. BULLEN.



VOL. II.

LONDON:  
GEORGE BELL AND SONS,  
YORK STREET, COVENT GARDEN.

1891.

28966  
29/9/93

PR  
1207  
D3  
1890  
V.2

CHISWICK PRESS:—C. WHITTINGHAM AND CO., TOOKS COURT,  
CHANCERY LANE.

ELECTRONIC VERSION  
AVAILABLE

NO. 96000631



## CONTENTS OF VOL. II.

	PAGE
<i>Sonnet I. He demands pardon for looking, loving, and writing</i>	1
II. <i>Love in justice punishable only with like love</i>	2
III. <i>He calls his Ears, Eyes, and Heart, as witnesses of her sweet Voice, Beauty, and inward virtuous Perfections</i>	2
IV. <i>Praise of her Eyes, excelling all comparison</i>	3
<i>Ode I. His Lady to be condemned of Ignorance or Cruelty</i>	4
<i>Sonnet V. Contention of Love and Reason for his Heart</i>	5
VI. <i>That she hath greater power over his Happiness and Life, than either Fortune, Fate, or Stars</i>	6
VII. <i>Of his Lady's weeping</i>	6
VIII. <i>He paints out his torment</i>	7
Ode II. <i>A Dialogue between him and his Heart</i>	8
<i>Sonnet IX. His Sighs and Tears are bootless</i>	10
X. <i>Her Beauty makes him love even in despair</i>	10
XI. <i>Why her Lips yield him no words of comfort</i>	11
XII. <i>Comparison of his Heart to a tempest-beaten Ship</i>	12
<i>Elegy. To his Lady, who had vowed Virginity</i>	13
<i>Sonnet XIII. That he cannot leave to love, though commanded</i>	19
XIV. <i>He desires leave to write of his Love</i>	19
<i>Quid pluma levius? Pulvis. Quid Pulvere? Ventus, etc.</i>	20
<i>Sonnets by THOMAS WATSON.</i>	
<i>A Dialogue between the Lover and his Heart</i>	21
<i>A Dialogue between a Lover, Death, and Love</i>	22
<i>That Time hath no power to end or diminish his Love</i>	23
<i>Love's hyperboles</i>	23
<i>An Invective against Love</i>	24
<i>Petrarch's Sonnet, "Pace non trovo," etc. translated</i>	25
<i>He proves himself to endure the hellish torments of Tantalus, Ixion, Titius, Sisyphus, and the Belides</i>	26
<i>Love's Discommodities</i>	27
<i>Allegory of his Love to a Ship</i>	27
<i>Execration of his passed Love</i>	28

	PAGE
<i>A Sonnet of the Sun</i> , by CHARLES BEST . . . . .	29
<i>A Sonnet of the Moon</i> . . . . .	30
<i>Group of Poems</i> by A. W.	
<i>Three Sonnets for a Proem to the Poems following</i> :—	
<i>Sonnet I.</i> . . . . .	31
<i>II.</i> . . . . .	32
<i>III.</i> . . . . .	32
<i>Ode. Where his Lady keeps his Heart</i> . . . . .	33
<i>To her Eyes</i> . . . . .	34
<i>Ode II. The more favour he obtains, the more he desires</i> . . . . .	35
<i>Love the only price of Love</i> . . . . .	36
<i>His Heart arraigned of Theft, and acquitted.</i> . . . . .	37
<i>Madrigal I.</i> . . . . .	38
<i>Phalenciack I.</i> . . . . .	38
<i>Deadly Sweetness</i> . . . . .	39
<i>Madrigal II. Verbal Love</i> . . . . .	39
<i>Ladies' Eyes serve Cupid both for Darts and Fire</i> . . . . .	40
<i>Love's Contrarities</i> . . . . .	41
<i>Ode III. Desire and Hope</i> . . . . .	41
<i>Madrigal III. Her Praise is in her Want</i> . . . . .	43
<i>Her outward Gesture deceiving his inward Hope</i> . . . . .	43
<i>Phalenciack II.</i> . . . . .	44
<i>Sonnet IV. Desire hath conquered Revenge</i> . . . . .	45
<i>That he is unchangeable</i> . . . . .	45
<i>To his Eyes</i> . . . . .	47
<i>Ode IV. Upon visiting his Lady by Moonlight</i> . . . . .	48
<i>Upon her Absence</i> . . . . .	49
<i>Ode V. Petition to have her leave to die</i> . . . . .	50
<i>The Lover's Absence kills me, her Presence cures me</i> . . . . .	51
<i>Ode VI. The kind Lover's Complaint in finding nothing but folly for his faithfulness</i> . . . . .	52
<i>Ode VII. Unhappy Eyes.</i> . . . . .	53
<i>Cupid shoots light, but wounds sore</i> . . . . .	54
<i>A true description of Love, translated from Petrarch's "S' amor non è," etc.</i> . . . . .	56
<i>Fair Face and Hard Heart</i> . . . . .	57
<i>Ode VIII. Disdain at variance with Desire</i> . . . . .	58
<i>An Invective against Love</i> . . . . .	59
<i>Upon an heroical Poem which he had begun, in Imitation of Virgil, of the first inhabiting of this famous Isle by Brute and the Trojans</i> . . . . .	61
<i>Upon his Lady's buying Strings for her Lute</i> . . . . .	63
<i>Care will not let him live, nor Hope let him die</i> . . . . .	64
<i>Ode IX. Cupid's marriage with Dissimulation.</i> . . . . .	65
<i>Ode X. Dispraise of Love, and Lovers' Follies</i> . . . . .	66

	PAGE
<i>In Praise of the Sun</i> . . . . .	67
<i>Ode XI. To his Muse</i> . . . . .	68
<i>Death in Love</i> . . . . .	69
<i>Break, heavy heart</i> . . . . .	70
<i>Desire's Government</i> . . . . .	71
<i>Love's Properties</i> . . . . .	72
<i>A Living Death</i> . . . . .	72
<i>The Passionate Prisoner</i> . . . . .	73
<i>Hopeless Desire soon withers and dies</i> . . . . .	74
<i>Ode XII. To his Heart</i> . . . . .	74
<i>Phaleuciacks III.</i> . . . . .	76
<i>Ode XIII. A Defiance to disdainful Love</i> . . . . .	77
<i>Being scorned and disdained, he inveighs against his Lady</i> . . . . .	78
<i>Ode XIV. The Tomb of dead Desire</i> . . . . .	79
<i>An Altar and Sacrifice to Disdain, for freeing him from Love</i> . . . . .	81
<i>Certain Poems upon divers subjects, by the same author.</i>	
<i>Three Odes translated out of Anacreon. Ode I.</i> . . . . .	82
<i>Ode II. A Comparison betwixt the Strength of Beasts, the Wisdom of Man, and the Beauty of a Woman's Face</i> . . . . .	83
<i>Ode III.</i> . . . . .	83
<i>Anacreon's Second Ode, otherwise; by THOMAS SPELMAN</i> . . . . .	85
<i>Anacreon's Third Ode, otherwise; by ROBERT GREENE</i> . . . . .	86
<i>Natural Comparisons with perfect Love</i> . . . . .	86
<i>An Answer to the First Staff: that Love is unlike in Beggars and in Kings</i> . . . . .	87
<i>A Song in Praise of a Beggar's Life</i> . . . . .	88
<i>Upon beginning without making an end</i> . . . . .	89
<i>An Epigram to Sir Philip Sidney; translated out of Jodelle</i> . . . . .	90
<i>Hexameters upon the never-enough praised Sir Philip Sidney</i> . . . . .	90
<i>Another upon the same</i> . . . . .	91
<i>Others upon the same</i> . . . . .	92
<i>To Time</i> . . . . .	94
<i>A Meditation upon the Frailty of this Life</i> . . . . .	95
<i>A Dialogue between the Soul and the Body</i> . . . . .	96
<i>Sapphics, upon the Passion of Christ</i> . . . . .	97
<i>Divers Poems of Sundry Authors.</i>	
<i>A Hymn in Praise of Music</i> . . . . .	98
<i>Ten Sonnets to Philomel.</i>	
<i>Sonnet I. Upon Love's entering by his Ears</i> . . . . .	100
<i>Sonnet II.</i> . . . . .	101
<i>Sonnet III. Of his own, and of his Mistress' Sickness at one Time</i> . . . . .	101
<i>Sonnet IV. Another, of her Sickness and Recovery</i> . . . . .	102
<i>Sonnet V. Allusion to Theseus' Voyage to Crete, against the Minotaur</i> . . . . .	103

	PAGE
<i>Sonnet VI. Upon her looking secretly out of a Window as he passed by</i> . . . . .	103
<i>Sonnet VII.</i> . . . . .	104
<i>Sonnet VIII. To the Sun of his Mistress' Beauty eclipsed with Frowns</i> . . . . .	105
<i>Sonnet IX. Upon sending her a Gold Ring with this Poesy, Pure and endless</i> . . . . .	106
<i>Sonnet X. The Heart's Captivity</i> . . . . .	106
<i>A Hymn in Praise of Neptune.</i> . . . .	107
<i>Of his Mistress's Face.</i> . . . .	108
<i>Upon his Paleness</i> . . . . .	109
<i>Of Corinna's Singing</i> . . . . .	109
<i>A Dialogue between the Lover and his Lady</i> . . . . .	110
<i>Her Answer</i> . . . . .	110
<i>An Elegy of a Woman's Heart</i> . . . . .	111
<i>A Poesy to prove Affection is not Love</i> . . . . .	112
<i>Madrigal. In Praise of Two</i> . . . . .	113
<i>To his Lady's Garden, being absent far from her</i> . . . . .	114
<i>Upon his Lady's Sickness of the Small Pox</i> . . . . .	115
<i>A Sonnet in the Grace of Wit, of Tongue, of Face</i> . . . . .	116
<i>Sonnet. For her Heart only</i> . . . . .	117
<i>Ode. "That time and absence proves Rather helps than hurts to love"</i> . . . . .	117
<i>The True Love's Knot</i> . . . . .	118
<i>Sonnet. "Best pleased she is, when love is most exprest"</i> . . . . .	119
<i>Sonnet. "When a weak child is sick and out of quiet"</i> . . . . .	120
<i>Sonnet. "Were I as base as is the lowly plain"</i> . . . . .	121
<i>Madrigal. "My love in her attire doth show her wit"</i> . . . . .	121
<i>A Poem. "When I to you of all my woes complain"</i> . . . . .	122
<i>Sonnet. "The poets feign that when the world began"</i> . . . . .	122
<i>An Invective against Women</i> . . . . .	123
<i>Love's Embassy, in an Iambic Elegy</i> . . . . .	124
<i>Sonnet. Love's Seven deadly Sins</i> . . . . .	125
<i>Sonnet. To the Countesses of Cumberland and Warwick</i> . . . . .	126
<i>Ode. Of Cynthia</i> . . . . .	127
<i>Of Love Gift</i> . . . . .	128
<i>The Anatomy of Love</i> . . . . .	129
<i>A Poem. "If Wrong by force had Justice put to flight"</i> . . . . .	131
<i>A Poem, in the nature of an Epitaph of a Friend</i> . . . . .	132
<i>Love's Contentment</i> . . . . .	132
<i>A Repentant Poem</i> . . . . .	134
<i>An Epitaph upon the Heart of Henry the Third of France, translated</i> . . . . .	136
<i>Additions, by CHARLES BEST.</i>	
<i>An Epitaph on Henry the Fourth, the last French King</i> . . . . .	137

CONTENTS OF VOL. II.

ix

	PAGE
<i>An Epitaph on Queen Elizabeth . . . . .</i>	137
<i>Union's Jewel . . . . .</i>	138
<i>A Panegyrick to my Sovereign Lord the King . . . . .</i>	140
<i>To my Lord the Prince . . . . .</i>	144
<i>To the excellent Lady Elizabeth, her Grace . . . . .</i>	144
<i>De Lapsu Hominis in Adam . . . . .</i>	145
<i>De Restitutione Hominis per Christum . . . . .</i>	146
<i>Of the Fall of Man in Adam . . . . .</i>	146
<i>Of the Restoring of Man by Christ . . . . .</i>	148
<i>Appendix.</i>	
<i>I. Translation of Selected Psalms . . . . .</i>	153
<i>II. Gesta Grayorum . . . . .</i>	163
<i>Notes . . . . .</i>	175
<i>Index of First Lines . . . . .</i>	199



4 MORE SONNETS, ODES, &c.

SONNET I.<sup>1</sup>

HE DEMANDS PARDON FOR LOOKING, LOVING, AND  
WRITING.

LET not, sweet saint ! let not these lines offend  
you ;

Nor yet the message that these lines impart :  
The message my unfeigned love doth send you,  
Love, which yourself hath planted in my heart.

For being charmed by the bewitching art  
Of those inveigling graces which attend you,  
Love's holy fire makes me breathe out in part  
The never-dying flames my breast doth lend you.

Then if my lines offend, let Love be blamed ;  
And if my love displease, accuse mine eyes :  
If mine eyes sin, their sin's cause only lies  
On your bright eyes, which have my heart inflamed.

Since eyes, love, lines, err then by your direction,  
Excuse mine eyes, my lines, and my affection.

<sup>1</sup> The leaves that contained sonnets I.-IV. are wanting in Malone's imperfect copy of ed. 1.



## SONNET II.

LOVE IN JUSTICE PUNISHABLE ONLY WITH LIKE  
LOVE.

**B**UT if my lines may not be held excused,  
Nor yet my love find favour in your eyes ;  
But that your eyes as judges shall be used,  
Even of the fault which from themselves doth rise,<sup>1</sup>  
Yet this my humble suit do not despise ;  
Let me be judged as I stand accused :  
If but my fault my doom do equalize,  
Whate'er it be, it shall not be refused.  
And since my love already is expressed,  
And that I cannot stand upon denial,  
I freely put myself upon my trial ;  
Let justice judge me as I have confessed :  
For if my doom in Justice' scales be weighed  
With equal love, my love must be repaid.

## SONNET III.

HE CALLS HIS EARS, EYES, AND HEART AS WIT-  
NESSES OF HER SWEET VOICE, BEAUTY, AND  
INWARD VIRTUOUS PERFECTIONS.

**F**AIR is thy face, and great thy wit's perfection ;  
So fair, alas, so hard to be exprest,  
That if my tired pen should never rest,  
It should not blaze thy worth, but my affection :

<sup>1</sup> Ed. 4, "arise."



Yet let me say, the Muses make election  
 Of your pure mind, there to erect their nest ;  
 And that your face is such, a flint-hard breast  
 By force thereof without force feels subjection.  
 Witness mine ear, ravished when you it hears ;  
 Witness mine eyes, ravished when you they see :  
 Beauty and virtue, witness eyes and ears,  
 In you, sweet Saint, have <sup>1</sup> equal sovereignty.  
 But if nor eyes nor ears can prove it true,  
 Witness my heart, there's none that equals you ;  
 How they make my poor heart at once to dwell,  
 In fire and frost, in heaven and in hell !

## SONNET IV.

PRAISE OF HER EYES, EXCELLING ALL COMPARISON.

**I** BEND my wit, but wit cannot devise  
 Words fit to blaze the worth your eyes contains,  
 Whose nameless worth their worthless name dis-  
 dains,  
 For they in worth exceed the name of eyes.  
 Eyes they be not, but worlds, in which there lies  
 More bliss than this wide world besides contains.  
 Worlds they be not, but stars, whose influence  
 reigns  
 Over my life and life's felicities.  
 Stars they be not, but suns, whose presence drives  
 Darkness from night, and doth bright day impart :  
 Suns they be not, which outward heat derives,  
 But these do inwardly inflame my heart.  
 Since then in earth, nor heaven, they equalled are,  
 I must confess they be beyond compare.

<sup>1</sup> Ed. 4, "of."

## ODE I.

HIS LADY TO BE CONDEMNED OF IGNORANCE  
OR CRUELTY.

**A**S she is fair, so faithful I ;  
 My service she, her grace I merit ;  
 Her beauty doth my love inherit,  
 But grace she doth deny.  
 Oh, knows she not how much I love ?  
 Or doth knowledge in her move  
 No small remorse ?  
 For the guilt thereof must lie  
 Upon one of these of force,  
 Her ignorance, or cruelty.

As she is fair, so cruel she :  
 I sow true love, but reap disdain ;  
 Her pleasure springeth from my paining,  
 Which Pity's source should be.  
 Too well she knows how much I love,  
 Yet doth knowledge in her move  
 No small remorse.  
 Then the guilt thereof must lie  
 Upon <sup>1</sup> this alone of force,  
 Her undeserved cruelty.

As she is fair, so were she kind,  
 Or being cruel, could I waver,  
 Soon should I either win her favour,  
 Or a new mistress find.

<sup>1</sup> This line is omitted in eds. 2, 3, and 4.

But neither out, alas, may be ;  
 Scorn in her, and love in me,  
 So fixed are.  
 Yet in whom most blame doth lie,  
 Judge she may, if she compare  
 My love unto her cruelty.

## SONNET V.

CONTENTION OF LOVE AND REASON FOR HIS HEART.

**R**EASON and Love lately at strife contended,  
 Whose right it was to have my mind's protection.

Reason on his side Nature's will pretended ;  
 Love's title was my Mistress' rare perfection.  
 Of power to end this strife, each makes election :  
 Reason's pretence discursive thoughts defended ;  
 But Love soon brought those thoughts into subjection

By Beauty's troops, which on my saint depended.  
 Yet since to rule the mind was Reason's duty,  
 On this condition it by Love was rendered ;  
 That endless praise by Reason should be tendered,  
 As a due tribute to her conquering beauty.  
 Reason was pleased withal, and to Love's royalty  
 He pledged my heart, as hostage for his loyalty.

## SONNET VI.

THAT SHE HATH GREATER POWER OVER HIS HAPPINESS AND LIFE, THAN EITHER FORTUNE, FATE, OR STARS.

LET Fate, my Fortune, and my Stars conspire,  
 Jointly to pour on me their worst disgrace ;  
 So I be gracious in your heavenly face,  
 I weigh not Fates, nor Stars, nor Fortune's ire.  
 'Tis not the influence of heaven's fire  
 Hath power to make me blessed in my race ;  
 Nor in my happiness hath Fortune place,  
 Nor yet can Fate my poor life's date expire.  
 'Tis your fair eyes, my Stars, all bliss do give ;  
 'Tis your disdain, my Fate, hath power to kill ;  
 'Tis you, my Fortune, make me happy live,  
 Though Fortune, Fate, and Stars conspire mine ill.  
 Then, blessed Saint, into your favour take me ;  
 Fortune, nor Fate, nor Stars can wretched make me.

## SONNET VII.

OF HIS LADY'S WEEPING.

WHAT need I say how it doth wound my breast,  
 By fate to be thus banished<sup>1</sup> from thine eyes,  
 Since your own tears with<sup>2</sup> me do sympathize,  
 Pleading with slow departure there to rest ?

<sup>1</sup> Eds. 3 and 4, "rauisht."

<sup>2</sup> Ed. 4, "by me doth."

For when with floods of tears they were opprest,  
 Over those ivory banks they did not rise,  
 Till others, envying their felicities,  
 Did press them forth, that they might there be blest.<sup>1</sup>  
 Some of which tears, pressed forth by violence,  
 Your lips with greedy kissing straight did drink :  
 And other some, unwilling to part thence,  
 Enamoured on your cheeks in them did sink ;  
 - And some which from your face were forced away,  
 In sign of love, did on your garment<sup>2</sup> stay.

## SONNET VIII.

HE PAINTS OUT HIS TORMENT.

**S**WEET, to my cursed life some favour show,  
 Or let me not, accursed, in life remain :  
 Let not my senses, sense of life retain,  
 Since sense doth only yield me sense of woe.  
 For now mine eyes only your frowns do know ;  
 Mine ears hear nothing else but your disdain ;  
 My lips taste nought but tears ; and smell is pain,  
 Banished your lips, where Indian odours grow.  
 And my devoted heart, your beauty's slave,  
 Feels nought but scorn, oppressions,<sup>3</sup> and distress ;  
 Made e'en of wretchedness the wretched cave,  
 Nay, too, too wretched for vild<sup>4</sup> wretchedness.  
 For even sad sighs, as loathing there to rest,  
 Struggle for passage from my grief-swoln breast.

<sup>1</sup> Eds. 2, 3, and 4, "there beare rest."

<sup>2</sup> So ed. 4.—Other eds., "garments."

<sup>3</sup> Ed. 1, "oppression."

<sup>4</sup> An old form of "vile."

## ODE II.

A DIALOGUE BETWEEN HIM AND HIS HEART.<sup>1</sup>

AT her fair hands how have I grace entreated,  
With prayers oft repeated !

Yet still my love is thwarted :

Heart, let her go, for she'll not be converted.<sup>2</sup>

Say, shall she go ?

Oh ! no, no, no, no, no ;

She is most fair, though she be marble-hearted.

How often have my sighs declared mine anguish,

Wherein I<sup>3</sup> daily languish !

Yet doth she still procure it :

Heart, let her go, for I cannot endure it.

Say, shall she go ?

Oh ! no, no, no, no, no ;

She gave the wound, and she alone must cure it.

The trickling tears that down my cheeks have flowed,

My love<sup>4</sup> have often showed ;

Yet still unkind I prove her :

Heart, let her go, for nought I do can move her.

Say, shall she go ?

Oh ! no, no, no, no, no ;

Though me she hates, I cannot choose but love her.

<sup>1</sup> This poem is set to music in Robert Jones' *Ultimum Vale*, 1608.

<sup>2</sup> Eds. 1 and 2, "conuartered" (for the sake of the rhyme).

<sup>3</sup> So ed. 1.—Ed. 2, "is daylie languish."—Eds. 3 and 4, "is daily anguish."

<sup>4</sup> Eds. 3 and 4, "life."

But shall I <sup>1</sup> still a true affection owe her,  
 Which prayers, sighs, tears, do show her,  
 And shall she still disdain me ?  
 Heart, let her go, if they no grace can gain <sup>2</sup> me.  
 Say, shall she go ?  
 Oh ! no, no, no, no, no ;  
 She made me her's, and her's she will retain me.

But if the love that hath, and still doth burn me,  
 No love at length return me,  
 Out of my thoughts I'll set her.  
 Heart, let her go ; oh heart ! I pray thee, let her.  
 Say, shall she go ?  
 Oh ! no, no, no, no, no ;  
 Fixed in the heart, how can the heart forget her ?

But if I weep and sigh, and often wail me,  
 Till tears, sighs, prayers, fail me,  
 Shall yet my love persever ? <sup>3</sup>  
 Heart, let her go, if she will right thee never.  
 Say, shall she go ?  
 Oh ! no, no, no, no, no ;  
 Tears, sighs, prayers, fail ; but true love lasteth ever.

<sup>1</sup> " I " is omitted in eds. 2 and 3.

<sup>2</sup> Eds. 3 and 4, " giue."

<sup>3</sup> So eds. 1 and 2.—Ed. 3, " preserver." (" Perséver " is an old form, very frequently found, of " persevere.")



## SONNET IX.

HIS SIGHS AND TEARS ARE BOOTLESS.

I HAVE entreated, and I have complained ;  
 I have dispraised, and praise I likewise gave ;  
 All means to win her grace I tried have ;  
 And still I love, and still I am disdained.  
 So long I have my tongue and pen constrained  
 To praise, dispraise, complain, and pity crave,  
 That now nor tongue, nor pen, to me her slave  
 Remains, whereby her grace may be obtained.  
 Yet you, my sighs, may purchase me relief ;  
 And ye, my tears, her rocky heart may move :  
 Therefore, my sighs, sigh in her ear <sup>1</sup> my grief ;  
 And, in her heart, my tears, imprint my love.  
 But cease, vain sighs ; cease, cease, ye fruitless tears ;  
 Tears cannot pierce her heart, nor sighs her ears.

## SONNET X.

HER BEAUTY MAKES HIM LOVE <sup>2</sup> EVEN IN DESPAIR.

WOUNDED with grief, I weep, and sigh, and  
 plain ; <sup>3</sup>  
 Yet neither complaints, nor sighs, nor tears do good,  
 But all in vain I strive against the flood,

<sup>1</sup> Ed. 1, "cares."

<sup>2</sup> Eds. 3 and 4, "liue."

<sup>3</sup> Ed. 3, "paine."



Gaining but grief for grief, and pain for pain.  
 Yet though in vain my tears my cheeks distain,<sup>1</sup>  
     Leaving engraven sorrow where they stood ;  
     And though my sighs consuming up my blood,  
     For love deserved, reap undeserved disdain ;  
 And though in vain I know I beg remorse  
     At your remorseless heart, more hard than steel ;  
     Yet such, alas, such is your beauty's force,  
     Charming my sense, that though this hell I feel,  
 Though neither plaints, nor sighs, nor tears can move  
     you,  
 Yet must I still persist ever to love you.

## SONNET XI.

WHY HER LIPS YIELD HIM NO WORDS OF COMFORT.

**O**FT do I plain, and she my plaints doth read,  
     Which in black colours do paint forth my woe,  
     So that of force she must my sorrow know ;  
     And know, for her disdain my heart doth bleed :  
 And knowledge must of force some pity breed,  
     Which makes me hope she will some favour show,  
     And from her sugared lips cause comfort flow  
     Into mine ears, my heart with joy to feed :  
 Yet though she reads, and reading knows my grief,  
     And knowledge moves her pity my distress ;  
     Yet do her lips, sweet lips, yield<sup>2</sup> no relief.  
     Much do I muse, but find no cause in this,  
 That in her lips, her heavenly lips that bliss them,  
 Her words, loath thence to part, stay there to kiss them.

<sup>1</sup> Ed 2, "disdaine."<sup>2</sup> Ed. 4, "take."

## SONNET XII.

COMPARISON OF HIS HEART TO A TEMPEST  
BEATEN SHIP.

LIKE a sea-tossed bark, with tackling spent,  
 And stars obscured, his wat'ry journey's guide,  
 By loud tempestuous winds and raging tide,  
 From wave to wave with dreadful fury sent ;  
 Fares my poor heart, my heart-strings being rent,  
 And quite disabled your fierce wrath to bide,  
 Since your fair eyes, my stars, themselves do hide,  
 Clouding their light in frowns and discontent :  
 For from your frowns do spring my sighs and tears ;  
 Tears flow like seas, and sighs like winds do blow,  
 Whose joined rage most violently bears  
 My tempest-beaten heart from woe to woe.  
 And if your eyes shine not that I may shun it,  
 On rock Despair my sighs and tears will run<sup>1</sup> it.

<sup>1</sup> Eds. 3 and 4, "rue."

## ELEGY.

TO HIS LADY, WHO HAD VOWED VIRGINITY.<sup>1</sup>

## I.

**E**V'N as my hand my pen on<sup>2</sup> paper lays,  
 My trembling hand my pen from paper stays,  
 Lest that thine eyes, which shining made me love you,  
 Should frowning on my suit bid cease to move you ;  
 So that I fare<sup>3</sup> like one at his wit's end,  
 Hoping to gain and fearing to offend.  
 What pleaseth hope, the same despair mislikes,  
 What hope sets down, those lines despair outstrikes ;  
 So that my nursing murdering pen affords  
 A grave and cradle to my new-born words.  
 But whilst, like clouds tost up and down the air,  
 I racked hang 'twixt hope and sad despair,  
 Despair is beaten vanquished from the field,  
 And unto conq'ring hope my heart doth yield.

## II.

For when mine eyes unpartially are fixed  
 On thy rose cheeks, with lilies intermixed ;

<sup>1</sup> This poem is divided into unnumbered sections in ed. 1. In ed. 3 the first stanza is headed "6," and stanzas 2, 3, 4, 5, and the first twelve lines of 6, are omitted. Ed. 4 gives the mutilated version of ed. 3, but prints the poem continuously (though it begins a new paragraph after the line "Th' indebted tribute to your beauty's reign," at the close of our sixth section).

<sup>2</sup> So ed. 1. Later eds., "and."

<sup>3</sup> So ed. 1. Later eds., "fear."

And on thy forehead, like a cloud of snow,  
 From under which thine eyes like suns do show ;  
 And all those parts, which curiously do meet  
 'Twixt thy large-spreading hair and pretty feet ;  
 Yet looking on them all, discern no one,  
 That owes not homage unto Cupid's throne.  
 Then Chastity, methinks, no claim should lay  
 To this fair realm, under Love's sceptre's sway :  
 For only to the Queen of amorous pleasure  
 Belongs thy beauty's tributary treasure :  
 (Treasure, which doth more than those riches please,  
 For which men plough long furrows in the seas.)  
 If you were wrinkled, old, or Nature's scorn,  
 Or time your beauty's colours had out-worn ;  
 Or were you mewed up from gazing eyes,  
 Like to a cloistered nun which, living, dies ;  
 Then might you wait on Chastity's pale Queen,  
 Not being fair, or being fair, not seen.

## III.

But you are fair, so passing, passing fair,  
 That love I must, though loving I despair ;  
 For when I saw your eyes, O, cursed bliss !  
 Whose light I would not leave,<sup>1</sup> nor yet would  
 miss ;  
 (For 'tis their life<sup>2</sup> alone by which I live,  
 And yet their sight alone my death's wound give ;)   
 Looking upon your heart-entangling look,  
 I, like a heedless bird, was snared and took.

<sup>1</sup> Ed. I, "laue."

<sup>2</sup> Ed. I, "light."

## IV.

It lies not in our will to hate or love ;<sup>1</sup>  
 For Nature's influence our will doth move :  
 And love of beauty, Nature hath innated  
 In hearts of men, when first they were created.  
 For e'en as rivers to the ocean run,  
 Returning back from whence they first begun ;  
 Or as the sky about the earth doth wheel,  
 Or giddy air like to a drunkard reel :  
 So with the course of Nature doth agree,  
 That eyes, which beauty's adamant do see,  
 Should on affection's line trembling remain,  
 True subject-like, eyeing their sovereign.

## V.

If of mine eyes you also could bereave me,  
 As you already of my heart deceive me ;  
 Or could shut up my ravished ears, through which  
 You likewise did m' enchanted heart bewitch ;  
 Or had in absence both these ills combined,  
 (For by your absence I am deaf and blind,  
 And neither ears nor eyes in aught delight  
 But in your charming speech and gracious sight :)  
 To root out love all means you can invent,  
 Were all but labour lost, and time ill spent ;  
 For as the sparks being spent which<sup>2</sup> fire procure,  
 The fire doth brightly burning still endure ;

<sup>1</sup> This line is taken (with slight alteration) from the First Sestiad of Marlowe's *Hero and Leander* :—

“ It lies not in our power to love or hate,  
 For will in us is overruled by fate.”

<sup>2</sup> So ed. 1.—Later eds., “ with.”

Though<sup>1</sup> absence so your sparkling eyes remove,  
My heart still burns in endless flames of love.

## VI.

Then strive not 'gainst the stream to none effect ;  
But let due love yield love a due respect :  
Nor seek to ruin what yourself begun,  
Or loose a knot that cannot be undone ;  
But unto Cupid's bent conform your will,  
For will you, nill you, I must love you still.  
But if your will did swim with reason's tide,  
Or followed Nature's never-erring guide,  
It cannot choose but bring you unto this,  
To tender that which by you gotten is.  
Why were you fair to be besought of many,  
If you live chaste not to be won of any ?  
For if that Nature love to Beauty offers,  
And Beauty shun the love that Nature proffers :  
Then, either unjust Beauty is to blame,  
With scorn to quench a lawful kindled flame ;  
Or else unlawfully if love we must,  
And be unloved, then Nature is unjust :  
Unjustly then Nature hath hearts created,  
There to love most, where most their love is hated,  
And flattering them with a fair-seeming ill,  
To poison them with Beauty's sugared pill.

## VII.

Think you that Beauty's admirable worth  
Was to no end, or idle end brought forth ?  
No no : from Nature never deed did pass,  
But it by Wisdom's hand subscribed was.

<sup>1</sup> So ed. 1.—Later eds., " Through."

But you in vain are fair, if fair not viewed,  
 Or being seen, men's hearts be not subdued,  
 Or making each man's heart your beauty's thrall,  
 You be enjoyed of no one at all.  
 For as the lion's strength to seize his prey,  
 And fearful hare's ' light foot to run away,  
 Are as an idle talent but abused,  
 And fruitless had, if had, they be not used ;  
 So you in vain have beauty's bonds to show,  
 By which men's eyes engaged hearts do owe,  
 If time shall cancel them before you gain  
 Th' indebted tribute to your beauty's reign.

## VIII.

But if, these reasons being vainly spent,  
 You fight it out to the last argument,  
 Tell me but how one body can enclose,  
 As loving friends, two deadly hating foes ?  
 But when as contraries are mixed together,  
 The colour made, doth differ much from either ;  
 Whilst mutually at strife they do impeach  
 The gloss and lustre proper unto each ;  
 So, where one body jointly doth invest  
 An angel's face and cruel tiger's breast,  
 There dieth both allegiance and command,  
 For self-divided kingdoms cannot stand :  
 But as a child that knows not what is what,  
 Now craveth this, and now affecteth that,  
 And having, weighs not that which he requires,  
 But is displeas'd even in his pleas'd desires :  
 Chaste Beauty so both will and will not have  
 The self-same thing it childishly doth crave ;

<sup>1</sup> Eds. 3 and 4, " hearts."



And wanton-like, now love, now hate affecteth,  
And love or hate obtain'd, as fast neglecteth.

## IX.

So, like the web Penelope did weave,  
Which made by day, she did at night unweave,<sup>1</sup>  
Fruitless affection's endless thread is spun,  
At one self-instant twisted, and undone.  
Nor yet is this chaste beauty's greatest ill ;  
For where it speaketh fair, it there doth kill.  
A marble heart under an amorous look  
Is of a flattering bait the murdering hook :  
For from a lady's shining-frowning eyes,  
Death's sable dart, and Cupid's arrow flies.

## X.

Since then from Chastity and Beauty spring  
Such muddy streams, where each doth reign as king ;  
Let tyrant Chastity's ususped throne  
Be made the seat of Beauty's grace alone :  
And let your beauty be with this sufficed,  
That<sup>2</sup> my heart's city is by it surprised.  
Rase not my heart, nor to your beauty raise  
Blood-gilded trophies of your beauty's praise ;  
For wisest conquerors do towns desire  
On honourable terms, and not with fire.

<sup>1</sup> Ed. 4, "bereave."

<sup>2</sup> This line is omitted in eds. 3 and 4.



## SONNET XIII.

THAT HE CANNOT LEAVE TO LOVE, THOUGH  
COMMANDED.

**H**OW can my love in equity be blamed,  
Still to importune, though it ne'er obtain,  
Since though her face and voice will me refrain,  
Yet by her voice and face I am inflamed?  
For when, alas! her face with frowns is framed,  
To kill my love, but to revive my pain;  
And when her voice commands, but all in vain,  
That love both leave to be, and to be named:  
Her siren voice doth such enchantment move,  
And though she frown, ev'n frowns so lovely make her,  
That I of force am forced still to love.  
Since then<sup>1</sup> I must, and yet cannot forsake her,  
My fruitless prayers shall cease in vain to move her;  
But my devoted heart ne'er cease to love<sup>2</sup> her.

## SONNET XIV.

HE DESIRES LEAVE TO WRITE OF HIS LOVE.

**M**UST my devoted heart desist to love her?  
No: love I may, but I may not confess it.  
What harder thing<sup>3</sup> than love, and yet depress it?  
Love most concealed, doth most itself discover.  
Had I no pen to show that I approve her;

<sup>1</sup> So ed. 1.—Later eds. "Since that I."

<sup>2</sup> Eds. 1 and 2, "moue."

<sup>3</sup> "Thing"—omitted in ed. 4.

Were I tongue-tied, that I might not address it,  
 In plaints and prayers unfeigned to express it,  
 Yet could I not my deep affection cover.  
 Had I no pen, my very tears would shew it,  
 Which write my true affection in my face.  
 Were I tongue-tied, my sighs would make her know it,  
 Which witness that I grieve at my disgrace.  
 Since then, though silent, I my love discover,  
 Oh let my pen have leave to say, I love her !

QUID PLUMA LEVIUS? PULVIS. QUID PULVERE?  
 VENTUS.

QUID VENTO? MULIER. QUID MULIERE? NIHIL.

TRANSLATED THUS.

**D**UST is lighter than a feather,  
 And the wind more light than either:  
 But a Woman's fickle mind,  
 More than feather, dust, or wind.

W. D.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Walter Davison.

SONNETS, ODES, ELEGIES,  
AND OTHER POESIES.

TEN SONNETS BY T. W.<sup>1</sup>

A DIALOGUE

BETWEEN THE LOVER AND HIS HEART.

LOVER. **S**PEAK, gentle heart, where is thy dwelling-  
place?

HEART. With her whose birth the heav'ns themselves  
have blest.

LOVER. What dost thou there?<sup>2</sup>—HEART. Sometimes  
behold her face,  
And lodge sometimes within her crystal  
breast.

LOVER. She cold, thou hot, how can you then agree?

HEART. Not Nature now, but Love doth govern me.

LOVER. With her wilt thou remain, and let me die?

HEART. If I return, we both shall die for grief.

LOVER. If still thou stay, what shall I get thereby?

HEART. I'll move her heart to purchase thy relief.

LOVER. What if her heart be hard, and stop his ears?

HEART. I'll sigh aloud, and make him soft with tears.

LOVER. If that prevail, wilt thou return from thence?

HEART. Not I alone, her<sup>3</sup> heart shall come with me.

<sup>1</sup> Thomas Watson.—These ten "sonnets" are found, with some textual variations, in Watson's *Hekatompathia, or Passionate Century of Love*, which has been reprinted by Mr. Arber. They were not included in the first edition of the *Rhapsody*.

<sup>2</sup> Ed. 4, "heere."

<sup>3</sup> So *Hekatompathia*.—The *Rhapsody* gives "my."

- LOVER. Then will you both live under my defence?  
 HEART. So long as life will let us both agree.  
 LOVER. Why then, despair, go pack thee hence, away ;  
 I live in hope to have a happy<sup>1</sup> day.

## A DIALOGUE

BETWEEN A LOVER, DEATH, AND LOVE.

- LOVER. COME, gentle Death.—DEATH. Who calls?  
 LOVER. One that's opprest.  
 DEATH. What is thy will?—LOVER. That thou  
 abridge my woe,  
 By cutting off my life.—DEATH. Cease thy  
 request,  
 I cannot kill thee yet.—LOVER. Alas! why  
 so?  
 DEATH. Thou want'st thy heart.—LOVER. Who stolé  
 that same away?  
 DEATH. Love, whom thou serv'st ; entreat him if thou  
 may.  
 LOVER. Come, Cupid, come.—CUPID. Who calleth  
 me so oft?  
 LOVER. Thy vassal true, whom thou shouldst know by  
 right.  
 CUPID. What makes thy cry so faint?—LOVER. My  
 voice is soft,  
 Quite broke and spent with crying day and  
 night.  
 CUPID. Why<sup>2</sup> then, what's thy request?—LOVER. That  
 thou restore  
 To me my heart, and steal the same no more.

<sup>1</sup> *Hekatompathia*, "golden."<sup>2</sup> Ed. 4, "What."

And thou, O Death, when I possess my heart  
 Dispatch me then at once.—DEATH. Alas!  
 why so?

LOVER. By promise thou art bound to end my smart.

DEATH. But if thy heart return, then what's thy woe?

LOVER. That brought from frost, it never will desire  
 To rest with me, that am more hot than fire.

THAT TIME HATH NO POWER TO END OR DIMINISH  
 HIS LOVE.<sup>1</sup>

**T**IME wasteth years, and months, and days, and  
 hours ;

Time doth consume fame, riches, wit, and strength ;

Time kills the greenest herbs, and sweetest flowers ;

Time wears out youth, and beauty's pride at length ;

Time maketh every tree to die and rot ;

Time turneth oft our pleasures into pain ;

Time causeth wars and wrongs to be forgot ;

Time clears the sky that first hung full of rain ;

Time brings to nought the mightiest prince's state ;

Time brings a flood from new resolved snow ;

Time calms the sea, where tempests roared late ;

Time eats whatsoe'er the moon doth see below :

Yet shall no time upon my heart prevail,

Nor any time shall make my love to fail.

LOVE'S HYPERBOLES.

**I**F Love had lost his shafts, and Jove down threw  
 His thunder-bolts, or spent his forked fire,  
 They only might recovered be anew  
 From out my heart, cross-wounded with desire.

<sup>1</sup> Davison has taken many liberties with this "sonnet." It consists of eighteen lines in *Hekatompathia*.

Or if debate by Mars were lost a space,  
It might be found within the self-same place.

If Neptune's waves were all dried up and gone,  
My weeping eyes so many tears distill,  
That greater seas might grow by them alone :  
Or if no flame were yet remaining still  
In Vulcan's forge, he might from out my breast  
Make choice of such as should befit him best.

If Æole were deprived of his charge,  
Yet soon could I restore his winds again,  
By sobbing sighs, which forth I blow at large  
To move her mind, that pleasures in my pain.  
What man but I could thus incline his will,  
To live in love, that hath no end of ill ?

#### AN INVECTIVE AGAINST LOVE.

**L**OVE is a sour delight, a sugared grief,  
A living death, an ever-dying life,  
A breach <sup>1</sup> of reason's law, a secret thief,  
A sea of tears, an everlasting strife :  
A bait for fools, a scourge of noble wits,  
A deadly wound, a shot that ever hits.

Love is a blinded god, a wayward boy,  
A labyrinth of doubts, an idle lust ;  
A slave to <sup>2</sup> beauty's will, a witless toy,  
A ravenous bird, a tyrant most unjust :  
A burning heat in frost, a flattering foe,  
A private hell, a very world of woe.

<sup>1</sup> Old eds., "breath."

<sup>2</sup> Eds. 3 and 4, "of."

Yet, mighty Love, regard not what I say,  
 Who in a trance do lie, reft of my wits ;  
 But blame the light that leads me thus astray,  
 And makes my tongue thus rave by frantic fits :  
 Yet hurt me not, lest I sustain the smart,  
 Which am content to lodge her in my heart.

## PETRARCH'S SONNET TRANSLATED,

Pace non trovo, et non ho da far guerra.

I JOY not peace, where yet no war is found ;  
 I fear and hope, I burn, yet freeze withal :  
 I mount to heaven, yet lie still on the ground ;  
 I<sup>1</sup> nothing hold, [and] yet I compass all.  
 I live her bond, which neither is my foe,  
 Nor friend, nor holds me fast, nor lets me go.

Love will not that I live, nor let me die ;  
 Nor locks me fast, nor suffers me to 'scape :  
 I want both eyes and tongue, yet see and cry ;  
 I wish for death, yet after help I gape :  
 I hate myself, yet love another wight,  
 And feed on grief in lieu of sweet delight.

At<sup>2</sup> self-same time I both lament and joy ;  
 I still am pleased, and yet displeas'd still :  
 Love sometimes seems a god, sometimes a boy ;  
 Sometimes I sink, sometimes I swim at will :  
 'Twixt death and life small difference I make :  
 All this, dear Dame, endure I for thy sake.

<sup>1</sup> In *Hekatompathia* the line runs—"I compass nought and yet I compass all."

<sup>2</sup> Ed. 4, "At the selfe time."



HE PROVES HIMSELF TO ENDURE THE HELLISH  
 TORMENTS OF TANTALUS, IXION, TITIUS,  
 SISYPHUS, AND THE BELIDES.

I N that I thirst for such a Goddess' grace  
 As wants remorse, like Tantalus I die :  
 My state is equal to Ixion's case,  
 Whose mangled limbs are turned continually,  
 In that my rolling toils can have no end,  
 Nor love, nor time, nor chance will stand my friend.

In that my heart consuming never dies,  
 I feel with Titius an equal pain,  
 Upon whose heart a vulture feeding lies :  
 In that I rise through hope, and fall again  
 By fear, like Sisyphus I labour still,  
 To turn a rolling stone against the <sup>1</sup> hill.

In that I make my vows to her alone,  
 Whose ears are deaf, and will retain no sound,  
 With Belides my state is all but one,  
 Which fill a tub whose bottom is not found.  
 Thus <sup>2</sup> in my heart, since love therein did dwell,  
 Are all the torments to be found of <sup>3</sup> hell.

<sup>1</sup> Eds. 3 and 4, "a."

<sup>2</sup> In *Hekatompathia* the last two lines run—

"A wondrous thing, <sup>t</sup> Love should make the wound,  
 Wherein a second Hell may thus be found."

<sup>3</sup> Ed. 4, "in."



## LOVE'S DISCOMMODITIES.

WHERE heat of love doth once possess the heart,  
 There cares oppress the mind with wondrous<sup>1</sup>  
 ill :

Wit runs awry, not fearing future smart,  
 And fond desire doth overmaster will :  
 The belly neither cares for meat nor drink,  
 Nor over-watched eyes desire to wink.

Footsteps are false, and wavering to and fro ;  
 The pleasing flower of beauty fades away ;  
 Reason retires, and pleasure brings in woe,  
 And wisdom yieldeth place to black decay :  
 Counsel and fame, and friendship are contemned,  
 And bashful shame, and Gods themselves con-  
 demned.

Watchful suspect is linked with despair,  
 Inconstant hope is often drowned in fears,  
 What folly hurts fortune cannot repair,  
 And misery doth swim in seas of tears ;  
 Long use of life is but a ling'ring foe,  
 And gentle death is only end of woe.

## ALLEGORY OF HIS LOVE TO A SHIP.

THE soldier worn with wars, delights in peace,  
 The pilgrim in his ease, when toils are past ;  
 The ship to gain the port, when storms do cease ;  
 And I rejoice discharged from Love at last,  
 Whom while I served, peace, rest, and land I lost,  
 With wars, with toils, with storms, worn, tired and  
 tost.

<sup>1</sup> So *Hekatompathia*.—The *Rhapsody*, "wonders."

Sweet liberty now gives me leave to sing,  
 What world it was, where Love the rule did bear ;  
 How foolish chance by lots ruled ev'ry thing,  
 How error was main sail, each wave a tear,  
     The master Love himself, deep sighs were wind,  
     Cares rowed with vows, the ship a pensive mind.

False hope the helm, oft turned the ship about,  
 Inconstant <sup>1</sup> faith stood up for middle mast ;  
 Despair the cable, twisted all with doubt,  
 Held griping grief the piked anchor fast :  
     Beauty was all the rocks, but I at last,  
     Have <sup>2</sup> gained the port, and now my love is past.

EXECRATION OF HIS PASSED LOVE.

I CURSE the time, wherein these lips of mine  
 Did pray or praise the dame that was unkind :  
 I curse my ink, my paper, and each line  
 My hand hath writ, in hope to move her mind :  
     I curse her hollow heart, and flattering eyes,  
     Whose sly deceits did cause my mourning cries.

I curse the sugared speech and Siren's song,  
 Wherewith so oft she hath bewitched mine ear :  
 I curse my foolish will that staid so long,  
 And took delight to 'bide twixt hope and fear :  
     I curse the hour, wherein I first began,  
     By loving looks, to prove a witless man.

<sup>1</sup> So *Hekatompathia*.—The *Rhapsody*, " And constant."

<sup>2</sup> *Hekatompathia*, " Am now twice free."

I curse those <sup>1</sup> days which I have spent in vain,  
 In <sup>2</sup> loving one ungrateful and unkind :  
 I curse the bow and shafts that bred my pain,  
 And Love I curse, that archer nak'd and blind :  
     But on that hour that my fond love did end,  
     Millions of blessings I will ever spend.

FINIS.

T. W.

## A SONNET OF THE SUN ;

A JEWEL, BEING A SUN SHINING UPON THE  
 MARIGOLD CLOSED IN A HEART OF GOLD, SENT TO  
 HIS MISTRESS, NAMED MARY.

**T**HE sun doth make the marigold to flourish,  
 The sun's departure makes it droop again ;  
 So golden Mary's sight my joys do nourish,  
 But by her <sup>3</sup> absence all my joys are slain.  
 The sun the marigold makes <sup>4</sup> live and die,  
 By her the sun shines brighter, so may I.  
 Her smiles do glad <sup>5</sup> the sun, and light the air,  
 Revive my heart, and clear the cloudy sky ;

<sup>1</sup> Ed. 4, " the."

<sup>2</sup> *Hekatompathia* reads—

" By seruing such an one as reakes no right :  
 I curse each cause of all my secret paine,  
 Though Loue to heare the same haue small delight :  
 And since the heau'ns my freedome nowe restore,  
 Hence fourth Ile liue at ease, and loue no more."

<sup>3</sup> Ed. 2, " their." (The leaf containing the "Sonnet of the Sun" and the "Sonnet of the Moon" is wanting in Malone's imperfect copy of ed. 1.)

<sup>4</sup> Ed. 3, " make it liue."

<sup>5</sup> Ed. 2, " grace."

Her frowns the air make dark, the sun to lower,  
 The marigold to close, my heart to die :  
 By her the sun, the flower, the air and I,  
 Shine and darken; spread and close, live and die.  
 You are the sun, you are the golden Mary,  
 Passing the sun in brightness, gold in power ;  
 I am the flower whom you do make to vary,  
 Flourish when you smile, droop when you do lower.  
 Oh let this heart of gold, sun, and flower,  
 Still live, and <sup>1</sup> shine, and spring <sup>2</sup> in your heart's  
 bower.

CHAS BEST.<sup>3</sup>

#### A SONNET OF THE MOON.

LOOK how the pale Queen of the silent night  
 Doth cause the Ocean to attend upon her,  
 And he as long as she is in his sight,  
 With his full tide is ready her to honour :  
 But when the silver waggon of the Moon  
 Is mounted up so high he cannot follow,  
 The sea calls home his crystal waves to moan,  
 And with low ebb doth manifest his sorrow.  
 So you, that are the sovereign of my heart,  
 Have all my joys attending on your will ;  
 My joys low ebbing when you do depart,  
 When you return, their tide my heart doth fill.  
 So as you come, and as you do depart,  
 Joys ebb and flow within my tender heart.

CHAS. BEST.<sup>3</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Old eds. omit "and."

<sup>2</sup> Ed. 2, "springing in."

<sup>3</sup> Ed. 2, "Ch. B."—There is no signature in ed. 4.

THREE SONNETS FOR A PROEM TO  
THE POEMS FOLLOWING.

THAT LOVE ONLY MADE HIM A POET, AND THAT  
ALL SORTS OF VERSES, BOTH IN RIME AND  
MEASURE, AGREE WITH HIS LADY.

SONNET I.

SOME men, they say, are poets born by kind,  
And suck that science from their mother's breast ;  
An easy art that comes with so great rest,  
And happy men to so good hap assigned.  
In some, desire of praise inflames the mind,  
To climb with pain Parnassus' double crest :  
Some, hope of rich rewards hath so possest,  
That gold in Castal<sup>1</sup> sands they seek to find.  
Me, neither Nature hath a poet made,  
Nor love of glory moved to learn the trade,  
Nor thirst of gold persuaded me<sup>2</sup> to write.  
For Nature's graces are too fine for me ;  
Praise, like the peacock's<sup>3</sup> pride herself to see ;  
Desire of gain, the basest mind's delight.

[A. W.<sup>4</sup>]

<sup>1</sup> So eds. 1 and 2.—Ed. 3, "Castell." ("Castal" = Castalian.)

<sup>2</sup> Ed. 1, "perswaded for to write."

<sup>3</sup> Eds. 3 and 4, "peacock prides."

<sup>4</sup> We have now reached a series of poems that are ascribed to "A. W." in Davison's MS. list (see *Introduction*), but are anonymous in the *Rhapsody*. Beneath these poems I place the initials "A. W." in square brackets.

## SONNET II.

WHAT moved me then? say, Love, for thou canst  
tell :

Of thee I learned this skill, if skill I have.

Thou knowest the Muse, whose help I always crave,

Is none of those that on Parnassus dwell.

My muse is such as doth them all excel ;

They all to her alone their cunning gave,

To sing, to dance, to play, to make <sup>1</sup> so brave :

Thrice threefold graces her alone befel.

From her do flow the streams that water me ;

Hers <sup>2</sup> is the praise, if I a poet be ;

Her only look both will and skill doth give.

What marvel then if I those laws refuse,

Which other poets in their making use,

Since by her looks I write, by which I live !

[A. W.]

## SONNET III.

THUS am I free from laws that other <sup>3</sup> bind,  
Who divers verse to divers matter frame ;

All kind of styles do serve my Lady's name ;

What they in all the world, in her I find.

The lofty verse doth show her noble mind,

By which she quencheth love's enraged flame ;

Sweet lyrics sing her heavenly beauty's fame ;

The tender elege <sup>4</sup> speaks her pity kind.

<sup>1</sup> " Make "—write poetry.

<sup>2</sup> So eds. 1 and 2.—Later eds., " Here."

<sup>3</sup> An old form of " others."      <sup>4</sup> An old form of " elegy."

In mournful tragic verse for her I die ;  
 In comic she revives me with her eye :  
 All serve my Goddess both for mirth and moan ;  
 Each look she casts doth breed both peace and strife ;  
 Each word she speaks doth cause both death and life ;  
 Out of myself I live in her alone.

[A. W.]

## ODE.

WHERE HIS LADY KEEPS HIS HEART.<sup>1</sup>

SWEET Love, mine only treasure,  
 For service long unfeigned,  
 Wherein I nought have gained,  
 Vouchsafe this little pleasure,  
 To tell me in what part  
 My Lady keeps my heart.

If in her hair so slender,  
 Like golden nets entwined,<sup>2</sup>  
 Which fire and art have fined ;  
 Her thrall my heart I render  
 For ever to abide  
 With locks so dainty tied.

If in her eyes she bind it,  
 Wherein that fire was framed,  
 By which it is inflamed,  
 I dare not look to find it ;

<sup>1</sup> This ode is set to music in Robert Jones' *Ultimum Vale* (1608).

<sup>2</sup> Old eds., "vntwined."



I only wish it sight,  
To see that pleasant light.

But if her breast have deigned  
With kindness to receive it,  
I am content to leave it,  
Though death thereby were gained :  
Then, Lady, take your own,  
That lives for you alone.

[A. W.]

## TO HER EYES.

FAIN would I learn of thee, thou murd'ring eye,  
Whether thy glance be fire, or else a dart :  
For with thy look in flames thou mak'st me fry,  
And with the same thou strik'st me to the heart :  
Pierced with thy looks I-burn in fire,  
And yet those looks I still desire.

The fly, that buzzeth round about the flame,  
Knows not, poor soul, she gets her death thereby ;  
I see my death, and seeing, seek the same,  
And seeking, find, and finding, choose to die,  
That when thy looks my life have slain,  
Thy looks may give me life again.

Turn then to me those sparkling eyes of thine,  
And with their fiery glances pierce my heart ;  
Quench not my light, lest I in darkness pine ;  
Strike deep and spare not, pleasant is the smart :  
So by thy looks my life be spilt,  
Kill me as often as thou wilt.

[A. W.]



## ODE II.

THE MORE FAVOUR HE OBTAINS, THE MORE  
HE DESIRES.

AS soon may water wipe me dry,  
And fire my heat allay,  
As you with favour of your eye  
Make hot desire decay.  
The more I have,  
The more I crave ;  
The more I crave, the more desire,  
As piles of wood increase the fire.

The senseless stone that from on high  
Descends to earth below,  
With greater haste itself doth ply,  
The less it hath to go ;  
So feels desire  
Increase of fire,  
That still with greater force doth burn,  
Till all into itself it turn.

The greater favour you bestow,  
The sweeter my delight ;  
And by delight desire doth grow,  
And growing gathers might :  
The less remains,  
The more my pains,  
To see myself so near the brink,  
And yet my fill I cannot drink.

[A. W.]

## LOVE THE ONLY PRICE OF LOVE.

THE fairest pearls that Northern seas do breed,  
 For precious stones from Eastern coasts are sold ;  
 Nought yields the earth that from exchange is freed,  
 Gold values all, and all things value gold :

Where goodness wants an equal change to make,  
 There greatness serves, or number place doth take.

No mortal thing can bear so high a price,  
 But that with mortal thing it may be bought ;  
 The corn of Sicil buys the Western spice ;  
 French wine of us, of them our cloth is sought :

No pearls, no gold, no stones, no corn, no spice,  
 No cloth, no wine, of<sup>1</sup> Love can pay the price.

What thing is Love, which nought can countervail?  
 Nought save itself, ev'n such a thing is Love.  
 All worldly wealth in worth as far doth fail,  
 As lowest earth doth yield to heav'n above :

Divine is Love, and scorneth worldly pelf,  
 And can be bought with nothing, but with<sup>2</sup> self.

Such is the price my loving heart would pay ;  
 Such is the pay thy love doth claim as due.  
 Thy due is love, which I, poor I, assay,  
 In vain assay to 'quite with friendship true :

True is my love, and true shall ever be,  
 And truest love is far too base for thee.

<sup>1</sup> Ed. 1, "for."

<sup>2</sup> Ed. 4, "it."

Love but thyself, and love thyself alone,  
 For, save thyself, none can thy love requite :  
 All mine thou hast, but all as good as none,  
 My small desert must take a lower flight :  
     Yet if thou wilt vouchsafe my heart such bliss,  
     Accept it for thy prisoner as it is.

[A. W.]

## HIS HEART ARRAIGNED OF THEFT, AND ACQUITTED.

**M**Y heart was found within my lady's breast,  
 Close couched for fear that no man might him  
     see,

On whom suspect did serve a straight arrest,  
 And felon-like he must arraigned be ;  
     What could he mean so closely there to stay,  
     But by deceit to steal her heart away ?

The bench was set, the prisoner forth was brought,  
 My mistress' self chief judge to hear the cause :  
 Th' indictment read, by which his blood was sought,  
 That he, poor heart, by stealth had broke the laws ;  
     His plea was such as each man might descry ;  
     For grace and truth were read in either <sup>1</sup> eye.

Yet forced to speak, his farther plea was this,  
 That sore pursued by me that sought his blood,  
 Because so oft his presence I did miss,<sup>2</sup>  
 Whilst as he said, he laboured for my good :  
     He, void of help to have his harms redrest,  
     Took sanctuary in her sacred breast.

<sup>1</sup> So eds. 1 and 4.—Other eds., "neither."

<sup>2</sup> After this line four leaves are wanting in Malone's imperfect copy of ed. 1.

The gentle Judge that saw his true intent,  
 And that his cause did touch her honour near,  
 Since he from me to her for succour went :  
 That ruth<sup>1</sup> might reign, where rigour did appear,  
     Gave sentence thus : that if he there would 'bide,  
     That place was made a guiltless heart to hide.  
[A. W.]

## MADRIGAL I.

**T**HINE eyes so bright  
     Bereft my sight,  
 When first I viewed thy face ;  
     So now my light  
     Is turned to night,  
 I stray from place to place.  
     Then guide me of thy kindness,  
     So shall I bless my blindness.  
[A. W.]

## PHALEUCIACK I.

**T**IME nor place did I want, what held me tongue-  
     tied ?  
 What charms, what magical abused altars ?  
 Wherefore wished I so oft that hour unhappy,  
 When with freedom I might recount my torments,  
 And plead for remedy by true lamenting ?  
 Dumb, nay dead, in a trance I stood amazed,  
 When those looks I beheld that late I longed for :

<sup>1</sup> Ed. 4, "truth."

No speech, no memory, no life remained ;  
 Now speech prateth apace, my grief bewraying ;  
 Now bootless memory my complaints rememb'reth ;  
 Now life moveth again, but all avails not.  
 Speech, life, and memory die altogether ;  
 With speech, life, memory, love only dies not.

[A. W.]

## DEADLY SWEETNESS.

SWEET thoughts, the food on which I feeding  
 sterve ;  
 Sweet tears, the drink that more augments my thirst ;  
 Sweet eyes, the stars by which my course doth swerve ;  
 Sweet hope, my death, which wast my life at first ;  
 Sweet thoughts, sweet tears, sweet hope, sweet eyes  
 How chance that death in sweetness lies ?

[A. W.]

## MADRIGAL II.

## VERBAL LOVE.

I F love be made of words, as woods of trees,  
 Who more beloved than I ?  
 If love be hot where true desire doth freeze,  
 Who more than she doth fry ?  
 Are drones that make no honey counted bees ?  
 Is running water dry ?  
 Is that a gainful trade that has no fees ?  
 He live, that dead doth lie ?

What else but blind is he that nothing sees?  
 But deaf that hears no cry?  
 Such is her vowed love to me,  
 Yet must I think it true to be.

[A. W.]

LADIES' EYES SERVE CUPID BOTH FOR DARTS  
 AND FIRE.<sup>1</sup>

OFT have I mused the cause to find,  
 Why love in ladies' eyes doth dwell ;  
 I thought, because himself was blind,  
 He looked that they should guide him well :  
 And sure his hope but seldom fails,  
 For love by ladies' eyes prevails.

But time, at last, hath taught me wit,  
 Although I bought my wit full dear ;  
 For by her eyes my heart is hit,  
 Deep is the wound, though none appear :  
 Their glancing beams as darts he throws,  
 And sure he hath no shafts but those.

I mused to see their eyes so bright,  
 And little thought they had been fire ;  
 I gazed upon them with delight,  
 But that delight hath bred desire :  
 What better place can love require,  
 Than that where grow both shafts and fire  
 [A. W.]

<sup>1</sup> Set to music in Robert Jones' *Ultimum Vale* (1608).

## LOVE'S CONTRARIETIES.

**I** SMILE sometimes amidst my greatest grief,  
 Not for delight, for that long since is fled ;  
 Despair did shut the gate against relief,  
 When love at first of death the sentence read.  
 But yet I smile sometimes in midst of pain,  
 To think what toys do toss my troubled head ;  
 How<sup>1</sup> most I wish, that most I should refrain,  
 And seek the thing that least I long to find ;  
 And find the wound by which my heart is slain,  
 Yet want both skill and will to ease my mind.  
 Against my will I burn with free consent ;  
 I live in pain, and in my pain delight ;  
 I cry for death, yet am to live content ;  
 I hate the day, yet never wish for night ;  
 I freeze for cold, and yet refrain the fire ;  
 I long to see, and yet I shun her sight ;  
 I scald in sun, and yet no shade desire ;  
 I live by death, and yet I wish to die ;  
 I feel no hurt, and yet for help enquire ;  
 I die by life, and yet my life defy.

HEU, COGOR VOTI NESCIUS ESSE MEI.

[A. W.]

## ODE III.

## DESIRE AND HOPE.

**D**ESIRE and hope have moved my mind  
 To seek for that I cannot find,  
 Assured faith in woman-kind ;  
 And love with love rewarded.

<sup>1</sup> Ed. 4, "Now."



Self-love all but himself disdains ;  
 Suspect as chiefest virtue reigns ;  
 Desire of change, unchanged remains :  
     So light is love regarded.

True friendship is a naked name,  
 That idle brains in pastime frame ;  
 Extremes are always worthy blame,  
     Enough is common kindness.  
 What floods of tears do lovers spend,  
 What sighs from out their hearts they send,  
 How many may, and will not mend ?  
     Love is a wilful blindness.

What is the love they so desire ?  
 Like love for love, and equal fire :  
 Good loving worms, which love require,  
     And know not when they have it.  
 Is love in words ? fair words may feign.  
 Is love in looks ? sweet looks are vain :  
 Both these in common kindness reign,  
     Yet few or none so crave it.

Thou would'st be loved, and that of one.  
 For vice ? thou may'st seek love of none.  
 For virtue ? why of her alone ?  
 I say no more, speak you that know the truth,  
 If so great love be aught but heat<sup>1</sup> of youth ?

[A. W.]

<sup>1</sup> Ed. 3, "feare."—Ed. 4, "but of youth."



MADRIGAL<sup>1</sup> III.

HER PRAISE IS IN HER WANT.

SHE only is the pride of Nature's skill,  
 In none but her all graces friendly meet ;  
 In all save her, may Cupid have his will,  
 By none but her, is fancy under feet :  
 Most strange of all, her praise is in her want ;  
 Her heart that should be flesh, is Adamant.

LAUDO QUOD LUGEO.

[A. W.]

HER OUTWARD GESTURE DECEIVING HIS  
INWARD HOPE.

SMOOTH are thy looks, so is the deepest stream ;  
 Soft are thy lips, so is the swallowing sand ;  
 Fair is thy sight, but like unto a dream ;  
 Sweet is thy promise, but it will not stand.  
 Smooth, soft, fair, sweet, to them that lightly touch ;  
 Rough, hard, foul, sour, to them that take too much.

Thy looks so smooth have drawn away my sight :  
 Who would have thought that hooks could so be hid ?  
 Thy lips so soft have fretted my delight,  
 Before I once suspected what they did.  
 Thy face so fair hath burnt me with desire ;  
 Thy words so sweet were bellows for the fire.

And yet I love the looks that made me blind,  
 And like to kiss the lips that fret my life ;

<sup>1</sup> So ed. 2.—Ed. 3, "Elegy."

In heat of fire an ease of heat I find,  
 And greatest peace in midst of greatest strife :  
 That if my choice were now to make again,  
 I would not have this joy without this pain.  
 [A. W.]

## PHALEUCIACK II.

**H**OW, or where have I lost myself? Unhappy!  
 Dead nor live am I neither, and yet am both.  
 Through despair am I dead, by hope revived ;  
 Weeping wake I the night from even to morning,  
 Sighing waste I the day from morn to evening.  
 Tears are drink to my thirst, by tears I thirst more ;  
 Sighs are meat that I eat ; I hunger eating ;  
 Might I, oh that I might refrain my feeding !  
 Soon would ease to my heart by death be purchased.  
 Life and light do I lack, when I behold not  
 Those bright beams of her eyes, Apollo dark'ning ;  
 Life and light do I lose when I behold them,  
 All as snow by the sun resolved to water.  
 Death and life I receive, her eyes beholding ;  
 Death and life I refuse not in beholding,  
 So that, dead or alive, I may behold them.

## L'ENVOY, IN RHYMING PHALEUCIACKS.

**M**USE not, Lady, to read so strange a metre ;  
 Strange grief, strange remedy for ease requireth :  
 When sweet joy did abound, I writ the sweeter ;  
 Now that weareth away, my muse retireth.  
 In you lies it alone to cure my sadness,  
 And therewith to revive my heart with gladness.  
 [A. W.]

## SONNET IV.

DESIRE HATH CONQUERED REVENGE.<sup>1</sup>

WRONGED by Desire, I yielded to Disdain,  
 Who called Revenge to work my spite thereby.  
 Rash was Revenge, and sware Desire should die ;  
 No price nor prayer his pardon might obtain :  
 Down to my heart in rage he hastes amain,  
 And stops each passage, lest Desire should fly ;  
 Within my ears disdainful words did lie ;  
 Proud looks did keep mine eyes with scornful train.  
 Desire, that erst but flickered in my breast,  
 And wanton-like now pricked, now gave me rest ;  
 For fear of death sunk deeper in my heart ;  
 There reigns he now, and there will reign alone.  
 Desire is jealous, and gives part to none ;  
 Nor he from me, nor I from him can start.

[A. W.]

THAT HE IS UNCHANGEABLE.

THE<sup>2</sup> love of change hath changed the world  
 throughout,  
 And nought is counted good but what is strange :  
 New things wax old, old new, all turn about,  
 And all things change except the love of change.  
 Yet feel I not this love of change in me,  
 But as I am, so will I always be.

<sup>1</sup> There is no title in ed. 1.<sup>2</sup> The first stanza is set to music in Carlton's *Madrigals*, 1601.

For who can change that likes his former choice ?  
 Who better wish, that knows he hath the best ?  
 How can the heart in things unknown rejoice,  
 If joy well tried can bring no certain rest ?

My choice is made, change he that list for me ;  
 Such as I am, so <sup>1</sup> will I always be.

Who ever changed and not confessed his want ?  
 And who confessed his want and not his woe ?  
 Then change who list, thy woe shall not be scant ;  
 Within thyself thou feed'st thy mortal foe.

Change calls for change ; no end, no ease for thee :  
 Then as I am, so will I always be.

Mine eyes confess they have their wished sight ;  
 My heart affirms it feels the love it sought ;  
 Mine inward thoughts are fed with true delight,  
 Which full consent of constant joy hath wrought.

And full content <sup>2</sup> desires no change to see :  
 Then as I am, so will I always be.

Rest then, my heart, and keep thine old delight,  
 Which, like the Phœnix, waxeth young each day :  
 Each hour presents new pleasure to my sight ;  
 More cause of joy increaseth ev'ry way.

True love with age doth daily clearer see :  
 Then as I am, so will I always be.

What gained fair Cresside by her faithless change,  
 But loss of fame,<sup>3</sup> of beauty, health, and life ?

<sup>1</sup> "So" is the reading of eds. 2 and 3.—Eds. 1 and 4 give "such."

<sup>2</sup> Ed. 3, "consent."

<sup>3</sup> Eds. 3 and 4, "time."

Mark Jason's hap, that ever loved to range,  
 That lost his children and his princely wife.  
 Then change, farewell, thou art no mate for me :  
 But as I am, so will I always be.

JAMAIS AUTRE.<sup>1</sup>

[A. W.]

TO HIS EYES.

UNHAPPY eyes, the causers<sup>2</sup> of my pain,  
 That to my foe betrayed my strongest hold,  
 Wherein he like a tyrant now doth reign,  
 And boasts of winning that which treason<sup>3</sup> sold.  
 Too late you call for help of me in vain,  
 Whom love hath bound in chains of massy' gold ;  
 The tears you shed increase my hot desire,  
 As water on the smithy kindles fire.

The sighs that from my heart ascend,  
 Like wind disperse<sup>4</sup> the flame throughout my breast ;  
 No part is left to harbour quiet rest,  
 I burn in fire, and do not spend ;  
 Like him, whose growing maw  
 The vulture still doth gnaw.

[A. W.]

<sup>1</sup> " Jamais autre "—omitted in ed. 4.

<sup>2</sup> Ed. 4, " causer."

<sup>3</sup> Ed. 4, " reason."

<sup>4</sup> Ed. 4, " disperst."

## ODE IV.

UPON VISITING HIS LADY BY MOONLIGHT.

THE night, say all, was made for<sup>1</sup> rest ;  
 And so say I, but not for all :  
 To them the darkest nights are best,  
 Which give them leave asleep to fall ;  
 But I that seek my rest by light,  
 Hate sleep, and praise the clearest night.

Bright was the Moon, as bright as day,  
 And Venus glistered in the west,  
 Whose light did lead the ready way,  
 That brought me to my wished rest :  
 Then each of them increased their light,  
 While I enjoyed her heavenly sight.

Say, gentle Dames, what<sup>2</sup> moved your mind  
 To shine so bright above your wont ?  
 Would Phœbe fair Endymion find ?  
 Would Venus see Adonis hunt ?  
 No, no, you feared by her sight,  
 To lose the praise of beauty bright.

At last, for shame you shrunk away,  
 And thought to 'reave the world of light ;  
 Then shone my Dame with brighter ray,  
 Than that which comes from Phœbus' sight :  
 None other light but her's I praise,  
 Whose nights are clearer than the days.

[A. W.]

<sup>1</sup> So ed. 1.—Later eds., "to."<sup>2</sup> Ed. 4, "who."



## UPON HER ABSENCE.

THE summer sun, that scalds the ground with heat,  
 And burns the grass, and dries the river's source,  
 With milder beams the farthest earth doth beat,  
 When through the frozen Goat he runs his course :  
 The fire, that burns whatever comes to hand,  
 Doth hardly heat that farthest off doth stand.

Not so the heat that sets my heart on fire  
 By distance slakes, and lets me cool again :  
 But still, the farther off, the more desire,  
 The absent fire doth burn with hotter pain.  
 My lady's presence burnt me with desire ;  
 Her absence turns me into flaming fire.

Whoso hath seen the flame that burneth bright,  
 By outward cold in narrow room suppress,  
 Increase in heat, and rage with greater might,  
 May guess what force of fire torments my breast :  
 So run the swelling streams with double force,  
 Where locks or piles are set to stay their course.

For when my heart perceived her parting near,  
 By whose sweet sight he lives, that else should die ;  
 It closed itself to keep those beams so clear,  
 Which from her look had pierced it through the eye :  
 The fiery beams, which would break out so fain,  
 By seeking vent, increase my burning pain.

But if my Dear return alive and sound,  
 That these mine eyes may see her beauty bright,

My heart shall spread with joy that shall abound,  
 And open wide, receiving clearer light :  
 She shall recover that which I possess,  
 And I thereby enjoy no whit the less.

[A. W.]

## ODE V.

PETITION TO HAVE HER LEAVE TO DIE.<sup>1</sup>

WHEN will the fountain of my tears be dry?  
 When will my sighs be spent?  
 When will desire agree to let me die?  
 When will thy<sup>2</sup> heart relent?  
 It is not for my life I plead,  
 Since death the way to rest doth lead ;  
 But stay for thy consent,  
 Lest thou be discontent.

For if myself without thy leave I kill,  
 My ghost will never rest ;  
 So hath it sworn to work thine only will,  
 And holds that ever best ;  
 For since it only lives by thee,  
 Good reason thou the ruler be :  
 Then give me leave to die,  
 And shew thy power thereby.

[A. W.]

<sup>1</sup> Set to music in Robert Jones' *Ultimum Vale* (1608).

<sup>2</sup> Eds. 3 and 4, "my."



THE LOVER'S ABSENCE KILLS ME, HER PRESENCE  
CURES ME.<sup>1</sup>

THE frozen snake, oppressed with heaped snow,  
By struggling hard gets out her tender head,  
And spies far off, from where she lies below,  
The winter sun that from the North is fled :  
But all in vain she looks upon the light,  
Where heat is wanting to restore her might.

What doth it help a wretch in prison pent,  
Long time with biting hunger overpressed,  
To see without, or smell within the scent  
Of dainty fare, for others' tables dressed ?  
Yet snake and pris'ner both behold the thing,  
The which, but not with sight, might comfort bring.

Such is my state, or worse, if worse may be,  
My heart oppressed with heavy frost of care ;  
Debarred of that which is most dear to me,  
Killed up with cold, and pined with evil fare :  
And yet I see the thing might yield relief,  
And yet the sight doth breed my greater grief.

So Thisbe saw her lover through the wall,  
And saw thereby she wanted that she saw :  
And so I see, and seeing want withal,  
And wanting so, unto my death I draw :  
And so my death were twenty times my friend,  
If with this verse my hated life might end.

[A. W.]

<sup>1</sup> There is no title in ed. 1.

## ODE VI.

THE KIND LOVER'S COMPLAINT IN FINDING NOTHING  
BUT FOLLY FOR HIS FAITHFULNESS.<sup>1</sup>

I F my decay be your increase ;  
If my distress be your delight ;  
If war in me procure your <sup>2</sup> peace ;  
If wrong to me, to you be right ;  
I would, decay, distress, war, wrong,  
Might end the life that ends so long.

Yet, if by my decay you grow,  
When I am spent your growth is past ;  
If from my grief your joy do flow,  
When my grief ends, your joy flies fast :  
Then for your sake, though to my pain,  
I strive to live, to die full fain.

For if I die, my war must cease ;  
Then can I suffer wrong no more :  
My war once done, farewell your peace ;  
My wrong your right doth still restore :  
Thus for your right I suffer wrong ;  
And for your peace my war prolong.

But since no thing can long endure,  
That sometime hath not needful rest ;  
What can my life your joy assure,  
If still I wail, with grief opprest ?

<sup>1</sup> There is no title in ed. 1.

<sup>2</sup> So eds. 1 and 2.—Eds. 3 and 4, "you."

The strongest stomach faints at last  
For want of ease and due repast.

My restless sighs break out so fast,  
That time to breathe they quite deny :  
Mine eyes so many tears have cast,  
That now the springs themselves are dry :  
Then grant some little ease from pain,  
Until the spring be full again.

The giant whom the vulture gnaws,  
Until his heart be grown, hath peace :  
And Sisyphus, by hellish laws,  
Whilst that the stone rolls down, doth cease :  
But all in vain I strive for rest,  
Which breeds more sorrow in my breast.

Let my decay be your increase,  
Let my distress be your delight :  
Let war in me procure your peace,  
Let wrong in me to you be right ;  
That by my grief your joy may live,  
Vouchsafe some little rest to give.

[A. W.]

## ODE VII.

### UNHAPPY EYES.<sup>1</sup>

CLOSE your lids, unhappy eyes,  
From the sight of such a change :  
Love hath learned to despise ;  
Self-conceit hath made him strange :

<sup>1</sup> There is no title in ed. 1.

Inward now his sight he turneth  
With himself in love he burneth.

If abroad he beauty spy,  
As by chance he looks abroad ;  
Or it is wrought by his eye,  
Or forced out by painter's fraud :  
Save himself, none fair he deemeth,  
That himself too much esteemeth.

Coy disdain hath kindness' place,  
Kindness forced to hide his head :  
True desire is counted base ;  
Hope with hope is hardly fed :  
Love is thought a fury needless,  
He that hath it shall die speedless.

Then, mine eyes, why gaze you so ?  
Beauty scorns the tears you shed ;  
Death you seek to end my woe,  
Oh ! that you of death were sped :  
But with Love hath Death conspired  
To kill none whom Love hath fired.

[A. W.]

CUPID SHOOTS LIGHT, BUT WOUNDS SORE.<sup>1</sup>

CUPID, at length I spy thy crafty wile,  
Though for a time thou didst me sore beguile.  
When first thy shaft did wound my tender heart,  
It touched me light ; methought I felt some pain ;

<sup>1</sup> There is no title in ed. 1.

Some little prick at first did make me smart,  
 But yet that grief was quickly gone again.  
 Full small account I made of such a sore,  
 As now doth rankle inward more and more.

So poison first the sinews lightly strains,  
 Then strays, and after spreads through all the veins ;  
 No otherwise, than he, that pricked with thorn,  
 Starts at the first, and feels no other grief ;  
 As one whose heart so little hurt did scorn,  
 And deigned not to seek despised relief ;  
 At last when rest doth after travel come,  
 That little prick the joint with pain doth numb.

What may I think the cause of this thy craft,  
 That at the first thou stick'st not deep thy shaft ?  
 If at the first I had thy stroke espied,  
 (Alas, I thought thou would'st not dally so !)  
 To keep myself always I would have tried ;  
 At least I think I might have cured my woe ;  
 Yet, truth to say, I did suspect no less ;  
 And knew it too ; at least, I so did guess.

I saw, and yet would willingly be blind :  
 I felt the sting, yet flattered still my mind ;  
 And now, too late, I know my former guilt,  
 And seek in vain to heal my cureless sore :  
 My life I doubt, my health <sup>1</sup> I know is spilt,  
 A just reward for dallying so before :  
 For I that would not, when I might have ease,  
 No marvel though I cannot when I please.

CLIPEUM POST VULNERA.

[A. W.]

<sup>1</sup> Ed. 4, "wealth."

A<sup>1</sup> TRUE DESCRIPTION OF LOVE :

PARAPHRASTICALLY TRANSLATED OUT OF PETRARCH'S

## CIII. SONNET, BEGINNING,

"S'amor non è, che dunque è quel ch'io sento."

IF Love be nothing but an idle name,  
 A vain device of foolish Poets' skill :  
 A feigned fire, devoid of smoke and flame ;  
 Then what is that which me tormenteth still ?  
 If such a thing as love indeed there be,  
 What kind of thing, or which, or where is he ?

If it be good, how causeth it such pain ?  
 How doth it breed such grief within my breast ?  
 If nought, how chance the grief that I sustain  
 Doth seem so sweet amidst my great unrest ?  
 For sure, methinks it is a wondrous thing,  
 That so great pain should so great pleasure bring.

If with my will amidst these flames I fry,  
 Whence come these <sup>2</sup> tears ? how chance I thus complain ?  
 If force perforce I bear this misery,  
 What help these tears that cannot ease my pain ?  
 How can this fancy bear such sway in me,  
 But if myself consent that so it be ?

<sup>1</sup> The title in ed. 1 is, "A Paraphractical Translation of Petrarch's Sonnet, beginning," etc.

<sup>2</sup> Éd. 1, "thee."



And if myself consent that so it be,  
 Unjust I am thus to complain and cry,  
 To look that other men should succour me,  
 Since by my fault I feel such misery.

Who will not help himself, when well he can,  
 Deserves small help of any other man.

Thus am I tost upon the troublous seas,  
 By sundry winds, whose blasts blow sundry ways :  
 And ev'ry blast still driving where it please,  
 Brings hope and fear to end my ling'ring days ;  
 The steersman gone, sail, helm, and tackle lost,  
 How can I hope to gain the wished coast ?

Wisdom and folly is the luckless freight,  
 My ship therewith ballast unequally :  
 Wisdom too light, folly of too great weight,  
 My bark and I through them in jeopardy :  
 Thus, in the midst of this perplexity,  
 I wish for death, and yet am loth to die.

[A. W.]

FAIR FACE, AND HARD HEART.<sup>1</sup>

FAIR is thy face, and that thou know'st too well,  
 Hard is thy heart, and that thou wilt not know :  
 Thou hear'st<sup>2</sup> and smil'st, when I thy praises tell ;  
 But stop'st thine ears when I my grief would show :  
 Yet though in vain, needs must I speak,  
 Or else my swelling heart would break.

<sup>1</sup> There is no title in ed. 1.

<sup>2</sup> Ed. 3, "flear'st."

And when I speak, my breath doth blow the fire,  
 With which my burning heart consumes away ;  
 I call upon thy name, and help require,  
 Thy dearest name, which doth me still betray :  
     For grace, sweet Grace, thy name doth sound,  
     Yet ah ! in thee no grace is found.

Alas, to what part shall I then appeal ?  
 Thy face so fair disdains to look on me ;  
 Thy tongue commands my heart his grief conceal ;  
 Thy nimble feet from me do always flee ;  
     Thine eyes cast fire to burn my heart,  
     And thou rejoicest in my smart.

Then, since thou seest the life I lead in pain,  
 And that for thee I suffer all this grief ;  
 Oh let my heart this small request obtain,  
 That thou agree it pine without relief !  
     I ask not love, for my good will,  
     But leave that I may love thee still.

QUID MINUS OPTARI PER MEA VOTA POTEST ?  
   [A. W.]

### ODE VIII.

DISDAIN AT VARIANCE WITH DESIRE.<sup>1</sup>

DISDAIN that so doth fill me,  
     Hath surely sworn to kill me,  
     And I must die ;  
 Desire that still doth burn me,

<sup>1</sup> There is no title in ed. 1.—This poem was set to music in Robert Jones' *Ultimum Vale*, 1608, and Martin Peerson's *Private Music*, 1620.



To life again will turn me,  
 And live must I.  
 Oh kill me then, Disdain!  
 That I may live again.

Thy looks are life unto me,  
 And yet those looks undo me,  
 O death and life!  
 Thy smile some rest doth show me,  
 Thy frown with war o'erthrow me,  
 O peace and strife!  
 Nor life nor death is either,  
 Then give me both, or neither.

Life only cannot please me,  
 Death only cannot ease me;  
 Change is delight.  
 I live, that death may kill me;  
 I die, that life may fill me,  
 Both day and night.  
 If once Despair decay,  
 Desire will wear away.

[A. W.]

AN INVECTIVE AGAINST LOVE.

ALL is not gold that shineth bright in show,  
 Nor<sup>1</sup> every flower so good, as fair to sight;  
 The deepest streams, above do calmest flow:  
 And strongest poisons oft the taste delight;  
 The pleasant bait doth hide the harmful<sup>2</sup> hook,  
 And false deceit can lend a friendly look.

<sup>1</sup> Eds. 2 and 3, "Not."      <sup>2</sup> Eds. 3 and 4, "harmeslese."

Love is the gold, whose outward hue doth pass,  
 Whose first beginnings goodly promise make  
 Of pleasures fair, and fresh as summer's grass,  
 Which<sup>1</sup> neither sun can parch, nor wind can shake :  
     But when the mould should in the fire be tried,  
     The gold is gone ; the dross doth still abide.

Beauty the flower, so fresh, so fair, so gay,  
 So sweet to smell, so soft to touch and taste,  
 As seems it should endure, by right for aye,  
 And never be with any storm defaced ;  
     But when the baleful Southern wind doth blow,  
     Gone is the glory which it erst did show.

Love is the stream, whose waves so calmly flow,  
 As might entice men's minds to wade therein ;  
 Love is the poison mixt with sugar so,  
 As might by outward sweetness liking win :  
     But as the deep o'erflowing stops thy breath,  
     So poison once received brings certain death.

Love is the bait whose taste the fish deceives,  
 And makes them swallow down the choking hook ;  
 Love is the face whose fairness judgment 'reaves,  
 And makes thee trust a false and feigned look :  
     But as the hook the foolish fish doth kill,  
     So flatt'ring looks the lover's life do spill.

USQUE<sup>2</sup> ADEO DULCE PUELLA MALUM EST.

[A. W.]

<sup>1</sup> Ed. 2, " With."   <sup>2</sup> " Usque adeo," etc.—omitted in ed. 4.

UPON AN HEROICAL POEM  
WHICH HE HAD BEGUN, IN IMITATION OF VIRGIL,  
OF THE FIRST INHABITING THIS FAMOUS ISLE  
BY BRUTE AND THE TROYANS.

MY wanton Muse, that whilome wont to sing,  
Fair beauty's praise, and Venus' sweet delight ;  
Of late had changed the tenor of her string,  
To higher tunes than serve for Cupid's fight ;  
Shrill trumpets' sound, sharp swords and lances  
strong,  
War, blood, and death, were matter of her song.

The God of Love by chance had heard thereof,  
That I was proved a rebel to his crown ;  
Fit words for war, quoth he, with angry scoff,  
A likely man to write of Mars<sup>1</sup> his frown !  
Well are they sped, whose praises he shall<sup>2</sup> write,  
Whose wanton pen can nought but love indite.

This said, he whisked his party-coloured wings,  
And down to earth he comes more swift than thought  
Then to my heart in angry haste he flings,  
To see what change these news of wars had wrought :  
He pries and looks, and ransacks ev'ry vein,  
Yet finds he nought save love and lover's pain.

Then I, that now perceived his needless fear,  
With heavy smile began to plead my cause ;

<sup>1</sup> Ed. 1, "Marses frowne."

<sup>2</sup> Ed. 4, "will."

In vain, quoth I, this endless grief I bear ;  
 In vain I strive to keep thy grievous laws ;  
     If after proof, so often trusty found,  
     Unjust suspect condemn me as unsound.

Is this the guerdon of my faithful heart ?  
 Is this the hope on which my life is staid ?  
 Is this the ease of never-ceasing smart ?  
 Is this the price that for my pains is paid ?  
     Yet better serve fierce Mars in bloody field,  
     Where death, or conquest, end or joy doth yield.

Long have I served : what is my pay but pain ?  
 Oft have I sued : what gain I but delay ?  
 My faithful love is 'quited with disdain ;  
 My grief a game, my pen is made a play :  
     Yea, Love that doth in other favour find,  
     In me is counted madness out of kind.

And last of all, but grievous most of all,  
 Thyself, sweet Love, hath killed me with suspect :  
 Could Love believe, that I from Love would fall ?  
 Is war of force to make me Love neglect ?  
     No : Cupid knows, my mind is faster set  
     Than that by war I should my Love forget.

My Muse, indeed, to war inclines her mind,  
 The famous acts of worthy Brute to write :  
 To whom the Gods this island's rule assigned,  
 Which long he sought by seas through Neptune's spite ;  
     With such conceits my busy head doth swell,  
     But in my heart nought else but Love doth dwell.

And in this war thy part is not the least,  
 Here shall my Muse, Brute's noble love declare :  
 Here shalt thou see thy<sup>1</sup> double love increast,  
 Of fairest twins that ever lady bare.

Let Mars triumph in armour shining bright ;  
 His conquered arms shall be thy triumph's light.

As he the world, so thou shalt him subdue,  
 And I thy glory through the world will ring ;  
 So be my pains thou wilt vouchsafe to rue,  
 And kill despair. With that he whisked his wing,  
 And bade me write, and promised wished rest ;  
 But sore, I fear<sup>2</sup> false hope will be the best.

[A. W.]

UPON HIS LADY'S BUYING STRINGS FOR HER LUTE.

**I**N happy time the wished fair is come,  
 To fit thy<sup>3</sup> lute with strings of ev'ry kind :  
 Great pity 'tis so sweet a lute be dumb,  
 That so can please the ear and ease the mind ;  
 Go, take thy choice, and choose the very best,  
 And use them so that head and heart find rest.

Rest thou in joy, and let me wail alone ;  
 My pleasant days have ta'en their last farewell :  
 My heart-strings sorrow struck so long with moan,  
 That at the last they all in pieces fell,  
 And now they lie in pieces broke so small,  
 That scarce they serve to make me frets withal.

<sup>1</sup> Eds. 1 and 2, "the."

Eds. 1 and 2, "hope."

Eds. 3 and 4, "my."

And yet they serve and bind my heart so straight,  
 That frets, indeed, they serve to fret it out :  
 No force for that, in hope thereof I wait,  
 That death may rid me both of hope and doubt.  
 But death, alas ! draws backward all too long,  
 And I each day feel new<sup>1</sup> increase of wrong.

[A. W.]

CARE WILL NOT LET HIM LIVE, NOR HOPE LET  
 HIM DIE.

**M**Y heavy heart, which <sup>2</sup> grief and hope torment,  
 Beats all in vain against my weary breast ;  
 As if it thought with force to make a vent,  
 That death might enter to procure my rest.  
 But, foolish heart, thy pains are lost, I see ;  
 For death and life both fly and follow thee.

When weight of care would press me down with pain,  
 That I might sink to depth of death below ;  
 Hope lends me wings, and lifts me up again,  
 To strive for life, and live in greater woe.  
 So fares the boat, which winds drive to the shore,  
 And tides <sup>3</sup> drive backward where it was before.

Thus neither hope will let me die with care,  
 Nor care consent that hope assure my life :  
 I seek for life ; death doth his stroke prepare ;  
 I come to death, and life renews my strife :  
 All as the shadow, follows <sup>4</sup> them that fly,  
 And flies from them that after it do hie.

<sup>1</sup> All the editions give "now."

<sup>2</sup> So ed. 1.—Eds. 2, 3, 4, "with."

<sup>3</sup> So ed. 4.—Eds. 1 and 2, "Tide driues"; ed. 3, "tides driues."

<sup>4</sup> Eds. 1 and 2, "follow."



What is my hope ? that hope will fail at last,  
 And grief get strength to work his will on me :  
 Either the wax with which hope's wings are fast,  
 By scalding sighs mine eyes shall melted see ;  
 Or else my tears shall wet the feathers so,  
 That I shall fall and drown in waves of woe.

[A. W.]

## ODE IX.

## CUPID'S MARRIAGE WITH DISSIMULATION.

A NEW-FOUND match is made of late ;  
 Blind Cupid needs will change his wife ;  
 New-fangled Love doth Psyche hate,  
 With whom so long he led his life.

Dissembling, she  
 The bride must be,  
 To please his wanton eye :  
 Psyche laments  
 That love repents  
 His choice without cause why.

Cytheron<sup>1</sup> sounds with music strange,  
 Unknown unto the Virgins nine :  
 From flat to sharp the tune doth range,  
 Too base, because it is too fine.

See how the bride,  
 Puffed up with pride,  
 Can mince it passing well :  
 She trips on toe,  
 Full fair to show ;  
 Within doth poison dwell.

<sup>1</sup> Our old poets frequently write "Cytheron" for "Cythera."



Now wanton Love at last is sped ;  
 Dissembling is his only joy :  
 Bare Truth from Venus' court is fled,  
 Dissembling pleasures hides annoy.

It were in vain  
 To talk of pain ;  
 The wedding yet doth last ;  
 But pain is near,  
 And will appear  
 With a dissembling cast.

Despair and Hope are joined in one,  
 And pain with pleasure linked sure ;  
 Not one of these can come alone,  
 No certain hope, no pleasure pure.

Thus, sour and sweet  
 In love do meet ;  
 Dissembling likes it so ;  
 Of sweet small store,  
 Of sour the more,  
 Love is a pleasant woe.

AMOR ET MELLIS ET FELLIS.

[A. W.]

## ODE X.

DISPRAISE OF LOVE, AND LOVER'S FOLLIES.

**I**F love be life, I long to die,  
 Live they that list for me :  
 And he that gains the most thereby,  
 A fool, at least, shall be.

But he that feels the sorest fits,  
 'Scapes with no less than loss of wits :  
     Unhappy <sup>1</sup> life they gain,  
     Which love do entertain.

In day by feigned looks they live ;  
     By lying dreams in night ;  
 Each frown a deadly wound doth give ;  
     Each smile a false delight.  
 If't hap their lady pleasant seem,  
 It is for other's love they deem :  
     If void she seem of joy,  
     Disdain doth make her coy.

Such is the peace that lovers find,  
     Such is the life they lead ;  
 Blown here and there with every wind,  
     Like flowers in the mead.  
 Now war, now peace, then <sup>2</sup> war again,  
 Desire, despair, delight, disdain :  
     Though dead, in midst of life,  
     In peace, and yet at strife.<sup>3</sup>

IN AMORE HÆC INSUNT MALA.

[A. W.]

IN PRAISE OF THE SUN.<sup>4</sup>

THE golden sun that brings the day,  
 And lends men light to see withal,  
 In vain doth cast his beams away,  
 Where they are blind on whom they fall :

<sup>1</sup> Eds. 1 and 2, "An happy life."   <sup>2</sup> Eds. 3 and 4, "now."

<sup>3</sup> This poem is in *England's Helicon*, where it is subscribed  
 "Ignoto."

<sup>4</sup> There is no title in ed. 1.

There is no force in all his light  
To give the mole a perfect sight.

But thou, my sun, more bright than he  
That shines at noon in summer tide,  
Hast given me light and power to see ;  
With perfect skill my sight to guide.  
'Till now I lived as blind as mole,  
That hides her head in earthly hole.

I heard the praise of beauty's grace,  
Yet deemed it nought but Poet's skill ;  
I gazed on many a lovely face,  
Yet found I none to bind my will :  
Which made me think, that beauty bright  
Was nothing else but red and white.

But now thy beams have cleared my sight,  
I blush to think I was so blind :  
Thy flaming eyes afford me light,  
That beauty's blaze each where I find :  
And yet these Dames, that shine so bright,  
Are but the shadow of thy light.

[A. W.]

## ODE XI.

TO HIS MUSE.

**R**EST, good my Muse, and give me leave to rest ;  
We strive in vain :  
Conceal thy skill within thy sacred breast,  
Though to thy pain.  
The honour great which Poets wont to have,  
With worthy deeds is buried deep in grave ;

Each man will hide his name,  
 Thereby to hide his shame ;  
 And silence is the praise their virtues crave.

To praise is flattery, malice to dispraise :  
 Hard is the choice.

What cause is left for thee, my Muse, to raise  
 Thy heav'nly voice ?

Delight thyself on sweet Parnassus' hill,  
 And for a better time reserve thy skill ;  
 There let thy silver sound,  
 From Cyrrha wood rebound ;  
 And all the vale with learned music fill.

Then shall those fools, that now prefer each rime  
 Before thy skill,

With hand and foot in vain assay to climb  
 Thy sacred hill.

There shalt thou sit, and scorn them with disdain,  
 To see their fruitless labour all in vain :

But they shall fret with spite,  
 To see thy glory bright,  
 And know themselves thereto cannot attain.

[A. W.]

DEATH IN LOVE.<sup>1</sup>

**M**INE eyes have spent their tears, and now are dry :  
 My weary hand will guide my pen no more :  
 My voice is hoarse, and can no longer cry :  
 My head hath left no new complaints in store :  
 My heart is overburdened so with pain,  
 That sense of grief doth none therein remain.

<sup>1</sup> There is no title in ed. 1.

The tears you see distilling from mine eyes,  
 My gentle Muse doth shed for this my grief ;  
 The plaints you hear are her incessant cries,  
 By which she calls in vain for some relief.

She never parted since my grief begun ;  
 In her I live ; she dead, my life were done.

Then, loving Muse, depart, and let me die ;  
 Some braver youth will sue to thee for grace,  
 That may advance thy glory to the sky,  
 And make thee scorn blind Fortune's frowning face :  
 My heart and head, that did thee entertain,  
 Desire and Fortune with despite have slain.

My lady dares not lodge thee in her breast,  
 For fear, un'wares she let in love with thee.  
 For well she thinks some part in thee must rest,  
 Of that which so possessed each part of me.  
 Then, good my Muse, fly back to heav'n again,  
 And let me die, to end this endless pain.

[A. W.]

BREAK, HEAVY HEART.<sup>1</sup>

**B**REAK, heavy heart, and rid me of this pain,  
 This pain that still increaseth day by day :  
 By day with sighs I spend myself in vain ;  
 In vain by night with tears I waste away.  
 Away I waste with tears, by night in vain :  
 Tears, sighs, by night, by day, increase this pain.

<sup>1</sup> There is no title in ed. 1.

Mine eyes no eyes, but fountains of my tears ;  
 My tears no tears, but floods to moist my heart ;  
 My heart no heart, but harbour<sup>1</sup> of my fears ;  
 My fears no fears, but feelings of my smart.

My smart, my fears, my heart, my tears, mine eyes,  
 Are blind, dried, spent, past, wasted with my cries.

And yet mine eyes, though blind, see cause of grief ;  
 And yet my tears, though dried, run down amain ;  
 And yet my heart, though spent, attends relief ;  
 And yet my fears, though past, increase my pain.

And yet I live, and living feel more smart,  
 And smarting, cry in vain, ' Break, heavy heart !'

[A. W.]

DESIRE'S GOVERNMENT.<sup>2</sup>

WHERE wit is over-ruled by will,  
 And will is led by fond Desire,  
 There Reason were as good be still,  
 As speaking, kindle greater fire ;  
 For where Desire doth bear the sway,  
 The heart must rule, the head obey.

What boots the cunning pilot's skill,  
 To tell which way to shape their course ;  
 When he that steers will have his will,  
 And drive them where he list, perforce ?  
 So Reason shows the truth in vain,  
 Where fond Desire as king doth reign.

[A. W.]

<sup>1</sup> Eds. 3 and 4, "labour."

<sup>2</sup> There is no title in ed. 1.

LOVE'S PROPERTIES.<sup>1</sup>

'TWIXT heat and cold, 'twixt death and life,  
 I freeze and burn, I live and die ;  
 Which jointly work in me such strife,  
 I live in death, in cold I fry :  
 Nor hot, nor cold, nor 'live, nor dead,  
 Neither, and both, this life I lead.

First, burning heat sets all on fire,  
 Whereby I seem in flames to fry ;  
 Then cold Despair kills hot Desire,  
 That drenched deep in death I lie :  
 Heat drives out cold, and keeps my life ;  
 Cold quencheth heat, no end of strife.

The less I hope to have my will,  
 The more I feel desire increase ;  
 And as desire increaseth still,  
 Despair to quench it doth not cease :  
 So live I, as the lamp, whose light  
 Oft comes, oft goes, now dim, now bright.

[A. W.]

A<sup>2</sup> LIVING DEATH.

IF means be none to end my restless care,  
 If needs I must o'erwhelmed with sorrow lie,  
 What better way this sorrow to declare,  
 Than that I dying live, and cannot die ?

<sup>1</sup> There is no title in ed. 1.<sup>2</sup> " A " omitted in ed. 3.



If nought but loss I reap instead of gain,  
 If lasting pain do every day increase,  
 To thee, good Death, alas ! I must complain ;  
 Thou art of force to make my sorrow cease.

If thou, because I thee refused sometime,  
 Now shut thine ears, and my request deny ;  
 Still must I love, and wail in woeful rime,  
 That dying still I am, and cannot die.

SPIRO, NON VIVO.

[A. W.]

THE PASSIONATE PRISONER.<sup>1</sup>

YE walls that shut me up from sight of men,  
 Inclosed wherein alive I buried lie ;  
 And thou sometime my bed, but now my den,  
 Where, smothered up, the light of sun I fly :  
 Oh ! shut yourselves ; each chink and crevice strain,  
 That none but you may hear me thus complain.

My hollow cries that beat thy stony side,  
 Vouchsafe to beat,<sup>2</sup> but beat them back again ;  
 That when my grief hath speech to me denied,  
 Mine ears may hear the witness of my pain.

As for my tears, whose streams must ever last,  
 My silent couch shall drink them up as fast.

[A. W.]

<sup>1</sup> There is no title in ed. 1.

<sup>2</sup> Quy. "hear."

HOPELESS DESIRE SOON WITHERS AND DIES.

THOUGH naked trees seem dead to sight,  
 When Winter wind doth keenly blow ;  
 Yet if the root maintain her right,  
 The Spring their hidden life will show :  
 But if the root be dead and dry,  
 No marvel though the branches die.

While hope did live within my breast,  
 No Winter storm could kill desire ;  
 But now disdain hath hope opprest,  
 Dead is the root, dead is the spire.  
 Hope was the root, the <sup>1</sup> spire was love ;  
 No sap beneath, no life above.

And as we see the rootless stock  
 Retain some sap, and spring awhile ;  
 Yet quickly prove a lifeless block,  
 Because the root doth life beguile :  
 So lives desire, which hope hath left ;  
 As twilight shines when sun is reft.

[A. W.]

ODE XII.

TO HIS HEART.

NAY, nay ; thou striv'st in vain, my heart,  
 To mend thy miss :  
 Thou hast deserved to bear this smart,  
 And worse than this ;

<sup>1</sup> Eds. 3 and 4, "and spire."

That would'st thyself debase,  
To serve in such a place.

Thou thought'st thyself too long at rest ;  
Such was thy pride ;  
Needs must thou seek another <sup>1</sup> breast,  
Wherein to bide.  
Say now what hast thou found ?  
In fetters thou art bound.

What hath thy faithful service won  
But high disdain ?  
Broke is the <sup>2</sup> thread thy fancy spun ;  
Thy labour vain.  
Fall'n art thou now with pain,  
And canst not rise again.

And canst thou look for help of me,  
In this distress ?  
I must confess I pity thee,  
And can no less.  
But bear awhile thy pain,  
For fear thou fall again.

Learn by thy hurt to shun the fire,  
Play not withal ;  
When climbing thoughts high things aspire,  
They seek their fall.  
Thou ween'st nought shone but gold ;  
So wast thou blind and bold.

<sup>1</sup> Ed. 1, "a nobler brest."

<sup>2</sup> So ed. 1.—Later eds., "thy." (Nicolas prints "Broke is thy thread ; thy fancy spun.")

Yet lie not still <sup>1</sup> for this disgrace,  
 But mount again ;  
 So that thou know the wished place,  
 Be worth thy pain.  
 Then though thou fall and die,  
 Yet never fear to fly.

[A. W.]

## PHALEUCIACKS. III.

WISDOM warns me to shun that once I sought  
 for,  
 And in time to retire my hasty footsteps :  
 Wisdom sent from above, not earthly wisdom :  
 Long, too long have I slept in ease uneasy ;  
 On false worldly relief my trust reposing :  
 Health and wealth in a boat, no stern, nor anchor ;  
 Bold and blind that I was, to sea be-taking,  
 Scarce from shore had I launched, when all about me,  
 Waves like hills did arise, till help from Heaven  
 Brought my ship to the port of late repentance.

O NAVIS, REFERENT IN MARE TE NOVI  
 FLUCTUS !

[A. W.]

<sup>1</sup> " Still " is omitted in ed. 3 (and by Nicolas).

## ODE XIII.

A DEFIANCE TO DISDAINFUL LOVE.<sup>1</sup>

NOW have I learned with much ado at last  
 By true disdain to kill desire ;  
 This was the mark at which I shot so fast,  
 Unto this height I did aspire :  
 Proud Love, now do thy worst and spare not,  
 For thee and all thy shafts I care not.

What hast thou left wherewith to move my mind,  
 What life to quicken dead desire ?  
 I count thy words and oaths as light as wind,  
 I feel no heat in all thy fire :  
 Go, change thy bow and get a stronger,  
 Go, break thy shafts and buy thee longer.

In vain thou bait'st thy hook with beauty's blaze,  
 In vain thy wanton eyes allure ;  
 These are but toys for them that love to gaze,  
 I know what harm thy looks procure :  
 Some strange conceit must be devised,  
 Or thou and all thy skill despised.

SCILICET ASSERUI JAM ME, FUGIQUE CATENAS.

[A. W.]

<sup>2</sup> There is no title in ed. 1.—The poem is set to music in Robert Jones' *Ultimum Vale* (1608).

BEING SCORNE'D AND DISDAINED, HE INVEIGHS  
AGAINST HIS LADY.<sup>1</sup>

SINCE just disdain began to rise,  
And cry revenge for spiteful wrong ;  
What erst I praised, I now despise ;  
And think my love was all too long.  
I tread in dirt that scornful pride,  
Which in thy looks I have descried ;  
Thy beauty is a painted skin,  
For fools to see their faces in.

Thine eyes, that some as stars esteem,  
From whence themselves, they say, take light,  
Like to the foolish fire I deem,  
That leads men to their death by night.  
Thy words and oaths are light as wind ;  
And yet far lighter is thy mind :  
Thy friendship is a broken reed,  
That fails thy friends in greatest need.

VITIIS PATIENTIA VICTA EST.

<sup>1</sup> This poem is set to music in Robert Jones' *Ultimum Vale* (1608) and Martin Peerson's *Private Music*, 1620.—It is not among the poems ascribed to "A. W." in Davison's MS. list.

## ODE XIV.

## THE TOMB OF DEAD DESIRE.

**W**HEN Venus saw Desire must die,  
 Whom high Disdain  
 Had justly slain,  
 For killing Truth with scornful eye :  
 The earth she leaves, and gets her to the sky ;  
     Her golden hair she tears ;  
     Black weeds of woe she wears ;  
 For help unto her father doth she cry ;  
     Who bids her stay a space,  
     And hope for better grace.

To save his life she hath no skill ;  
     Whom should she pray,  
     What do, or say,  
 But weep for wanting of her will ?  
 Meantime Desire hath ta'en his last farewell,  
     And in a meadow fair,  
     To which the nymphs repair,  
 His breathless corpse is laid with worms to dwell :  
     So glory doth decay,  
     When death takes life away.

When morning star had chased the night,  
     The Queen of Love  
     Looked from above,  
 To see the grave of her delight :



And as with heedful eye she viewed the place,  
 She spied a flower unknown,  
 That on his grave was grown,  
 Instead of learned verse his tomb to grace.  
 If you the name require,  
*Heart's-ease* from dead Desire.

[A. W.]

AN ALTAR AND SACRIFICE TO DISDAIN, FOR  
FREEING HIM FROM LOVE.

*MY Muse by thee restored to life,  
To thee, Disdain, this altar rears;  
Whereon she offers causeless strife,  
Self-spending sighs, and bootless tears.*

*Long suits in vain,  
Hate for good will;  
Still-dying pain,  
Yet living still;  
Self-loving pride,  
Looks coyly strange;  
Will, Reason's guide,  
Desire of change;  
And, last of all,  
Blind Fancy's fire;  
False Beauty's thrall,  
That binds Desire.*

*All these I offer to Disdain,  
By whom I live from Fancy free;  
With vow, that if I love again,  
My life the sacrifice shall be.*

VICIMUS ET DOMITUM PEDIBUS CALCAMUS AMOREM.<sup>1</sup>

[A. W.]

<sup>1</sup> Subscribed "Anomos" in ed. r.

CERTAIN POEMS UPON DIVERS  
SUBJECTS ;

BY THE SAME AUTHOR.

THREE ODES TRANSLATED OUT OF ANACREON, THE  
GREEK LYRIC POET.

ODE I.

O F Atreus' sons fain would I write ;  
And fain of Cadmus would I sing ;  
My lute is set on Love's delight ;  
And only Love sounds ev'ry string.

Of late my lute I altered quite,  
Both frets and strings for tunes above ;  
I sung of fierce Alcides' might ;  
My lute would sound no tune but Love.  
Wherefore, ye worthies all, farewell ;  
No tune but Love my lute can tell.

[A. W.]

## ODE II.

A COMPARISON BETWIXT THE STRENGTH OF BEASTS,  
THE WISDOM OF MAN, AND THE BEAUTY OF  
A WOMAN'S FACE.<sup>1</sup>

THE bull by nature hath his horns,  
The<sup>2</sup> horse his hoofs, to daunt their foes ;  
The light-foot hare the hunter scorns ;  
The lion's teeth his strength disclose.

The fish, by swimming, 'scapes the weel ;  
The bird, by flight, the fowler's net ;  
With wisdom man is armed as steel ;  
Poor women none of these can get.

What have they then ?—fair Beauty's grace,  
A two-edged sword, a trusty shield ;  
No force resists a lovely face,  
Both fire and sword to Beauty yield.

[A. W.]

## ODE III.

OF late, what time the bear turned round  
At midnight in her wonted way,  
And men of all sorts slept full sound,  
O'ercome with labour of the day :

<sup>1</sup> There is no title in ed. 1. For "Woman's face" ed. 4. gives  
"Woman's heart."

<sup>2</sup> Ed. 4. "The horses hoofs."

The God of Love came to my door,  
 And took the ring, and knocked <sup>1</sup> it hard :  
 "Who's there," quoth I, "that knocks so sore?  
 You break my sleep, my dreams are marred."

"A little boy, forsooth," quoth he,  
 "Dung-wet with rain this moonless night."  
 With that methought it pitied me :  
 I oped the door, and candle light.

And straight a little boy I spied ;  
 A winged boy with shafts and bow ;  
 I took him to the fireside,  
 And set him down to warm him so.

His little hands in mine I strain,  
 To rub and warm them therewithal ;  
 Out of his locks I crush the rain,  
 From which the drops apace down fall.

At last, when he was waxen warm,  
 "Now let me try my bow," quoth he ;  
 "I fear my string hath caught some harm,  
 And wet, will prove too slack for me."

He said ; and bent his bow. and shot ;  
 And wightly <sup>2</sup> hit me on <sup>3</sup> the heart :  
 The wound was sore ; and raging hot,  
 The heat like fury reeks my smart.

<sup>1</sup> Eds. 3 and 4, "knocks."

<sup>2</sup> Nimbley.

<sup>3</sup> Ed. 1, "in."

“ Mine host,” quoth he, “ my string is well,”  
 And laughed so, that he leaped again :  
 “ Look to your wound for fear it <sup>1</sup> swell,  
 Your heart may hap to feel the pain.”

[A. W.]

ANACREON'S SECOND ODE, OTHERWISE.

NATURE in her work doth give,  
 To each thing that by her doth <sup>2</sup> live,  
 A proper gift whereby <sup>3</sup> she may  
 Prevent in time her own decay :  
 The bull a horn, the horse a hoof,  
 The light-foot hare to run aloof :  
 The lion's strength who may resist ?  
 The birds aloft fly where they list :  
 The fish swims safe in waters deep,  
 The silly worm at least can creep :  
 What is to come, men can forecast,  
 And learn more wit by that is past.  
 The woman's gift, what might it be ?  
 The same for which the ladies three,  
 Pallas, Juno, Venus strave,  
 When each desired it to have.

T. S.<sup>4</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Eds. 3 and 4, “ of.”      <sup>2</sup> So ed. 1.—Eds. 2, 3, 4, “ do.”

<sup>3</sup> Eds. 3 and 4, “ where.”

<sup>4</sup> Thomas Spelman (or Spilman).

ANACREON'S THIRD ODE, OTHERWISE.<sup>1</sup>

CUPID abroad, was lated in the night ;  
 His wings were wet with ranging in the rain :  
 Harbour he sought, to me he took his flight,  
 To dry his plumes : I heard the boy complain ;  
 I oped the door, and granted his desire ;  
 I rose myself, and made the wag a fire.

Prying more narrow by the fire's <sup>2</sup> flame,  
 I spied his quiver hanging at his back :  
 Doubting the boy might my misfortune frame,  
 I would have gone for fear of further wrack ;  
 But what I fear'd, did me, poor wretch, betide,  
 For forth he drew an arrow from his side.

He pierced the quick, and I began to start ;  
 A pleasing wound, but that it was too high :  
 His shaft procured a sharp, yet sugared smart ;  
 Away he flew, for now his wings were dry ;  
 But left the arrow sticking in my breast,  
 That <sup>3</sup> sore I grieve I welcomed such a guest.

R. G.

NATURAL COMPARISONS WITH PERFECT LOVE.<sup>4</sup>

THE <sup>5</sup> lowest trees have tops ; the ant her gall ;  
 The fly her spleen ; the little sparks their heat :

<sup>1</sup> From Robert Greene's *Orpharion*, licensed in 1589.

<sup>2</sup> Equivalent to a dissyllable. (Written "fiers" in the old editions.)

<sup>3</sup> Ed. 3, "There sore" ; ed. 4, "Therefore."

<sup>4</sup> There is no title in ed. 1.

<sup>5</sup> This poem is set to music in John Dowland's *Third Book of Songs or Aires*, 1603.



The slender hairs cast shadows, though but small ;  
 And bees have stings, although they be not great.  
 Seas have their source,<sup>1</sup> and so have shallow springs ;  
 And love is love, in beggars as in kings.

Where rivers smoothest run, deep are the fords ;  
 The dial stirs, yet none perceives it move ;  
 The firmest faith is in the fewest words ;  
 The turtles cannot sing, and yet they love.  
 True hearts have eyes, and ears, no tongues to speak ;  
 They hear, and see, and sigh ; and then they break.<sup>2</sup>  
 [A. W.]

## AN ANSWER TO THE FIRST STAFF :

THAT LOVE IS UNLIKE IN BEGGARS AND IN KINGS.

COMPARE the bramble with the cedar tree ;  
 The pismire's anger with<sup>3</sup> the lion's rage :  
 What is the buzzing fly where eagles be ?  
 A drop the spark, no seas can Ætna swage :  
 Small is the heat in Beggars' breasts that springs,  
 But flaming fire consumes the hearts of Kings.

Who shrouds himself where slender hairs cast shade ?  
 But mighty oaks may scorn the summer sun :  
 Small cure will serve, where bees the wound have  
 made ;  
 But dragons' poison through each part doth run.  
 Light is the love that Beggars' bosom stings,  
 Deep is the wound that Cupid makes in Kings.

<sup>1</sup> Ed. 4, "surges."

<sup>2</sup> Subscribed "Incerto" in ed. I.

<sup>3</sup> Ed. I, "which."

Small channels serve, where shallow springs do slide ;  
 And little help will turn or stay their course :  
 The highest banks scarce hold the swelling tide,  
 Which overthrows all stops with raging force :  
     The baser sort scarce wet them in the springs,  
     Which overwhelm the heads of mighty Kings.

What though in both the heart be set of love ?  
 The self-same ground both corn and cockle breeds :  
 Fast by the briar the pine-tree mounts above ;  
 One kind of grass the jade and jennet feeds.  
     So from the heart, by secret virtue springs,  
     Unlike desire in Beggars and in Kings.<sup>1</sup>

[A. W.]

A SONG IN PRAISE OF A BEGGAR'S LIFE.

**B**RIGHT shines the sun ; play, Beggars, play ;  
 Here's scraps enough to serve to-day.  
 What noise of viols is so sweet,  
 As when our merry clappers ring ?  
 What mirth doth want where Beggars meet ?  
 A Beggar's life is for a King.  
     Eat, drink, and play ; sleep when we list,  
     Go where we will, so stocks be mist.  
     Bright shines, &c.

<sup>1</sup> Subscribed "Anomos" in ed. 1.

The world is ours, and ours alone ;  
 For we alone have worlds at will ;  
 We purchase not ; all is our own ;  
 Both fields and streets we Beggars fill.  
     Nor care to get, nor fear to keep,  
     Did ever break a Beggar's sleep.  
     Bright shines, &c.

A hundred head of black and white,  
 Upon our gowns <sup>1</sup> securely feed ;  
 If any dare his master bite,  
 He dies therefore, as sure as creed.  
     Thus Beggars lord it as they please ;  
     And none but Beggars live at ease.  
     Bright shines, &c.

[A. W.]

## UPON BEGINNING WITHOUT MAKING AN END.

**B**EGIN, and half is done, yet half undone remains ;  
 Begin that half, and all is done, and thou art  
     eased of pains :  
 The second half is all again, new work must be  
     begun.  
 Thus he that still begins, doth nothing but by halves,  
 And things half done, as good undone : half oxen are  
     but calves.

[A. W.]

<sup>1</sup> Ed. 1, "downes."

AN EPIGRAM TO SIR PHILIP SIDNEY,  
IN ELEGIACAL VERSE.

TRANSLATED OUT OF JODELLE, THE FRENCH POET.

CAMBRIDGE, worthy Philip, by this verse builds  
thee an altar,  
'Gainst time and tempest, strong to abide for ever ;  
That praise of verses no length of time can abolish,  
Which <sup>1</sup> Greece and Italy purchased endless honour.  
I then pursuing their steps, like glory to purchase,  
Will make thy memory famous in after-ages ;  
And in these measured verses thy glory be sounded,  
So be thy holy favour, help to my holy fury.

[A. W.]

HEXAMETERS,<sup>2</sup> UPON THE NEVER-ENOUGH PRAISED  
SIR PHILIP SIDNEY.

WHAT can I now suspect, or what can I fear any  
longer ?  
Oft did I fear, oft hope, whilst life in Sidney remained :  
Of nothing can I now despair, for nought can I hope  
for :  
This good is in misery, when great extremity grieves us,  
That neither hope of good, nor fear of worse can  
affright us.

<sup>1</sup> So ed. 1.—Later eds., " With."

<sup>2</sup> Ed. 4, " An Epigram in Hexameters," etc.

And can I then complain, when no complaint can  
avail me?

How can I seem to be discontent, or what can I weep  
for?

He lives eternal, with endless glory bedecked :

Yea, still on earth he lives, and still shall<sup>1</sup> live by the  
Muses.

[A. W.]

ANOTHER<sup>2</sup> UPON THE SAME.

WHAT strange adventure, what new<sup>3</sup> unlooked-for  
arrival,

Hath drawn the Muses from sweet Bœotia mountains,  
To choose our country, to seek in London abiding?

Are fair Castalian streams dried? stands Cyrrha no  
longer?

Or love the Muses, like wantons, oft to be changing?

Scarce can I that suppose, scarce think I those to be  
Muses :

No sound of melody, no voice but dreary lamenting.

Yet well I wot too well, Muses most dolefully weeping.

See where Melpomene sits hid for shame<sup>4</sup> in a corner :

Hear ye the careful sighs, fetched from the depth of  
her entrails?

There weeps Calliope, there sometimes lusty Thalia.

Ah me! alas, now know I the cause, now seek I no  
further ;

Here lies their glory, their hope, their only rejoicing.

Dead lies worthy Philip, the care and praise of Apollo :

Dead lies his carcass, but fame shall live to the world's  
end.

[A. W.]

<sup>1</sup> Ed. 4 omits "shall."

<sup>2</sup> Ed. 4, "Another epigram," etc.

<sup>3</sup> Old eds., "now."

<sup>4</sup> Ed. 1, "for a shame."

## OTHERS UPON THE SAME.

WHOM can I first accuse? whose fault account I  
the greatest?

Where kept the Muses, what countries haunted Apollo?  
Where loitered bloody Mars, where lingered worthy  
Minerva?

What could three sisters do more than nine in a  
combat?

Was force of no force? was fair entreaty refused?  
Where is the music that sometimes moved Alecto,  
That gained Eurydice, that left Proserpina weeping?  
Choose whether of the two you list, your skill to be  
nothing:

Or your most faithful servants unkindly rewarded.  
And thou that braggest of skilful surgery knowledge,  
That canst of simples discern the quality secret,  
And give fit plaisters, for wounds that seem to be  
cureless;

Whereto avails thy skill, that cannot Sidney recover?  
And could'st thou whilom prevail with destiny fatal,  
For king Admetus 'gainst course of natural order,  
And canst do nothing to save so faithful a servant?<sup>1</sup>  
As for Mars, well I wot, cold frost of Thracia kingdom  
Hath killed all kindness, no ruth of him can be looked  
for;

And dainty Pallas disdained forsooth to be present;  
Envy perhaps, nay grief as I guess, was cause of her  
absence.

Only we poor wretches, whom Gods and Muses  
abandon,

<sup>1</sup> Ed 4 omits this line.

Lament thy timeless decay with sorrowful outcries.  
 But yet, if hap some Muse would add new grace to  
 my verses,  
 Germany, France, Italy, Spain, Denmark, Persia,  
 Turkey,  
 India, where Phœbus climbs<sup>1</sup> from the sea to the  
 skyward,  
 India, where Phœbus declines<sup>2</sup> from sky to the sea-  
 ward,<sup>3</sup>  
 Tartary, Pole, Lettow, Muscovy, Bohemia, Norway ;  
 All coasts where rising or falling Phœbus appeareth,  
 Should hear, and wonder to hear thy glory resounded :  
 Armenian tigers enraged for theft of a youngling,  
 Princely lions roaring, for want of prey to be starved,  
 Fierce bears, and grunting wild boars, upon Arcady  
 mountains,  
 Should stand astonished, forgetting natural offspring ;  
 Forgetting hunger, forgetting slaughter appointed ;  
 As when Calliope's dear son, sweet harmony singing,  
 Unto the true consent of his harp-strings tuned in order,  
 Drew from their places wild beasts and trees by the music.  
 Swift flowing Hebrus staid all his streams in a wonder,  
 As if chill coldness frome<sup>4</sup> had them down to the  
 bottom.  
 But for I wot too well my slender skill to be nothing ;  
 Here will I quite forswear both verse and muse in an  
 anger,  
 Lest hap my rudeness disgrace thy glory by praising.

DIGNUM LAUDE VIRUM MUSA VETAT MORI.

[A. W.]

<sup>1</sup> Ed. 4, "mounts up from sea." <sup>2</sup> Ed. 4, "falls down from."

<sup>3</sup> Ed. 3, "sea-warn'd."

<sup>4</sup> Frozen.



## TO TIME.

ETERNAL Time, that wastest <sup>1</sup> without waste,  
 That art, and art not, diest, and livest still ;  
 Most slow of all, and yet of greatest haste,  
 Both ill and good, and neither good nor ill :  
 How can I justly praise thee, or dispraise ?  
 Dark are thy nights, but bright and clear thy days.

Both free and scarce, thou giv'st and tak'st again ;  
 Thy womb that all doth breed, is tomb to all ;  
 What so by thee hath life, by <sup>2</sup> thee is slain ;  
 From <sup>3</sup> thee do all things rise, by thee they fall :  
 Constant, inconstant, moving, standing still,  
 Was, is, shall be, do thee both breed and kill.

I lose thee, while I seek to find thee out ;  
 The farther off, the more I follow thee ;  
 The faster hold, the greater cause of doubt,  
 Was, is, I know ; but shall, I cannot see.  
 All things by thee are measured, thou by none :  
 All are in thee, thou in thyself alone.

[A. W.]

<sup>1</sup> So eds. 1 and 4.—Eds. 2 and 3, "wasteth."

<sup>2</sup> Ed. 3, "by thee they fall."

<sup>3</sup> This line is omitted in ed. 3, and by Nicolas.

## A MEDITATION UPON THE FRAILTY OF THIS LIFE.

OH trifling toys that toss the brains,  
While loathsome life doth last !  
Oh wished wealth, oh sugared joys,  
Oh life, when death is past !  
Who loaths exchange of loss with gain ?  
Yet loath we death, as hell.  
What woeful wight would wish his woe ?  
Yet wish we here to dwell.  
Oh fancy frail that feeds on earth,  
And stays on slippery joys :  
Oh noble mind, oh happy man,  
That can contemn such toys !

Such toys as neither perfect are,  
And cannot long endure ;  
Our greatest skill, our sweetest joy,  
Uncertain and unsure.  
For life is short, and learning long,  
All pleasure mixed with woe :  
Sickness and sleep steal time unseen,  
And joys do come and go.  
Thus learning is but learned by halves,  
And joy enjoyed no while ;  
That serves to shew thee what thou want'st,  
This helps thee to beguile.

But after death is perfect skill,  
And joy without decay ;  
When sin is gone that blinds our eyes,  
And steals our joys away :

No crowing cock shall raise us up,  
 To spend the day in vain ;  
 No weary labour shall us drive,  
 To go to bed again.  
 But for we feel not what we want,  
 Nor know not what we have ;  
 We love to keep the body's life,  
 We loath the soul to save.

[A. W.]

## A DIALOGUE BETWEEN THE SOUL AND THE BODY.

SOUL. **A**Y me,<sup>1</sup> poor soul, whom bound in sinful  
 chains

This wretched body keeps against my will !

BODY. Ay me,<sup>1</sup> poor body, whom for all my pains,  
 This froward soul causeless condemneth still.

SOUL. Causeless? whenas thou striv'st to sin each  
 day!

BODY.<sup>2</sup> Causeless? whenas I strive thee to obey !

SOUL. Thou art the means, by which I fall to sin.

BODY. Thou art the cause that sett'st this means  
 a-work.

SOUL. No part of thee that hath not faulty bin.

BODY. I shew the poison that in thee doth lurk.

SOUL. I shall be pure when so I part from thee.

BODY.<sup>2</sup> So were I now, but that thou stainest me.

[A. W.]

<sup>1</sup> Ed. 4, "my."

<sup>2</sup> The change of speaker is not marked in ed. 1.

## SAPPHICS, UPON THE PASSION OF CHRIST.

**H**ATRED eternal, furious revenging ;  
 Merciless raging, bloody persecuting ;  
 Slanderous speeches, odious revilings ;  
     Causeless abhorring :  
 Impious scoffings by the very abjects ;  
 Dangerous threat'ning by the Priests anointed ;  
 Death full of torment in a shameful order ;  
     Christ did abide here.  
 He that in glory was above the angels,  
 Changed his glory for an earthly carcase ;  
 Yielded his glory to a sinful outcast,  
     Glory refusing.  
 Me that in bondage many sins retained,  
 He for his goodness, for his only goodness,  
 Brought from hell-torments to the joys of heaven,  
     Not to be numbered :  
 Dead in offences, by his aid revived,  
 Quickened in spirit, by the grace he yieldeth :  
 Sound then his praises, to the world's amazement,  
     Thankfully singing.<sup>1</sup>

[A. W.]

<sup>1</sup> Subscribed "Anomos" in ed. 1.

DIVERS POEMS  
OF  
SUNDRY AUTHORS.

A HYMN IN PRAISE OF MUSIC.

PRAISE, pleasure, profit, is that threefold band,  
Which ties men's minds more fast than Gordion's  
knot ;

Each one some draws ; all three none can withstand ;  
Of force conjoined, conquest is hardly got.

Then Music may of hearts a monarch be,  
Wherein praise, pleasure, profit, so agree.

Praise-worthy Music is, for God it praiseth ;  
And pleasant, for brute beasts therein delight ;  
Great profit from it flows : for why ? it raiseth  
The mind o'erwhelmed with rude passions' might ;  
When against reason passions fond rebel,  
Music doth that confirm, and those expel.

If Music did not merit endless praise,  
Would heavenly spheres delight in silver round ?  
If joyous pleasure were not in sweet lays,  
Would they in court and country so abound ?  
And profitable, needs we must that call,  
Which pleasure linked with praise doth bring to all.

Heroic minds, with praises most incited,  
 Seek praise in Music, and therein excel ;  
 God, man, beasts, birds, with Music are delighted ;  
 And pleasant 'tis which pleaseth all so well.  
 No greater profit is than self-content ;  
 And this will <sup>1</sup> Music bring, and care prevent.

When antique poets Music's praises tell,  
 They say it beasts did please, and stones did move,  
 To prove more dull than stones, than beasts more fell,  
 Those men which pleasing Music did not love :  
 They feigned it cities built, and states defended,  
 To shew the profit great on it depended.

Sweet birds, poor men's musicians, never slake  
 To sing sweet Music's praises day and night :  
 The dying swans in Music pleasure take,  
 To shew that it the dying can delight :  
 In sickness, health, peace, war, we do it need,  
 Which proves sweet Music's profit doth exceed.

But I, by niggard praising, do dispraise  
 Praise-worthy Music in my worthless rime ;  
 Ne can the pleasing profit of sweet lays  
 Any, save learned Muses, well define.  
 Yet all by these rude lines may clearly see,  
 Praise, pleasure, profit, in sweet Music be.

I. D.

<sup>1</sup> Ed. 1, " doth."—Ed. 2, " with."

## TEN SONNETS TO PHILOMEL.

## SONNET I.

UPON LOVE'S ENTERING BY HIS EARS.

**O**FT did I hear our eyes the passage were  
 By which Love entered to assail<sup>1</sup> our hearts ;  
 Therefore I guarded them, and, void of fear,  
 Neglected the defence of other parts.  
 Love, knowing this, the usual way forsook,  
 And, seeking, found a by-way by mine Ear ;  
 At which he ent'ring, my heart prisoner took,  
 And unto thee, sweet Philomel, did bear.  
 Yet let my heart thy heart to pity move,  
 Whose pain is great, although small fault appear :  
 First it lies bound in fett'ring chains of love,  
 Then each day it is racked with hope and fear ;  
 And with Love's flames 'tis evermore consumed,  
 Only because to love thee it presumed.

<sup>1</sup> Ed. 1, "auaile."



## SONNET II.

O H ! why did Fame my heart to love betray,  
By telling my Dear's virtue and perfection ?  
Why did my traitor ears to it convey  
That siren song, cause of my heart's infection ?  
Had I been deaf, or Fame her gifts concealed,  
Then had my heart been free from hopeless love :  
Or were my state likewise by it revealed,  
Well might it Philomel to pity move.  
Then should she know how Love doth make me  
languish,  
Distracting me 'twixt hope and dreadful fear ;  
Then should she know my care, my plaints, and  
anguish,  
All which for her dear sake I meekly bear.  
Yea, I could quietly death's pains abide,  
So that she knew that for her sake I died.

## SONNET III.

OF HIS OWN, AND OF HIS MISTRESS' SICKNESS  
AT ONE TIME.

SICKNESS, intending my love to betray,  
Before I should sight of my Dear obtain,  
Did his pale colours in my face display,  
Lest that my favour might her favour gain.

Yet, not content herewith, like means it wrought,  
 My Philomel's bright beauty to deface ;  
 And Nature's glory to disgrace it sought,  
 That my conceived love it might displace.  
 But my firm love could this assault well bear,  
 Which virtue had, not beauty, for his ground ;  
 And yet bright beams of beauty did appear  
 Through sickness' veil, which made my love abound :  
 If sick, thought I, her beauty so excel,  
 How matchless would it be if she were well !

## SONNET IV.

ANOTHER, OF HER SICKNESS AND RECOVERY.

**P**ALE Death himself did love my Philomel,  
 When he her virtues and rare beauty saw ;  
 Therefore he sickness sent ; which should expel  
 His rival Life,<sup>1</sup> and my Dear to him draw.  
 But her bright beauty dazzled so his eyes,  
 That his dart Life did miss, though her it hit ;  
 Yet, not therewith content, new means he tries,  
 To bring her unto Death, and make Life flit.  
 But Nature, soon perceiving that he meant  
 To spoil her only Phœnix, her chief pride,  
 Assembled all her force, and did prevent  
 The greatest mischief that could her betide.  
 So both our lives and loves Nature defended ;  
 For had she died, my love and life had ended.

<sup>1</sup> Eds. 3 and 4, " His rivals life."

## SONNET V.

ALLUSION TO THESEUS' VOYAGE TO CRETE,  
AGAINST THE MINOTAUR.

MY Love is sailed, against Dislike to fight,  
Which, like vild<sup>1</sup> monster, threatens his decay :  
The ship is Hope, which, by Desire's great might,  
Is swiftly borne towards the wished bay :  
The company which with my Love doth fare,  
Though met in one, is a dissenting crew :  
They are Joy, Grief, and never-sleeping Care,  
And Doubt, which ne'er believes good news for true  
Black Fear the flag is, which my ship doth bear,  
Which, Dear, take down, if my Love victor be :  
And let white Comfort in his place appear,  
When Love victoriously returns to me ;  
Lest I from rock Despair come tumbling down,  
And in a sea of tears be forced to drown.

## SONNET VI.

UPON HER LOOKING SECRETLY OUT AT A WINDOW  
AS HE PASSED BY.

ONCE did my Philomel reflect on me  
Her crystal-pointed eyes as I passed by ;  
Thinking not to be seen, yet would me see ;  
But soon my hungry eyes their food did spy.

<sup>1</sup> Old form of *vile*. (Nicolas prints "wild.")

Alas ! my Dear, couldst thou suppose, that face,  
 Which needs not envy Phœbus' chiefest pride,  
 Could secret be, although in secret place,  
 And that transparent glass such beams could hide ?  
 But if I had been blind, yet Love's hot flame,  
 Kindled in my poor heart by thy bright eye,  
 Did plainly shew when it so near thee came,  
 By more than usual heat the cause was nigh :<sup>1</sup>  
 So though thou hidden wert, my heart and eye  
 Did turn to thee by mutual sympathy.

## SONNET VII.

WHEN time nor place would let me often view  
 Nature's chief mirror, and my sole delight,  
 Her lively picture in my heart I drew,  
 That I might it behold both day and night :  
 But she, like Philip's son, scorning that I  
 Should<sup>2</sup> portray her, wanting Apelles' art,  
 Commanded Love, who nought dare her deny,  
 To burn the picture which was in my heart.  
 The more Love burned, the more her picture shined ;  
 The more it shined, the more my heart did burn :  
 So what to hurt her picture was assigned,  
 To my heart's ruin and decay did turn.  
 Love could not burn the Saint ; it was divine ;  
 And therefore fired my heart, the Saint's poor shrine.

<sup>1</sup> Eds. 2, 3, 4, " By more the vsuall heate then cause was nie."

<sup>2</sup> So ed. 1.—Ed. 2, "Should portraiture, which wanting."—  
 Ed. 3, "Should portraiture, which wanted."

## SONNET VIII.

TO THE SUN OF HIS MISTRESS' BEAUTY  
ECLIPSED WITH FROWNS.<sup>1</sup>

WHENAS the sun eclipsed is, some say,  
It thunder, lightning, rain, and wind por-  
tendeth :

And not unlike but such things happen may,  
Sith like effects my Sun eclipsed sendeth.  
Witness my throat, made hoarse with thundering cries,  
And heart, with love's hot flashing lightnings fired :  
Witness the showers, which still fall from mine eyes,  
And breast, with sighs like stormy winds near rived.  
Oh<sup>2</sup> shine then once again, sweet Sun, on me,  
And with thy beams dissolve clouds of despair,  
Whereof these raging meteors framed be  
In my poor heart, by absence of my fair :  
So shalt thou prove thy beams, thy heat, thy light,  
To match the Sun in glory, grace, and might.

<sup>1</sup> There is no title in eds. 1 and 2.

<sup>2</sup> Eds. 1 and 2 omit "Oh."

## SONNET IX.

UPON SENDING HER A GOLD RING, WITH THIS POESY,

*Pure and endless.*

**I**F you would know the love which <sup>1</sup> I you bear,  
 Compare it to <sup>2</sup> the ring which your fair hand  
 Shall make more precious, when you shall it wear :  
 So my love's nature you shall understand.  
 Is it of metal pure? so you shall prove  
 My love, which ne'er disloyal thought did stain.  
 Hath it no end? so endless is my love,  
 Unless you it destroy with your disdain.  
 Doth it the purer wax, the more 'tis tried?  
 So doth my love : yet herein they dissent,  
 That whereas gold, the more 'tis purified,  
 By waxing less, doth show some part is spent ;  
 My love doth wax more pure by your <sup>3</sup> more trying,  
 And yet increaseth in the purifying.

## SONNET X.

THE HEART'S CAPTIVITY.<sup>4</sup>

**M**Y cruel Dear, having captived my heart,  
 And bound it fast in chains of restless love,  
 Requires it out of bondage to depart ;  
 Yet is she sure from her it cannot move.  
 "Draw back," said she, "your hopeless love from me ;

<sup>1</sup> Ed. 1, "which you I beare."    <sup>2</sup> Ed. 1, "with."

<sup>3</sup> Ed. 1, "you."

<sup>4</sup> There is no title in ed. 1.

Your worth requires<sup>1</sup> a far more worthy place ;  
 Unto your suit though I cannot agree,  
 Full many will it lovingly embrace."  
 "It may be so, my dear, but, as the Sun,  
 When it appears, doth make the stars to vanish ;  
 So when yourself into my thoughts do run,  
 All others quite out of my heart you banish.  
 The beams of your perfections shine so bright,  
 That straightway they dispel all others' light."

I. D.<sup>2</sup>

## A HYMN IN PRAISE OF NEPTUNE.

This Hymn was sung by Amphitrite, Thamesis, and other Sea-Nymphs, in Gray's Inn Mask, at the Court, 1594.

OF Neptune's empire let us sing,  
 At whose command the waves obey ;  
 To whom the rivers tribute pay,  
 Down the high mountains sliding :  
 To whom the scaly nation yields  
 Homage for the crystal fields  
 Wherein they dwell :  
 And every sea-god pays a gem,  
 Yearly out of his wat'ry cell,  
 To deck great Neptune's diadem.  
 The Tritons, dancing in a ring  
 Before his palace gates, do make  
 The water with their echoes quake,  
 Like the great thunder sounding :  
 The Sea-nymphs chaunt their accents shrill,

<sup>1</sup> Ed. I, "requireth a more worthy."

<sup>2</sup> Subscribed "Melophilus" in ed. I.



And the Sirens, taught to kill  
 With their sweet voice,  
 Make ev'ry echoing rock reply,  
 Unto their gentle murmuring noise,  
 The praise of Neptune's Empery.

TH. CAMPION.

OF HIS MISTRESS'S FACE.

AND would you see my Mistress' face?  
 It is a flow'ry garden-place:  
 Where knots of beauty have such grace,  
 That all is work, and no where space.

It is a sweet delicious morn,  
 Where day is breeding, never born:  
 It is a meadow yet unshorn,  
 Which thousand flowers do adorn.

It is the heaven's bright reflex,  
 Weak eyes to dazzle and to vex:  
 It is th' idea of her sex,  
 Envy of whom doth world perplex.

It is a face of death that smiles,  
 Pleasing, though it kill the whiles;  
 Where death and love in pretty wiles  
 Each other mutually beguiles.

It is fair Beauty's freshest youth;  
 It is a feign'd Elysium's truth;  
 The spring that wintered hearts renew'th,  
 And this is that my soul pursu'th.

TH. CAMPION.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> The signature is omitted in eds. 2, 3, and 4.

UPON HIS<sup>1</sup> PALENESS.

**B**LAME not my cheeks, though pale with love  
 they be ;  
 The kindly heat into my heart is flown,  
 To cherish it, that is dismayed by thee,  
 Who art so cruel and unsteadfast grown :  
 For Nature, called for by distressed hearts,  
 Neglects and quite forsakes the outward parts.

But they whose cheeks with careless blood are stained,  
 Nurse not one spark of love within<sup>2</sup> their hearts ;  
 And when they woo, they speak with passion feigned,  
 For their fat love lies in their outward parts :  
 But in their breasts, where Love his court should  
 hold,  
 Poor Cupid sits and blows his nails for cold.

THO. CAMPION.

## OF CORINNA'S SINGING.

**W**HEN to her lute Corinna sings,  
 Her voice revives the leaden strings,  
 And doth in highest notes appear,  
 As any challenged echo clear ;  
 But when she doth of mourning speak,  
 Ev'n with her sighs the strings do break.

<sup>1</sup> Eds. 2, 3, 4, "her."<sup>2</sup> Eds. 1 and 2, "with."

And as her lute doth live or die,  
 Led by her passions, so must I :  
 For when of pleasure she doth sing,  
 My thoughts enjoy a sudden spring ;  
 But if she do of sorrow speak,  
 Ev'n from my heart the strings do break.

THO. CAMPION.

A DIALOGUE BETWEEN THE LOVER AND HIS LADY.

LADY, my flame still burning,  
 And my consuming anguish,  
 Doth grow so great that life I feel to languish :  
 Then let your heart be moved,  
 To end my grief and yours, so long time proved ;  
 And quench the heat that my chief part so fireth,  
 Yielding the fruit that faithful love requireth.

HER ANSWER.

SWEET Lord, your flame still burning,  
 And your consuming anguish,  
 Cannot be more than mine, in which I languish ;  
 Nor more your heart is moved,  
 To end your grief and mine,<sup>1</sup> so long time proved :  
 But if I yield, and so your love decreaseth,  
 Then I my lover lose, and your love ceaseth.

IGNOTO.

<sup>1</sup> Ed. 1, " my griefe and yours."

AN ELEGY OF A WOMAN'S HEART.<sup>1</sup>

O H faithless world, and thy most faithless part,  
     A woman's heart !  
 The true shop of variety, where sits  
     Nothing but fits  
 And fevers of desire, and pangs of love,  
     Which toys remove.  
 Why was she born to please, or I to trust  
     Words writ in dust ?  
 Suff'ring her eyes to govern my despair,  
     My pain for air,  
 And fruit of time rewarded with untruth,  
     The food of youth.  
 Untrue she was, yet I believed her eyes,  
     Instructed spies ;  
 Till I was taught, that love was but a school  
     To breed a fool.  
 Or sought she more than triumphs of denial,  
     To see a trial  
 How far her smiles commanded my weakness ?  
     Yield and confess !  
 Excuse not now thy folly, nor her nature :  
     Blush, and endure  
 As well thy shame as passions that were vain ;  
     And think thy gain  
 To know that love, lodged in a woman's breast,  
     Is but a guest.

H. W.<sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> In ed. 1 the title is simply "An Elegie."

<sup>2</sup> Sir Henry Wotton.—Printed, with some textual variations, in *Reliquiæ Wottonianæ*. See Hannah's *Poems of Raleigh and Wotton*.

A POESY TO PROVE AFFECTION IS NOT LOVE.<sup>1</sup>

CONCEIT, begotten by the eyes,  
 Is quickly born, and quickly dies ;  
 For while it seeks our hearts to have,  
 Meanwhile there<sup>2</sup> reason makes his grave ;  
 For many things the eyes approve,  
 Which yet the heart doth seldom love.

For as the seeds, in spring-time sown,  
 Die in the ground ere they be grown ;  
 Such is conceit, whose rooting fails,  
 As child that in the cradle quails,  
 Or else within the mother's womb  
 Hath his beginning and his tomb.

Affection follows Fortune's wheels,  
 And soon is shaken from her heels ;  
 For following beauty or estate,  
 Her liking still is turned to hate :  
 For all affections have their change,  
 And fancy only loves to range.

Desire himself runs out of breath  
 And, getting, doth but gain his death ;  
 Desire nor reason hath nor rest ;  
 And blind doth seldom choose the best :  
 Desire attained is not desire,  
 But as the cinders of the fire.

<sup>1</sup> There is no title in ed. 1.<sup>2</sup> Ed. 2, "their."

As ships in ports desired are drowned ;  
 As fruit, once ripe, then falls to ground ;  
 As flies that seek for flames are brought  
 To cinders by the flames they sought :  
 So fond desire when it attains,  
 The life expires, the woe remains.

And yet some poets fain would prove  
 Affection to be perfect love ;  
 And that desire is of that kind,  
 No less a passion of the mind :  
 As if wild beasts and men did seek  
 To like, to love, to choose alike.

W. R.<sup>1</sup>

### MADRIGAL.

#### IN PRAISE OF TWO.

**F**AUSTINA hath the fairer face,  
 And Phillida the feater<sup>2</sup> grace,  
 Both have mine eye enriched :  
 This sings full sweetly with her voice,  
 Her fingers make as sweet a noise,  
 Both have mine ear bewitched.  
 Ah me ! sith Fates have so provided,  
 My heart, alas ! must be divided.

<sup>1</sup> The signature "W. R." (Walter Raleigh?) is omitted in ed. 4.

<sup>2</sup> So ed. 1.—Later eds., "better."

TO HIS LADY'S GARDEN,  
BEING ABSENT FAR FROM HER.

GARDEN more than Eden blessed,  
Art thou thus to have thy bowers,  
Free'd from winter, and still dressed,  
With her face's heaven-set flowers?

Happy too are those<sup>1</sup> thy alleys,  
Where her fair feet deign to tread ;  
Which departing earth's low valleys,  
Shall<sup>2</sup> the milky way be led.

Thy trees whose arms her embraced,  
And whose fruit her lips do<sup>3</sup> kiss,  
In whose virtuous mind well placed,  
The rare tree of knowledge is,

Happy are : so thy birds be,  
Whom she taught to sing by art ;  
Who, in heavenly harmony,  
With the angels bears a part.

Happy, blest, and fortunate,  
Bowers, alleys, trees, and birds ;  
But my most unhappy state  
Far surmounts all reach of words.

T. Sp.<sup>4</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Ed. I, "these."

<sup>2</sup> Ed. 3, "Shall to the."

<sup>3</sup> Ed. I, "did."

<sup>4</sup> "T. Sp." (Thomas Spilman)—omitted in eds. 2, 3, 4.



## UPON HIS LADY'S SICKNESS OF THE SMALL-POX.

CRUEL and impartial sickness,  
Sword of that arch-monarch Death,  
That subdues all strength by weakness,  
Whom all kings pay tribute, breath ;

Are not these thy steps I track,  
In the pure snow of her face,  
When thou did'st attempt to sack  
Her life's fortress, and it rase ?

Th' heavenly honey thou did'st suck,  
From her rose cheeks might suffice ;  
Why then did'st thou mar, and pluck  
Those dear flowers of rarest price ?

Mean'st thou thy Lord to present  
With those rich spoils and adorn,  
Leaving me them to lament,  
And in ink's black tears thus mourn ?

No ; I'll in my bosom wear them,  
And close lock them in my heart :  
Thence, nor time, nor death shall bear them,  
Till I from myself do part.

TH. SPILMAN.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Omitted in ed. 4.—“Th. Sp.” in ed. 1.

A SONNET IN THE GRACE OF WIT, OF TONGUE,  
OF FACE.<sup>1</sup>

HER face, her tongue, her wit, so fair, so sweet, so  
sharp,

First bent, then drew, now hit, mine eye, mine ear, my  
heart :

Mine eye, mine ear, my heart, to like, to learn, to love,  
Her face, her tongue, her wit, doth lead, doth teach,  
doth move.

Her face, her tongue, her wit, with beams, with sound,  
with art,

Doth blind, doth charm, doth rule, mine eye, mine ear,  
my heart.

Mine eye, mine ear, my heart, with life, with hope,  
with skill,

Her face, her tongue, her wit, doth feed, doth feast,  
doth fill.

Oh face, oh tongue, oh wit, with frowns, with checks,  
with smart,

Wring not, vex not, wound not, mine eye, mine ear,  
my heart :

This eye, this ear, this heart, shall 'join,<sup>2</sup> shall bind,  
shall swear,

Your face, your tongue, your wit, to serve, to love, to  
fear.

<sup>1</sup> The title in eds. 1 and 2 is "A Reporting Sonnet."—There is a shorter version of this poem in *The Phoenix' Nest*, 1593. The authorship has been ascribed, without sufficient evidence, to Raleigh.

<sup>2</sup> Old eds., "ioy." (" 'Join = enjoin.)

## SONNET.

FOR HER HEART ONLY.<sup>1</sup>

ONLY, sweet Love, afford me but thy heart,  
 Then close thine eyes within their ivory covers,  
 That they to me no beam of light impart,  
 Although they shine on all thy other lovers.  
 As for thy lip of ruby, cheek<sup>2</sup> of rose,  
 Though I have kissed them oft with sweet content,  
 I am content that sweet content to lose ;  
 If<sup>3</sup> thy sweet Will will bar me, I assent.  
 Let me not touch thy hand, but through thy glove,  
 Nor let it be the pledge of kindness more ;  
 Keep all thy beauties to thyself, sweet Love,  
 I ask not such bold favours as before.  
 I beg but this, afford me but thy heart,  
 For then, I know, thou wilt the rest impart.

## ODE.

That time and absence proves  
 Rather helps than hurts to loves.<sup>4</sup>

ABSENCE, hear thou my protestation,  
 Against thy strength,  
 Distance, and length :  
 Do what thou<sup>5</sup> canst for alteration,  
 For hearts of truest mettle  
 Absence doth join, and Time doth settle

<sup>1</sup> There is no title in eds. 1 and 2.      <sup>2</sup> Ed. 1, "cheeks."

<sup>3</sup> Eds. 3 and 4, "If they sweete Will will not barre me, I assent."

<sup>4</sup> This couplet is omitted in eds. 1 and 2.

<sup>5</sup> So ed. 1.—Later eds., "you can."

Who loves a mistress of such quality,  
 He soon hath found  
 Affection's <sup>1</sup> ground  
 Beyond time, place, and all mortality.  
 To hearts that cannot vary,  
 Absence is present, Time doth tarry.

My senses want their outward motions,  
 Which now within  
 Reason doth win,  
 Redoubled in her secret notions :  
 Like rich men that take pleasure  
 In hiding, more than handling treasure.

By absence this good means I gain,  
 That I can catch her,  
 Where none can watch her,  
 In some close corner of my brain.  
 There I embrace and kiss her ;  
 And so I both enjoy and miss her.

THE TRUE LOVE'S KNOT.<sup>2</sup>

**L**OVE is the link, the knot, the band of unity ;  
 And all that love, do love with their beloved to be.  
 Love only did decree,  
 To change his kind in me.  
 For though I loved with all the powers of my mind,  
 And though <sup>3</sup> my restless thoughts their rest in her did  
 find,

<sup>1</sup> Eds. 3 and 4, "affection."

<sup>2</sup> There is no title in ed. 1.

<sup>3</sup> Ed. 3, "through."

Yet are my hopes declined,  
Sith she is most unkind.

For since her beauty's sun my fruitless hope did breed,  
By absence from that sun I hoped to starve that weed ;

Though absence did indeed  
My hopes not starve, but feed.

For when I shift my place, like to the stricken deer,  
I cannot shift the shaft, which in my side I bear :

Ay<sup>1</sup> me it resteth there,  
The cause is not elsewhere.

So have I seen the sick to turn<sup>2</sup> and turn again,  
As if that outward change could ease his inward pain :

But still, alas ! in vain,  
The fit doth still remain.

Yet goodness is the spring from whence this ill doth  
grow,

For goodness caused the love, which great respect di  
owe.

Respect true love did show :  
True love thus wrought my woe.

IGNOTO.<sup>3</sup>

### SONNET.

**B**EST pleased she is when love is most exprest,  
And sometime says that love should be requited ;  
Yet is she grieved my love should now be righted,  
When that my faith hath proved what I protest.  
Am I beloved whose heart is thus opprest,

<sup>1</sup> So eds. 1 and 2.—Later eds., "By."

<sup>2</sup> So ed. 1.—Later eds., "runne."

<sup>3</sup> "Ignoto"—omitted in ed. 4.

Or dear to her, and not in her delighted ?  
 I live to see the sun, yet still benighted :  
 By her despair is blamed, and hope suppress ;  
 She still denies, yet still her heart consenteth ;  
 She grants me all but that which I desire ;  
 She fuel sends, but bids me leave the fire ;  
 She lets me die, and yet my death lamenteth.  
 Oh foolish love, by reason of thy blindness,  
 I die for want of love, yet killed with kindness !

## SONNET.

**W**HEN a weak child is sick and out of quiet,  
 And for his tenderness cannot sustain  
 Physic of equal strength unto his pain,  
 Physicians to the nurse prescribe a diet.  
 Oh I am sick, and in my sickness weak,  
 And through my weakness dead, if I but take  
 The pleasantest receipt that art can make,  
 Or if I hear but my physician speak.  
 But, ah ! fair god of physic, it may be,  
 But physic to my nurse would me recover.  
 She whom I love with beauty nurseth me,  
 But with a bitter mixture kills her lover :  
 Yet I assure myself I should not die,  
 If she were purged of her cruelty.

## SONNET.

WERE I as base as is the lowly plain,  
And you, my Love, as high as heav'n above,  
Yet should the thoughts of me your humble swain  
Ascend to heav'n, in honour of my love.  
Were I as high as heav'n above the plain,  
And you, my Love, as humble and as low  
As are the deepest bottoms of the main,  
Whereso'er you were, with you my love should go.  
Were you the earth, dear Love, and I the skies,  
My love should shine on you like to the sun,  
And look upon you with ten thousand eyes,  
Till heav'n waxed blind, and till the world were done.  
Whereso'er I am, below, or else above you,  
Whereso'er you are, my heart shall truly love you.

I. S.

## MADRIGAL.

MY Love in her attire doth shew her wit,  
It doth so well become her :  
For every season she hath dressings fit,  
For Winter, Spring, and Summer.  
No beauty she doth miss,  
When all her robes are on :  
But Beauty's self she is,  
When all her robes are gone.



## A POEM.

WHEN<sup>1</sup> I to you of all my woes complain,  
 Which you make me endure without release ;  
 With scornful smiles you answer me again,  
 "That lovers true must bear and hold their peace."  
 Dear, I will bear, and hold my peace, if you  
 Will hold your peace, and bear what I shall do.  
 F. D.<sup>2</sup>

## SONNET.

THE poets feign that when the world began,  
 Both sexes in one body did remain ;  
 Till Love, offended with this double man,  
 Caused Vulcan to divide him into twain.  
 In this division he the heart did sever ;  
 But cunningly he did indent the heart,  
 That if there were a reuniting ever,  
 Each part might know which was his counterpart.  
 See then, dear love, th' indenture of my heart,  
 And read the cov'nants writ with holy fire ;

<sup>1</sup> In ed. 1 these verses are headed "A Madrigal," and run thus :—

"When I to you complayne  
 Of all the woe and payne,  
 Which you make mee endure without release :  
 You answer nought againe,  
 But, Beare and hold your peace," etc.

<sup>2</sup> "F. D." (Francis Davison)—not in ed. 1.

See if your heart be not the counterpart  
 Of my true heart's indented chaste desire.  
 And if it be, so may it ever be,  
 Two hearts in one, 'twixt you, my love, and me.

I. S.

## AN INVECTIVE AGAINST WOMEN.

ARE women fair? Aye, wondrous fair to see  
 to:<sup>1</sup>

Are women sweet? Yea, passing sweet they be too:  
 Most fair and sweet to them that inly love them;  
 Chaste and discreet to all, save those that prove them.

Are women wise? Not wise, but they be witty:  
 Are women witty? Yea, the more the pity:  
 They are so witty, and in wit so wily,  
 That be ye<sup>2</sup> ne'er so wise, they will beguile ye.

Are women fools? Not fools, but fondlings many.  
 Can women fond be faithful unto any?  
 When snow-white swans do turn<sup>3</sup> to colour sable,  
 Then women fond will be both firm and stable.

Are women saints? No saints, nor yet no devils.  
 Are women good? Not good, but needful evils;  
 So angel-like, that devils I do not doubt them;  
 So needful ill, that few can live without them.

<sup>1</sup> So ed. 1.—Eds. 2, 3, 4, "too." (See to = look upon).

<sup>2</sup> Ed. 1, "you."      <sup>3</sup> Ed. 4, "run."

Are women proud? Aye, passing proud, and praise  
them:

Are women kind? Aye, wond'rous kind, and please  
them:

Or so imperious, no man can endure them;

Or so kind-hearted, any may procure them.

IGNOTO.

LOVE'S EMBASSY, IN AN IAMBIC ELEGY.<sup>1</sup>

UNHAPPY verse! the witness of my<sup>2</sup> unhappy state!  
Make thyself flutt'ring wings of thy fast-flying  
thought,

And fly forth unto my love, wheresoever she be.

Whether lying restless in heavy bed, or else  
Sitting so cheerless at the cheerful board, or else  
Playing alone careless on her heavenly virginals.

If in bed, tell her that mine eyes can take no rest;  
If at board, tell her that my mouth can taste no food;  
If at her virginals, tell her I can hear no mirth.

Asked why, say, waking Love suffereth no sleep;  
Say, that raging love doth appal the weak stomach;  
Say, that lamenting love marreth the musical.

Tell her, that her pleasures were wont to lull me asleep;  
Tell her, that her beauty was wont to feed mine eyes;  
Tell her, that her sweet tongue was wont to make me  
mirth.

<sup>1</sup> The title in ed. 1 is "An Elegie in Trimetre Iambickes."

<sup>2</sup> "My"—omitted in eds. 3 and 4.

Now do I nightly waste, wanting my kindly rest ;  
 Now do I daily starve, wanting my lively food ;  
 Now do I always die, wanting my timely mirth.

And if I waste, who will bewail my heavy chance ?  
 And if I starve, who will record my cursed end ?  
 And if I die, who will say, this was *Immerito* ?<sup>1</sup>

EDMUND SPENSER.

SONNET.

LOVE'S SEVEN DEADLY SINS.<sup>2</sup>

MINE eye with all the deadly sins is fraught :  
 1. First Proud, sith it presumed to look so high ;  
 A watchman being made, stood gazing by,  
 2. And Idle, took no heed till I was caught :  
 3. And Envious, bears envy that my<sup>3</sup> thought  
 Should in his absence be to her so nigh :  
 4. To Kill my heart, mine eye let in her eye,  
 And so consent<sup>4</sup> gave to a murder wrought :  
 5. And Covetous, it never would remove  
 From her fair hair, gold so doth please his sight :  
 6. Unchaste, a bawd between my heart and love :  
 7. A Glutton eye, with tears drunk every night.  
 These sins procured have a Goddess' ire :  
 Wherefore my heart is damned in Love's sweet fire.

H. C.<sup>5</sup>

<sup>1</sup> "Immerito" is the name that Spenser adopted in his correspondence with Gabriel Harvey. This elegy was printed in Spenser's Letter to Gabriel Harvey, 1580.

<sup>2</sup> There is no title in eds. 1 and 2.

<sup>3</sup> Ed. 1, "by."      <sup>4</sup> Eds. 3 and 4, "content."

<sup>5</sup> The initials "H. C." (Henry Constable) are omitted in eds. 3 and 4.

SONNET.<sup>1</sup>

TO TWO MOST HONOURABLE AND VIRTUOUS LADIES  
AND SISTERS,  
THE LADY MARGARET, COUNTESS OF CUMBERLAND,  
THE LADY ANNE, COUNTESS OF WARWICK.<sup>2</sup>

YE sister Muses, do not ye<sup>3</sup> repine,  
That I two sisters do with nine compare,  
Since each of these is far more truly rare,  
Than the whole troop of all the heav'nly nine.  
But if she ask me which is more divine,  
I anwer, like to their twin eyes they are,  
Of which each is more bright than brightest star,  
Yet neither doth more bright than other shine.

<sup>1</sup> In ed. 1 the title is "Sonnet to two most Honorable and Virtuous Ladies, sisters."

<sup>2</sup> "Daughters of Francis Russell, second Earl of Bedford, K.G. by his first wife Margaret, daughter of Sir Oliver St. John, Knt., and sister of Oliver, first lord St. John of Bletsho. Anne, the eldest daughter, married Ambrose Dudley, earl of Warwick, K.G., to whom she was third wife, and died February 9, 1603, without issue. Margaret was the youngest daughter of the earl of Bedford, and was born in the city of Exeter, and baptized there on the 9th of July, 1560. On the 24th of June, 1577, she married George Clifford, third earl of Cumberland, K.G., and dying on the 24th of May, 1616, at Brougham Castle, was buried in the church of St. Lawrence of Appleby in Cumberland, where a monument is erected to her memory."—*Nicolas*.

<sup>3</sup> Eds. 3 and 4, "you."

Sisters of spotless fame, of whom alone  
 Malicious tongue takes pleasure to speak well,  
 How should I you <sup>1</sup> commend, sith either one  
 All things in heav'n and earth so far excel?  
 The only praise I can you give, is this,  
 That one of you like to the other is.

H. C.<sup>2</sup>

## ODE.

## OF CYNTHIA.

THE ancient readers of Heaven's book,  
 Which with curious eye did look  
 Into Nature's story;  
 All things under Cynthia took  
 To be transitory.

This the learned only knew,  
 But now all men find it true,  
 Cynthia is descended,  
 With bright beams, and heav'nly hue,  
 And lesser stars attended.

Lands and seas she rules below,  
 Where things change, and ebb, and flow,  
 Spring, wax old, and perish;  
 Only Time, which all doth mow,  
 Her alone doth cherish.

<sup>1</sup> Ed. 2, "one."<sup>2</sup> Henry Constable.

Time's young hours attend her still,  
 And her eyes and cheeks do fill  
     With fresh youth and beauty :  
 All her lovers old do grow,  
 But their hearts they do not so,  
     In their love and duty.

This song was sung before her Sacred Majesty at a Show on Horseback, wherewith the Right Honourable the Earl of Cumberland presented her Highness on May-day last.<sup>1</sup>

OF LOVE GIFT.<sup>2</sup>

WHO gives a gift to bind a friend thereby,  
     Doth set or put his gift to usury :  
 And he that gives a gift that is not free,  
 Give where he list, so that he give not me.  
     For bought and sold is friendship strange,  
     Who lives by selling, lives by change ;  
 And he, that loves to change his friend,  
 Will turn to nothing in the end.

[A. W.]

<sup>1</sup> In 1600.—This is the last poem in ed. 1.

<sup>2</sup> There is no title in ed. 2.



THE ANATOMY OF LOVE.<sup>1</sup>

**N**OW what is Love? I pray thee, tell.  
 It is that fountain and that well,  
 Where Pleasure and Repentance dwell:  
 It is, perhaps, that sauncing<sup>2</sup> bell,  
 That tolls<sup>3</sup> all in to Heaven, or Hell:  
 And this is Love, as I hear tell.

Now what is Love? I prithee, say.  
 It is a work on holiday,  
 It is December matched with May,  
 When lusty bloods in fresh array,  
 Hear ten months after of their play:  
 And this is Love, as I hear say.

Now<sup>4</sup> what is Love? I prithee, fain.  
 It is a sunshine mixed with rain,

<sup>1</sup> This poem was first printed in *The Phœnix' Nest*, 1593. In ed. 1600 of *England's Helicon* it was subscribed "S. W. R." (Sir Walter Raleigh); but in the extant copies, over the signature is pasted a slip on which is printed "Ignoto." In a MS. list of Francis Davison it is attributed to "Sir W. Rawley." It was set to music in Robert Jones' *Second Book of Songs and Aires*, 1601.

<sup>2</sup> Old eds., "sounding;" but in the *Phœnix' Nest*, etc., the reading is "sauncing bell" (*i.e.*, the little bell that tolled to prayers). <sup>3</sup> Ed. 2, "rolls."

<sup>4</sup> The *Phœnix' Nest* reads:—

"Yet what is Love, I pray thee saine?  
 It is a sunshine mixt with raine,  
 It is a tooth ache, or like paine,  
 It is a game, where none doth gaine,  
 The Lasse saith no, and would full faine,  
 And this is Love, as I heare saine.

"Yet what is Love, I pray thee say?  
 It is a yea, it is a nay,

It is a gentle pleasing pain :  
 A flower that dies and springs again.  
 It is in faith that would full fain ;  
 And this is Love and not a stain.

Yet what is Love ? I prithee, say.  
 It is a pretty shadow way,  
 As well found out by night as day ;  
 It is a thing will soon decay :  
 Then take the 'vantage while you may :  
 And this is Love, as I hear say.

Now what is Love ? I prithee, show.  
 A thing that creeps and cannot go ;  
 A prize that passeth to and fro ;  
 A thing for one, a thing for moe.  
 And he that proves shall find it so,  
 And this is some sweet friend, I trow.<sup>1</sup>

A prettie kinde of sporting fray,  
 It is a thing will soone away :  
 Then take the vantage while you may,  
 And this is Love, as I heare say."

So (with slight variations) *England's Helicon*, which prints the poem in the form of a dialogue between Melibœus and Faustus. See Hannah's edition of the *Poems of Raleigh and Wotton* and my edition of *England's Helicon*.

<sup>1</sup> The old editions conclude thus :—

In vaine I liue, sith [eds. 3 and 4, "such"] sorrow liues in me,  
 In vain liues sorrow, since by her I liue :  
 Life works in vaine, where Death will Maister be,  
 Death striues in vain where life doth virtue giue.  
 Thus each of vs would worke another's woe,  
 And hurts himselfe in vaine, and helps his foe.

This stanza may belong to the next poem, "If Wrong by force," etc. It would stand very well as the third stanza of that poem.

## A POEM.

**I**F Wrong by force had Justice put to flight,  
Yet were there hope she might return again ;  
If lawless war had shut her up from sight,  
Yet lawful peace might soon restore her train.

But now, alas, what hope of hope is left,  
When wrongful Death hath her of life bereft?

The Sun, that often falls, doth often rise ;  
The Moon, that waneth, waxeth full with light ;  
But he, that death in chains of darkness ties,  
Can never break the bands of lasting night.

What then remains but tears of loss to wail,  
In which all hope of mortal help doth fail?

Who then shall weep, nay who shall tears refrain,  
If common harms must move the minds of all ?  
Too few are found, that wrongful hearts restrain,  
And of too few, too many Death doth call.

These common harms I wail among the rest,  
But private loss denies to be exprest.

[A. W.]

## A POEM

IN THE NATURE OF AN EPITAPH OF A FRIEND.

IF stepdame Nature have <sup>1</sup> been scant,  
 In dealing Beauty's gifts to me,  
 My wit shall help supply that want,  
 And skill instead of shape shall be :  
 My stature, I confess, is small,  
 And therefore nill I boast of war.

My name shall fill the heavens and all,  
 This skin shall serve to hide that scar ;  
 My head to bear the helm unfit,  
 My hands unapt to murder men :  
 But little heads oft hold much wit,  
 And feeble hands can guide a pen.

[A. W.]

## LOVE'S CONTENTMENT.

DEATH is my doom, awarded by Disdain,  
 A ling'ring death that will not let me die :  
 This length of life is length'ning of my pain,  
 And length of pain gets strength of pain thereby :  
 And strength of pain makes pain of longer last ;  
 Ah, who hath tied my life to pain so fast ?

And yet I seem as if I did but feign,  
 Or make my grief much greater than I need,

<sup>1</sup> Ed. 4, "hath."

Whenas the care to hide my burning pain,  
With secret sighs, constrains my heart to bleed :  
Yet well I wot, believed <sup>1</sup> I shall not be,  
Until by death a proof thereof <sup>2</sup> you see.

But if this lodge, the witness of my woe,  
Whose stony walls unheard <sup>3</sup> my plaints contain,  
Had sense to feel, and tongue my plaint to show,  
Which, he [re] enclosed, I utter all in vain,  
You soon should know that most I make my moan,  
Alone, if he that loves can be alone.

Why should I seek to make my shame be known,  
That foolish Love is causer of my pain?  
Forgive me, Love, the speech is not mine own,  
But so they speak that thee and thine disdain :  
And I myself confess my skill too small,  
To plead for love, and clear myself withal.

What reason can my simple wit devise,  
Why bootless grief should thus afflict my mind?  
I love the thoughts that love itself despise,  
I seek for that I never look to find.  
Oft have I heard, for <sup>4</sup> which I think I die,  
Thine angry tongue all kind of love defy.

Yet is my life upon thy promise stayed,  
By which thou hast assured me of thy love ;

<sup>1</sup> Eds. 2 and 3, "be kild."

<sup>2</sup> Ed. 2, "hereof."

<sup>3</sup> Eds. 2 and 3, "entear'd."

<sup>4</sup> Ed. 2, "or"; ed. 4, "on."

And though thereby my heat be not allayed,  
 No stay of flight, where gain is still above.  
 Yet since thy heart can yield to love no more,  
 I rest content, although I die therefore.

QUIS DEUS OPPOSUIT NOSTRIS SUA NUMINA VOTIS?  
 [A. W.]

A REPENTANT POEM.

**T**HOUGH late, my heart, yet turn at last,  
 And shape thy course another way ;  
 'Tis better lose thy labour past,  
 Than follow on to sure decay :  
 What though thou long have strayed awry ?  
 In hope of grace for mercy cry.

Though weight of sin doth press thee down,  
 And keep thee grov'ling on the ground ;  
 Though black Despair, with angry frown,  
 Thy wit and judgment quite confound ;  
 Though time and wit have been misspent,  
 Yet grace is left if thou repent.

Weep then, my heart, weep still and still,  
 Nay, melt to floods of flowing tears ;  
 Send out such shrieks as heav'n may fill,  
 And pierce thine angry Judge's ears,  
 And let thy soul, that harbours sin,  
 Bleed streams of blood to drown it in.

Then shall thine angry Judge's face  
 To cheerful looks itself apply ;

Then shall thy soul be filled with grace,  
And fear of death constrained to fly.  
Even so, my God ! oh when ? how long ?  
I would, but Sin is too, too strong.

I strive to rise, Sin keeps me down ;  
I fly from sin, Sin follows me.  
My will doth reach at glory's crown ;  
Weak is my strength, it will not be.  
See how my fainting soul doth pant ;  
Oh let thy strength supply my want !

[A. W.]



AN  
EPITAPH<sup>1</sup> UPON THE HEART OF  
HENRY THE THIRD,

LATE KING OF FRANCE AND POLAND ;  
SLAIN 1589, BY A JACOBIN FRIAR.

UPON THE TOMB OF HIS HEART IN THE CHURCH OF  
SAINT CLOUD, NEAR PARIS ; ADJOINING TO THE  
HOUSE WHERE HE WAS SLAIN.

*Adsta, viator, et dole Regum vicem !  
Cor Regis isto conditum est sub marmore,  
Qui jura Gallis, jura Sarmatis dedit.  
Tectus cucullo hunc sustulit sicarius ;  
Abi, viator, et dole Regum vicem !*

THUS PARAPHRASTICALLY ENGLISHED.

WHETHER thy choice or chance thee hither  
brings,

Stay, passenger, and wail the hap of kings.  
This little stone a great king's heart doth hold,  
That ruled the fickle French, and Polacks bold :  
Whom with a mighty warlike host attended,  
With traitorous knife, a cowled monster ended.  
So frail are e'en the highest earthly things.  
Go, passenger, and wail the hap of Kings !

F. D.<sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Ed. 3, "To the epitaph."

<sup>2</sup> Francis Davison.

ADDIT.  
PER CHA. BEST, ARM.

AN EPITAPH ON HENRY THE FOURTH, THE LAST  
FRENCH KING.<sup>1</sup>

THAT we should more bewail the hap of kings,  
Great Henry Bourbon's death occasion brings :  
To Henry Valois next crowned king of France,  
Next both in blood, in name, in reign, in chance.  
Perils, his youth ; wars, did his manhood spend,  
His old age, peace, till murder his life did end :  
His conquests, glory ; his wisdom, peace did win,  
His faith, Heaven ; Christ, pardon for his sin.

AN EPITAPH ON QUEEN ELIZABETH.

ELIZA, that great maiden Queen, lies here,  
Who governed England four and forty year ;  
Our coins refined in ; Ireland tamed ; Belgia protected ;  
Friended France ; foiled Spain ; and Pope rejected :  
Princes found her powerful ; the world virtuous :  
Her subjects wise and just ; and God religious :  
God hath her soul, the world her admiration,  
Subjects her good deeds, Princes her imitation.

<sup>1</sup> Henry IV. was assassinated 14 May, 1610.—Charles Best's additions to the *Rhapsody* are very inferior and might well have been spared. They first appeared in ed. 3.

## UNION'S JEWEL.

DIVERS rare gems in thee, Oh Union ! shine :  
 First seven Margarets in thy jewel stand ;  
 Matildas three, three Janes of regal line,  
 Two royal Marys, two Elizas, and  
 One Is'bell, Anne, Sybill, and Margery,  
 All royal gems, set princely shine in thee.

But first in it doth Agasia shine,  
 Who first with Durstus it began to make ;  
 Then Marg'ret next, of our king Edgar's line,  
 Whom Malcolm, King of Scots, to wife did take ;  
 Whose grandchild Maud, our Emp'ress, did conjoin,  
 Scots, Saxon, Norman blood in our King's line.

For their child Maud, our first Henry did marry ;  
 Of them Matild', our said Emp'ress, did spring ;  
 By whose second husband our kings did carry,  
 Name of great Plantagenet : then Scots' king,  
 First Alexander, did Sybilla wed,  
 Who sprang from our William Conqueror's bed.

The third Matild' their first king David married,  
 Earl Waldoff's daughter, niece to great king William :  
 Jane, our king John's daughter, thither was carried,  
 By their second Alexander : after came  
 Their third king Alexander, who did marry  
 Another Marg'ret, daughter of our third Harry.

From them two did another Marg'ret spring,  
 Who, by Norway's prince, a fourth Marg'ret had,

Scots' infant queen, whom, first Edward our king  
To have married to his son would have been glad.  
So Scotland's peers would too : her death said, nay,  
Which only this great Union then did stay.

Though that most noble and victorious king,  
This natural Union could not then advance ;  
Another he as great t' effect did bring  
When he his son married to th' heir of France,  
Is'bell ; by whom since all our kings have claimed  
The crown of France, which some of them have  
gained.

Though this, our second Edward did prevent,  
That he from Scotland did not take his wife :  
His daughter Jane performed his intent,  
With second David ; spending there her life.  
He did the child of second Edward marry,  
As third Alexander did of our third Harry.

Without issue they died ; then Margery,  
Their first king Robert's daughter, Bruce by name,  
Scot's queen by birth, must needs remembered be :  
By whom Lord Stewart did increase his fame.  
From them second Robert ; and James Stewart from  
him  
Third Robert named, whence first James did begin.

A valiant prince, who spent his youthful prime,  
In martial deeds with our fifth Henry in France :  
To whom our sixth king Henry in his time,  
Jane, our third Edward's grandchild, did advance  
In marriage ; she of Henry Beaufort sprung,  
Somerset's earl ; was virtuous, fair, and young.

Fifth Margaret, Richmond's countess, forth did bring  
 Our seventh Henry, who one division ended,  
 With Eliza, heir of our fourth Edward king :  
 From both whom great'st Marg'ret of all descended :  
     From whom and fourth James, fifth James Scottish  
         king,  
 And from him Mary, Scots' last queen, did spring.

Fourth James being dead, Marg'ret did Douglas  
 marry ;  
 They a daughter Marg'ret had, Earl Lennox' wife,  
 Whose son, Lord Darnley, married their last Mary,  
 Of whom comes Charles James,<sup>1</sup> finisher of strife.  
     Who with Anne makes Union, by the childless death  
     Of our Queens, Mary and Elizabeth.

The rarest pearls, and richest Margaretes all,  
 Which ever did in any jewel stand :  
 The rarest jewel too, and most angelical,  
 Almost made up by God and Nature's hand,  
     By men to be finished, to this Isle sent :  
     Then to be worn for her best ornament.

A PANEGYRICK TO MY SOVEREIGN LORD THE KING.

**G**REAT King, since first this Isle by Jove's own  
     hand,  
 Was set apart within great Ocean's arms ;  
 And was appointed by her self to stand,  
 Fenced round about with rocks from foreign harms : /

<sup>1</sup> "It is not a little singular that in this poem king James the First should be described as *Charles* James : he is not recorded to have had any other baptismal name than James."—*Nicolas*.

She into sundry parts hath oft been torn,  
And greatest wounds by her own blows hath borne.

But all the fractions now which man did make,  
Since it in one whole number Nature gave,  
Are added up, and brought to one great stake,  
And being all summed up, one total have ;  
For Britain now to all the dividend,  
In one whole quotient, all doth comprehend.

For thou the Monarch of this Western Isle,  
Now all her shivered parts hast brought together :  
Spreading thy Empire's wings eight hundred mile,  
In length, and four in breadth ; there staying neither,  
But o'er old Ocean's breast thy arm dost stretch,  
Through Ireland, making it to India reach.

To Judah thou the tribes hast brought again,  
Which by themselves did in Samaria dwell :  
Jordan by thee, whose stream did run amain,  
Is now dried up, that every tribe may well  
To other go : thou hast broke down the wall,  
Which Adrian made, and which we Pictic call.

Thou, Virtue's orb, where fame is still ascendant,  
And never can her highest auge<sup>1</sup> attain ;  
Conqueror of all hearts, all flatt'ries transcendant,  
Who hold'st it loss to take ; to give, great gain :  
Of bounteous deeds the ever-running spring,  
To many wealth, to all dost gladness bring.

The Muses' darling, who with golden pen,  
And silvered tongue thy princely mind can'st tell ;

<sup>1</sup> "Auge"—culmination, climax. (Nicolas prints "age.")



In whom learning, a Prince's richest gem,  
 Both human and divine, abounding dwell :  
 The great contriver of this triple Isle,  
 To one imperial diadem and style.

The royal product of the princely dove,  
 Which England's Noah from Peace's ark sent forth,  
 After war's deluge ; who, olive-branch of love  
 Dost bring with thee in thy return from North :  
 How joyfully did Britain reach her hand,  
 To take thee int' the ark of this her land !

With great Eliza, glory of her own,  
 Wonder of future times, true Church's nurse,  
 The ancient faith's reviver, on whom were shewn,  
 Heaven's blessings, all men's prayers, no man's curse,  
 Fortune's favours, Nature's wealth, God's high  
 grace,  
 The Muses' lodge, all Virtue's dwelling-place.

Our sun did set with great Elizabeth ;  
 Before night thou a new day-light did'st bring :  
 Our summer's peace did close at her cold death,  
 Without war's winter thou renew'd'st our spring.  
 All our lives' joys with her dead seemed to be ;  
 Before entombed, they were revived by thee.

Centre of royal births, in whom do meet  
 Lines drawn from all the noble Conqueror's blood,  
 Which ever in any part, with warlike feet,  
 Of this great Isle's circumference have stood ;  
 With thy fair Queen, a sea, whither do run  
 Streams of all royal blood of Christendom.



Both royal plants, whence princely branches spring,  
Whereon grow our best fruits of hope and joy ;  
Great offsprings both of many a noble King,  
An antidote sh' against this land's annoy ;  
    In whose mild looks hath princely majesty  
    A marriage made with modest courtesy.

She Virtue's book bound in a golden cover,  
Wherein Nature hath writ with God's own quill ;  
All beauty's learning, where thou, her true lover,  
May'st read sweet lectures of delight at will ;  
    And on the frame of whose divinest feature  
    All graces shine, that can be in a creature.

Sprung of a double, knit to a triple king,  
Late quadruple, the Holy number, Three,  
Grateful to God did seem more apt to bring  
Peace to this land, with love and unity :  
    Plant royal, set by Juno in this land,  
    Whose ancestors by Mars here once did stand.

Sacred beauty her makes seem angelical,  
Thee heavenly wisdom to the stars do raise ;  
Minerva her, Apollo thee do call  
Their darlings ; both truest themes of all praise.  
    Together live and love, and long do reign,  
    To our, to your, to God's, joy, bliss, and gain.

TO MY LORD THE PRINCE.<sup>1</sup>

**D**EARLING of these, of future times the glory ;  
 Branch royal sprung from many a regal stem ;  
 On whose fair structure written is the story  
 Of Nature's chiefest skill, World's choicest gem,  
 Wit's richest cabinet, Virtue's best array,  
 Centre where lines of all hearts' loves do meet :  
 Sweet ground, whereon the Muses love to play ;  
 Ripe in wit, though green in years, of form most sweet.  
 Scotland's fair fruit, England's great hope, France's  
     love,  
 Ireland's awe, Cambria's joy, Great Britain's fame,  
 Abridgment of all worth. The mighty Jove,  
 Long lengthen your good days, and still your name ;  
 And when you shall have honoured long this land,  
 Grant you a glorious saint in Heaven to stand !

TO THE EXCELLENT LADY ELIZABETH, HER GRACE.<sup>2</sup>

**F**AIR Virtue's gem, set in most royal gold,  
 The worthiest owner of the fairest mansion,  
 Rich prize, for which Nature and Fortune hold  
 With Muses and Graces great contention :

<sup>1</sup> Henry Prince of Wales ; he died 6 November, 1612, aged eighteen.

<sup>2</sup> "Eldest daughter of King James I. She was born August 19, 1596, and was married in February 1613, to Frederick, Count Palatine of the Rhine. From their youngest daughter, Sophia, the present royal family derive their descent from the Sovereigns of this kingdom, and, in consequence of the Act of Settlement, their right to the Throne."—*Nicolas*.

All which by agreement this partition make,  
 None of themselves worthy of all discerning :  
 Nature your beauty, Graces your virtues take ;  
 Fortune shares your honour, Muses your learning.  
 Map of perfection, who deserve to be,  
 And are the worthiest mark the world can yield  
 For all great Christian princes' love ; they see  
 Such Virtue's wheat growing in Beauty's field :  
 Long may you live, a holy and happy life,  
 A royal maid first, then a royal wife.

## DE LAPSU HOMINIS IN ADAM.

**P**AUPER amabilis et venerabilis est benedictus,  
 Dives inutilis, insatiabilis, est maledictus.  
 Qui bona negligit, et mala diligit, intrat abyssum :  
 Nulla potentia, nulla pecunia liberat ipsum ;  
 Irremeabilis, insatiabilis, illa vorago ;  
 Hic ubi mergitur, horrida cernitur omnis imago.  
 Vir miserabilis Evaque flebilis hoc subierunt,  
 Hic cruciamina, per sua crimina, cum meruerunt.  
 Jussa Dei pia, jussa salubria si tenuissent,  
 Vir neque foemina, nec sua semina, morte perissent ;  
 Sed quia spernere jussaque solvere non timuere,  
 Mors gravis irruit, hoc merito fuit, et periere.  
 Janua mortis, passio fortis, crimen eorum,  
 Attulit orbi semina morbi, totque malorum ;  
 Illa parentes atque sequentes culpa peremit,  
 Atque piarum deliciarum munus ademit,  
 Flebile fatum dans cruciatum, dansque dolorem.  
 Illa merenti perdere tanti regis honorem

II.

L.

Est data sævam causa per Evam perditionis,  
 Dum meliorem sperat honorem voce draconis ;  
 Hoc male credens, nos quoque lædens crimine magno,  
 Omnia tristi subdidit isti sæcula damno ;  
 Stirps miserorum plena dolorum postea crevit,  
 His quoque damnis pluribus annis subdita flevit.

DE RESTITUTIONE HOMINIS PER CHRISTUM.

**S**ED Deus omnipotens, qui verbo cuncta creavit,  
 Sic cecidisse dolens homines quos semper amavit,  
 Ipse suum verbum transmisit ad infima mundi,  
 Exulibus miseris aperire viam redeundi.  
 Filius ergo Dei descendit ab arce superna,  
 Nunquam discedens a majestate paterna,  
 Qui corpus sumens animatum, numine salvo,  
 Processit natus sacræ de virginis alvo,  
 Verus homo, verusque Deus, pius et miserator,  
 Verus salvator, nostræque salutis amator,  
 Sponte sua moriens mortem moriendo peremit,  
 Et sic perpetua miseros a morte redemit ;  
 Namque pia de morte resurgens, ut Leo fortis,  
 Restituit vitam prostrato principe mortis.

OF THE FALL OF MAN IN ADAM.

**T**HE poor man beloved, for virtue approved, right  
 blessed is he,  
 Where covetous chuff, who never hath enough, accursed  
 shall be.

Who goodness rejecteth, and evil affecteth, shall fall in  
the pit ;  
No plenty of pence shall free him from thence ; no  
power nor wit.  
Both unpassable and unsatiable, that gulph will  
appear ;  
Embogged he shall be, where nought he shall see, but  
horror and fear.  
Adam unstable, and Eve variable, the very first time,  
By falling from God, deserved this rod, O horrible  
crime !  
For had they adhered to God, and him feared, by  
keeping his reed,  
Then death had not come on, the man or the woman,  
or any their seed.  
But when as the man, from God's will began, basely to  
revolt,  
For his grievous sin, death came rushing in, and on  
him laid holt.  
This was the great crime which at the first time, by  
craft of the devil,  
Did bring in the seed of sickness and need, and all  
other evil :  
This was the sin which first did begin our parents to  
kill,  
And heavenly food, prepared for our good, did utterly  
spill :  
Unhappy the fate, which first such a state, such sorrow  
did bring.  
To him that had lost, so much to our cost, our heavenly  
King,  
The credulous Eve, 'twas she that did give the cause  
of such evil,

Hoping that honour, would come more upon her,  
 deceived by the devil ;  
 Believing of him, did make her to sin, to all our great  
 loss ;  
 For mankind e'er since, received from hence, an horrible  
 cross ;  
 For all the nations, through all generations which after  
 have been,  
 With grief of their heart have tasted the smart of that  
 primitive sin.

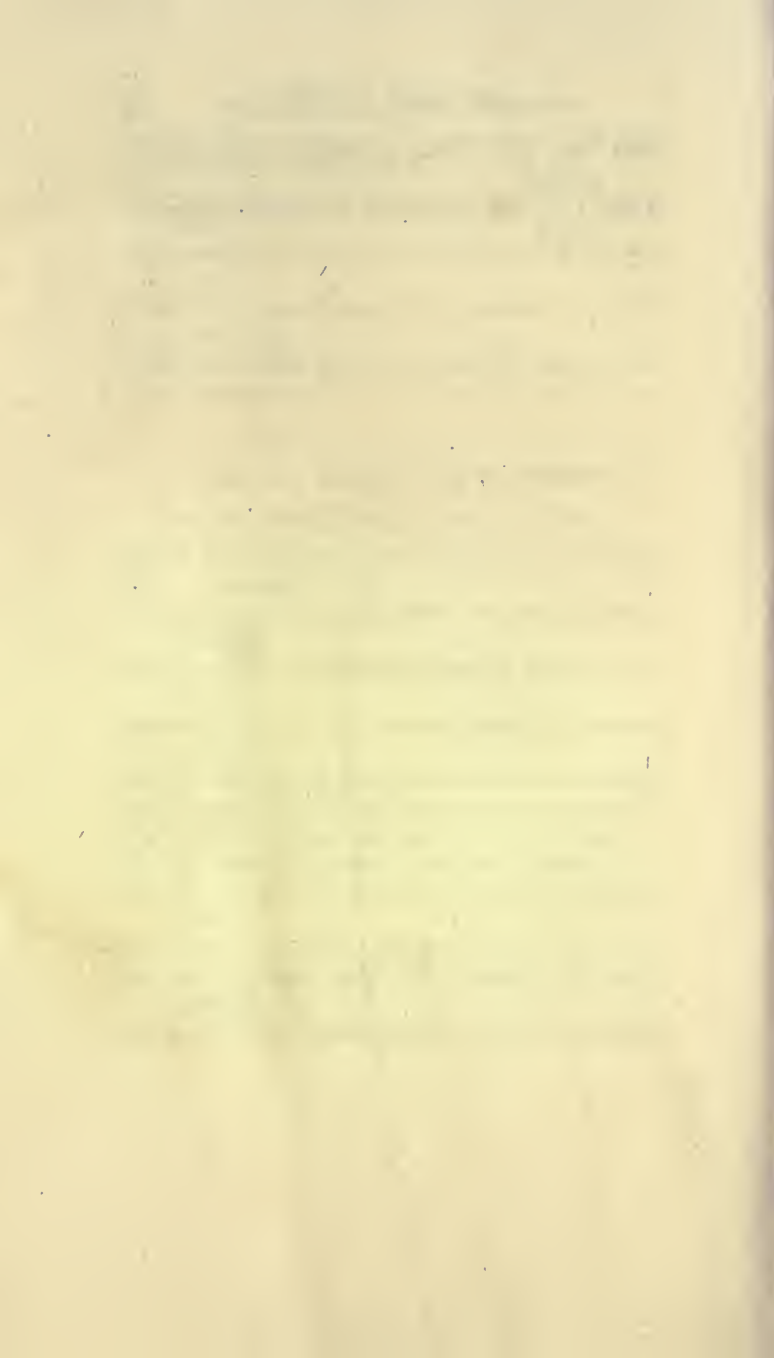
OF THE RESTORING OF MAN BY CHRIST.

**B**UT Jove omnipotent, all things by his word who  
 created,  
 Grieving man to be fall'n, whose love was in him so  
 innated,  
 Sent from above his word, for man to prepare a re-  
 turning  
 Thence where else had he lien through all eternity  
 burning.  
 So God's only begotten Son came down to redeem us ;  
 Yet did he still himself his Father's glory betem us :  
 A body formed with a soul, to his divinity taking,  
 And to be born of a virgin his humanity making.  
 Born very God, very man, he a man God, merciful,  
 holy,  
 Purchased our salvation, was our Saviour wholly :  
 For by his willing death, he Death's self wholly  
 defeated,  
 And so us all from eternal death by death rebegetted.

From death again rising, he Death's prince mightily  
maimed,  
Whereby his own from death, to Eternal life he re-  
gained.

THE END OF THE POETICAL RHAPSODY.





APPENDIX.



## APPENDIX.

### I. TRANSLATION OF SELECTED PSALMS.<sup>1</sup>

#### AN INTRODUCTION

TO THE TRANSLATION OF THE PSALMS.

BY FRANCIS DAVISON.

COME, Urania, heavenly Muse,  
And infuse  
Sacred flame to my invention :  
Sing so loud, that angels may  
Hear thy lay,  
Lending to thy note attention.

Oh ! my soul, bear thou a part ;  
And my heart,  
With glad leaps, beat thou the measure !  
Powers of soul and body meet,  
To make sweet,  
Sweet and full this music's pleasure !

<sup>1</sup> Francis Davison made a translation of some of the Psalms. The translation was not published ; but MS. copies are preserved in Harl. MSS. 3357, 6930, and Rawlinson Poet. MS. 61. Brydges and Nicolas printed these renderings of the psalms *in extenso* ; but it will be enough to give here a few specimens. Our poets are seldom successful in dealing with the psalms ; but Davison's attempts are above the average. Psalms xv. and cxxv. were translated by Christopher Davison.

But to whom, Muse, shall we sing?  
 To the King?  
 Or Prince Charles, our hope and glory?<sup>1</sup>  
 To any great Mæcenas' fame?  
 Or some Dame,  
 Proud of beauty transitory?

No, Muse; to Jehovah now,  
 We do vow  
 Hymns of praise, psalms of thanksgiving;  
 By whose only grace and power,  
 At this hour,  
 I do breathe among the living!

Hymns, which in the Hebrew tongue,  
 First were sung,  
 By Israel's sweet and royal singer;  
 Whose rich harp the heavenly quire  
 Did desire  
 To hear touched with his sweet finger:

To which th' orbs celestial,  
 Joining all,  
 Made all parts so fully sounding,  
 As no thought, 'till earth we leave,  
 Can conceive  
 Aught with pleasure so abounding.

<sup>1</sup> "As Prince Charles is spoken of as England's hope, it is evident that this *Introduction* was written after he became heir-apparent to the throne, which took place on the death of his brother Henry, Prince of Wales, in November 1612.—*Nicolas*.

Sacred triple Majesty,  
 One in Three !  
 Grant, oh grant me this desire.  
 When my soul, of body frail  
 Leaves the jail,  
 Let it sing in this blest quire !

## AN INTRODUCTION.

TO SO MANY OF THE PSALMS AS ARE OF  
 MR. FRANCIS DAVISON'S COMPOSURE.

THESE Psalms, so full of holy meditation,  
 Which David sung by heavenly inspiration,  
 Our souls, by as divine an imitation,  
 Ravish, and bless anew in this translation.

Cease not this holy work ; but, one by one,  
 Chaunt o'er these heav'nly hymns, which may be done  
 In divine measures, as they are begun,  
 Only by David's self, or *David's son*.

W. BAGNALL.

## PSALM VI.

BY FRANCIS DAVISON.

Domine, ne in furore, etc.

I.

L ORD, while thy just rage is bidding,  
 Do not, do not fall to chiding  
 With poor faulty me !

Nor let me, while my sins' fuel  
 More inflames thy fury cruel,  
 Lord, corrected be !

## II.

But for pity, pity lend me,  
 Precious balm of health oh send me,  
 Restless, healthless wight ;  
 Sickness, my youth's blossom plucking,  
 And my blood and marrow sucking,  
 Leaves me strengthless quite.

## III.

Neither are my pains so bounded,  
 But my soul is worse confounded,  
 And more deadly ill.  
 How long shall I be neglected ?  
 How long from thy sight rejected ?  
 Still, Jehovah, still ?

## IV.

Lord, serene thine eyes o'erclouded ;  
 Let my trembling soul be shrouded  
 From eternal death :  
 Into mirth change thou my passion ;  
 Let me yet of thy compassion  
 Draw this vital breath !

## V.

Draw this breath ; for they do never  
 Think on thee, when Death doth sever  
 From this too loved light !



In the silent grave who raises  
 Voice, or harp to sound thy praises,  
     Sleeping in Death's night ?

## VI.

I with sighs and sobs am tired,  
 Spending not in sleep desired  
     Black night's hours of rest ;  
 But mine eyes, my life's juice spending,  
 Drown with showers of tears, ne'er ending,  
     My oft-tumbled nest.

## VII.

Grown a stranger to all gladness,  
 My face with consuming sadness  
     Withered is, and dried :  
 In my youth I am grown aged ;  
 My foes, with wrongs ne'er assuaged,  
     My head grey have made.

## VIII.

But hence, workers of my evils,  
 Men in show, in practice devils,  
     Hence, away, depart :  
 For the Lord hath heard with pity  
 The sigh-broken, tear-steeped ditty  
     Of my vexed heart !

## IX.

Heard? yea heard with acceptation  
 My most humble deprecation,  
     And hath viewed my tears ;

He heard me, when I complained  
 Unto him with heart unfeigned ;  
 And hath cheered my fears.

## X.

Oh, my foes, for fear then tremble ;  
 Blood in your pale cheeks assemble,  
 Pale with guiltiness ;  
 Turn your coward backs, faint-hearted,  
 With deserved shame subverted,  
 In all wretchedness.

## PSALM XIII.

BY FRANCIS DAVISON.

Usque quo, Domine, etc.

## I.

**L**ORD, how long, how long wilt thou  
 Quite forget, and quite neglect me ?  
 How long, with a frowning brow,  
 Wilt thou from thy sight reject me ?

## II.

How long shall I seek a way  
 Forth this maze of thoughts perplexed,  
 Where my grieved mind, night and day,  
 Is with thinking tired and vexed ?  
 How long shall my scornful foe,  
 On my fall his greatness placing,  
 Build upon my overthrow,  
 And be graced by my disgracing ?

## III.

Hear, oh Lord and God, my cries ;  
Mark my foes' unjust abusing ;  
And illuminate mine eyes,  
Heavenly beams in them infusing :  
Lest my woes, too great to bear,  
And too infinite to number,  
Rock me soon, 'twixt hope and fear,  
Into Death's eternal slumber.

## IV.

Lest my foes their boasting make,  
Spite of right, on him we trample ;  
And a pride in mischief take,  
Heartened by my sad example.

## V.

As for me, I'll ride secure  
At thy mercy's sacred anchor :  
And undaunted, will endure  
Fiercest storms of wrong and rancour.

## VI.

These black clouds will overblow ;  
Sunshine shall have his returning ;  
And my grief-dulled heart, I know,  
Into mirth shall change his mourning.  
Therefore I'll rejoice, and sing  
Hymns to God, in sacred measure,  
Who to happy pass will bring  
My just hopes, at his good pleasure.

## PSALM XV.

BY CHRISTOPHER DAVISON.

Domine, quis habitabit?

## I.

**L**ORD, in thy house who shall for ever 'bide?  
To whom shall rest in sacred mount betide?

## II.

Ev'n unto him, that leads a life unstained,  
Doth good, and speaks the truth from heart unfeigned :

## III.

Who with his tongue deceit hath never used,  
Nor neighbour hurt, nor slandered, nor accused :

## IV.

Who, loving good men, is from bad estranged  
Who keeps his word, though to his loss, unchanged :

## V.

To usury who hath no money lent ;  
Nor taken bribes against the innocent.  
Who in this course doth constantly persevere,  
In holy hill, unmoved, shall dwell for ever.

## PSALM XXIII.

BY FRANCIS DAVISON.

## I.

GOD, who the universe doth hold  
 In his fold,  
 Is my shepherd, kind and heedful ;  
 Is my shepherd, and doth keep  
 Me, his sheep,  
 Still supplied with all things needful.

## II.

He feeds me in fields, which been  
 Fresh and green,  
 Mottled with spring's flow'ry painting,  
 Through which creep, with murmuring crooks,  
 Crystal brooks,  
 To refresh my spirits fainting.

## III.

When my soul from Heaven's way  
 Went astray,  
 With earth's vanities seduced,  
 For his name's sake kindly He  
 Wand'ring me  
 To his holy fold reduced.

## IV.

Yea, though I stray through Death's vale,  
 Where his pale

II.

M

Shades did on each side enfold me,  
Dreadless, having thee for guide,  
Should I bide ;  
For thy rod and staff uphold me.

## V.

Thou my board with messes large  
Dost surcharge ;  
My bowls full of wine thou pourest ;  
And before mine enemies'  
Envious eyes,  
Balm upon my head thou showerest.

## VI.

Neither dures thy bounteous grace  
For a space ;  
But it knows nor bound nor measure :  
So my days to my life's end  
I shall spend  
In thy courts with heav'nly pleasure.

II. GESTA GRAYORUM, OR GRAY'S INN MASQUE,  
1594.<sup>1</sup>

THE DIALOGUE BETWEEN THE SQUIRE,  
PROTEUS, AMPHITRITE, AND  
THAMESIS.

SQUIRE.

PROTEUS, it seems you lead a merry life ;  
Your music follows you where'er you go.  
I thought you sea-gods, as in your abode,  
So in your nature, had not been unlike  
To fishes ; who, as say philosophers,  
Have so small sense of music's sweet delight,

<sup>1</sup> The following " Dialogue " (from Davison's own transcript in Harl. MS. 541, fol. 138, etc.), is the " Speech of Gray's-Inn Masque," to which Davison alludes in his Sonnet on p. 103 of Vol. I. of the " Rhapsody." The Gray's Inn Entertainment, *Gesta Grayorum* (1594), was first printed in 1688 by W. Canning, and was reprinted—with an additional *Second Part* (of later date)—in Nichols' *Progresses of Queen Elizabeth*. Nicolas gave the text of the " Dialogue " from Harl. MS. 541 ; but his transcript was very inaccurate.

The Speakers were :—

" An ESQUIRE of the Prince's Company, attended by a Tartarian page.

PROTEUS the Sea-God, attended by two Tritons.

THAMESIS and AMPHITRITE, who likewise were attended by their Sea-Nymphs."

Campion's song " Of Neptune's empire let us sing," (ii. 107) was sung by Amphitrite, Thamesis, and Sea-Nymphs ; and then " The Speakers made their Speeches in order as followeth."



As 'tis a doubt, not fully yet resolved,  
Whether of hearing they have sense or no.

PROTEUS.

'Twas great discourse of reason to regard  
The dreaming guess of a philosopher,  
That never held his idle buzzing head  
Under the water half an hour's<sup>1</sup> space,  
More than that famous old received history  
Of good Arion, by a dolphin saved.

SQUIRE.

Well, let that pass, and to the purpose now :  
I thought that you, that are a demi-god,  
Would not have failed my expectation thus.

PROTEUS.

Why so, fair Squire ? Is not my promise kept,  
And duly the appointed time observed ?

SQUIRE.

Yes ; and 'tis that in which I rest deceived :  
I rather deemed, and not without good cause,  
That those still floating regions where you hide,  
And th' ever-changing nature that you have,  
Nought else but breach of promise promised.

PROTEUS.

'Twere strange if that my word, which credit keeps,  
In future things, and hidden secrecies,  
Should fondly fail in keeping promise made :  
Fondly indeed, when 'tis for my avail.

<sup>1</sup> " Hour's "—a dissyllable ; (written " howers " in the MS.).

Here is the rock ; your prison, or your prize.  
But tell me, Squire, where is th' appointed place,  
In which we shall these vaunted wonders see ?

## SQUIRE.

Well may you wonders term them, Proteus ;  
For these are wonders that pass human wit :  
These shall surpass thy wit, though half divine.  
This <sup>1</sup> is the place, where all those promises,  
Agreed upon betwixt the Prince and you,  
Shall be performed ; and shall be so performed,  
So far beyond your doubting expectation,  
So far beyond his modest declaration,  
As you will say, Thrice happy Proteus !  
Whose ears unblessed were to bless mine eyes.

## AMPHITRITE.

Your far-fet <sup>2</sup> speeches make us two amazed.  
But tell us, Squire, what be those promises,  
And those agreed covenants ? And whereon  
Did they arise 'twixt Proteus and your Prince ?

## SQUIRE.

Fair Amphitrite, I will tell you all.  
After the victory at Astracan  
Had made an end of the Tartarian war,  
And quite dispersed our vanquished enemies  
Unto their hordes, and huge vast wilderness ;

<sup>1</sup> Canning and Nichols give an additional line :—

“ But, for to put you out of further doubt,  
This is the place,” etc.

<sup>2</sup> Far-fetched. (I follow Davison's MS.—Canning, Nichols, and Nicolas give “ fair set speeches.”)

Our noble Prince, and his courageous Knights  
(Whose untried valour, in the battle fought,  
Was rather warmed than fully exercised,)  
Finding no enterprise that did deserve  
Th' employment of their brave united force,  
After assignment of a day and place,  
Where both himself and all his Knights should meet,  
Dispersed themselves into many sundry quests,  
To seek adventures as they should befall.  
The Prince himself, who only was attended  
By me his Squire, had many strange exploits ;  
Which, since they shortly shall be put in print,  
Joined with Prince Arthur's famous chronicle,  
I shall not now need to repeat at large.  
Amongst the rest, whenas the time approached  
That, as it was assigned, we all should meet,  
It thus fell out : the Prince, one sun-shine day,  
Resting himself within a goodly tuft  
Of tall straight fir-trees that adorned the shore,  
Reading a letter, lately sent unto him  
From one of his brave Knights, that did import  
How he, in token of his duteous love,  
And for a trophy of his victories,  
Had lately sent him a commodity  
Of pigmies, taken in his private quest :  
Resting and reading, suddenly he spied  
Of porpoises a great unusual flock,  
Playing and skipping on the calmed waves.  
Drawn with this sight still nearer unto the shore,  
Mounting a little cliff, he soon discerned  
A cave, whose frame seemed more than natural ;  
And viewing near with wary heedful eyes,  
At length he spied this fish-herd there asleep ;

Whom, by his herd and 'haviour, he suspected  
 To be this Proteus ; as it was indeed.  
 Our Prince straight, ready at his Fortune's call,  
 With easy stealing steps drew near unto him ;  
 And, being near, with great agility  
 Seized suddenly upon this demi-god.  
 He, thus surprised, resorted presently  
 To his familiar arts and turning tricks.  
 My Lord, like to a skilful falconer,  
 Continued still to keep his fastened hold.

## THAMESIS.

The story of those oft-transformed shapes  
 I long to hear from you, that present were  
 And an eye-witness of that strange conflict.

## SQUIRE.

And shall, fair Thamesis. Know then, that Proteus,  
 Viewing the gallant shape and budding youth  
 Of my brave Lord, the form that first he took,  
 Was of a goodly Lady, passing fair ;  
 Hoping, belike, that whilst he used respect  
 Due to her matchless beauty, and her sex,  
 Himself being now unloosed, might slide away ;  
 But, finding him, that knew his wily shifts,  
 Embrace him straighter in that feigned shape,  
 Next, to a Serpent he transformed himself,  
 With fiery eyes, and dreadful blackish scales,  
 And three-forked hissing tongue, that might affright  
 Th' undaunted master of dread Cerberus : <sup>1</sup>  
 Wherewith the Prince, rather enraged than feared,

<sup>1</sup> An additional line follows in Canning's edition and in Nichols' *Progresses*:—

“ Pressing with double strength his scaled crest.”

Made him betake him to another form ;  
Which was, a sumptuous Casket, richly wrought,  
Whereout, whenas<sup>1</sup> it oped, many diamonds,  
And rubies of inestimable worth,  
Seemed by chance to drop into the sea.  
This working nought but scorn and high disdain,  
He lastly shewed him a sad spectacle,  
Which was, the worthiest of his valiant Knights,  
And best beloved of my Lord the Prince,  
Mangled and pierced with many a grisly wound,  
Welt'ring his valiant limbs in purple gore,  
Gasping, and closing his faint dying eyes.  
This with the Prince, now used to his delusions,  
Prevailed no more than did the rest before.  
When Proteus then had changed his changing weed,  
And fixed himself in his own wonted shape,  
Seeing no other means could aught prevail,  
He ransom proffered for his liberty.  
And first of all he offered to aread  
To him and all his Knights their fortune's spell.  
But when my Lord replied that that was fit  
For unresolved cowards to obtain,  
And how his fortune's often changing play  
Would lose the pleasure and the chief delight  
If the catastrophe should be foreknown :  
Then offered he huge treasures, ladies' loves,  
Honour and fame, and famous victories.  
My Lord made answer, " That he never would  
Offer his honour so great wrong, to take,  
By gift or magic, without sweat or pain,

<sup>1</sup> I have restored the reading of the MS. Canning, Nichols, and Nicolas give " Whereout, when it opened."

Labour or danger, Virtue's truest prize,  
 That which by mortal hand might be achieved ;”  
 And therefore willed him, as a demi-god,  
 To offer somewhat that might be above  
 The lowly compass of a human power.  
 When Proteus saw the Prince could make his match  
 He told him then that under th' Arctic Pole  
 The Adamantine Rock, the sea's true star,  
 Was situate ; which, by his power divine,  
 He, for his ransom, would remove, and plant  
 Whereas he should appoint : assuring him,  
 That the wide empire of the ocean  
 (If his foretelling spirit failed him not)  
 Should follow that, where'er it should be set.  
 But then again he added this condition,  
 Which, as he thought, could no way be performed ;  
 That first the Prince should bring him to a power,  
 Which in attractive virtue should surpass  
 The wondrous force of this ir'n-drawing rock.  
 My Lord, that knew himself as well assured  
 As Proteus thought his own match surely made,  
 Easily yielded to this covenant ;  
 And promised further, on his princely word,  
 That he himself, and seven of his Knights,  
 Would enter hostages into his rock,  
 When 't should be brought to the appointed place  
 Till this great covenant should be performed,  
 Which now rests to be done. Now, Proteus,  
 Since, 'tis a question of comparison,  
 Blazon you forth the virtue of your rock.

## PROTEUS.

What needeth words, where great effects proclaim



Th' attractive virtue of th' Adamantine Rock,  
 Which forceth iron, that all things else commands ?  
 Iron, of metals prince by ancient right ;  
 Though factious men in vain conspire to seat  
 Rebellious Gold in his usurped throne.  
 This sturdy metal, of such strength and use,  
 (Disjoined by distance of th' whole hemisphere)  
 Continually, with trembling aspect,  
 True-subject-like, eyes his dread sovereign.  
 Thus hath this load-stone, by his powerful touch,  
 Made the iron-needle load-star of the world,  
 A Mercury to point the gainest way  
 In wat'ry wilderness and desert sands ;  
 In confidence whereof the assured mariner  
 Doth not importune Jove for sun or stars.  
 By this attractive force was drawn to light  
 From depth of ignorance that new-found world,  
 Whose golden mines iron found and conquered.

These be [the] virtues, and extend so far,  
 Which you do take to counterpraise.

## SQUIRE.

Proteus, the seas have taught your speech to swell,  
 Where work of winds doth wat'ry castles build ;  
 But calm awhile your over-weening vaunts ;  
 Prepare belief, and do but use your eyes.

Excellent QUEEN, true Adamant of Hearts ;  
 Out of that sacred garland ever green,  
 Garland of virtues, beauties, and perfections,  
 That crowns your crown, and dims your fortune's  
 beams,



Vouchsafe some branch, some precious flower, or leaf,  
Which, though it wither in my barren verse,  
May yet suffice to overshadow and drown  
The rocks admired of this demi-god.

Proteus, stout iron, homager of your rock,  
*Impresa*<sup>1</sup> of force, and instrument of wars,  
Hath praise indeed : yet place your praises right ;  
(For force to will, and wars to peace doth yield).  
But that I'll give you, this I fain would know,  
What can your iron do without arms of men ?  
And arms of men from hearts of men do move :  
The hearts of men, that 's it thence motion springs.  
Lo, Proteus, then, th' attractive Rock of Hearts :  
Hearts, which once truly touched with her beams,  
Inspiring purest zeal and reverence,  
As well unto the person as the power,  
Do straight put off all temper that is false,  
All hollow fear, and schooled flattery.  
Turn Fortune's wheel, they ever keep their course,  
And stand direct upon the loyal line.

Your rock claims kindred of the Polar Star,  
Because it draws the needle to the North ;  
Yet even that star gives place to Cynthia's rays,  
Whose drawing virtue governs and directs  
The flotes<sup>2</sup> and re-flotes of the ocean.  
But, Cynthia, praised be your wat'ry reign !

<sup>1</sup> "Impresa"—emblem. I follow Davison's MS. Canning, Nichols, and Nicolas make nonsense of the passage :—

"Proteus, stout iron-homager (!) of your rock,  
In praise of force," etc.

<sup>2</sup> "Flotes and re-flotes"—flow and ebb.

Your influence in spirits hath no place :  
 This Cynthia high doth rule those heavenly tides,  
 Whose sovereign grace, as it doth wax or wane,  
 Affections so and fortunes ebb and flow :  
 Sometime with waves applauding on the shore,  
 Sometime retiring to their narrow deeps.  
 The holy shrines<sup>1</sup> draw pilgrims from all parts,  
 To pass the mountains, seas, and desert sands.  
 Unto this living saint have princes high  
 Of foreign lands made vowed pilgrimage.  
 What excellencies are there in this frame  
 Of all things, which her virtue doth not draw ?  
 The quintessence of wits, the fire of loves,  
 The air<sup>2</sup> of fame, metal of courages ;  
 And by her virtue long may fixed be  
 The wheel of Fortune, and the car of Time.  
 In the protection of this mighty rock  
 Have sceptres strained recovered wonted<sup>3</sup> scope ;  
 People oppressed have preserved breath.  
 Under the shadow of this blessed rock  
 In Briton land, while tempests beat abroad,  
 The lordly and the lowly shepherd both,  
 In plenteous peace have fed their happy flocks.  
 Upon the force of this inviolate rock,  
 The giant-like attempts of power unjust  
 Have suffered wreck. And, Proteus, for the seas,  
 Whose empire large your praised rock assures,  
 Your gift is void, it is already here ;  
 As Russia, China, and Magellan's straits

<sup>1</sup> Canning and Nichols read "Syrians" !

<sup>2</sup> So MS.—The printed copies give "art."

<sup>3</sup> So MS.—Nicolas, "would." (The line is omitted by Canning and Nichols.)

Can witness bear : well may your presence be  
*Impresa* apt thereof, but sure no cause.  
Fish-herd divine, congratulate yourself,  
Your eyes have won more than your State hath lost ;  
Yield victory, and liberty, and thanks.

## PROTEUS.

Against the truth, that lands and seas avow,  
It fits not Proteus make a vain reply.  
The shallop may not with tall ships contend,  
Nor windy bubble with a billow strive,  
Nor earthly thing compare with greatest Queen,  
That hath or shall a regal sceptre sway.  
Blessed be that Prince that forced me see this grace,  
Which worldly monarchs and sea-powers adore.  
Take thanks of gift, and liberty of due.

## THE END OF THE DIALOGUE.

## THE SONG AT THE ENDING.

S HADOWS before the shining sun do vanish ;  
The iron-forcing adamant doth resign  
His virtues where the diamond doth shine :  
Pure holiness doth all enchantment banish,  
And colours of false principality  
Do fade in presence of true majesty.

Shepherds sometimes in lions' skins were clothed ;  
But when the royal lion did appear,  
What wonder though the silly swains for fear  
Their bravery and princely pall have loathed ?  
The lion's skin, that grac'th our vanity,  
Falls down in presence of your Majesty.

NOTES.



## NOTES.

*Vol. I., page 6.* "Yet other Twelve Wonders."—An early MS. copy of these "Wonders" is preserved in Downing College Library, Cambridge: it is headed "Verses given to the L. Treasurer vpon Newyeares day vpon a dosen of Trenchers by Mr. Davis." See Dr. Grosart's Introduction to Sir John Davies' *Works*, (Early English Poets), pp. cxx-cxxi.

*Vol. I., page 9.* "Titles and lands I like, yet rather fancy can A man that wanteth gold than gold that wants a man."—The sentiment may be traced back to Themistocles. Plutarch, in his life of Themistocles, writes:—"τῶν δὲ μνησθέντων αὐτοῦ τὴν θυγατέρα τὸν ἐπιεικῆ τοῦ πλουσίου προκρίνας ἔφη ζῆτεῖν ἄνδρα χρημάτων δεόμενον μᾶλλον ἢ χρήματα ἄνδρος," (cap. xviii). In Boccaccio's "Decameron," (5th day, 9th novel) Giovanna expressed herself in similar language when she announced her intention of marrying Federigo.

*Vol. I., page 10.* "A Lottery."—The reader may like to see the song of "St. Swithin," which is given in the Conway MS., but omitted from the "Rhapsody." It is curious to note that the song—which may have been written by Sir John Davies—found its way (with



variations and corruptions) into the old popular romance of "George-a-Green."—

*"The humble petition of a guiltless saint wherewith the gown of rainbows was presented to her Majesty in her progress, 1602.*

Beauty's<sup>1</sup> rose and Virtue's book,  
 Angel's mind and angel's look,  
     To all saints and angels dear ;  
 Clearest Majesty on earth,  
 Heavens did smile at your fair birth,  
     And since your days have been most clear.

Only poor St. Swithin now  
 Doth hear you blame his cloudy brow ;  
     But he, poor saint, devoutly swears  
 It is but a tradition vain  
 That his much weeping causeth rain,  
     For saints in heaven shed no tears.

But this he saith, that to his feast  
 Comes Iris, an unbidden guest  
     In her moist robe of colours gay,  
 And when she comes she ever stays  
 For the full space of forty days,  
     And more or less rains every day.

But he, good saint, when once he knew  
 This rain was like to fall on you,  
     If saint could weep had wept as much  
 As when he did the lady lead  
 That did on burning iron tread ;  
     To ladies his respect is such.

He gently first bids Iris go  
 Unto th' antipodes below,  
     But she for this more sullen grew ;

<sup>1</sup> "Beauty's rose . . . angel's look" is written as one long line in the MS. ; and so "To all saints . . . on earth." Each stanza is made to consist of four lines.

When he saw that, with angry look  
 From her her rainy robe he took,  
     Which here he doth present to you.

'Tis fit it should with you remain,  
 For you know better how to reign ;  
     Yet, if it rain still as before,  
 St. Swithin prays that you would guess  
 That Iris doth more robes possess,  
     And that you would blame him no more."

Dr. Grosart (Introduction to Sir John Davies' "Works," (p. cxi., etc.), suggests, with much probability, that in the Mariner's Song there may be an allusion to the exploits of Sir Richard Levison and Sir William Morrison, who in June 1602 captured a large Spanish carrick laden with treasure from the East Indies.

*Vol. I., page 18.* "A Contention."—This "pretty dialogue of John Davies 'twixt a maid, a widow, and a wife" was presented on 6th December 1602, when Sir Robert Cecil entertained Queen Elizabeth at his new house in the Strand. See Chamberlain's letter to Carleton (dated 26th December) and Manningham's "Diary" (ed. Bruce, pp. 99-100).

*Vol. I., page 27.* "The crystal glass that will no venom hold."—The common belief was that a crystal glass would break if poison were put into it. Sir Thomas Browne in "Vulgar Errors" (book vii.), writes:—"And though it be said that poison will break a Venice glass, yet have we not met with any of that nature." James Howell ("Fam. Letters," book i.) accepted the popular view:—"Such a diaphanous pellucid body as you see a crystal glass is, which hath this property above gold or silver or any other minerals, to admit no poison."

*Vol. I., page 84.* "Thisbe."—Mr. J. M. Thomson points out to me that this and other "Inscriptions"

are rendered from the Italian of Luigi Groto (*Delle Rime di Luigi Groto, Cieco d'Hadria nuovamente ristampate*, etc., 1592):—

“ Io vi supplico, o padri, che disgiunti  
Sete da nimicitia tanto dura,  
Poi che stati non siam vivi congiunti,  
Che morti almen ci stiamo, habbiate cura.  
Poi che un medesimo letto non ci ha giunti  
Giungane una medesima sepoltura.  
Come uno stesso stral ne ha aperto il petto,  
Faccia una stessa spada uguale effetto.” (p. 144.)

*Vol. I., page 85.* “Clytemnestra.”—“The piece which follows the last in Groto is headed *Erifila*, and is very similar to this of Davison's; but perhaps they might have come independently from the Greek epigram (Anth. Pal. ix. 126).”—J. M. Thomson.

“Ajax” is from Groto, as also are “Romulus” and “Fabritius Curio”:—

“ La spada, ch' è pur mia (se però lite  
Non ci vuol anco por l' huom falso e rio),  
Nel sangue hostil per voi, Greci, infinite  
Volte bagnata, hor bagnarò nel mio.  
Il petto, in cui non valser mai ferite  
Mei nemici formar, ferirò io.  
E dirassi, ad alcun non haver cesso  
Aiace mai, fuor che ad Aiace stesso.” (p. 146.)

“ Non mi dovea portar ventre profano,  
Onde mi generò sacra donzella,  
Produr non mi dovea padre mondano,  
Quinci scese dal ciel Marte per ella.  
Non doveva nutrirmi latte humano,  
Quinci una lupa diemmi la mammella.  
La terra al fin coprir questo mio velo  
Non dovea: però fui locato in cielo.” (p. 161.)

“ Non l'oro posseder mia patria prezza,  
 Ma a chi possiede l'or mettere il freno.  
 Io vinto esser non soglio con ricchezza,  
 Pirro, e non soglio vincer con veleno,  
 Nessuna man, nessuna mente è avezza  
 Dar più di me, di me richieder meno.  
 Ho sì di fermo acciar cinta la mente,  
 Che non è il ferro in lei nè l'or possente.” (p. 161.)

*Vol. I., page 87.* “Cato Utican.”—“This of course is an expansion of the well-worn lines of Horace ; but the analogy of the preceding pieces makes one suspect a nearer source.”—J. M. Thomson.

*Vol. I., page 87.* “While thou didst love me, and that neck of thine.”—Francis Davison’s version of Horace’s famous ode compares favourably with Ben Jonson’s or Herrick’s. Here is Jonson’s rendering :—

“*Hor.* Whilst, Lydia, I was loved of thee  
 And 'bout thy ivory neck no youth did fling  
                   His arms more acceptably free,  
 I thought me richer than the Persian King.

*Lyd.* Whilst Horace loved no mistress more,  
 Nor after Chloe did his Lydia sound,  
                   In name I went all names before ;  
 The Roman Ilia was not more renowned.

*Hor.* 'Tis true I'm Thracian Chloe's, I,  
 Who sings so sweet, and with such cunning plays,  
                   As for her I'd not fear to die,  
 So fate would give her life and longer days.

*Lyd.* And I am mutually on fire  
 With gentle Calais, Thurine Ornith's son,  
                   For whom I doubly would expire,  
 So fate would let the boy a long thread run.

*Hor.* But say old love return should make,  
And us disjoined force to her brazen yoke ;  
That I bright Chloe off should shake,  
And to left Lydia now the gate stood ope ?

*Lyd.* Though he be fairer than a star,  
Thou lighter than the bark of any tree,  
And than rough Adria angrier far,  
Yet would I wish to love, live, die with thee."

This is close to the original, but rough. Herrick's version runs thus :—

" *Hor.* While, Lydia, I was loved of thee,  
Nor any was preferred 'fore me  
To hug thy whitest neck, than I  
The Persian King lived not more happily.

*Lyd.* While thou no other didst affect,  
Nor Chloe was of more respect  
Than Lydia, far-famed Lydia,  
I flourished more than Roman Ilia.

*Hor.* Now Thracian Chloe governs me,  
Skilful in harp and melody,  
For whose affection, Lydia, I,  
So fate spares her, am well content to die.

*Lyd.* My heart now set on fire is,  
By Ornithes' son, young Calais,  
For whose commutual flames here I,  
To save his life, twice am content to die.

*Hor.* Say, our first loves we should revoke  
And, severed, join in brazen yoke—  
Admit I Chloe put away  
And love again love-cast-off Lydia?

*Lyd.* Though mine be brighter than the star,  
Thou lighter than the cork by far,  
Rough as th' Adratic sea, yet I  
Will live with thee or else for thee I'll die."

John Ashmore in his "Selected Odes of Horace, Englished, 1621," has three separate renderings of "Donec gratus eram." Patrick Hannay attempted a translation in his "Songs and Sonnets, 1622."

*Vol. I., page 89.* "Though you be not content."—This madrigal is from Groto :—

"Se pur non ti contenti  
Ch' io ami te, si come Amor m' invita,  
Donna, non mi consenti  
Per giusto almen, ch' io ami la mia vita?  
Se ciò consenti, ancor consentir dei  
Che io ami te, che la mia vita sei." (p. 81.)

"He's rich enough."—The Greek is Anth. Pal. v. 94, (the latter couplet). Buchanan (Epig. i. 30) translates the same couplet, and *perhaps* Davison translated from him. *Rich* seems to be a translation of *beatus* rather than of *εὐδαίμων*.—J. M. Thomson.

"O fair yet murd'ring eyes."—From Guarini, Madrigal 12 :—

"Occhi stelle mortali,  
Ministri di mei mali,  
Che 'n sogno anco mostrate  
Che 'l mio morir bramate.  
Se chiusi m' uccidete,  
Aperti che farete?"

Mr. Thomson remarks that "the 5th and 6th lines seem to come from Madrigal 10, which ends :—

"Qual fuga ò qual riparo  
Havrò di voi, se fate  
Aperti il mio morir, chiusi il mirate?"

*Vol. I., page 90.* "When traitrous Photine." This is a rendering of Petrarch's eighty-first sonnet :—



“ Cesare, poi che 'l traditor d'Egitto  
 Li fece il don dell' onorata testa,  
 Celando l'allegrezza manifesta,  
 Pianse per gli occhi fuor, siccome è scritto ;

Ed Annibal, quand' all' imperio afflitto  
 Vide farsi fortuna sì molesta,  
 Rise fra gente lacrimosa e mesta  
 Per isfogare il suo acerbo despitto.

E così avven che l'animo ciascuna  
 Sua passion sotto 'l contrario manto  
 Ricopre con la vista or chiara or bruna.

Però, s'alcuna volta i' rido o canto,  
 Facciol perch' i' non ho se non quest' una  
 Via da celare il mio angoscioso pianto.”

*Vol. I., page 91.* “ While love in you did live.”—

“ ‘ Quanto in voi stette amor, tanto fui in vui ;  
 Quanto voi per mi ardeste, io per voi arsi ;  
 Mentre voi lacrimaste, io pianto sparsi ;  
 E fin che voi mia foste, io vostro fui.’ (*Groto*, p. 136.)

So far he translates closely. The next four lines are also taken partly from the same sonnet, partly from that which in *Groto* immediately precedes it. The last six lines are original, or from another source.”—  
 J. M. Thomson.

*Vol. I., page 92.* “ To Mistress Diana.”—This charming sonnet was imitated from Clément Marot :—

“ *De Diane.*

Estre Phebus bien souvent je desire,  
 Non pour congnoistre herbes divinement,  
 Car la douleur qui mon cuer veult occire  
 Ne se guerist par herbe aucunement ;  
 Non pour avoir ma place au firmament,  
 Car en la terre habite mon plaisir ;



Non pour son arc encontre Amour saisir,  
 Car à mon Roy ne veulx estre rebelle :  
 Estre Phebus seulement j'ay desir  
 Pour estre aymé de Diane la belle."

Davison has so far surpassed his model that there was little need to acknowledge the obligation.

*Vol. I., page 99.* "On a painted courtesan."—

"'Omnia quod, Leonora, putant te vendere, falsum est ;  
 Nam faciem, tibi quæ cætera vendit, emis.' (*Buchanan*, i. 17.)

The next following epigram is from *Beza*. But one language is quite enough for it ; it is to be found in *Deliciæ Poetarum Gallorum*, vol. iii. p. 613."—J. M. Thomson.

*Vol. I., page 107.* "To Cupid."—From Groto :—

" Amor, se pur sei Dio,  
 Dei esser giusto parimente e pio :  
 Se giusto, perche sol contra me scocchi,  
 E madonna non tocchi ?  
 Se pio, perche perdoni  
 A lei, e a mi ti opponi ?  
 Horsù se nome vuoi fra i veri Dei,  
 Lei meco impiaga, o me sana con lei." (p. 63.)

*Vol. I., page 108.* "In health and ease am I."—  
 From Groto :—

" Io, madonna, sto bene,  
 E 'l mio star ben non sento,  
 E voi giacete in pene,  
 E del vostro penare io mi tormento.  
 Dimmi, Amor, sai tu ciò donde derivi ?  
 ' Perche 'n te sei già morto, e 'n essa vivi.' " (p. 73.)

"Sorrow slowly killeth any."—Compare Groto :—

" Se è ver che tu desii tanto, che io mora,  
 Modo agevol ti fia :

Se la tua bocca un dì giungi a la mia,  
 L'alma che 'n me dimora,  
 Eche di teco unirsi ogn'hòr desia,  
 Tal sentendo spiraglio aperto allhora,  
 De la mia uscendo fora,  
 E ne la bocca tua trovando via,  
 Lasciarà 'l corpo mio gelido e spento,  
 Tu vivrai lieta, ed io morirò contento." (p. 86.)

*Vol. I., page 121.* "The wretched life I live."—From Groto :—

"Lo stato mio, come l'audace torre  
 Che fè Nembrotte porre,  
 Conforme gli idiomi,  
 E'n contrario mi fa prender i nomi,  
 Chi m'odia chiamo Amor, Chiamo il mal bene.  
 Chi di speme mi trahe, chiamo mia spene,  
 Salute chiamo, ond'ho l'alma ferita ;  
 E chi morte mi da, chiamo mia vita." (p. 51.)

*Vol. I., page 124.* "I dare not in my master's bosom rest."—The first stanza is from Groto :—

"Perche nel petto mio, mio cor, non stai ?  
 ' Per timor, che 'l tuo foco non m'accenda.'  
 Perche al sen di madonna almen non vai ?  
 ' Per timor, che 'l suo ghiaccio non m'offenda.  
 ' Si che 'n te non isto, nè sto in colei,  
 ' Perche 'n te il caldo temo, il freddo in lei.' " (p. 54.)

*Vol. I., page 129.* "If I behold your eyes."—From Guarini's *Pastor Fido*, ii. 2 :—

"*Silvio.* Che cosa è questo amore ?  
*Dorinda.* S' i' miro il tuo bel viso,  
 Amore è un paradiso ;  
 Ma s' i' miro il mio core,  
 È un infernal ardore."

"In heaven the blessed angels have their being."—  
 Imitated from Groto :—

“ Li augelli in aria, in acqua i pesci han loco,  
 In terra l'huom, la salamandra in foco.  
 Io sto, mercè d' Amor, de' suoi tormenti,  
 In tutti gli elementi.  
 La bocca ho in aere, in terra ho l'intelletto :  
 Quel mi dà il cibo, e questa tien l'affetto.  
 Al fin mentre ardo, e piango il fero ardore,  
 In acqua tengo gli occhi, in foco il core.” (p. 49.)

(Again I am indebted to Mr. Thomson for these references.)

*Vol. I., page 130.* “ If this most wretched and infernal anguish.”—From Grotto :—

“ Poiche col suo martir la tua partita  
 Non mi privò di vita ;  
 Se 'l tuo ritorno non mi fa perire  
 Col suo piacer, potremo a l' hor ben dire,  
 Che fare un huom morire  
 Non può nè gran piacer nè gran martire.” (p. 96.)

Mr. Thomson also refers to Desportes' epigram beginning “ Privé du bel astre amoureux ” (p. 188 of the reprint); but thinks that Grotto was Davison's model.

*Vol. I., page 139.* “ Oh most unhappy Dido.”—“ This is from an epigram of Ausonius :—

“ ‘ Infelix Dido, nulli bene nupta marito,  
 Hoc pereunte fugis, hoc fugiente peris.’

But Davison's immediate model was certainly the following :—

‘ O sfortunata Dido,  
 Mal fornita d' amante, e di marito :  
 Ti fu quel traditor, questo tradito.  
 Morì l'uno, e fuggisti ;  
 Fuggì l'altro, e moristi.’

*Guarini, Madrigal 127.*—J. M. Thomson.

*Vol. II., page 22.* "Come, gentle Death."—To these verses Watson prefixed in "Hekatopathia" the following note:—"The first staff of this Passion is much like unto that invention of Seraphine in his Strambotti, where he saith—

'Morte : che vovi? te bramo : eccomi appresso ;  
 Prendemi : a che? che manchi el mio dolore ;  
 Non posso : ohime, non puoi? non per adesso ;  
 Perche? però che in te non regna il core,' etc.

The second staff somewhat imitateth another of his Strambotti in the same leaf ; it beginneth thus,—

'Amor, amor : chi è quel che chiama tanto?  
 Un tuo servo fidel ; non ti conosco ;' etc.

The author in the last staff, returneth to entreat Death anew to end his days, as being half persuaded that Love would restore unto him his heart again."

*Vol. II., page 23.* "Time wasteth years," etc.—In the prefatory note Watson tells us that "the chief contents of this Passion are taken out of Seraphine, Sonnet 132."

*Vol. II., page 23.* "If Love had lost his shafts."—"The invention of this Passion is borrowed for the most part from Seraphine, Sonnet 125."

*Vol. II., page 27.* "The soldier worn with wars," etc.—"The chiefest substance of this sonnet is borrowed out of certain Latin Verses of Strozza, a nobleman of Italy, and one of the best poets of all his age, who in describing metaphorically to his friend Antonius the true form of his amorous estate, writeth thus :—

'Unda hic sunt lacrimæ, venti suspiria, remi  
 Vota, error velum, mens malesana ratis ;

Spes temo, curæ comites, constantia amoris  
Est malus, dolor est anchora, navita Amor.' "

*Vol. II., page 28.* "I curse the time."—"In this passion the author hath but augmented the invention of Seraphine, where he writeth in this manner :—

' Biastemo quando mai le labbra apersi  
Per dar nome à costei, che acciò me induce.  
Biastemo il tempo, e quanti giorni hò persi  
A seguitar si tenebrosa luce.  
Biastemo charta, inchiostro, e versi,  
Et quanto Amor per me fama gli aduce ;  
Biastemo quando mai la vidi anchora,  
El mese, l'anno, e giorno, el punto, el hora.' "

*Vol. II., page 29.* "A Sonnet of the Sun,"—Of Charles Best little is known. He has verses before Robert Pricket's "Honour's Fame in Triumph Riding ; or the Life and Death of the late Honourable Earl of Essex," 1604, and Sir William Leighton's "Tears or Lamentations of a sorrowful Soule," 1614. Joseph Hunter ascribes to him "The Ghost of Richard III.," 1614, which probably belongs to Christopher Brooke. John Davies of Hereford addressed an epigram to "My kind friend Mr. Charles Best" (among the epigrams "To worthy persons") in "The Scourge of Folly," 1610-11.

*Vol. II., page 82.* "Of Atreus' sons," etc.—"A. W.'s" renderings of the first three odes of Anacreon are very attractive ; it is a pity that he did not go on with the translation. Stanley's versions run thus :—

"The Lute. I.

Of th' Atrides I would sing,  
Or the wand'ring Theban king ;  
But when I my lute did prove,  
Nothing it would sound but Love ;

I new strung it, and to play  
 Herc'les labours did essay ;  
 But my pains I fruitless found,  
 Nothing it but Love would sound ;  
 Heroes, then, farewell, my Lute  
 To all strains but Love is mute."

*"Beauty. II.*

Horns to bulls wise Nature lends,  
 Horses she with hoofs defends ;  
 Hares with nimble feet relieves,  
 Dreadful teeth to lions gives ;  
 Fishes learns through streams to slide,  
 Birds through yielding air to glide ;  
 Men with courage she supplies :  
 But to women these denies.  
 What then gives she? Beauty: this  
 Both their arms and armour is :  
 She that can this weapon use  
 Fire and sword with ease subdues."

*"Love's Night-Walk. III.*

Downward was the wheeling bear  
 Driven by the waggoner :  
 Men by powerful sleep opprest  
 Gave their busy troubles rest :  
 Love in this still depth of night  
 Lately at my house did light,  
 Where, perceiving all fast locked,  
 At the door he boldly knocked.  
 'Who's that,' said I, 'that does keep  
 Such a noise and breaks my sleep?'  
 'Ope,' saith Love, 'for pity hear :  
 'Tis a child, thou need'st not fear,  
 Wet and weary, from his way  
 Led by this dark night astray.'  
 With compassion this I heard,  
 Light I struck, the door unbarred,

Where a little boy appears,  
 Who wings, bow, and quiver bears ;  
 Near the fire I made him stand,  
 With my own I chafed his hand,  
 And with kindly busy care  
 Wrung the chill drops from his hair.  
 When well warmed he was and dry,  
 ' Now,' saith he, ' 'tis time to try  
 If my bow no hurt did get,  
 For methinks the string is wet.'  
 With that, drawing it, a dart  
 He let fly that pierced my heart :  
 Leaping then, and laughing, said,  
 ' Come, my friend, with me be glad,  
 For my bow, thou seest, is sound,  
 Since thy heart hath got a wound.'"

Cowley paraphrased the first and second odes, but not the third :—

" I'll sing of heroes and of kings :  
 In mighty numbers mighty things  
 Begin, my Muse ; but lo the strings  
 To my great Song rebellious prove,  
 The strings will sound of nought but Love.  
 I broke them all, and put on new ;  
 'Tis this or nothing sure will do.  
 These, sure, said I, will me obey,  
 These, sure, heroic notes will play.  
 Straight I began with thundering Jove,  
 And all the immortal powers but Love.  
 Love smiled, and from my enfeebled lyre  
 Came gentle airs, such as inspire  
 Melting love and soft desire.  
 Farewell, then, heroes, farewell kings,  
 And mighty numbers, mighty things !  
 Love tunes my heart just to my strings."

" Liberal Nature did dispense  
 To all things arms for their defence



And some she arms with sinewy force,  
 And some with swiftness in the course ;  
 Some with hard hoofs or forked claws,  
 And some with horns or tusked jaws ;  
 And some with scales, and some with wings,  
 And some with teeth, and some with stings.  
 Wisdom to man she did afford,  
 Wisdom for shield, and wit for sword.  
 What to beauteous woman-kind,  
 What arms, what armour has sh' assigned !  
 Beauty is both, for with the fair  
 What arms, what armour can compare ?  
 What steel, what gold, or diamond  
 More impassible is found ?  
 And yet what flame, what lightning e'er  
 So great an active force did bear ?  
 They are all weapon, and they dart  
 Like porcupines from every part.  
 Who can alas ! their strength express,  
 Armed,—when they themselves undress,—  
 Cap-a-pe with nakedness ? "

The third was pleasantly rendered by Herrick :—

*" The Cheat of Cupid ; or the Ungentle Guest.*

One silent night of late,  
 When every creature rested,  
 Came one unto my gate  
 And, knocking, me molested.

Who's that (said I) beats there,  
 And troubles thus the sleepy ?  
 Cast off (said he) all fear,  
 And let not locks thus keep ye.

For I a boy am, who  
 By moonless nights have swerved,  
 And all with showers wet through,  
 And e'en with cold half sterved.

I pitiful arose,  
 And soon a taper lighted,  
 And did myself disclose  
 Unto the lad benighted.

I saw he had a bow,  
 And wings too, which did shiver ;  
 And looking down below,  
 I spied he had a quiver.

I to my chimney's shine  
 Brought him (as Love professes),  
 And chafed his hands with mine,  
 And dried his dropping tresses.

But when he felt him warmed,  
 Let's try this bow of ours,  
 And string, if they be harmed  
 (Said he) with these late showers.

Forthwith his bow he bent,  
 And wedded string and arrow,  
 And struck me, that it went,  
 Quite through my heart and marrow.

Then, laughing loud, he flew  
 Away, and thus said flying,—  
 Adieu, mine host, adieu !  
 I'll leave thy heart a-dying."

Anacreon's odes have the serious disadvantage of being spurious ; but the influence that they exercised on the old poets, in England and abroad, was considerable.

*Vol. II., page 86.* This poem is ascribed to Sir Edward Dyer in Rawlinson MS. Poet. 148, fol. 50. In Harl. MS. 6910, fol. 153, I find the following answer :—

" The lowest trees have tops, the cedars higher ;  
 An hair casts shadows less than Nimrod's tower ;

The sparks have heat, but greater hath the fire,  
 And bees do sting unlike the Scorpion's power ;  
     Seas have main course, and floods have little springs :  
 And beggars love, but greater love have kings.

Rough are deep seas when smooth are shallow fords ;  
 The jack makes noise before the dial moves ;  
 The firmest faith is still confirmed with words,  
 And turtles mourn in losing of their loves :  
     If hearts have ears and eyes, then tongues to speak,  
 They'll hear and see and say before they break."

*Vol. II., page 88.* "Bright shines the sun ; play,  
 Beggars, play."—In "The Compleat Angler" Izaak  
 Walton quotes this song ("Frank Davison's song,  
 which he made forty years ago").

*Vol. II., page 89.* "Begin, and half is done."—  
 These lines may have been suggested by Ausonius'  
 epigram (founded on Hesiod's hemistich ἀρχὴ δὲ τοῖ ἡμισυ  
 πάντός)—

"Incipe ; dimidium facti est cœpisse : superfit  
 Dimidium : rursum hoc incipe, et efficies."

*Vol. II., page 90.* "Cambridge, worthy Philip," etc.  
 —This epigram is said to be "translated out of Jodelle,  
 the French Poet." I know only one French poet of the  
 name Jodelle, namely, Etienne Jodelle, founder of the  
 French Classical Drama. He wrote several epitaphs  
 and elegies, but he cannot have written an epitaph on  
 Sir Philip Sidney, for he had been in his grave thirteen  
 years when Sidney died.

The words "Cambridge, worthy Philip," etc. refer to  
 the collection of memorial verses, in Latin and Greek,  
 published at Cambridge in 1587, "Academiæ Canta-

brigiensis Lacrymæ, tumulo nobilissimi equitis D. Philippi Sidneii sacratæ," 4to.

*Vol. II., page 116.* "Her face, her tongue, her wit," etc.—Among the "Fancies and Fantasticks" in "Wit's Recreations," we find part of the first stanza of this poem thus altered and arranged:—

*" These may be read two or three ways.*

Your face	your tongue	your wit
So fair	so smooth	so sharp
First drew	then moved	then knit
Mine eye	mine ear	my heart.
Mine eye	mine ear	my heart
Thus drawn	thus moved	thus knit
Affects	hangs on	yields to
Your face	your tongue	your wit."

If any are curious on the subject of "reporting sonnets," etc., they cannot do better than consult that entertaining book "Les Bigarrures du Seigneur des Accords" (Etienne Tabourot).

*Vol. II., page 117.* "Absence, hear thou my protestation."—This poem is ascribed on early MS. authority to Donne (and is certainly much in his manner). See Dr. Grosart's edition of Donne's "Poems," ii., 238-9.

*Vol. II., page 121.* "Were I as bare as is the lowly plain."—The initials "I. S." subscribed to this sonnet and to the sonnet on pp. 122-3, were conjecturally assigned by Brydges and Nicolas to Joshua Sylvester. Dr. Grosart, too, prints these sonnets in his edition of Sylvester's poems; but I must remark that not a shred of evidence in support of Sylvester's claim has been adduced.

*Vol. II., page 121.* "My Love in her attire."—Compare Clément Marot's graceful verses :—

*"De Madame Ysabeau de Navarre.*

Qui cuyderoit desguiser Ysabeau  
 D'un simple habit, ce seroit grand' simplesse ;  
 Car au visage a ne sçay quoy de beau,  
 Qui faict juger tousjours qu'elle est princesse :  
 Soit en habit de chambriere ou maistresse,  
 Soit en drap d'or entier ou decouppé,  
 Soit son gent corps de toile enveloppé,  
 Tousjours sera sa beauté maintenue ;  
 Mais il me semble (ou je suis bien trompé)  
 Qu'elle seroit plus belle toute nue."

(Mr. J. M. Thomson refers me to Aristænetus, Epistle 1, and Plato's "Charmides," p. 154 D.)

*Vol. II., page 124.* "Unhappy Verse ! the witness," etc.—These verses are thus introduced in Spenser's letter to Gabriel Harvey :—"Trust me, your verses I like passingly well, and envy your hidden pains in this kind, or rather malign and grudge at yourself, that would not once impart so much to me. . . . And now requite I you with the like, not with the very best, but with the very shortest, namely with a few iambics : I dare warrant they be precisely perfect for the feet (as you may easily judge) and vary not one inch from the rule. I will impart yours to Master Sidney and Master Dyer at my next going to the court. I pray you, keep mine close to yourself, or your very entire friends, Master Preston, Master Still, and the rest." At this time (1579) Sidney, Dyer, and others were hot against the use of rhyme. One Thomas Drant, who made some barbarous translations of Horace's Satires and Epistles, drew up a set of metrical rules for the new school of poets. Luckily the craze soon passed.

Earlier in his letter Spenser writes :—“As for the two worthy gentlemen Master Sidney and Master Dyer, they have me, I thank them, in some use of familiarity. . . . And now they have proclaimed in their ἁρείῳ πάγῳ a general surceasing and silence of bald rhymers, and also of the very best too : instead whereof they have, by authority of their whole senate, prescribed certain laws and rules of quantities of English syllables for English verse : having had thereof already great practice and drawn me to their faction.”

Gabriel Harvey in his reply criticised Spenser's little poem at some length. He was not persuaded that it was “so precisely perfect for the feet as yourself over-partially ween and over-confidently avouch : especially the third, which hath a foot more than a louse (a wondrous deformity in a right and pure senary) and the sixth, which is also in the same predicament, unless haply one of the feet be sawed off with a pair of syncopes : and then should the orthography have testified so much : and instead of *Hēauēnlī Virgīnāls*, you should have written *Heaūnlī Virgnāls*; and *Virgnāls*, again in the ninth, and should have made a curtal of *Immēritō* in the last : being all notwithstanding usual and tolerable enough in a mixed and licentious iambic : and of two evils better (no doubt) the first than the last : a third superfluous syllable than a dull spondee. Then me thinketh you have in my fancy somewhat too many spondees beside,” and so on. Here Harvey appears as the candid friend ; in his controversy with Nashe he showed that he could be a disingenuous enemy. In either character he is tedious.

*Vol. II., page 136.* “Adesta viator,” etc.—Mr. J. M. Thomson informs me that these Latin lines are by Passerat.







INDEX OF FIRST LINES.



## INDEX OF FIRST LINES.

	PAGE
<i>A</i> <i>LITTLE</i> herdgroom, for he was no belt . . . . .	i 58
<i>A</i> new-found match is made of late . . . . .	ii 65
<i>A</i> shepherd poor, Eubulus called he was . . . . .	i 43
<i>A</i> bsence, hear thou my protestation . . . . .	ii 117
<i>A</i> k Cupid, I mistook thee . . . . .	i 127
<i>A</i> ll is not gold that shineth bright in show . . . . .	ii 59
<i>A</i> nd would you see my mistress' face? . . . . .	ii 108
<i>A</i> re lovers full of fire . . . . .	i 130
<i>A</i> re women fair? Aye, wondrous fair to see to . . . . .	ii 123
<i>A</i> s she is fair, so faithful I . . . . .	ii 4
<i>A</i> s soon may water wipe me dry . . . . .	ii 35
<i>A</i> t her fair hands how have I grace entreated . . . . .	ii 8
<i>A</i> ulus gives nought, men say, though much he crave . . . . .	i 101
<i>A</i> y me, poor soul, whom bound in sinful chains . . . . .	ii 96
<i>B</i> egin and half is done, yet half undone remains . . . . .	ii 89
<i>B</i> est pleased she is when love is most exprest . . . . .	ii 119
<i>B</i> lame not my cheeks, though pale with love they be . . . . .	ii 109
<i>B</i> reak, heavy heart, and rid me of this pain . . . . .	ii 70
<i>B</i> right shines the sun; play, Beggars, play . . . . .	ii 88
<i>B</i> ut if my lines may not be held excused . . . . .	ii 2
<i>B</i> ut Jove omnipotent, all things by his word who created . . . . .	ii 148
<i>B</i> y want of shift since lice at first are bred . . . . .	i 100
<i>C</i> æsar, thou hast o'ercome, to thy great fame . . . . .	i 87
<i>C</i> ambridge, worthy Philip, by this verse builds thee an altar . . . . .	ii 90
<i>C</i> lose your lids, unhappy eyes . . . . .	ii 53
<i>C</i> odrus, although but of mean estate . . . . .	i 94
<i>C</i> ome, gentle Death?—Who calls?—One that's opprest . . . . .	ii 22
<i>C</i> ome, gentle herdsman, sit by me . . . . .	i 72
<i>C</i> ompare the bramble with the cedar tree . . . . .	ii 87
<i>C</i> onceit, begotten by the eyes . . . . .	ii 112
<i>C</i> rue! and unpartial sickness . . . . .	ii 115
<i>C</i> upid abroad was lated in the night . . . . .	ii 86

	PAGE
<i>Cupid, at length I spy thy crafty wile . . . . .</i>	ii 54
<i>Cynthia, Queen of seas and lands . . . . .</i>	i 10
<i>Dear, why hath my long love and faith unfeigned . . . . .</i>	i 133
<i>Dearling of these, of future times the glory . . . . .</i>	ii 144
<i>Death is my doom, awarded by Disdain . . . . .</i>	ii 132
<i>Desire and hope have moved my mind . . . . .</i>	ii 41
<i>Disdain that so doth fill me . . . . .</i>	ii 58
<i>Divers rare gems in thee, oh Union! shine . . . . .</i>	ii 138
<i>Dust is lighter than a feather . . . . .</i>	ii 20
<i>Eliza, that great maiden Queen, lies here . . . . .</i>	ii 137
<i>Eternal Time, that wastest without waste . . . . .</i>	ii 94
<i>Ev'n as my hand my pen on paper lays . . . . .</i>	ii 13
<i>Fail ye of wealth, of wealth ye still will fail . . . . .</i>	i 95
<i>Fain would I learn of thee, thou murd'ring eye . . . . .</i>	ii 34
<i>Fair is thy face, and great thy wit's perfection . . . . .</i>	ii 2
<i>Fair is thy face, and that thou know'st full well . . . . .</i>	ii 57
<i>Fair Virtue's gem, set in most royal gold . . . . .</i>	ii 144
<i>Fairest and kindest of all woman-kind . . . . .</i>	i 131
<i>Faustina hath the fairer face . . . . .</i>	ii 113
<i>For when thou art not as thou wout of yore . . . . .</i>	i 76
<i>Fortune must now no more on triumph ride . . . . .</i>	i 12
<i>Four teeth of late you had, both black and shaking . . . . .</i>	i 93
<i>Garden more than Eden blessed . . . . .</i>	ii 114
<i>Go, soul, the body's guest . . . . .</i>	i 28
<i>Go, wailing accents, go . . . . .</i>	i 131
<i>Great Earl, whose brave heroic mind is higher . . . . .</i>	i 1
<i>Great king, since first this Isle by Jove's own hand . . . . .</i>	ii 140
<i>Hatred eternal, furious revenging . . . . .</i>	ii 97
<i>He that will thrive in court, must oft become . . . . .</i>	i 99
<i>Her face, her tongue, her wit, so fair, so sweet so sharp . . . . .</i>	ii 116
<i>Her sons rich Aula terms her lechers all . . . . .</i>	i 99
<i>He's rich enough whose eyes behold thee . . . . .</i>	i 89
<i>Hold! hold thy hand, vile son of viler mother! . . . . .</i>	i 85
<i>How can my love in equity be blamed . . . . .</i>	ii 19
<i>How many things as yet are dear alike to me! . . . . .</i>	i 8
<i>How or where have I lost myself? Unhappy! . . . . .</i>	ii 44
<i>I bend my wit, but wit cannot devise . . . . .</i>	ii 3
<i>I bend my wits, and beat my weary brain . . . . .</i>	i 102
<i>I curse the time wherein these lips of mine . . . . .</i>	ii 28

	PAGE
<i>I dare not in my master's bosom rest . . . . .</i>	i 124
<i>I have entreated and I have complained . . . . .</i>	ii 10
<i>I joy not peace, where yet no war is found . . . . .</i>	ii 25
<i>I marriage would forswear, but that I hear men tell . . . . .</i>	i 9
<i>I muse not that your dog turds oft doth eat . . . . .</i>	i 93
<i>I only am the man among all married men . . . . .</i>	i 8
<i>I sing divine Astrea's praise . . . . .</i>	i 40
<i>I smile sometimes amidst my greatest grief . . . . .</i>	ii 41
<i>I study to uphold the slippery state of man . . . . .</i>	i 7
<i>If I behold your eyes . . . . .</i>	i 129
<i>If love be life I long to die . . . . .</i>	ii 66
<i>If love be made of words as words of trees . . . . .</i>	ii 39
<i>If Love be nothing but an idle name . . . . .</i>	ii 56
<i>If love conjoined with worth and great desert . . . . .</i>	i 122
<i>If Love had lost his shafts and Jove down threw . . . . .</i>	ii 23
<i>If means be none to end my restless care . . . . .</i>	ii 72
<i>If my decay be your increase . . . . .</i>	ii 52
<i>If my harsh humble style and rhymes ill dressed . . . . .</i>	i 101
<i>If stepdame Nature have been scant . . . . .</i>	ii 132
<i>If this most wretched and infernal anguish . . . . .</i>	i 130
<i>If thou be fair, thy beauties beautify . . . . .</i>	i 99
<i>If Wrong by force had Justice put to flight . . . . .</i>	ii 131
<i>If you reward my love with love again . . . . .</i>	i 134
<i>If you would know the love which I you bear . . . . .</i>	ii 106
<i>If your fond love want worth and great desert . . . . .</i>	i 123
<i>In happy time the wished fair is come . . . . .</i>	ii 63
<i>In health and ease am I . . . . .</i>	i 108
<i>In heaven the blessed angels have their being . . . . .</i>	i 129
<i>In that I thirst for such a goddess' grace . . . . .</i>	ii 26
<i>It chanced of late a shepherd's swain . . . . .</i>	i 37
 <i>Join, mates, in mirth to me . . . . .</i>	 i 32
 <i>Lady, my flame still burning . . . . .</i>	 i 110
<i>Lady of matchless beauty . . . . .</i>	i 125
<i>Lady, you are with beauties so enriched . . . . .</i>	i 110
<i>Let Fate, my Fortune, and my Stars conspire . . . . .</i>	ii 6
<i>Let not, sweet saint! let not these lines offend you . . . . .</i>	ii 1
<i>Like a sea-tossed bark, with tackling spent . . . . .</i>	ii 12
<i>Like to the seely fly . . . . .</i>	i 128
<i>Long have I lived in Court, yet learned not all this while . . . . .</i>	i 6
<i>Look how the pale Queen of the silent night . . . . .</i>	ii 30
<i>Love, if a God thou art . . . . .</i>	i 107
<i>Love is a sour delight, a sugared grief . . . . .</i>	ii 24
<i>Love is the link, the knot, the band of unity . . . . .</i>	ii 118

	PAGE
<i>Milo lives long in France, and while he's there . . . . .</i>	i 94
<i>Mine eye with all the deadly sins is fraught . . . . .</i>	ii 125
<i>Mine eyes have spent their tears and now are dry . . . . .</i>	ii 69
<i>Muse not, Lady, to read so strange a metre . . . . .</i>	ii 44
<i>Must my devoted heart desist to love her . . . . .</i>	ii 19
<i>My calling is Divine, and I from God am sent . . . . .</i>	i 6
<i>My cruel Dear, having captived my heart . . . . .</i>	ii 106
<i>My dearest Sweet, if these sad lines do hap . . . . .</i>	i 112
<i>My dying husband knew how much his death would grieve me</i>	i 9
<i>My famous country values gold far less . . . . .</i>	i 86
<i>My heart was found within my lady's breast . . . . .</i>	ii 37
<i>My heavy heart, which grief and hope torment . . . . .</i>	ii 64
<i>My just demands soon grant or soon deny . . . . .</i>	i 96
<i>My Love in her attire doth shew her wit . . . . .</i>	ii 121
<i>My Love is sailed against Dislike to fight . . . . .</i>	ii 103
<i>My Muse by thee restored to life . . . . .</i>	ii 81
<i>My occupation is the noble trade of Kings . . . . .</i>	i 7
<i>My only star . . . . .</i>	i 119
<i>My trade doth everything to every land supply . . . . .</i>	i 7
<i>My wanton Muse that whilome wont to sing . . . . .</i>	ii 61
.	
<i>Naso lets none drink in his glass but he . . . . .</i>	i 93
<i>Nature in her work doth give . . . . .</i>	ii 85
<i>Nay, nay, thou strive'st in vain, my heart . . . . .</i>	ii 74
<i>No common womb was fit me forth to bring . . . . .</i>	i 86
<i>Now have I learned with much ado at last . . . . .</i>	ii 77
<i>Now what is Love? I pray thee tell . . . . .</i>	ii 129
.	
<i>O fair, yet murd'ring eyes . . . . .</i>	i 89
<i>O whither shall I turn me . . . . .</i>	i 42
<i>Of Atreus' sons fain would I write . . . . .</i>	ii 82
<i>Of late what time the bear turned round . . . . .</i>	ii 83
<i>Of Neptune's empire let us sing . . . . .</i>	ii 107
<i>Oft did I hear our eyes the passage were . . . . .</i>	ii 100
<i>Oft do I plain, and she my plains doth read . . . . .</i>	ii 11
<i>Oft have I mused the cause to find . . . . .</i>	ii 40
<i>Oh faithless world, and thy most faithless part . . . . .</i>	ii 111
<i>Oh hand! of all hands living . . . . .</i>	i 126
<i>Oh most unhappy Dido! . . . . .</i>	i 139
<i>Oh trifling toys that toss the brains . . . . .</i>	ii 95
<i>Oh! why did Fame my heart to love betray . . . . .</i>	ii 101
<i>Olympia's matchless son, whenas he knew . . . . .</i>	i 136
<i>Once did my Philomel reflect on me . . . . .</i>	ii 103
<i>Only, sweet Love, afford me but thy heart . . . . .</i>	ii 117

	PAGE
<i>Pale Death himself did love my Philomel . . . . .</i>	ii 102
<i>Passion may my judgment blear . . . . .</i>	i 106
<i>Pauper amabilis et venerabilis est benedictus . . . . .</i>	ii 145
<i>Perin, areed what new mischance betide . . . . .</i>	i 63
<i>Philo swears he ne'er eats at home a-nights . . . . .</i>	i 98
<i>Phœbus of all the Gods I wish to be . . . . .</i>	i 92
<i>Praise, pleasure, profit is that threefold band . . . . .</i>	ii 98
<i>Praise you those barren rhymes long since composed . . . . .</i>	i 127
<i>Quintus is burnt, and may thereof be glad . . . . .</i>	i 100
<i>Reason and Love lately at strife contended . . . . .</i>	ii 5
<i>Rest, good my Muse, and give me leave to rest . . . . .</i>	ii 68
<i>Rich Chremes while he lives will nought bestow . . . . .</i>	i 94
<i>Sed Deus omnipotens, qui verbo cuncta creavit . . . . .</i>	ii 146
<i>She only is the pride of Nature's skill . . . . .</i>	ii 43
<i>Shun not, sweet breast, to see me all of fire . . . . .</i>	i 132
<i>Sickness, intending my love to betray . . . . .</i>	ii 101
<i>Since I your cherry lips did kiss . . . . .</i>	i 109
<i>Since just disdain began to rise . . . . .</i>	ii 78
<i>Since true penance hath suspended . . . . .</i>	i 47
<i>Sitting at board sometimes, prepared to eat . . . . .</i>	i 104
<i>Smooth are thy looks, so is the deepest stream . . . . .</i>	ii 43
<i>Some men, they say, are poets born by kind . . . . .</i>	ii 31
<i>Some there are as fair to see to . . . . .</i>	i 126
<i>Sorrow slowly killeth any . . . . .</i>	i 108
<i>Speak, gentle heart, where is thy dwelling-place? . . . . .</i>	ii 21
<i>Sure, dear, I love you not; for he that loveth . . . . .</i>	i 92
<i>Sweet, I do not pardon crave . . . . .</i>	i 45
<i>Sweet, if you like and love me still . . . . .</i>	i 123
<i>Sweet Lord, your flame still burning . . . . .</i>	ii 110
<i>Sweet Love, mine only treasure . . . . .</i>	ii 33
<i>Sweet thoughts, the food on which I feeding sterve . . . . .</i>	ii 39
<i>Sweet, to my cursed life some favour show . . . . .</i>	ii 7
<i>That we should more bewail the hap of kings . . . . .</i>	ii 137
<i>The ancient readers of Heaven's book . . . . .</i>	ii 127
<i>The bull by nature hath his horns . . . . .</i>	ii 83
<i>The fairest eye, O eyes in blackness fair . . . . .</i>	i 102
<i>The fairest pearls that Northern seas do breed . . . . .</i>	ii 36
<i>The first of all our sex came from the side of man . . . . .</i>	i 9
<i>The frozen snake oppressed with heaped snow . . . . .</i>	ii 51
<i>The golden sun that brings the day . . . . .</i>	ii 67
<i>The Law my calling is; my robe, my tongue, my pen . . . . .</i>	i 7



	PAGE
<i>The love of change hath changed the world throughout . . .</i>	ii 45
<i>The lowest trees have tops; the ant her gall . . .</i>	ii 86
<i>The night, say all, was made for rest . . .</i>	ii 48
<i>The poets feign that when the world began . . .</i>	ii 122
<i>The poor man beloved, for virtue approved, right blessed is he</i>	ii 146
<i>The soldier worn with wars, delights in peace . . .</i>	ii 27
<i>Thou evermore dost ancient poets blame . . .</i>	i 90
<i>The summer sun that scalds the ground with heat . . .</i>	ii 49
<i>The sun doth make the marigold to flourish . . .</i>	ii 29
<i>The virtuous man is free, though bound in chains . . .</i>	i 63
<i>The wretched life I live . . .</i>	i 121
<i>Thine eyes so bright . . .</i>	ii 38
<i>This sword is mine, or will Laertes' son . . .</i>	i 85
<i>Thou evermore dost ancient poets blame . . .</i>	i 100
<i>Thou still wert wont, in earnest or in jest . . .</i>	i 100
<i>Though late, my heart, yet turn at last . . .</i>	ii 134
<i>Though naked trees seem dead to sight . . .</i>	ii 74
<i>Though strange outlandish spirits praise towns and country scorn . . .</i>	i 8
<i>Though you be not content . . .</i>	i 89
<i>Thus am I free from laws that other bind . . .</i>	ii 32
<i>Thy lawful wife fair Lælia needs must be . . .</i>	i 94
<i>Time nor place did I want, what held me tongue-tied? . . .</i>	ii 38
<i>Time wasteth years, and months, and days, and hours . . .</i>	ii 23
<i>'Twixt heat and cold, 'twixt death and life . . .</i>	ii 72
<i>Unhappy eyes, the causers of my pain . . .</i>	ii 47
<i>Unhappy verse! the witness of unhappy state . . .</i>	ii 124
<i>Wake, Pity, wake! for thou hast slept too long . . .</i>	i 105
<i>Walking in bright Phæbus' blaze . . .</i>	i 34
<i>Were I as base as is the lowly plain . . .</i>	ii 121
<i>What can I now suspect, or what can I fear any longer? . . .</i>	ii 90
<i>What moved me then? say, Love, for thou canst tell . . .</i>	ii 32
<i>What need I say how it doth wound my breast . . .</i>	ii 6
<i>What strange adventure, what new unlooked-for arrival . . .</i>	ii 91
<i>Whatso'er you coggingly require . . .</i>	i 97
<i>When a weak child is sick and out of quiet . . .</i>	ii 120
<i>When I to you of all my woes complain . . .</i>	ii 122
<i>When time nor place would let me often view . . .</i>	ii 104
<i>When to her lute Corinna sings . . .</i>	ii 109
<i>When trait'rous Photine Caesar did present . . .</i>	i 90
<i>When Venus saw Desire must die . . .</i>	ii 79
<i>When will the fountain of my tears be dry . . .</i>	ii 50
<i>Whenas the sun eclipsed is, some say . . .</i>	ii 105

	PAGE
<i>Where heat of love doth once possess the heart . . . . .</i>	ii 27
<i>Where wit is over-ruled by will . . . . .</i>	ii 71
<i>Whether thy choice or chance thee hither brings . . . . .</i>	ii 136
<i>While love in you did live, I only lived in you . . . . .</i>	i 91
<i>While thou didst love me, and that neck of thine . . . . .</i>	i 87
<i>Who gives a gift to bind a friend thereby . . . . .</i>	ii 128
<i>Who in these lines may better claim a part . . . . .</i>	i 103
<i>Whom can I first accuse? whose fault account I the greatest?</i>	ii 92
<i>Whosoever longs to try . . . . .</i>	i 132
<i>Whosoever saith thou sellest all, doth jest . . . . .</i>	i 99
<i>Why do your wife and you so ill agree . . . . .</i>	i 98
<i>Why will not Saba in a glass behold . . . . .</i>	i 101
<i>Widow, well met; whither go you to-day? . . . . .</i>	i 18
<i>Wisdom warns me to shun that once I sought for . . . . .</i>	ii 76
<i>Wit's perfection, Beauty's wonder . . . . .</i>	i 138
<i>Worthily famous lord, whose virtues rare . . . . .</i>	i 135
<i>Wounded with grief, I weep, and sigh, and plain . . . . .</i>	ii 10
<i>Wronged by Desire, I yielded to Disdain . . . . .</i>	ii 45
<i>Ye ghastly groves, that hear my woeful cries . . . . .</i>	i 80
<i>Ye sister Muses, do not ye repine . . . . .</i>	ii 126
<i>Ye walls that shut me up from sight of men . . . . .</i>	ii 73
<i>Ye woeful sires, whose causeless hate hath bred . . . . .</i>	i 84
<i>You promise mountains still to me . . . . .</i>	i 98
<i>Your presence breeds my anguish . . . . .</i>	i 111



CHISWICK PRESS :—C. WHITTINGHAM AND CO., TOOKS COURT,  
CHANCERY LANE.





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