

POETICAL WORKS OF

WILLIAM BASSE

(1602-1653)

UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO

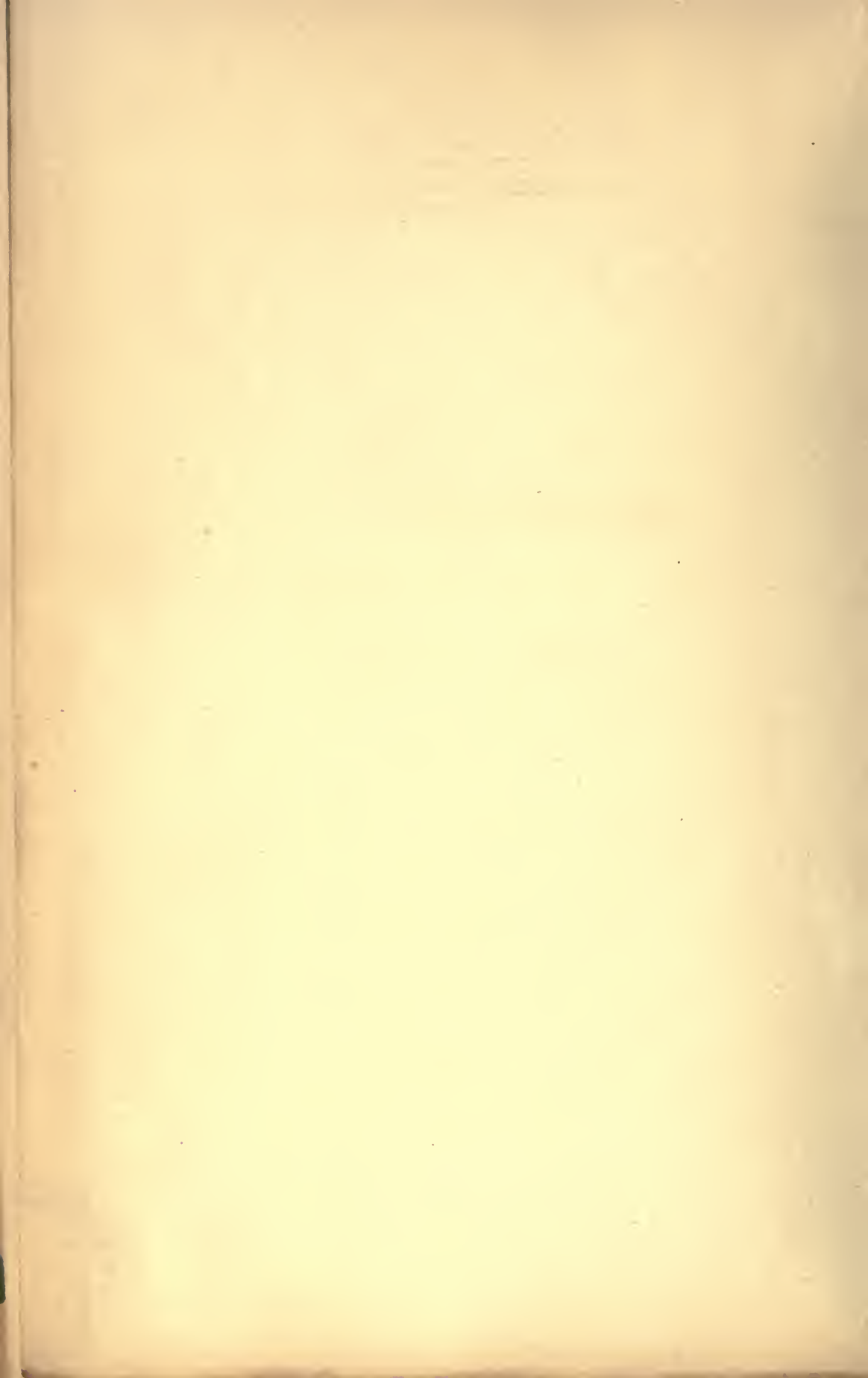


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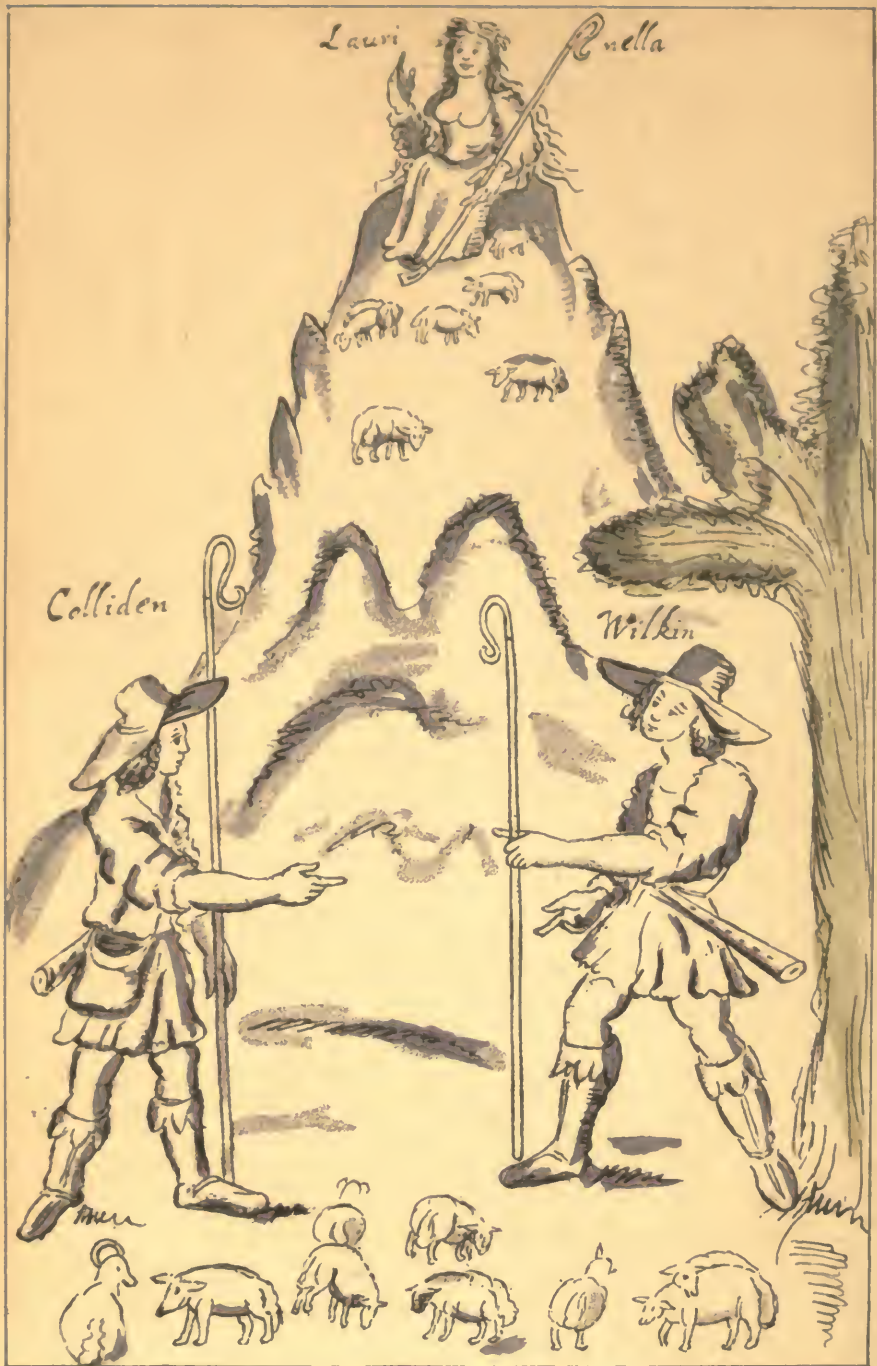


THE POETICAL WORKS OF WILLIAM BASSE.



\*\*\* *Five hundred copies of this edition have been printed,  
and Twenty-five on Large Paper.*





REPRODUCTION IN FACSIMILE OF THE ORIGINAL DRAWING IN BASSE'S MS.  
*The Pastorals, Ecl. I., p. 179.*



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THE  
POETICAL WORKS  
OF  
WILLIAM BASSE

(1602-1653)

NOW FOR THE FIRST TIME COLLECTED AND

EDITED WITH INTRODUCTION AND

NOTES BY

R. WARWICK BOND, M.A. OXON.

UNIVERSITY EXTENSION LECTURER; AUTHOR OF "THE IMMORTALS AND OTHER POEMS,"  
"AN ODE TO THE SUN AND OTHER POEMS," ETC.

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"No vertuous verse is subject unto tyme."—ECL. 7

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## ADVERTISEMENT.



THE present edition of the works of William Basse owes its origin to Messrs. Ellis and Elvey, the publishers, who are also the possessors of the original MS. of *The Pastorals and Other Workes*, which constitute the major portion of the volume. The collection and inclusion of the poet's earlier and miscellaneous poems is due to my suggestion. In regard to these latter, acknowledgment has already been made, in the Introduction or the Notes, of the kindness of the Rev. T. F. Kirby, the librarian of Winchester College, and of Mr. A. G. Peskett, the librarian of Magdalene College, Cambridge, in furnishing me with transcripts from unique copies of certain works in their respective libraries; and I have only to add here my thanks to the Rev. G. H. Lambert, chaplain at Thame Park, for some inquiries kindly made at my request, and to Mr. A. H. Bullen for one or two useful suggestions by which I have profited.

ED.

# THE HISTORY OF THE

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## TABLE OF CONTENTS.

	PAGE
ADVERTISEMENT . . . . .	v
INTRODUCTION . . . . .	ix
Notes on other works attributed to Basse . . . . .	xxxix
List of Editions . . . . .	xliv
List of Authorities . . . . .	xlvii
SWORD AND BUCKLER, or Serving Man's Defence . . . . .	1
THREE PASTORAL ELEGIES, of Anander, Anctor, and Muri- della :	
Introductory Note . . . . .	31
Elegy I. . . . .	37
Elegy II. . . . .	49
Elegy III. . . . .	71
GREAT BRITAIN'S SUNSET . . . . .	87
Commendatory Verses to William Browne's <i>Britannia's Pastorals</i>	101
Verses from the <i>Annalia Dubrensis</i> . . . . .	105
Elegy on Shakespeare . . . . .	113
Commendatory Verses to Massinger's <i>Bondman</i> . . . . .	119
The Angler's Song (from Walton's <i>Complete Angler</i> ) . . . . .	123
The Hunter's Song . . . . .	127
Tom a Bedlam . . . . .	133
POLYHYMNIA :	
Introductory Note . . . . .	139
Genealogical Table . . . . .	143
Contents of Corser's MS. . . . .	145
Contents of Cole's MS. . . . .	147
Dedication to the Countess of Lindsey . . . . .	149
Verses to Francis, Lord Norreys (fragment) . . . . .	153

	PAGE
<i>POLYHYMNIA (continued)</i> —	
Sonnet to Lady Falkland . . . . .	155
The Youth in the Boat (fragment) . . . . .	157
Fragments . . . . .	161
L'Envoi . . . . .	162
<i>THE PASTORALS AND OTHER WORKS :</i>	
Introductory Note . . . . .	163
Commendatory Verses by Ralph Bathurst, Dean of Wells . . . . .	167
Clio, Nine Eclogues in honour of Nine Virtues:	
Dedication to Sir Richard Wenman . . . . .	169
Apology to Clio . . . . .	172
To the Reader . . . . .	177
Eclogue 1, of true and chaste Love . . . . .	179
Eclogue 2, of Gratitude . . . . .	189
Eclogue 3, of Contentment . . . . .	194
Eclogue 4, of Worthy Memory . . . . .	202
Eclogue 5, of Temperance . . . . .	209
Eclogue 6, of Patience . . . . .	219
Eclogue 7, of Hospitality . . . . .	228
Eclogue 8, of Constancy . . . . .	239
Eclogue 9, of Humility . . . . .	244
Urania: the Woman in the Moon . . . . .	
Dedication to Lady Penelope Dynham . . . . .	267
Dedication (earlier) to Henry, Prince of Wales . . . . .	270
The First Canto, or New Moon . . . . .	271
The Second Canto, or First Quarter . . . . .	278
The Third Canto, or Full Moon . . . . .	292
The Fourth Canto, or Last Quarter . . . . .	300
This Story Moralized . . . . .	311
The Metamorphosis of the Walnut-tree of Boarstall . . . . .	
Canto 1 . . . . .	320
Canto 2 . . . . .	328
Canto 3 . . . . .	337



## INTRODUCTION.



LITTLE apology, it is to be hoped, is needed for a volume of the nature of the present. The author of the poems here for the first time collected was a man of considerable note among his contemporaries, and deserves his place in the history of our literature not less for his connection with other men of letters than for the merit of his own poetic work. The major portion of this was never published in his own lifetime ; hence he has failed to obtain the recognition which was his due. The flattering mention of him by Walton could not perpetuate his memory in the absence of a definite body of work with which it might be associated ; and Basse's name, unknown to Thomas Warton when he published *The Life and Literary Remains of Ralph Bathurst* in 1761, was known probably to a very limited number indeed when Malone, in 1790, printed the *Elegy on Shakespeare* in his edition of that poet, and referred Bathurst's commendatory verses to "a volume of MS. poems by Basse entitled *Polyhymnia* in the collection of Richard Slater, Esq." Joseph Hunter's useful notice of him in the first volume of his *MS. Chorus Vatum*, 1838, was never printed. In the early months of 1850, however, a correspondence was carried

on in *Notes and Queries* between Mr. J. P. Collier, Dr. Rimbault, and the Rev. Thomas Corser, which demonstrated the identity of William Basse, the author of *Great Brittaines Sunnes-set*, with the author of the *Polyhymnia*. Further details were given by Mr. Corser, who then possessed one of the *Polyhymnia* MSS., in his *Collectanea Anglo-Poetica*, 1860, and by Mr. Collier in his *Bibliographical and Critical Account*, 1865. Collier had already printed another early production of Basse, *Sword and Buckler*, among his *Illustrations of Early English Popular Literature*, 1864; but he maintained it to be the work of an earlier writer, possibly the poet's father. In 1869 he obtained access to and was allowed to print, for the first time, the MS. of Basse's most important achievement, *The Pastorals and other Workes*, which, heralded by a long letter in the *Athenæum* of November 6, 1869, appeared in his series of *Miscellaneous Tracts* of the time of Elizabeth and James I., with a brief introduction by himself (1870). It is somewhat strange that the interest he had already evinced did not lead him to issue a complete edition of the poet. In his default it has fallen to my lot to gather up the threads thus dropped, and carry to a conclusion the work that he and others began. In the interim, unfortunately, the MS. of the *Polyhymnia* has disappeared—swallowed, I suppose, by some voracious collection, and buried for another long series of years from the view of students and the public. The considerable fragments quoted from it in the articles just enumerated have, however, been carefully reproduced, and an attempt has been made to explain the variation in the two MSS. of the work which formerly existed. Besides this I have been able, I think, by internal evidence, to establish Basse's claim to *Sword and Buckler*; I have procured the disinterment of another important work of his of the same



date, the *Three Pastoral Elegies*, a unique copy of which, long buried in the Winchester College Library, has by the kindness of the librarian furnished the text for the present edition; I have examined everything else with which, so far as I know, Basse has been credited; and I have carefully revised the text of the whole body of his genuine work, written brief introductions to each poem, and endeavoured to supply in the notes an explanation of all allusions and doubtful passages. A full list of editions, and such authorities as exist, is given at pp. xlv to xlvii. It remains to preface the poems and notes with such brief account of the man himself as may be drawn from his works and other sources, and to attempt some estimate of his worth as a poet.

An editor may perhaps congratulate himself that the materials for a life of William Basse are more than usually scanty: his attention is less likely to be distracted by the merits or demerits of a character from an impartial weighing of the poems themselves. Such evidence as exists is chiefly internal, derived from the contents, titles, or dedications of his poems. In 1602 appeared two works from his pen, *Sword and Buckler, or Serving Man's Defence*, which he professes (see page 7) to be "first that ere I writ," and *Three Pastoral Elegies of Anander, Anetor, and Muridella*. Neither of these would ask a very large share of constructive ability for their production; but the metrical skill, control over language, and sense of fitness that they evince can hardly have belonged to one much less than twenty years of age. On the other hand, the author describes himself, in the former work, as not having hitherto attained a higher position than that of a page (stanza 73). He is

possibly only writing in character; but if the statement really applies to himself, his age in 1602 can hardly have been more than eighteen. We shall probably be right, then, in fixing the date of his birth about 1583.

A passage in the Fourth Eclogue, commencing "For in yon Towne that doeth with cities sort" (see p. 203), affords some presumption that Basse was born and went to school at Northampton. A note in the margin of the MS. identifies "yon Towne" with that place; and though "our towne," further down, may mean Thame as the abode of Willy and Watty alike, it seems more natural to refer it to Northampton, which is to be contrasted with Oxford. Basse is described by Anthony à Wood in 1636 as "of Moreton, near Thame in Oxfordshire, sometime a retainer to the Lord Wenman of Thame Park" (*Athen. Oxon.*, ed. Bliss, iv. 222). Now the first Lady Wenman was a daughter of Sir George Fermor of Easton Neston in Northamptonshire, a lady of much learning and some literary achievement. It is possible that her attention had at some time been drawn to William Basse as a promising young scholar at the Northampton Free Grammar School;<sup>1</sup> and that on the occasion of her marriage with Sir R. Wenman,<sup>2</sup> which probably took place shortly after he received knighthood in 1596, the boy accompanied her to Thame Park in the capacity of a page.

The Eclogue continues:

"Young Meredic, as he was freind to me,  
So freinded by my greatest freind was he:  
And there on Baliols and their bounty fed."

<sup>1</sup> Founded by Thomas Chipsey, grocer, 1541.

<sup>2</sup> Sir Richard was created an Irish peer by the title of Viscount Wenman of Tuam, July 30, 1628.

Are we to conclude from this that Basse, as well as his friend Meredic, was at Balliol, and was assisted there by the liberality of Sir Richard Wenman? If so, it must have been in a purely private capacity, for Sir Richard's name is not amongst those of the benefactors of the college. The passage just quoted about Oxford and the general tone of his verse, no less than an occasional Latinism and abundant allusions to classical mythology, especially to the *Metamorphoses* of Ovid, afford a strong presumption that Basse was an University man; but his name is not found on the register of those who matriculated between 1567 and 1610. His interest in Oxford, however, is clear enough, whether it was derived from actual membership of the University or merely from residence in its neighbourhood. In 1613 he wrote some verses on the consecration of the Chapel of Wadham College (founded in that year), which were included in the unpublished volume *Polyhymnia*; and he must have numbered many Oxford men amongst his acquaintance, for instance, Ralph Bathurst (note, p. 167), Clement Barksdale (notes, pp. 224 and 319), and William Browne, the poet of *Britannia's Pastorals* (note, p. 101), for the Second Book of which he wrote some commendatory verses. From the peculiar position these verses occupy in the folio edition of 1616, between those of George Wither and Ben Jonson, the three being printed quite apart from those of other contributors,<sup>1</sup> we may almost infer some tie of closer acquaintance

<sup>1</sup> There are in the British Museum two folio copies of Books I. and II. bound together. The first (C. 21. d. 6), containing the autographs of "K. Browne" and "Ann Leighton," prints the verses of the three poets before the dedication, which is followed by those of other contributors. The second, in the Grenville Library (11,596), prints the verses of the three in the same respective order, but *after* all the other copies.

between the four poets. Wither's muse (and Jonson's) is celebrated in the second song of this Second Book, and abounds, in its turn, with compliments to the shepherd—

“Who wonnes by Tavy on the Western plaine.”  
(*Shep. Hunt.*, Ecl. 3.)

Ben Jonson, in his lines prefixed to the First Folio Shakespeare, pointedly alludes to Basse's elegy on the poet (note, p. 114), an elegy not printed before 1633, though a version exists in an MS. collection in William Browne's handwriting. No allusion to Wither occurs in Basse's work; but we have in the second Eclogue of the *Shepherd's Hunting* (1615) Wither's boast,—

“But, though I say 't, the noblest Nymph of Thame  
Hath graced my verse unto my greater fame;”—

and I am disposed to think that Basse is intended by the “Willie” of Wither's fourth Eclogue,<sup>1</sup> who is chidden for not singing pastorals as he was wont, and who makes answer that, the merit of his verse having been in some quarters disallowed, he prefers to—

“keepe my skill in store  
Till I've seene some Winters more.”

Wither followed Basse in an elaborate poem on the death of Prince Henry, and certain parts of the former's description of “Faire-Virtue, the mistress of Philarete,” as well as the general tone of that poem, strongly suggest, to me, the *Three Pastoral Elegies*.

In speaking of Basse's circle of friends we must not pass over the words in which, in the third *Elegie*, he alludes to Spenser—words so precise and express as to

<sup>1</sup> “Willie” cannot be William Browne, who is evidently to be identified with “Alexis.”

amount to more than a mere profession of discipleship like that of Sir John Davies, Giles and Phineas Fletcher, William Browne, and others, and almost to imply a personal relation between the famous and the unknown poet. Basse was, according to this passage—

“*Collins* boy,

His deare young boy, and yet of yeares inow  
To leade his willing heard along the plaine;  
I on his pipe did learne this singing vaine.

And oh, (well mote he now take rest therefore,)  
How oft in pray’rs and song he pray’d and sung,  
That I (as had himselfe full long before,)  
Mought liue a happy shepheard and a young;  
And many vowes, and many wishes more,  
When he his Pipe into my bosome flung,  
And said, though *Collin* ne’re shall be surpast,  
Be, while thou liu’st, as like him as thou maist.”

(See p. 73 and the stanza following on p. 74.)

Beyond this reference, however, repeated at the outset of the *Elegies* and in the dedication of the *Pastorals*, there is no evidence of any connection between them, unless we regard as such Basse’s acquaintance with the Countess of Pembroke (see below), to whom Spenser might have been the means of introducing him.

Basse seems to have continued to live at Thame Park,<sup>1</sup> where he was doubtless early exempted from personal service and left free to haunt the library and cultivate his literary faculty, his patron’s claim being held to be satisfied by the occasional offering of a poem or sonnet to some guest or member of his family, of which the contents-table of the *Polyhymnia* affords several instances. Among those with whom he was thus brought into contact, and whom he flattered or honoured by the

<sup>1</sup> For a history and description of the house and property of Thame Park, see Lupton’s *History of Thame*, 1860.

address of a poem, were Lady Penelope Dynham, his patron's daughter, whom he must have known as a child; Lord Knollys of Caversham House; the owner of Wytham House; Viscountess Falkland, wife of the Irish Lord Deputy, and mother of the great Falkland who fell at Newbury; lastly, the famous Mary Herbert, Countess of Pembroke, the sister of Sir Philip Sidney. She appears several times in Basse's Eclogues under the name of "Pœmenarcha" (see note, p. 182), and from his language in Eclogue 2 it would seem that he had received some special notice or gift from her. Connection with the Wenmans implied connection also with their relatives the Norreys,<sup>1</sup> another great Oxfordshire family, whose seat of Rycote<sup>2</sup> lay within a few miles of Thame Park. The *Polyhymnia* volume is dedicated (1653 *circ.*) to Bridget, Countess of Lindsey, the then

<sup>1</sup> See Genealogical Table, p. 143, and notes, pp. 150, 153.

<sup>2</sup> Rycote lies a little north of the high road between Thame and Oxford, at a distance of two and three-quarter miles from the former place, and rather more from Thame Park. It is now only a substantial farm, whose fine large farmhouse was formerly a stable where racehorses were kept. The mansion was burnt in 1747, but a turret which contained a stair, and a portion of a wall, still remain, and show the house to have been of brick mounted with stone, something in the style of the oldest part of Hampton Court. A grand old cedar that has lost many branches stands on what was once no doubt a trimly-kept lawn, and at a distance of some 300 or 400 yards lies a large mere known as the "fish-ponds." But the most striking feature of the place is the old chapel of St. Michael and All Angels, standing apart amid high trees, of Perpendicular architecture and considerable size, which was founded in 1449 by Richard Quatremain and Sybilla his wife. The fabric, including the tower, seems still in good repair; but the interior, with its abundance of oak carving, is quite neglected. Underneath the chapel is a vault which has been used for generations as the burial-place of the Norreys and Berties. Here, no doubt, sleeps the Francis, Lord Norreys, of the *Polyhymnia*, who committed suicide in 1623 (see note, p. 153), and his granddaughter, the Lady Bridget, Countess of

owner of Rycote, to whose grandfather, Sir Francis Norreys, the opening poem is addressed. It is interesting as containing a depreciatory reference to the author's personal appearance, the only hint we have on the subject :

“ In playne (my honour'd Lord) I was not borne  
 Audacious vowes or forraigne legs to use ;  
 Nature denyed my outside to adorne,  
 And I of art to learne outsides refuse.  
 Yet haveing of them both enough to scorne  
 Silence & vulgar prayse, this humble Muse  
 And her meane favourite at yo<sup>r</sup> comānd  
 Chose in this kinde to kisse your noble hand” (p. 154).

Probably Basse was as much at home in the Rycote library as in that at Thame Park (see introductory note to *Polyhymnia*, p. 140) ; and at one or both did much of that classical reading the evidence of which appears in his works. The first poem after those of 1602 of whose date we have any certain indication is the long narrative poem *Urania*, which, as being dedicated to Prince Henry, must have been written before his death in November, 1612. That event was lamented by Basse in a somewhat constrained elegy, *Great Brittaines Sunnes-set*, which appeared in the following year, with two closing stanzas referring to the nuptials of the Princess Elizabeth with the Elector Palatine. Probably, too, the verses to Sir Francis Beaumont,<sup>1</sup> if Basse's, were written before the former's death in 1616. His best known effort, the *Elegy on Shakespeare*, may also have been written in that

Lindsey. The last interment was that of a member of the Bertie family some six years ago, and the vault is now full. In the burying-ground on the south side of the chapel are some dozen headstones, sunk and overgrown, but I could decipher no inscription earlier than the eighteenth century.

<sup>1</sup> See p. xl.

year, and *must* be earlier than Ben Jonson's allusion to it in the First Folio, 1623.

But Basse was no mere hermit or literary recluse. His poems exhibit him as actively interested in the life of the countryside, with eyes for what occupied or amused country-folk, both rich and poor. The age, indeed, of intense poetic realization of landscape, or of microscopic moralizing on flower or tree, had not yet dawned; though among the poems collected in the *Polyhymnia* was one on a rainbow and another on a flood. But in the homely current of a country life as it affected ordinary human beings Basse felt, I believe, a peculiar zest. His sheep and cattle are not mere poetic adjuncts to an eclogue; he describes a goat (*Ecl.* 6) with all a shepherd's pride and detail, and its wasting sickness when wounded by a wolf with a veterinary's knowledge. He has a close acquaintance with farming affairs;<sup>1</sup> a familiarity with trees and plants and their medicinal properties (see *Ecll.* 6, 9, &c.); while his interest in sport is evident from the number of poems he devotes to such subjects. In 1618 he was the Pindar chosen to celebrate Captain Dover's Cotswold Games; and from some lines quoted by Collier out of one of the poems in the *Polyhymnia*—

“Lo but too ofte of man and horse, when young,  
The naked heele and hammered hoofe I sung,” etc. (p. 162)—

we may gather that his favourite subjects at one time were those connected with sport, though his later muse abandoned them for worthier themes. Among his efforts in this kind were *The Hunter's Song*; the poem on a footrace between two Irishmen; and, last but not least,

<sup>1</sup> See pp. 56, st. 3; 180, st. 4, l. 5; 190, st. 3, l. 4; 191, st. 2, l. 6; 196, top; 200, bottom; 214, st. 2, l. 5; 215, top; 220, etc.



*The Angler's Song*, written perhaps later than the rest, and of peculiar interest as the link that connects him with one other literary friend, old Izaak Walton to wit, at whose request the song was "made," and in whose *Compleat Angler* it makes its appearance with a warmly appreciative notice by the author (see passage quoted p. 123).

The mention of these songs leads naturally to that of Basse's claim to a technical knowledge of music, suggested by Collier (*Notes and Queries* for Jan. 26, 1850, Series I., p. 200), who appeals to Dr. Rimbault for confirmation. Dr. Rimbault, however, replying on Feb. 23rd, though he gives details about the tune to which *The Hunter's Song* was set, a tune which seems to have become quite popular as *Basse's Career*, and about the music to *Tom of Bedlam* in Playford's *Choice Ayres, etc.*, of 1675, refrains from giving any support to the suggestion of his musicianship. Nor does Mr. Corser, replying on March 9th, though he inclines to the same view, advance anything in its support beyond a verse about Calliope in the Second Part of the *Youth in the Boat*—

"A Muse to whom in former dayes  
I was extreamly bound,  
When I did sing in *Musiques* prayse  
And *Voyces* heau'nly sound"—

and a passage in the life of Walton prefixed to Sir Nicholas H. Nicolas' edition of the *Angler*, p. cxx., "He (Walton) appears to have been fond of poetry and music . . . and was intimate with Basse, an eminent composer, in whose science he took great interest"—a passage in all probability merely grounded on that in the *Angler* itself (where Basse is said to have "made the choice Songs of the *Hunter in his Carrere* and of *Tom of Bedlam*, and many others of note"), which need not

imply, any more than the verse about Calliope necessarily implies, that Basse himself composed. Dr. Rimbault, indeed, expressly says that the air of one of these songs, *Tom of Bedlam*, was composed by one John Cooper. Corser speaks of "a distant recollection of having seen other pieces in some of our early musical works, composed by Basse;" but Dr. Rimbault's silence on the point is significant. And though the closing lines of Basse's poem in the *Annalia Dubrensis* (p. 111) might possibly be urged in support of his claim, they too may just as well apply to music composed by someone else; while another passage at p. 190, st. 3, is not distinguishable from the usual pastoral language. In a word, while of course it is perfectly possible that the claim is just, I contend that there is no sufficient external proof, nor in Basse's own works can I recall a single passage which distinctly implies a technical knowledge.

His acquaintance with the deeper harmonies of life rests on better evidence. The Thame Parish Register records the baptism of an Elizabeth Basse, Nov. 20, 1625; the burial of "Jane y<sup>e</sup> daughter of Wm. Basse," Sept. 10, 1634; the marriage of Richard Furt (?) and Dorothy (?) Basse, July 24, 1637, "by banns;" and on Sept. 23, 1637, the burial of "Helinor y<sup>e</sup> wife of Williã Basse." From another entry there seems to have been a Thomas Basse also living in the town or neighbourhood, and the first and third of those here quoted may refer to his family; but about those where William Basse is mentioned there can hardly be any doubt.<sup>1</sup> It was probably on the occasion of his marriage, and by Sir

<sup>1</sup> Joseph Hunter, whose MS. *Chorus Vatum Anglicanorum* (1838) contains a useful notice of the poet, considers, in view of the rarity of the name, that all the Bases were related. He has collected from various sources the following representatives:

Richard's bounty, that Basse acquired a domicile of his

- (1) *William Basse* and Ursula his wife surrendered tenements in Fulham to Laurence Hewer, grocer, of London, on October 5, 1579.
- (2) *Humphry Basse*, partner of Thos. Francklyn, merchant, was (by a certificate) living in Fenchurch Street, May 20, 1603.
- (3) *Humphry Basse*, girdler and citizen of London, was (by a subsidy certificate) living in Bishopsgate, April 9, 1613; and had been, on August 14, 1606, assessed on goods of £30 value.
- (4) *William Basse*, living at East Hatley in the hundred of Armingford, co. Cambridge, was assessed in 60s. goods, April 27, 1621.
- (5) *Thomas Basse* is mentioned in Sir H. Herbert's *Office-book* as one of the seven chief Players of the Revels in 1622 (Collier's *Annals of the Stage*, vol. i., p. 410). N.B. The Thame Parish Register records, under date January 1, 1635, the baptism of "Elizabeth y<sup>o</sup> daughter of *Tbo. Basse*"—but the surname is a little uncertain.
- (6) *William Basse*, of the parish of Mortlake in Surrey, Gent., was resident there with his family and household, July 23, 1625, and assessed on £6 16s. *od.* goods.
- (7) *William Basse* of Suffolk is mentioned in Cole's *Atb. Cantabrig.* as being admitted Sizar in Emmanuel College, 1629; A.B., 1632; A.M., 1636. Of him Dr. E. F. Rimbault writes in *Notes and Queries* for February 23, 1850, that he "might possibly be his (the poet's) son. There are some of his pieces among the MSS. in the Public Library, Cambridge; and I have a small MS. volume of his poems, scarcely soaring above mediocrity, which was presented to me by an ancient family residing in Suffolk."

Some of the seven persons here enumerated may have been identical with others of the seven; and Dr. Rimbault's suggestion as to the Emmanuelian seems possible enough. But all that can be affirmed with any approach to certainty is that none of the seven was the poet himself. No representative of the name survives in either Thame or Moreton; but there is one at Ickford, and another in the neighbourhood of Princes Risborough, while Kelly's *Directory* mentions two in Northampton.

own at Moreton,<sup>1</sup> within a mile or so of Thame Park. But his domestic relations find no place in his poetry, unless the slight allusion in Eclogue 7 be quoted to the contrary.<sup>2</sup> The complaint, however, in the First Eclogue of Laurinella's disdain may possibly be more than a poetical imitation of Spenser; and, since the lover is en-

<sup>1</sup> Land in Moreton had been granted to Thame Abbey in old days by Geoffrey Osmund. On the dissolution of the monasteries the Thame estates went to endow in part the new see of Oxford; but in 1546 these lands were exchanged for others, and a grant of them was made by Edward VI., first to the Protector Somerset, and later, on his disgrace, to Sir John Williams, afterwards Lord Williams of Thame, half of whose property was inherited by the Wenmans (Lupton's *History of Thame*, pp. 36 *sqq.*). The only two cottages in Moreton now belonging to the Thame Park property lie (1) first on the right as you enter the hamlet by the footpath from Thame; (2) first on the right (in a farmyard) as you enter the hamlet by the footpath from Thame Park. Either of these appears quite old enough to have been that actually occupied by Basse, as do several others in the village—one actually bears date 1691; but the present inhabitants retain no tradition of the poet.

<sup>2</sup> The words alluded to—

“My Dame to-night a cheese-cake me allowes,  
Whose borders are as browne as are her browes,” etc.—

are, however, put into the mouth of Nando, while Basse himself in this Eclogue is evidently to be identified with Jeffrey. The special name chosen to represent himself is, as signed in the *Apologie to Clio*, Colliden; but, just as “E. K.” in his “glosse” on Spenser's 10th Eclogue doubts whether the poet is not represented by Cuddie in Eclogues 8 and 10, as well as by Colin elsewhere, so Basse seems to be represented also by Chauntlet in *Ecl.* 3, where he recites an acrostic on Sir Richard Wenman, by Watty in *Ecl.* 4 (cf. “so freinded by my greatest freind was he”), by Benedic in *Ecl.* 6, who compares his scrip's stolen contents to those of Colliden's (but see note, p. 224), by Jeffrey in *Ecl.* 7, who repeats an epithalamium composed for Sir R. Wenman's marriage, by Tomkin in *Ecl.* 8, who laments the death of Pœmenarcha and of the Wenmans. The only names that seem to indicate some other personage are those of Mcliden, who in *Ecl.* 3 contrasts his dwelling on the Chiltern Hills

couraged to hope, may perhaps refer to the lady who afterwards became his wife.

Roughly speaking, the *Pastorals* belong to the later, the *Polyhymnia* to the earlier portion of his life, though in either case there seem to be exceptions. There is a presumption that the Fifth Eclogue, which laments Pœmenarcha's departure, was written in or about 1616, the actual year of the Countess of Pembroke's journey to Spa; and that the Second was written some time before that date. The Fourth, which laments the untimely death of the two college friends, is also probably among the earlier ones. A certain similarity of tone in the Third and Sixth suggests that they were written about the same time, and after Basse's establishment at Moreton; indeed, the Third includes an acrostic on "Sir Richard Wenman, Lord Viscount Wenman," which, though professedly composed in the poet's "younger and delightfull dayes," cannot itself have been written before 1628, when Sir Richard was made an Irish peer. At the same time the Third, and probably the Seventh also, must be written before his death in 1640; for the first of them regards him throughout as still living, and the Second, though it quotes lines written, in a time "long forepast," on the occasion of his patron's second marriage, yet dates probably before the lady's death in 1629. From the

with that of Chauntlet (Basse) in the valley; Nicco (*Ecl.* 6), whose excessive grief is rebuked by Benedic; Meredic and Brianoled, lamented in *Ecl.* 4; Clorus (*Ecl.* 5), unable to fill the absent Pœmenarcha's place in his affections; and, in the *Walnut-Tree*, "Jasper, a swayne upon the Cotswold hill," distinguished from "Jeffrey, shepheard on the banks of Thame," who represents Basse as in *Ecl.* 7. Some of the names of Basse's shepherds are drawn from the common heritage left by the pastoral poets of Italy, of Spain, and of France, in the century and a half preceding him, e.g., Benedic and Nicco (It.), (Ferdinando (Sp.), Orpin and Perigot (Fr.), while Clorus appears to be classical; but a majority of them are English.

language of this Seventh Eclogue we must conclude that Basse was present at the wedding, which is evidently held in London.<sup>1</sup> The two remaining ones—Eight and Nine—are evidently written after 1640; and probably, like the *Metamorphosis*, after the close of the war (see note on *Apologie to Clio*, p. 172).

The war and the troubled times that followed it were no doubt responsible for the poet's long delay in putting forth the volume containing the better part of his work. From the dedication to Sir R. Wenman it is clear that he intended issuing at least the *Pastorals* before 1640. Even then he could speak of his muse as having had "halfe an ages sleepe," and excuse his delay on the ground of self-criticism. (See p. 171.) Bathurst's lines, given at p. 167, which allude to the age of the poems and their author, were written in 1651, as we learn from their heading<sup>2</sup> in Warton's *Life and Remains*; so that a fresh delay of two years or more must have ensued before Basse actually took steps to carry out his purpose. It is possible that straitened circumstances may have prevented his doing so earlier (see *Ecl.* 8, p. 242). The Civil War, bringing in its train the death and impoverishment of many of his friends, must inevitably have curtailed his own resources. It is curious and rather pathetic that, after all his patient filing and selection and all these renewed delays, neither this work nor the *Polyhymnia* were ever actually published; but so it was. In the absence of certain information on the

<sup>1</sup> See the allusions to Cheapside and Bowe Church, p. 230. Sir Richard is said to have been married at St. Dunstan's in the West in Fleet Street; but an examination of the parish registers there between 1617 (the date of his first wife's death) and 1640 (the date of his own) does not reveal his name.

<sup>2</sup> "To William Basse upon the intended publication of his poems. Jan. 13, 1651."

point, the most probable inference is that death was responsible for the omission. The Thame Register, which might have helped us here, is silent. A break in the entries occurs at the year 1653 with the following notice: "From November, 1653, to May, 1657, the order was they should be Registerd in the Cole (?) Book;" but no such book survives, and among the entries from May, 1657, when the register proper is resumed, to March, 1661-2, Basse's name does not occur. It seems probable that he died in the interim. If my conjecture of 1583 as the year of his birth be correct, he had already in 1653 reached the allotted human term. It was on December 16, 1653, that Cromwell was made Protector by the Instrument of Government. The following year witnessed a good deal of authorized interference with the holders of livings, and the ultimate disappearance of the interim register may possibly be connected with such. In any case the troubled state of the times, altogether unfavourable to purely literary performance, would sufficiently account for the non-publication of Basse's work, especially if he were no longer living to press the matter to a conclusion. No monument or headstone that can be identified as his survives, either in the old burying-ground of the abbey, adjoining the chapel at Thame Park, in the Chapel itself, built before the dissolution of the monasteries and restored in 1836, or in the churchyard of Thame Parish Church. At Moreton, where he lived, was neither church nor burying-ground at all. Nor is his name decipherable on any of the stones at Rycote. The nature of his end, therefore, remains shrouded in the same obscurity as his birth; but there can be little doubt that the year was 1653. Now at last his life's chief work, kept in hand through year after year, pored over again and again in patient revision, persevered in

still amid the fading prospect of any reception for it,— now at last it is finished, ready, corrected for the press; and then, on the very eve of its production, when the lonely and aged poet is looking to find in its public recognition some solace for the loss of wife, of child, of patron, and of friends—

“ Comes the blind Fury with the abhorred shears,  
And slits the thin-spun life.—But not the praise ! ”

The poetic force that passed away with William Basse, if in no point it can claim equal kinship with the great manifestations that were contemporary with it, was yet one of much variety and abundant interest. To judge from its earliest products, *Sword and Buckler* and the *Three Pastoral Elegies*, it had been exercised for some time before these results of it were given to the world. Both of them display a fluency and facility that never deserted the author; but it would be a mistake to consider them, in estimating his talent, apart from each other. The first is a mere piece of special pleading, with so little of the properly poetical about it, and such slight resemblance to any other of Basse's writings, that Collier's doubts about his authorship of it are easily intelligible. Had it been put forth alone those doubts would be even better grounded. But, as I hope to have shown in the notes, there are phrases and uses which sufficiently establish Basse's claim; and the marked avoidance of poetic diction or sentiment is no doubt due to a perception that such would be out of keeping with the subject. It was in fact little more than a pamphlet in verse, a mere bid for popularity, intended to form his introduction to the larger public. In it he could exhibit his vocabulary and command of rhyme; in the *Three Pastoral Elegies*, published at or about the same



time, though by a different publisher, he could follow the conventional custom, and put his apprehension of youthful passion into the mouths of the ardent shepherds, the coy and dainty damsels, to which the educated folk were better accustomed. The impression derived from either work is that of ease and fluency rather than inspiration or power. The poetic imagination, however, is far from wanting in the *Elegies*; and it appears even more distinctly in *Urania*, the next perhaps of his surviving works on which he was employed, a poem which for its easy grace, interest, and originality may possibly be considered his best achievement. Basse represents himself as the follower of Spenser; and though it is impossible not to feel that the genius and temper of the two men were widely different, his verse affords evidence enough of a careful study of his master's manner, and succeeds not seldom in the *Pastorals* in reproducing something of the magic of his melody. But in *Urania*, as in the *Youth in the Boat*, and the *Metamorphosis of the Walnut Tree*, we see Basse in a style that is certainly not Spenser's. This easy narrative, shot through with a vein of half-humorous moralizing that never strikes the reader as tedious, recalls, better perhaps than any contemporary work, the style of Spenser's one great predecessor, Chaucer. It was not a common trait in Basse's day, this gift of storytelling, and his exhibition of it strengthens the probability of his acquaintance with William Browne, the student of both Chaucer and Occleve. No allusion to Chaucer, no direct evidence of a study of him even, beyond his later adoption of his stanza, occurs in Basse's work; yet the share he possessed of Chaucer's special faculty is possibly his most distinguishing mark among contemporary poets.

The directions, however, which his Muse chiefly

followed were those of sport and eulogy. The former class of subject occupied him most in youth; and if the lines quoted by Collier (see p. 162) be sincere, the poet afterwards somewhat regretted the time spent upon it. *The Hunter's Song*, indeed, exhibits a rough vigour and some expressions which mark it as the work of a poet, but none of these sporting themes exhibit Basse at his best. To his efforts in the other department the contents-table of the *Polyhymnia* is witness. These were more or less necessitated by his position as Sir Richard Wenman's client; but one of them at least, the sonnet to Lady Falkland (p. 155), affords a pleasing example of what he could do in this direction. The *Elegy on Shakespeare*, too (p. 113), more voluntary perhaps and therefore more sincere, happily combines warmth of feeling with dignity of expression, and quite merits the distinction it has obtained of preserving the poet's memory from complete oblivion. But in most cases they are not specially happy. The *Great Brittaines Sunnes-set* (p. 87), the most elaborate of his compositions in this kind, is but a frigid performance. It is always a performance. Basse hampered himself at the outset by the unwise choice or creation of a special stanza, ending in two Alexandrines with rhymed hemistichs, in which it would have been always difficult to succeed; and he shows, moreover, in this poem the influence of that extravagant taste for conceits that marks and mars the work of Donne and others his successors. The actual images he employs are not always unhappy; but there is a constant strain after simile and antithesis, in which the sense of harmony or of point and finish is lost in our feeling of the unreality of the likeness or of the opposition (see especially stanzas 8, 10, 15). Notwithstanding these defects some of the stanzas, e.g., 10 and 11, are striking; though there is hardly one but in one

or two lines falls below the level of the rest. The following stanza (14) may serve as an example both of the elaboration of which I have spoken, and, in the first six lines, of the metrical skill and ear for variety which Basse may certainly claim :

“ Like a high Pyramis, in all his towers  
 Finish'd this morning, and laid prostrate soone ;  
 Like as if Night's blacke and incestuous howers  
 Should force Apollo's beauty before noone ;  
 Like as some strange change in the heav'nly powers  
 Should in hir full quench the refulgent Moone :  
 So He his daies, his light, and his life (here) expir'd ;  
 New-built, most Sunlike, bright Full Man, and most admir'd.”

But of the miscellaneous poems sufficient has been said in the notes on each. All of them are more or less pleasing; none particularly stimulating. Had he written nothing more, he would scarce have deserved preservation; but simultaneously with these Basse was at work upon the series of *The Pastorals*, work to which it is evident he intended to give the fullest benefit of delay and self-criticism. Before 1640 he tells us that they had had “half an ages sleepe;” and from the *Apologie to Clio* (st. 11), though he calls them (st. 5) “eldest issues of my slender quill,” we may perhaps infer that some which were originally included had, in 1653, been suppressed. I have already stated my belief that Basse is the “Willy” with whom Wither remonstrates in *The Shepheard's Hunting* for his silence after a successful *début* as a singer. Basse himself has no hesitation in testifying to the reputation his previous songs had won amongst his shepherd mates (see *Ecl.* 1, line 2; *Ecl.* 7, p. 233; *Ecl.* 9, p. 244); and a stanza from the *Apologie*, commencing “For many elder Shepherds, and more such,” confirms Bathurst's assertion of the length of time that he had kept the *Pastorals* in hand. If

he exhibits a Miltonic consciousness of merit, he also practises a Miltonic delay, due partly, no doubt, like Milton's, to circumstances, but partly also to a principle of strict self-criticism—

“ And were I not an English workeman right,  
That neuer thought his worke enough well done,  
These sooner had unto your noble sight  
Been off' red by the all beholding Sun.  
Pardon the bashfull Shepheard:” (Dedication.)

—and to the same effect are the lines in *Ecl.* 7, p. 229, and the deprecatory opening of *Ecl.* 9. The original plan contemplated an eclogue for each day of the week; to the delay in publication we owe the addition of Eclogues 8 and 9, which bear evidence of being written quite late, and are certainly among the best.

It is by his *Pastorals*, no doubt, that he wished to be judged; and it is to these that we shall be safest in looking to determine his quality as a poet. They may be regarded as in some measure an extension of the eulogy on which he had already been engaged. Some share of it, at any rate, enters into six out of these nine compositions; but refined, elaborated, and infused with a moral sentiment, a didactic purpose, that raises them much above the level of mere panegyric. Indeed, they are not directly eulogistic at all; their purpose is professedly moral, the celebration of a series of virtues, and the eulogy is only adventitious. Composed avowedly on Spenser's model, it is natural to compare them with those in the *Shepherds' Calender*—a comparison on which Basse may more easily venture when it is remembered that the *Calender* was Spenser's earliest, while the *Pastorals* were Basse's most mature work. They cannot of course claim the interest that belonged to an original departure in English poetry. They follow its

example in idealizing, in clothing everything in conventional pastoral language; and yet not so that realities are not more apparent through the disguise. In Spenser there is far more of mere imitation or translation of other writers—of Marot, Theocritus, Bion, or Virgil. Little in Basse is directly imitated from Spenser. The first Eclogue, a love-plaint, strongly recalls Spenser's first in its opening and in a sentiment here and there; the lament for Meredic and Brianoled recalls that for Dido (*Ecl.* 11); the complaint in Eclogues 8 and 9 of the little favour shown to poetry recalls a similar complaint by Cuddie in Spenser's tenth. But Basse expressly disclaims (*Ecl.* 6, p. 224) all purpose of satire; and we look in vain for allegoric treatment of questions or rivalries of the day, such as we get in four at least of Spenser's eclogues. The personal or biographical element, however, is much clearer. Spenser's allusions to Leicester or Grindal are somewhat disguised, and we only know from other sources the reason of the recurring and lonely mention of Kent. In the *Pastorals* we are left in no doubt as to the poet's locality or connections. The beech-covered downs of the Chiltern Hills, the crystal fords and windings of Thame and Isis, London, Shirburn, Ditton, Gravesend, Cotswold, etc., all figure in the poems; and though none of the Wenmans appear by name, the reference to them in certain stanzas is quite clear. Apart from this we have the strongest air of reality about several matters introduced—the lament of *Ecl.* 4; the departure of Pœmenarcha for Belgium, *Ecl.* 5; the loss of the goat and of some manuscript in *Ecl.* 6; the wedding of Lord Wenman, *Ecl.* 7; the loneliness and depression of *Ecl.* 8. And this reality extends even to the pastoral environment of the whole. For Basse's shepherds talk with a knowledge of farming, of cattle, of medicinal herbs, of trees and plants, that shows their author

to be availing himself of stores of personal information gathered through years of observant country life, and gives his eclogues a real, if a simple and homely, interest.

As a metrist, indeed—in variety of forms, that is—Basse cannot endure the comparison with his model. It will be seen that the *Pastorals*, like almost all his other work, are written throughout (with the exception of the canzonets in Eclogues 1 and 5) in decasyllabic measures. His favourite metres, at first, are the six-line stanza of Spenser's 1st and 12th Eclogues, in which *Sword and Buckler* and *Urania* are written, and the eight-line stanza of Boccaccio, rhyming abababcc, used in Spenser's *Virgil's Gnat* and *Muiopotmos*, which is the metre of the *Three Elegies* and of Eclogues 1 and 2. In Eclogues 8 and 9 he uses a system of rhymes interlaced, with excellent effect; in Eclogue 5, and part of 9, stanzas of ten and of nine lines, respectively; and, in Eclogues 3, 4, 6 and 7, the couplet. Spenser had employed the latter in his *Mother Hubberd's Tale*, and it had been freely used, of course, by Chaucer in the *Canterbury Tales*. Basse's use of it resembles that of his predecessors; for in his time "Mr. Waller" had not yet "showed," or was only then showing "us to conclude the Sense most commonly in distiches." His latest metre was also one that Spenser borrowed from Chaucer, the stanza in fact known as "rhyme royal," in which both the *Metamorphosis* and the *Apologie* are written. It is remarkable that he never makes use of the metre whose creation is one of Spenser's chief glories. Perhaps, after his experiment with the double Alexandrine in *Great Brittaines Sunnes-set*, he conceived a dislike to its use at all; at any rate, in the 9th Eclogue he prefers to construct a nine-line stanza of his own by an added repetition of the first two rhymes in Chaucer's. His only instance of a trochaic metre is in the two canzonets in Eclogues 1 and 5—trochaic

four-foot catalectic, the first in sestets rhyming ababab, the second in quatrains rhyming abab; and he never allows himself the mixture of trochaic, or rather dactylic, with iambic movement that appears in Spenser's 2nd and 5th Eclogues, and scarce ever the liberty the latter sometimes takes to vary the accent of words.<sup>1</sup> In Spenser's case this is no doubt part of the "pastoral rudeness" "E. K." pleads for him; Basse prefers to be always smooth, but purchases smoothness sometimes at the cost of laboured inversions to which his master could never have consented. Basse had an excellent ear; and if he never gives us a resounding, he seldom passes an unmelodious line. Allied with this liberty in inversions—a liberty exercised least, perhaps, in *Urania*—are the occasional licences he allows himself in syntax; among which may be mentioned the omission of the verb "to be" in any of its parts, and the occasional ellipse of personal pronouns, of the relative as subject, and of the preposition in prepositional verbs, e.g., "arrive" for "arrive at," "aspire" for "aspire to." These are due no doubt, in part, to classical influence.

In one point he is a considerable offender—the matter of rhyme. For the most part he prefers what are called "hard," *i.e.*, perfect, rhymes. His departures from this rule are not merely instances of less perfect rhymes, such as "feast" with "guest," or "ever" with "giver"—not a means intentionally adopted to relieve the ear from a monotony of perfect correspondence, but a shameless toleration of rhymes which have little more than the barest assonance one with another. In Eclogue 5 "stolne" is made to rhyme with "owne;" in *Urania*, ii. 37, "thirst" with "lust;" in *Elegy II.*, "looke" with

<sup>1</sup> Instances are—"peremptory," p. 51, last line; "garmēt," p. 54, st. 2.

“troupe,” and “say” with “boy;” but these are trifles compared with the rhyming of “am” with “man” in *Elegy I.*, p. 48; of “Ceres” (as a monosyllable) with “theirs” in *Elegy II.*, p. 53; of the disregard of an *s*, as where “forlorne” rhymes with “adornes” in *Eclogues 5* and *2*, or its omission in order to make the rhyme good, as in “God know” (*Elegy II.*, p. 58), “sun that shine” (*Elegy III.*, p. 79), or the spelling of “whither” as “whother” to make it rhyme with “another” (*Elegy III.*, p. 78). It is in his earlier work, however, that such instances are chiefly found.

In diction Basse is generally simple and straightforward. He uses fewer archaic words than Spenser; fewer, I think, than are used by other followers of Spenser; Browne and John Davies, for instance. We miss the golden felicities of phrase, the magic of expression by aid of which so often Elizabethan thought “breaks out a rose;” but his language is always adequate, moving at a sufficient general elevation above that of prose, and boasting its special beauties here and there (*e.g.*, the “shady shiver” of beech and sycamore, *Elegy II.*, p. 49; *Urania*, iii., stt. 16, 17, and the opening of iv.; “Why what is Time? the eldest and most gray | Of all the starres,” etc., *Ecl.* 5, p. 212, and the passage beginning “How great a strength hath gastly death—” in *Ecl.* 4, p. 202, etc.).

His strength is seldom seen so much in a phrase as in the general air. The following is no bad example of him. Colliden has been lamenting, from a religious point of view, the poetical habit of attributing to heathen deities the functions properly attaching to the one Creator. Hobbinoll replies:

“Shepherd, I am full glad it was my fate  
To meet thee so, a swaine of such good lore:



For I had thought, as I was taught to-fore,  
 That Pan was God of shepheards and of sheep ;  
 That Phœbus of the sun the bridle bore,  
 And Cynthia sway'd the season when we sleep,  
 And that another deity, old and hoare,  
 They Neptune call'd, govern'd the ocean deep ;  
 That of the feilds Dame Flora had the keep,  
 And them in all their painted 'parrell clad ;  
 And that the valley flat, the mountains steep,  
 And all things else their severall deity had." (*Ecl.* 9.)

Like William Browne, Basse is what Mr. Saintsbury would call a "belated Elizabethan." It may be that his genius is more discursive and didactic than lyric ; it may be that he rather lacks both fire and pathos, and that his sense of feminine charm (as visible in *Urania*, in his portraiture of Muridella, or in the first Eclogue) never rises to the intoxication of genuine passion ; yet his is the rich realization of material beauty, the occasional melancholy, the wealth of classical allusion of his great predecessors. The *Pastorals*, as a whole, have the echo of the "spacious times ;" the elegiac duet between Watty and Willy is thoroughly charming ; and he can boast one lyric at least, that contained in the fifth Eclogue (p. 215), which for graceful and restrained simplicity, in spite of a conceit or two, is, I think, well worthy of its great descent.

Not that Basse has not much in common, however, with those who were more strictly his contemporaries. The conceits and excess of antithesis already mentioned belong to him as one of the "metaphysical" poets ; he has the occasional pensiveness of Herrick ; while by the sobriety, the dignity, and (latest) the piety of his verse he stretches hands to the Puritan that underlay the Renaissance in the work of Milton. Unlike many of his fellows he has left us no expressly sacred compositions ; but his two closing Eclogues exhibit a strongly religious

tone, the development of a moralizing vein that was present in his verse from the very first. His earlier work kept the tendency in due subordination; but the addition, probably at a late date, of a tedious moral allegory to *Urania*, and the conclusion of the poem on the *Walnut Tree* in a similar fashion, are felt to be superfluous and a mistake. In the *Pastorals*, however, whose purpose is professedly moral, this element is not out of place; we welcome the casual aphorisms, such as—

“Continuance is the life of all well-doing” (*Ecl.* 7)

(cf. the second stanza of *Eclogue* 2; and *Urania*, iv.—

“Sore is the wrong that makes an honest heart  
Almost repent the goodnesse of desert”)—

and the set passages in which he enforces some special virtue or other of which he is treating, for instance, those on Patience in *Ecl.* 6, p. 225, beginning “Of neither stone nor steele . . .,” or these from *Ecl.* 3 on Contentment—

“Content, that truely makes<sup>1</sup> a lowly state,  
And shuns aspiring as a dangerous mate;  
Content, that bounds each minde within her owne,  
Makes want to weale and woe to want unknowne,  
That, by perswading men to feare to rise,  
Advances them, and teaching to despise  
Riches enriches men : happy content,  
The bodies safeguard and soules ornament,  
Detaines me, gentle shepheard, in this playne  
As I with me my gentle sheepe detaine :

Contentment is a guift proceeding forth  
Of inward grace and not of outward worth.  
This, that of fortune's baser seed doth grow,  
After her baser kinde, doth ebbe and flow  
As fortune ebs and flowes : it is not found  
On cedars tops, nor dig'd from underground :

<sup>1</sup> “Makes,” matches.

It is a jewel lost by being sought  
 With too much travell, found by seeking naught  
 But what it truely ownes : it is the grace  
 Of greatnes, greatnes of inferiour place :  
 Tis double freedom to condition free ;  
 Tis sorrows ease, and thraldom's libertie ;  
 Delighting not extreames, but middle part,  
 It dwelles in neither head nor heeles, but heart."

The lines just quoted are typical of the man and his work. Of no overmastering genius, exhibiting more artistic sense than creative originality, his poetry is pervaded throughout by a cheery, healthy tone. Basse lies, indeed, rather apart, as if in some quiet backwater of the stream of literature, with something about him of the balance and evenness that belongs to the slack rather than to the flow or ebb of a great impulse; and the quality of his verse is very happily hit off by Bathurst, when he says it—

"neither creeps, nor soars beyond our reach."

Yet in spite of this balance and self-restraint, in spite of his self-criticism and allegiance to his art, it seems to me doubtful whether Basse ever entered thoroughly into possession of his own powers. Judging from his skilful treatment of a difficult theme as in *Urania*, or an unpromising one as in the *Metamorphosis*, from the *Hunter's Song*, and from Eclogue 7, his real bent lay in the direction of narrative. Too much of his time and energy was frittered away on eulogies to noble personages; and though his Eclogues possess a sincerity, a chastened grace and charm that distinguishes them favourably from the *Shepherd's Hunting* of Wither, for instance, or the *Shepherd's Pipe* of Browne, it is doubtful whether in adopting the pastoral form Basse was not limiting his genius' proper scope for the sake of following an artificial fashion. In his verses to Browne he repeats with

approval the old dictum about *nascitur, non fit*, and there is plenty of evidence that he regarded himself as possessed of his fair share of the native faculty; yet his work shows more accomplishment than genius, and his freest things are his earliest. I think he was cramped. I regard him as a man of considerable original power, too much overlaid with respect for convention and the example of others to make itself felt, or issue in really great work.

But, judged by his achievement and not by his potentialities, Basse surely deserves his place in our literature. Is it not time the veil that has hung over him so long should be lifted, that his claim should be recognized and his due niche allotted him in the great temple of English letters? Thame House still stands, a Georgian building for the most part, though some of its rooms formed part of that of which Basse was once so accomplished and kindly an inmate; but the name and work of the poet is wellnigh as forgotten a monument as the ruins of Rycote hard by. It is natural to indulge the hope that the present endeavour to "copy fair what Time hath blurred" may do something to revive an interest in this neglected garden of an honest, a simple, an unambitious, yet not ungraced nor ungifted Muse. Let the words in which Basse once pleaded for the memory of his dead friend, plead now for himself:

"And though the frame of mortall flesh doe dye,  
Let's give the immortal minde her memory.  
Wee cannot keepe alive what perish will:  
What death cannot, let not our silence kill."

NOTES ON OTHER WORKS ATTRIBUTED  
TO WILLIAM BASSE,

BUT NOT INCLUDED IN THIS VOLUME.

- I. SCACCHIA LUDUS : CHESSE PLAY. London, 1597.  
4to.

(Attributed by Ritson in *Bibliographia Poetica*, 1802, p. 120.) This poetical translation of Vida's poem occupies the last thirty pages of a prose treatise on Chess, whose title-page is as follows: "Ludus Scacchiæ: Chesse-play. A Game, both pleasant, wittie, and politicke: with certain briefe instructions thereunto belonging; Translated out of the Italian into the English tongue. Containing also therein, A pretty and pleasant Poeme of a whole Game played at Chesse. Written by G. B. Printed at London by H. Iackson, dwelling beneath the Conduite in Fleet street. 1597." The prose portion, after a greeting to the Reader, runs for twelve and a half pages, describing the pieces and the board, and laying down a few general rules; and then ends as follows: "Thus hast thou here (gentle Reader) for thy better instruction a few short precepts, onely for a taste, because I would not haue thee ingorged at the first, lest thou feeling thyself cloyed with the tediousnesse of the precepts in prose thou mightest also loathe the following verses which I haue written for thy more delight, of a whole game played out at Chesse. And thus briefly I bid thee farewell, til better opportunitie shall cause me to set it downe hereafter more at large.

Finis. G. B."

On the opposite page (Sig. B, where a fresh system of pagination is started) comes the commencement of the poem.

“SCACCHIA LUDUS : CHESSE PLAY.

Fond shapes of warre and fained fight,

loe (hecre) Wee doo report :

Wee tell of Souldiers framde of Box,  
and Battailes fought in sport.

How boxen Princes striue for praise,  
in colours blacke and white :

And how in partie coloured Armes  
each one with other fight.”

The poem continues for thirty pages describing a game played between Apollo and Mercury at the time of Jupiter's visit to Oceanus in Æthiopia on the occasion of the latter's marriage with Tellus. Mercury won, and afterwards taught it to an Italian nymph called Scacchis; she to her countrymen. At the bottom of p. 30 is “Finis W. B.”, and then a last page, containing another address to the Reader.

The author, in line 15 of the poem, speaks of himself as writing “In heate of youth”; but 1597 would seem to be too early for William Basse to have acquired not merely Italian, but even such command of his own tongue as would be necessary to make the translation into English verse. Nor does the translation exhibit any special marks of his style. Nor have we, from other sources, any evidence of the existence of any brother, cousin, or other person who might correspond to the “G. B.” with whom in this work “W. B.” collaborates.

2. COMMENDATORY VERSES signed “W. B.” in FRANCIS BEAUMONT'S POEMS. Lond., 1602. 4to.

(Conjecturally assigned by Joseph Hunter in *Chorus Vatum Anglicanorum*, 1838.) These first appeared in a

book of which the following is a title: "Salmasis and Hermaphroditus. . . . Imprinted at London for John Hodgets: And are to be sold at his shop in Fleetstreet, at the signe of the Flowre de Luce, neere Fetterlane. 1602." 4to. Twenty leaves. Neither the name nor the initials of Francis Beaumont are found in this first edition, and Mr. Collier points out (*Bibliographical Account*, vol. i., p. 60) that, if born in 1586, he was probably too young to be the author. "The attribution of it to him," says Mr. Collier, "seems to have been merely a bookseller's trick, for the purpose of securing a more ready sale. *Salmasis and Hermaphroditus* was, we see, originally published in 1602, and without the slightest mark of authorship; but when it appeared again in 1640, printed by Richard Hodgkinson for W. W. and Laurence Blaikelock, it was accompanied by various other pieces, all stated on the title-page to be 'by Francis Beaumont, Gent.;" and the initials "F. B." were appended to the old unsigned introductory verses of 1602, while those signed "A. F." in 1602 were now signed "I. F.", as if to suggest his collaborator in dramatic work, John Fletcher. The question of Beaumont's authorship of the volume, however, hardly affects that of Basse's authorship of the Shakespearean sonnet, *In laudem Authoris*, which stands second therein. It may or may not be his; it is not unlike his style; but if my assumption of 1583 as the approximate date of his birth be correct, he would be young in 1602 to be addressing commendatory verses to another author. Later editions of the volume in question were issued in 1653 and 1660.

3. "THAT WHICH SEEMES BEST IS WORST" exprest in a paraphrastical transcript of Juvenals tenth Satyre, together with the tragicall narration of Virginia's death interserted. By W. B. . . . London. Im-

printed by Felix Kyngston for Nathanael Newbery, and are to be sold at his shop under Saint Peters in Cornehill, and in Popeshead Alley, 1617." 8vo.

Of this curious work Mr. Octavius Gilchrist suggested (*Restituta*, vol. i., p. 41) Basse as a possible author, but preferred to assign it to William Barksted, who in 1607 paraphrased the tale of Myrrha in the Tenth Book of Ovid's *Metamorphoses*. It is written throughout in the couplet, and is about fifty pages long. The "tragicall narrative of Virginia" commences, without any break or fresh title, at the twenty-first page, being simply tacked on to the poem as an illustration of the preceding reflections on the curse of beauty. I do not think it is Basse's; indeed, it is well below his level. It is smooth enough, but ventures too often on the most prosaic statements, and fails to exhibit the skill perceptible even in *Great Brittaines Sunnes-set*, or the music and melody that pervades the Elegies and the Eclogues.

4. "A HELPE TO DISCOURSE, or a misselany of Seriousnesse with Merriment. . . . Together with the Countrey-man's Counsellour. . . . Now the sixth time published, and much enlarged by the former authors W. B. and E. P. Lond. 1627." 12mo.

So runs the title-page of the earliest copy of this work in the British Museum; and a MS. note on the fly-leaf records the fact that Malone, who seems to have had a copy of the second edition (1620), believed "W. B." to be William Basse. The Museum also possesses a copy of the seventh edition, containing a "supplement" entitled *Sphinx and Ædipus*; and in this copy is a loose leaf from a still later edition, the thirteenth, of 1640.

The book is mainly occupied by a series of questions and answers on a great variety of subjects, full of point



and quaintness; then follows a number of Epigrams, Riddles, and Jests; and then the Countreyman's Counsellor, a collection of precepts on farming, information about the Calendar, and so forth. This last element lends some faint colour to the notion of Basse's authorship; yet it is scarcely likely to have been compiled except by a regular farmer. Nor does it seem probable that Basse, had he been the author of a work which had in 1640 reached thirteen editions, would not sooner have published the chief results of his labours in the higher field of poetry.

5. "BRITTAIN'S *IDA*, written by that renowned poet Edmond Spenser. London: printed for Thomas Walkley, and are to be sold at his shop at the Eagle and Child in Brittaines Bursse, 1628." 12mo.

In the dedicatory Epistle that follows Thomas Walkley waters down this positive assertion of Spenser's authorship on the title-page to the statement that he has been "assured that it must be his, by the ablest and most knowing men;" and since Hughes' edition of Spenser in 1750 the critics have generally rejected it, though until lately it continued to be printed along with Spenser's works. In his letter to the *Athenæum* of Nov. 6, 1869, about *The Pastorals*, etc., J. P. Collier suggested that Basse might be the author. The style certainly bears a strong resemblance to his, notably in the opening verses, in the frequent use of parenthetic brackets, in the straining after antithesis where no real antithesis exists, and in the occasional omission of the verb "to be," e.g., Canto iv. 8, line 5; and had Collier seen Basse's *Three Pastoral Elegies* he would have felt confirmed in his opinion, for they not only bear the same sensuous character, but are parallel to *Brittain's Ida* in several details of expression. It has, however, been

conclusively shown by Grosart, in a Letter to Sir John Duke Coleridge ("Who wrote *Brittain's Ida?*" Lond. 1869), that the real author was Phineas Fletcher; from whose *Purple Island*, written in the same seven-line stanza with a triple ending, Grosart quotes numerous identical expressions, conceits, and uses of epithets in the same connection, which leave no doubt about the truth of his contention.

## LIST OF EDITIONS.

- SWORD AND BUCKLER. (1) Lond. 1602. 4to. An unique perfect copy is amongst the collection of Malone in the Bodleian Library. A second copy, wanting title, which has been supplied with a facsimile from the Bodleian copy, formerly in the possession of the Rev. Thos. Corser. No others known.
- (2) Lond. 1864. 4to. A reprint, in J. P. Collier's *Illustrations of Early Eng. Pop. Lit.*, vol. 2.
- THREE PASTORAL ELEGIES. (1) Lond. 1602. 4to. Unique copy in the Winchester College Library.
- GREAT BRITAIN'S SUNSET. (1) Oxford, 1613. 8vo. Unique perfect copy (22 pp.) in the Bodleian Library. A second copy, wanting pp. 15-22, in the British Museum.
- (2) Oxford, 1872 (Allnutt). 12mo. Facsimile reprint of (1).
- BRITANNIA'S PASTORALS (for comm. versessigned W.B.). (1) Lond. 1616. Fol. The two first Books printed together, though the second has a separate title-page. The two copies in the British Museum exhibit slight differences of arrangement. In both,

however, the verses of W. B. prefixed to the Second Book lie immediately between those of Geo. Wither and Ben Jonson; though in one copy the three precede the dedication, while in the other they follow the verses contributed by others. Printed also in subsequent editions.

EPITAPH ON SHAKESPEARE. The two versions given are (1) from a collection of poems in William Browne's handwriting, time of James I. or Charles I. (Brit. Mus. Lansdowne MSS. 777); (2) from Fennell's *Shakespeare Repository* (1853) which prints from a similar MS. collection of early part of reign of Charles I. Several other MS. versions extant. First printed in the first collected edition of Donne's Poems, 1633. (Cf. *Shakespeare's Century of Praise*, New Shak. Soc., Lond. 1879. 8vo.) Basse's poem written perhaps about 1621.

THE BONDMAN, by P. Massinger (for comm. verses signed W. B.). (1) Lond. 1624. 4to.

(2) Hartley Coleridge's ed. of Massinger and Ford. Lond. 1839.

ANNALIA DUBRENSIA. (1) Lond. 1636. 4to. Basse's poem written about 1618.

THE HUNTER'S SONG. (1) pp. 64, 65, of *Wit and Drollery*, *Jovial Poems*. Lond. 1682. 8vo.

(2) Black-letter copy pasted into one of the five volumes of the Pepys Collection, commenced by John Selden, carried by Pepys down to 1700 and by him bequeathed at his death, in 1703, to the library of Magdalene College, Cambridge.

(3) *Old Ballads*, Lond. 1725, vol. iii. There is nothing to show the date of the ballad, but Walton mentions it in the *Angler*, published 1653.

TOM OF BEDLAM. Found in (1) John Playford's *Choice Ayres Songs and Dialogues to sing to the Theorbo-Lute and Bass Viol*, Lond. 1676, fol. (the First Book, p. 94).

(2) *Wit and Mirth or Pills to Purge Melancholy*, by Henry Playford, Lond. 1699, 12mo. (pp. 39, 40).

(3) Percy's *Reliques of Ancient English Poetry*, Lond. 1765, 8vo., vol. ii., p. 343.

THE ANGLER'S SONG. (1) Izaak Walton's *The Compleat Angler*, Lond. 1653, 8vo., p. 89, and in all subsequent editions.

POLYHYMNIA. Of this never-published collection of poems there existed two original MSS. with slightly differing contents: (1) that originally in the library of Ricot; (2) that formerly in the possession of the Rev. Thomas Corser, being that corrected for the press by Basse, 1650-1653. Both MSS. seem to have disappeared. See note, p. 139.

THE PASTORALS AND OTHER WORKES. (1) Original MS. 1653. Fol. Prepared for the press at Oxford by Basse, but never printed before its appearance in (2) the series *Miscellaneous Tracts* (temp. Eliz. and James I.), with an Introduction by J. P. Collier. Lond. 1870. 4to.

## AUTHORITIES.

- (i) Brief contemporary mention in Wood's *Athenæ Oxonienses*, 1636 (ed. Bliss, iv. 222), and in Walton's *Compleat Angler*, 1653 (ed. Nicolas, pp. 85, 88, 281-2). See also entries in the *Thame Parish Register*.
- (ii) *Subsequent*:
1. Note in Malone's *Shakespeare*, vol. i. (1790).
  2. Joseph Hunter's *Chorus Vatum Anglicanorum*, vol. i., 266-271 (1838). (Brit. Mus. Additional MS. 24,487.)
  3. *Notes and Queries*, First Series, i. 200, 265, 295, 348 (1850).
  4. Corser's *Collectanea Anglo-Poetica*, i. 199-208 (1860).
  5. Lupton's *History of Thame* (Bradford, Thame, 1860).
  6. Collier's *Bibliographical and Critical Account*, i. 54-57; ii. 332 (1865).  
Collier's Introduction to *Sword and Buckler*, in *Illustrations of Early English Popular Literature*, vol. ii. (1864).  
Collier's Letter to the *Athenæum* of Nov. 6, 1869.  
Collier's Introduction to his edition of *The Pastorals*, in the series *Miscellaneous Tracts* (1870).
  7. Article *Basse or Bas, William*, in *Dictionary of National Biography*, signed S. L. L. (Sydney L. Lee).





## SWORD AND BUCKLER.

### INTRODUCTORY.

**T**HE original edition of this curious performance was printed in 1602, and only two copies of it are known : (1) that which passed from the collection of Steevens to that of Malone, now in the Bodleian Library, from which the present text is taken ; (2) that formerly in the library of the Rev. Thos. Corser, and made the subject of an article by him in his *Collectanea Anglo-Poetica*, 1860. It was reprinted by Collier (1864) in his *Illustrations of Early English Popular Poetry*. Corser doubted the identity of the author, "William Bas," with our poet, on the ground of a different spelling of the name ; and Collier suggested that *Sword and Buckler* was possibly the work of the poet's father, because Basse would not have spoken of his "young Muse" in 1613 (*Great Britt. Sun.*), if he had published this work eleven years before—an objection of little weight in view of the allusion in the second stanza of that poem to previous work in a pastoral vein. With regard to the spelling of the name, Michael Baret, who borrows from *Sword and Buckler* the two stanzas addressed "To the Reader," and prefixes them to the third book of his *Hipponomie* (1618), spells the name "Basse." The horse-trainer, however, was probably quite capable of confounding two different writers, if there were two ; and it is rather on internal evidence, afforded by a comparison of the poem with the recovered volume, *The Pastorals, etc.*, that we must rely for establishing the identity of the author with our poet. It is written in the same metre as another of Basse's early poems, *Urania*, and contains expressions, etc., thoroughly characteristic of Basse. One of his most striking peculiarities is the licence he allows himself of omitting the verb "to be" in any of its parts—a licence of which the notes to the *Pastorals* afford abundant proof, and which is not used to anything like the same extent by any other poet I know of, though I have found an instance or two in the *Faerie Queene*. Now in the 75 stanzas of *Sword and Buckler* there are seven striking

instances (stan. 6, line 5; 16, 3; 35, 1; 40, 5; 64, 6; 66, 5; 73, 5). In stanza 6 occurs the use of a double or triple rhyme, "extèriour" with "infèriour," which we may compare with the rhyming of "nobilitie" with "civilitie" in *Urania*, iv. 33. "Congeyes" in st. 62 is used again, *Elegie* III., p. 76, and *Urania*, i. 13, in the same sense of "bowings," "salutations." This is not a common word, and is only used by Spenser twice, in the phrase "taking congée." The batch of classical allusions in stt. 68 and 69 is quite in Basse's manner, as are several detailed expressions and the great irregularities of punctuation, for which, judging from the *Pastorals*, which are in his own handwriting, Basse himself appears to be responsible. And, further, the attitude assumed in the poem of a serving-man who takes up the cudgels for his own order, yet expressly disclaims any personal grievance, is quite in accord with the description of him by Anthony à Wood as "a retainer to the Lord Wenman," and with the warmth of tone in which Basse constantly alludes to his patron.

The poem itself affords evidence of Basse's early metrical accomplishment and keen ear for rhythm. There is a certain lack of arrangement in its parts, and its subject is one that hardly admits of much display of poetic power; but its defence of the serving-men on the several counts is urged neatly and with point. Collier (*Bib. and Crit. Account*, ii. 332) notices its resemblance in subject and treatment to a tract by J. M., 1598, *A Health to the gentlemanly profession of Serving-men, etc.*, from which it is quite possible that Basse borrowed the idea of his poem.





SWORD AND BVCKLER:  
OR,  
SERVING-MANS DEFENCE

BY WILLIAM BAS

*Agimusq' hæc prælia verbis*

AT LONDON  
IMPRINTED FOR M. L. AND ARE TO BE SOLD AT HIS  
SHOP IN S. DUNSTONS CHURCHYARD  
1602.



TO THE HONEST AND FAITHFUL BROTHERHOOD OF  
TRUE-HEARTS, ALL THE OLD AND YOUNG  
SERVING-MEN OF ENGLAND HEALTH  
AND HAPPINES.

I THAT in seruice yet haue never knowne  
More than might well content my humble hart :  
(I thank the God of heauens mightie Throne,  
My masters favour, and mine owne desart)  
Yet am for you the Champion of good will  
Because I feelingly conceive your ill;

To taxe their minds to whom we doe belong  
I neither purpose nor desier much :  
The publike multitude that do's us wrong,  
And none but them, my vaine must chiefly touch :  
In whose rude thoughts my youth is grieu'd to see  
That Serving-men so slightly reckon'd bee.

Long stood we mute, and heard ourselves defam'd  
In every moodie jest, and idle braul ;  
But now our prize is seriously proclaim'd,  
And I become the chalenger for all :  
My stage is peace, my combat is a word,  
My Muse my buckler, and my pen my sword.

Who treads my stage is chaleng'd, yet not tride :  
Who tries my combat fights, yet feels no weapon :  
Who sees my buckler's dar'd, but not defide :  
Who touch my sword is hit, but neuer beaten :  
For peace tries no man, words can make no fight,  
Muses doe but inuent, and pens but write.

Now if my actions prosper, you shall see  
 Your titles grac'd with greater estimation;  
 Or at the least we shall no longer bee  
 Deprived of deserved reputation.

But if my first attempts have no prevailing,  
 I will supplie them still in never failing  
 To be your faithfull brother

WILL. BAS.

## TO THE READER.

READE if you will: And if you will not chuse,  
My booke (Sir) shall be read though you refuse:  
But if you doe, I pray commend my wit,  
For, by my faith, 'tis first that ere I writ.<sup>1</sup>

Who reades and not commends, it is a rule  
To hold him very wise, or very foole.

But who soere commends, and doth not reede,  
What ere the other is, he's a foole indeede:  
But who doth neither reade nor yet commend,  
God speed him well; his labour's at an end.

But reade, or praise, or not, or how it pas,<sup>2</sup>  
I rest your honest, carelesse friend

WILL. BAS.

<sup>1</sup> For the writer's age and position, cf. stanza 73.

<sup>2</sup> "How it pas," *i.e.*, however it fall out.





## SWORD AND BVCKLER, OR SERVING- MANS DEFENCE.<sup>1</sup>

I.



MAN that's neither borne to wealth, nor  
place,  
But to the meere despite of Fortunes brow,  
Though, peradventure, well endew'd with  
grace

Of stature, forme, and other giftes enow,

<sup>1</sup> ANALYSIS. Stanzas 1-3, definition and description of a serving-man. 4-8, qualities he should possess. 9-14, the hard conditions of service, 15, 16, only partly recognized by masters. 17-22, low opinion of the calling held by the ignorant public. 23-26, preamble to the defence, addressed to all classes. 27-30, the serving-man's claim to civility and bounty at the hands of his employers. 31-37, the distinction between master and servant not original, but artificial and accidental. 38-41, serving-men occupy a middle position between gentle and simple, their ranks being recruited from those of gentle instincts amongst the poor. 42, 43, deprecation of contempt or severity from masters. 44, 45, answer to charges brought by the vulgar, of, 46-48, fine dress, 49, immorality, 50-54, drunkenness, 55-59, idleness, as compared with lower menials, 60, fashions, 61, long hair, 62, 63, bowings. 64-69, hardships of service recapitulated. 70, etc., last appeal to the indulgence and respect of masters, and the charitable construction of the public, on behalf of all honest serving-men.

Submits himself unto a servile yoke,  
And is content to weare a livery cloke ;

## 2.

Whether it be by hard constraint of need  
Or love to be made perfect in good fashion,  
Or by the meanes of some unlawfull deed,  
That might deprive an ancient reputation ;  
Who-euer to this course himself doth giue,  
Is call'd a Serving-man. And thus doth liue

## 3.

Continually at hand, to see, to heare  
His Lords his Masters, Ladies, Mistris will  
T'attempt with dutie, readines and feare,  
What they command his service to fulfill :  
And yet not as he would, but as he shall,  
To grudge at nothing, to accept of all,

## 4.

To act with truth and serviceable skill  
The tasks or offices imposde on him,  
To be observant and industrious still,  
Well manner'd, and disposde to goe as trim,  
As wages, gifts, or proper state affords ;  
Active in deedes, and curteous in words.

## 5.

Having a head well wonted to abide  
To goe without his shelter, cold and bare ;  
Having a heart well hammerd, strongly tride,  
On Chances Anviles, furnaces of care ;  
A good capacitie to understand  
A legging foote,<sup>1</sup> a well-embracing hand.

<sup>1</sup> "A legging foote," an aptness at bowing. Verb formed from



## 6.

This man of all things must abandon pride,  
 Chiefie in gestures, and in acts exterior ;  
 For greater states can by no meanes abide  
 Ambition in a person so inferiour :

Yet in his private thoughts no whit dismiss<sup>1</sup>  
 To prize his reputation as he list.

## 7.

Though if he be himselfe of gentle blood,  
 Or of his nature loftily disposde  
 Yet never let him brag himselfe so good ;  
 But rather hold such matters undisclosde,  
 And keepe his state and cariage in one fashion,  
 Gracing himselfe with inward estimation.

## 8.

For if we doe insult in tearmes or show  
 Above our callings, then we seeme to swarve ;  
 But if we humble our affections low,  
 We must needs gaine the love of them we sarve :  
 Which to our merits if they list not pay,  
 Then we are men of more respect than they.

## 9.

But in these Times (alas, poore seruing-men !)  
 How cheape a credit are we growne into !  
 With what enforcing taxes,<sup>2</sup> now and then,  
 This envious world doth our estates pursue !

the sb. "leg," a bow, *q.v.* Nare's Gloss. Cf. 63, "The mongrill gentles of good townes | That mock the motions of another's foot." *Elegie* III. p. 78, "Leg'd him a faire excuse."

<sup>1</sup> "(Is) no whit dismiss | To prize," prevented from prizing.

<sup>2</sup> "Taxes," reproaches, charges. Cf. st. 64, and Shaksp. *All's Well*, ii. 1, 73, *As You Like It*, etc.

How poore, alas, we are ordain'd to be,  
How ill regarded in our povertie!

## 10.

What dutie, what obedience daily now  
Our hard commanders looke for at our hands!  
And yet how deadly cold their bounties grow,  
And how unconstant all their favours stands!  
How much we hazard for how little gaine,  
How fraile our state, how meane our entertaine!

## 11.

How subject are we to the checking front,<sup>1</sup>  
For every small and trifled oversight!  
Compeld to shift, predestinate to want,  
Surfet with wrong, yet dare demaund no right:  
Organs of profit upon imputation,<sup>2</sup>  
Outcasts of losse on euery small occasion!

## 12.

Our Lords they charge, our Ladies they command,  
And who but us? And for a thing not done,  
Our Lords and Ladies anger, out of hand,  
Must turne us walking in the Summers Sunne,  
While those things that are done must alwaies lye,  
As objects to a nice exceptious<sup>3</sup> eye.

## 13.

In common-wealth or bus'nesses of state,  
If Lord or Master exercise hath bin,  
Who but his servant thereupon must waite,  
What accidents soever fall therein,

<sup>1</sup> "Checking front," frown of disapproval.

<sup>2</sup> "Organs of profit," etc., suspected of making a profit out of everything.

<sup>3</sup> "Exceptious," critical.

And be industrious in all meanes he can :  
For why he weares his badge, and is his man.

14.

And in contempt of any adversarie  
Or mortall triall of the life or land,  
How oftentimes the master might miscarie,  
Unlesse he be attended, and well mand  
    With serving resolute, that at a word  
    Will rather lose their lives, than leave their Lord.

15.

But what should I care to recount or no  
Partiquerly<sup>1</sup> every thing we doe ?  
Ye Lords and Masters cannot chuse but know,  
That whatsoever thing belongs to you,  
    That danger, trouble, paines, attention asks,  
    We are your servants, and it is our tasks.

16.

Your slight regard and recompence of this,  
So duplifies the bondage of our state,  
That oftentimes, solicited amis<sup>2</sup>  
By extreame want: and overrul'd by fate,  
    Thereby it comes to passe, that now and then  
    Many mischances hap to Serving-men.

17.

The countrie, then, that with her purblind eyes  
Beholds these things in lothsome ignorance,

<sup>1</sup> "Partiquerly;" the metre requires "particularly," as the word is spelt in st. 64.

<sup>2</sup> Irregular construction. "That oftentimes we're solicited amis" would mend it; as it stands it is a bolder instance than usual of Basse's ellipse of the verb "to be." "Overrul'd by fate" agrees with "Serving-men."

Catch at<sup>1</sup> report, and piece it out with lyes,  
 Rash censures, and defaming circumstance,  
 Affirming what they would have oft denide,  
 If in such case they might be roughly tride.<sup>2</sup>

18.

But see, how hatefull is but lately growne  
 This fatall title of a Serving-man,  
 That euery dunghill clowne and every Drone,  
 Nor wise in nature nor condition,  
 Spares not to vilefie our name and place,  
 In Dunsicall<sup>3</sup> reproch, and blockish phrase.

19.

A morkin-gnoffe<sup>4</sup> that in his Chimney nooke  
 Sits carping how t' advance his shapelesse brood,  
 And in their severall properties doth looke,  
 To see whats best to bring them all to good,  
 One points he out a Smith, and one a Baker,  
 A third a Piper, fourth a Coller-maker.

20.

If one, more native gentle than the rest,  
 To be a Serving-man doth now demaund,

<sup>1</sup> "Catch at," main vb. "The collective subject "countrie" is treated as a plural, and continued by "they," l. 5.

<sup>2</sup> "Roughly tride," if they were put on their trial offhand on a similar charge.

<sup>3</sup> "Dunsicall"—no instance in Skeat, Schmidt, or Nares.

<sup>4</sup> "A morkin-gnoffe," a churl half dead with age. Nares, *s. v.* "Morkin" or "Morking," quotes Kersey, "a deer or other wild (or tame) beast that dies by mischance or sicknesse," and gives an instance from Hall's *Satires*, iii. 4, "Could he not sacrifice | Some sorry morkin that unbidden dies?" and gives "Gnoffe," "a churl, a brutish person," quoting *Mirroure for Mag.*, p. 428, "There on a block my head was stricken off | As Baptist's head for Herod, bloody gnoffe."

Up starts his sire, as bedlim or possest,  
 And asks his sonne, and if<sup>1</sup> he will be hangd?  
 Shalt be a hangman, villaine, first (quoth he):  
 Amen (say I) so he be none for me.

## 21.

The Pearing citizen, and mising Dame  
 Of any paltrie beggerd Market towne,  
 Through rotten teeth will giggle out the same,  
 Though not in so harsh manner as the clowne:  
 —I have but two sonnes, but if I had ten,  
 The worst of them should be no Serving-men.

## 22.

Thus is our servile innocence exposde  
 To the reprochfull censures of all sorts,  
 To whom our lives were justly ne'r disclosde  
 But by uncertaine larums, false reports  
 Whereof, men apt to judge (be't truth or no)  
 Doe rashly speake, before they rightly know.

## 23.

Who let's us now to finde our owne defence  
 Against all such encounters offer'd thus?  
 Who is so void of loue, or bare of sence,  
 To thinke it any misdemeasne in us,  
 If we, to right our selves, doe fall againe  
 Into our ancient Sword and Buckler vaine?

## 24.

Yet will we not an Insurrection make  
 Against our owne superiour Lords and Masters,

<sup>1</sup> "And if" for "an if," pleonastic.

With whose kinde love we may more order take  
 By dutie, then by trying out with wasters ;<sup>1</sup>  
 Though in this case who need to feare our might  
 For we meane nothing but a speaking fight.

25.

But you, the nice tongu'd huswifes of our time,  
 That seldome cease to execrate our calling,  
 We doe esteeme it now an odious crime,  
 With your licentious mouthes to stand a brauling :  
 Our Sword and Buckler's out, our stomack's come ;  
 We will not hurt you much, but hit you home.

26.

Yet doe we not replie to only you,  
 Or those that you instruct, but every man  
 That gives us more discourtesie then due :  
 The Merchant, or the Machivilian,<sup>2</sup>  
 The Yeoman, Tradesman, Clowne, or any one,  
 What ere he be, we turne our backs to none.

27.

You Gentles all, that through your worthines,  
 Your birth, your place, your wealth, or other cause,  
 Deserve to entertaine and to possesse  
 These Serving-men the subjects of your lawes,  
 Be moved not with wrath and spleenish freakes,  
 When in their right your poore inferiour speakes.

<sup>1</sup> "Wasters," cudgels. Nares quotes Beau. and Fl.'s *Pbilaster*, act iv., "Thou wouldst be loth to play half a dozen of venies at wasters, with a good fellow, for a broken head."

<sup>2</sup> "Machivilian," statesman. "Machiavel" was used proverbially for a crafty politician, e.g., Shak., *Merry Wives*, iii. 1, "Am I a Machiavel?"

28.

When you command, remember 'tis but speech  
 To bid a thing be acted to your minde,  
 Th' obedient man that shall performe the which,  
 In doing it shall greater labour finde :

Yet where a servants diligence may please,  
 He may doe all his acts with greater ease.

29.

You give him food and wages : That's most true,  
 And other matters to sustaine his living :  
 Why, els he is not bound to follow you ;  
 Ill service that is worth no more then giving.<sup>1</sup>

Who Rent's your lands is sure to pay to you,  
 And if y' have servants, you must pay them too.

30.

Alas, if must your great affaires be done,  
 Know that faire means encrease your servants vigour :  
 Hearts by unpleasing checks are never won,  
 And willingnes is not enlarg'd by rigour,  
 When good respect may cherish servile harts,  
 And helpe t' augment the number of desarts.

31.

If with reviling, and disdainfull scorne,  
 You urge us with the baseness of our kinde,  
 Pray, who was *Adams* man when *Cain* was borne ?  
 Or in what scripture doe we reade or finde  
 That ever God created *Adams* two,  
 Or we proceeded of worse stocke then you ?

<sup>1</sup> "Then giving," *i.e.*, that may not demand payment as a debt, not a gift.

## 32.

For though that like a brood of starres divine  
 You thus maintaine your glorie without date,  
 And we more like a heard of *Circes* swine,  
 Are chang'd into a baser forme of state,  
     Antiquitie yet saies, that you and wee,  
     Like Ants of *Æacus*,<sup>1</sup> came all of a tree.

## 33.

But mightie God, the more to glorifie  
 His pow'rfull hand by manifold creation,  
 Hath since advise himselfe to multiplie  
 The kindred of our mortall generation,  
     That this great sixe daies labour of his hand  
     Might not unstor'd, or long unpeopled stand.

## 34.

And we, like wretches, carelesly oreseene,  
 Neglecting all continuance of our good,  
 Of our owne birth have immemorious beene,  
 And quite forgot the Nephewes<sup>2</sup> of our blood;  
     And of neere kin are growne meere strāgers rather,  
     Almost forgetting we had all one father.

## 35.

The Times then fild<sup>3</sup> with Avarice and strife,  
 Th' unequalnes of states did happen thus:

<sup>1</sup> "Ants of *Æacus*." *Æacus*, son of *Zeus* and the nymph *Ægina*, was born in the then uninhabited island of *Ægina*; and, to provide him with subjects to rule over, *Zeus* changed the ants of the island into men.

<sup>2</sup> "Nephewes," in the classical sense of "nepotes," kindred; cf. st. 38, "The great are nephewes to the great alone."

<sup>3</sup> "(Being) fild."



Fell out to some a large delightfull life,  
 To othersome the like as fals to us:  
 Thereafter, as in worldly scraping thrift,  
 Each craftie mortall for himselfe could shift.

## 36.

Those that in scorne of discentious<sup>1</sup> striving,  
 Or b'ing too weake, could not themselues enrich,  
 Submitted were by force (in servile living)  
 To them that by their pow'r had gain'd so much.  
 Thus scambld<sup>2</sup> al the world: some gain'd, some lost,  
 And who got least serv'd him that gained most,

## 37.

Yeelding themselves by a devout submission  
 To those that were ordain'd to high degree,  
 Well seas'ning with an humble disposition  
 Their little pow'r, and small abilitie,  
 To doe all rev'rent seruice. Thus began  
 Th' estate and title of a Seruing-man.

## 38.

And since that time the kindreds, b'ing all one,  
 Are now encreas'd into two kindreds more:  
 The great are Nephewes to the great alone,  
 And all the poore are Cosins to the poore.  
 The Serving-men stand in a state beewene,  
 As brothers all, but very little kin.

## 39.

Thus it appeares that mongst the meaner sort,  
 Those that come neerest to the gentle kinde,

<sup>1</sup> "Discentious," for "discontentious," which the metre requires.

<sup>2</sup> "Scambld," scrambled, struggled. *King John*, iv. 3, 146, "To tug and scamble and to part by the teeth," etc.

Either in labour to get good report,  
 Or els in nature, curtesie, or minde,  
 Digressing from the rudenes of their blood,  
 Become partakers in this brotherhood.

40.

And sure me thinks, although unequall lot  
 Hath ill distributed all worldly goods,  
 That all alliance single is forgot,  
 And we dispers'd into so many bloods,  
 Yet that we were all one, and shall agen,<sup>1</sup>  
 Appeares in the good minds of Serving-men.

41.

For though the great, by learning and by might,  
 Gaine all the honour, as they doe the lands,  
 And though the poorer sort lose all their right  
 Of noblenes, for want of pow'rfull hands,  
 Yet while the band of Serving-men encrease,  
 The gentrie of the poore shall never cease.

42.

O! then be pleas'd to cast away disdaine,  
 Exile injustice, and detest all ire:  
 Let faire respect in your conditions raigne,  
 And bountie curbe all orderlesse desire;  
 That as you profit by your servants labour,  
 So he may be encourag'd by your favour.

43.

We grudge you not upon a just occasion  
 To use your rigour in discretion on us,  
 When prooffe, or triall, or examination,  
 Shall truly burthen some misdeed upon us:

<sup>1</sup> "Shall (be) agen."

Herein we rest the patients of your lawes,  
So that your med'cines not exceed the cause.

44.

Yet if sometimes we doe transgresse in acts  
Either concerning you or other things,  
This is no prooffe that we are paltrie Jacks,  
As the rude wind-pipe of the countrie sings.  
All flesh will faile, and grace will helpe to mend,  
And often they finde fault that most offend.

45.

Thus speake I to the barbrous multitude  
That every rotten hamlet's fild withall  
Or to the viprous foes of servitude,  
The prescise flirts<sup>1</sup> of ev'ry trades-mans stall,  
Whose busie tongues, and lothing maw, defiles  
Our honest sort with vomited reviles.

46.

O! see (saies one) how fine yon yonker goes,  
As bad for pride as Lucifer, or worse;  
I,<sup>2</sup> a right Serving-creature, weares gay clothes,  
But little Chinke (I warrant you) in's purse.  
This is a thing I will not much denie,  
But sometimes the judicious<sup>3</sup> Cox-combs lie.

47.

If he goe handsome, then you say he's proud:  
I hope ther's no necessitie in that;

<sup>1</sup> "The prescise flirts," the Puritanic fault-finders. Old sense of vb. "to flirt" was "mock" or "scorn." Cf. *Two Noble Kinsmen*, i. 2, 18, "And now flurled | By peace for whom he fought" (Skeat).

<sup>2</sup> "I" = "ay," as often in our older literature.

<sup>3</sup> "Judicious," censorious.

Besides, if 'twere a matter to be vow'd,  
 Or answerd by long prooffe (as sure 'tis not)  
 I only could compell you to confes  
 Your judgments false by many instances.

48.

And if his vestiments be fine and gay,  
 Belike that argu's that he ha's no pence ;  
 But seeing him now so brave, what will you say  
 If he goe braver farre a twel'month hence ?  
 Then you wil eate your vomit up againe,  
 And say 'tis Crownes that doe him thus maintaine.

49.

But what should make the gallant lasses say  
 That ev'ry Serving-man doth love a whore,  
 But that sometimes, when the good man's away,  
 She ha's some prooffe, which makes her say the more ?  
 This was a rule with some in auncient time,  
 And now imposed as a gen'rall crime.

50.

For too much tippling we are challeng'd, too,  
 Which as I'll absolutely not confes,  
 So I could wish (to please both God and you)  
 We had the grace and power to use it les ;  
 Yet (which is no excuse) I dare to say,  
 We are not all that doe offend that way.

51.

In this foule vice you all sometimes transgresse,  
 Clarke, lay-man, yeoman, trades-man, clowne, & all ;  
 And many gentlemen love Dronkennesse,  
 And use it to their great disgrace and fall ;

And therefore 'tis absurditie to thinke  
That none but we do use immoderat drinke.

52.

I graunt, it is a vice that at this day  
Disgraceth much the rare sufficiencie  
Of many a Serving-man, inclin'd that way  
Through great abundance of his curtesie:  
For to no other end, that I can see,  
Is this excesse of drinking said to be.

53.

Though some for meere love of the very pot  
In this excesse are very vicious growne ;  
And whether such be Serving-men, or not,  
I wish them finde excuses of their owne :  
For what so ere he be that's so possest  
I doe his actions and himselfe detest.

54.

But as I said, it is not we alone  
From whom proceed such store of swilling mates ;  
A cunning spie would now and then finde one,  
And twentie dronkards amongst other states :  
Then hit not one peculiarly i' th' teeth,  
With that that all men are infected with.

55.

Besides, you charge us much with idlenes,  
And chiefly those that have superiour roomes  
In service ; but to meaner offices,  
As Bailiffes, Caters, Vndercooks and Groomes,  
You doe impute more labour and less sloth :  
Here err's againe your judgement in the troth.

56.

No Serving-man, that ever waited well  
 In's Master's chamber, or in other place,  
 But will be sworne with me his toyles excell  
 The daily labours of th' inferiour race ;  
     But that the name, authoritie, and gaines  
     Of place or office easeth well the paines.

57.

A Gentleman in Countrie rides or walks  
 From place to place, as his occasions bind him,  
 One of his men carries a cast of Hawks,  
 The other ha's a clokebag tide behind him ;  
     The Faulkners work passeth the other double,  
     But that the credit do's abate the trouble.

58.

Thus understand our labour is all great,  
 Ev'n as our charge and offices be many :  
 If through condition, leasure, or respect,  
 There seeme a single libertie in any,  
     Judge him not idle, lest your thoughts be lost ;  
     For some seeme slothfull when they labour most.

59.

Like as a man that round about his head,  
 In a strong garter, or a twisted lace,  
 Windeth a plummet, or a ball of lead ;<sup>1</sup>  
 Sometimes it goes but slow, sometimes apace ;  
     When it goes fastest 'tis not seene a whit,  
     But then takes he most paines in winding it.

<sup>1</sup> "A plummet, or a ball of lead," a pegtop; "his head," in line 1, meaning the top's head.

60.

Sometimes our changed fashions trouble you,  
 Things that amongst our selves are nothing strange :  
 And it may be a thing your selves would doe,  
 If you were not too miserly to change,  
     Or els too bankrupt ; but we seldome finde  
     That vesture alters any whit the minde.

61.

And with a hundred rude comparisons,  
 Injurious censures, and defaming mocks,  
 You needlesly ubbray<sup>1</sup> our haire : for once  
 Receive this slight defendant of our locks,  
     A man may catch a cold with going bare ;  
     And he that weares not hat, allow him haire.

62.

For curteous speech, and congeyes<sup>2</sup> of delight,  
 Which your grosse joynts were never taught to doe,  
 If oftentimes we use them in your sight,  
 We shall be censur'd, and be laught at too :  
     But when you come where others have to doe,  
     Our betters will beseeme<sup>3</sup> to laugh at you.

63.

This speake I not unto the countrie clownes,  
 For their simplicitie will seldome do't ;

<sup>1</sup> "Ubbray our haire," upbraid. The Cavalier long locks were apparently already beginning to supersede the ruff. The poem is interesting for its evidence of strong Puritanic feeling already existing.

<sup>2</sup> "Congeyes," bowings, salutations. Cf. *Urania*, i. 13, and *El. III.*, p. 76.

<sup>3</sup> "Beseeme" in sense of "be seen."

But to the mongrill gentles of good townes,  
 That mock the motions of anothers foot,<sup>1</sup>  
 And yet make halting bowes to them they meete,  
 And drop ill favour'd curt'sies in the streete.

## 64.

If I should touch particularly all  
 Wherein the moodie spleene of captious Time  
 Doth taxe our functions, I should then enthrall  
 My moved spirit in perpetuall rime :  
 A gentle vaine that every careles sight  
 Peruseth much, but nothing mended by't.<sup>2</sup>

## 65.

I will not all my daies in combat spend,  
 So much I honour Charitie and peace ;  
 And what is past, I did it to defend,  
 Yet am the first that do's the quarrell cease,  
 Ev'n as I was the latest that began  
 And yet I am a Sword and Buckler man.

## 66.

Poore Serving-man, ordain'd to leade his daies,  
 Not as himselfe, but as another list,  
 Whose hoped wealth depends upon delaies,  
 Whose priviledges upon doubts consist,  
 Whose pleasures still ore-cast<sup>3</sup> with sorrowes spight,  
 As swarfic<sup>4</sup> vapours doe a twinkling night !

<sup>1</sup> Cf. st. 5, "A legging foote."

<sup>2</sup> "(Is) mended by't." This seems to be the only sense, though it robs the poem of its *raison d'être*.

<sup>3</sup> "(Are) ore-cast."

<sup>4</sup> "Swarfic" = "swarthy;" cf. *El. I.*, p. 38, "his fine unswarfed hand."



67.

Whose sleepes are, like a warrants force, cut short  
 By vertue of a new Commissions might ;  
 Or like the blisse of some affected sport,  
 Vntimely ended by approach of night :  
 And like a tertian fever is his joy,  
 That ha's an ill fit ev'ry second day.

68.

His libertie is in an howers while,  
 Both done and undone like *Penelop's* web ;  
 His fortunes like an *Æthiopian Nile*,  
 That ha's a months flow for a twel-months ebbe :  
 His zealous actions like *Æneas* pietie,  
 Cras'd by the hate of every envious Deitie.

69.

His labours like a *Sisyphus* his wait,<sup>1</sup>  
 Continually beginning where they stay ;<sup>2</sup>  
 His Recompence like *Tantalus* his bait,  
 That do's but kis his mouth and vade<sup>3</sup> away :  
 His gaines like winters hoarie hailestones, felt  
 Betweene the hands, doe in the handling melt.

70.

Now to be short : All that I wish is this,  
 That all you great, to whom these men repaire,  
 Respect your servant, as your servant is  
 The instrument of every great affaire,

<sup>1</sup> "His wait," weight, as in *El. III.*, p. 75.

<sup>2</sup> *i.e.*, undone, and having to be recommenced, at every pause.

<sup>3</sup> "Vade." Nares gives "vade" used (1) = fade, (2) in classical sense of "go," as here. Cf. Spenser, *Ruins of Rome*, stanza xx., "Her power disperst through all the world did vade; | To show that all in th'end to nought shall fade."

The necessarie vicar of your good,  
The next<sup>1</sup> in manners to your gentle blood.

71.

That you with love their duties would regard,  
With gentleness allow them all their rights;  
Respect their pains with bountie and reward;  
Consider mildly of their oversights:  
For where the master's milde, the servant's merrie,  
But where the master's wilde, the servant's wearie.

72.

Unto the world I wish more skill in judging,  
More temp'rance in deriding and declaring,  
More charitable honestie in grudging,  
And more contented humour of forbearing,  
Of anything she nicely can espie  
In Serving-men with her unlearned eye.

73.

I that have served but a little while,  
And that for want of more encrease in age.  
Scarse having yet attain'd an elder stile  
Live in the place and manner of a Page:  
Yet in meere hope and love of what I shall,<sup>2</sup>  
I have begun this combat for them all.

74.

Excepting yet two sorts of men that serve,  
In whose behalfe I neither fight nor write:

<sup>1</sup> "The next in manners," etc. Collier reads "text," which must bear the sense of an explanation or legend beneath a picture (cf. *Much Ado about Nothing*, v. 1, 185). The meaning, then, would be that the manners of serving-men reflect and are an index to those of their masters.

<sup>2</sup> "Of what I shall (be)."

1. Those that through basenes of condition swarve  
Into all odious luxure and delight.

2. Those that in place of Serving-men doe stand,  
Yet scorne the title of a Serving-man.

75.

For the good fellowes and true-hearts am I,  
The rest I lothe, as they our name doe scorne ;  
And I will stoutly stand to 't till I dye,  
Or till my Buckler rot, and Sword be worne,  
For good condition, manhood, wit, and Art,  
The Serving-man to no estate comes short.

FINIS.







## THREE PASTORAL ELEGIES.

### INTRODUCTORY.

**T**HE following work was alluded to in Ritson's *Biographia Poetica* (1802), p. 120, as being, like *Sword and Buckler*, of Basse's authorship, and as having been entered to John Barnes, 28th May, 1602. It was mentioned also by Joseph Hunter in the first volume of his MS. *Chorus Vatum Anglicanorum* (1838) with the comment "there seems no proof of its having been published." In a subsequent note, however, he pointed to Winchester College Library as the home of the only copy known to exist; and a search instituted at my request by the present librarian, the Rev. T. F. Kirby, has resulted at length in its discovery, bound up in a small quarto volume with miscellaneous poems of the period. By Mr. Kirby's kind permission it is here printed, for the first time since 1602.

The poems differ widely from Basse's other publication of the same year, just given. They are conventional love-poetry in a pastoral form; and only in one or two touches, *e.g.*, *El.* II., p. 56, st. 3, does Basse exhibit that intimate knowledge of country life, by the infusion of which he contrived, later on, to give reality and individuality to his Eclogues. The theme, however, afforded him scope for the exercise of a power he shares with, and perhaps derived from the study of, Ovid—the power of sensuous description, of which he gives fresh evidence in the second canto of *Urania*, another early work. I am strongly disposed to think that these elegies were the model, or at least gave the suggestion, of the *Philarète* of George Wither, 1622; though, if this be so, Wither must be acknowledged to have surpassed his predecessor, especially in variety of treatment and in the charming songs with which that poem is adorned. Nor is Basse so careful as Wither to o'erstep not the modesty of Nature. He luxuriates in describing the successive details of his Muridella's dress and person, and where com-

pelled to be reticent has recourse to innuendo. The metre is the same as that of the first two Eclogues. The merit of the verse is considerable; the apostrophe to masks in *El. II.*, p. 53, and that to the shepherd's staff in *El. III.*, p. 83, are rather favourable examples. Basse freely acknowledges his debt to Spenser, both at the outset and in some four or five stanzas near the beginning of *El. III.*; and he certainly had caught something of his master's fluency and grace. There are fewer laboured inversions here than in the *Pastorals*; but on the other hand he takes more licence, especially in the matter of rhyme, wherein he is very lax. As elsewhere, he freely omits the verb "to be," and the preposition in prepositional verbs, and uses words occasionally in a strained or archaic sense.



THREE  
PASTORAL  
ELEGIES;

OF

ANANDER, ANETOR, AND MURIDELLA.

BY WILLIAM BAS.

PRINTED BY V. S. FOR I. B. AND ARE TO BE SOLD AT HIS SHOP IN  
FLEET-STREET, AT THE SIGNE OF THE GREAT TURKES  
HEAD. 1602.





TO THE HONOURABLE AND VIRTUOUS  
LADY, THE LADY TASBURGH.<sup>1</sup>

If your Ladyship hath not before this time very iustly expected the best Office of my Muse, it is now time for me to be voluntarily ashamed, that you should so long forbear the vse of so many honourable encouragements. But (alas) finding my abilitie too little to make the meanest satisfaction of so great a Principall as is due to so many fauourable curtesies, I am bold to tender your Ladyship this vnworthy Interest, wherewithall I will put in good securitie, that assoone as Time shall relieue the necessitie of my young inuention, I will disburse my Muse to the vttermost mite of my power, to make some more acceptable composition with your bounty: In the meane space, liuing without hope to be euer sufficient enough to yeeld your Worthinesse the smallest halfe of your due, I doe onely desire to leaue your Ladyship in assurance,

That when encrease of Age and Learning sets  
My Minde in wealthi'r state then now it is,  
Ile pay a greater portion of my debts,  
Or morgage you a better Muse then this;  
Till then, no kinde forbearance is amisse;  
While, though I owe more then I can make good,  
This is inough, to shew how faine I woo'd.

Your Ladiships in all humblenes,

WILLIAM BAS.

<sup>1</sup> "Lady Tasburgh." Jane, daughter of William West, Lord Delawarr, who by her first marriage with Sir Richard Wenman (ob. 1577) was the mother of Basse's chief patron, and whose third husband, Sir Thomas Tasburgh, died this year, 1602. (Cf. Genealogical Table, p. 143.)

TO THE READER.

READE one, and say, tis good; I beare the name:  
Reade one, and say, tis ill; I beare the shame:  
If thou sayst, good, and think'st it too in heart,  
Sweetely farewell, no matter who thou art:<sup>1</sup>  
If thou sayst meane,<sup>2</sup> thou iudgest like a frend,  
I would be so, because I meane to mend:  
If thou sayst, ill, and doost in heart dispraise it,  
I yeeld not till I know a Wiseman saies it.  
Thus quit me, or condemne me, Ile not grudge,  
So that I know a foole be not my Iudge.

Yours, WILLIAM BAS.

A SHEPHERDS youth dwelt on the plaines,  
That passt the common sort of Swaines,  
By how much had himselfe before  
Beene nursed up in *Colins* lore;<sup>3</sup>  
Who, while his flocke, ybent to stray,  
Glad of the Sunne-shine of the day,  
Wanderd the field; and were abroade dispers'd,  
He tooke his Pipe and sate him downe and vers'd.

<sup>1</sup> Misprinted "are."

<sup>2</sup> "Sayst meane," pronounce it middling or moderate.

<sup>3</sup> "Nursed up in *Colins* lore." In the third *Elegy*, pp. 73, 74, five stanzas are devoted to a tribute to Basse's chief master, Spenser; to whom admiring reference is again made in the second sonnet of the dedication to Lord Wenman prefixed to the *Pastorals*, p. 170.



## ELEGIE I.

*Anander lets Anector wot,  
His Loue, bis Lady, and bis Lot.*



CIUILL Youth, whose life was led in  
Court,  
—In Court, the place of all Ciuiltie ;—  
Who lou'd no riot, tho delighted<sup>1</sup> sport,  
Such sport as with such place might well  
agree

To giue him credite, by a true report :  
The only glory of his time was hee :  
For (mote I sweare,) the gentry of his kind,  
Was fairely match'd with gentlenes of mind.

His personage, a thing for Gods to tell,  
Whose wits can reach, beyond the reach of Muse ;  
Diuine proportion in his limmes did dwell,  
Eye-wonder'd feature did his visage vse :  
He was (as may the wiser tell),<sup>2</sup>  
For Ladies choice, (if Ladies list to chuse :)

<sup>1</sup> "Delighted (in)." To omit the preposition in verbs properly constructed with one was a customary licence with Basse. Cf. p. 39, stanza 2, "to wonder (at) it ;" *Ecl.* 7, p. 231, "Arriu'd (at) these walls ;" *Urania*, canto ii., 45, "Aspires (to) the stately pitch," etc., and many others.

<sup>2</sup> A dissyllable omitted, probably through careless printing, of which the Elegies afford one or two instances.

If not, what help? the weaker his successe,  
Though his perfections be nothing lesse.

His birth was great, his bloud the nobler then,  
His thoughts (no doubt) the worthier by his bloud ;  
And his desires, though somewhat like to men,  
Yet as his thoughts (I guesse) were faire and good :  
And for his loues, none knew them but him sen,  
And that faire she, on whom their fortune stood :  
Yet did he often plaine of ill succeed ;<sup>1</sup>  
The hoter loue, sometime the colder speed.

And in his passions, (for I must needs breake  
Into some speech of him, and his mis-lot ;)   
He vnto me, as whom he lou'd, did speake  
The cleare discou'rie of his eager plot  
In gracefull termes, and yet the best too weake,  
To tell his thoughts sufficiently (God wot :)  
That I should often stand and weepe to see,  
His griefes more copious then his language bee.

First did he lay his fine vnswarfed<sup>2</sup> hand  
Vpon my shoulder, close unto my necke ;  
And then for twentie minutes did he stand,  
As one that spar'd to speake, in feare of checke :  
Then sighs, then speakes, but speakes words three times  
scand,  
As if he durst not trust his tongues defect :

<sup>1</sup> "Ill succeed" for "ill success." Basse indulges now and then in a grammatical liberty or a loose use of words to help his rhyme. Shakespeare affords him occasional countenance ; cf. *Macb.*, iii. 4, 136, "I am in blood | Stepp'd in so far that, should I wade no more | Returning were as tedious as go o'er."

<sup>2</sup> "Unswarfed," unswarthied. Cf. *Sw. and Buck.*, st. 66, "swarfic vapours."

Lest in his woes, his woes might seeme to bite  
Th' vnfriendly dealings of his hearts delight.

Shepherd (quoth he) and giu's me one faint smile,  
That signifi'de a long sustained wrong;  
Suffer a Courtier to record a stile,  
More zealous then the *Thracian* widow's<sup>1</sup> song:  
When he in his immortall Musicks guile  
Besought the freedome of his wife so long:  
With pittie marke the treatize of my ruth;  
The like hereafter may befall thy youth.

Meanwhile, the childhood of thy younger wit,  
That neuer did more then thy flocks regard,  
Shall haue a stronger cause to wonder it,<sup>2</sup>  
Then those that like my haples selfe hath car'd:  
While I, ne vowes, ne circumstance omit  
Of those mishaps, wherein I haue bene snar'd:  
Vnder the leaue (sweet boy) of thy forbearing;  
An elders grieffe profits a youngers hearing.

Woo'd thou had'st had in Court but halfe that skill,  
As here thou hast with thy obezant<sup>3</sup> sheepe;  
T' haue seene the strictnes of a Ladies will,  
And how vnmou'd she doth hir fauor keepe;  
T' haue knowne the hardship of a Louer's ill,  
And what a wretchednes it is to weepe:  
And I<sup>4</sup> had kept thy pastures as mine owne;  
No life too base where better is vnknowne.

<sup>1</sup> "Widow's," used as of common gender.

<sup>2</sup> "Wonder (at) it"; cf. note, p. 37.

<sup>3</sup> "Obezant," obeisant, obedient (Fr. *obéissant*); used again

p. 42.

<sup>4</sup> "And (would that) I"—constr. continued from first line.

Then hadst thou seene faire *Muridellaes* eyes,  
 The dangerous planets of my ripening youth ;  
 Thou shoud'st haue knowne how beautifull, how wise  
 My Lady was: Perhaps vnto thy ruth  
 Thou shouldst ha' knowne, more then thou canst devise  
 Of that deare Girle, and yet no more then truth :  
 For he that mounts the high'st degree of hie,  
 In praising of her Beautie, cannot lie.

But he that sai's the mercy of hir minde  
 Is like the grace of hir admired blee ;<sup>1</sup>  
 He might doe well to bridle in that winde,  
 Vntill his fortune were to speake with me :  
 Lesse<sup>2</sup> it be one, to whom sh' ha's beene more kinde,  
 Then to my true affection she cou'd be :  
 And then I thanke him to commend hir hart,  
 For the best Loue deserues the best report.

Yet shalt thou thinke, that that deare truth I beare  
 To that faire Sight that first subdude mine eie,  
 Shall say the best, although she be not here,  
 To see how woe, how discontent am I :  
 That when henceforth it comes vnto hir eare,  
 That I speake wonders of hir Curtesie ;  
 She may recall me with a gracious minde,  
 For praising of hir when she was vnkinde.

And if it euer be thy hap to view  
 Her on this greene, where thou inhabitest,  
 First, for my sake, salute her to the shoo,  
 And tell hir with so solemne a protest,

<sup>1</sup> "Blee," complexion. In a lament sung by a doomed queen in one of the Chester Plays called *Doomsday*, occurs, "Where is my *bleye* that was so bright?"

<sup>2</sup> "Lesse," unless.

That her poore seruant, and hir only true,  
 Doth liue that life, that she with hate diſblest :  
 How, where, and in what sorrow, let her know :  
 She loues to heare, though not to helpe my woe.

Sha't know her by that bright and curious brow,  
 Where Loue in his eternall triumph sits  
 Chastising with the warfarre of his bow  
 The rumour of desires, the force of wits ;  
 And by her eyes, and other glories moe,  
 That first in me wrought these rebellious fits :  
 But (to be short) if thou a thousand see,  
 Looke which is fairest, and be sure that's shee.

Hir hand (if thou hir hand canst naked see  
 From those blest muffes that guard their blisfull  
 whitenes,)

Is like that gripe<sup>1</sup> that *Alpheus* maz'd to see,  
 Place *Arethusa* in perpetuall brightnes,  
 And by her foote these plaines shall blessed bee,  
 Vnles the ground relent not<sup>2</sup> at her lightnes :  
 Hir substance is so girt in slender finenes,  
 That nothing's heauy, but hir owne vnkindenes.

But that thou mayst belieue she is a creature  
 As hardly else thou mout'st conceiue the same,  
 I tell thee shall : when that Creatres nature  
 Once set a Princely webbe into her frame,  
 And was about to loome her sacred feature,  
 T'is sed, that in the while *Minerua* came,  
 Who by enquirie faine would vnderstand,  
 What blessed body now she had in hand.

<sup>1</sup> "That gripe," *i.e.*, that snatching hand of Artemis. Cf. Ovid, *Met.* 5. 599 *sqq.*

<sup>2</sup> "Relent not," refuse to soften.

Nature, for then,<sup>1</sup> no otherwise inclinde  
 In thought but to obezant<sup>2</sup> curtesie,  
 Freely acquaints the goddes of hir minde  
 And humbly craues hir gracious remedie,  
 In such defects, as may hir wisdome finde  
 In this new portion of hir huswifery ;  
 Or if at least there might no fault bee had,  
 Yet, that she would some more perfection adde.

For truth she said, that whensoe're she might  
 Once bring to good this Idoll that she wrought,  
 She would present it to the gracious sight  
 Of hir owne selfe, (for so she had bethought) ;  
 And since hir comming now fell out so right,  
 The larger was her hope, that she had brought  
 Some ornamentall grace, whose large infusing  
 Might make it fit the gift,<sup>3</sup> and worth the chusing.

Then *Pallas* tooke into her owne embrace  
 This curious Plot that Nature was about,  
 Hauing no meanes to worke into hir face  
 This bloud that glorifies hir shape without,  
 Nor could of *Venus* borrow any grace,  
 Cause they alate<sup>4</sup> had sharpely fallen out,  
 Therefore bids Nature for some beautie goe :  
 High hearts disdaine the kindenes of the foe.

<sup>1</sup> "For then," for that time.

<sup>2</sup> "Obezant"; cf. note, p. 39.

<sup>3</sup> "Fit the gift," worth the giving.

<sup>4</sup> "Alate," of late ; used again p. 47, st. 3 ; and in *Ecll.* 2 and 8. The adverbial prefix a- represents various prepositions, generally "on", e.g. "a-way" = O.E. 'on-wæg ; "a-gain" = O.E. on-gêan ; "a-sleep" = on sleep ; but a- also represents "of," as here, e.g. "a-kin" = of kin ; "God a mercy." In O.E. "a-thirst," "on thirst," and "of thirst," are all found. (Morris, *Hist. Outlines of Eng. Accidence*, p. 195.)



Meanewhile from th' issue of that sacred vaine,  
 That her whole selfe with wits abundance fills,  
 She freely powres into this Infants braine,  
 By hony drops; and plentifull distills  
 That puissant conceit<sup>1</sup> that now doth raigne  
 Ouer herselfe, her Loue, her Louers ills :  
 Yet by this gift hir selfe no lesse cou'd haue ;  
 She gaue hir selfe what to her owne she gaue.

Two siluer cuppes then drew she from her brest,  
 The one of Spirit and hauty influence,  
 The other fild with maydenly Protest  
 Of Chastities diuine continece ;  
 Some drops whereof she in this hart imprest,  
 Therein to double Natures excellence :  
 But chiefly in these heau'nly honours three,  
 Of Wisedome, Puissance, and Chastitie.

Yet hast thou leaue to thinke, and so doe I,  
 (Vnlesse my thoughts should sinne in thinking so,)
 That *loues* wise daughter did not meane hereby  
 That both these gifts should be alike in show :  
 For if her Chastnes liue perpetually,  
 As does hir spirit, *Ananders* cake were dow ;  
 Though neuer gift descended from aboue  
 Of greater honesty then honest loue.

Then neither is her labour vainely spent,  
 Nor yet her gifts in idlenes defray'd,  
 If *Muridella* with true loue content  
*Anander*, in encreasing Loues decay'd :  
 For why doth ciuill curtesie consent  
 The marri'd wife to goe about the mayde?

<sup>1</sup> "Puissant conceit" here = "strong mental balance," "self-control."

Because the<sup>1</sup> Life by Loue is doubly grac'de,  
And to be wed is more then to be chaste.

This, while the busie dame in eager post,  
Comes home to see how faire hir worke went on,  
And from an Iuory boxe of wonders<sup>2</sup> cost,  
That friendly *Venus* had bestowed vpon  
Her, for her Infant sake, began to cast,  
With greater art then was in *Belus* son,<sup>3</sup>  
That red and white: thus, in hir beauties making,  
Nature and heau'ns themselves were al pertaking.

And this is it that holdes in Loue and Muse<sup>4</sup>  
The two blacke circles of my conquer'd sight,  
What wondrous cunning Nature seem'd to vse  
In placing of this mingled faire so right,  
And what a skill she shewed when she did chuse  
So red a crimson, and so white a white:  
O heau'ns (sed I) what gifts were Beauties Peeres,  
If it might neuer beene yclad in yeares?

Thus, or as like to thus as I can say,  
The youth, concluding his teare-liquored vaine,  
Leaues my vnletter'd thoughts to beare away  
Both what he said and what he wood ha saine;

<sup>1</sup> "The"; probably misprint for "Because *that*."

<sup>2</sup> "Wonders cost," wondrous; same phrase as in *El.* II., p. 53. The older form, "wonders," was properly an adv., but used as adj.: "Ye be wonders men."—Skelton's *Magnificence*, 90 (Skeat).

<sup>3</sup> "Belus son." *Æn.* ii. 82, "Belidæ nomen Palamedis." For his cunning in connection with Ulysses, see *Class. Dict.* Late writers describe him as a sage, inventor of lighthouses, measures, scales, etc.

<sup>4</sup> "Muse"; probably misprint for "muse" = "musing," cf. following note.

And though I want his grieffe, yet sure I may  
Well ground vpon his passionate complaine,  
His Loue was faire, and blest in euery lim,  
With no default, but that she lou'd not him.

My youngling wit amuzed<sup>1</sup> at the hearing  
Of that her dayes had no conuersement in,  
Like a new-fielded souldier, wanting chearing,  
Stands all astoni'd, two conceits betwin ;  
Whether I mote with small or no forbearing,  
Burden some disobedience vpon him,  
Or shou'd in verdict of dispraises tuch  
Her whom himselfe durst [not] dispraise too much.

If you (quoth I) haue neuer yet misdome,  
To their<sup>2</sup> faire Lady more then I can deeme  
In these your words ; By heau'n, and by this Sunne,  
Your Seruice should deserue a more esteeme.  
But if (alas) your selfe y' haue ouer-run  
In things to her that mote vngratefull seeme,  
Grudge not a sharpe reawardance of the same ;  
Men must doe well that wou'd enioy good name.

With this, about to aske him somewhat more,  
With hasty answer, and a hearty oth,  
He clips my speech ; and said, and vow'd, and swore,  
No spot of guilt in his attaintles<sup>3</sup> troth ;  
But as t'is now, so euer heretofore :  
Quoth I, the better, for I would be loth ;  
Though now I aske you, as t'is fit he shu'd  
Well know your ill, that must procure your good.

<sup>1</sup> "Amuzed." Cotgrave gives Fr. *amuser*, to make to wonder, to put into a dump, etc. (Skeat).

<sup>2</sup> "Their"; error for "thy," "this," or "your."

<sup>3</sup> "Attaintles," without attain. "Was" omitted.

Yet did my soule within it selfe y-doubt  
 No vndereruings in his noble heart,  
 Though I (for reasons sake,) mote go about  
 To shew him that I fear'd some vnderart :  
 He mought ha thought me, else, some soothing lout,  
 Ylearn'd in neither iudgement, nor good part,  
 To discommend hir thoughts, and mourne his fall,  
 Without examining the cause of all.

Yet speake no further of thy chaunce, said I,  
 A single cause wou'd haue a single telling,  
 But griefes discourse, hopes mortall enemy,  
 Tat's his preuailing<sup>1</sup> in his oft reuealing :  
 O giue me leaue, saith he, to balme mine eie,  
 And let those teares that hurt it giue it healing !  
 For since hir loues are not disposde to granting,  
 Poore helpes are welcome, when the best are wanting.

These teares shall witnes, (when he wept indeed,)  
 How neere vnto my soule hir enuy crept ;  
 How much my hart doth hir owne substance bleed,  
 In fresh remembrance of what vowes I kept,  
 And in what hate that Lady did exceed,  
 That threw me downe to this (and still he wept) ;  
 O thing for euer to be vnforgot,  
 Vntill she loues me, as she loues me not.

My flocks this while, that saw their maisters eie  
 Perus'd in<sup>2</sup> things vntutching their estate,

<sup>1</sup> "Tat's his preuailing"; "tat's" = tastes (Fr. *tâter*). The sense is that much speaking of one's grief only helps one to realize its power.

<sup>2</sup> "Perus'd in"; old sense of "per-use," to use thoroughly; here = entirely used or employed in.

Ywended to a neighbors seu'ral<sup>1</sup> nie,  
 That for faire feed was mounded<sup>2</sup> in alate:  
 Where lest they shou'd too much offendingly  
 Ore-ramp the grasse, and get the owners hate,  
 I crau'd his name, and leaue away to go;  
 No shame to part, when need compelles thereto.

My name tho now it may a causer be  
 Of too long memory of a man forlorne;  
 Is called *Anander* of the Court (quoth he),  
 Though neuer Country-man abid more scorne:  
 Yet keep it as thy heardlam<sup>3</sup> close to thee,  
 That no day heare it but that blessed morne  
 Wherein that angell of my good and ill  
 Salutes thy flocks, and thee, vpon this hill.

Then tell hir, when she giues thee hir good morrow,  
 That thou alate didst see *Anander* here;  
 And then speake teares of my vnfained sorrow,  
 Or speake vnfained sorrow of my teares:  
 And when she doth some light occasion borrow  
 Of other reasons to employ hir eares,  
 Seeme thou as if thou didst not vnderstand hir,  
 And mixe thy speeches with distrest *Anander*.

If she dispraise or praise thy wanton flocke,  
 Tell thou hir that *Anander* did so too;

<sup>1</sup> "Seu'ral." Nares gives it as "an inclosed pasture," quoting many examples.

<sup>2</sup> "Mounded." Cf. *El.* II., p. 50, "immounded brookes" of Ocean.

<sup>3</sup> "Heardlam," herd. Used again *El.* II., pp. 50, 64, and in pl. "heardlams," *El.* III., p. 83; also twice in Eclogues (3, 5), pp. 196, 218, "heardlem"; but not given in the dictionaries, nor have I found it outside Basse.

If brode<sup>1</sup> the field she for some mate doth looke,  
*Anander*, (tell hir,) thus did looke for you ;  
 And let remembrance worke some better lucke,  
 For sure I am more harme it cannot do ;  
 And sometimes absence do's ingender Passion,  
 By giuing leasure to consideration.

So hie thee to thy sheep (good Shepheard boy :)  
 But stay, (O) first enrich me with thy name ;  
*Anetor* of the Field, (Sir), did I say,  
 Though (vnderstand yee) I am not the same  
 That in amendall of the woolues annoy  
 That mighty voyage vnto *Peleus*<sup>2</sup> came :  
*Anetor* he, and I *Anetor* am ;  
 But he seru'd *Peleus*, I as good a man.

Discourses ended : t'was now time a day  
 For him to ride, and for myselfe to wander ;  
 Such causes call vs both, we cannot stay ;  
 His dear's at Court, and my deere flockes be yonder :  
 And all our part no more but this to say,  
 Farewell *Anetor*, and farewell *Anander* :  
 Saue that in our farewellles, this wish we moue,  
 Me to recall my Flocks, and he his Loue.

<sup>1</sup> "Brode," prep., "abroad" or "across."

<sup>2</sup> "Peleus . . . Anetor." Cf. *Ov. Met.* 11. 348 *sqq.* *Fab. ix.* "Lupus in Saxum." Elsewhere than in this stanza Basse makes "-ay" rhyme with "-oy," and is content with a mere assonance—"am" with "man"—instead of a rhyme. Sometimes, too, he ignores a preceding final s of verbs or plural nouns for the sake of his rhyme, and sometimes omits it for the same reason where the grammar requires it.



## ELEGIE II.

*Anetor seeing, seemes to tell  
The beauty of faire Muridell,  
And in the end, he lets hir know  
Ananders plaint, bis loue, bis woe.*

**W**HEN Ianiere in 's one and thirtith age  
Had late embrac'd the wintring Feuerill,  
And March, departed with his windy rage,  
Presented time with honny'd April,  
And Shepheards to their lasses layd to gage  
The yellow Cowslip and the Daffadill ;  
When flocks gan to be lusty, lambes to skip,  
That ioy'd the well yscape of Winters nip :

The dayes were wealthie in a greater store,  
Of temp'rate minutes, and of calmer weather ;  
The Welkin blast was milder then before,  
The winde and Sunne was blended so together ;  
The spready Beech, and dangling Sycomores  
Were clad in tender leaues and shady shiuer,  
Where was by Sheapheards toyle and Shepheards wit,  
Banks vnder-set, for Nimphes to vnder-sit.

Morne-walking Feiries, halfe gods of the woods,  
Trip through the plenty of our flowery plots,  
Gracing our Medowes, hallowing our floods,  
With wholesome blessings to our gladsome flocks ;

Chearing their colours, chearing of their bloods,  
 Their milky vdders and their milke-white locks :  
 All ioy<sup>1</sup> the lib'rall sweetenes of the aire,  
 Beauty's renewed, and all things now looke faire.

Now *Proserpine* besets her comely locks  
 With such perfumes as *Ætnaes* woods can yeeld,  
 And *Ceres* with hir rolle and weeding hookes  
 Betrims the Infant huswifery of her field,  
 And *Ocean* calls in his immounded<sup>2</sup> brookes  
 From spoyling where *Triptolemus* hath til'd ;  
 Our master *Pan* seekes *Syrinx* in the reedes,  
 Poynts out our Pastures, and diuides our feedes.

This sacred Time inuited to the hill,  
 This hill where I my louing Lambes do feede,  
 That comely mistris of vnhappy will,  
 In whom that Court'ers comforts first did breed,  
 Though with vnkinde succession of that ill  
 That, wrought by hir, in him did more exceed :  
 The Infant Spring breath'd out his youthful aire,  
 A gratefull thing to Ladies yong and faire.

Now as mine eyes did stretch their curious looke,  
 Ouer the spreading heardlam<sup>3</sup> of my worth,  
 Eu'n from that king, the formost of my troupe,  
 That beares the ringing triumph of their mirth,<sup>4</sup>  
 Vnto that poorest Lambe that seemes to droope  
 Through weaknes, youth, and 'latternes of birth,

<sup>1</sup> "Joy, (in)" or "enjoy"—Basse's usual ellipse of the preposition.

<sup>2</sup> "Immounded," not confined by banks. "Mounded" is used in preceding *Elegy*, p. 47, top.

<sup>3</sup> "Heardlam." Cf. note, p. 47.

<sup>4</sup> *i.e.*, the bellwether.



With many blessings to my wandring flocke,  
And wishes of amendance to their stocke ;

I might afarre discerne a princely crew  
Of twenty Ladies, (pera'uenture more),  
A hie on yonder greene where dayeses grew,  
And sommers mistresse kept her flowers in store ;  
Too heau'nly prospect for so poore a view,  
And yet a case in vulgar sence forbore ;<sup>1</sup>  
The eyes themselves haue euer bene thus free,  
What things must needes be seene, they must needs see.

No man at all to guard this louely traine,  
Where Peeres and Princes might haue guardants beene,  
Saeue one faire youth of a pure modest graine,  
That neuer yet desirous dayes had seene,  
Nor neuer greater thoughts besieg'd his braine,  
Then what belongs to one of seenteene,  
Brought vp a purpose for this mayden taske,  
One that would shame to loue, and blush to aske.

And by his nouice lookes, and childish grace,  
Cast on himselfe wherein was all his glory,  
I saw he made a poorer vse on's place  
Then wou'd that worthy causer of my Story,  
That sober sad *Anander*, if in case<sup>2</sup>  
His *Muridella* were not preemptory:

<sup>1</sup> "A case," etc. Probably the subject of "forbore," viz. "I," is omitted, or understood from the first line (such omission is not unexampled in Basse), and "case" is an error for "gase," as on p. 52, the sense being "My look was no clownish or immodest stare."

<sup>2</sup> "If in case," if by chance.

Who now that grace, that fauour, and that ioy,  
That longs vnto her man, she giues hir boy.

This feate<sup>1</sup> yong stripling, guided by the will  
And wandring finger of his Ladies hand,  
Thus leades his blessed Army o're the hill,  
Yet not where he list, but where they command,  
A thing that taught me one faire point of skill,  
That my rude dayes yet did not vnderstand,  
The last may haue the first in seruile dreade,  
And some are led, although they seeme to leade.

And as they stood aloofe beyond my heard,  
Marking the homely ioyes of them and mee,  
With many curteous smiles, and much good word  
To their encrease and my prosperitie,  
To quittance<sup>2</sup> all the graces they affoord,  
I went aside, where I vnseene may see  
These walking Saints, and giue them secret praise,  
Since tis not good to stand in sight and gase.

And as I note their faces, iudge their yeares,  
Compare their Beauties to discerne the best;  
One saw I gone,<sup>3</sup> betwixt two women peares,  
Two gentles Lady-like, and maides profest,  
Who, by youre leaue, if she had not beene there  
That for hir state their seruices possest,  
For comlines and beauty might haue got  
The vndissembled verdict of my thought.

<sup>1</sup> "Feate," neat, elegant; Fr. *fait* (Nares).

<sup>2</sup> "To quittance": to take full and complete account of.

<sup>3</sup> "Gone," by transposition for "go-en," the old Infin. termination.

But she, whose Armes were folded vp in theirs,  
 (Three gracefull fadams<sup>1</sup> twisted all in one),  
 —Like *Pallas* led twixt *Iunos* hand and *Ceres*,  
 Where nothing but the midst is look't vpon—  
 So rich yclad in beauties pomp appeares,  
 Besides the wonders<sup>2</sup> cost she had put on,  
 That when I look't vpon no more but she,  
 I cou'd ha wisht ther had beene no more to see.

But O! what eye can be contented in  
 So straight a compasse, or so small a round,  
 But that some sparkle of his sight shall sinne  
 In glauncing here, or there, or vp, or downe?  
 So did these dazeled circles neuer linne<sup>3</sup>  
 To looke on all, till they the fairest found:  
 Then fixe themselues, still to behold the best;  
 Some peeuish light wou'd swarue and see the rest.<sup>4</sup>

On<sup>5</sup> cloudy sullen implement of blacke,  
 Ycald a maske, or some such hideous name,  
 Vpon hir face: whèther it was for lacke  
 Of things more fit, more gracefull then the same,  
 Or whether careles might she be to take  
 A vesture that the place so ill became,<sup>6</sup>

<sup>1</sup> "Fadams" = fathoms. Cf. *Metamorphosis of the Walnut Tree*, i. 16, "two fadoms round."

<sup>2</sup> "Wonders," wondrous, as on p. 44, where see note.

<sup>3</sup> "Linne," Saxon = "stop," "cease." Often in Spenser.

<sup>4</sup> The last line is aduersative in sense to the preceding, and requires a "But yet;" or else the colon should be placed at "themselves," and "still, to behold the best," constructed with the last line.

<sup>5</sup> "On," one, an, a, as at p. 65 bottom; or possibly a misprint for "Ore-cloudy." The verb "was" omitted.

<sup>6</sup> *i.e.*, in the country, where no mask could possibly be needed.

I wot not: But, in conscience, God forbid  
That things so worthy sight should e're be hid.

This enuious visard—glories needles Iaile,  
Deformed enemy of Beauties praise;  
This new-invented<sup>1</sup> Night, that so doth vaile  
The mingled looks of Natures holy dayes;<sup>2</sup>  
This artificiall Morpew, that assailes  
The seemely obieft of our mortall ioyes;  
This cloud, this face-case, this attire of Chance,  
This ougly outside of a countenance—

Did thus, as in despightfull bondage, hold  
The wondrous feature of so blest a looke,  
Till beautie snuffing<sup>3</sup> to be so control'd,  
Nor wou'd<sup>4</sup> her slaue to be hir mistresse brooke,  
This strange garment about hir browe did fold,  
And thereby hir deserued freedome tooke;  
And as in taske I kept mine eyes to see  
If shee so beaut'ous might as comely bee.

Like to Queene *Morning* when she fresh appear'd  
To *Cephalus*<sup>5</sup> vpon th' *Hymetian* hill,  
Or *Wisedome*, when she lookt from skie, and rear'd,  
The barb'rous kin that did each other kill,<sup>6</sup>  
Or smiling *Loue*, when in hir armes she chear'd  
That beauteous youngling that the Bore did kill:

<sup>1</sup> "New-invented." Masks were introduced from France in Elizabeth's reign, 1572.

<sup>2</sup> "Nature's holy-dayes" are her rarest and brightest products, fair maids, as opposed to her common journey-work.

<sup>3</sup> "Snuffing," indignant. Cf. p. 63, "snuffes at."

<sup>4</sup> "Wou'd," loose construction for "willing to brooke."

<sup>5</sup> "Cephalus." Cf. *Ov., Met.*, vi. 681.

<sup>6</sup> "Wisedome," etc.: the reference eludes me.

So look't she out, to giue hir eyes such scope  
As *Appias*<sup>1</sup> do's when heauens windowes ope.

How blessed are you flocks and fieldes (quoth I)  
To be perus'd with such Immortall view?  
How can thou<sup>2</sup> but excell in Iolitie,  
When fairer sight then heau'n doth visit you?  
Yet did I speake these words but whisperingly,  
As one that had not mate to tell them to,  
With eager grieve that I had none with me  
To sooth me in the praise of that I see.

Like to some banke, whose grounds of Lillies white  
Was here and there with roses inter-set;  
Empaled in with flowers of faire delight,  
As if *Cibèle* were in *Floraes* debt,<sup>3</sup>  
And, to incurre more wonder to the sight,  
Fronted with veines of Azure violet:  
So did she seeme, if I may like a face  
So excellent vnto a thing so base.

But how much do I weaken and depriue  
Those honours great that in hir greatnes are,  
When like my selfe, fond shepheard, I do striue  
To bring such beautie into rude compare;  
Knowing full well, that nothing is aliue  
That mought be reckon'd like to one so faire:

<sup>1</sup> "Appias," nymph of the fountain of Aqua Appia near the temple of Venus Genetrix. Cf. *Ov., Ars Amat.*, i. 82.

<sup>2</sup> "Thou," for "ye."

<sup>3</sup> "As if Cibèle," etc. For the liberty taken with the quantity, compare the use of "Ceres" as a monosyllable to rhyme with "theirs" a few stanzas back, p. 53. The simile is not specially apt; Cybele, as a goddess of the earth, is taken to represent the "banke" of line 1.

Yet pardon, Beauty, me vnskilfull wight,  
That wrong thee in desire to do thee right.

So long bewitched with this mateles hiew  
Of th' unbeguiling beautie of hir face,  
Mine earnest eies with teares at length withdrew,  
And wandring, wonder at another grace  
That in hir necke and bosome was to view,  
That ioyned plot, that admirable place :  
And while to maze at that I had desier,  
Contentles sight woo'd still be gasing hier.

So long as yet I haue the keeper bin,  
Of these faire meades (starres be my witnes true ;) )  
No winters snow that euer fell therein,  
Or summers Affodill <sup>1</sup> that euer grew,  
Passed the Natiue whitenes of her skin,  
So mixt with bashfull red and vaynie blue :  
Yet dare I brag, that neuer shepheard moe  
Saw fairer flowres then I, or whiter snowe.

O creature blessed, mot'st thou neuer die ;  
For if thou should'st with mortalls breathe thy last,  
Where find we Pearle to fashion such an eye,  
Or whither shall we send for Aliblast',  
Or seeke for Iuory of so white a die  
Wherein thy Bosom's Picture may be cast ?  
When thy names highnes, and thy beauties newnes,  
Should be sepulchred in the truest truenes.

<sup>1</sup> "Affodil," the M.E. form, given in *Prompt. Parv.* For the prefix "d" Skeat compares "Ted" for "Edward," and suggests that it was a contraction from the Fr. *fleur d'affrodille*.

This Bosome is Loues owne delightfull walke,<sup>1</sup>  
 When coming from hir eye, his princely nest,  
 He wanders downe to dally and to talke  
 With Chastitie that dwelleth in hir brest :  
 Where, like a Lambe vpon a bed of chalke,  
 Lies downe, and whites himselfe and takes his rest ;  
 The Iourney is so delicate, vpon  
 The way twixt his and hir pauilion.

Then comes he to that double-fronted place,  
 The temple of a chaste and prudent feare,  
 In whose bright out-side he beholds hir face,  
 As if Loue asked here, and answered there ;  
 But the beguiled boys in no such grace,  
 As for *Ananders* sake I wish he were :  
 Tho leaue him there, and I the while be telling  
 This brest, of Chastitie the sumptuous dwelling.

It is as cleere as is the finest glasse,  
 And men would think it easie to be broken,  
 But when the violence of intreat wou'd passe,  
 The substance doth no brittlenes betoken,  
 But still it stands as close and firme as brasse,  
 Yet is so pure, that one wou'd iudge it open ;  
 And by this day (forgiue me, heau'ns, to sweare,)  
 Those that disdaine to loue, why are they faire ?

*Anander* (oh) that thou wer't Porter here,  
 To walke the entrance of this Castle dore ;

<sup>1</sup> "Loues . . . walke." The language here, and much of what succeeds, bears a strong resemblance to that in the 6th Canto of *Brittain's Ida*, formerly attributed to Spenser, but assigned with tolerable certainty by Grosart to Phineas Fletcher.

And I the Vicar of thine office were,  
 When thou bee'st feeble, and can toile no more :  
 But let me blush, I was too sawcie there,  
 Yet in thy quarraile, dare I say therefore :<sup>1</sup>  
 Faire is the Portall, but the house is hate,  
 Poorest the Almes, though purest is the gate.

Before this gate there are two fountaines built,  
 Of ycie Cristall and of Diamond,  
 Whose Cisternes siluer be, whose Conduits gilt,  
 And in them sweeter wines then Nectar stond :  
 Yet neuer was (they say) one spoonfull spilt,  
 Nor neuer any drop that from them run'd ;  
 Nor neuer shall, till th'are vnlock't below,  
 But who doth keep the key therof, God know.

Oft hath *Anander* in loues likenes shot  
 His hardy shaftes against this Castle great,  
 Where, though he made frank warre and battry hot,  
 The end of all was euer meere retreat :  
 That I say this in ieasting thinke ye not,  
 Farre is from me the wanton of conceit,  
 Punish me, heauens, if I meane nought,<sup>2</sup>  
 More then his earnest loue, and hir chast thought.

<sup>1</sup> "Therefore," in answer to that charge. These stanzas are reminiscent of Spenser's description of the House of Alma, *Faerie Queene*, bk. ii. canto 9; though Basse produces some confusion by mingling his description of physical parts with moral attributes, and employing material similes to render the latter.

<sup>2</sup> "If I meane nought," used in the Shakespearean sense of impropriety of thought or speech; but the next line proceeds as if he had written "aught." A dissyllable seems to have dropped out before "heauens."



Next to her brest, that faire and beauteous strond,  
(Describe I now by guesse, and not by sight)  
That white empaled walke, that spacy laund,  
That smooth, and milky high-way of delight,  
Where the same loue walks at his owne commaund  
To make experience lower of his might,  
Whenas himselfe vnworthily hath borne,  
From hir hard brest, this great repulse of scorne.

But in the midst, or neere the lower end  
Of this faire belly-walke, a marke is set,  
And further then the same he may not wend,  
Where want of liberty doth make him fret,  
And where he may not come, his shafts doth send;  
But where they light was neuer heard on yet,  
For if they did, t'would quickly be appearant,  
For where Loue woundeth, Loue is like to heare on't.

Nature hirsselfe did set that limit there,  
To curb young *Cupids* freakish Infancy,  
As often as his boyship durst come neere,  
Or enter his assault so sawcily,  
Upon the hidden blis of that place, where  
Hirsselfe doth liue in secret secrecy:  
And yet there is no doubt, but loue shall dwell  
Hereafter there, if he please Nature well.

Now sober thought shall silently passe o're,  
Without rude language or immodest wrong,  
The things that reason euer hath forbore,  
Cause they surpasse the eloquence of tongue;  
While I pursue the meaner dainties lower:  
And so in faire Content I passe along;  
For where the eye doth leade, the lips are bold,  
But what was neuer scene must not be told.

When I haue then bethought hir veinie thighne,  
 Hir smooth and dainty leg, hir handsome knee,  
 The pillers of this euer-worthy shrine,  
 Where Chastnes, Beauty, Wit, enrooded<sup>1</sup> bee,  
 Who can perswade me, that hir foot's not fine,  
 When these adoring eyes the shooe did see,  
 That for his length, might of the sixes bee,  
 But sure for bredth, it cou'd be but the three.

To tell how faire and straight this vnder-part  
 Held vp the rest to bright and goodly hie,<sup>2</sup>  
 Would make the heau'n-supporting *Atlas* start,  
 And in a rage let fall the mighty skie,  
 And whisper to himselfe within his hart,  
 How base and euerlasting slaue am I,  
 Whom this eternall drudgery contents,  
 While meaner props beare fairer elements!

How comely, Lord,<sup>3</sup> (me thinks) hir backe was made,  
 How right hir shoulders to the same were knit;  
 How excellently both hir sides were laide;  
 How straight, how long hir armes were, and how fit:  
 How white hir hand was, and how vndecai'd,  
 And what faire fingers ioyned were to it:  
 How delicately euery limme was plac't,  
 And euery member by another grac't.

No painter that did euer pensill dip  
 In oryent Russet or in sable die,

<sup>1</sup> "Enrooded," kept like precious monuments in a rood-loft, the "shrine" of the previous line.

<sup>2</sup> "Hie." Probably used as a subst. also in *El. I.*, 9th st., "the high'st degree of hie."

<sup>3</sup> "Lord," interjectional.

Ha's pow'r to match the rednes of hir lip,  
 Or the three-colour'd harts-ease of hir eie :  
*Pygmalion* at her cheekes and chin wou'd trip,  
 And at hir browes would blush and looke awry :  
 And for hir Nose, Nature would doe as much,  
 For heauen and earth yields not another such.

A wouden wreathe she had of Baies and Firre,  
 That had y'clipt hir formost locks in greene ;  
 Whose trembling Leafe the mildest blast would stirre,  
 Vnlesse the winde had much forbearfull beene :  
 And for hir haire, except you look on hir  
 I'm sure there is no more such to be seene :  
 And all hir head was dressed in that haire ;  
 So might it best, no dressing is so faire.

Hir band about hir necke was plaine y'spread,  
 Withouten doubles, settes,<sup>1</sup> but falling flat ;  
 And all vpon it, wrought in golden thread,  
 Roses, vines, pances, and I wot not what :  
 A curled locke, descending from hir head,  
 Hung on her shoulder, partly hiding that :  
 On hir left shoulder : Shoulders that do beare  
 Something : what ? Nothing, but the things they weare.<sup>2</sup>

She wore withall a Tyrian mantle, made  
 Of silken yearne,<sup>3</sup> with strippe of siluer mixt ;  
 Of the same webbe that young *Appollo* had ;  
 For certainly went but the sheares betwixt :<sup>4</sup>

<sup>1</sup> "Settes," perhaps = "bows," or "frills"—something in the nature of a ruff.

<sup>2</sup> Probably there is no second intention here—nothing more than to fill up the stanza, and preface with due solemnity the sumptuous catalogue of her dress.

<sup>3</sup> "Yearne," yarn, as in *Ecl.* 6, p. 220.

<sup>4</sup> *i.e.*, they were cut out of the same piece.

Hir vpper-part was in a Doublet clad,  
 Wrought o're with cloudes, and golden planets fixt,  
 And skirted like a man, but that before  
 Hir buttons, and hir girdle, came much lowre.

Hir buttons were great store, and very small,  
 In colour like vnto hir doublet wrought;  
 Hir Belt was finer geare, but yet withall  
 As semblant to the rest as might be thought,  
 Saue that it was with pearle as round as ball,  
 With aggets, and with glimsy saphyres fraught:  
 And all was like hir doublet to hir hand,  
 Sauing hir cuffes, and they were like hir band.

Hir kirtle was an equall minglement  
 Of diuers silks in diuers beauties dide;  
 And with a tucke it was, that, as she went,  
 Her middle-leg the fringe did scarcely hide;  
 And to this tucke brode lace in order spent,  
 One from another not a finger wide:  
 And from hir ankle to hir knee did rise  
 Gamashaes<sup>1</sup> of the best of *Jasons* prise.

Of silken greene hir nether stocks were knit;  
 One of her garters cou'd I hardly see,  
 For she aboue the ioynt had twisted it,  
 Yet seem'd it like to that below the knee,  
 Because I saw the endes were sembled fit,  
 With broydery as like as like might bee:

<sup>1</sup> "Gamashaes," etc. Nares gives "Gamashes: loose drawers worn outside the legs over the other clothing," and quotes Davies' *Scourge of Folly*—"Daccus is all bedawbed with golden lace, | Hose, doublet, jerkin, and gamashes too." Muridella's seem to have been of wool, as we infer from "Jason's prise."

Hir shooe was lowe, because she did defie  
Any aditions to make hir hie.

As I a while was standen in a weare,<sup>1</sup>  
In ill conceit of my vnworthy state,  
Whether I mote presume to let hir heare  
What of hirselve was told to me so late,  
I sodainly might see approaching neere  
A handsome bonny Virgin that did waite  
Vpon this lady: and in hand she led  
A milke-white Steede, and richly furnished.

Withouten bashfull dread, or further thought,  
I crosst aloofe vnto this comely Maide,  
And hauing bid hir welcome as I ought  
And<sup>2</sup> broke into a homely speech, and sayde:  
Faire Mistresse, you are she that I haue sought,  
But certes for no harme, be not afraide:  
If you a mayde to *Muridella* be,  
Pray tell me, is she here, and which is she?

This Damsell seeming proud and angry too,  
Snuffes at<sup>3</sup> my plainenesse, flouts, and walkes awry;  
I follow on, and for an answere wooe,  
But for my heart I cou'd haue no reply:  
What shall it boote me then in vaine to sue?  
If thou be thus, what is thy Dame? thought I,  
Or mayst thou be, as ancient tales expresse,  
A Mayde more dainty then thy Misteresse?

<sup>1</sup> "In a weare." The word is the same as "weir," A.S. *wer*, a dam; cf. Germ. *wehren*, to check, constrain. Sense here is "at pause."

<sup>2</sup> "And" should be "I."

<sup>3</sup> "Snuffes at," takes offence at; cf. "snuffing" above, p. 54.

But yet (anon) because she would not stay,  
 Nor I thinke of her<sup>1</sup> any worse then well,  
 She threw this minsing Answer in my way ;  
 I am : she's here : that's she, and so farewell.  
 But which (quoth I) is that you meane I pray ?  
 Whoo then (she sayth) go looke,<sup>2</sup> I will not tell.  
 With this we part, and both our wayes we keepe ;  
 And she leades on hir Horse, and I my sheepe.

And well I was that I so much cou'd know,  
 And for the same I gaue hir faire God-speed,  
 And after that preparde myselfe to go  
 To meete with hir whom I shou'd meete indeed,  
 I meane the lady that I praysed so,  
 The Mistresse of the Mayde and of the Steed ;  
*Ananders* goddes and his loue for aye,  
 My goddes and my Mistresse for to day.

Now look'd I on my selfe what must be don,  
 And rub'd my garments cleane in euery seame ;  
 My face, that long had basked in the Sunne,  
 I made it handsome in the gentle streame ;  
 I combd my bustled<sup>3</sup> locks, and wipt my shoon,  
 And made myselfe as tricke as *Polypheme*,  
 When he first kept his heardlam<sup>4</sup> neere the Sea,  
 For loue and sake of constant *Galate*.

The gentle Ladies, when they did behold  
 My rude approach, anon began to fleere ;<sup>5</sup>

<sup>1</sup> "Nor (would that) I (should) thinke of her."

<sup>2</sup> Perhaps misprint for "Whoo? (then she sayth), Go looke."

<sup>3</sup> "Bustled," disordered. The verb "to bustle" is properly intransitive ; but Streat quotes a Swedish dialect where "busa" = to strike, thrust.

<sup>4</sup> "Heardlam." Cf. note, p. 47.

<sup>5</sup> "Fleere," mock, used in Shakespeare, *Love's Labour's Lost*, v. 2, 109.

Ether th' occasion was to see me bold,  
 To venter in a Swaynish guise so neere,  
 Or else they highly wonderd what I would,  
 Or what might be the bus'nes I had there,  
 Yet feared not, for they full well did know,  
 The Country to the Court was neuer foe.

The princocke youth,<sup>1</sup> (as I alate did tell,)  
 That mand this goodly sort along the hil,  
 In his pure wisdom thought I did not well,  
 (Though I had sworne in thought to do no ill :)  
 And therefore meetes me with a count'nance fell,  
 And this disdainful question : What's your will ?  
 No harme sweet maister (sed I) but to see,  
 My Land-lady,<sup>2</sup> if any here be she.

These are the Ladies of the court (quoth he,  
 Whose pleasure is to walke vpon this greene ;  
 Whose honour'd offices and high degree,  
 Is daily waiting on our Soueraigne Queene :  
 (And with that word his head vncouer'd he),  
 And all his youthfull yellow locks were seene :  
 And I kneeld downe-and cride, O heauens so deare !  
 Preserue hir grace and all her Ladies here.

With that on<sup>3</sup> gentle Lady mong them all,  
 Partly resolu'd I had some tale to tell,

<sup>1</sup> "The princocke youth." "Princock" or "princox" means a pert, forward youth. Capulet applies the term to Tybalt, in *Rom. and Jul.*, i. 5, 88.

<sup>2</sup> "Land-lady," lady of the manor—Anetor's feigned excuse for his approach.

<sup>3</sup> "On," one, as at p. 53, st. 3.

With becking hand, the Image of a call,  
 Examins what I would, and where I dwell:  
 Quoth I, my winning<sup>1</sup> is in yonder stall,  
 And I would speake with beauteous *Muridell*:  
 All honour be to euery one of you,  
 But she is whom my message longs vnto.

Whose faire respect in such abundance wrought,  
 And curtesie did in such sort supplie,  
 That euery grace, and euery gentle thought,  
 Did seeme to be assembl'd in hir eie,  
 When with a piercing smiling glaunce it sought  
 The arrand of the homely stander by:  
 And did inspire the mouing lips to say,  
 What newes to *Muridella*, (Shepherds boy.)

If shepherds then may dare to be so bolde  
 With such estates as yours, I gan to say,  
 Or if Loues Message may be rudely tolde,  
 (As better know my betters what it may)  
 Duty and promise vrge me to vnfolde  
 That on this greene I met vpon a day  
 Youthfull *Anander*, that in Court doth dwell,  
 As you well know, if you be *Muridell*.

And that aboute the world he loues you deare,  
 If be to you vnthought of, or vnknowne,  
 Once trust my oth vpon it (if I sweare)  
 Wherein I yet haue bene vntrue to none:  
 If euer Loues did by the lookes appeare,  
 Or euer miseries were declar'd by mone,  
*Anander* is as farre in loue with you  
 As he on this side death ha's powre to goe.

<sup>1</sup> "Winning," dwelling. A.S.: *wunian*, to dwell.



But are you sure (she saith) it is to me ?  
 As sure as I am sure y'are *Muridell* :  
 But are you sure (she sayth) that that was hee ?  
 As sure as I am sure he loues you well :  
 But are you sure (she sayth) that I am shee ?  
 That is (quoth I) the thing I least can tell ;  
 But that's the name I'm sure he do's adore,  
 And shee that owes that name he honours more.

Be-like (she saith) your message doth pertaine  
 To *Muridella* ; and that's I indeed :  
 But that those loues and honors that you saine,  
 And those high thoughts that from his heart proceed,  
 Are done to me, it is a Jest but vaine ;  
 And let it be no member of your creed :  
 T'was he, I know't : he loues, I know it too :  
 But whom he loues, he knowes, not I, nor you.

For thee to swears what thou hast heard him vow,  
 Is but the childish error of thy youth ;  
 For me to trust things sworne I wot not how  
 Might argue fondnes, lightnes, and vntruth :  
 And therefore, (Shepheard) what a foole are thou,  
 To thinke that euery teare procedes of ruth,  
 When men that other causes doe lament,  
 Will burden loue with all their Discontent ?

Be thou not then so lightly borne away,  
 With euery idle tale that men professe ;  
 And looke how much the more of Loues they say,  
 Be wise inough to credit them the lesse :  
 For if in sooth they are enclind that way,  
 Thy pittie do's but adde to their distresse :  
 But if they doe not meane the things they say,  
 What foole are you, and what dessemblers they ?

Downe halts the beggar when he seekes to moue  
 The mistresse of the Almes-house to be kinde;  
 And craft is sickly when he meanes to proue  
 The lib'rall pittie of the innocent minde;  
 And light beliefe is but the Asse of Loue,  
 That beares his oathes before, his mocks behinde,  
 And neuer trauels with an empty poke,  
 Vntill all mockes be spent, all oathes be broke.

Mens vowes to us haue beene of small import,  
 Since *Ioue* put on *Dianas* moony cap,  
 And in the louely woods of chast disport  
 Opprest *Calysto*<sup>1</sup> with a dire mishap;  
 Since *Ilian* outlawes came to *Carthage* Court,  
 And false *Iulus* play'd in *Didoes* lap:<sup>2</sup>  
 No. wily Loues into our hearts shall creepe,  
 (O word full ill to speake, full hard to keepe.)

All shamefac'd as I stood at this defense,  
 With all my wittes astounded in a muse;  
 I had a suddaine hap to call to sence,  
*Anander* told me how she wou'd excuse  
 Hir drery hardnes, and unkind offence,  
 A thing she so familiarly did vse,  
 That to a meane and single vnderstander,  
 The fault of Loue seem'd rather in *Anander*.

Herewith the gentle silence of hir tongue,  
 Giues more tune to my message and his cause;  
 This feeble answer, from affection strong,  
 Fild vp the empty minutes of that pause:  
 Faire Lady, mote it please you, do no wrong,  
 Though for his Loue you guiden all the Lawes;

<sup>1</sup> "Calysto." Cf. *Ov., Met.*, ii. 401-438; *Fast.*, ii. 156-173.

<sup>2</sup> "In Didocs lap": *Æn.*, i. 657-722.

Nor him of fayning or false oathes condemne,  
For sure that hart did neuer harbor them.

To count those vowes before me he did take,  
To tell the teares that he did lauish here,  
To call to minde the praises he did make  
Of you his *Muridella*, you his deare ;  
What griefes, what thoughts, what labors for your sake,  
What discontent, what fury he did beare ;  
Would make me (Lady) more distraught to tell,  
Then is the maddest *Eumenis* of hell.

But since the Euening hastes, let all things rest,  
Till please it you to meet him on this hill ;  
That happy heau'ns may make your hart possesst,  
With gentle pittie of *Ananders* ill,  
And by a wished change restore him blest,  
With *Muridellæ*s gentles<sup>1</sup> and good-will :  
And if that then the fault in him shalbe,  
Let me curse him, and you abandon me.

To this request hir greatness mildely spake,  
Much is the Loue *Anander* might haue won,  
If other courses he had pleas'd to take,  
Then thus abroade haue cry'd himsefve vndon,  
And by his open blames, a Tyrant make  
Of me, that wisht him as I wou'd my son ;  
Though I confesse the loues he would haue had  
I did denie, but not to make him mad.

For let our weakenes as it well hath need,  
Resolue it selfe vpon profound aduise,

<sup>1</sup> "Gentles," O.F. "gentilece" from "gentil." Cf. "noblesse,"  
from "noble."

For when consent is made with too much speed,  
 Entreating Loue esteemes it of no price :  
 Such weighty bargaines are not soone agreed :  
 A substance is too much to play at twice :<sup>1</sup>  
 The loue's but small that is too yong to know  
 That all the hope's not past when wee say no.

But on the day that I him here shall meete,  
 (The fairest day of all the fairest dayes),  
 I learne him shal how to be more discrete  
 And curteous in the brute of my dispraise :  
 And then (if heau'ns ordaine it not vnmeete)  
 Vnarmed Loue shall part our lingring fraies,  
 And where the most vnkindenesse then shall bee,  
 There the iust sentence shall be giu'n by thee.

For I do know *Anander* young and faire,  
 And much I thinke, and much I wou'd doe for him,  
 And that it is my euerlasting care,  
 That discontent of loue should neuer marre him :  
 Witnes thy selfe (young shepheard boy) that are  
 The onely iudge to whom I shal referre him :  
 And so I must be gon, the night is neere ;  
 Time stayes no longer at the Court then here.

With that the lightnes of hir nimble foote  
 Withdrew it selfe into a silent trace,  
 And all hir veiny limmes consenting to't  
 Made a faire turne and vanisht hence apace,  
 With all the comely troupe; leauing me mute  
 And languisht in the loosing of hir face,  
 While does the aire into mine eares infuse  
 The message of hir musicall adewes.

<sup>1</sup> "A substance," etc.: one's whole fortune is not to be staked more than once.



### ELEGIE III.

*Anander sicke with Loues disdain  
Doth change himselfe into a Swaine,  
While dos the youthfull Shepherd show him  
His Muridellaes answere to him.*

**T**HE Sunne that had himselfe a Courtier beene,  
And for his beautie lou'd of Ladies faire,  
Spread forth his yellow beames vpon the  
greene,

And with attentive eye, and Courtly care,  
Flourisht his wandring torch, till he had seene  
This troupe arriue the place where now they are :  
Which done, he hies him thence, and takes his rest  
Behinde the furthest Mountaines of the West.

Blinde drouzie night, all clad in misty ray,  
Began to ride along the welkins round,  
Hangs out his gazing Lanthornes by the way,  
And makes the outside of the world his bound ;<sup>1</sup>  
The Queene of starres, in enuy of the daye,  
Throwes the cold shadow of hir eyes to ground ;  
And supple grasse, opprest with heauy dew,  
Doth wet the Sheepe and licke the shepherds shooe.

There as I dwelt there dwelled all my sheepe,  
And home we went together, flocks and I,

<sup>1</sup> "The outside of the world"—the inside being that part successively turned towards, and lighted by, the sun.

As euen where I rest and take my sleepe,  
 There are my flocks asleepe and resting by,  
 And when I rise to go to field and keepe,  
 So will my flocks, that can no longer lie :  
 Thus in the Sheepe is all the Shepherds care,  
 And in the Shepheard is the flocks welfare.

While did the yeare let slip his tender Spring,  
 And merry Moones went merrily away,  
 I with this happy flocke alone did sing,  
 And pipe the oaten galliard<sup>1</sup> euery day,  
 As well content as *Pan* himselfe our King,  
 With a new Carroll or a Roundelay,  
 For he (as good a Minstrell as he is)  
 Couth neuer tune a better Lay then this.

When Shepherds sit vpon the hills,  
 Nursed in their Swainish wills,  
 Young, and in desires vnripe,  
 Curious of the flocke and pipe,  
 Then is Swaynish life the best,  
 And he that cares, and loues the lest,<sup>2</sup>  
 Thinkes he fares about the rest.

Then our ioyes beguile our ruthes,  
 Shepherds boyes be merry youthes,  
 Loues do dwell in Courti'rs beds,  
 Peace doth swell<sup>3</sup> in Shepherds heads  
 Lusts are like our flocks ypent,  
 Want of age doth barre consent,  
 Youth doth flourish with content.

<sup>1</sup> "Galliard," properly a dance. Cf. *Twelfth Night*, i. 3.

<sup>2</sup> "Lest," least. Cf. "luckelest," least in luck, p. 77.

<sup>3</sup> "Doth swell." Probably for "Doth (a)'s well," in accordance with the Shakespearean use of the phrase "do well," as = "be not amiss." So on p. 174, st. 7.

But when elder dayes shall show,  
 Whether Swaines be men or no,  
 Loue shall rule in shepherds braines,  
 Grautie shall guide the swaines.  
 Wanton thoughts shall then be checkt,  
 Shepherds shall no playes respect,  
 Age shall conquer youths defect.

Sing I then, heigh-ho for ioy,  
 Cause I yet am but a boy,  
 But when Shepherds boyes be men,  
 Ho my hart, what sing I then?  
 Heigh-ho—sorrow, Ioyes away,  
 Conqu'ring Loue ha's won the Day:  
 This is all my Roundelay.

Whilome when I was *Collins* loued boy,  
 (Ah, *Collin*, for thee, *Collin*, weep I now,)  
 For thou art dead,<sup>1</sup> ah, that to me didst ioy,  
 As *Coridon* did to *Alexis* vow.  
 But (as I sed,) when I was *Collins* boy,  
 His deare young boy, and yet of yeares inow,  
 To leade his willing heard along the plaine,  
 I on his pipe did learne this singing vaine.

And oh, (well mote he now take rest therefore,)  
 How oft in pray'rs and songs he pray'd and sung,  
 That I (as had himselfe full long before,)  
 Mought liue a happy shepherd and a young;  
 And many vowes, and many wishes more,  
 When he his Pipe into my bosome flung:

<sup>1</sup> "Art dead." Spenser died some three years before the publication of the *Elegies*, on Jan. 16, 1599. Are we to infer from the language of these stanzas a personal relation between Basse and Spenser?

And said, though *Collin* ne're shall be surpast,  
Be while thou liu'st, as like him as thou maist.

Much was my deare<sup>1</sup> therefore when *Collin* died,  
When we (alacke) were both agreed in grieffe :  
He for his infant swaine, that me affide,<sup>2</sup>  
Yet happed not to liue to see my priefe.<sup>3</sup>  
And I that to his gouernance had tide  
My bounden youth, in loosing such a chiefe :  
Ah how wou'd he haue sung, and with what grace,  
*Ananders* loue, and *Muridellaes* Face !

He wou'd haue blazed in eternall note,  
*Ananders* Loue and worthy Manlines ;  
And then recorded with a wondrous throte,  
His *Muridellaes* louely worthines ;  
And by those witching tunes he had by wrote,  
Cur'd his Loues grieffe with his desires succes ;  
And by his loftie pipe, and pleasing ditty,  
Molted hir hearts hardnes with her Loues pittie.

Then mought full well these hils of Shepheards feed  
Beene priuy to loues secret discontent,  
And all these quarrels might ha beene agreed  
And ended, by a Iudge so reuerent :  
For he was letter'd well, and well couth reed,  
And was a swaine profound and eloquent ;  
But now is left of him but bare report,  
And I in fields must sing the Loues in Court.

<sup>1</sup> "Deare." Wedgwood gives "Dery—Dere : to hurt. Gael. *deire*, end, rear, and *deireas*, injury, loss" ; the connection being that between lateness and deficiency. Cf. "Oh, dear !" (?)

<sup>2</sup> "Affide," trusted in, or perhaps "entered into contract with." The der. noun "affiance" alone survives. The antecedent of "that" is "He."

<sup>3</sup> "Priefe," proof, as often in Spenser.



*Anander* now, whose loues did waxe in age  
 So as they did in greatnes and in wait,<sup>1</sup>  
 Sometimes bursts out into disbounded rage,  
 And cloy's his eager heart on Passions bait ;  
 Sometimes the swelling minde begins to swage,  
 And slender hopes appeare, but vanish strait ;  
 And Griefe drawes out the Anticks of his care,  
 Vpon his face, his bosome, and his haire.

Poore gentle youth, as yet a man vnwitting  
 With that<sup>2</sup> true truth his arrand I had sed,  
 And with what milde respect, and hopefull pittying,  
 The answers of his loue were answered,  
 Liues wide from sumptuous Court, as one more fitting  
 To shrowd pale sicknes in a country bed :  
 And somtimes (though the space was farre between)  
 Casts his long looks, where his long Loues had been.

At length, what forc't by Loue, what by good-will,  
 Loue that he bore to hir, good-will to me,  
 It pleas'd him once more to salute this hill,  
 And me, and these my flocks that weakned be  
 For want of care and shepheards wary skill,  
 That for this while couth neuer well o're-see  
 Their fickle state, so greatly did me stir  
 The woe for him, the wondering at hir.

A weeping face (at first) I durst not shew him,  
 Lest he should swound in weening ill successe ;  
 Nor wou'd I smile when I at first did view him,  
 Lest he shou'd dreame of greatest happinesse :

<sup>1</sup> "Wait," weight. Cf. "Sysiphus his wait," *Sword and Buckler*, st. 69.

<sup>2</sup> "That" for "what."

But look't<sup>1</sup> as I look't when first I knew him,  
 Withouten change of feature, more or lesse :  
 So that my Count'nance cou'd him not disclose,  
 Great cause of ioyes, or greater meanes of woes.

Now while the action of his hand and foot,  
 Daunc't out the measures of his courtly greeting ;  
 And I in silent bowes, and grosse salute,  
 Doubl'd the curteous Congees<sup>2</sup> of our meeting :  
 His gentle heart, fed with no other fruite  
 But griefes sowre Plumme and Passions bitter sweeting,  
 Sends to the mouth the sighes that she had broken,  
 Where being shap't in words, they were thus spoken.

Sith is no doubt (young curteous boy) but thou  
 Hast seene my Loue vpon this gladsome plaine,  
 Therefore declare my doome vnto me now ;  
 Declare thou happy, or vnhappy swaine ;  
 Tell me what *Muridella* said, and how  
 Thou lik'st her speech, hir beauty, and hir traine :  
 Powre out hir praise to me with such a tongue  
 As vnto hir thou didst my loue and wrong.

Say, what she sed to thee, what to thy flocke,  
 What vnto me, and what vnto my Loue ?  
 Say, did she pittie me, or did she mocke,  
 Or challenge witnes of the heau'ns aboue ?  
 At what time came she, and at what a clocke  
 Went she away ? for loue of mighty *Loue*  
 Tell me, deere youth : and if my hopes succeed,  
 Ile crowne thy kindenes with a lib'rall deed.

<sup>1</sup> "Look't." The metre requires "lookèd" in the first case.

<sup>2</sup> "Congees," salutations. Used again, *Sword and Buckler*, 62, *Urania*, i. 13. In Spenser only in the phrase "take conge," *i.e.*, take leave.

For now my life stands on the crazie point  
 Of tott'ring hope, and feeble expectation :  
 Doubt trembles Agew-like in eu'ry ioynt,  
 And feare assaults with threats of desolation :  
 And now, vnless the balmes of comfort noint,  
 I die the luckelest <sup>1</sup> man of all our nation ;  
 Therefore discourse the fortunes of that day :  
 And at that word I thus began to say :—

That I this Lady faire haue seene and met,  
 Know wel mine eyes that were my arrands guide,  
 Out of whose circles is not vanisht yet  
 The Image of that beauty that they ey'd ;  
 And that I told your loues and passions great  
 Shall by the iudgement of your selfe be try'd,  
 When lips vnlearned motion shal present you  
 With such a luke-warme answer as she sent you.

But first if you were not so farre in dote,  
 As that (O starres) you cou'd not ielous be,  
 Wonder would make me [to] digresse, and quote  
 Your answer, with the praise of blessed shee : <sup>2</sup>  
 But at more leasure will I sing that note,  
 When in the vallies I alone shall bee.  
 Meanwhile (faire Knight) I will declare together,  
 Your Ladies speech and my aduenture with hir.

At first, a comely Virgin groom that met me  
 For fauour to my tale I did beseech,

<sup>1</sup> "Luckelest," least in luck. "Lest" = least, as above, p. 72.

<sup>2</sup> "Quote," etc.: mingle my repetition of the answer she gave you with praise of her.

Who for a rude young Shepheard did outset<sup>1</sup> me,  
 And with an answeere of short carelesse speech  
 Runne from my earnest plaint; and scarce wou'd let me  
 Take knowledge, who was *Muridell*, and which :  
 And seeing then so little vexed hir maide,  
 I thought that nothing might to hir be saide.

At length a youth that led them o're the plaine,  
 A faire yong boy, of modest age and looke,  
 Clad in a silken garment di'd in graine,  
 As greene of hiew as *Neptunes* tidy<sup>2</sup> brooke,  
 And a greene veluet cap of the same staine,  
 Wherein a plume of curled feathers stooke,<sup>3</sup>  
 And round about his skirt, in seemly grace,  
 Thirteene bright circles made of siluer lace.

As it befell : this white-cheek'd youth and I,  
 Instead of bearding, chin'd<sup>4</sup> at one another ;  
 He, like a haughty spirit, obseruingly  
 Wou'd needs know what I go about, and whother ;  
 I, in pure meekenesse, and in simplicity,  
 Leg'd<sup>5</sup> him a faire excuse (sir) and no other ;  
 While thus we both our wordey combate breake,  
 She gently heard me, and she bade me speake.

And what I sed full well to you is knowne,  
 Whose loue did lesson it to me before :

<sup>1</sup> "Outset," put me down as. Possibly a coinage from the O. F. "oster," remove, put out; Mod. F. "ôter;" Eng. "oust."

<sup>2</sup> "Tidy," tidal.

<sup>3</sup> "Stooke," stuck; cf. "strooke" for "struck," passim.

<sup>4</sup> "Chin'd." No evidence of such a use; merely Basse's play upon the verb "to beard."

<sup>5</sup> "Leg'd" = bowed; cf. *Sword and Buckler*, "a legging foote," st. 5, note.

Vnles your thoughts cannot containe their owne,  
 Or memory let fall hir chiefest store,  
 That is, the teares, the pray'rs, the prayse, the mone,  
 That your great grieffe vpon my lips did score ;  
 And therefore read she halfe my message there,  
 And from my mouth the other halfe did beare.

She in milde termes repli'd, she wonderd much  
 That that faire knight shou'd bene so louely ill,<sup>1</sup>  
 Sith she ne're knew that his desires were such  
 As to complaine the stiffnes of hir will.  
 And to be plaine, and giue the neerest tuch  
 Of that she vtter'd here vpon this hill,  
 She sed, some beautie had your loues ywon,  
 But loues to her were neither meant nor don.

Sometimes in sooth, (she couth it not deny,)  
 You wou'd in courtly dalliance, and in iest,  
 Discourse of your owne loues full amorously,  
 With much faire promises, and large protest ;  
 And she hirselfe in sober contrary  
 Would answere as you aske, and bid you rest :  
 But that for hir you did so deerely pine,  
 She neuer thought it, by that Sun that shine.

Thou knowst (saith he) if youth debarre thee not,  
 That not in man can such dissemblance liue,  
 As faine himselfe vnsufferably hot,  
 Whenas his handes like melting yce forgiue,<sup>2</sup>  
 Nor can yshroud himselfe in carelesse blot,  
 When in his thoughts the pangs of sorrowes grieue ;

<sup>1</sup> "Louely ill," sick of love.

<sup>2</sup> "Forgiue." The only explanation I have to offer is that the "hot" of the previous line refers to a feigned *anger*, which is not supported by any violence of action ; but this is hardly satisfactory.

And that my Loues haue had time and appearing,  
Be iudge thy youth, that giues me gentle hearing.

When first my youth was in that ages odnesse  
That lacks the three bare twelue months of a score,  
Loue was a suckling then in infant gladnesse  
And onely liu'd on dalliance, and no more ;  
The eighteenth was the first yeare of his madnesse,  
And greater were his randone<sup>1</sup> then before ;  
The nineteenth yeare he silently befell  
In single choyce of beauteous *Muridell*.

The twentieth did I waste away in vttring  
All that the yeare before I had fore-thought,  
And this last tweluemonth is neere gone in suffring  
The hard succeeding that my vttrance wrought ;  
If the next yield the like discomforting,  
In such defects as sufferance hath brought,  
The next to that is like to end in me  
Loues long sixe yeares with Lifes short twenty-three.

Meane while, if thou fearst not the fellowship  
Of lingring Loues infectious languishment,  
In these delicious meades I will o're-slip  
The wearisome discourse of discontent :  
And in a shepherds humble out-side clip  
My drouped Noblenesse, and liue vnkent  
And vnrespected on the loanly hilles,  
Till either Loue or Death conclude my illes.

My deare vnkind, that in the wanton Court  
This while doth liue, admired and obaid,

<sup>1</sup> "Randone," older form of "random," whose older sense is "force," "impetuosity," not "hazard" (Skeat).

Shall bide the blame of desperate report  
 From the grieu'd *Nemesis* of a minde decayd :  
 There let hir liue to dally and disport,  
 In selfe loues riuier, with hie beauties shade ;  
 Vntil the louely Lilly of hir looke  
 Become the lowly Lilly of the brooke.

And those young Lordings, that with enuious eies  
 Tooke secret watch of my affection to hir,  
 Shall now haue time and liberty to guise<sup>1</sup>  
 Their bounteous thoughts and gentle lips to woe hir,  
 And tire out their desiers unsuffice,  
 As I, the first, first did, when I first knew hir :  
 Till some more gallants suffer with *Anander*  
 The mastery of a feminine commander.

The eares of *Ioue* shall then be sicke to heare  
 The miserous<sup>2</sup> complaint of courtly louers ;  
 Old care shall clothe young loue as gray as freere,  
 When him with eie-deceiuing Anticks couers ;<sup>3</sup>  
 And men of Court shall dwell with shepherds heere,  
 And Pallace hawkes shall feast with Meadow plouers ;  
 For thus none-sparing Loue did vanquish me,  
 That thought my selfe as strong as others be.

Though once I cou'd when I was weake and young,  
 (Is't not a wonder worthy three dayes weeping)

<sup>1</sup> "Guise," fashion.

<sup>2</sup> "Miserous," variant for "miserable."

<sup>3</sup> "Old care . . . couers." Old care, covering young lovers with the disguise of wrinkles, shall make them look as old and wretched as a grey friar. The subject of "couers" is "he," omitted. Cf. above, p. 75, "Griefe drawes out the Anticks of his care | Upon his face."

Contend in any game and be too strong  
 For Loue, that now hath all my strength in keeping :  
 Since in the Flower of Age I fall along,  
 Like vnto him that whilome at a meeting  
 Recoil'd rash wounding Death himself vpon,  
 When he with *Sol* durst throw the weighty stone.<sup>1</sup>

O *Hyacynth*, how like thy case is mine !  
 Then from thy ventrous soule that<sup>2</sup> flowrs didst bleed  
 When proudly that presumptuous arme of thine  
 Attempted so vnpossible a deede :  
 I, while with Loue do in like combat ioine,  
 My courtly wanton<sup>3</sup> turnes a meadow weed :  
 And shepherds seruants proue we both by that,  
 I grace his field, and thou dost decke his hat.

So shall this boie, whose eies ne're look't into  
 The fatall change of our Imperious state,  
 Be gouernour of those vnhappy twoo,  
 That in their glory found their glories date :  
 He that into a flowre dide long agoe,  
 He that into a weed chang'd now alate :  
 He that by *Phæbus* dide, by him suruiues ;  
 He that by *Muridella* liu'd, and by hir dies.<sup>4</sup>

<sup>1</sup> The story of Hyacinth's match with Apollo is found in *Ov.*, *Met.*, x. 162 *sqq.*, "Hyacinthus in Florem."

<sup>2</sup> "That." Relative, and should properly come first ; but more probably "Then" is an error for "Thou," in which case the order is regular enough.

<sup>3</sup> "My courtly wanton," etc. ; I, that used to wanton at Court, become, etc.

<sup>4</sup> This irregular Alexandrine is probably due to some error. The "and" violates the similarity of construction with the previous line.



And with this speech, and those dumbe sighes beside  
 Wherewith his lights<sup>1</sup> shut vp his woes discourse,  
 His comely furnishments of courtly pride  
 He couers in a shape more homely worse ;  
 And in a swainish Counterfet doth hide  
 His noble limmes, the ruines of Loues force :  
 And (O) it was to see a wondrous grace,  
 So deare a Jewell in so cheape a case.

I meane, saith he, a shepheards life to leade,  
 So long as Gods my Life a leading giue,  
 Or till that Lady shall salute this meade,  
 For whose deare hate I thus am bound to liue :  
 This wilfull penance put I on my head,  
 Which none but *Muridella* shall forgiue :<sup>2</sup>  
 Till when, I liue that life in hope to mend it,  
 Or else in good-assurance ne're to end it.

If she proue kinde, as she was neuer yet,  
 (Though she in [euery] vertue else was blest)  
 Then shalbe voide the Couenants of this fit,  
 And ioyes shall lose the knot of strict Protest :  
 If still she in the like contempt doth sit,  
 My vowe continues as it is exprest :  
 Thus I am bound, though she the debt must pay,  
 And I must forfait, though she breake the day.

Herewith the youthfull noble-seeming swaine,  
 Adowne and set himselfe besiden me,  
 All in the midst of the lightsome plaine,  
 Where all around wee might our heardlams<sup>3</sup> see ;

<sup>1</sup> "His lights," his lungs.

<sup>2</sup> "Forgiue," remit.

<sup>3</sup> "Heardlams." See note, p. 47.

Withouten signe or shew of nice disdaine,  
 The Shep-hooke in that hand receiued he  
 That was wont<sup>1</sup> to beare the warlike lance,  
 And leade the Ladies many a courtly dance.

Thou ensigne of poore Life, badge of content,  
 Staffe of my cares, yet piller of my blisse,  
 Cheape relique of that ioie that is dispent,  
 And chiefe foundation of that ioie that is,  
 True watchman of those smiles that hopes present,  
 Strong porter of those griefes that hatred gi's,  
 Witnes of woes, my hooke, my hope as much,  
 The Shepherds weapon, and the Louers crutch.

I doe embrace thee, as I once imbrac't  
 (Saith he) that vertuous mistresse that I had,  
 When on the easie measure of hir waste  
 I in this sort desiringly fell mad.  
 Though vnto me thou yield'st not such repast,  
 Nor art so faire, nor art so gayly clad,  
 Yet looke how much hir beauties passe thy state,  
 So much thy Company excels hir hate.

Thus did the spirit of *Ananders* eie,  
 (Whose brightnes care had masked in a dim,)  
 Pertake with me the life of shepheardie,  
 As I both Life and Loue pertooke with him.  
 And vntill she relents, or till we die,  
 No second fortunes can in vs begin.  
 All liberties as thankles offers be,  
 Till Loue, that tide him vp, do set him free.

<sup>1</sup> "That was wont." Metre requires "once" or "erst" before "was," or perhaps we should read "y-wont."

Till heu'ns aboue ordaine one pleasing day  
 Wherein that Angel of their ieaious care,  
 That *Muridella* please to come this way,  
 And with hir foote steps lighter then the aire  
 Trip through the dwellings of hir amorous boy,  
 And chear'd<sup>1</sup> his droup't limmes with embracings faire,  
*Anetor* hath *Ananders* loues in keepe,  
 And faire *Anander* hath *Anetors* sheepe.

Till then, yee Gods, ordaine vs both good speed,  
 In Loues and flocks presented to your care;  
 And when your grace shall stand vs in such steed,  
 To end a<sup>2</sup> Loues griefe, and do a happy chare,<sup>3</sup>  
 Ile sacrifice the fairest lambe I feed,  
 And tune my pipe againe: and then prepare  
 One Dittie more, wherein the world shall view  
 How much you fauour vs, wee honour you.

FINIS.

—*Quando vacat, quando est iucunda relatu,  
 historiam prima repetens ab origine pandam.*

<sup>1</sup> "Chear'd," misprint for "cheare."

<sup>2</sup> "A" is superfluous.

<sup>3</sup> "Chare," task, office, business. Cf. *Urania*, ii. 2, and *Antony and Cleopatra*, v. 2, 231. The word survives in "charwoman."





## GREAT BRITAIN'S SUNSET.

### INTRODUCTORY.



THE story of the recovery in its completed form of this Elegy on Prince Henry—certainly one of the best, if not the best, of the numerous efforts which the occasion called forth—is rather curious. Of the copies originally printed there survived, apparently, fragments of two only; one in the British Museum, the other in the Bodleian Library, each containing 14 pages. The remainder of the poem was accidentally discovered by Mr. W. H. Allnutt, the Oxford publisher; who, finding one day some verses pasted on the inside of the binding of another book in the Bodleian, had them damped off, and discovered on the other side the title, *Great Brittaines Sunnes-set*, etc. Further search enabled him to perfect the copy in the Bodleian by the addition of seven stanzas, and to issue in 1872 a facsimile reprint of the whole poem. The subject-matter, the style, and the form of printing (one stanza only to each page) of these additional leaves sufficiently establish their claim to form part of the original poem, which we now possess in its complete form. It is printed here from a copy of Allnutt's facsimile, collated with the original fragment in the British Museum.

To Prince Henry Basse had already dedicated, and possibly read (cf. p. 270 and p. 267, note 2) his poem of *Urania*. He was the friend and patron of many literary men of the time: of Joshua Sylvester, the translator of *Du Bartas*; of Sir William Alexander, who addressed to him a *Parænesis*; of Michael Drayton, who dedicated to him the First Part of the *Polyolbion*, May 9th, 1612. Hume remarks that at the time of his death, which occurred Nov. 6th, 1612, before he had completed his eighteenth year, he was already more respected than his father. Among other elegies written on him was the long and elaborate *Prince Henries Obsequies* of George Wither, 1622;

that of William Browne inserted in *Britannia's Pastorals*, Bk. I., Song 5; one by Drummond, and one by Hugh Holland (Lansdowne MS. 777, fol. 66a).

For some remarks on the literary merit of the poem see Introduction, p. xxviii.



GREAT BRITAINES  
SUNNES-SET.

BEWAILED WITH A SHOW-  
ER OF TEARES

By

WILLIAM BASSE.

AT OXFORD,  
PRINTED BY JOSEPH BARNES, 1613.







GREAT BRITTAINES SUNNES-SET.

TO HIS HONOURABLE MASTER, S<sup>r</sup>. RICHARD  
WENMAN, KNIGHT.<sup>1</sup>

1.



SOULE ore-laden with a greater Summe  
Of ponderous sorrow then she can sus-  
taine,  
(Like a distressed sayle that labours  
home)

Some object seekes, whereto she may complaine:  
Not that (poore Soule) hir object can draw from  
Hir groaning breast th' occasion of hir paine;  
But, over-charg'd with Teares, shee (widow-like) bestowes  
Upon her best friends eares some children of her woes.

2.

Not (like as when some triviall discontents  
First taught my raw and luckless youth to rue)

<sup>1</sup> "Sir Richard Wenman, Knight." To him are also dedicated  
the *Pastorals*. See note, p. 169.

Doe I to Flockes, now, utter my laments,  
 Nor choose a tree, or streame, to mourn unto :<sup>1</sup>  
 My waightier sorrow now (Deare Sir) presents  
 These hir afflicted features to your view,  
 Whose free and noble mind (were not this grieffe your  
     owne)  
 Would to my plaints be kind, if I complain'd alone.

## 3.

But such true arguments of inward woe  
 In your sad face I lately have beheld,  
 As if your teares (like floods that overflowe  
 Their liquid shores) alone would have excell'd  
 This generall *Deluge* of our eies, that so  
 Sea-like our earth-like cheekes hath over-swell'd :  
 As if your heart would send forth greatest lamentation,  
 Or striue to comprehend our universall passion.

## 4.

And as th' occasion (Sir) may justly moue  
 To maid-like sorrow the most man-like heart;  
 So may your grieffe (to your beholders) proue  
 The justice of His grace, and your desart.  
 For teares and sighs are th' issues of true loue :  
 Our present woes our former joies imparte.  
 He loues the living best, who for the dead mournes most:  
 He merits not the *rest*,<sup>2</sup> who not laments the lost.

<sup>1</sup> A reference to the *Three Pastoral Elegies*, pub. 1602; or to some of the *Pastorals* (e.g., the First) already written. Possibly, however, if any of these were already written, they were afterwards withdrawn in favour of others written later (cf. *Apologie to Clio*, stanza 11, p. 175).

<sup>2</sup> "The rest." The surviving royal children: Elizabeth, born 1596, and Charles, born 1600. Lingard says there were, besides, "three daughters." Hume gives, besides Elizabeth and Charles, Robert and Mary, died young.

## 5.

To you I therefore weepe : To you alone  
 I shew the image of your teares, in mine ;  
 That mine (by shewing your teares) may be show'n  
 To be like yours, so faithfull, so divine :  
 Such, as more make the publique woe their owne,  
 Then their woe publique ; such as not confine  
 Thēselves to times, nor yet forms frō examples borrow :<sup>1</sup>  
 Where losse is infinit, there boundlesse is the sorrow.

## 6.

O let us (*Muse*) this heavynesse (that no  
 Just heart, vncleft, at one time can sustaine)  
 By fittes,<sup>2</sup> and preparations vndergoe :  
 Let's feare, let's hope : tremble ; and hope againe :  
 O, let us this dysastrous truth ne'er know ;  
 But rather deafe and stupefied remaine :  
 For happier much it were the hearing sence to loose,  
 Then loose all sence to heare such an unhappy newes.

## 7.

Like to a changeling (in his sleepes) become  
 Rob'd of his sexe, by some prodigious cause ;  
 I am turn'd woman : wat'rish feares benumbe  
 My Heate : my Masculine existence thawes  
 To teares, wherein I could againe entombe  
 His tombe, or penetrate hir marble jawes :

<sup>1</sup> "Nor yet forms from examples borrow," an allusion to the metre chosen for the poem, of which I can find no other instance. It is the same as that chosen for the first Eclogue (p. 179), *i.e.*, Boccaccio's stanza, save for the substitution of two Alexandrines at the close, whose hemistichs are kept perfectly distinct and *each* made to rhyme.

<sup>2</sup> "Fittes," with an allusion to the other sense borne by the word, of a part of a poem.

But, O, why should I twice entombe him ! O what  
 folly  
 Were it to pierce (with sighes) a monument so holy !

## 8.

Here then run forth thou River of my woes  
 In ceaselesse currents of complaining verse :  
 Here weepe (young Muse) while elder pens compose  
 More solemne Rites vnto his sacred Hearse.  
 And, as when happy earth did, here, enclose  
 His heav'nly minde, his Fame then Heav'n did pierce ;  
 Now He in Heav'n doth rest, now let his Fame earth  
 fill :  
 So <sup>1</sup> both him then posses'd, so both possesse him still.

## 9.

Or like a *Nymph* distracted or undone  
 With blubber'd <sup>2</sup> face, hands wrong,<sup>3</sup> neglected haire,  
 Run through moist Valleys, through wide deserts run ;  
 Let speech-lesse *Eccho eccho*<sup>4</sup> thy dispaire.  
 Declare th' vntimely *Set* of Brittaines Sun  
 To sorrowing Shepheards: to sad Nymphes declare  
 That such a night of woes his Occident doth follow,  
 That Day in darknes clothes, and mourner makes Apollo.

## 10.

But of his partes thinke not t'expresse the least  
 Whom Nature did the best in all things forme.

<sup>1</sup> "So . . . . so . . . ." = "as . . . . so . . . ." Cf. *Faerie Queene*, Bk. ii., Cant. 2, 25, "So double was his paines, so double be his prayse."

<sup>2</sup> "Blubber'd," disfigured by tears, as in *Faerie Queene*, ii. 1, 13.

<sup>3</sup> "Hands wrong," *i.e.*, wrung, wringing her hands.

<sup>4</sup> "Eccho eccho," onomatopœic repetition.

First, borne a Prince (next to his FATHER) best;

Then, fram'd a Man, to be as he was borne :<sup>1</sup>

Beauty his youth beyond all others blest,

Vertues did him beyond his youth adorne.

What Muse, what voice, what pen, cã give thee all thy duties?

O Prince of Princes, mẽ: youth, wisdõ, deeds, and beauties.<sup>2</sup>

## I I.

Fates, that so soone beheld his Fame enrould,

Put to his golden thred their envious sheeres:

Death fear'd his magnanimitie<sup>3</sup> to behold,

And (in his sleepe) basely reveng'd his feares:

Time, looking on his wisdom, thought him old,

And laid his rash Sythe to his Primest yeares:

Stars, that (in loue) did long t'embrace so faire a myrrhour,<sup>4</sup>

Wink'd at Fates envious wrong, Death's treason, and

Times error.

## I 2.

O Fates, O Time, O Death, (But you must all  
Açt the dread will of your Immortal GUIDE)

O Fates, How much more life did you appaule,  
When you his liuely texture did divide!

O Time, when by thy sythe this Flow'r did fall,  
How many thousands did'st thou wound beside!

<sup>1</sup> "To be as he was borne," to be a prince in nature as well as birth.

<sup>2</sup> "Mẽ," etc. = "and of men"—asyndeton. The other four nouns are epexegetic of "duties" in the preceding line.

<sup>3</sup> "Magnanimitie." For the elision of the penultimate syllable, cf. *Urania*, iv. 33, p. 310, where "civilitie" is used as a double rhyme to "nobilitie."

<sup>4</sup> "Myrrhour," as reflecting their own brightness.

O *Death*, how many deathes is of that life compacted,  
That,<sup>1</sup> from all living breathes, his only death extracted !

## 13.

How many braue Deedes ha's the wounded wombe  
Of Hope mis-carried, now, before their time !  
How many high designes have seene their doome  
Before their birth, Or perish'd in their Prime !  
How many beauties drown'd are in his tombe !  
How many glories, with him, heav'ns do clime !  
How many sad cheekes mourne, Him laid in Earth to  
see,  
As they to earth would turne,<sup>2</sup> his Sepulcher to be !

## 14.

Like a high Pyramis, in all his towers  
Finish'd this morning, and laid prostrate soone ;  
Like as if *Nighte's* blacke and incestuous howers  
Should force *Apollo's* beauty before Noone :  
Like as some strange change in the heav'nly powers  
Should in hir *Full* quench the refulgent Moone :  
So HE, his daies, his light, and his life (here) expir'd,<sup>3</sup>  
New-built, most Sũ-like, bright Ful Mã, and most  
admir'd.

## 15.

But HEAV'NS, Disposers of all *Life* and *Death*,  
That our pied<sup>4</sup> pride, and wretched liues mislike,

<sup>1</sup> "That" ; antecedent is "Death."

<sup>2</sup> "To earth would turne"—their pallor giving them a clayey corpse-like appearance.

<sup>3</sup> "Expir'd," in original sense of "breathed out," as in *Walnut-Tree*, i. 3, "Finding his Lord had now expir'd his last."

<sup>4</sup> "Pied" means strictly "variegated like a magpie," and should have reference to gorgeous dress.

Tooke Him that's gone (from vs) to better breath,  
 Vs that remaine with death (from him) to strike.  
 His flower-like youth here, there more flourisheth ;  
 His graces then, are now more Angel-like.  
 Those glories, that in Him so shone, now shine much  
 more ;  
 Our glories now are dim, that shin'd in him before.<sup>1</sup>

## 16.

And thou faire Ile, whose threefold beauties face  
 Enchants the Three-fork'd *Scepter* of thy *Lover*,<sup>2</sup>  
 That with thine owne eies drown'st thy lap, the place  
 That his enamour'd armes and streames would cover ;  
 Make true and twofold use of grieffe, That grace  
 May with affliction now it selfe discover.  
 These teares thou dost begin to shed for HENRYES sake,  
 Continue for thy sinne, which made Heav'n *Henry* take.

## 17.

That thy just JAMES, who hitherto hath sway'd  
 Thy Scepter Many-fold and ample Frame,  
 Many more ages yet may live obay'd  
 T'enlarge thy glories, and to yeeld the same  
 Divine examples vnto CHARLES that made  
 HENRY so noble, and so great in Fame.  
 For who but such a King as *He* can such another  
 In place of *Henry* bring? who match him but a BROTHER?

<sup>1</sup> This stanza, like 8 and 10, is an instance of the excessive artificiality and strain after antithesis that marks more or less the whole poem.

<sup>2</sup> "Three-fork'd Scepter of thy Lover" may be (1) the trident of Neptune, who surrounds and embraces the isle with his arms and inlets, in which case "threefold beauties face" may refer to the shape of Great Britain, which is roughly triangular; (2) "thy Lover" is King James, but this does not suit the fourth line. In any case an allusion is intended to the union of England, Ireland, and Scotland by the accession of the House of Stuart.

## 18.

And neighbour Lands, to whome our moanes we lent,  
 May to our greater losse now lend us theirs.  
*Florence* hir old *Duke*<sup>1</sup> mourn'd ; but we lament  
 A greater then a *Duke* in flow'ring yeares.  
*Spaine* for a *Queene*<sup>2</sup> hir eyes sad moisture spent :  
 We for a Prince (and for a Man) shed teares.  
 But *France*, whose cheek's still wet, nearest our grieffe  
 hath smarted ;  
 For she from *Henry* Great,<sup>3</sup> wee from Great *Henry*,  
 parted.

## 19.

And thus, as I hauc seene an even showre  
 (When *Phœbus* to *Joues* other splendent heyres  
 Bequeath'd the Day) down from *Olympus* powre,  
 When *Earth* in teares of *Trees*, and *Trees* in teares  
 Of *Mountaines*<sup>4</sup> wade ; Like some neglected flowre  
 (Whose sorrow is scarce visible with theirs)  
 Downe to my silent brest my hidden face I bow :  
 My *Phœbus* in his Rest hath hid his heav'nly brow.

## FINIS.

<sup>1</sup> "Florence hir old Duke mourn'd." Ferdinand I., born 1549, succeeded his brother Francisco de' Medici as Grand Duke of Tuscany (of which Florence had become the capital in 1569) in 1587, and died Feb. 17th, 1609.

<sup>2</sup> "Spaine for a Queene," etc. Margaret of Austria, married to Philip III. of Spain in 1599, died Oct. 3rd, 1611.

<sup>3</sup> "France . . . Henry Great," etc. Henri Quatre, assassinated by Ravaillac, May 14th, 1610.

<sup>4</sup> "Earth in teares of Trees," etc. The "teares of Trees" are the drippings from their leaves ; the "teares of Mountaines," the torrents poured down their sides. The distinction, like others in the poem, is somewhat unreal.





### A MORNING AFTER MOVRNING.<sup>1</sup>



ET me no longer Presse your gentle eies,  
Be'ing of themselues franke of religious  
teares :

But stanch these streames with solace  
from the Skies

Whence *Hymen* deck'd in Saffron robes appears.<sup>2</sup>

Let *Henry* now rest in our memories,

And let the *Rest*,<sup>3</sup> rest in our eies and eares.

Now He hath had his Rites, Let Those have their  
adorning

By whose bright beames our Night of mourning ha's  
a morning.<sup>4</sup>

<sup>1</sup> These two additional stanzas celebrate the wedding of the Princess Elizabeth with Frederick, Elector Palatine, on Feb. 14th, 1613. The Elector was in England at the time of the Prince's death in the preceding November.

<sup>2</sup> "Hymen deck'd in Saffron robes appears." Cf. *L'Allegro*, 125, "There let Hymen oft appear In saffron robe," etc.—one of the passages which seem to show that Milton was not unacquainted with Basse's poetry.

<sup>3</sup> "The Rest," *i.e.*, the other members of the royal family, as in stanza 4 (above).

<sup>4</sup> The same play on words occurs in *Ecl.* 5, p. 216.

And now (my Muse) unmasque thee : And see how  
 A second Sonne in Henries place doth shine.  
 See Fiue great Feastes all meete in one Day, now.  
 Our *Maker* keeps his Sabaoth most divine.  
 Isis and Rhene are joyn'd in sacred vow ;  
 And faire Eliza's Fredericke's Valentine.  
 The *Court* in joy attires hir splendent brow :  
 The *Country shroues* ;<sup>1</sup> And all in mirth combine.  
 Fiue-times be hallowed The Day wherein GOD rests,  
 Saints<sup>2</sup> triumph, Princes wed ; and Court and Couñtry  
 feaste's.

FINIS.

<sup>1</sup> "Shroues." Nares' Glossary gives "*Shroving*. Performing the ceremonies or enjoying the sports of Shrove Tuesday." In the prologue to *Apollo Shroving*, a comedy by William Hawkins printed 1626, occurs, "Our shroving bodeth death to none but hens."

<sup>2</sup> "Saints," *i.e.*, Bishop Valentine, martyred Feb. 14th, under Claudius II. at Rome, according to others under Aurelian in 271. Cf. line 6.





## COMMENDATORY VERSES TO WILLIAM BROWNE'S "BRITANNIA'S PASTORALS."

### INTRODUCTORY.

**T**HESSE verses are prefixed to the Second Book of *Britannia's Pastorals*, published in folio 1616, and are honourably placed between similar verses bearing the signatures of George Wither and Ben Jonson. They are followed by the dedication to the Earl of Pembroke, and then come many more copies of commendatory verse. (See Introduction, page xiii, note.) I assign the lines without hesitation to William Basse on the following grounds :

- (1) A general likeness to his style.
- (2) The metre in which they are written was a special favourite with Basse at this period, being that of the first two Eclogues, and of the *Three Pastoral Elegies*.
- (3) The allusions in the 5th and 8th lines to the respective ages of Browne and the writer correspond with the probable difference between those of Browne and Basse. The former, born 1590, must have been twenty-three when the First Book of *Britannia's Pastorals* was published, and twenty-six on the publication of the Second Book; while the author of *Sword and Buckler*, pub. 1602, can hardly have been born later than 1583, and had published nothing yet of the pretensions or success of Browne's work.
- (4) The presence of Basse's *Elegy on Shakespeare* in a MS. volume of poems in Browne's handwriting which is now in the British Museum (Lansdowne 777, fo. 67) affords some slight ground for supposing an acquaintance between them—an acquaintance easily possible considering Basse's position near Oxford and Browne's supposed residence there as a tutor after taking his degree.
- (5) In Jonson's introductory verses to the First Folio of Shakespeare (1623) there is a distinct and perhaps rather slighting allusion to

Basse's elegy just referred to (cf. note, p. 114 of this book); and the fact that further on, in the passage ending "For a good Poet's made as well as borne," there seems to be a similar allusion to the fourth of these lines, somewhat strengthens Basse's claim to them.

(6) There is no other poet of the time—certainly none worthy to be placed in a separate category with Wither and Jonson—whose initials are W. B. except William Browne himself, and he is excluded by the nature of the case.





COMMENDATORY VERSES TO WILLIAM  
BROWNE'S "BRITANNIA'S PASTORALS."

TO MR. BROWNE.



WERE there a thought so strange as to deny  
That happy *Bayes* doe some mens *Births*  
    adorne,  
Thy work alone might serue to iustifie  
That *Poets* are not made so, but so borne.  
How could thy plumes thus soone haue soard thus hie  
Hadst thou not *Lawrell* in thy Cradle worne?  
Thy Birth o'er-took thy Youth: and it doth make  
Thy youth (herein) thine elders ouer-take.

W. B.







## VERSES FROM THE "ANNALIA DUBRENSIA."

### INTRODUCTORY.



PASSAGE from Anthony Wood will explain the occasion of this poem : "I have a book in my study entit. — *Annalia Dubrensis*. Upon the yearly Celebration of Mr. Rob. Dover's Olympic Games upon Cotswold Hills, &c. Lond. 1636, qu. [Bodl. Gough, Gloucester, 7]. This book, which hath the running title on every page, of *Cotswold Games*, consists of verses made by several hands on the said *Annalia Dubrensis*, but nothing of the *Cotswold Muse* of Barksdale [*i.e.*, the *Nympha Libetbris*, Lond. 1651, 8vo.] relates to them, which some, that have only seen the title of it, think to be the same. The said games were begun, and continued at a certain time in the year for 40 years by one Rob. Dover an attorney of Barton on the Heath in Warwickshire, son of Joh. Dover of Norfolk, who being full of activity, and of a generous, free, and public spirit, did, with leave from king Jam. I. select a place on Cotswold Hills in Gloucestershire, whereon those games should be acted. Endimion Porter, Esq; a native of that county, and a servant to that king, a person also of a most generous spirit, did, to encourage Dover, give him some of the king's old cloaths, with a hat and feather and ruff, purposely to grace him and consequently the solemnity. Dover was constantly there in person well mounted and accoutred, and was the chief director and manager of those games frequented by the nobility and gentry (some of whom came 60 miles to see them) even till the rascally rebellion was began by the presbyterians, which gave a stop to their proceedings, and spoiled all that was generous or ingenious elsewhere. The verses in the said book called *Annalia Dubrensis* were composed by several poets, some of which were then the chiefest of the nation, as Mich. Drayton, esq; Tho. Randolph of Cambridge, Ben. Johnson, Owen Feltham, gent. capt. Joh. Mennes, Shakerley Marmion, gent. Tho. Heywood, gent. &c. Others of

lesser note were Joh. Trussel, gent. who continued Sam. Daniel's *History of England*, Joh. Monson, esq; Feryman Rutter of Oriel coll. Will. Basse of Moreton near Thame in Oxfordshire, sometime a retainer to the lord Wenman of Thame Park, Will. Denny, esq; &c. Before the said book of *Annalia Dubrensia* is a cut representing the games and sports, as men playing at cudgels, wrestling, leaping, pitching the bar, throwing the iron hammer, handling the pyke, leaping over the heads of men kneeling, standing upon their hands, &c. Also the dancing of women, men hunting and coursing the hare with hounds and grey-hounds, &c. with a castle built of boards on a hillock, with guns therin firing [cf. stanza 7], and the picture of the great director capt. Dover on horseback, riding from place to place." —*Athenæ Oxonienses*, ed. P. Bliss, vol. iv., 222. In one of the poems in the *Annalia Dubrensia* the sports are said to last "two days." Rudder's *History of Gloucestershire* (1779), p. 24, localizes them "about Willersey and Campden," *i.e.*, Chipping Campden in the north-east corner of the county, and adds, "Even now there is something to be seen of them, every Thursday in Whitsun-week, at a place about half a mile from Campden; called Dover's Hill," but later on laments the comparative decay of the sports and of Dover's memory.

It remains to note that the poems in the *Annalia Dubrensia* are thirty-four in number—the last but one being addressed by Robert Dover himself to the writers—and follow each other precisely in the order of the writers' names as given on the title-page. Probably this is the order of their composition, year by year; in which case Basse's, the sixteenth, was written in or about 1618. He is still using the eight-line metre of preceding poems, though here the line is octo- not deca-syllabic.







VERSES FROM  
THE "ANNALIA DUBRENSIA."

LONDON, 1636.

TO THE NOBLE AND FAYRE ASSEMBLIES, THE HAR-  
MONIOUS CONCOURSE OF *MUSES*, AND THEIR  
JOVIALL ENTERTAINER, MY RIGHT  
GENEROUS FRIEND, MASTER  
ROBERT DOVER, UPON  
*COTSWOLD*.

I.



YOU faire assemblies that renowne  
These Mountaines with th' Olimpick  
sport,  
And Sisters sweete, that make this downe  
*Parnassus* like, by your resort,  
Since Shepheards of each neighbour'd Towne,  
Enamour'd of your rare report  
Their honours to this meeting bring,  
Yee looke your Swaine his part should sing.

2.

For Songs as sweete, as hallowes<sup>1</sup> deepe,  
Deserves the sport, whose harmelesse ends

<sup>1</sup> "Hallowes," holloas.

Are to helpe Nature life to keepe,  
 And second Love, in joyning friends ;  
 That neither breakes the losers sleepe,  
 Nor winner home Triumphant sends ;  
 Where none, a little gold so spent,  
 Nor Time more pretious, need repent.

## 3.

Where no vaine Card, nor witching dy,<sup>1</sup>  
 Doth Gamster strip of lands or clothes ;  
 No impious mouth makes blushing sky  
 Reverberate with thundring oathes ;  
 Nor Earth's neate face doth slubber'd lie  
 In foule excesse, that nature loathes :  
 Furies that Masque in shapes of sport,  
 And, sted of lengthning, cut life short.

## 4.

But where men meet, not for delight  
 So much, as for delight to meete ;  
 And where, to use their Pastime right,  
 They make it not so great, as sweete ;  
 Where Love doth, more then gaine, invite,  
 Hands part at last as first they greete ;  
 And losers none,<sup>2</sup> where all that's plaid  
 With friendship won may not be weigh'd.

## 5.

Where horse not for his price doth ride,  
 More then his truth<sup>3</sup> (a match as faire) ;

<sup>1</sup> "Witching dy," enticing dice.

<sup>2</sup> "(Are) none." "Plaid," lost in wagers.

<sup>3</sup> "More then his truth," the horse runs not to raise his market-price but his reputation.

And Grey-hound is for Coller<sup>1</sup> tride,  
 More then for death of harmlesse Hare ;  
 And kennells pack't, that how they cry'd,  
 Not what they kill'd, men may declare ;  
     For hunters most heroyick are they,  
     That seeke the prise and shun the prey.

6.

Where bountifull horizons give  
 Vs shepherds leave, that walke on foote,  
 As long to see the Leurett live,  
 As hee that rides with bloodie boote :  
 Where *Cinthias* horne, and *Floras* sive,<sup>2</sup>  
 Give Vilett's breath, and Cowslipps roote ;  
     And Lillies chaste, by chaster treads  
     Of Damsells, more perfume their Beds.

7.

Brave DOVER, from whose Ioviall hand  
 Their yearely Life these revells take,  
 In mid'st whereof doth shining stand  
 Thy Castle built for solace sake,  
 Which is so well with vertue man'd,  
 That vice dare no approaches make :

<sup>1</sup> "Coller," the prize of the competition, as shown by the following line from Deny's poem in *Annalia Dubrensia*—

"The Swallow-footed Greyhound hath the prize,  
 A silver-studded Coller."

<sup>2</sup> "Cinthias horne, and Floras sive," etc., fixes the time of the sports, which were probably held in the week of the first new moon after Easter. This would happen in April or May (stanza 8), according to the date when Easter fell. The Floralia at Rome were held April 28th to May 1st.

Still may thy ports all good retaine,  
And Ordnance batter all thats' vaine.<sup>1</sup>

## 8.

The Sun the day will then delay,  
Still more to view thy Troupes so sweete ;  
The Earth will lay with carpets gay  
Her bosome for their gentle feete ;<sup>2</sup>  
Aprill and May strive which of they  
Most freshly shall thee yeerely meete :  
And learned Nymphs by *Stower*<sup>3</sup> sing  
As by the *Pegasean* Spring.

## 9.

For, of all honour to thy sport,  
Tis not the least that thou didst chuse  
To furnish thy renowned Fort  
With straines of every gentle Muse ;  
For by the power of their report  
New ages still doe old peruse,  
Forbidding Time, or Hate, to kill  
Deeds honest, sav'd by honest quill.

## 10.

Enough of this, the slendrest Oate  
That Mirth hath to your Mountaine brought :

<sup>1</sup> "Thy Castle," etc. Alluded to also in Richard Wells' poem in the same volume—

"O no, thy Castle shall exceede as farre,  
Th' other Dovers, as sweet peace doth warre."

<sup>2</sup> "For their gentle feete." Dancing competitions were among the features of the sports (Rudder's *Gloucest.*).

<sup>3</sup> "Stower." The brook Stour rises in the Cotswolds not far from Chipping Campden, and flows north along the Warwickshire border into the Avon, about two miles below Stratford.

But Muses just from Shepherds throate  
 Except<sup>1</sup> no more then they have taught.  
 But now, if Art will lend a noate  
 Where shee has borrowed many a thought,  
 To Pipe, or Lyre, or Violl strung,  
 Which others reade,<sup>2</sup> let mee bee sung.

—*dulcia sunt que*<sup>3</sup>  
*Rarius eveniunt solatia*—

WILLIAM BASSE.

<sup>1</sup> "Except" must be a misprint for "expect." For the sentiment cf. *Apologie to Clio*, p. 174—

"Greate minde, that more receives, may render more :  
 Small can no more than it receives restore."

<sup>2</sup> "Reade," interpret, understand ; used of music in *Faerie Queene*, Bk. II., c. xii., 70—

"Right hard it was for wight which did it heare,  
 To *reade* what manner musicke that mote be."

These closing lines, by their possible implication that Basse had set his own poem to music, lend colour to the notion of his practical acquaintance with that art adverted to in the Introduction, p. xix.

<sup>3</sup> "Que," quæ.



CHAPTER I  
THE EARLY HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES  
FROM 1492 TO 1776

THE DISCOVERY OF AMERICA

IN 1492, CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS, AN ITALIAN MARINER, WAS THE FIRST EUROPEAN TO REACH THE AMERICAN CONTINENT.

HE WAS SPONSORED BY THE KING AND QUEEN OF SPAIN.

HE BELIEVED HE HAD FOUND A WESTERN ROUTE TO THE EAST INDIES.

INSTEAD, HE DISCOVERED THE CARIBBEAN ISLANDS.

HE NAMED THEM "INDIES" IN HONOR OF INDIA.

THIS DISCOVERY OPENED UP A NEW WORLD OF OPPORTUNITY FOR EUROPEAN COLONIZATION.



## ELEGY ON SHAKESPEARE.

### INTRODUCTORY.



HIS Elegy was first printed in the first edition of Donne's collected poems, 1633. It was omitted in the later edition of 1635, and appears with the subscription W. B. in the edition of Shakespeare's Poems of 1640. Malone wrote a long note on it in his edition of Shakespeare, 1790; and it has been the subject of careful investigation by Dr. Ingleby, and (later) Miss L. Toulmin Smith, in their edition of *Shakespeare's Century of Praise* (New Shaksp. Soc., 1879, pp. 136-139), a work to which I am of necessity largely indebted. They enumerate ten MS., and five early printed, versions. The earliest MSS. are—

(1) The MS. collection of poems in the handwriting of the poet William Browne, including many of his own, one of which is dated 1614. It is in the British Museum (Lansdowne 777, fo. 67b).

(2) The MS. temp. Charles I., from which it was printed in Fennell's *Shakespeare Repository*, 1853.

(3) The MS. in the Halliwell Collection, Chetham Library, Manchester.

(4) The MS. which Malone copied, then in the possession of Gustavus Brander, Esq. Malone says of it, "The MS. appears to have been written soon after the year 1621."

Two out of the fifteen versions—the printed one in Donne's Poems, 1633, and the Harleian MS. 1749—omit lines 13 and 14. Dr. Ingleby considers (I don't agree with him) that these lines introduce an absurdity, and believes they were not contained in the first draft of the elegy, which was, he thinks, intended to be a sonnet, though they found a place in its final form. Apart from this, there are many slight variations in the different copies. Of the versions I have seen I agree with Miss Toulmin Smith in regarding the Lansdowne MS. as the most reliable. It agrees in almost every respect with the Brander copy as given by Malone; and if, as I

believe, Basse and Browne were acquainted (cf. note, p. 101), the latter may have been supplied with his copy directly by the author. Basse's claim to the authorship rests on the fact that his name is attached to the lines, either as heading or signature, in the four MSS. I have enumerated, and in two others. That it should have been first printed amongst Donne's Poems without any acknowledgment was a literary accident which possibly arose from Donne's possessing a manuscript copy. As it was omitted in all editions of Donne subsequent to the first, perhaps Basse asserted his claim to the authorship.

In what precise year after 1616 they were written, is uncertain ; but a downward limit is supplied by the evident allusion to them in Ben Jonson's verses prefixed to the First Folio, 1623 :

" My Shakespeare, rise ; I will not lodge thee by  
Chaucer, or Spenser, or bid Beaumont lye  
A little further, to make thee a roome," etc.

Malone says : " From the words ' who died in April 1616 ' it may be inferred that these lines were written recently after Shakespeare's death, when the month and year in which he died were well known. At a more distant period the month would probably have been forgotten ; and that was not an age of such curiosity as would have induced a poet to search the register at Stratford on such a subject. From the address to Chaucer and Spenser it should seem that when the verses were composed the writer thought it probable that a cenotaph would be erected to Shakespeare in Westminster Abbey."

Chaucer died at his own house in Westminster, October 25, 1400. Spenser died in King Street, Westminster, January 16, 1599, and his funeral in the Abbey was at the charge of the Earl of Essex, though his monument on the south wall of the Poets' Corner was not erected (by Anne, Countess of Dorset,) until 1620 (cf. the close of Song I. in the Second Book of Browne's *Britannia's Pastorals*). Beaumont died in March, 1616, and his grave is thought to have lain near the monument of Dryden, which stands to the north of Chaucer's along the same line ; but the actual position of the *graves* is now uncertain. To construe Basse's Elegy literally requires us to suppose it written between the date of Shakespeare's death and that of his interment, or else at some time when the removal of the poet's dust to Westminster was in contemplation. It is more natural to suppose that the language is merely figurative, and bears no reference to any actual grave at all.





ELEGY ON SHAKESPEARE,  
FROM LANSDOWNE MS. TEMP. JAMES I.  
ON MR. WM. SHAKESPEARE.

HE DYED IN APRILL 1616.

**R**ENOWNED Spenser lye a thought more  
nye  
To learned Chaucer, and rare Beaumont  
lye  
A little neerer Spenser,<sup>1</sup> to make roome  
For Shakespeare in your threefold, fowerfold Tombe.  
To lodge all fowre in one bed<sup>2</sup> make a shift  
Vntill Doomesdaye, for hardly will a fift  
Betwixt y<sup>s</sup> day and y<sup>t</sup><sup>3</sup> by Fate<sup>4</sup> be slayne,  
For whom your Curtaines may<sup>5</sup> be drawn againe.

<sup>1</sup> As Dr. Ingleby points out, neither this nor any other of the versions agrees with the actual position of the tombs in the Abbey, where Chaucer's is between those of the others. Miss T. Smith is probably right in thinking that Basse had their chronological order of death in his mind, which gives more point to "precedency of death," l. 9, and agrees with the order in which they are mentioned in Jonson's lines quoted above.

<sup>2</sup> Brander MS., "in one bed all foure." Ed. 1633, "To lie all four," etc.

<sup>3</sup> Fennell's MS., "Betwixt this day and that."

<sup>4</sup> Ed. 1633, "fates."

<sup>5</sup> So Brander and Sloane MSS. Rawlinson MS., "will." Ed. 1633, "need."

If your precedency in death<sup>1</sup> doth barre  
 A fourth place in your sacred sepulcher,<sup>2</sup>  
 Vnder this carued marble<sup>3</sup> of thine owne,  
 Sleepe, rare Tragœdian, Shakespeare, sleep alone;  
 Thy unmolested peace,<sup>4</sup> vnshared Caue,  
 Possesse as Lord, not Tenant, of thy Graue,  
 That vnto us & others it may be<sup>5</sup>  
 Honor hereafter to be layde by thee.

WM. BASSE.

<sup>1</sup> So Brander, Rawlinson, and Sloane MSS. Fennell MS., "*But if Precedencie in death.*" Ed. 1633, "*But if precedency of death.*"

<sup>2</sup> So B. R. and ed. 1633. S., "A fourth to have place in your sepulcher."

<sup>3</sup> So B. R. Ashmole MS. (by mistake), "curved." Ed. 1633 (by mistake in copying Ashmole MS.), "curled." S., "sable." Fennell MS., "In this uncarved marble." This is the form preferred by Dr. Ingleby. Miss Smith makes the suggestion that Basse had the Stratford grave in his mind, and indeed the expression "uncarved marble" is very appropriate to the severe plainness of the slab that covers the poet's dust.

<sup>4</sup> The asyndeton, not common in Basse's work, might be avoided by a slight change in the position of the comma, reading "peace'" (possessive) instead of "peace,".

<sup>5</sup> The reading of the Fennell MS., "That unto others it may counted bee," etc., would be more modest, if the Abbey were in question; and, if the Stratford grave were in question, would naturally refer to other Stratford worthies, or to members of Shakespeare's own family, who were actually interred later on in adjoining graves along the first step of the chancel. In this and one or two other respects I prefer the Fennell MS., which Dr. Ingleby considers the finished form of the elegy; though I doubt if it can claim quite the same authority as that in Browne's handwriting. It is given in the text, in order to enable the reader to compare it with the latter.



ELEGY ON SHAKESPEARE,

AS GIVEN IN FENNELL'S "SHAKESPEARE REPOSITORY,"  
1853, P. 10, FROM A MS. TEMP. CHARLES I.

*Mr. Basse*

ON MR. WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

**R**ENOWNED Spencer lie a thought more nigh  
To learned Beaumont, and rare Beaumont ly  
A little nearer Chaucer, to make rome  
For Shakespeare in your thre-fold, four-fold  
tombe.


To lodge all fouer in one bed make a shifte  
Vntil Domes day, for hardly will (a) fiste  
Betwixt this day and that by fate bee slaine,  
For whom the curtains shal bee drawne againe.  
But if Precedencie in death doe barre  
A fourth place in your sacred Sepulcher,  
In this uncarved marble of thy owne,  
Sleepe, brave Tragedian, Shakespeare, sleepe alone ;  
Thy unmolested rest, unshared cave,  
Possesse as lord, not tenant, to thy grave,  
That unto others it may counted bee  
Honour hereafter to bee layed by thee.





COMMENDATORY VERSES TO MASSINGER'S  
PLAY, "THE BONDMAN."

INTRODUCTORY.

HE text is taken from the first quarto edition of the play, pub. 1624, to which these verses—and these only—are prefixed. Hartley Coleridge in his introduction to the complete edition of Massinger's Works, 1848, which prints the lines, speaks of "a cortege of Jays, and W. B.'s and T. J.'s heralding his plays, like the dwarf before the giant, with commendatory verses, which it is well to accept as testimonies of friendship—for assuredly they are good for nothing else." Mr. Sidney L. Lee, in his article on Basse in the *Dictionary of National Biography*, notes that William Browne has also been claimed as their author. The counter-claim was sure to be made for any unassigned verse of the time signed W. B. On grounds of style I think they are much more probably by Basse, though in this case he has little to gain from the allowance of his claim.







COMMENDATORY VERSES TO MASSINGER'S  
PLAY, "THE BONDMAN."

THE *AUTHORS* FRIEND TO THE READER.



HE PRINTERS haste calls on ; I must not  
driue  
My time past *Sixe*, though I begin at  
*Fiue*.

One houre I haue entire, and 'tis enough :  
Here are no *Gipsie Iigges*, no *Drumming stufte*,  
*Dances*, or other *Trumpery* to delight,  
Or take by common way the common sight.  
The AVTHOR of this POEM, as he dares  
To stand th' austerest Censure, so he cares  
As little what it is. His owne Best way<sup>1</sup>  
Is, to be *Iudge* and AVTHOR of his PLAY  
It is his *Knowledge* makes him thus secure ;  
Nor do's he write to please, but to endure.  
And (Reader) if you haue disburs'd a shilling<sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> "Best way." Perhaps in allusion to the title of Massinger's preceding play, *A New Way to pay Old Debts*, written before 1622.

<sup>2</sup> "A shilling," the price paid in some theatres for a "room" or "box," e.g., at the Globe, Blackfriars, Phoenix (identical with the Cockpit), and Hope (Fleay's *Shakespeare Manual*, pp. 75, 83, 85). Massinger's *Bondman* is advertised on the title-page as having been

To see this worthy STORY, and are willing  
 To haue a large encrease, (if rul'd by me)  
 You may a MARCHANT and a POET be.  
 'Tis granted for your twelue-pence you did sit,  
 And *See*, and *Heare*, and *Vnderstand* not yet.  
 The AVTHOR (in a Christian pittie) takes  
 Care of your good, and Prints it for your sakes :  
 That such as will but venter Six-pence more,  
 May *Know*, what they but *Saw* and *Heard* before :  
 'Twill not be money lost, if you can reed,  
 (Ther's all the doubt now) ; but your gains exceed  
 If you can *Vnderstand*, and you are made  
 Free of the freest and the noblest trade.

And in the way of POETRY, now adayes,  
 Of all that are call'd *Workes*, the best are PLAYES.

W. B.

"often Afted, with good allowance, at the Cock-pit in Drury Lane,  
 by the most Excellent Princesse, the Lady Elizabeth her Seruants."







THE ANGLER'S SONG, FROM WALTON'S  
"COMPLETE ANGLER."

INTRODUCTORY.



UR text is taken from the First Edition (1653), p. 89. At p. 84 Coridon engages to sing a song "if any body wil sing another," whereupon Piscator says, "I'l promise you I'l sing a song that was lately made at my request by Mr. *William Basse*, one that has made the choice Songs of the *Hunter in bis carrere*, and of *Tom of Bedlam*, and many others of note; and this that I wil sing is in praise of Angling." At the close of Piscator's song Coridon says, "Well sung brother, you have paid your debt in good coyn, we Anglers are all beholding to the good man that made this Song. Come Hostis, give us more Ale and lets drink to him."

From Piscator's words we should infer that the two other songs he mentions preceded *The Angler's Song* in order of composition; for convenience' sake they follow it in this edition.







## THE ANGLERS SONG

(FROM WALTON'S "COMPLETE ANGLER").



S inward love breeds outward talk,  
The *Hound* some praise, and some the  
*Hawk*;

Some, better pleas'd with private sport,  
Use *Tenis*; some a *Mistris* court:

But these delights I neither wish,  
Nor envy, while I freely fish.

Who *hunts*, doth oft in danger ride;  
Who *hawks*, lures oft both far & wide;  
Who uses *games*, may often prove  
A loser; but who fals in love,  
Is fettered in fond *Cupids* snare:  
My Angle breeds me no such care.

Of Recreation there is none  
So free as fishing is alone;  
All other pastimes do no less  
Then mind and body both possess;  
My hand alone my work can do,  
So I can fish and study too.

I care not, I, to fish in seas,  
Fresh rivers best my mind do please,

Whose sweet calm course I contemplate,  
 And seek in life to imitate ;  
     In civil bounds I fain would keep  
     And for my past offences weep.

And when the timerous *Trou* I wait  
 To take, and he devours my bait,  
 How poor a thing, sometimes I find,  
 Will captivate a greedy mind ;  
     And when none bite, I praise the wise  
     Whom vain alurements ne're surprise.

But yet, though while I fish I fast,  
 I make good fortune my repast ;  
 And thereunto my friend invite,  
 In whom I more then that<sup>1</sup> delight :  
     Who is more welcome to my dish,  
     Then to my Angle was my fish.

As well content no prize<sup>2</sup> to take,  
 As use of taken prize to make ;  
 For so our Lord was pleased, when  
 He Fishers made Fishers of men ;  
     Where (which is in no other game)  
     A man may fish and praise his name.

The first men that our Saviour dear  
 Did chuse to wait upon him here,  
 Blest Fishers were ; and fish the last  
 Food was, that he on earth did taste :  
     I therefore strive to follow those  
     Whom he to follow him hath chose.

W. B.

<sup>1</sup> "Then that," *i.e.*, than in good fortune, the fortunate catch.

<sup>2</sup> "No prize," *i.e.*, no specially heavy fish, as is shown by the comparison that follows of Christ's choice of humble fishermen for the task of evangelizing the world.



## THE HUNTER'S SONG.

### INTRODUCTORY.

**T**HE text here given is the result of a collation of the version in *Wit and Drollery: Jovial Poems*, 1682 (identical with that in the *Old Ballads*, 1725), with the black-letter version in the Pepys Collection, Magdalene Coll., Cambridge, of which the kindness of Mr. A. G. Peskett, the librarian, has supplied me with a careful transcript. The song possesses a rough vigour and striking expressions that mark it as the work of a poet; but either version presents weaknesses or difficulties on which the other throws light, and probably neither is to be relied on as absolutely authentic. The Pepys copy, described by Mr. Peskett as merely a cheap street-reproduction, pasted into one of the five volumes of his collection, is entitled, *Maister Basse his Careere, or the new Hunting of the Hare. To a new Court tune,* and is preceded by a woodcut. There is a more uniform refrain at the end of each stanza, and it possesses two stanzas which the other version lacks, that printed second in the text and another, which, for the difference in the rhyme structure of ll. 1 and 3 and for its gratuitous interruption of the description by half intelligible classical allusion, I have relegated to the notes as probably a later addition. It runs thus:

“ Hercules Hunted and spoyled the game,  
wheresoever he made his sport :  
Adon did Hunt but was slaine by the same,  
through Junoes bad consort :  
Nepthaly to, did the Hart over goe,  
and he purged the Forrests there,  
When his horne did redound, the noise to the hound,  
he did thunder out his Careere.”

In the Introduction, p. xix, I have already stated my belief that there is no sufficient evidence that Basse did, as has been suggested,

himself compose music for this or any other ballad ; but the tune seems to have become popular under the name of *Basse's Career*. "It is contained," says Dr. Rimbault (*Notes and Queries*, Feb. 23, 1850, Series I., 265), "in the Skene MS., a curious collection of old tunes in the Advocates' Library, Edinburgh ; and a ballad entitled *Hubert's Ghost*, to the tune of *Basse's Carrier*, is preserved among the Bagford Collection of Old Ballads in the British Museum."





## THE HUNTERS SONG.

I.



LONG e're the Morn  
Expects the Return  
Of Apollo from th' Ocean Queen ;  
Before the Creak  
Of the Crow and the Break  
Of the day in the welkin seen ;  
Mounted he'd hallow  
And chearfully follow  
To the Chace with his Bugle clear :  
Eccho doth he make  
And the Mountains shake  
With the Thunder of his Career.

II.

Oft doth he trace  
Through Wood, Parke and Chase,  
When he mounteth his Steed aloft :  
Oft he doth runne  
Beyond farre his home<sup>1</sup>  
And deceiveth his pillow soft :

<sup>1</sup> "Home." Possibly Basse wrote "wonne," dwelling. "Woning" occurs in *Elegie* II., p. 66.

Oft he expects,  
 Yet still hath defects,  
 For still he is crost by the Hare :  
 But more often he bounds  
 To the cry of his Hounds,  
 And doth thunder out his Careere.

## III.

Now bonny Bay  
 With his foame waxeth gray,  
 Dapple Gray waxeth bay with blood ;  
 White Lilly stops  
 With the scent in her chaps,  
 And Black-Lady makes it good.  
 Sorrowful Watte  
 Her widowes estate  
 Forgets, these delights for to hear ;  
 Nimble she bounds  
 To the cry of the Hounds  
 And the Musick of their Career.

## IV.

Hills with the heat  
 Of the Gallopers sweat,  
 Reviving their Frozen Tops ;  
 The Dales purple Flowres,  
 The[y] spring from the showers  
 That down from the Rowels drops :  
 Swains their repast,  
 And Strangers their haste  
 Neglect when the Horns they do hear ;  
 To see a fleet  
 Pack of Hounds in a Sheet,  
 And the Hunter in his Career.



v.

Thus he Careers  
Over Heaths, over Meers,  
Over Deeps, over Downs, over Clay;  
Till he hath wonne  
The day from the Sunne,<sup>1</sup>  
And the Evening from the Day.  
His sport then he ends,  
And joyfully wends  
Home again to his Cottage, where  
Frankly he feasts  
Himself and his Guests  
And carouseth to his Career.

<sup>1</sup> "The day from the Sunne." So the Pepys version; the other reads "The Noon from the Morn," which rather betters the sense, and the rhyme might be mended by supposing "won" in the preceding line a mistake for "worn."



The first part of the book is devoted to a general  
 introduction to the subject of the history of  
 the world. It is divided into two main parts,  
 the first of which is a general history of the  
 world, and the second is a history of the  
 world from the beginning of the world to the  
 present time. The first part is divided into  
 three main parts, the first of which is a  
 general history of the world, the second is a  
 history of the world from the beginning of the  
 world to the present time, and the third is a  
 history of the world from the present time to  
 the future.


The second part of the book is devoted to a  
 general history of the world. It is divided into  
 two main parts, the first of which is a  
 general history of the world, and the second is  
 a history of the world from the beginning of  
 the world to the present time. The first part  
 is divided into three main parts, the first of  
 which is a general history of the world, the  
 second is a history of the world from the  
 beginning of the world to the present time, and  
 the third is a history of the world from the  
 present time to the future.





## TOM A BEDLAM.

### INTRODUCTORY.

N this, the second of the songs mentioned in the passage quoted (p. 123) from Walton's *Angler*, and one whose madness has more method than is at first apparent, Sir John Hawkins, the editor of 1760, has the following note: "This song beginning 'Forth from my dark and dismal cell,' with the music to it, set by Henry Lawes, is printed in a book entitled *Choice Ayres, Songs and Dialogues, to sing to the Theorbo-Lute and Bass-Viol*, fol. 1675 [pub. by John Playford, 1676], and in Playford's *Antidote against Melancholy*, 8vo. 1669 [Henry Playford's *Wit and Mirth or Pills to Purge Melancholy*, 1699], and also in Percy's *Reliques of Ancient English Poetry* [1765]. The identity of the ballad here given with that Basse wrote is uncertain, as none of the versions bear his signature, and there are other ballads with the same title; but Percy, by quoting the passage from Walton in a note at the end of the first edition of the *Reliques* seems to accept it as his. Dr. Percy gives it as the first of six Mad Songs selected, he says, "out of a much larger quantity. . . . The three first are originals in their respective kinds. . . . The two first were probably written about the beginning of the last century. . . . This [*i.e.* *Tom a Bedlam*] is given from the editor's folio MS., compared with two or three old printed copies." I have collated the *Choice Ayres*, etc., *Pills to Purge Melancholy*, and Dr. Percy. The second of these is carelessly printed, exaggerating the studied irregularity of the original. Dr. Percy gives no date for his "folio MS.," and this omission, combined with his method of editing the *Reliques*, inclines me to attach more authenticity to the version in Playford's music-book. In that copy alone is the song divided into two stanzas of equal length, the several parts of which, it will be found on comparison, exactly correspond in their successive changes of metrical movement. I print therefore from the *Choice Ayres*, etc., of 1676, adopting Dr. Percy's method of printing the

stanzas to facilitate comparison between them, and giving the most important variations of his and the other version in the notes.

Dr. Rimbault points out (*Notes and Queries*, Series I., p. 265) that Sir John Hawkins made a mistake in attributing the music to Henry Lawes, though he is the chief contributor to the series of Collections of Songs published by Playford under the same or a similar title. The real composer of the air of *Tom a Bedlam* was John Cooper, alias Giovanni Coperario, who wrote it for one of the masques performed by the Gentlemen of Gray's Inn. (See the *English Dancing Master*, 1651, in the British Museum, and Additional MS. 10,444.)





TOM A BEDLAM.

(FOR A BASS ALONE.)



FORTH from the dark and dismal Cell,<sup>1</sup>  
Or from the deep abiss of Hell,  
Mad *Tom* is come to view the World  
again,  
To see if he can Cure his destemper'd  
Brain :

Fears and Cares oppress my Soul ;  
Hark, how the angry Furies howl ;  
*Pluto* laughs, and *Proserpine* is glad,  
To see poor angry<sup>2</sup> *Tom* of *Bedlam* mad.

Through the World I wander night and day,  
To find my stragling Senses,  
In an angry mood I met Old Time  
With his Pentateuch<sup>3</sup> of Tenses ;

<sup>1</sup> *Pills to Purge*, etc., reads "Forth from my sad and darksome Cell."

<sup>2</sup> "Angry." The other versions read "naked," of which this gives no hint. The epithet is of course appropriate enough to the Bedlam beggars who went wandering about the country, and avoids the second use of "angry" in the same verse.

<sup>3</sup> "Pentateuch." Dr. Percy reads "pentarchye."

When me he spies,  
 Away he flies,  
 For Time will stay for no man ;  
 In vain with cries,  
 I rend the Skies,  
 For Pity is not common.

Cold and comfortless I lye,  
 Help, help, oh help, or else I dye !  
 Hark, I hear *Apollo's* Team,  
 The Carman 'gins to whistle ;  
 Chast *Diana* bends her Bow,  
 And the Boar begins to bristle.

Come *Vulcan* with Tools and with Tackles,  
 To knock off my troublesome shackles :  
 Bid *Charles* make ready his Wain,  
 To bring me my Senses again.

## II.

Last Night I heard the Dog-star bark,  
*Mars* met *Venus* in the Dark ;  
 Limping *Vulcan* heat<sup>1</sup> an Iron Bar,  
 And furiously made at the great God of War.

*Mars* with his weapon laid about,  
 Limping *Vulcan* had got the Gout ;<sup>2</sup>  
 His broad Horns did hang so in his light,  
 That he could not see to aim his blows aright.

<sup>1</sup> "Heat." Percy, "het."

<sup>2</sup> Percy reads "But *Vulcan's* temples had the Gout."

*Mercury* the nimble Post of Heaven  
 Stood still to see the Quarrel ;  
 Gorrel-belly'd<sup>1</sup> *Bacchus*, Gyant-like,  
 Bestrid a Strong-beer Barrel :

To me he Drank,  
 I did him thank,  
 But I could drink<sup>2</sup> no Sider ;  
 He drank whole Buts,  
 'Till he burst his Guts,  
 But mine was ne're the wider.

Poor *Tom* is very Dry ;  
 A little Drink, for Charity :  
 Hark ! I hear *Aleon's* Hounds,<sup>3</sup>  
 The Huntsman Hoops and Hollows ;<sup>4</sup>  
 Ringwood, Rockwood, Jowler, Bowman,<sup>5</sup>  
 All the Chace doth follow.

The Man in the Moon drinks Clarret,  
 Eats Powder'd-Beef,<sup>6</sup> Turnep, and Carret :  
 But a Cup of Malligo Sack  
 Will fire the Bush at his Back.

<sup>1</sup> "Gorrel-belly'd." In 1 *Henry IV.*, act ii., sc. 2, l. 93, Falstaff addresses the travellers on Gad's Hill as "gorbellied knaves," which the context shows to mean "having a large paunch."

<sup>2</sup> Percy, "get."

<sup>3</sup> Percy, "horne !"

<sup>4</sup> Percy, to save the rhyme with "follow" below, reads "The Huntsmen whoop and hallowe;" but Basse affords one or two other examples of similar licence or carelessness about the "s"; e.g., *Ecl.* 5, stanza 2, "forlorne" is made to rhyme with "adornes." Cf. Introduction, p. xxxiii.

<sup>5</sup> Percy, "Ringwood, Royster, Bowman, Jowler."

<sup>6</sup> "Powder'd-Beef," salted beef. "Malligo," Malaga.

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## POLYHYMNIA.

### INTRODUCTORY.



F this unpublished poem, or rather collection of poems, there were originally two MS. versions.

One was that described by Morris Drake Morris in the voluminous MS. *Athenæ Cantabrigienses* indexed by Cole, 1778. Its contents were enumerated (from the *Athenæ Cantabrigienses*) by Joseph Hunter in his notice of Basse, 1838 (*Cborus Vatum Anglicanorum*, vol. i., pp. 266-271, MS.), and it will henceforth be spoken of here as the Cole MS.

The other, unknown to Hunter, was that which passed from Mr. Heber's collection into that of the Rev. Thomas Corser, and was made the subject of a long notice by him in *Notes and Queries*, March 9th, 1850, afterwards expanded in his *Collectanea Anglo-Poetica*, i. 15 (1860). A further account of it is given in the *Bibliographical and Critical Account* of J. P. Collier (1865), apparently from notes taken by him nearly forty years before, when the MS. was lent to him by Mr. Heber.

Cole's MS. has long since disappeared, Corser being ignorant of its whereabouts in 1850. Corser's MS. was sold by Messrs. Sotheby in July, 1868, to a Mr. Honnor, a bookseller who used to purchase for private collectors. Honnor died in June, 1883, and my prolonged search has been unable to discover for whom he bought the MS. Both MSS. having thus disappeared, our information about the *Polyhymnia* is confined to the MS. notices of Cole and Hunter, and the printed articles of Corser and Collier. Either MS. appears to have contained poems which the other lacked, as will be seen by a comparison of the annexed tables of contents (from Cole and Corser respectively), wherein those peculiar to either are marked with an asterisk.

Corser (in *Notes and Queries*, i. 295) writes about his as follows: "The MS. contains 52 leaves, beautifully written, without any

corrections, and is in the original binding. It was procured by Mr. Heber from Hanwell, the bookseller in Oxford, who had probably purchased it on the taking down of Ricot, the old seat of the Norreys, and the dispersion of its contents. It has the autograph of Francis, Lord Norreys, on the flyleaf, and was no doubt a presentation copy to him from Basse." It is further described in Corser's *Colleſtanea Anglo-Poetica* as "Orig. MS. 4to. n. d. (circa 1650)," a date, as I shall show, only partially correct.

Cole (*i.e.*, Drake Morris) describes his as follows: "Mr. Knight, jun., shewed me a MS. written by William Basse, and corrected by him, in 4to, called 'Polyhymnia.'" [Here follows the list of contents as given p. 147.] "It contains about 40 leaves, much corrected, and at the end is 'L'Envoy'" [four decasyllable lines given p. 162]. Corser, commenting on this passage, notes that "this copy varies from mine . . . and was no doubt the one prepared and corrected for the press by Basse."

I have little doubt that in drawing this distinction between the two MSS. Corser was perfectly correct; but he is incorrect in assigning 1650 as the date of his own. The autograph of Francis, Lord Norreys, which it bears, fixes the downward limit of its date at 1623, the date of that nobleman's death (see passage quoted from Dugdale, p. 153), while the description of him in the heading of the first poem as "Earle of Berkshire," fixes the upward limit at 1621, when he received that title. The addition of the words "in his dayes" to the heading of the same poem in the Cole MS. shows that that copy was written after his death. (Cf. in the Dedication of the *Pastorals* to Sir Richard Wenman the addition, beneath his name, of the words "As it was in his dayes intended.")

Now as to the poems peculiar to each version—my impression is that the volume presented to Lord Norreys (Corser MS.) originally ended with No. 8 or No. 9; that Basse's later judgment suppressed Nos. 3, 4, and 8 in the copy he prepared for the press (Cole MS.); that of the six poems peculiar to the latter (four of them addressed to members of the Wenman family), the majority were written after Lord Norreys' death, and that there was some sufficient family reason (see my note on the poem, *On Caversham House*, p. 148) for not adding them to the Ricot copy; but that no such reason existed in the case of the *Bull-finch* or the *Four Mile Course*, which were accordingly added by Basse himself, who was probably an habitu  of the Ricot library after Sir Richard Wenman's death in 1640; finally, that the *Spirituell Race* was similarly appended by Basse as a sort of "morallizing" of the preceding poem about the foot-race, and that

the last line of his *L'Envoy* (p. 162), about his having "taught" Polyhymnia "to be a Christian Muse," points to its inclusion in the Cole MS. also, though without a separate title. The same hypothesis of later additions to the Ricot copy (the Corser MS.) is clearly required to explain the appearance therein of the dedicatory verses to Bridget, Countess of Lindsey; for this lady was not (as stated by Corser and Collier) the sister, but the granddaughter of Francis, Lord Norreys (see Table, p. 143)—a fact which, with the title given her of Countess of Lindsey, supplies additional proof of the late date of the Cole MS. Montagu Bertie, Earl of Lindsey, was her *second* husband; and her first child by him, James Bertie, was born May 10th, 1653. The dedicatory verses to her, therefore, can hardly have been written and prefixed to the Ricot copy before 1650.

The above appears to afford a consistent explanation of the variations in the two tables of contents. As to the merit of the work, Cole, Corser, and Collier are unanimous. All speak of it as mediocre; and the fragments quoted by the two latter sufficiently support this opinion. In the fourth of the dedicatory verses Basse says the volume was only prepared for publication by Lady Bridget's command. The fragments, however, are here given, together with such information about the other poems or their subjects as I have been able to glean from these or other sources.









# POLYHYMNIA

A POEM

WRITTEN BY

WILLIAM BASSE, Gent.

Nos convivia, nos prælia virginum  
Sectis in juvenes unguibus acrium  
Cantamus vacui, sive quod urimur,  
Non præter solitum leves.

HOR. I. ODE 6.

THE HISTORY OF THE

REIGN OF

CHARLES THE FIRST

BY

JOHN BURNET

OF

SCOTLAND

IN TWO VOLUMES

THE SECOND

VOLUME

LONDON

Printed by J. Sturges, in Strand

1724



## POLYHYMNIA.

### TABLE OF CONTENTS OF CORSER'S MS.

- Dedication To the Right Noble and Vertuous Lady, the Lady Bridget, Countess of Lindsey, Barronesse of Ersbie and of Ricot, &c.
1. Verses to the Right Hon. Francis Lord Norreys Earle of Berkshire.
  2. To the Lady Falkland, uppon her going into Ireland, 2 Sonnets.
  - \*3. Of a Great Floud.
  - \*4. Of the Raine-bowe.
  5. The Youth in the Boate.
  6. The Second part of the Youth in the Boate.
  7. The Morall.
  - \*8. Of Pen and Pensill, upon a fayre and vertuous Ladye's Picture.
  9. Of the House of a Noble Knight and worthy favourer of my Muse.
  10. An Elegie of a rare Singing Bull-fynch found dead in his Cage, in the cold and wet June 19, 1648.
  11. Of the four mile Course on Bayards-greene, sixe times run over by two famous Footmen Patrique Dorning and William O'Farrell.
  - \*12. The Spirituall Race.

\*Verses on the Chapel of Wadham College consecration, St. Peter's Day 1613.<sup>1</sup>

\*—On Caversham or Causham House.<sup>2</sup>

—Of Witham House, Oxfordshire, the house of a noble Knight, and favourer of my Muse.

Elegy on a Bullfinch, 1648.<sup>3</sup>

Of the Four Mile Course of Bayardes Green,<sup>4</sup> sixe times over, by two famous Irish footmen, Patrick Dorning and William O'Farrell.

<sup>1</sup> "Verses on the Chapel," etc. Wadham College was founded by Nicholas Wadham of Meryfield. He died in 1609, before the commencement of the work, which was executed by his wife Dorothy. The first Warden, Fellows, Scholars, and Chaplains were admitted April 20th, 1613; and the ceremony of consecrating the chapel took place on April 29th. It is described in Antony Wood's *History and Antiquities of the Colleges and Halls of Oxford*, 1668 (Gutch's ed., pp. 591 seq.). I can find no record of any connection of Basse, or his patrons, with the college.

<sup>2</sup> "On Caversham or Causham House." Caversham House, north of Reading, was then the property of William Knollys, created Earl of Banbury, 1626, who entertained Elizabeth there, Aug. 1601, and Anne of Denmark in 1613. It was also the scene of Charles I.'s last interview with his children; while on Caversham Hill had been fought a skirmish between Prince Rupert and the Parliamentarians, 1643. Any or all of these events may have formed the subject of Basse's poem, for whose non-addition to the Ricot MS. (Corser's) a sufficient reason existed in the ill-feeling that Fuller mentions (*Worthies*, vol. iii., p. 17) between the Norreys and the Knollys families. Some similar difference may also have led to the omission of the four poems relating to members of the Wenman family. The notion of a certain quarrelsomeness inherent in these "*Martis pulli*," the Norreys, is borne out by the anecdote quoted from Dugdale in the note, p. 153. Old Caversham House was destroyed by fire, Jan. 1850, and the present one stands rather further from the river.

<sup>3</sup> "Elegy," etc. Cf. table of contents of Corser MS.

<sup>4</sup> "Of the Four Mile," etc. Collier says the twenty-four miles were done in three minutes under three hours.

TO<sup>1</sup> THE RIGHT NOBLE AND VERTUOUS LADY, THE  
LADY BRIDGET, COUNTESS OF LINDSEY, AND  
BARONESS OF ERESBIE AND RICOT.<sup>2</sup>

1.

THIS Laureat Nymph, one of the daughters nine  
Of fruitfull Memory, whose maine delight  
Is various verse, to honour those who shine  
In noble deeds, true fame, and vertues bright  
(And therefore by her Parents both divine  
By name of *Poli hymnia* stiled right),  
No more contented with the slender light  
Of my poore bower, Thus venters to arise  
Into the rayes of your resplendant eyes.

2.

For why, she (like her other sisters) knowes  
Renowned *Ricots* garlands still are seene

<sup>1</sup> "Dedicatory Verses" (reprinted from Corser's *Colleġanea Anglo-Poetica*, vol. i., p. 200). The metre is distinguished from Basse's favourite eight-line stanza by the addition of a line, the second rhyme being repeated in the seventh line. He has no other instance of its use.

<sup>2</sup> "Eresbie and Ricot." Ersby is given in Hamilton's *National Gazetteer* as a hamlet near Spilsby in Lincolnshire. Rycote, about two miles south-west of Thame, is mentioned in Leland as belonging to the Quatremains, and in Fuller's *Worthies* as the chief seat of the Norreys. It passed to the Bertie family by marriage of Montagu Bertie with the lady who is the subject of this dedication (see Genealogical table, p. 143, and also for the connection between the Norreys and the Wenmans). An ancient stone chapel of St. Michael and All Angels was used as a mausoleum of the Norreys and Bertie families. The house was burnt in 1747. See Introduction, p. xvi, note.

Like to the Bayes that on *Pernassus* growes,<sup>1</sup>  
 And there shall last eternally as greene :  
 Where Love in friends, and feare in forraigne foes  
 To *Norreys* name<sup>2</sup> in former dayes, are seene  
 As fresh as if they yesterday had beene :  
 And you (Rare Lady) both in birth and spirit  
 The only heire that all their worthes inherit.

## 3.

Now since the happy humor of this Muse  
 (Happy in choyce of noblenesse so true)  
 Aymes at your vertuous hand, lest she should loose  
 Through my obscuritie the way thereto,  
 She humbly sues that she the light may use  
 Of your bright eyes to lead her unto you  
 Load-star too radiant such prize to view,  
 But noble grace enriches what is poore,  
 The lesse the merit, th' honor is the more.<sup>3</sup>

## 4.

For had not you into this twofold light,  
 Of Muse-befreinding *Phæbus*, and your owne,

<sup>1</sup> "Bayes that . . . growes." A similar use of "Bayes" as a singular noun occurs in Bathurst's commendatory verses to the *Pastorals*, line 8.

<sup>2</sup> "Norreys name." The family were descended from the Viscounts Lovel, and the father of Henry, Lord Norreys, husband of Margery, Lord John Williams' daughter, was beheaded by Henry VIII. on the charge of adultery with Anne Bullen. Fuller speaks of the Norreys as "all *Martis pulli*," and the fame of the three brothers, Sir John, Sir Edward, and Sir Thomas Norreys fully confirms the epithet. Their exploits, together with those of various members of the Wenman family, including Sir Richard, Basse's patron, are celebrated in a curious ballad called *Old Souldiers*, printed in *Wit and Drollery* (1682), pp. 165-8.

<sup>3</sup> Compare the closing couplet of the second sonnet of the dedication of the *Pastorals*.

Commanded them, my slender Poems might  
In dark obscuritye have slept unknowne.  
Whence, so by you redeem'd, These (as your right,  
*Illustrious Lady*) wait on you alone,  
Their life to lengthen, by depending on  
Your name and vertues that will live renown'd  
While Fame has breath her ivory Trump to sound.

The first thing I did was to go to the  
 office and see what was going on. I  
 found that the office was in a  
 state of confusion. The papers were  
 all over the place and the  
 clerks were looking at me  
 as if I were a stranger. I  
 tried to get some sense out  
 of them but they were  
 too busy to do anything.

I then went to the bank and  
 saw the manager. He told me  
 that the money was all gone  
 and that the bank was  
 in a state of panic. I  
 tried to get some sense out  
 of him but he was too  
 busy to do anything. I  
 then went to the police  
 and saw the chief. He told  
 me that the police were  
 in a state of confusion  
 and that they were  
 looking for the man who  
 had stolen the money.

I then went to the  
 newspaper and saw the  
 editor. He told me that  
 the newspaper was in a  
 state of confusion and  
 that they were looking  
 for the man who had  
 stolen the money. I  
 then went to the  
 hotel and saw the  
 manager. He told me  
 that the hotel was in a  
 state of confusion and  
 that they were looking  
 for the man who had  
 stolen the money. I  
 then went to the  
 office and saw the  
 manager. He told me  
 that the office was in a  
 state of confusion and  
 that they were looking  
 for the man who had  
 stolen the money.

TO THE RIGHT HON. FRANCIS LORD NORREYS,  
EARL OF BERKSHIRE<sup>1</sup> (IN HIS DAYES).

(FRAGMENT.)

5.

O TRUE nobilitie, and rightly grac'd  
With all the jewels that on thee depend ;  
Where goodnesse doth w<sup>th</sup> greatnesse live embrac'd,  
And outward stiles on inward worth attend ;  
Where ample lands in ample hands are plac'd,  
And ancient deeds with ancient coats descend :  
Where noble bloud combin'd with noble spirit  
Forefathers fames doth, with their formes, inherit :

<sup>1</sup> "Verses to Francis, Lord Norreys" (reprinted from Corser's *Collectanea Anglo-Poetica*, vol. i., p. 201). Lord Norreys was the grandfather of Lady Bridget, to whom the volume is dedicated (see Table, p. 143). He was twenty-nine at the accession of James I., and was summoned to Parliament as the representative of the title, his father having died a year or two before. In 1621 he was created Viscount Thame and Earl of Berkshire. Dugdale has the following story about him (*Baronage*, vol. ii., p. 404): "But all that I have seen farther memorable of him, is, that upon the 16th of February next ensuing (the Parliament then sitting) standing in the entrance to the Lords House, in discourse with some of his servants (the passage being narrow) the Lord Scroope going by jostled him a little ; which so moved him that he rudely thrust before him (the House being set, and the Prince there) whereupon he was committed to the Fleet. And that, not long after (for it was 28 Jan. 20 Jac.) being a person of so great a spirit, that he could neither bear some Injuries, which had made a deep impression upon him, nor find out a proper way of remedy ; he mortally wounded himself, in the face and neck, with a Cross-Bow, in his House at Rycot, and died on the Wednesday following: leaving issue," etc. (see Table, p. 143).

The metre is that of the first and second Eclogues, a favourite with Basse.

## 6.

Where ancestors examples are perus'd  
 Not in large tomes or costly tombs alone,  
 But in their heires; and, being dayly us'd,  
 Are (like their robes) more honourable growne:  
 Where Loyalty with Piety is infus'd,  
 And publique rights are cherished w<sup>th</sup> their owne;  
     Where worth still finds respect; good friend, good  
     word;  
 Desart, reward. And such is *Ricot's* Lord.

## 7.

But what make I (vaine voyce) in midst of all  
 The Quires that have already sung the fame  
 Of this great House, and those that henceforth shall  
 (As that will last) for ever sing the same?  
 But if on me my garland justly fall,  
 I justly owe my musique to this name:  
     For he unlawfully usurps the Bayes,  
     That has not sung in noble Norrey's prayse.

## 8.

In playne (my honour'd Lord) I was not borne,  
 Audacious vowes, or forraigne legs,<sup>1</sup> to use;  
 Nature denyed my outside to adorne,  
 And I of art to learne outsides refuse.  
 Yet, haveing of them both enough to scorne  
 Silence & vulgar prayse, this humble Muse,  
     And her meane favourite, at yo' coñmand  
     Chose, in this kinde, to kisse your noble hand.

<sup>1</sup> "Forraigne legs," *i.e.*, gestures of courtesy. Cf. *Sword and Buckler*, st. 5, p. 10, "a legging foote," and st. 63, p. 26. This stanza, if it may be trusted, affords us the only hint we have of Basse's personal appearance.



TO THE RIGHT HON. THE LADY VISCOUNTESS FALK-  
LAND,<sup>1</sup> UPON HER GOING INTO IRELAND,  
TWO SONNETS.<sup>2</sup>

WHAT happy song might my Muse take in hand,  
Great Lady, to deserve your Muses care?  
Or skill to hold you in this amorous land,  
That held you first, and holds you still so deare?  
Must needs your anchor taste another sand,  
Cause you your praise are nobly loth to heare?  
Be sure your praises are before you there,

<sup>1</sup> "Viscountess Falkland." Elizabeth, daughter of Sir Laurence Tanfield, and wife of Sir Henry Cary, created first Viscount Falkland in 1620. He was Lord Deputy of Ireland, 1622-1629, and was accompanied by his wife to Dublin—a fact which supplies us with the date of this sonnet. In Dublin she interested herself in the establishment of industrial schools, but was separated from her husband in 1625 on account of a difference in religious views, and returned to England. Burford Priory, in Oxfordshire, was her birthplace and the home of her parents, a circumstance which brought her into Basse's ken; but on her father's death in 1625 Burford and Great Tew were left to her son, Lucius Cary, who fell at Newbury, 1643. (For further details, see art. in *Dict. of National Biography*.)

<sup>2</sup> "Two Sonnets." The one here printed is from Collier's article on Basse in his *Bibliographical and Critical Account*, vol. i., pp. 54-57. He there pronounces it "ingenious, but far below excellence," and adds that it "savours more of an age of conceit than of genius, and the style is nearer the time of Charles II. than of Elizabeth." I rate it rather higher than Mr. Collier seems to have done, thinking it vigorous, graceful, and one of the happiest examples of Basse's skill.

How much your fame exceeds your Caracts<sup>1</sup> sayle:  
Nay, more than so; your selfe are every where  
In worth, but where the world of worth doth fayle.  
What boots it, then, to drive, or what to steere?  
What doth the axle or the ore avayle?  
Since whence you ride you cannot part away,  
And may performe your voyage, though you stay.

<sup>1</sup> "Caracts"—more commonly spelt "carrack('s)."



## THE YOUTH IN THE BOAT.<sup>1</sup>

(FRAGMENT.)



WHEN we our young and wanton houres  
Have spent in vaine delight,  
To shew you how celestiaall powers  
At length can set us right ;

How they can frame our mindes unfixt  
Unto their just directions,  
When waveringly we reele betwixt  
Opinions or affections ;

<sup>1</sup> "The Youth in the Boat." The three introductory stanzas are reprinted from Collier (*Bibliographical and Critical Account*, i. 54-57) ; the thirteen opening stanzas of the poem itself from Corser's *Collectanea Anglo-Poetica*, vol. i., p. 199, where he gives the following details. This "singular tale" occupies, he says, "the chief portion of the volume" (*i.e.*, of the *Polyhymnia*), and "is divided into two parts ; the first containing (with the introduction) 59 verses of four lines each, and the second 163, exclusive of the Morall, which occupies 11 more." "The tale is the old story of the youth with the two females, one on whom his affections were placed, but who loved not him ; while the other loved him, whom he regarded not ; one of whom must be sacrificed to save the lives of all" (*Notes and Queries*, Series I., p. 295). In its easy narrative style, shot through with a reflective vein, the fragment more resembles *Urania* than any other of Basse's productions ; and this late echo of Chaucer's manner is possibly his most striking characteristic among his fellow-poets.

How fatall it may sometimes prove  
 Unto our frayle estate,  
 Vainly to hate what we should love,  
 And love what we should hate.

---

## 1.

FOR some unknowne, but grievous crime  
 Against the Gods committed,  
 A young man on a time, (sad time,  
 And young man to be pittied)

## 2.

Put forth to Sea (when Sea was swell'd  
 With winde and tempest sore)  
 Abourd a little Barque, which held  
 Himselfe, and but two more.

## 3.

As Master, Mate, and Sayler far'd  
 This youth, and with his hand  
 Rul'd Helme and Rudder, Sayle and Cord,  
 And Boat both steer'd and man'd.

## 4.

And though the building of this Boate  
 Concernes my tale not much,  
 Nor much it doth deserve your note  
 The workmans name to touch—

## 5.

Her Keele was all of Cypresse built,  
 Her Mast of fragrant Firre;  
 Her Oares were Ivory, Sterne was guilt,  
 And calk'd she was with Myrrh.

6.

He that her Ship-wright was, and made  
 Her timber-worke, is thought  
 To be young *Perdix*,<sup>1</sup> who this trade  
 By *Dedalus* was taught.

7.

Her Sayles, some say, *Arachne*<sup>2</sup> wove,  
 They were so richly done :  
 And that *Ulysses* constant Love  
 Her flaxen Cable spun.

8.

And grant all this for true, (or true  
 Though grant it to be thought)<sup>3</sup>  
 Yet works of Art, how short are you  
 Of works by Nature wrought?

9.

For though this Barke was but three strong,  
 (Weake Vessel ! strong but three,)  
 Tall Ship from *Indian* voyage long  
 Ne're brought such prize as she.

10.

For with two Damsells was she lade,  
 The one of beauty such

<sup>1</sup> "Perdix," nephew of Dædalus, and inventor of the saw, chisel, compasses, etc. To save him from the consequences of his uncle's jealousy, he was turned by Athena into a partridge. Cf. Ovid, *Met.*, 8, 241 *sqq.*

<sup>2</sup> "Arachne," a Lydian maiden, who challenged Athena to a competition in weaving, and was changed by her into a spider. Cf. Ovid, *Met.*, 6, 5 *sqq.*

<sup>3</sup> "True | Though grant it to be thought," *i.e.*, true in spirit, though a fiction of the imagination.

The Captaine her his idoll made,  
And she him scorn'd as much.

## 11.

The other though not all so bright  
As was her Mate ; yet one  
That in him tooke all true delight,  
But he in her tooke none.

## 12.

No other ballast (then) did trim  
This Ship : you may conceit  
His Love to one, one's Love to him,  
Made both sides equall weight.

## 13.

And Needle (sure) she needed none  
By poynt or pole to passe,  
When he was Loadstone unto one,  
And one his Load-star was. . . .<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Here Corser's quotation terminates; but in support of Basse's claim to musicianship (on which see Introduction, p. xix) he gives us a single stanza, about "sweete Calliope," from the commencement of the Second Part of the poem, as follows:

"A Muse to whom in former dayes  
I was extreamly bound,  
When I did sing in *Musiques* prayse  
And *Voyces* heau'nly sound."



## FRAGMENTS

(Probably from the poem entitled "Of Witham House, Oxfordshire, the house of a Noble Knight and favourer of my Muse").<sup>1</sup>

\* \* \* \* \*



THESE prov'd themselves from Pegasus derived :

There doth the northern spur oft draw a rayne<sup>2</sup>

From the fleet flanks of Barbary or Spayne,

<sup>1</sup> These two fragments are given by Collier (*Bibliographical and Critical Account*), and I have assigned them conjecturally to the poem on Witham House, though the expression "the naked heele" may perhaps be more appropriate as part of the poem on the foot-race at the end of the volume. This is what Collier says: "Basse seems to have been of a sporting, rather than of a sportive turn of mind, and he has several pieces of a racing character, both of bipeds and quadrupeds: one is upon a contention between two Irish footmen, who executed twenty-four miles in three minutes less than three hours. In other poems, upon horse-racing, or horse-coursing, as it was then called, he mentions the names of many favourites of that day—Crop-ear,

---

<sup>2</sup> "Rayne." Collier's suggestion of "vayne," *i.e.*, vein, seems needlessly to spoil a vigorous expression. Cf. in *The Hunter's Song*—

"The dales purple flowers,  
They spring from the showers  
That down from the rowels drops."

And wilde Arabia, whose tincture dyed  
Greene earth with purple staynes of bestiall pride.

\* \* \* \* \*

Lo! but too ofte of man and horse, when young,  
The naked heele and hammered hoofe I sung ;  
Which now to heare, or reade, might please some men,  
Perchance, as youthful now as I was then.

\* \* \* \* \*

### L'ENVOY.

(From the Cole MS.)

Go, sweet Polymnia, Thanks for all your Cost  
And Love to me ; wherein no Love is lost.  
As you have taught me various verse to use,  
I have taught you to be a Christian Muse.

Friskin, Kill-deer, Herring, Pegabrig, etc." [Query: What were these "other poems," and where had Collier seen them?] "He bears testimony to the pains, even then, taken with the breeding of horses":—then follows the first of the fragments given above—"The following lines, near the end, show that such had been the early subjects of his verse"—then he quotes the second fragment.

With regard to Witham House, I find from Lysons' *Magna Britannia* (1813), vol. i., pt. 2, pp. 438-9, that it passed from the Wightham family to Sir Richard Harcourt in 1480; became vested in the crown, probably by exchange, and was granted in 1539 to Sir John Williams, afterwards Lord Williams of Thame, and passed with his daughter Margery to the Norreys family, and so to the Berties. The "noble knight" might have been some friend of Francis, Lord Norreys, to whom the house was given as a residence during life. I cannot find that his son-in-law, Edward Wray (Table, p. 143), who was groom of the bedchamber to James I., was knighted.





## THE PASTORALS AND OTHER WORKES.

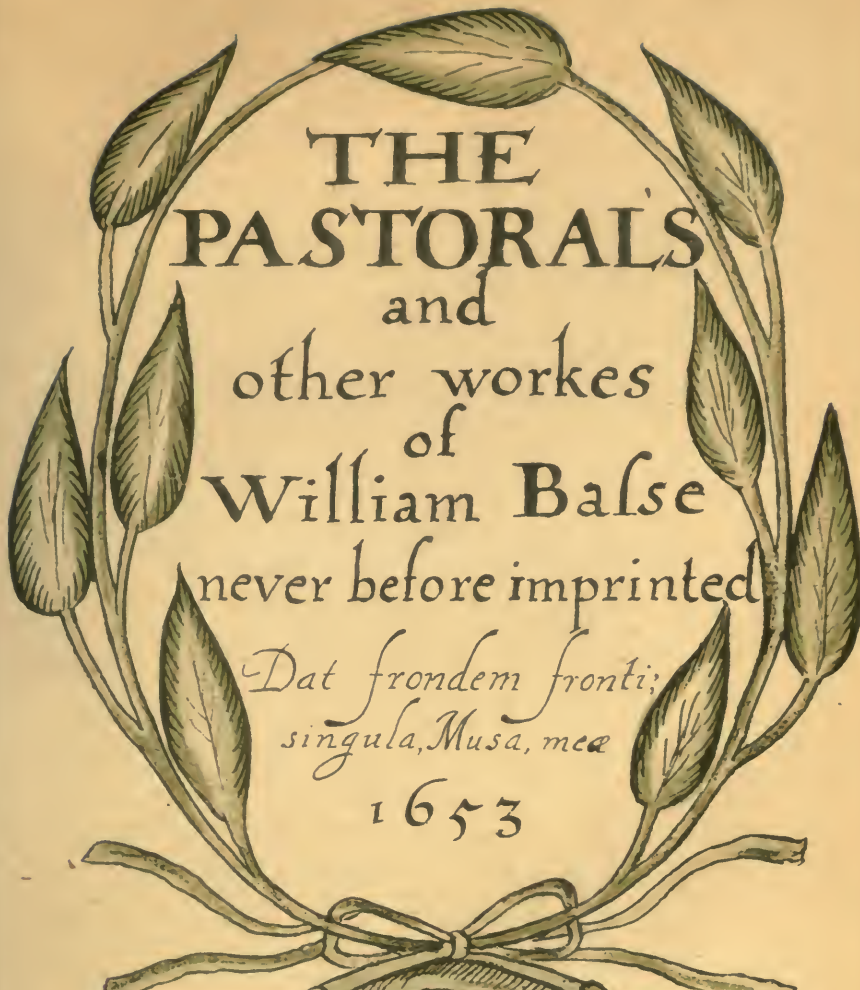
### INTRODUCTORY.

**T**HE title-page reproduced in facsimile (p. 165) is that of the only original MS. volume of Basse now remaining, those of the *Polyhymnia* having disappeared. It is a folio prepared for the press in 1653, but death or some other accident intervened to prevent its publication. Thomas Warton in 1761 printed the commendatory verses signed "R. B." in his *Life and Literary Remains of Dean Bathurst*; but in a footnote on their heading "To Mr. Wm. Basse," etc., says, "I find no account of this writer or his poems." Bathurst's verses had been handed him among other of the dean's papers by the Rev. Mr. Payne, Prebendary of Wells. The MS. was among the Rev. Thos. Corser's books, and was bought at their sale, March 17, 1869, by Mr. F. W. Cosens of Clapham Park, who allowed Mr. J. P. Collier to print it for the first time (1870) in his series of *Miscellaneous Tracts* (temp. Eliz. & Jac. I.). Mr. Collier undoubtedly deserved the thanks of the literary world; yet his edition hardly does Basse justice, marred as it is by misprints and misrenderings. At the sale of Mr. Cosen's library the MS. passed into the hands of Messrs. Ellis and Elvey, for whom the present edition is prepared, the text being taken directly from it. It contains 72 leaves, and includes, besides the nine Eclogues of the *Pastorals*, the early poem *Urania*, and *The Metamorphosis of the Walnut Tree of Boarstall*, which, from an allusion to the havoc wrought on sacred buildings and monuments during the Civil War, was probably written after its close. The commendatory verses of Dean Bathurst are in a handwriting different from the rest, perhaps that of the dean himself; but the dedication to Lord Wenman, the *Apologie to Clio*, the short address of Clio to the Reader, and the nine Eclogues, are all in one handwriting, very clear and legible, which I take to be that of Basse. The proper names throughout are filled in with red ink; and the resemblance of the signatures "Will.

Basse" and "Colliden" (which in any case would probably be his) to the rest of the writing, goes to support this conclusion. The other two poems, however, are in a beautiful copper-plate hand, probably the work of a professional copyist. The later leaves of the MS. are very sere and worm-eaten, but seldom so as to make the text at all doubtful. Bound in the same dark green morocco cover with the Basse work, but separated from it by a strip of old marbled paper, is a transcript of Dryden's *The State of Innocence and Fall of Man*. The Basse MS. exhibits the usual irregularities of punctuation, especially in the Eclogues. Basse is accustomed to put a full stop at the end of lines where no stop at all is required by the sense, and to insert a full stop in the middle of the line to mark the verse-pause; also he uses lavishly, and often misplaces, the parenthesis. In these respects slight alteration has of necessity been made in the present edition; in orthography and all else the MS. has been faithfully followed. An original pen-and-ink drawing which immediately precedes the first Eclogue is reproduced on a slightly reduced scale as a frontispiece to this volume.

THE PASTORALS. These nine Eclogues represent Basse's most mature and deliberate work, and their composition covers a considerable period of his life, extending from the time when he is occupied with love and "wanton virelays" to those later, sadder days when, bereft of old friends and patrons and lamenting the decay of poetic taste, he still obeys the impulse to sing, and pours forth in his last Eclogue a Benedicite in his Maker's honour. For suggestions on the approximate dates of some of these Eclogues the reader is referred to a note on the *Apologie to Clio*, wherein Basse speaks of them as a selection only. Modelled avowedly on those of the *Shepherds' Calender*, and imitating their use of the eight-line stanza and of the couplet, they resemble them but slightly in manner. They could not hope, of course, to rival the freshness inseparable from an original departure in English poetry; but they may boast, I think, a superiority over Spenser's in point of reality, derived from their author's intimate acquaintance with country life and farming operations. A brief introductory mention of each will be found among the notes, which, with what has already been said in the general Introduction (pp. xxx sqq.), renders further comment here needless.

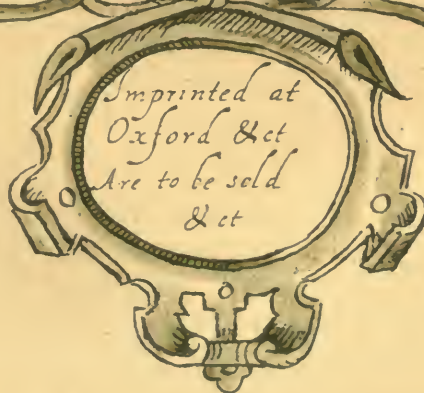




THE  
PASTORALS  
and  
other workes  
of  
William Basse  
never before imprinted

*Dat frondem fronti;  
singula, Musa, mea*

1653





THE  
PASTORALS  
AND  
OTHER WORKES  
OF  
WILLIAM BASSE

NEVER BEFORE IMPRINTED

Dat frondem fronti  
singula Musa mea  
1653

Imprinted at  
Oxford &c  
Are to be sold  
&c



TO MR. WILLIAM BASSE

UPON THE NOW PUBLISHING OF HIS POEMS.<sup>1</sup>

BASSE, whose rich mine of wit wee here behold,  
As Porseland earth, more precious cause more old,  
Who like an aged oake so long hast stood  
And art Religion now as well as food,  
Though thy gray Muse grew up with elder times  
And our deceased Grandsires lisp'd thy Rhymes,  
Yet we can sing thee too, and make that Bayes  
Which deckes thy brow looke fresher w<sup>th</sup> thy praise.  
Some Poets, like some fashions, onely fit  
One age or place; you to mankind haue writ:  
Whose well-weight'd fancy flies an even pitch,  
And neither creepes, nor soares beyond our reach.  
Like some cleare streame, whose everlasting store  
Still filles it's bankes, and yet not drownes the shore,

<sup>1</sup> Commendatory verses signed "R. B." Published in Thomas Warton's *Life and Literary Remains of Ralph Bathurst, Dean of Wells*, 1761. Collier, who states this in a letter to the *Athenæum*, dated Oct. 31, 1869, has forgotten Warton's ground for referring them to Dean Bathurst, which is, that he had received them among a quantity of MS. work of Bathurst's handed him by the Rev. Mr. Payne, Prebendary of Wells. See Warton's Preface, p. vii. The verses are printed at pp. 288-9, with the heading, "To Mr. William Basse upon the intended publication of his poems, Jan. 13th, 1651;" so that Basse seems to have delayed their publication for yet another two years after the collection was finally ready. Bathurst's date was 1620-1704, and he must have become acquainted with Basse during his long residence at Oxford, as scholar and fellow of Trinity, as a physician after 1654, and after the Restoration as head of his college. The line,

"And our deceased grandsires lisp'd thy rhymes,"

implies that Basse was much his senior, and serves to strengthen

Art governes Nature's bounty, and your Feast  
 Feares no Cookes palat, yet contents the guest :  
 Where wealth like Guajan's gold i'th surface dwelles,<sup>1</sup>  
 As the best Kernelles haue the thinnest shelles ;  
 Not lesse in worth, cause more attain'd with ease :  
 You can even Criticks without Criticks please :  
 Seene by your owne light still your vaine so flowes  
 It yeildes good verse without the helpe of prose :  
 Where a soft strength, and generous handsomnesse,  
 Shewes like Achilles in a female dresse :  
 Like polish'd steele where force and smoothnes meet,  
 Or like the riddle of the strong and sweet.  
 Goe then secure into the armes of Fame ;  
 Applause, which others beg, is your iust claime.  
 Goe censure-prooffe, (as when Apelles lay  
 Behinde his worke, list'ning what all would say,  
 The worke stood yet unalter'd ; and now more  
 We praise his modesty then skill before.)  
 That when some greater names admired lye,  
 But let alone, men may reade yours and buy.  
 Though these your happy births haue silent past  
 More yeares then some abortiue wits shall last ;  
 He still writes new, who once so well hath sung ;  
 That Muse can ne're be old which ne're was young.<sup>2</sup>

R. B.

Basse's claim to the authorship of *Sword and Buckler* and the *Three Pastoral Elegies*. The criticism of Basse's verse is not unhappy. A line near the close asserts that the poems (or some of them) had long existed in manuscript form.

<sup>1</sup> "Like Guajan's gold i'th surface dwelles." "Guajan's" is possibly a transposition for "Guiana's," where there is much alluvial gold, especially in the district recently claimed from Venezuela.

<sup>2</sup> *i.e.*, No lapse of time injures poetry that never had the faults of immaturity.



# CLIO

OR

THE FIRST MUSE IN 9 EGLOGUES IN HONOR  
OF 9 VERTUES

(As it was in his dayes intended)<sup>1</sup>

TO THE RIGHT HONORABLE S<sup>R</sup> RICHARD WENMAN,  
K<sup>NT</sup>, BARON OF KILMAINHAM, LORD VIS-COUNT  
WENMAN OF TUHAM, MY MUCH HONOURED  
LORD & MASTER.

SINCE, (Noble Lord), your groues haue been the bowers  
Where Shepherds songs not onely sung haue been,

<sup>1</sup> "As it was in his dayes intended." These words are added in different ink, and probably later than that of the Dedication itself, but still in Basse's handwriting. Collier wrongly prints them as an appendage to the general title of the Eclogues: they belong rather to the Dedication, and refer to Sir Richard Wenman's death in 1640, showing that Basse had intended to publish the Eclogues at least thirteen years before. See note, pp. 172-3.

Sir Richard Wenman, of Thame Park, Basse's friend and patron, was born 1573, knighted 1596 for gallant behaviour at the taking of Cadiz, married (date uncertain) to Agnes, daughter of Sir George Fermor of Eaton Neston in Northamptonshire, and created an Irish peer by the title of Viscount Wenman of Tuam, July 30th, 1628. His first wife, whose literary taste is referred to in the first of the Eclogues, p. 183, died July 4th, 1617, and he afterwards married Elizabeth (cf. note on "Sherborne," *Ecl.* 7, p. 232), buried at Twyford, Berks, April 27th, 1629, and Mary, also buried there July 28th, 1638. He himself died in the sixty-seventh year of his age, April 3rd, 1640, and was buried at Twyford (Nichols' *Herald and Genealogist*, vol. ii., pp. 521-2). Other references to him are found in

But Shepherds selues been sheltred from the powers  
 Of Summers heate and blastes of Winters keene,  
 The gentle fruites of all these freindly howers  
 To climbe your hand are thus ambitious seene.  
 For Swaine is none so simple on the greene  
 But knowes these honors all so much your due,  
 That other claime there can be none between  
 Your title unto them and theirs to you.  
 For this, that of all Ilandes is the Queene,  
 Neuer Mæcenas bred more nobly true :  
 And O what vertue more, then life to giue<sup>1</sup>  
 To verse, whereby all other vertues liue ?

The famous Shepheard Collin,<sup>2</sup> whom we looke  
 Never to match, (though follow him we may

*Ecl.* 3, which contains an acrostic in his honour, pp. 198-200; in *Ecl.* 4, p. 204, where he is spoken of as befriending "Meredic," one of the subjects of that elegy; in *Ecl.* 7, pp. 231-2, where his (probably second) wedding in London is referred to, and lastly, in *Ecl.* 8, p. 241, where his death is lamented with that of other patrons of literature.

Collier, misled somewhat in the sense, prints this Dedication (which is given in the MS. as a consecutive whole) in divisions of 14, 12, 12, and 4 lines. It consists in reality of three Sonnets, each complete in itself, with rhymes arranged as follows—abababbcbcbdd; and I have so far departed from the MS. as to separate one from another.

<sup>1</sup> "And O what vertue more," etc. The MS., the punctuation of which is exceedingly irregular, has no comma in the first line of the couplet; but that given in the text accords better with the form of the preceding line than Collier's, which gives a different sense—"And O, what vertue, more than life to give To verse," etc., *i.e.*, to confer immortality on verse.

<sup>2</sup> "The famous Shepheard Collin," the name Spenser assumes in the *Shepheards' Calender*. Basse here announces Spenser as his model, and it is to be noted that the three Sonnets of the Dedication bear more resemblance to the Spenserian than to the Shakespearean form. A generous tribute is also paid to him near the beginning of *Elegy* III., p. 73.

That follow sheep, and carry scrip and hooke)  
 By iust aduantage of his time and way  
 Has plac'd the moneths in his eternall booke,  
 All in their owne due order and aray ;  
 (A Kalendar to last, we cannot say  
 For one yeare, but as long as yeares shal bee) ;  
 Yet of the weeke has left me euey day  
 Vertues to sing, though in more low degree.  
 And could they reach, my Lord, a higher key,  
 Yours as the Shepheard is the songes should be.  
 Great merit may claime grace in Noble breast ;  
 Favour is greatest where desart is least.

And were I not an English workeman right,  
 That neuer thought his worke enough well done,  
 These sooner had unto your noble sight  
 Been off'red by the all beholding Sun.  
 Pardon the bashfull Shepheard: Tis no slight  
 Aduenture through a world of eyes to run.  
 As in some Clymate half a yeare is spun  
 Away by Night before the Day appeare,  
 And when Aurora there hath rayes begun  
 There is againe no Night for halfe a yeare ;  
 Like that is this my Muse, who, hauing won  
 From halfe an ages sleep<sup>1</sup> a Morning cleare  
 Of your aspect and favour, hopes she may  
 For so long Night purchase perpetuall Day.

Your Lordships uery humble servant,

WILL: BASSE.

<sup>1</sup> "From halfe an ages sleep." From this last sonnet it is evident that some of the Eclogues had been composed long before 1640, the date of Lord Wenman's death.

## AN APOLOGIE TO CLIO & HER SISTERS.<sup>1</sup>

### I.

RENOWNE of Nymphes, that sits on verdant throne,  
Where Lawrell chast doeth thy chaste temples crowne,  
On stately hill to neighbour starres well knowne,  
And deck'd by Phoebus in a flowery gowne,  
Yet has't in all this glory looked downe  
On me so worthles Swayne in simple guise;  
Blest favours that descend from vertuous eyes!

<sup>1</sup> Clio, though Muse of History, was generally regarded as leader of the Nine, to whom these nine Eclogues are thus inscribed.

*The Apologie* consists of thirteen stanzas in the "rhyme royal," otherwise called Chaucer's stanza. It is used by Spenser in *The Ruines of Time*, and the *Four Hymns* in honour of Love and Beauty; by William Browne in the first Eclogue of *The Shepheard's Pipe*, and again by Basse in *The Metamorphosis of the Wallnut Tree*. *The Apologie* is interesting for the light thrown on the following Eclogues. It was clearly written after them, or at least after some of them. The probability is that at least six Eclogues, to correspond to the days of the week (according to the design announced in the Dedication), were written before Lord Wenman's death in 1640, though later work may have been substituted for some of these. Stanza 11 of *The Apologie* shows them to be a selection (cf. *Great Brittaines Sunnes-set*, stanza 2, where the allusion may be to *Ecl.* 1, "Laurinella," or to others afterwards suppressed), while in stanza 8, "some heretofore were made" allows us to suppose that some at least are recent work. Eclogues 3 and 7 profess to embody some earlier work, but yet from the nature of their contents would probably be written before Lord Wenman's death. Eclogues 8 and 9 are evidently written later. The first of them laments the death of the Wenmans and the decay of poetic patronage, while the second seems, by its painfully apologetic tone for poetry merely as poetry, to be written under the very shadow of

## 2.

Lo, here the fruits of thine owne bounty wrought  
 In measures such as granted was thy Swaine,  
 Whenas admiring thee (O Muse) I sought  
 Renowne (whereof thou Mistresse art) to gaine,  
 Though full of earthly imperfections' staine.  
 New wine shall spirit loose in vessell olde,  
 And so shall heau'nly guift in earthly molde.

## 3.

Let not offended be thy noble state  
 (What can, though meane, if honest, Muse offend?)  
 That I my songes so simply literate  
 Entitle to thy hand; from whence descend  
 The stately Storyes<sup>1</sup> that haue oft been pen'd,  
 And workes of wonder, that in antique age  
 Were done by Writers graue and Singers sage.

## 4.

But thou art first of all the sisters nine  
 (Nine Ladyes great, and yet none wrong'd thereby)  
 For place is set to all estates that shine  
 And starres their limits know. The hand on hye  
 That framed all things fram'd this heraldry,  
 Which harmony preserues, and order frees  
 From blinde confusion that knowes no degrees.

the Puritan domination. There is a phrase or two in stanza 8 of *The Apologie* that harmonizes with this Puritan sentiment, and makes me think it probably written as late as any of the Eclogues themselves. (Cf. General Introduction, pp. xxiii and xxiv.)

<sup>1</sup> "The stately Storyes." A complimentary allusion probably intended to Lady Wenman's translation of Zonaras' *Historyes and Chronicles of the World*, referred to again in the tenth stanza of *Ecl. 1*; cf. note, p. 183.

5.

And these poore numbers clad in Swainish maske  
 Are eldest issues of my slender quill.  
 Much worthier tribute might thy favours aske,  
 But that the strength of thy infused skill  
 Is lessen'd by my frailty imbecill.  
 Great minde that more receiues may render more ;  
 Small can no more then it receiues restore.

6.

But some (perchance) in my too hasty prime  
 May haue escap'd my young and looser hand,  
 And fare as fruits fallen before their time.  
 Pardon what pass'd ere I did understand  
 The sober method of thy graue command ;  
 And let it be to youth not too much blame  
 Lightly to erre in coueting of Fame.

7.

Much workes on our fond youth our elders praise :  
 (And when we well doe, praises doe as well.)  
 Strongest is selfe-conceit in weakest dayes:  
 Wee vainly deeme our selues our times t'excell  
 When time and selues we want ; whereby hath fell  
 Full often from green reed of youthfull Swaine  
 Much musique wilde, that age would call againe.

8.

Of these light layes some heretofore were made,  
 When as alone (my but too much delight)  
 Vnder the diff'ring bowers of Sun and Shade  
 I sat, and thought no ill to liuing wight,  
 But good to all, (to some but too much right) ;

And to the world might haue been heard & seene  
 Long since, that long has mus'd where they haue beene.

## 9.

For many elder shepherds, and more such  
 As deeper diu'd haue in your happy springes,  
 This sloath of mine haue oft condemned much,  
 And forward workes blam'd for so backward winges ;  
 And would with pittie say so harmeles thinges,  
 That merit may the grace of pleasant light,  
 Should not obscured rest in endles night.

## 10.

And certainly, as Painter doeth not lim  
 A liuely peice in closet darke to hide,  
 Nor<sup>1</sup> Nature doeth the earth with flowers trim  
 In her black womb to drowne againe their pride,  
 Nor harmles verse is made to lay aside.  
 Jewell as good ne're had,<sup>2</sup> as neuer worne :  
 Neglected fame may iustly turne to scorne.

## 11.

Yet (Noble Muses) doe I not repent  
 That I this sloth (if sloth it be) did use  
 Ere I these songes into the world haue sent ;  
 Since Time the while hath taught me how to chuse  
 What hopefull are, and others to refuse,  
 At whose undeck'd and childish rudenes you  
 Would then haue blush'd, and now your Shepheard too.

<sup>1</sup> "Nor nature." "Nor" = "neither," and introduces the main clause.

<sup>2</sup> "Jewell (is) as good ne're had."

## 12.

As worthles drosse with precious metall growes,  
 As sweetest nut doth bitter worme conceiue,  
 As painted fly doth blast the gallant rose,  
 To our best actions imperfections cleaue.  
 Our vanities our serious thoughts deceiue,  
 And Vice is subtill, and with cunning snares  
 Oft steales on human weakenes unawares.

## 13.

But like as carefull Shepheard sheds<sup>1</sup> the sound  
 From sheep diseas'd, that might infection breed ;  
 And heedfull husband, that manures the ground,  
 Cullles harmfull cockle from his hopefull seed ;  
 Seeke I my verse of vicious staines to weed,  
 That none may blush a worke to looke upon  
 Of vertues some, of wilfull vices none.

your servant

COLLIDEN

<sup>1</sup> "Sheds," pens, houses, puts in separate cote. Cf. close of *Ecc.* 6, "And so let's shed our cattle while 'tis light."



## TO THE READER

THIS Shepherds plaine apologie (deare Freind)  
To me adres'd, to you I recommend :  
Since I conceiue, and (sure) I not mistake,  
Tis done for yours, as well as for my sake.  
Let this therefore, at my request, suffice  
Into the rest to leade your gentle eyes ;  
(Though little to expect from promise lesse ;  
They onely much doe owe that much professe).  
But you shall finde, as tis true Shepherds part  
In simple weeds to masque an honest heart,  
So in his songes, of slender composition,  
Some vertue is his innocent ambition.  
If brightest Iewell, and of richest worth,  
Is by the darkest foyle the more set forth,  
Without all question we the more should prize  
Any true vertue found in swaynish guize.  
Hee (if he gaine your loue) has his designe ;  
And, if his workes deserue it, I haue mine :

your servant

CLIO

and the Shepheard

COLLIDEN.





## MUNDAY

LAURINELLA {EGLOGUE I}<sup>1</sup> OF TRUE AND  
CHAST LOUE

*Colliden. Wilkin.*



HE Shepheard Colliden,<sup>2</sup> who ere him  
know,

(Who know him not that Shepheards  
liues do fare?)

He that was wont with siluer sheep-hooke  
goe,

And by his belt the silken scrip to weare,

<sup>1</sup> ECLOGUE I. Like his model Spenser in the *Shepheards' Calender*, Basse begins his *Pastorals* with a real or imaginary plaint for a rejected love-suit. The metre, eight decasyllable lines rhyming abababcc, is used by Spenser in the poems called *Virgil's Gnat* and *Muisopotmos*, and, with the omission of the two first lines, in the first and last eclogues of the *Calender*. It is, in fact, Boccaccio's octave rhyme, with the restoration of that fifth line by the omission of which Chaucer produced the very different movement of his own stanza. Basse had already employed it in the *Three Pastoral Elegies*. After Colliden has bemoaned himself in fourteen of these stanzas, he is joined by a fellow-shepherd, and they sing to the disdainful fair a pretty duet in six-lined stanzas (trochaic four-foot catalectic) with alternate rhymes, the lines being varied by the frequent use of what Prof. J. B. Mayor calls "anacrusis," or the addition of a light unaccented syllable at the beginning of the line.

<sup>2</sup> "The Shepheard Colliden," the name under which the poet chooses to represent himself. His scrip full of MSS. is mentioned

A iolly Shep-heard to the outward showe,  
 Till sadly crazed with loues youthfull care,  
     Low kept his flock in humble vale where hye  
     Upon a hill kept Laurinella by.

Scarce cou'd he looke so hye, so weake was he,  
 Yet, when he could, hee weakely looked hye:  
 Though she but seldome would looke downe to see  
 The wofull plight of him now waxen, by  
 His loue to her, almost as faire as shee;  
 This onely diff'rence seene to euery eye,  
     Her natiue white with rosey ioy was spread,  
     His lousick pale had little hopefull red.

His sheepe, that bore the brand of his neglect<sup>1</sup>  
 On their bare ribbes, resembled his desire;  
 As if perceiuing where he did affect,  
 From their owne vale attempt to clamber higher;  
 But, like their gentle keepers loue, soon check't,  
 To his and their owne miseries retire;  
     While her proud lambs mark'd with her like disdain  
     Shew careles lookes to the despised playne.

Looke home, (quoth he) you my ungraced heard  
 And on your owne soile chew your harmeles cuds:  
 Tis for your Shepherds sake you thus haue er'd,  
 For no such heate boyles in your chiller bloods;  
 Or if it could, although a sweeter seard  
 Growes on the hill, the vale has cooler floods:  
     Water your thirst may quench; but my desire,  
     Drinking loue dry, yet drinkes it self the dryer.

in *Ecl.* 6, though Colliden himself does not appear again until the closing Eclogue. The poet, however, is probably represented by several other names. See Introduction, p. xxii, note 2.

<sup>1</sup> "His sheep," etc. Cf. eighth stanza of Spenser's 1st Eclogue.

O Laurinella! Little dost thou wot  
 How fraile a flower thou dost so highly prize.  
 Beauty's the flower, but Loue the flower-pot  
 That must preserue it, els it quickly dyes.  
 As care and sorrow (thou see'st) mine can blot,  
 Lonesse and time 'ore thine will tyrannize.  
 Joyes wast asunder that would thriue together,  
 As double daisyes last when single wither.

View all my stock of pineing sheep, and see  
 In their gaunt wombs the fulness of my woe.  
 My carelesnes of them's my care for thee;  
 Thy neglect mine, and mine their ouerthrow.  
 Loyall desire is true-loues husbandrie,  
 Which till it gaines, it lets all other goe.  
 Admiring thee, what wealth can I affect?  
 Had I thy Loue, what els could I neglect?

The Shepheard that hath once well understood  
 What 'tis to keepe so neare the groues, (he may  
 Winter his cattell under sheltring wood)  
 No more will much for naked pasture pray:  
 So yeild to loue would beauty, if she cou'd  
 Foresee her louers care, or her decay:  
 For what, (when ages winter shall take place)  
 But Love can shelter Beauty from disgrace?

I am not faire. If euer so I were,  
 I lost my beauty after thine to seeke:  
 Which ere I sought (unlesse our riuers here  
 Dissemble much) I had a liuely cheeke.  
 But now my suit, that might make thee more cleare  
 (If thou didst want it), makes me wan and meeke:  
 Such force hath loue, beauty to make or marre,  
 That they are onely faire that loued are.

O that thou would'st come downe to me, that I  
With Pœmenarcha<sup>1</sup> might bring thee acquainted,

<sup>1</sup> "Pœmenarcha." This lady is the subject of the 2nd Eclogue, where her bounty to shepherds, *i.e.*, her encouragement of poets, is celebrated. Her departure for Belgium is lamented by Orpin in the 5th Eclogue, and her death is again lamented by Tomkin in *Ecl.* 8, together with that of her brother "Philisides"—

"I mean Philisiden  
And his deare sister, that renowned Dame  
We Pœmenarcha call'd ; he that of men  
The wonder was, she of her sex the same."

There is only one person to whom all these allusions are applicable, the famous Mary Herbert, Countess of Pembroke, and sister of Sir Philip Sidney, for whom he wrote the *Arcadia*. Her husband, William Herbert, Earl of Pembroke, died in 1601 ; but the countess lived till 1621, and was in great favour with James I., who granted her the manor of Houghton Conquest, in Bedfordshire, 1615, and visited her at Houghton House a month or two before her death. In 1616 she went to Spa to drink the waters (the expedition alluded to in *Ecl.* 5), but complained that the treatment rather injured than improved her health. Her connection with literature was of the widest. She edited and added to her brother's *Arcadia*, and is supposed to have written the *Doleful Lay of Clorinda*, which appears among Spenser's works. There is scarcely a single eminent man of letters of the time with whom she has not some relation. Samuel Daniel was tutor to her son (the "W. H." of Shakespeare's Sonnets), and dedicated to her his *Delia*, 1592, and *Civil Warres*, 1609 ; while she received compliments, dedications, or verses from Thomas Nash, Gabriel Harvey, Nicholas Breton, John Donne, John Davies of Hereford, and John Taylor. Ben Jonson is generally considered to be the author of the following six lines, the epitaph on her tomb in Salisbury Cathedral :

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

See art. by S. L. L. in the *Dictionary of National Biography*.

"Philisides," an obvious poetical form for Philip Sidney, occurs

To waite on her and learne to beare an eye  
 Of humblenes, that thou so long has't wanted.  
 As in more danger is the Cedar high  
 Then Jilly-flower that under wall is planted,  
     High mindes to fate are subiect most of all;  
     They surest stand that can no lower fall.

Or, (if thou would'st) I could thee recommend  
 To the great Lady of the house of Thame :  
 And, by those holy 'stories she hath pen'd,<sup>1</sup>  
 Shew how she hath immortaliz'd her name.  
 On her I for her vertues doe attend.  
 More free are such as wait on worthy fame,  
     Then such as their owne humors vaine obey,  
     Although they haue no Mistresses but they.

again in some commendatory verses prefixed to Browne's *Britannid's Pastorals*, 1613, which was dedicated to her son, William Herbert, Earl of Pembroke, mentioned above:

“He masters no low soule who hopes to please  
 The nephew of the brave Philisides.”

<sup>1</sup> “Those holy 'stories she hath pen'd.” This work of Lady Wenman is in the Public Library of Cambridge University in two large folio MS. volumes (Dd. i. 18, 19), which appear to have been transcribed from her autograph, of which a portion (corrected by the person who made the transcript) is contained in another MS. in the same library (Mm. 3, 32). The first of the two volumes bears the following title: “The Historyes and Chronicles of the World. By John Zonaras. . . . Contayneing all the most memorable actions happened in the world in the revolution of sixe thousand sixe hundred yeares and more. Digested into three Books. . . . Done out of Greeke into French, with annotations in the margeant upon the diuersitie of the Greeke copies; with aduertisements, and Index of the most memorable things. . . . Paris . . . for John Parent in S<sup>t</sup> James Streete, M<sup>D</sup>LXXXIII. And done into English by the noble and learned Lady, the Lady Agnes Wenman, sometime wife of the R<sup>t</sup>. Hon. Richard Lord Viscount Wenman deceased.” (Nichols' *Herald and Genealogist*, vol. ii., p. 521.)

Or I could bring thee (beauteous Laurinell)  
 Hard by to old Antaprium,<sup>1</sup> where is found  
 Another such Penelope to dwell  
 As was in Ithaca so much renown'd ;  
 One that in bounty doth (like her) excell,  
 In workes alike, and chastity, as sound.

    If thou wert louingly, or humble hearted,  
 Then wert thou both, for they cannot be parted.

Come, Laurinell, come downe the haughty hill  
 Into this vale, where thou on beds shalt sit  
 Of yellow hyacynth and Daffadill  
 And lillies chast, that therein best befit  
 My loyall thoughts and thy long-woood will,  
 And neuer blemish beauty, birth, nor wit ;  
 For wisdom, birth, and beauty their owne graces  
 Euer encrease by graceing humble places.

While to the stately hill thou doest repaire  
 With thy faire flock and fairer guifts thou hast,  
 Be thou as Cytherea spruce and faire,  
 As Pallas wise, and as Diana chaste,  
 Yet should'st thou here a wonder be more rare :  
 The highest starres the lesser light doe cast ;  
 But, as a chrystall in a marble mine,  
 Rare graces doe in lowly places shine.

Come downe and weare my scrip of azure hue  
 (Too fine for mee but onely for thy sake)

<sup>1</sup> "Antaprium . . . Penelope"; *i.e.*, Boarstall (aper), about seven miles north-west of Thame, and close to the Oxfordshire border of Bucks. The lady mentioned is Penelope, eldest daughter and fifth child of Viscount Wenman by his first wife. She was married to Sir John Dynham. *Urania*, the second poem in this volume, *The Pastorals*, etc., is by a second dedication inscribed to her; and the third poem appears to have been composed at her suggestion (*cf.* p. 342).



For no requitall but affection true ;  
 And such exchange us both shall richer make :  
 For all that Lovers haue to both is due,  
 And tis no losse to giue, nor gaine to take;  
     When in thy Swayne thou shalt thy selfe possesse,  
     And I mine owne in mine owne Shepheardesse.

*Wilkin*

Now, Colliden, good day. I stood behinde  
 Yon little haw thorne bush and heard thee say  
 Such plaint to Laurinella, that I finde  
 Thou art in loue (I thinke in honest way).  
 If it be so, though yet she seeme unkinde,  
 Shepheard, let that not thee too much dismay :  
     Young maidens that mens suits too eas'ly grant,  
     Wit, modesty, or both, may seeme to want.

As thy affection, the more thou doest sue,  
 The more doth shew it self both true and strong ;  
 So her delays do promise her more true  
 When she shall yeild, (though she to yeild be long).  
 We feare we doe for wares bid more then due,  
 When Merchant takes first offer of our tongue :  
     Holds easily won haue little prize within,  
     The truest heart may hardest be to win.

But gentle Swayne if thou wilt counsell take,  
 (None counsell need so much as Louers doe,  
 Though none lesse apt thereof true use to make)  
 Doe as Amyntas did when he did wooe :  
 Frame to thy pipe a Ditty for her sake,  
 And sing it in her eares, and praises too.  
     His song (if thou canst second) I'le begin ;  
     Where speeches faile sometimes examples win.

*Will:*

As Amyntas young did ad  
 His lip unto his liuely reed,  
 When as in her bower he had  
 Of louely Phyllis taken heed,  
 Mee thought I thus ore-heard the Lad :  
 Come let our flockes together feed.

*Coll:*

Little seeme thy lambes alone,  
 And mine (like mee) of mates haue need :  
 Let thy sheep amend the mone  
 Of mine, and mine amend their breed.  
 So both our flocks shalbe thine owne,  
 And wee will them together feed.

*Will:*

What although so black I shew  
 With flames that from Sun-shine proceed ;  
 When as yonder milke-white ewe  
 My best and blackest lamb did breed,  
 What couler'd locks (I faine would know)  
 Had he that then did with her feed ?

*Coll:*

Match thou canst none like thee faire ;  
 Or, if thou could'st, it would but breed  
 Jealous thoughtes : let Nymph be rare  
 In face, and swayne in faith exceed.  
 So full of loue and free'd of care,  
 Both shall their flocks together feed.

*Will:*

Looke upon this garland gay,  
 Which here I giue thee for thy meed ;

Marigoldes are match'd with May,  
 Pinkes and Panseys are agreed :  
 Why should not wee as well as they  
 Agree, and flockes together feed ?

*Coll:*

In mine armes a fairer light  
 Will from thine eyes then now proceed :  
 Starres at Noone-tide shew not bright ;  
 Tis blacknes doth their brightnes breed.  
 Come be my starre, I'le be thy night,  
 While both our flockes together feed.

*Will:*

Whether Phyllis had no power  
 To deny so kinde a deed,  
 Or Amyntas chose an hower  
 When fortune would that loue should speed,  
 Amyntas liues in Phyllis bower,  
 And both their flockes together feed.

*Colliden*

How euer in my suite I shall succeed,  
 I ioy Amyntas loue succeeded so.

*Wilkin*

And so doe I: he merits not to speed  
 In his owne wish, that wishes others woe.

*Colliden*

Neuer to enuy others shall hee need,  
 That could in Laurinella's favour grow ;  
 Who now (I see) retir'd is to her bower.

So (now tis noone) let us : Dayes brightest hower  
To Loue (in Beauties absence) seemes to lower.

*Wilkins Embleme*

Vulnus non herbis esset medicabile verbis.

*Collidens Emblem*

Falsa libido procul : noster honestus amor.





PÆMENARCHA {EGLOGUE 2}<sup>1</sup> OF GRATITUDE

*Cuddy. Jesper*

**J**ESPER, How comes to pas you now alate<sup>2</sup>  
With hook so trim and scrip so laced shine?  
Beware (young lad) thou 'pouerish not the  
state

Of thy fine flock, to make thy selfe so fine.  
Shepherds, that long haue liu'd at thrifty rate,  
And wealthy Neat-heards, that of pasture-kine  
Good store of golden creame before hand haue,  
Are seldom seene to deck themselues so braue.

*Jesper*

Cuddy, The more may thou and I condemne  
Such as possesse and yet not use their wealth.  
As he that thirstes in midst of pleasant streame,  
And will not drinke, robs his owne self of health;

<sup>1</sup> EGLOGUE 2. Probably one of the earliest, and certainly one of the least pleasing, though the lines about the right use of wealth are good. It well illustrates the moralizing tendency prominent in the *Pastorals*; and Jesper's somewhat unsympathetic tone of patronage towards a less fortunate shepherd is repeated in Chautlet's attitude to Meliden (*Ecl.* 3), and in Benedic's to Nicco (*Ecl.* 6). The metre is Boccaccio's stanza, as in *Ecl.* 1.

<sup>2</sup> "Alate," of late, as in *Ecl.* 8, line 2, and the first *Elegie*, p. 42, where see note.

Vnused gaine is but a golden dreame,  
 And niggardnes unto it self a stealth.  
 Vse is the life of riches : take away  
 Both, life and use,<sup>1</sup> both man and wealth are clay.

The man is truely rich on whom we see  
 The seemely arguments thereof appeare :  
 His wealth hath him, his riches hath not hee,  
 Who on himselfe doeth not the 'samples weare.  
 But know my little flock, and like degree,  
 Doe not this dressing ably yeild or beare ;  
 For this fine hook, and scrip so gayly lac'd,  
 (No cost to me) rare bounty on me plac'd.

For which my fold, upon a solemne day,  
 To the faire hands of the bestower shall  
 A tender lambe full gratefully repay,  
 All stuck with flow'res as thick and sweet as fall  
 Of Sommers honey-dewes : whereto a lay  
 I will inuent to render it withall,  
 Set to as many notes as shall fulfill  
 All the divisions of mine oaten quill.

*Cuddy*

Borne wert thou (shepheard) on a lucky day,  
 Fauour to win, or fortunes to obtaine,  
 Such as, without destruction or decay  
 Vnto the sheep, so well becomes the swaine.

<sup>1</sup> Collier's punctuation—"take away Both life and use,"—clouds the sense, which is "take away, in either case, life and use." For the sentiment of this stanza, cf. *Shepheards' Calender*, Eclogue 5—

"Tho with them wends what they spent in cost,  
 But what they left behind them is lost.  
 Good is no good, but if it be spend ;  
 God giveth good for none other end."

Alas! for us poore heards, whom euery way  
 Our niggard fortune hath in such disdaine,  
 That neither heard nor heardsman well can thriue,  
 Although for thrift we late and early striue.

I wot not what disaster hath fore-shew'd  
 My cattells ruth, what fate my thrift forbids,  
 What rauens death presaging song,<sup>1</sup> or lewd  
 Witch-craft fore-speakes my miserable kids.  
 Some are with soares, with sicknesse some beshrew'd ;  
 Some ore their eyes let fall their meagre lids :  
 Both old and young together often grone.  
 Direfull misfortune seldome comes alone.

*Jesper*

Yee wretched goat-heards thus cry out of fate,  
 Fortune, and starres, and witches wicked skill,  
 When 'tis more like your peruerse and ingrate  
 Behaiour is the cause of all your ill.  
 Who euer hopes for 'mendment of his state,  
 Must his ill manners mend and froward will.  
 This lesson learne of Pœmenarcha's Swayne:<sup>2</sup>  
 There's none but ciuill shepheards in her traine.

<sup>1</sup> "Rauens death presaging song." The prophetic character of the raven, sacred to Apollo, is one of the commonplaces of Latin literature. Usually it is bad weather that is portended, but this might easily be extended to some fatal consequence. Cf. Hor., *Car.*, iii. 27, 11; Virg., *G.*, i. 388; Ov., *Met.*, v. 329, and *Ecl.* 3, "Sage ravens," and the part played by the Raven in the poem on the Wallnut-Tree.

<sup>2</sup> "Pœmenarcha's Swayne." For Pœmenarcha, see note on *Ecl.* 1, p. 182. The stanza is scarcely explicable, unless of some want of literary success in a fellow-poet, which Basse attributes to a want of proper respect for the great folk. Occasionally in Basse's verse appears a trifle too much of the client, which might have been confined to his dedications. (Cf. *Ecl.* 1, p. 183.)

*Cuddy*

Where haue I liu'd, that I till now that name  
 Did neuer heare reported on this greene?  
 Thou dost some idoll, Swaine, or fiction frame.

*Jesper*

O silly heardsman, that hast neuer seene  
 Thespe nor Tempe's shades; nor learn'd of Fame  
 That Pœmenarcha is the shepherds Queene;  
     The story of whose praise to sing or say  
     My wits too weake, and thine to bear away.

But thou this night beside my gentler sheep  
 May'st pen thy goats, and rest thy selfe with me.  
 Wee cider haue that will enchaunt thy lip,  
 And flawnes<sup>1</sup> as yellow as the cow-slips bee.  
 Where something to her praise, that's in my scrip,  
 Thou by her sister Cynthia's light shall see;  
     For as she borrowes, and yet lends us light,  
     What Muse to me ha's lent, I'le lend thy sight.

*Cuddy*

Well hast thou done to minde me (gentle swaine)  
 That now the moone doth in her fulnes shine.  
 I may walke home with thee, and thou againe  
 With me retire from thine owne home to mine.  
 Though like to yours be not our entertaine,  
 Thy counsell sweet ha's made my heart like thine:  
     And thou shalt haue a quarter of the best  
     And fattest kid I haue, for supper drest.

<sup>1</sup> "Flawnes." Flawn, a kind of custard, is given in Halliwell's *Dict. of Archaic Terms*, in Nare's *Glossary*, and (in plural) in the *Coucise Dictionary* of Mayhew and Skeat—O.F. *flaon*, Mod. *flan*. It is used in the 3rd Eclogue of William Browne's *Shepherd's Pipe*.



*Jesper*

No keepe such feast of ven'son for some guest  
 Of better worth ; thy offer is so kinde  
 It is to me more welcom then a feast,  
 To heare thy heart so thankfully inclin'd.  
 For Gratitude's a vertue of the breast,  
 That worke enough for both our breasts may finde,  
 From time the Queene of night begins to rise,  
 Vntill her brother gildes againe the skyes.

*Jesper's Emblem*

Vertue to know, and not to use, is vice.

*Cuddye's Emblem*

Vertue to know, and use, is vertue twice.





TUESDAY

EUTHYMIA {EGLOGUE 3}<sup>1</sup> OF CONTENTMENT

*Meliden. Chantlet.*

*Meliden*



HAUNTLET, I muse what solitary vaine  
So bindes thee prentice to the lowly plaine,  
That we thy pleasant pipe can neuer heare  
In Chilterne now a dayes, nor see thee there.  
Would not the hilles yeild lambes a sweeter feed  
And woods a lowerd Eccho to thy reed ?

<sup>1</sup> ECLOGUE 3 has for subject the virtue of Contentment—some of its lines are among the best in the volume (see especially the first part of Chauntlet's second speech, p. 197)—and also takes occasion to celebrate Lord Wenman's bounty to the poet in a rather frigid acrostic, for whose demerits Basse apologizes as being "ty'd to letters." Probably the hamlet of Moreton (about a mile south-west of Thame), where Basse lived, was part of the Thame estate, and Basse had his house rent-free. See Introduction, p. xxii, note 1. The acrostic has the further excuse of being composed in the poet's "younger and delightfull dayes" (p. 198); but as it celebrates "Lord Viscount Wenman," a title not conferred till 1628, and one of its lines speaks of him (born 1573) as—

"Good Souldier young, and as good Statesman *olde*,"

it cannot have been written before 1628, nor, probably, the Eclogue which contains it before 1633 (*circ.*). The couplet, in which metre it is written, is still that loose and enjambed couplet that was

*Chauntlet*

O Meliden, Thou well perceiust these plaines  
 To hold my humble heart in easy chaines :  
 But in my heart, the while, thou doest not see  
 That freedom from all vaine ambition free,  
 Content, that truely makes a lowly state,<sup>1</sup>  
 And shuns aspiring as a dangerous mate ;  
 Content that bounds each minde within her owne,  
 Makes want to weale, and woe to want unknowne,  
 That by perswading men to feare to rise  
 Aduances them, and teaching to despise  
 Riches, enriches men. Happy Content,  
 The bodies safeguard, and soules ornament,  
 Gentle (detaines me) Shepheard, in this playne,  
 As I with me my gentle sheepe detaine.  
 Here, where their feedes and floods as equall bee  
 As my affections are with my degree ;  
 Here where their daily walke and nightly lare  
 Is always one, as night and day my care  
 Of them is alwayes one, keepe I my sheepe ;  
 As them and me these humble valleys keepe.

common before Waller polished it and reasserted the principle of the distich.

<sup>1</sup> "Content" is in apposition to, and defines "that freedom."  
 "Makes" = "mates," matches. There are plenty of instances of the  
 substantive "make" = "mate" in Middle English, e.g., Lord Surrey's  
 translation of the *Æneid*, Bk. II., 597, where Andromache

"Resorted to the parentes of her make ;"

and the second quarto of *King Lear*, iv. 3, 36, has—

"one self mate and make could not beget  
 Such different issues."

(Cf. the fourth line of the 9th Sonnet, "like a makeless wife.")  
 The use of the substantive as a verb should require no apology, in  
 the face of our use of "to mate," and a far bolder instance is found  
 in *Ecl.* 6 (line 7), "Whatever *woes* thee, let thy freind it know."

While on yon mountains side thy ramping kine<sup>1</sup>  
 To crop the blooming gosse that is not thine,  
 And on the tender tops and veluet buds  
 Of the young spring to whet their hungry cuds,  
 I see, and am agas't to see them, creep  
 Ready to tumble downe the des'prate steep,  
 To writhe their doubling chines against their sides,  
 And with their sharp hornes gore their lenow<sup>2</sup> hides.  
 Beleeue me, such bold climbeing often throwes  
 The heardlem<sup>3</sup> low, and in the heardsman showes  
 Or too much couetize, or little care.  
 Such perillous wayes my flock shall neuer fare.

*Meliden*

But since a blessing such befall'es thy minde  
 Vnsought, that all our labours cannot finde,  
 Say (gentle Shepheard) what is true content?  
 Where do's it grow? or whence hath it descent?  
 And how (sith to this vale confin'd thou art)  
 Dwelles free content in so confin'd a heart?

*Chantlet*

That haue I told thee (Neatheard) once in short;  
 And more, if thou wilt be the better for't.

<sup>1</sup> "Kine" is constructed with "creep" (five lines lower down) as a noun-clause object of "see" in the same line—"I see thy ramping kine creep," etc.

<sup>2</sup> "Lenow." Wedgwood's *DiÆ. of Eng. Etymology* gives as the proper sense of "lean," slender, frail, Italian *leno* (Florio), and adds, "the proper signification seems to be 'what leans from want of sufficient substance to keep it upright,' hence—feeble, thin, spare in flesh."

<sup>3</sup> "Heardlem." Used again at the close of *Ecl.* 5, "With thy faire heardlem hye thee home apace;" while in the *Three Pastoral Elegies* it occurs four times, the fourth instance being a plural, "heardlams." (See pp. 47, 50, 64, 83.)

Contentment is a guift proceeding forth  
 Of inward grace, and not of outward worth :  
 That, that of Fortunes baser seed doth grow,  
 After her baser kinde, doth ebbe and flow  
 As Fortune ebs and flowes : it is not found  
 On Cedars tops, nor dig'd from under ground.  
 It is a Jewell, lost by being sought  
 With too much trauell, found by seeking naught  
 But what it truely ownes : <sup>1</sup> it is the grace  
 Of greatnes, Greatnes of inferiour place.  
 Tis double freedom to condition free ;  
 Tis sorrows ease, and thraldom's libertie.  
 Delighting not extreames but middle part,  
 It dwelles in neither head, nor heeles, but heart.  
 And thus thou hearest what, and wheres, Content :  
 But since thou askest whence it hath descent,  
 Tis (doubtles) from some place descended hither  
 As farre beyond the starres as it is thither.  
 For who can thinke but such a heau'nly grace  
 Must needs descend from such celestiall place ?  
 And this is that that ha's my lowly minde,  
 And little flock, so in this vale confin'd ;  
 Joyn'd with his favour, who doth my content  
 (Mecænas like) both cherish and augment.

*Meliden*

Well fare thy heart, wherein content doth dwell,  
 And tongue for representing it, as well

<sup>1</sup> *i.e.*, by seeking nothing more than one's present and proper possessions. Collier punctuates "found by seeking naught : But what it truely ownes it is the grace," etc., which (1) is grammatically awkward, and (2) spoils the point of the sentence. The MS. lends itself equally to either punctuation.

As I desire. But I desire withall  
 Who's that whom thou dost thy Mecænas call?

*Chauntlet*

I cannot tell whether he would be knowne,  
 Who noble deeds more loues to doe, then owne :  
 But I can tell the lesse that such men would  
 Their names to be declar'd, the more they should.  
 Who nobly doe, and seeke no praise therefore,  
 The more's our shame if they not prais'd the more.  
 But Shepheard's slender Muse in great descents,  
 In Chronicles, or ancient monuments,  
 Is little learn'd (such storyes doe belong  
 Not to the Heard's but to the Herald's song).  
 Yet in my younger and delightfull dayes,  
 Through him, and my content, his name and praise  
 I once compos'd, in such Acrostick verse  
 As then I could, and thus to thee reherse.

S ole Lord is he of these now teeming feilds ;  
 I n time this herbage him her barbage<sup>1</sup> yeilds :  
 R ays'd were these bankes at his cost and command.

R eleiuing arbours, under which we stand  
 I n heate and cold, are his: yon pale so neare  
 C ontaines his speckled heard of nimble deere,  
 H e for his freinds more then himselfe doth keep  
 (A s doe their flesh, and fleeces beare our sheep).  
 R ight as it should, there stands his house, to sight  
 D elightfull, and within of more delight.

<sup>1</sup> "Barbage." "To barb," vb. = to shave. *Measure for Measure*, iv. 2, "to be so barb'd before his death." Hence also "to mow." Marston's *Malcontent*, iv. 63, "The stooping scytheman that doth barb the field."

W here my Mecænas, in all rightes and merits,  
 E xpired Lords of his great line inherits.  
 N ature with almost all her beauties grac'd it;  
 M ans art in midst of Natures pleasures plac'd it;  
 A nd Isis ancient freind, the river Thame,  
 N am'd it (for neighbourhood) by his owne name.

K nowne far and neare, and as well lou'd as knowne;  
 N eighbour to all good men, and strange to none:  
 I ngenuous, temperate, of generous molde;  
 G ood Souldier young,<sup>1</sup> and as good Statesman olde.  
 H onours for youth and age deseruing well,  
 T rue honours in both ages on him fell.

L ooke o're yon Parke of his and thou shalt finde  
 O f beastes and birdes of<sup>2</sup> sundry sortes and kinde  
 R est there for mutuall loue and place so faire,  
 D eere jealous of the bow, and timerous hare.

V nto the sluces there the Hearne resortes;  
 I n the thick groue airyes the hawke for sportes:  
 S age Rauens build, amidst the oaken stelmes,  
 C astles; and Rookes encampe in groue of elmes.  
 O wzles (more old then oakes) their golden billes  
 V se in wilde musick, there to shew their skilles.  
 N uts, plummes, and berryes, there doe cherish well  
 T he Robin sweet, and sweeter Philomel.

<sup>1</sup> "Good Souldier young." He was knighted, 1596, for gallant behaviour at the taking of Cadiz.

<sup>2</sup> Grammatically the second "of" is superfluous, "sortes and kinde" being the proper object of "finde." The confusion arises from the poet momentarily regarding "beastes and birdes" as the object, forgetting that the acrostic had required him to begin the line with an "Of."

W hen winter comes, the poore finde warming there,  
 E xcepted not against for his most deare  
 N ame that accompts them his :<sup>1</sup> and worke there made  
 M aintaines the handler of the axe and spade.  
 A nd (which is most to be admir'd of all)  
 N o losse but more encrease doth still befall.

R<sup>2</sup> are things, but see what blessings heauens hye  
 W ill-render those whose mindes are heauenly.

*Meliden*

I now perceiue his noble name by thee,  
 And doe by him perceiue Nobilitie  
 In thy Content, so foster'd by his grace  
 And favour who descends of noble race.  
 How might I now requite thy honest Muse ?

*Chantlet*

For me thy best requitall is to scuse  
 My simple verse, that being ty'd to letters  
 Thus puts the Muse (that should be free) in fetters.  
 But since I able am to doe no more  
 In my Mecænas right then this so poore,  
 While here my flock by help of Summer showers  
 The healing spoyles of the sharpe sythe deuoures,  
 Or winters enuy makes the swayne anew  
 To spred the fodder where before it grew,  
 This pipe of mine shall fill succeeding dayes

<sup>1</sup> The only redeeming touch in a dull performance. The theme of a patron's praise inspired Basse no more than others—Waller or Dryden, for example. There is a truer ring in the tribute paid by the last-named to the dead musician, Purcell, than in any of his eulogies on royal or noble personages.

<sup>2</sup> The initials of the last two lines of the acrostic are of course those of Richard Wenman.



With neuer silenc'd Musick in his praise.  
 And while with streames of wealth and pure good will  
 Our amorous neighbour Thame doth hourelly fill  
 The lap of his belou'd, and doth no lesse  
 Therewith this house and lands his minions blesse,  
 As long as I upon his feilds shall feed  
 My slender flock, of such as there I breed  
 He shall haue fruits, with honours of the Muse  
 Whose simple state he doth so nobly use.

*Meliden*

I neuer will thee (Chantlet) more perswade  
 From the Sun-shine into our woodland shade.  
 Contented Shep-heard, here repose thee still,  
 In low and louely vale: and while our hill  
 Eccho's applauding answe're to thy notes,  
 Leade thy well-likeing lambes unto their cotes.

*Chantlet*

And, restles Neat-heard, thinke not wealth to gaine  
 By lewd encroachings, or aspirings vaine,  
 But learne to be contented with thine owne,  
 (There's neither thrift nor ioy in what is stolne):  
 And homeward turne thy heard of harmefull cowes,  
 That now upon thy neighbours beeches browze.

*Chantlets Emblem*

Seque, suus animus placitus, res possidet omnes.

*Melidens Emblem*

Nec sua, nec se, mens insatiata tenet.



WEDNESDAY

EPITAPHIUM {EGLOGUE 4}<sup>1</sup> WORTHY MEMORY

*Watty. Willy*



VNDER the sorry shelter of a bryer  
Two mournfull shepherds sate in sad attire ;  
Watty, full woe for his freind dead and gone,  
And Willy, that for his no lesse did moane.

*Watty*

O Willy ! If thou canst to me declare  
This ayre of life (or if it be not ayre  
That life we call) then what should called be  
So fickle thing, that hath no certaintie ?  
Or what offended hath the Destinies,  
That they so most unsparingly surprize  
Our freinds that we most sorrow to forgoe.  
How great a strength has gastly death, that no  
Humane authoritie can check his force,

<sup>1</sup> ECLOGUE 4 is quite one of the best, if not the best, in the collection. It forms a complete whole, does not wander from its first subject or manner, and contains some charming lines, *e.g.*, those in Watty's first speech about the might of Death, the passage beginning, "What then avayles us more to waste our eyes," and the antiphonal lines or couplets spoken in the same sense by the two shepherds about either of their friends. The vehicle used is again the heroic couplet.

Vertue, nor Beauty, moue him to remorse !  
 No age can dotage plead to his inquest,  
 Nor youth by nonage hinder his arrest ;  
 No sex excuse, nor no excuse perswade ;  
 No wisdome charme his sythe, nor teares his spade.<sup>1</sup>  
 But that I see how quickly fades and dyes  
 All earthly pride, as flowers doe, mine eyes  
 Would on these flowers a drowning shower shed,  
 For Meredic, for Meredic, is dead.

*Willy*

O Wat! and so is rare Brianoled.  
 But know—There is no wit, no worth, nor skill,  
 That can withstand pale death's deserued ill.  
 Could mortall dayes prolonged be by Arts,  
 Or greedy Time sufficed with desarts ;  
 Could mans acquain[tan]ce with the starres produce  
 The limits of his life, or treat a truce  
 With spinn[in]g Fates ; could sage Philosophy  
 Prevaile with Death, or pleasant Poesy  
 Enchant his eare : I should almost with ruth  
 To image of old age transforme my youth<sup>2</sup>  
 For my Brianoled that young did dye

*Watty.*

And so for my young Meredic should I.  
 For in yon Towne,<sup>3</sup> that doeth with Cities sort,

<sup>1</sup> "Charme his sythe," etc., as of reapers pausing in their task to listen to some speech or story, or a sexton interrupted in his, by the grief of some relative of the dead.

<sup>2</sup> "I should almost," etc., *i.e.*, could Death be appeased by such accomplishments I should be overcome and aged with sorrow that he did not spare Brianoled, who, young as he was, so pre-eminently possessed them.

<sup>3</sup> In the margin of the MS. Northampton is named as the town

Whose old foundations (as old times report)  
 On England's centre stand, and once the knowne  
 Metropolis vnto the Mercian throne,  
 Though now (alas!) disfigur'd with the scarres  
 Of Saxon tumultes, and of bloody warre[s]  
 With yellow Danes (that there were ouerthrowne)  
 Whose metamorphos'd blood to weeds is growne :  
 But whether that but fable be, or true,  
 The branch of both our garlands now is rue  
 For gentle Meredic, who there was sprung.

*Willy*

And sweet Brianoled, there nursed young

*Watty*

And that faire city,<sup>1</sup> that as farre exceeds  
 Our towne as Cedars doe excell the reeds,  
 That famous Academ and happy Place  
 Belou'd of Phœbus and of Memories race,  
 That, fil'd with springes of more renown'd account  
 Then Aganippe or Libethris fount,

alluded to. The order of what follows, "Saxon . . . Danes," forbids us, I think, to understand by "Saxon tumultes" an allusion to the Civil War, and we must refer the expression to that long contest for the supremacy between the larger kingdoms of the Heptarchy, in which Northampton by its position would be peculiarly exposed. "The known Metropolis," etc., is a reference to the name, "Hampton," or "home-town," *i.e.*, the central settlement. It was founded probably about the middle of the sixth century. Freeman's *History of the Norman Conquest*, vol. i., p. 381, mentions the burning of Northampton and ravaging of the neighbourhood by the Danes in 1010. The "weed" spoken of as springing from the blood of the "yellow Danes" is probably the danewort.

<sup>1</sup> Oxford, of course, is meant, as is shown by the context. If Watty is to be identified with the poet, then his friend Meredic was helped at college by Lord Wenman. (Cf. Introduction, pp. xii, xiii.)

More rich in knowledge and deep learning flowes  
Then others doe in mercenary showes,  
Fill'd studious Meredic with store of arts.

*Willy*

And ripe Brianoled with wondrous parts.

*Watty*

Young Meredic, as he was freind to me,  
So freinded by my greatest freind was he :  
And there on Baliols<sup>1</sup> and their bounty fed.

*Willy*

Great Maudlins streames<sup>2</sup> refresh'd Brianoled.

*Watty*

Rare Meredic rankes early with Divines.

<sup>1</sup> "Baliols." Balliol College was founded by John Balliol of Barnard Castle, co. Durham, and Devorgilla his wife (parents of John Balliol, King of Scotland), some time between 1263 and 1268.

<sup>2</sup> "Great Maudlins streames." A certain Thomas Maudeleyn is enumerated in Fuller's *Worthies* (1662) among the gentry of Bucks, and may have given assistance at college to Basse's friend, but more probably Magdalen College is meant (founded 1458 by William of Waynflete)—the phonetic spelling "Maudlin" is found also for the name of the milkmaid in Walton's *Angler*—and "streames" is intended as an allusion to the Cherwell that flows beneath the college walls.

I have been unable to identify "Meredic" and "Brianoled." Collier prints the former "Meredic," but the MS. throughout gives, clearly, -dic. Meredith and O'Brien are the most obvious names that might have suggested these poetical equivalents. We gather from the Eclogue that Meredic was born at Northampton; that Brianoled was reared there, and perhaps that it was the early home of Basse himself; that Meredic went to Balliol, Brianoled to Magdalen; that Meredic took holy orders as soon as he could, while Brianoled gained some chair of philosophy at Oxford, and distinguished himself further in the fields of poetry and astronomy; and that both died before their time.

*Willy*

Rare wisdom in Brianoled so shines,  
That he in Philosophique chaire doeth sit.

*Watty*

Sage Meredic expoundeth holy writ,  
And like a Shep-heard true, the ioyfull fame  
Of our redemption and Redeemers name  
That there he learn'd in euery place he spred.

*Willy*

Brianoled fed flockes where he was fed,  
And where the wondrous knowledge he did reach  
Of Pipe, and starres, he did as freely teach.

*Watty*

But as the lambe that most maturely growes,  
Vnhappy slaughter sooner undergoes :

*Willy*

As store of fruit makes the abounding tree  
To stoop, and burthens bow the bearing knee :

*Watty*

As ripest eares of wheate doe soonest shed,  
Is Meredic in early ripenes dead.

*Willy*

As fairest flower's soone blasted in his prime,  
Brianoled fell in his flow'ring time.

*Watty*

What then avayles us more to waste our eyes  
(Poore Swaynes) for them that wee, 'till all men rise,  
No more shall see? Teares doe but wrong such men,  
Who for no wages would liue here agen.

Wee that suruiue the losse of dead sustaine,  
And Death to all that vertuous are is gaine.

*Willy*

I neither sing nor weepe to win from clay  
Fraile bodies iustly doomed to decay :  
I onely striue to memorize the best  
Examples, of those mindes whose bodies rest.  
And though the frame of mortall flesh doe dye,  
Let's giue th' immortall minde her memory  
Wee cannot keepe aliue what perish will :  
What Death cannot, let not our silence kill.

*Watty*

If guiftes, entreates, or teares of freinds might saue,  
I guesse so few had euer gone to graue  
That, by this time, the whole Earths ample plaine  
Had wanted roome the liuing to containe.  
But if we should like savadges, or worse,  
Interre each dead mans vertues with his corse,  
I'me sure we should impouerish then too much  
The world, that cannot be too rich in such.  
But since true vertue never fades away,

*Willy*

Nor Fame, with forme, doth euer turne to clay,

*Watty*

So long as Piety is reverenc'd here,

*Willy*

Or Poesy is pleasing to the eare ;

*Watty*

My gentle Meredic shall liue, though dead ;

*Willy*

Though dead, shall liue my sweet Brianoled.

*Watty*

As glorious rose the Sun to day, and so  
Continues still, and so is like to goe,  
They two, by his example, both their dayes  
Begun, and led, and ended, in their praise.

*Willy*

Then like th' example rare of two such freinds  
Let be our liues, that like may be our ends :  
So both our flocks let both our dayly cares  
In prooffe and safety keepe, as they did theirs :  
And when we rest our selues, learne Death to keepe  
In memory by her elder brother, Sleepe.<sup>1</sup>

*Wattyes Emblem*

Longa dies struxit, destruit arcta dies.

*Willies Emblem*

Nulla quies primâ, vita secunda quies.

<sup>1</sup> *i.e.*, Let each night's sleep remind us of the approach of death.  
Virg., *Æn.*, vi. 278, "consanguineus Leti Sopor."







{EGLOGUE 5}<sup>1</sup> OF TEMPERANCE

*Orpin. Clorus*

*Orpin*

**H**OW sad and lonely (Clorus) doest thou stand!  
Beware such vaine not melancholly<sup>2</sup> bring.  
Come, either take thy charmefull reed in  
hand,  
Some wakefull note in Eccho's eares to ring;

<sup>1</sup> **ECLOGUE 5** (Of Temperance). The title is not very well chosen. The piece is rather on the lines of a love-plaint for the absence of a mistress, but the poet had to bring it into his scheme for celebrating several virtues. A similar inappropriateness is felt in the title "Hospitalitie" given to *Ecl. 7*. But this Eclogue is an excellent example of Basse's verse, both in its merits and defects. We have here some of the awkward inversions to which he is prone; we have the love of antithesis and occasional strained conceits, which he shares to some extent with Donne; and, on the other hand, we have instance after instance of his moralizing strength, and also of his knowledge of country life; many fine expressions; a canzonet whose melody and simple beauty entitle it to a high place even among the Elizabethan lyrics, and in some of the longer stanzas, *e.g.*, 2, 9, 11, 12, more than an echo of the magic of his master, Spenser. The metre of these stanzas, thirteen of which precede, and two follow, the canzonet, is that of the Spenserian Sonnet with the omission of the third quatrain, thus—ababbcbddd. The event which suggests the poem is, as has been said, the journey of the Countess of Pembroke in 1616 to Spa in Belgium to take the waters.

<sup>2</sup> "Melancholly," regarded by the Elizabethans as a form of mental disease, leading sometimes, as perhaps in the case of its most famous exponent, Burton, to suicide.

Or with shrill bosome entertaine the spring,  
 If thou thy breast canst more then fingers use;  
 Or, be thy Muse not bent to pipe nor sing,  
 (Pitie so bent should euer be thy Muse)  
 Say (gentle Swayne) how thou the time hast spent,  
 The tedious time, since Pœmenarcha<sup>1</sup> went.

*Clorus*

Yon Bush<sup>2</sup> our nymphes with Summers wreaths adornes,  
 As thick as he in natiue bloomes is blowne,  
 How fares he that sad time, wherein forlorne  
 He standes of their fine dressings and his owne?  
 This streame that hath by our greene meaddows flowne  
 Before our ancestour of us did dreame,  
 Suppose his chrystall head some course unknowne  
 Should chance to take, how then would fare this streame?  
 How fare the sheepe by shepheard left alone?  
 So Shep-heard fares since Pœminarcha's gone.

Since Pœminarcha's paces plaines forsooke,  
 And playnes forsooke their pleasance with her paces,  
 And under Decks (not for their owne faire looke  
 So call'd, but for so deckt within with graces)  
 Caus'd emulation in the proud embraces  
 Of amorous Pine and odoriferous Firre :<sup>3</sup>  
 While they with fame of farre discover'd places

<sup>1</sup> "Pœmenarcha." For this lady, whose voyage to Belgium is the chief subject of the Eclogue, see the note on *Ecl.* 1, p. 182.

<sup>2</sup> "Yon Bush (which) our nymphes," etc.—ellipse of relative. There is a defective rhyme between the first and third lines of this stanza (cf. *Tom a Bedlam*, p. 137), and Basse has taken a similar liberty in the sixth stanza, where "mines" is made to rhyme to "shine," and another in the twelfth, where "stolne" has to rhyme with "owne." See Introduction, p. xxxiii.

<sup>3</sup> Cf. *Ecl.* 9, p. 254, "The Pine a Saylor is, and Fyrrhe his mate."

And perfumes, like Sea-courtiers, honour her ;  
 And our owne winde the swelling canvas stores,  
 Longing to shew such prize to forrayne shores.

When this fayre Iland, fond of her, was seene  
 Cast chalky cheekes from her relinquis'd shore  
 And wish'd her selfe in gray or (since in greene)  
 Wish'd all th' apparrell willow that she wore ;  
 And Ocean proud, imagining he bore  
 His Gouvernesse upon his curled crest,  
 (And blame not much his over-ioy therefore  
 For in this fare<sup>1</sup> was all that Ladyes best)  
 With Dolphins yoak'd, and songes of Syrens sweet,  
 From followeing eyes steales on the less'ning Fleet.<sup>2</sup>

Rough Saylers now leade Shep-heards liues at Sea,  
 Shep-heards at land now Saylours fortune beare ;  
 We plung'd in greifes, in calme delightes are they ;  
 Ships there as sheepe, and sheepe as ships are here.  
 Wee now keepe flocks with more then wonted feare,  
 Since from our sight our Shep-heards star doth slip :  
 And they without their Card<sup>3</sup> or needle steare,  
 All while they haue their Load-starre in their Ship.  
 So cross'd are wee : They bless'd. Thou think'st me  
 long :

<sup>1</sup> "Fare" = "journey," or "business." Cf. Chaucer, *Man of Lawes Tale*, 569, "what amounteth al this fare?" (Morris and Skcat). The line means that the lady took with her her daintiest apparel and fairest attendants.

<sup>2</sup> "From followeing eyes," etc. The subject of the sentence is "Ocean" (five lines up), and the meaning is that "ocean removes the disappearing fleet from the eyes that would follow it, by gradually rising between them."

<sup>3</sup> Cf. Shakesp., *Macb.*, i. 3, 17, "the shipman's card;" also in Pope.

But what means't thou, to thrall<sup>1</sup> me in this song?

*Orpin*

That thou mayst tell thy greife : it is the way  
The danger of it from thy heart to draw.

*Clorus*

The Belgique boates enamour'd, as they say,  
Then ventur'd drowning when her sayle they saw.  
Slow-paced Seyne besought her for a law,  
That he might eb and flow like Thames, and shine  
Bright as his brothers brow : and famous Spaw,  
That lineally from stock of precious mines  
Deriues him-selfe,<sup>2</sup> yet more advanc'd his streames,  
To flow from earthly into heauenly gemmes.

When in our treasure strangers rich became,  
When forraine Shepherds thriue and wee decay,  
Hast thou forgotten (Orpin) what I am,  
That thou demand'st how I passe time away?  
Why what is Time? the eldest and most gray  
Of all the starres,<sup>3</sup> and therefore drawne by howers  
In forme of fleetest stags; and what are they  
That draw his coach, if Sun with-drew his powers?  
Hide he his face, will Diall shaddow show?  
Or Cynthia hers, how shall we Midnight know?

<sup>1</sup> *i.e.*, if you find me tedious, the fault is yours for confining me to this subject (by the mention of *Pæmenarcha*) to start with.

<sup>2</sup> "Famous Spaw," etc. No such river is mentioned in Pinkerton's *Voyages and Travels* (1698), nor in other and more modern geographies that I have consulted, but Basse is evidently thinking of the *mineral springs* of Spa in the province of Liège. "The German Spaw" is mentioned as a healing fountain in Spenser's *Faerie Queene*, i. 11, 30.

<sup>3</sup> Saturn, the outermost of the planets then known, was equivalent to the Greek Kronos, who came to be identified with Chronos. See note on *Urania*, iv. 15, p. 304.

*Orpin*

Well, Clorus, well : I finde thou doat'st on much,  
 Though dost but little good : and I confesse  
 Such passions may attend on causes such.  
 Some great felicities make mindes the lesse.  
 But what ! doth vow thy solemne thoughts possesse ?

*Clorus*

He parts the wed that vowes and thoughts doth seuer.

*Orpin*

Plac'd in one place, is thy hearts happiness ?

*Clorus*

Hearts 'till so plac'd, (thou know'st), are happy never.

*Orpin*

Containes thy minde but one delight in all ?  
 Then great is that delight or minde is small.  
 But that some one mans great delight I note  
 Is in his eye, some others in his breast ;  
 And some doe ioy to thinke on joyes remote,  
 More then to bee of present joyes posses'd.  
 Art so vnbles't, or should I say so bles't,  
 Thou canst not loue ? so dull thou canst not dance ?  
 Nymphes neuer were more worthy thy request ;  
 Nor did in any age more Bridalls chance.  
 Who sorrow can so out of sweetnes borrow,  
 Me thinks might steale some sweetnes out of sorrow.  
 When civill streame, diseas'd with storme, denyes  
 The patient hooke his siluer hopes by day ;  
 Perhaps with plumed pris'ners smiling skyes  
 By night the Sprindge or lime-twig prosper may.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> "Perhaps with plumed pris'ners," etc., *i.e.*, "perhaps smiling skyes (= good fortune) may prosper the springe or lime-twig with

Our youngest lads, when lillyes fade away,  
 With Lady-gloues can deck their hoods againe;  
 And simple Shep-herdesse, that walkes in gray,  
 More then one suiter hath, if not then twaine.<sup>1</sup>  
 If what I say thou thinks't is true to finde,  
 But will to joy,<sup>2</sup> what ioy then wantes thy minde?

*Clorus*

Say (simple Swaine) The sayling Pilots eye  
 Should loose the sight of the Arcadian Beare,<sup>3</sup>  
 Could he as well by fickle Mercury,  
 As by his fixed starre, his vessell steere?  
 Should wee forget in thriueing Moone to sheare  
 Will fleeces thriue as well in her decay?<sup>4</sup>  
 So may we fowle with danger, fish with feare,  
 In languour loue, and dance in dumpes we may;  
 But when nor mindes nor meanes are present to  
 Our deeds, wee doe but undoe what we doe.

As mans owne garment euer suites him best,  
 So suites him best that humour is his owne,  
 Be'it white or black or myrth or mone: The rest  
 Are borrow'd vizars, and behaiours stol'ne.

plumed prisoners by night," but the use of "smiling skies" in this context is rather infelicitous; unless it means "clear weather," as opposed to "storme" above.

<sup>1</sup> *i.e.*, "if not more than twain."

<sup>2</sup> "But will to joy." (1) "Will," a verb in imperative mood, "but" an adverb = only, the sense being, "do but determine to be in good spirits, and you have them." (2) "But," a preposition = "except," and "will," a subst.

<sup>3</sup> "The Arcadian Beare." The Great Bear is called "Arcadian," as representing the Arcadian nymph, Callisto.

<sup>4</sup> "In thriueing Moone." The superstition that prefers the waxing rather than the waning moon for any fresh farming operation still holds, *e.g.*, in Herefordshire they can tell by the taste of the bacon whether the pig has been killed in the right quarter or not.

Like as yon lambe, that (motherles and lone)  
 In a false skin now suckes a lambeles mother,<sup>1</sup>  
 Is not to us, (though to his nurse), unknowne  
 By his loose robe from his dead foster-brother;  
 Delightes disguise so loose on sorrow showes  
 Fain'd joyes are much lesse gracious then true woes.

And though my pipe I had no minde to use  
 Since shee went hence, yet, to giue these content,<sup>2</sup>  
 Shalt heare a little of my slender Muse  
 In song that I deuised since shee went;  
 Though some-thing sad, (for sadly was I bent,  
 When first I fram'd it, I must needs confesse).

*Orpin*

O sing it (though): 'Twill help the woe to vent  
 That doeth thy gentle heart too much possesse.

*Clorus*

I.

Silly Swaine, sit downe and weepe  
 Weepe that she from hence is gone;  
 She, of all that follow'd sheepe  
 By her matchles beauty knowne.

2.

All the playne by her bright eyes  
 Shin'd, while she did here remaine:  
 Now her eye her light denyes,  
 Darkenes seemes to hidé the playne.

<sup>1</sup> "In a false skin," etc. A good instance of Basse's intimate knowledge of farming affairs, which does much to divest the *Pastorals* of the conventional air such compositions usually wear.

<sup>2</sup> *i.e.*, "to give some vent and satisfaction to these woes."

3.

Phœbus now seemes lesser light  
 To th' unhappy vale to send,  
 Hauing lost more by her flight  
 Then he doth his sister lend.

4.

Cynthia yeilds Night fewer rayes,  
 Since the Sun her fewer yeildes ;  
 He has wanted for the Dayes,  
 Since her wanted haue the feildes.<sup>1</sup>

5.

Mountaines neuer knowne to rue,  
 Rockes that strangers were to woes,  
 Since her absence cleaue in two,  
 And their ruin'd hearts disclose.

6.

Feildes are left to winters wrack ;  
 Sheepe that share the Shep-heard's woe  
 Change their hue to mourning black,  
 Once as white as mornings<sup>2</sup> snow.

7.

Earth in withring weeds doth mourne,  
 Flowers droop their heads dismay'd,  
 Trees let fall their leaues, that borne  
 Were, her beautious browes to shade.

<sup>1</sup> " Since the fields lacked the light of Pœmenarcha's presence, the Sun has wanted more light for use in the daytime, and so has had little to lend the Moon at night."

<sup>2</sup> " Mourning black . . . mornings snow." The play on words,



8.

All the yeare, while she was here,  
 Spring and Summer seem'd to last :  
 Since shee left us, all the yeare  
 Autumne seemes and Winters blast.

9.

While she grac'd us and these plaines,  
 Forraine Swaynes of her did heare ;  
 Now she graces forraine Swaines  
 Wee envy their Fortunes there ;  
 Fame where-euer she remains  
 Soundes her wonder euery-where.

It should be more but that my voyce is faint :  
 The rest by thus much may bee understood.

*Orpin*

It is enough ; Exceed not in complaint  
 To hurt thy selfe and doe thy freind no good.  
 Make vse of vertuous Temperance, that shou'd  
 The Mistresse bee of all our wordes and deeds.  
 And now the Sun in Tritons fomeing flood  
 Cooles the hot<sup>1</sup> fet-locks of his yellow steeds,  
 Leade home thy Lambes with so much more good speed,  
 And sleepe, which thou a little seemes to need.

which I think intentional (it is repeated from *Great Brittaines Sunneset*, p. 99), and the conceit in the previous verse about the "ruin'd hearts" of the rocks, are perhaps slight defects in this lovely little poem ; and the sestet at the close is not quite equal to the rest.

<sup>1</sup> "Hot." MS., by obvious error, "hod." Cf. *Ecl.* 9, p. 260—

"Now Pyro-e-is, the sun's foremost steed  
 With flameing fetlock gildes the brackish lake."

*Clorus*

Well fare thy heart, that mindes me Temperance,  
 Whose onely name mine eare doth so enchant  
 I wish that it may never be thy chance  
 The freindly counsell thou dost giue to want ;  
 For thou (I know) canst not be ignorant  
 It is two vertues well to doe and teach.<sup>1</sup>  
 But now, before the black Inhabitant  
 Of Cimeris<sup>2</sup> shall this Horizon reach,  
 With thy faire Heardlem<sup>3</sup> hye thee home apace.  
 Embrace my Counsell, I will thine embrace.

*Orpins Emblem*

Temperance tout assuree,  
 Violence nulle dure :

*Clorus his Emblem*

Amour loyal et ferme  
 N'a jamais fin, ne terme.

<sup>1</sup> "It is two vertues," etc. Cf. Shakesp., *Much Ado*, v. 1, 27 sqq.—

"No, no; 'tis all men's office to speak patience  
 To those that wring under the load of sorrow,  
 But no man's virtue nor sufficiency  
 To be so moral when he shall endure  
 The like himself."

<sup>2</sup> "The black Inhabitant of Cimeris" is, of course, Night, and Cimeris the country of Homer's Cimmerians, a land of continual gloom beyond the Ocean, adjoining the empire of the shades. ἡ Κιμμερίς is found in Arist., *Frag.* 438.

<sup>3</sup> For this form cf. *Ecl.* 3, p. 196, note.





## THURSDAY

CLEMMMA {EGLOGUE 6} <sup>1</sup> OF PATIENCE

*Benedic. Nicco.*

*Benedic*



OW now (old Nick) what! ripe in age and  
teares?

What drawes such youthfull humour from  
such yeares?

I would thou didst but looke in yonder brooke,  
How well this whimpring mood becomes thy looke.  
Giue ore (for shame) thy childeish pueling notes,  
And say what harmes befallne thee or thy goates.  
What euer wo<sup>e</sup>s<sup>2</sup> thee, let thy freind it know ;  
This th'onely way to ease thy heart in woe.

<sup>1</sup> ECLOGUE 6. One of the longest and least pleasing, though some of the lines that inculcate the special virtue it celebrates are very good ; see especially the passage beginning, "Of neither stone nor steele," etc. The self-satisfied tone of Benedic is hardly more annoying than Nicco's submission to it. The metre, as in Eclogues 3, 4, and 7, is the heroic couplet—the loose couplet, that is, of Elizabethan times, before Waller reformed it.

<sup>2</sup> "Whatever wo<sup>e</sup>s thee," *i.e.*, causes thee to grieve—a bold use of the substantive as a verb ; cf. use of "fodder," p. 220 *ad fin.* For the general sense of a grief lessened by being shared with a friend, cf. *Faerie Queene*, i. 2, 34, and i. 7, 40, and Shakesp., *Macbeth*, iv. 3, 209—

"Give sorrow words: the grief that does not speak  
Whispers the o'erfraught heart and bids it break."

*Nicco*

O let my cause soften thy careles eares  
 Freind Benedic, before thou blame my teares.  
 As true it is, thou sayest,<sup>1</sup> To ease the heart  
 Is to our freind our sorrow to impart;  
 So he anothers sorrow must beleue,  
 That would be pitied when himselfe doth greiue.  
 That gallant goat, that I haue shew'd thee oft  
 In head of all my heard, lifting aloft  
 His gray and curled browes whereon he bore,  
 In his two horny Registers, the score  
 Of his owne yeares and of my yearly care,  
 Since of a kid I bred him up so faire,  
 That to his brisket from his streaked back  
 Shed parting lockes of blended white and black,  
 The yearne<sup>2</sup> whereof almost with supple sleau  
 Of Tyrian<sup>3</sup> wormes I durst for wager weau:  
 His oyle gilles<sup>4</sup> let fall a checquerd beard  
 Downe to his knees, that awed all the heard;  
 Yet under awfull brow and visage bent  
 Harbring a Nature so beneuolent,  
 That he (ah he!) as willingly would stand  
 And leane his itching forehead to my hand  
 And in mine armes fodder, or play, or sleepe  
 As louingly as any kid I keepe.

*Benedic*

And what disease of him diseases thee?

<sup>1</sup> “(Which) thou sayest”—ellipse of relative.

<sup>2</sup> “Yeárne,” yarn, as in *Elegie* II., p. 61.

<sup>3</sup> “Tyrian.” Collier, “Syrian,” a better general equivalent for “Eastern;” but the MS. is clear, and Basse is perhaps confusing the worm with the murex.

<sup>4</sup> The relative construction is here abandoned.

*Nicco*

Sawest thou not him my best, and dost not see  
That he of all my heard is now unseene ?

*Benedic*

What is the cause that he forsakes the greene ?

*Nicco*

Whilome by night (o night for rest ordain'd !  
But with unrest and all abuses stayn'd)  
A wolfe, or fox, our ill-defended cotes  
Vseing to haunt, assaults my housed goates,  
Till with his sharpe and cruell fangs he had  
For his blood-thirsty throat an entry made :  
Whereat a suddain fright and fearefull note  
Of trembling kids waken'd my slumbring goate,  
Who rowsing up and quickly casting eye  
Of th' ugly snout of deadly enemye  
To heard and heards-man, back he fetch'd his fees,<sup>1</sup>  
And with his fore-heads curl'd and crooked trees  
He met the Vermine, with a brush so strong  
As made his teeth meete through his burning tongue :  
And while unsatisfy'd againe he flew  
Vpon his foe, the savadge Dog withdrew ;  
And my heards champion through the breach so wrought  
Ran head so feirce, His crooked antlers caught  
A rafter on the out-side of my stack,  
That hamper'd him, he could not forth nor back :

<sup>1</sup> "Back he fetch'd his fees." Collier reads "foes," violating the rhyme and not improving the sense ; but the MS. is clear. "Fee," A.S. feoh, was sometimes used in sense of "cattle" (cf. "pecunia," from "pecus"), and must, I think, refer to the "trembling kids" just mentioned, which the goat first removes to the farther side of the shed. Or is Basse capable of writing "fees" for "feet," to save his rhyme ? (See Introduction, p. xxxiv.)

And then all sweltred in his paines and heate  
 Of rage, while in his bandes himselfe he beate,  
 The carion coward sometimes seis'd the throate,  
 Sometimes the eye-lids, of my luckles goate,  
 Who (though thus bound) maintain'd the desp'rat fight,  
 Till honest day reveal'd the wrongs of night,  
 And I with speare came in, to earth to ioyne  
 The salvage theifes already bleeding groyne.  
 But all too late: for what with grief, and what  
 With bruises sore and venime wounds thus got,  
 Ne're thriued more my goat, but pin'd away.  
 No clouer-grasse, corne-blade, nor odorous hay,  
 Garlique, nor Beet, nor Betony,<sup>1</sup> nor Sage,  
 Mallow, nor Rue, nor Plantain would asswage  
 His inward sicknes or his outward smart:  
 No holy-thistle water<sup>2</sup> chear'd his heart:  
 Stone-pitch<sup>3</sup> did not his bruised fillets good,  
 Nor wholsome treacle cleanse his poison'd blood.  
 No faire wordes tic'd him to his woonted cribs,  
 Nor stroaking made him licke his stareing ribs.  
 Low lean't his head; his gray beard swept the dust:  
 Downe fell his crest, and with his crest his lust.  
 His ragged chines seem'd dayly more and more  
 Higher to grow, his starving belly lower:

<sup>1</sup> "Betony." Loudon's *Encyclopædia of Plants*, vol. i., p. 503, enumerates seven kinds, one of which, "*Betonica officinalis*," was formerly much used in medicine. The roots are bitter, and in a small dose are a strong purge. In general appearance it is like a nettle.

<sup>2</sup> "Holy-thistle water." Cf. *Ecl.* 9, p. 253—

"The holy-thistle quenches fever's rage."

<sup>3</sup> "Stone-pitch." If a plant, probably the stone-crop (*sedum*) is meant. The juice of the variety called "acre," applied externally to gangrenes, promotes suppuration.

Vntill, his eyes their black and liuely sightes  
 Shrowding in their owne pale and deadly whites,  
 Yeilding to death long-dying life, my goat  
 Left his unhappy heard and curled Coat.

*Benedic*

Now what a tedious tale (but that to doate  
 Thine age has leauē) hast thou told of a goat!  
 But thy condition's to be borne withall:  
 Small losses to the great are great to small,  
 And that may something iustify thy mone.  
 But as losse is not unto thee alone,  
 Be not alone to greife.<sup>1</sup> It chanced me  
 In my young dayes in shade of poplar tree  
 To hide mine ore-watch'd eyes from illes—whereon  
 I seldome dreame, that wakeing thinke on none—  
 And while I stole (stole o why doe I say?  
 T'was but my right) one sleepe at high noone-day,  
 A spitefull theife that did (it seemes) not feare,  
 Nor shame, the Muses bowers to pilleare,<sup>2</sup>  
 Of<sup>3</sup> my best scrip and then my dearest mate  
 Left me to rise depriu'd and desolate.  
 Thou mayest (old Nic), as cause thou hast, inveigh  
 'Gainst Woolfe or Fox: but there's no beast of prey  
 So bad as Man, mischeiuously inclin'd.  
 What knows not truth nor reason's<sup>4</sup> false by kinde:  
 But impious man, that reason hath and truth  
 Doeth know, against both truth and reason doth.

<sup>1</sup> *i.e.*, "Be not the only one to surrender yourself to grief."

<sup>2</sup> "Pilleare," pillage, Fr. piller, Sp. pillar, It. pigliare. "Pill" is more common; cf. Shakesp., *Richard II.*, ii. 1, "the commons hath he pill'd."

<sup>3</sup> MS. "oft."

<sup>4</sup> "Reason's," *i.e.*, "reason is." Collier, "reasons," against the MS.

Scrip was it such as honest Colidens,<sup>1</sup>  
 Furnis'd by mine (as his was with his) pens  
 With Eglogues, Sonnets, Elegies, and Layes,  
 In Vertues honour and her owners prayse.  
 But there (my comfort is) no scurrile song,  
 Nor hatefull Libell, freind or foe to wrong.  
 I neuer such invented, young nor old :  
 My harmesse Muse me better lesson told.  
 Thus strip'd by false and cruell-hearted theft  
 Of all my little wealth, with nothing left  
 But woe and want, I, trotting worlds of ground  
 After my losse, more losse of labour found.  
 I could haue wept like thee, but 'tis in vaine  
 To thinke with teares our losses to regaine;  
 Or with consuming sorrow to betray  
 More to hard Fortune than shee takes away.  
 And since more learned Shep-heards haue us taught  
 (Lesson I feare of you Goat-heards unthought)  
 That heauens such chances suffer doe sometimes  
 Befall us, to chastise us for our crimes ;  
 We must not quite<sup>2</sup> heau'ns gentle punishments  
 With much more punishable discontents.  
 Like to a yeareling Lambe shorne of his best,  
 His first and dearest fleice, I meekly rest.  
 And<sup>3</sup> that [had] been my onely losse, 'twere well :  
 But many greater haue me since befell ;

<sup>1</sup> The reference to Colliden may possibly indicate that this account of a loss of MSS. is autobiographical on Basse's part. The disclaiming the authorship of any satirical pieces is quite in keeping with fact as regards his muse. But it is perhaps worth noting that the *Nympha Libetbris* of Clement Barksdale, with whom Basse was possibly acquainted (see note, p. 319), contains lines "Upon the loss of some copies."

<sup>2</sup> "Quite," quit, requite.

<sup>3</sup> "And," for "an" = "if."



Yet, for all my disasters, doe not whine<sup>1</sup>  
So much as thou for one poore goat of thine.

*Nicco*

Sure (Benedic) then, thou art fram'd of steele,  
Or rocky substance, that no passion feele.  
Had I endur'd so many ruthfull things  
I thinke I should by this time into springs  
Haue melted been, or been with sorrow pin'd.<sup>2</sup>  
O what is then that vertue of the minde,  
That makes us men in suffrings differ so,  
Whose bodies haue an equall sence of woe?  
What man am I, that woman should haue been,  
Whom small distresse hath so great power in?  
Or of what more then common mold art thou,  
Whose breast doeth under no distresses bow?

*Benedic*

Of neither stone nor steele. Continuall wet  
Will weare the one, and fire the other fret.  
But as foundations, layd on wooll, are sayd  
To over-last those that on rocks are layd,  
So gentle mindes their burthens long endure  
When rocky hearts will cleaue and proue unsure.  
As after heauy wheelles, whose routs remaine  
In sinking earth, soft flowers rise againe;<sup>3</sup>

<sup>1</sup> "Doe not whine"—ellipse of subject "I," understood from "me" in preceding line. Cf. p. 235, note 3.

<sup>2</sup> "Pin'd," passive, where we use the verb intransitively only.

<sup>3</sup> The pliant stem of a flower rises elastic after the passage over it of a wheel which cuts a deep rut in the resisting ground. "Routs" = "ruts." The word is evidently the same as "route," O. F. *route* or *rote* = a way, track.

And tender waters neither breake nor shrinke  
 Vnder the Barke, that gapeing sandes will sinke ;  
 Great stomacks crack at sorrowes weighty summes,  
 But Patience yeilds and, yeilding, overcomes.  
 While yet a flock I haue, I ioy as much  
 In those that last as I should joy in such—<sup>1</sup>  
 For those that stealth or sicknesses consume  
 I place content before me in their roome.  
 I doe not honour fickle fortunes name  
 For what I haue, nor on the Starres exclaim  
 For what I part withall ; I know that they  
 Are instruments of his immortall sway  
 Whence I receiue, with ioy and Patience, all  
 The good and ill me or my state befall.<sup>2</sup>  
 I murmur not at crosse or casualties  
 Whereeto all mortall Nature subiect lyes ;  
 I onely striue with workes of honesty  
 To readvance the wracks of iniury :  
 So by repaire to make my losse my fame,  
 And by my Patience my theifes gaine his shame :  
 Who after losse yet liue on what is left,  
 Discourage Envy and discount'nance theft.  
 And while a heard of goats thou hast to keepe  
 Scorne not to follow him that followes sheepe  
 In this one lesson, that to all belongs,  
 Patience recovers losse and conquers wrongs.

<sup>1</sup> "In such." As it stands, "such" must be understood as = "other such." Basse probably intended to write "in such As stealth or sicknesses consume," but on second thoughts decided to connect this latter line with the following, forgetting the aposeiopsis.

<sup>2</sup> "The good and ill (that) me or my state befall." Cf. *Ecl.* 7, p. 234, "if she (who) is fayre be truely kinde." Modern English elides only the objective case of the relative.

*Nicco*

Shepherd, Thou know'st my substance is not great:  
 A tender kid from his dam's tender teat  
 I tender thy aduice, and take my leauē.  
 Our heards begin to mingle (I perceiue).  
 I will no more trust Night, who is to such  
 As robbe both thee and me a freind too much.

*Benedic*

Keepe still thy kid or take a lambe from mee  
 As good as him: I counsell not for fee.  
 (Yet blame not all that doe; for good aduice,  
 That freindly is, may merit freindly price.)  
 Nor blame thou Night, that ill must not be thought  
 For wicked deeds, the wicked doers fault:  
 But sell thy Goats fine skin, and therewithall  
 Buy worsere stufte to build a better wall.  
 And so lets shed<sup>1</sup> our cattell while tis light,  
 For sheepe and goats together mixe not right.

*Benedic's Emblem*

Gloria prudentis patientia.

*Nicco's Emblem*

Who suffer will and doe none ill,  
 In the way to heaven are they.

<sup>1</sup> "Shed." Cf. *Apologie to Clio*, p. 176, "as careful Shepherd sheds the sound From sheep diseased."



FRIDAY

{ECLOGUE 7}<sup>1</sup> OF HOSPITALITIE

*Nando. Jeffrey. Perigot.*

*Nando*



OOD day to Jeffrey, (if I not mistake).

*Jeffrey*

Like (if mistake not I) for Nando's sake.

*Nando*

How leades thou life and lambes, and whereaway ?

<sup>1</sup> ECLOGUE 7 scarcely justifies its title "Of Hospitalitie" (cf. *Ecl.* 5, Of Temperance). Not till we are two-thirds through is there anything in direct connection with its professed subject. Its real object is to introduce some lines in the nature of an epithalamium, which had been composed apparently at the wedding of the poet's patron, Lord Wenman. The mention of Sherborne (Shirburn Castle in Oxfordshire, one mile from Watlington) forbids us to identify the bride with Lord Wenman's first wife, who was the daughter of Sir George Fermor of Easton Neston in Northamptonshire. She died July 4th, 1617; and as the lines in question are spoken of as "long fore-past," it must be his second marriage, with Elizabeth, who died 1629, that is here celebrated. Further the Eclogue introduces a riddle, said to have been propounded to the poet at the wedding. Two ingenious answers are given by the shepherds with whom he is conversing; between which the proposer, somewhat to the reader's disappointment, declines to decide. The Eclogue is written in the couplet, as before.

I scarcely twice haue seene thee, since the day  
 That thy Mæcenas, that renowned Lord,  
 The Lady wed who by the chrystall fount  
 Was Mistresse of that Castle,<sup>1</sup> white and strong  
 Neare Chilterne hilles, where we led flocks along.  
 T'was at this Ilands most renowned Towne,<sup>2</sup>  
 (Place fittest for a match of such renowne),  
 Where, at that wedding, thou a speech didst make  
 Whereof I once from thee did copy take,  
 Since beg'd or stolne from me, (the common lot  
 Of novelties): if thou hast not forgot,  
 Pitie thou should'st! vouch-safe it to rehearse:  
 It was a plaine, but honest, peice of verse.

*Jeffrey*

How think'st thou (Nando) things so long fore-past,  
 In that so plaine and simple age, may last  
 To these more dainty dayes?<sup>3</sup> or who but thou  
 Fancies so olde esteeme or relish now?

*Perigot*

Yes: That doe I: and that's one more then he:  
 And so doe all that truely honest bee,  
 If truely honest be the verse, though plaine;  
 And I haue heard thou hast no greater straine.

<sup>1</sup> "That Castle." Shirburn, near Watlington, as stated later on.

<sup>2</sup> *i.e.*, London, as is proved by the subsequent mention of Cheapside and Bowe.

<sup>3</sup> "These more dainty dayes" seems to point to a time when the fashion of strained and elaborate conceits that characterized the "metaphysical" poetry had set in. Donne was the great example; and his influence in this direction may be supposed to extend from 1610, when he came into relation with the Court, till his death in 1631, and to have become more widely spread after the publication of the first collected edition of his poems in 1633.

Though fame allowes no life to vicious ryme,  
 No vertuous verse is subiect unto tyme.  
 All things, though old, to those that neuer knew  
 Nor neuer heard of them before, are new.  
 Age does not worth diminish but prolong:  
 True Muse is (like Apollo) alwayes young.  
 What's vile is old or dead as soone as borne;  
 What euers good more dayes doe more adorne.

*Jeffrey*

As I haue seene a Shepheardesse contriue  
 A way to keepe a gather'd rose aliuie,  
 So this my withering fancy, by the merit  
 Of your desires, doth thus it selfe inherit.

I that n'ere gaz'd on Cheap-sides glistring rowe,<sup>1</sup>  
 Nor went to bed by the deep sound of Bowe,<sup>2</sup>  
 But lent my dayes to siluer-couler'd sheepe,  
 And from strawne<sup>3</sup> cotes borrow'd my golden sleep,

<sup>1</sup> "I that . . . Cheap sides glistring rowe." With this line begins the "speech" in question. Cheapside, or West Cheap, was, with Cannon Street, the site of the chief wool and drapers' shops as far back as the times of Chaucer and Lydgate. See the latter's *London Lyckpeny* (1420 circ.)—

"Then to the Chepe I gan me drawne,  
 Where mutch people I saw for to stand.  
 One ofred me velvet, sylke, and lawne,  
 An other he taketh me by the hande,  
 Here is Parys thred, the fynest in the land," etc.

<sup>2</sup> "Bowe." St. Mary le Bow (de arcubus), built in the reign of William I. in the West Cheap or Cheapside, was so named as being the first church built in London with stone arches. The Court of Arches derived its name from the fact that it was originally held in this church. It was destroyed in the Fire, 1666, and the present one was built by Wren in 1673.

<sup>3</sup> "Strawne cotes" = thatched cottages. "Strawne" = of straw. The *-e* which usually marks the adjective in Chaucer, represented an

(On deare occasion you may thinke to draw  
 To Citie him that neuer Citie saw)  
 Arriu'd<sup>1</sup> these walles and towers of sumptuous pride  
 To seeke my deare Lord, whose faire flock I guide,  
 And for whose absent worth my tender feares  
 Haue far'd<sup>2</sup> a little Tems of mine owne teares.  
 And as (which I, poore Swaine, with blushes say :  
 Though wherefore should I so?) I lost my way  
 Some hundred times in these amazefull streets,  
 The wing'd and quiuer'd Loue at last me meets ;  
 Him had I known so well in our green Downe,  
 That he forgot not mee in this gay Towne ;  
 And leades me to this place, which he though blinde  
 Better then I with my best eyes could finde :  
 And, while conducted betwixt him and care,

older *-an*, which still survives in "olden," "hempen," "woollen," etc., and is found often in Spenser, e.g., *Faerie Queene*, i. 2, 39, "treen mould." The metathesis of *-en* to *-ne*, natural in a word ending in a vowel sound, was found earlier in consonant sounds also, e.g., "greaten" becomes "gratne" in the *Ayenbite*, p. 238 (Morris, *Outlines of Hist. Eng. Accidence*, p. 104).

<sup>1</sup> "Arriu'd (at) these walles"—the main verb to the subject "I" above. For ellipse of preposition, cf. *Ecl.* 9, p. 249, "(Eternity) that noble minds all labour to arriue (at)," and *Ecl.* 9, p. 260, "Till I some happier fortune may aspire (to)," which occurs again, *Urania*, ii. 45.

<sup>2</sup> "Haue far'd a little Tems of mine owne teares." In O.E. the verb "to fare" was confined to the meaning "go," "pass along," but was later extended to mean "go through *life*, live;" then narrowed to the sense "live on," "feed on," or "feed" (intrans.). Cf. *Timon of Athens*, iii. 6, 37, "feast your ear with the music awhile, if they will fare so harshly o' the trumpet's sound." Here Basse makes it transitive—"to feed," "supply;" a bold use, but paralleled once or twice in our author, e.g., *Ecl.* 9, p. 249, "life with life of laurell last," where the construction compels us to give "last" a causative sense, and *Ecl.* 9, p. 251, "Hath commanded they their blossoms blow."

I did, as captiue led by keeper, fare.  
 But at<sup>1</sup> this hallow'd threshold now receiu'd  
 By him that weares the robe of saffron weau'd,  
 The smileing Hymen, I such sweetnes found  
 As hearts redeem'd may feele that haue been bound ;  
 And by his sacred counsell wish'd to frame  
 These rites to you (Fayre and illustrious Dame),  
 To whose rare graces here I can make no  
 Compare, since I no gemmes nor iewells know,  
 But in your modest smiles (me thinks) I view  
 Our Starre by day, and Summers rose anew.  
 More then I mourn'd his absence, I reioyce  
 Now in my rare Commanders rarer choice.  
 And as his sweet and richly founded Place  
 Your stately and well-shaded Towers embrace,  
 My Muse shall sing of your united name  
 In shades of Sherborne<sup>2</sup> and by streames of Thame,  
 Songes that beyond these suddain straynes aspire  
 Shall in their iust desart and true desire,<sup>3</sup>  
 That longs till all my Mates in joviall sort  
 Dance to my pipe and this more sweet report.

<sup>1</sup> "At." MS., by obvious error, "as."

<sup>2</sup> "Sherborne." Shirburn in Oxon, not to be confused with the better-known and older Sherborne in Dorset. The first notice of the Oxfordshire castle is in Stephen's reign, about 1141. The Barons leagued against the Despensers met here the year before Boroughbridge, 1321. Leland tells us that before his days it "longed to Quatremains; sines to Fowler; and by exchange now to Chamberlein of Oxfordshire." In the Civil War the wife of one of the Chamberlains garrisoned and held it for the king; but Fairfax reduced it in 1646. Since the marriage here celebrated was subsequent to Leland's time and before the war, we may conclude that the bride, Lord Wenman's second wife, was a Chamberlain.

<sup>3</sup> *i.e.*, "Songs that shall aspire beyond (surpass) this extempore effusion, both in their intrinsic merit, and in their eagerness to spread the glad tidings of the wedding."



Such was the speech that Hymens high occasion  
Gave first life to ; this second, your perswasion.

*Perigot*

No sure : If of it selfe thy Muse could dye,  
It might haue endles life from cause so hye.

*Nando*

But what occurrents there befell thee more ?  
So noble eares could not so giue thee ore.

*Jeffrey*

Tis true, but I my part haue much forgot  
But theirs (which was their Noblenes) cannot.  
Amongst the rest a Lady faire, (to try  
My wits, it seem'd ; or else I know not why),  
Was pleas'd to me a question to propose  
Which either shee, or I, did out of prose  
Transforme into a slender dresse of ryme,  
Wherein it liues, though poorely, to this time.

Betwixt two Suiters sat a Lady fayre :  
Vpon her head a garland did she weare ;  
And of th'enamour'd two the first alone  
A garland wore (like her), the other none.  
From her owne head she tooke the wreath she wore  
And on his plac'd it who had none before :  
And then (marke this) their browes were both about  
Beset with garlands, and she sat without.  
Beholding these Cor-rivals on each side  
Of her, thus plac'd and deck'd in equall pride,  
She from the first mans head the wreath he had  
Tooke off, and therewith her owne browes she clad :  
And then (marke this) she and the second were  
In garlands deck'd, and the first man sate bare.

Now which did she loue best, of him <sup>1</sup> to whom  
She gaue the wreath, or him she tooke it from?

*Nando*

In my conceit she him would rather haue  
From whom she tooke, then him to whom she gaue.  
For, to bestow, many respectes may moue :  
But, to receiue, none can perswade but Loue.  
She grac'd him much on whom her wreath she placed,  
But him whose wreath she wore she much more graced :  
For where she giues she there a Seruant makes,  
But makes her selfe a servant where shee takes.  
Then where she takes she honors most, and where  
She doth most honor she most loue doth beare.

*Perigot*

In my conceit she lou'd the man the more  
To whom she gaue the garland that she wore.  
An action such (me thinkes) seemes to expresse—  
That he, who that posses'd, should her possesse.  
Where she the garland took and left him bare,  
Might be his brows for Willow to prepare.  
Recciuing does not always service proue,  
But giuing is alwayes true signe of Loue.  
On him whose wreath she weares she much confers ;  
But bindes him to more honor that weares hers :  
And then if she, is fayre, be truely kinde,<sup>2</sup>  
Most loue she beares where she most lookes to finde.

<sup>1</sup> "Of him," etc. A mixture of the two following constructions—  
(1) "which did she love best of the two?" (2) "which did she love  
best—him to whom . . . , or him she . . . ?" Cf. Shakesp., *Tempest*,  
ii. 1, 28, "Which, of he, or Adrian, . . . first begins to crow?"

<sup>2</sup> "If she (who) is fayre be truely kinde." For this ellipse of the  
relative subject, cf. *Ecl.* 6, p. 226, "The good and ill (that) me or  
my state befall."

*Nando*

Now (Ieff) what was the answer that you gaue?

*Jeffrey*

That I (with little greife) forgotten haue ;  
 Though likely tis I sayd like one of you.  
 All is but guesse where none can tell what's true.  
 The depth of Ladyes minde no other knowes  
 (She knowes) and tis no answer to suppose.  
 He may him-selfe thinke in her greatest grace,  
 Vpon whose head she did her garland place,  
 And he whose wreath she wore may thinke the same,  
 (Loue all things doth to his owne vantage frame) :  
 But he, in one or both, must needs be blinde ;<sup>1</sup>  
 And what himselfe sees not he hopes to finde.  
 Two Lovers may be equall in desart ;  
 The diff'rence is in the Beloueds heart.  
 Wise Ladyes thoughts are to them selues alone ;  
 And better pleas'd to be admir'd then knowne.<sup>2</sup>  
 Tis like she lou'd one best : but is more blest  
 If him she haue she loues, and loues her best.<sup>3</sup>

*Nando*

How may we now requite thy loue and paine ?

*Ieffrey*

My paines with pitie, loue with loue againe.

<sup>1</sup> *i.e.*, "Love, in the case of one or both of the rival lovers, must be blind."

<sup>2</sup> "And better pleas'd," etc. "Thoughts" is the formal subject of "(are) better pleas'd," but the sense requires that "she" be understood as the real subject.

<sup>3</sup> "And (he) loues her best." Subject "he" understood from "him" just before. Cf. "Yet for all *my* disasters (I) do not whine," *Ecl.* 6, p. 225.

*Nando*

Nay (gentle Jefferey) from thy repast  
 We haue (I feare) caus'd thee too long to fast.  
 Walke with my freind and me unto my Bower,  
 And helpe to entertaine one pleasant hower,  
 That in th' enjoyment of so kinde a freind  
 Will but too swiftly hasten to his end.  
 My Dame to night a cheese-cake me allowes,  
 Whose borders are as browne as are her browes;  
 But curds within as candid as her favour,  
 Sprinkled with cynamonds delightfull savour.  
 We haue Queene-apples, some within to see  
 As beauteous as without: <sup>1</sup> (as nymphes should bee):  
 And Russettings that, like true Shepheards, hide  
 Wilde disposition <sup>2</sup> in a rough out-side:  
 Poore fare; yet so much richer for thy sake  
 As hearty wish and welcome may it make.

*Jeffrey*

Thy lookes and tongue both so performe their part  
 As shewes they haue Commission from thy heart.  
 These dayes of ours (Nando) no kinder qualitie  
 Produce, in great or small, then Hospitalitie.  
 It seemes thou canst remember I haue been  
 In noble houses, and I there haue seene  
 And tasted too their bountious entertaine  
 (Which may it euerlastingly remaine).  
 Continuance is the life of all well doeing,<sup>3</sup>

<sup>1</sup> "Queene-apples," etc. Probably the Quarrenden apple is meant, whose rich crimson tint tinges the white of the fruit even when peeled.

<sup>2</sup> "*Wilde disposition*" is surely a slip for "kinde," or some equivalent epithet.

<sup>3</sup> Cf. the famous passage in Shakespeare's *Troilus and Cressida*, iii.

And thereunto all blessings come a wooing.  
 And I haue far'd with Shepheards such as you ;  
 And loueing euer to my power to doe  
 The good that I in others see and praise,  
 Haue had my fellow Shep-heards in my dayes ;  
 Not to requite, for so I was not able,  
 But t'imitate heart free and hospitable.  
 As the rich farmers favour do's refine  
 His plenteous fare, and turnes his ale to wine ;  
 The Shepheards loue so makes his poore repast  
 A banquet, and his whey like ale to tast :  
 And, at the greatest table and the least,  
 Loue and free welcome makes them both a feast.

*Perigot*

I that am idle and haue least to doe  
 All our three flocks the while may looke unto.

*Nando*

No Perigot ; wee cannot spare such freind,  
 Whose worth is not invited to attend.<sup>1</sup>  
 As wee, so let our flocks, together feed :  
 Sheep will agree where shep-heards are agreed :

3, 144, "Time hath, my lord, a wallet at his back," etc. The spirit of cheerful, kindly optimism in which the Eclogue closes is wholly that of Basse's friend, Izaak Walton, in the *Angler*. It is a coincidence that the latter work appeared in 1653, the year in which Basse dated the title-page of *The Pastorals*.

<sup>1</sup> "Such freind, whose worth is not invited to attend" = "wee cannot spare one whose worth makes him so obvious an acquisition that we omit the formal invitation,"—Nando's graceful apology for not including Perigot in his invitation just given to Jeffrey. For the substitution of the relative "whose" for the proper correlative of "such," which would be "as he whose," etc., cf. *Ecl.* 9, p. 256, "In creatures *such whose* knowledge thou dost brook," etc.

And as for fitchet,<sup>1</sup> fox, or such as those,  
 Inward agreement feares no outward foes.  
 Sheep learne the voyce of Shep-heards that them keep;  
 And mutuall loue shepheards may learne of sheep.

*Nando's Emblem*

Gre<sup>x</sup> humilis vocem discit Pastoris amantis

*Perigot's Emblem*

Pastor ad exemplum discat amare gregis

*Jeffrey's Emblem*

Fœlix is Pastor qui ovis est Pastoris Olympi,  
 Cujus sunt gregibus cognita vox et amor.

<sup>1</sup> "Fitchet" = "pole-cat," called "fitchew" in *Troilus and Cressida*, v. 1, 67.






## SATTURDAY

{EGLOGUE 8}<sup>1</sup> OF CONSTANCY

*Perkin. Tomkin.*

*Perkin*

OMKIN, what pipe hath lull'd thy Muse  
asleep,  
Or sleepy dulnes lull'd thy pipe a late?<sup>2</sup>  
Do's some disease infect thy gentle sheep,  
Or too much care of them infect thy state?

<sup>1</sup> ECLOGUE 8 (MS. 9). The "Constancy" here celebrated is not fidelity in love, but patient perseverance in well-doing of any kind, particularly in poetizing. The general tone, the complaint of a want of patronage for poetry, and the lament for departed friends of the Muses, among whom Lord Wenman (died 1640) is mentioned, show the Eclogue to be written during the troublous times of the Civil War, when all except theological or political literature was more or less at a discount. There is much dignity in Basse's assertion of the necessity which bids a poet go on, like Chaucer, like Keble's robin,—

"Singing so thankful to the dreary blast,  
Though gone and spent his joyous prime,  
And on the world's autumnal time,  
Mid withered hues and sere his lot be cast,"—

---

<sup>2</sup> "A late" = "of late." Cf. *Ecl.* 2, line 1, and note on the same word, *Elegie* I., p. 42.

Say is the fault in the ill-will of Fate?  
 Or is the Fate in thine owne faulty will,  
 Thou do'st<sup>1</sup> thy selfe so seldom recreate  
 On the sweet stops of thy once pleasant quill?

*Tomkin*

Wonder not (Perkin) that the Muse is still,  
 That wants some sweet occasions to awake.  
 Pipes must be dumb, fingers forget their skill,  
 When fauours and encouragements forsake.<sup>2</sup>  
 It is not I, but Eccho, that's asleep,  
 Or in some desart farre remote remaines:  
 And wee our flocks in Desarts seeme to keep,  
 And sadly touch our unresounded canes.<sup>3</sup>  
 Fayeries, sometime familiar freinds to plaines,  
 In their forsaken circles cease t'appeare;  
 And Nymphes and Naiades, once kinde to swaynes,  
 Now neither walke nor gather garlands here:  
 And this has brought my heart so out of cheare,  
 And, as thou find'st, so dull'd my pipe and pen.

and in his quiet confidence of a recognition, sooner or later, for all good verse. The same sentiment is expressed in *Ecl.* 7, p. 230. At the same time, the allusion to possible "faults" in the poets themselves, as a reason for the world's or Heaven's disfavour, forms an appropriate transition to that more decidedly repentant attitude which we find in the closing Eclogue. (See introd. note to *Ecl.* 9.) Metrically, the Eclogue is an irregular chain of decasyllabic lines rhymed alternately, something on the principle of Spenser's sonnet, a fresh rhyme being continually interlaced with the last of the preceding pair. In the eighty lines of which the Eclogue consists, nineteen rhyme-sounds are thus successively introduced, one of which is employed again for a closing couplet.

<sup>1</sup> "(That) thou do'st"—ellipse of conjunction.

<sup>2</sup> "Forsake"—used intransitively, or with ellipse of object. Always transitive in Shakespeare.

<sup>3</sup> "Canes," in sense of "reeds," "pipes," Lat. *canna*, Gk. *κάννη*. "Reedes that ben cannes."—Maundeville, p. 189 (Skeat).



*Perkin*

Sad story (Swaine) but what's your meaning, when  
 You doe those freinds to plaines, the Fayeries, name ;  
 And Nym[p]hes and Naiades, that now and then  
 Vnto your Greenes to gather garlands came ?

*Tomkin*

To tell thee plaine, I meane Philisiden,<sup>1</sup>  
 And his deare sister, that renowned Dame  
 We Pæmenarcha call'd : he that of men  
 The wonder was ; She of her Sex the same :  
 And that good Lord of th'ancient house of Thame ;  
 His learned Lady ; both of noble race :  
 And more like them, in honour, love, and fame,  
 That us'd us Sheap-headers and our songs to grace,  
 But now are gone to farre more happy place.  
 And therefore wee, not for their sakes, doe moane,  
 But since so few now shew so kinde a face.<sup>2</sup>  
 As is our losse, our sorrow is our owne.

*Perkin*

Tomkin, Tis true ; but yet not ours alone  
 Is losse or greife, but theirs that still surviue.<sup>3</sup>  
 Tis good to praise their fauours that are gone,  
 Without despaire of those that are aliuē.  
 But though wee Shep-headers not in fauours thriue,

<sup>1</sup> "Philisiden," the brother of Pæmenarcha, *i.e.*, Sir Philip Sidney, brother of the Countess of Pembroke. See note on *Ecl.* 1, p. 182.

<sup>2</sup> As punctuated in the MS. this line, "But since," etc., must be expegetic of "therefore" in the preceding line. But the MS. punctuation is utterly uncertain, and it may quite as well be taken with the following line in this sense—"In the absence of hearts as kind as theirs, we have none to sympathize in our loss of them."

<sup>3</sup> *i.e.*, the surviving members of the family, of whom Lady Penelope Dynham, to whom *Urania* is re-dedicated, was one.

And careles times of us take little heed,  
 Yet must wee still our honest verse contriue  
 Vnto the slender timber<sup>1</sup> of the reed.  
 As flowers pay their owne ungather'd seed  
 Vnto the earth, neglected trees their fruit,  
 Wee owe our dayes what they in us did breed,<sup>2</sup>  
 Since onely ours<sup>3</sup> we nothing can repute.  
 As crushed violets more sweetnes shute,  
 Obscured worth doth more it selfe adorne :  
 Eternall Lawrell stands on her owne roote,  
 Weake Ivy is on th'others shoulders borne ;  
 And perseuering Constancies pursuite  
 Of Vertue, honor wins and conquers scorne.

*Tomkin*

There hast thou nam'd a vertue that agrees  
 So with my heart, That I will hold me fast  
 To Vertues praise and honour. Though my trees  
 Yeild smaller fruit in this then Summer past,  
 And though I gaine by my Hyblæan Bees  
 A lighter stock of honey then the last,

<sup>1</sup> "Timber." Not "stuff," "material," but the Middle English "timbre," of which "timbrel" is a diminutive, used by Gower, *Conf. Amantis*, iii. 63, l. 14. Fr. *timbre*, "the bell of a little clock" (Cotgrave), Lat. *tympanum*, Gr. *τύμπανον* (Skeat). The root idea seems to be *resonance*.

<sup>2</sup> *i.e.*, "We must pay back to our times the thoughts they have bred in us." Cf. *Measure for Measure*, i. 1, 36 *sqq.*—

"Spirits are not finely touch'd  
 But to fine issues, nor Nature never lends  
 The smallest scruple of her excellence  
 But, like a thrifty goddess, she determines  
 Herself the glory of a creditor,  
 Both thanks and use."

<sup>3</sup> "Onely ours," belonging to us alone.

I liue in hope that Heau'ns (whose iust distast  
 Ill seasons doth for our ill manners send)  
 Will cast of frownes when faults away we cast,  
 And mend our meanes when wee our selues amend.

*Perkin*

There art thou right ; and as thou dost intend,  
 So to thy resolution hold thee true :  
 For as true Vertues neuer shall haue end,  
 No more shall their renowne that them pursue.  
 Hope neuer failes that doeth on Heau'n depend,  
 And they win Heaue'n that with repentance wooe.

*Tomkin*

Well hast thou sayd : And as I yeild thereto,  
 So hold thy selfe to thine owne discipline ;  
 Which to requite is more then I can doe ;  
 But, as thou seest, thy flock now feeds with mine :  
 Walke with me to my Bower, where let us two  
 On such poore fare I haue together dine,  
 While Phœbus, in his best and highest place,  
 Doth this halfe-holyday so kindly grace.

*Perkins Emblem*

Constancy is vertues crowne.

*Tomkins Emblem*

Vertue's Constancies renowne.






{EGLOGUE 9}<sup>1</sup> OF HUMILITY

*Hobbinoll. Colliden.*

*Hobbinoll*

 F thou be not that gentle Shep-heard Swaine  
That in the Muses wells, as good as wine,  
(Freind Colliden) hast so refresh'd a braine,  
That, for the Sonnet sweet, or lyrique line,  
Few Shepherds be that may surpasse thy straine,

<sup>1</sup> ECLOGUE 9 is the longest and probably the last-written. In its general tone it seems to show the influence of the prevailing Puritanism on Basse's thought, or at least on his writing. Milton, indeed, does not seem to have felt that his art needed such apology as is here offered for it, yet he speaks with some contempt of the subjects that have occupied poets before himself. It would be easy, however, to attach too much weight to the lines in which Basse professes to regret his "wanton virelayes." Such apology for earlier, especially amatory, compositions was far from uncommon—it is found, for example, in Donne, Vaughan, and Herrick; and the fact that it does not lead the repentant authors to suppress the offending verses seems to show such profession to be more than half a mere literary fashion. Many poets of the time wrote large quantities of sacred verse, but this pious Eclogue seems to represent the full extent of Basse's conformity to the custom. After deprecating his amatory effusions of earlier days, of which the *Three Pastoral Elegies* are the chief instance, he professes his intention of singing in praise of God and His works. From contemplation of the natural world he draws the lesson of practical usefulness, and then proceeds to dilate in eight or nine stanzas on the virtues of various herbs and

Or from thy forehead win the leaffy twine,  
I haue forgot that honest looke of thine.

*Colliden*

Who would haue look'd for entertaine so fine  
From Hobbinoll, if I mistake not you,  
To Colliden, the same poore freind of thine,  
To whom no such great complement is due.

*Hobbinoll*

Yet to reuiue our spirits, that both decline,  
Let's heare some pleasant Sonnet old or new.

*Colliden*

O Hobbinoll, Wee may not still pursue  
The path of youth; nor walke beside the line<sup>1</sup>  
That from false ioyes should leade us to the true.  
I now those wanton virelayes<sup>2</sup> doe rue,  
The fancyes of my like<sup>3</sup> phantastique dayes,

trees, concluding with the vine; devotes a further stanza or two to the glory of the starry heavens, and so comes to a conclusion. As regards metre the first fifty lines form, as in the preceding Eclogue, an irregular chain of alternate rhymes, each fresh rhyme being preceded by a couplet of that with which it is to be interlaced. Then follow twelve lines of somewhat more regular arrangement, and the rest of the Eclogue is occupied by twenty-nine regular nine-line stanzas, rhyming abababbcc—Chaucer's stanza, in fact, with the two first lines repeated.

<sup>1</sup> "Walke beside the line," stray from the direct path of virtue.

<sup>2</sup> "Virelayes." Mayhew and Skeat (*Concise Dict.*) give "virelay, sb., a sort of rondeau, found in Cotgrave, O.F. virer + lai, late Lat. virare, Lat. vibrare."

<sup>3</sup> "Like." So the MS. Basse may have intended to write "light;" cf. *Apologie to Clie*, "Of these light layes some heretofore were made;" or "like" may refer back to "wanton," and be used instead of a repetition of that word.

Wherein to Swaines and Nymphes more praise<sup>1</sup> then  
due :

The more I sung, I lessen'd mine owne praise.  
With Oliue twine now twisted is my Bayes,  
From whence my heart more hallow'd thoughts<sup>2</sup> doth  
take.

Now let my songs be in my Makers praise,  
Who to that purpose onely did me make,  
(If so unworthy Shep-heard in his layes,  
O blessed Lord, thy praise may undertake).  
For Shepheard, sheepe, and all that for their sake  
Thou sees't this goodly universe doth yield,  
His mighty hand did forme, and voyce awake.  
When out of nothing he did all things build,  
The glorious Sun that doth the welkin guild,  
And Welkin gilt, he plac'd in such estate,  
And with such bounty made and deck'd the feild,  
As well for heardsmans ioy as cattells gate,<sup>3</sup>  
As we them see: and (sikerly<sup>4</sup>) he will'd,  
When we them see, we him should meditate  
Who hath these favours done for us ingrate  
And worthles of the least of all his store,  
Nay wretches much more meriting his hate  
For our desarts, if ought we claime therefore.

*Hobbinoll*

Shep-heard I am full glad it was my fate

<sup>1</sup> " (Is) more praise," etc.—ellipse of verb " to be," as very often in Basse.

<sup>2</sup> The " Oliue twine " is no doubt said to suggest " more hallow'd thoughts " by its association with Palestine, and particularly with the Mount of Olives on the east side of Jerusalem.

<sup>3</sup> " Gate " = way, path, as in Langlande and Chaucer and mod. Scotch.

<sup>4</sup> " Sikerly " = securely, *surely*.

To meet thee so, a swaine of such good lore :  
 For I had thought, as I was taught to fore,<sup>1</sup>  
 That Pan was God of Shep-heards and of sheep,  
 That Phœbus of the Sun the bridle bore,  
 And Cynthia sway'd the season when we sleep ;  
 And that another Deity, old and hoare,  
 They Neptune call'd, govern'd the Ocean deep ;  
 That of the feilds Dame Flora had the keep,  
 And them in all their painted 'parrell clad ;  
 And that the valley flat, the mountains steep,  
 And all things else, their severall Deity had.<sup>2</sup>

*Colliden*

Who taught thee so, were Shep-heards not so wise  
 Or honest as they should ;<sup>3</sup> unlesse they meant  
 By these and all imagin'd Deities  
 One onely God, true and Omnipotent.  
 For like a reall truth in shady guise  
 Such fictions his true honours represent.

*Hobbinoll*

Sure (Colliden) such was their good intent,  
 Though I, then young, did scarcely understand.  
 But since of thee it is my blest event  
 More now to learne of his most high command,  
 Who made and gouerns all, be thou content  
 To follow on the song thou hast in hand.

<sup>1</sup> "To fore," *i.e.*, heretofore. We still use "to-day," "to-night," "to-morrow;" and O.E. used "to-yere," "to-eve," "to-whiles" (Morris).

<sup>2</sup> In spite of Basse's disclaimer, the reader will feel these lines, with their enumeration of the old classical machinery, to be among the best in the Eclogue.

<sup>3</sup> "As they should (be)."

*Colliden*

When I survey my heap of youthfull song  
 And Ditties quaint, to volumes neare arose,  
 I whilome did, to please the amorous throng<sup>1</sup>  
 Of Nymphs and Swayns, to my green reed compose,  
 And finde so small a number them among  
 Of pious straine or vertues pure dispose,  
 Then muse not (Hobbinoll) that my Muse growes  
 Melancholly, but thinke her iustly sorry  
 For seeking earthly more then heau'nly glory.

The Man is happy (sure) to whom the Muse  
 So gracious is as with him deigne to dwell;  
 (For she in him more joyance may infuse  
 Then hath to some of greater place befell):  
 But much more happy hee that how to use  
 And entertaine so sweet a guest can tell.  
 She comes not hither from her sacred well  
 For thee or mee with her too bold to make:  
 Of daintiest things we soonest surfet take.

Doubtles The head of that so famous fount  
 By pranceing hoofe of flying horse was found,<sup>2</sup>  
 That mens conceits, by taste thereof, should mount  
 Till they at Heauens azure gates rebound;  
 And not descend to theames of base account  
 To be in nine days vulgar wonder drown'd,  
 Or idle Minstrells mercinary sound,

<sup>1</sup> Doubtless the *Pastorals*, if printed earlier, would have contained a larger proportion of this amatory element. Cf. *Apologie to Clio*, stt. 11 and 12. But the reference is primarily to the *Elegies*.

<sup>2</sup> The fountain of Hippocrene in Mount Helicon, said to have sprung where Pegasus struck the ground with his hoof.



And of eternity themselves deprive,  
That noble minds all labour to arrive.<sup>1</sup>

Delightful songs if fram'd on subject vaine,  
Though for a season vaunt and flourish may,<sup>2</sup>  
Yet sagest hand of Fame will them disdain  
In her immortall Treasury to lay ;  
But as yon wanton Sicamore to raine  
Must yeild her pompe, so theirs to time must they,  
Though yet as fresh as death-unknowing Bay,  
Whose leafe who claimes to weare ought well fore-cast  
His actions, life with life of Laurell last.<sup>3</sup>

Wherefore thou seest not on my simple head  
Such Coronet to sager Shep-heards due,  
Whose Verses liue though they them-selves be dead  
(If dye they could whose deeds their liues renew),  
While most of mine unworthy to be read  
Dye (while I liue); or should, if how I knew  
To win successe my wishes to ensue :  
Since tis the way to make one sin two-fold  
To cout'nance youths vaine acts with forehead old.

<sup>1</sup> "Arriue (at)." Cf. *Ecl.* 7, p. 231, "arriu'd (at) these walls."

<sup>2</sup> Ellipse of subject "they." Cf. *Ecl.* 6, p. 225, "Yet for all my disasters (I) doe not whine."

<sup>3</sup> "Last" is used causatively = "make to last;" cf. below, in this Eclogue, "they their blossoms blow," *i.e.*, "make to blow," and *Ecl.* 7, "Have far'd a little Tems of mine owne teares." The general sense is that the poet ought to live his life so wisely, with such an interest in what is permanent, that its memory and effects may be as unwithering as the laurel. Cf. in the following stanzas, "if dye they could whose deeds their lives renew." In this and some of the following stanzas there is much that reminds us of Milton, though Milton could hardly borrow from this unpublished work.

But now I am in better vaine to sing  
 In his due honour, that on high doth sit :  
 (Which he,<sup>1</sup> that is of all the Sovereigne King,  
 Grant I so may as may his servant fit).  
 If ought thou hear'st, wherefore in verdant ring  
 Of laurell branch Thou mayst my temples knit,  
 I shall at once embrace thy loue and it ;  
 For whether meed assum'd hath right or none,  
 Just is the garland others hands put on.

*Hobbinoll*

Ah ! woe is me ! that pent<sup>2</sup> in cottage poore,  
 And cottage poore as pent in valley low,  
 And sorry soyle that at my luckles doore  
 Such tree of triumph listeth not to grow.  
 But neighbour mine there is, that hath afore  
 His happy hatch<sup>3</sup> some that he will bestow  
 More soone on me cause I to thee it owe :  
 My sweeting tree may one day him remeed ;  
 The poore sometime hath what the rich may need.

*Colliden*

Awake, o virgin of celestiaall race !  
 That thy first milke didst draw from sacred breast  
 Of Memory,<sup>4</sup> and then receiu'ds thy place

<sup>1</sup> "He." No opposition intended to the "his" of preceding line. Both refer to God.

<sup>2</sup> *i.e.*, "(am) pent."

<sup>3</sup> "Hatch," a half-door, wicket. In other languages it bears chiefly the sense of lattice-work or open bars (Skeat).

<sup>4</sup> "Virgin . . . from sacred breast of Memory." The virgin invoked is Urania, the eighth Muse, that of Astronomy, but also regarded as the patroness or personified spirit of all poetry of lofty aim. She was the daughter of Zeus by Mnemosyne.

By Thespian streames<sup>1</sup> amongst thy sisters blest ;  
 So highly sprung, yet scornest not to grace  
 Mee, lowly Swaine, of all thy seruants least :  
 No more let lump of liuing clay infest  
 Thy heauenly pinions, nor yet prevent  
 With plummets of dull sloth thy faire ascent.

But aboue all, o blessed Majesty,  
 Who by thy power and wisdome all hast wrought,  
 And all dost rule, aboue and under skye,  
 From greatest substance unto smallest thought,  
 That we thy name aright may magnify,  
 And sing thy works and wonders as we ought,—  
 Grant with such streames our feeble hearts be fraught  
 As thou doest giue, from forth thine euer-liuing  
 Fountaine of grace, that more abounds by giuing.

O sottish men ! that dayes in silence spend,  
 Or in lewd tales that worse then silence bee ;  
 While Creatures dumb by Nature doe commend  
 Their makers loue with greater praise then wee.  
 Who taught this Beech her branches to extend,  
 From storme to shelter us and flockes, but hée ?  
 Who not alone into this freindly tree,  
 But into euery lesse-esteemed plant  
 And herbe and shrub, hath put life vegetant.

Nor hath he set the high aboue to grow,  
 As shrouds to be or shaddows to our need,  
 But hath commanded they their blossoms blow,<sup>2</sup>  
 And usefull fruits their blossoms to succeed :

<sup>1</sup> "Thespian." Thespiæ, a town at the foot of Mount Helicon in Bœotia. Cf. *Ecl.* 2, p. 192, "Thespe nor Tempe shades."

<sup>2</sup> "Blow" = "cause to blow." Cf. above, p. 249, "life with life of Laurell *last*."

Nor doth the Earth with flowers and herbage sow  
 Onely for pleasant walke, or cattells feed,  
 Or sence of sight or smell ; but us to steed <sup>1</sup>  
 For wholsom cure, and often to supply  
 Our dying life, to render theirs to dy.

Goat-heard beware, or man, (who ere thou art),  
 That thou alone do not like cypher stand,  
 Conferring all thy fortunes, wit, and art  
 Vpon thy selfe, with too reseru'd a hand ;  
 But learne for common good to aēt some part  
 Of vertuous office in thy natiue land,<sup>2</sup>  
 Least thou be worse then weed in sorry sand,  
 Whereof the vilest that thou tread'st upon  
 For others use more vertues hath then one.

The Cowslip do's not onely deck the feilds,  
 But lends her yellow fingers to the cure  
 Of shaking sinnews : and the violet yeilds  
 Her azure blood fowle surfets to repure.  
 Contemned wormwood from infection sheilds ;  
 And Rue makes wasting liuer longer dure.  
 Elacampane faint loungs doth reassure ;  
 Plantain of bleeding wounds allayes the smart ;  
 Mynt helps the head, and Rose mary the heart.<sup>3</sup>

<sup>1</sup> "Steed" = "serve," "be of use to;" frequent in Shakespeare, *e.g.*, *Two Gent.*, ii. 1, 119, "So it stead you, I will write."

<sup>2</sup> Note the adjuration to public activity as evidence of the influence of the times on Basse's thought.

<sup>3</sup> Most of the herbs enumerated in this and the following stanza can be identified, though the medicinal properties ascribed to most of them are now regarded as superstitiously so ascribed. Elecampane (*enula campana*) is one of the largest of British herbaceous plants, and is still in occasional use for medicinal purposes. The use of

The Indian julep, mix'd for pallats paines,  
 Craues Woodbines help such dolour to asswage ;  
 And quintessences diving to the reines  
 Disdaine not there the aid of Saxifrage.  
 Who Tansey tastes, or Clarey entertaines,  
 Need eate no snake with youth to couer age.<sup>1</sup>  
 The holy-thistle quenches feuers rage.  
 Where costly Antidots shun poore estate  
 There sage is treacle, saffron Mythridate.

Nor stand tall woods alone for goodly port,  
 But each his proper businesse hath and state.  
 The Oake a builder is of lasting sort,  
 And him the Elme and Beech doe imitate.  
 The Ash a souldier, Ewe is his consort :<sup>2</sup>

plantain, holy-thistle, and treacle was mentioned in the case of the wounded goat in *Ecl.* 6. Wormwood, treacle, and mithridate are among the remedies enumerated by Burton for various kinds of melancholy. The supposed property of "Saxifrage," as of use in cases of stone, is pointed at in its name, and in the preceding line. From "tansey" (tanacetum) a distilled water and a kind of stomachic bitter are prepared. "Clary" is a species of salvia (sclarea), formerly in great repute in medicine as a sudorific, aromatic, astringent, and antiseptic. "Saffron" was used in cases of lung disease, and as a cardiac stimulant, and as a digestive.

<sup>1</sup> "Need eate no snake with youth to cover age." The yearly casting of its slough by the snake, and its appearance in fresh and brilliant colours, would warrant its being regarded as an emblem of perpetual youth, and might readily give rise to some such superstition as Basse alludes to. I am told that such a superstition does or did exist in England in connection with "vipers' broth." Sir Thomas Browne, in his *Vulgar Errors*, bk. iii., ch. 28, notes that the snake was "sacred unto the Egyptians, Greeks, and Romans, and the common symbol of sanity." With tail in mouth it is still the emblem of Eternity.

<sup>2</sup> "Ash" for spears, "Ewe" for bows. With this and the following stanza compare the enumeration of trees and their uses in the 8th and 9th stanzas of the First Canto of the *Faerie Queene*.

The Pine a Sayler, and the Fyrrhe his mate ;<sup>1</sup>  
 The Cypresse mourner at the funerall gate ;<sup>2</sup>  
 And Lawrell, that wee talked of but now,  
 A crowne of Victors and of Muses brow.

The Poplar<sup>3</sup> can the climbeing workeman's wish  
 As well advance as fan the sunny glade ;  
 The melancholly willow learne to fish<sup>4</sup>  
 Rather then bee for fooles the garland made ;  
 The Maple turne himselfe to Shep-heards dish,  
 And Holly prentice be to Vintners trade,  
 The hoary Palme the poore mans cottage shade :  
 And all this crue to solace, Walnut-tree,  
 And Box, and Plane, a set of Musique bee.

Where-to to dance becomes not us to call  
 Fayre fruitfull Ladies not to Shep-heards knowne,  
 Such as the great Pom-granate, Oliue small,  
 And lushious Figge, that loues to be alone,  
 The Abricot upheld with Southern wall,

<sup>1</sup> In *Ecl.* 5 the decks of Pœmenarcha's vessel are "of amorous Pine and odoriferous Firre."

<sup>2</sup> "Funerall gate," the lych-gate or porch at the entrance of the churchyard, where the coffin rested during the first part of the funeral service. There is one still standing at Clun in Salop.

<sup>3</sup> "The Poplar," for ladders or scaffolding-poles.

<sup>4</sup> "The . . . willow." Basse is thinking of the village lad who makes a rude rod from a stout willow-shoot, rather than of the regular fisherman. In Part I. of *The Compleat Angler* nothing is said by Walton about rods, and Sir John Hawkins, the editor of 1760, supplies the defect in a note, recommending hazel or bamboo as the best woods for the purpose. Charles Cotton in the Second Part speaks of fir-wood as being used for those lengths of a trout-rod which are nearest the hand, and "other wood nearest to the top." In the earlier Eclogues Basse has alluded to the wearing of the willow by rejected lovers without the asperity here shown.

And Orenge gilt that thrice a yeare doth grone,<sup>1</sup>  
 The downy Quince, and golden Mell-cotone,  
 The sanguine Peach in silken robe install'd,  
 The Almond twice, and Nut-meg treble-wall'd.<sup>2</sup>

But with our rurall nymphes we may be bold  
 (As to our rurall callings most be meet),  
 The ruddy Peare-main, and the Costard cold,  
 The spungy Russetting, and Violet sweet,  
 The Warden, and the Deus-ans<sup>3</sup> two year'd old,  
 The Phippen when she leaues the stately street,<sup>4</sup>  
 The Cherry when she scornes not us to greet,  
 The Hasell-nut familiar euery-where,  
 The harmeles Damson, and the Katterne<sup>5</sup> Peare.

Thus like my selfe, although I simply sing  
 Song simple as my selfe, forbear to blame,  
 For all my serious thoughts are on the King

<sup>1</sup> "Thrice a yeare." Rhind, in his *History of the Vegetable Kingdom*, says: "In warm climates they continue flowering during nearly all the summer, and the fruit takes two years to come to maturity, so that for a considerable period of each year, a healthy tree has every stage of the production, from the flower bud to the ripe fruit, in perfection at the same time." Hence probably the popular notion of three crops a year.

<sup>2</sup> "The Almond twice, and Nut-meg treble-wall'd." The almond has (1) a pericarp of pulp round the kernel, which, as the fruit ripens, shrivels, hardens, and at last gapes open, disclosing (2) the shell that surrounds the nut. The nutmeg has (1) the fruit, half an inch thick, which bursts when ripe, disclosing (2) the mace, which surrounds (3) the shining black shell containing the nutmeg itself.

<sup>3</sup> *i.e.*, "Deux-ans."

<sup>4</sup> "Leaves the stately street" perhaps—"grows higher than the houses," but more probably simply in harmony with the sense of the first line of the stanza, a similar qualification being added to the cherry, the hazel-nut, and the damson.

<sup>5</sup> *i.e.*, "Catherine-pear."

Of trees and fruits, that yet I did not name,  
 The peereles Vine with clusters flourishing  
 Of mighty grapes, not onely for their fame,  
 But that the Lord of life, who man became,  
 Him-selfe is pleased the true Vine to call,  
 And all his members true his branches all.

And as we see that fixed to the stake,  
 So nayled to tree was this celestiall Vine,  
 Whose pierced side for our redemptions sake  
 Gush'd precious blood, as precious grapes doe wine.  
 O blessed Husband! that in hand dost take  
 To purge all liuing branch thereof, refine  
 With powerfull grace this feeble soule of mine,  
 And graffe it in this stock so sure, that fruite  
 Of praise to thee it euer forth may shute.

That turning ore new leafe of Natures booke  
 Thy hand or worke I further may behold  
 In creatures such whose knowledge thou dost brooke  
 To simple Man, clad in so wretched mold :<sup>1</sup>  
 For (Nations all to hold in heau'nly hooke  
 Of mutuall loue) his wisdom doeth unfold,  
 To some, what he from others doth withold ;  
 That men for wonders that they not possesse  
 Ought him admire, for those they haue him blesse.

His wonders then let us (with reuerence) note.  
 What learnedst tongues could never full expresse,  
 Thou mayest well thinke, in sound of slender Oate

<sup>1</sup> "In creatures such whose . . . mold" = "in such works of Thy hand as Thou dost permit poor human clay to have knowledge of." "Brooke" must be taken in the sense of "allow," "permit to," with "knowledge" as its object. For the relative construction "such whose," cf. *Ecl.* 7, p. 237, "Such freind whose worth is not invited to attend."



The little learned Shep-heard can much lesse.  
 The Marriner that toyles in Sea's<sup>1</sup> remote,  
 And Pilgrim, that doth halfe his life professe  
 To spend in farre-sought lands and wildernesse,  
 From freezing Laps<sup>2</sup> to scorched Negro's walke,  
 His other halfe may thereof<sup>3</sup> spend in talke.

Although the Sun him company had borne,<sup>4</sup>  
 Companion such would tempt one<sup>5</sup> venter farre  
 From the Vermillion palace of the morne  
 To Westerne waues oft gilded by his carre,  
 And shewen him euery land his rayes adorne  
 With yearely progresse, and his courts that are  
 All flourish'd 'ore with many a twinkling starre,  
 Some ouer head to us, some ouer-head  
 To those whose feet against our feet doe tread.

<sup>1</sup> "Sea's." Either error for "seas," or representing older pl. ending -es, found in *Faerie Queene*, i. 11, 54, etc. Basse sometimes uses the old possessive -es, e.g., "Didoes lap," p. 68, "Muridellæes gentles," p. 69.

<sup>2</sup> MS. "laps."

<sup>3</sup> "Thereof." Of "his wonders," in the first line of the stanza.

<sup>4</sup> "Borne." MS. "bore."

<sup>5</sup> "One" is identical with the "him" of the preceding line and of the fifth line. The construction of the stanza is loose, but the sense is clear, as follows: "Although one had the burning sun for companion, yet such companionship would tempt one to wander over the world from East to West, and to get him to show one all those zones of the terrestrial or celestial sphere which he traverses." "Shewen" is properly the old M.E. infinitive. It may be used loosely after "would," in imitation of a similar archaic use of it by Spenser, *Faerie Queene*, i. 3, 36, "Henceforth his ghost . . . In peace may passen over Lethe lake;" or it may be used as a real infinitive, properly constructed as such after "tempt," like "venter." In this latter case the word must be regarded as another instance of Basse's creation of a causative sense in a word that does not properly bear such (cf. "blow," "last," in this *Ecl.*, and "far'd" in *Ecl.* 7).

And all his sisters shining seates, betwixt  
 The golden Ram and siluer horned Kid;<sup>1</sup>  
 The axle set, with Lords and Ladies mix't,  
 Now stellified for famous deeds they did;

<sup>1</sup> Basse's astronomy is of course that of his times, based simply on the Ptolemaic conception of the universe as turning round the earth, which was regarded as its centre (cf. note, p. 293). There is no sign, as there is in Milton's case, that he was at all influenced by, or had even heard of the Copernican theory. The general incredulity with which that theory was still received at the time is sufficiently illustrated by the attitude of so intelligent a man as Sir Thomas Browne in his *Vulgar Errors* (1646), bk. vi., ch. 5. Professor Masson's work on Milton has made us familiar with the Ptolemaic conception of the universe as set forth in the *Sphæra* of John Holywood (Joannes de Sacrobosco), the astronomical text-book of the time; but I feel by no means sure that Basse understood his astronomy half so well as his botany, and am inclined to regard the disclaimer of the following stanza as not merely poetical. There is a confusion in what he says very different to the clear conceptions conveyed to us by Milton's poem. We hear of the Sun's path through the sky and over the earth; we hear next of "all his sister's shining seats, betwixt The golden Ram and silver-horned Kid." The distinction between the Sun's "seates" and the Moon's is probably merely a poetical one, nor does there seem much reason for confining the latter between the signs Aries and Capricornus, which are separated only by two other signs, those of Pisces and Aquarius. The "axle set" is the same as the "axle-tree" of *Urania*, i. 13—the great axle, namely, of the whole universe, extending from the North Celestial to the South Celestial Pole, and passing through the Earth at its centre, by way of which real or imaginary axle Jupiter's spies approach the earth in the passage of *Urania* referred to. The "Lords and Ladies mixt" must be explained of the sphere of the Fixed Stars, which lay immediately outside the spheres of the "Planets Seven," among which the Sun and the Moon were reckoned. "The Cynosure . . . teaching the wonder in the Loadstone hid" must be understood of the Pole-star and its supposed connection with the magnet. The state of contemporary scientific opinion on this subject is illustrated by the second chap. of book ii. of Sir T. Browne's *Vulgar Errors*. The name Cynosura (dog's tail) was usually applied to the whole constellation of the Little Bear, of

The Cynosure with cout'nance grauely fix't,  
 Teaching the wonder in the Load-stone hid;  
 Th' Arcadian Lady, and her sonne, forbid  
 To wash in Ocean waues; and daughter seuen  
 Of him whose shoulders underset the heauen.

But how beseemes it me in russet robe  
 To sing of shineing wonders of the skye?  
 More<sup>1</sup> fitting those that skill the astralobe<sup>2</sup>  
 And haue high reach in sage astrologie.<sup>3</sup>  
 But he that fram'd this uniuersall globe  
 About all Creatures here would Man his eye  
 Should upward lift, and contemplate on hye  
 Those glympsyes of the glorious life of blisse,  
 The more to striue for that life after this.

And though poore Shep-heard be the least of men,  
 And I (poore I!) of Shep-heards be the least,  
 My Muse his honours must returne agen  
 In such degree as he my Muse hath bles't.  
 Though in the sound of highest pipe or pen  
 His praise can neuer fully be expres't,

which the Pole-star is the last in the tail; but in this stanza that constellation receives a separate mention in the words "The Arcadian Lady, and her sonne, forbid To wash in Ocean waues"—the Arcadian Lady being Callisto or the Great Bear (cf. *Ecl.* 5, "the Arcadian Beare"), and "her sonne" being Arcas, or the Little Bear, two constellations which in our latitude are never below the horizon. "Daughter seuen Of him whose shoulders underset the heauen" are the seven Pleiades, mythologically said to be the daughters of Atlas.

<sup>1</sup> "More." MS. "Now."

<sup>2</sup> "The astralobe." On this astronomical instrument (more properly spelt "astrolabe") and its use Chaucer had written a treatise for his little son Lewis, 1391.

<sup>3</sup> "Sage astrologie." Its extravagant pretensions were held in scorn

None may his talent let in dust to rest ;<sup>1</sup>  
 And, shareing of his graces, I not dare  
 To silence in his praise my humble share.

*Hobbinoll*

Little wot I who is the skillfulst Swaine :  
 Of skill to iudge (certes) doth skill require :  
 Yet bene<sup>2</sup> thy layes and loue not all in vaine ;  
 For though I cannot iudge, I can admire ;  
 But nothing haue, to quit thy gentle paine,  
 Till I some happier Fortune may aspire :<sup>3</sup>  
 Vnlesse thou wilt (for want of better tire)  
 Accept a warme kids-skin, to keepe from cold  
 Thy neck that doth thy honest brain uphold.

*Colliden*

If Kid be lost, thou more his skin dost need :  
 I, waxen weake, yet no such gift may take.  
 Reward should not be taken for good deed,  
 That should be done for onely goodnes sake.  
 Now Pyro-ë-is, the Suns formost steed,<sup>4</sup>  
 With flameing fet-lock gildes the brackish lake :<sup>5</sup>  
 Let us with day to our reposeure make ;

by Milton, and even by Chaucer; but Bacon at least employs it in a serious illustration, cf. *Essay Of Empire*, "Princes are like to heavenly bodies, which cause good or evil times," etc.

<sup>1</sup> Again the apology for writing poetry, and a fine plea too!

<sup>2</sup> "Bene," more properly spelt "ben," and sometimes written "bin." It is the O.E. form for "are"—be + n (plur. suffix). Archaism imitated again from Spenser.

<sup>3</sup> "Aspire (to)," as in *Urania*, ii. 45.

<sup>4</sup> "Pyroëis." Ovid, *Met. de Phaet.*, "Interea volucres Pyroëis, Eous, et Æthon, | Solis equi, quartusque Phlegon," etc.

<sup>5</sup> Cf. *Ecl.* 5, *ad fin.*—

"And now the sun in Triton's someing flood  
 Cooles the hot fetlocks of his yellow steedes."

And houze<sup>1</sup> our heards, ere nights unhealthy dewes  
Soake through the fleeces of the tender ewes.

*Hobbinoll*

Beshrew the Night, whose so unwelcome hast  
Begins here to forbid our longer stay.

*Colliden*

O no. The sooner come, the sooner past  
Is night, that brings on the more welcome-day.

*Hobbinoll*

And for that welcome day I shall fore-cast,  
Wherein with thee discourse againe I may.

*Colliden*

Come any day thou wilt, when he giues way  
Who gaue us six for one, that we should borrow  
For our vaine use, no part of his, to morrow.<sup>2</sup>

*Collidens Emblem*

Visa Creatoris manus est miranda creatis.

*Hobbinoll's Emblem*

In his works, his power, his loue,  
Seen, known, admir'd, is God aboue.

FINIS.

<sup>1</sup> "Houze," phonetic spelling. Cf. "suffize" in *Address to the Reader*, p. 177.

<sup>2</sup> "When he gives way . . . to-morrow," *i.e.*, Come any day but the Sabbath. "To-morrow" is the poet's reminder that we have reached the end of the days of the week, the plan proposed at starting (*Dedication*, p. 171).





## URANIA.

### THE WOMAN IN THE MOON.

#### INTRODUCTORY.



HIS poem must be among Basse's earliest. It was first dedicated to Prince Henry, who died in 1612, and since there is no allusion to it in *Great Brittaines Sunneset* we should perhaps infer that it was written some years before the Prince's death. If it does not exhibit the ripeness of thought that appears in the Eclogues, it is yet one of the best examples of his strictly poetic faculty. Its verse is singularly smooth and pleasing; it is redolent of the classics, especially of Ovid; the story is told with simplicity and directness, with much descriptive power, and with a lively ingenuity of invention. It is conceived in a vein of gentle satire against the sex. A brief summary of contents is given in the notes at the beginning of each canto, of which the second and third seem to me the best, and the closing verses of the fourth the least successful. I am inclined to think the "morallizing" of the story was added much later on. Its tone is very like that of the commencement of the 9th Eclogue, which is confessedly late work. Compare especially the last fourteen lines of this "morall" with those in the 9th Eclogue, "Who taught thee so were shepherds not so wise," etc., p. 247.

It is written throughout (like the two dedications) in the same easy-flowing six-line stanza, which is noticeable as being that used in *Sword and Buckler*, 1602, and evidently a favourite with Basse during his earliest period of authorship. It is used by Spenser in the 1st and 12th Eclogues of the *Shepheards' Calender*, and in *The Teares of the Muses*, 1591, a poem which possibly suggested to Basse the entitling of different parts of his work by the names of different Muses.





VRANIA  
THE WOMAN IN THE MOONE  
IN  
FOURE CANTOES OR QUARTERS

BY  
WILLIAM BASSE gent.

*Teque tuam Comitem cantat (Nocturna Diana)  
Vranix magnis vox bene nota Deis*



TO THE HONORABLE, VERTUOUS,  
AND RENOWNED LADY  
THE LADY PENELOPE DYNHAM.<sup>1</sup>

THIS Muses story, that a Princes eares<sup>2</sup>  
Did once vouchsafe to grace, and such a one  
As in his tyme, and at his youthfull yeares,  
In greatnes match'd with goodnes was alone,

<sup>1</sup> "The Lady Penelope Dynham." This lady was the fifth child and eldest daughter of Sir Richard Wenman by his first wife, Agnes. She is mentioned in the first Eclogue, p. 184 (which, since it speaks of her mother as then living, must have been written before her death in 1617), as dwelling at "old Antaprium;" and this shows her marriage to Sir John Dynham of Boarstall House to have taken place before 1617. Her husband died Feb. 16, 1634, leaving as his issue by her three daughters, his coheirs. Laurence Banastre, the husband of the eldest, Mary, must be the "son" referred to in Lipscomb's anecdote given below. Lady Penelope was a staunch Royalist, and renowned during the Civil War for her firmness and kindness. Boarstall House was garrisoned for the King in 1644, and on its evacuation by the Royalists the Parliament seized it and used it as an effective basis of attack against the King's forces at Oxford, about ten miles distant. Taken again by the royal troops under Colonel Gage, it successfully resisted the Parliamentarians under Skippon and Fairfax until 1646, when it was surrendered after eighteen hours' siege (Kelly's *Direct. Oxfordshire*, p. 336). She must have been reinstated in her home later on, for Lupton in his *History of Thame* (1860) quotes from Lipscomb "the following anecdote" of her, then "residing at Boarstall," "strongly marking her goodness of heart. In 1651, after the Battle of Worcester, where Sir Thomas Fanshawe was made prisoner, he was marched under escort through that part of the County of Bucks. He requested

<sup>2</sup> "A Princes eares"—referring to the original dedication to Prince Henry, p. 270. Does the expression warrant the supposition that the poem had been actually read to him by Basse?

You may coniecture, then<sup>1</sup> in so much grace  
Had little thought to seeke a second place.

Nor comes (Renowned Lady) to you now,  
Though out of service has so long remain'd,<sup>2</sup>  
As one discarded: but to shew you how  
And by whom then she first was entertain'd.

And loth vn-own'd now to and fro to waue,  
That lost a master, would a Mistres haue.

For not to flatter (which no Muses can  
Or if mine could, she durst not him, nor you)  
In that he was a Prince, he was a Man  
And therein his inferiour like vnto,  
And so [a]<sup>3</sup> lesse then he, in noble heart  
May be like him: for that's a Princely part.

Lady Dynham, being in great want, to give him some shirts. She would have presented him with all the money she had in the house, but he returned his thanks and told her, he had so ill kept his own, that he would not tempt his governor with more. She fetched him some shifts of her own and some handkerchiefs, not having any linen of her son's at home, and she desired him to wear them as a mark of her friendship."

The poem of *The Metamorphosis of the Walnut Tree of Boarstall*, which from internal evidence was written about this time, relates how the tree had, by request of "the Lady of the place," been fashioned into wainscoting for some "gallery select" in Boarstall Church (see p. 339). The present Vicar of Brill-cum-Boarstall tells me that among the present Boarstall charities is one amounting to £8 annually, left by Lady Penelope for the purpose of apprenticing poor boys.

<sup>1</sup> "Then"—temporal, not inferential.

<sup>2</sup> "So long remain'd." The line gives some warrant for supposing this second dedication not to be written till near the date of contemplated publication, 1653.

<sup>3</sup> "And so [a] lesse then he, in," etc. Collier reads "[no] lesse then he in noble heart," etc., but the MS. comma at "he" seems to give the better sense.

But (Noble Lady) though Vrania<sup>1</sup> soung  
This story then to him, that could infuse  
No pride in Prince so vertuous (though so young),  
Nor could his grace, such vice jn such a Muse:  
And in your selfe of pride no danger seeing,  
I am the likelyest to be proud in being

Madam

Your Ladyships

very humble Servant

WILLIAM BASSE.

<sup>1</sup> "Urania," the Muse of Astronomy, and therefore fittest of the Nine to relate the story and give a title to the poem.

TO THE HIGH AND MIGHTY PRINCE,  
HENRY, PRINCE OF WALES, &c.

WHEN Cynthia sitting on her siluer throne  
First told my Muse the story you shall heare,  
She strictly charg'd her not to make it knowne,  
For any cause, to any mortall eare  
Till 'twas related (as it once should be)  
To some rare Prince of royall progenie.

The reason was (it seemes) That since herein  
Some actions are of gods and passions shewne,  
She thought it fit that to some nearest kin  
To them (great Prince) it should at first be knowne :  
Tender alliance, and a Princely brest  
To heare and judge of such occurrents best.<sup>1</sup>

This Muse (therfore) as Cynthia did her binde  
Hath safely kept this secret undisclos'd  
Till now, that, in your gracious forme, a minde  
She findes (Sir) so celestially dispos'd  
That she is full resolued it is you  
The Delian Queene directed her vnto.

May't please you (then) to lend the Moone your light  
Thus shadow'd vnder these ecliptique lines,  
Your Sun-like gloryes shall not shine lesse bright,  
But more, that Cynthia by your lustre shines,  
And to your greatnesse purchase more divinesse  
By more devoteing her vnto your highnesse.

<sup>1</sup> "Tender alliance . . . best." (1) Nom. abs. "(being) best"—  
ellipse of verb "to be," in any part, quite usual with Basse ; (2) make  
the construction depend on "thought" in line 3. "Tender alliance"  
="close kinship"



THE FIRST CANTO OR  
NEW MOONE.

ARGUMENT.<sup>1</sup>

From Heauen, with Earth offended,  
Two Gods (as Spies) descended.

1.

**H**OW apt the slanderous and unciuill tongues  
Of wicked men (vpon presumption small)  
To rayse foule scandalls are, and jmpious  
wrongs  
On Ladyes honours, neuer stayn'd at all,  
Is manifested in bright Cynthia's case  
To her extreame (but vnderu'd) disgrace.

2.

For when Endymion once in Latmos slept  
The Moone (some say) came downe and kis'd him there,  
Erronious Fame reports that she hath kept  
Him euer since within her spotlesse Sphere.  
And of this falshood, so profusely blowne,  
The generall tale of Man i' th' Moone is growne.

<sup>1</sup> "ARGUMENT." Jupiter, dissatisfied with the state of the world, despatches two Olympians to examine and report. They descend the axle of the Universe to the Earth, where they disguise themselves as men, and, after long travel arriving in Ethiopia, resolve to rest awhile there.

## 3.

But findeing no memoriall that jntends  
 A mans preferment to that pitch of grace,  
 My winged Muse<sup>1</sup> vnsatisfyed ascends  
 Her glistring Orbe, In which Celestiall place  
 She findes no Man (as these old sots vs tell)  
 But that a Woman in the Moone doth dwell.

## 4.

And how that Woman there became confin'd  
 Vrania knowes: who now descended thence  
 Shall (as she hath thereof enform'd my minde)  
 Impart you her divine jntelligence  
 By patience of the Gods that authors were,<sup>2</sup>  
 And her fayre sex, whereto I honour beare.

## 5.

Some ages since Deucalions deluge past<sup>3</sup>  
 In peopling of the empty world agen,  
 When as the seede of Sin began as fast  
 To propagate anew, as seede of men,  
 And wretched worldlings almost in profound  
 Obluion had the generall drowning drownd:

<sup>1</sup> *i.e.*, Urania, supposed narrator of the story.

<sup>2</sup> "That authors were (of her imprisonment)" as related at the end of Canto III.

<sup>3</sup> "Since Deucalion's deluge past." The full stop at the end of the stanza compels us to take "past" as the main verb, = "passed." But as the full stops of the MS. are especially unreliable (see Introductory note, p. 164), I feel more inclined to take "Jove resolved was" of the next stanza as the main clause, and the present line as an adverb of time, imitating the classical construction, "post diluuium exactum."



## 6.

Jove waxing old resolued was to set  
 His sacred foote in sinfull mold no more,  
 Or at the least although the cause were great  
 He in his prudence thought it fit, before  
 He went himselfe in person, first to try  
 What good there might be done by Ambassie.

## 7.

And for this action, he selects among  
 Th' Olimpique Race (if I may terme them so)  
 Two handsome youthfull Gods, and light, & strong,  
 This paynfull pilgrimage to vndergoe ;  
 But I conceale their names. Great minds defam'd  
 In their attempts, desire to passe vnnam'd.

## 8.

And what the tenour of their charge should be  
 Though my playne pen, unexercis'd<sup>1</sup> in state,  
 Can hardly reach a stile of such degree,  
 Neare as I can, I shall it yet relate,  
 As great Saturnides himselfe it spake  
 Whose thundring voyce makes all y<sup>e</sup> Center shake.

## 9.

My Sonnes (sayth he) you shall from hence reaire  
 Downe to yon lowe and wretched vale of Man,  
 The care wherof hath turn'd mine aubron<sup>2</sup> haire  
 Thus gray, and made my nectar'd cheeke thus wan,

<sup>1</sup> MS., by copyist's error, "pen's unexercis'd."

<sup>2</sup> "Aubron." Schmidt (*Shakespeare Lexicon*, s. v.) says "Auburn probably = 'whitish,' 'flaxen,'" and quotes Florio, *Italian and English Dictionary*, 1611, who gives as a third meaning of "Alburno"—"that whitish colour of women's hair which we call an Alburn or Aburne colour."

And yet with litle jncense gratifyes  
 Mine open hands, and rest refusing eyes.

## 10.

Wherefore descend, and first take view of those  
 To whom Bootes curled face<sup>1</sup> is shewne,  
 Then with those fixed lights that him oppose<sup>2</sup>  
 Survay the more remote and hardlyer knowne:  
 From Nabathæan<sup>3</sup> bounds to Phœbus fall,  
 From the hot Zone to the Septentrionall.

## 11.

Be as your fathers All-beholding eyes:  
 See where my name is honour'd, where despis'd,  
 Where peace, where war, where want, where plenty lyes,  
 Where Vertue rules, where vice is exercis'd:  
 Where Right prevayles, where wretched wrong takes  
 place,  
 And let me know the whole worlds generall case.

## 12.

That I as well may furnish good mens needs  
 With blessings, as detrench th'abused store  
 Of thankles caytiffes; crowne true vertues deeds  
 With honour, and on vice my vengeance poure.

<sup>1</sup> "Bootes curled face." Bootes is another name for the constellation of the Little Bear, and is called "curled" because the three stars of the tail resemble the upward curl of a dog's tail (Cynosura). "Those to whom" it "is shewn" are of course those who live in the northern hemisphere.

<sup>2</sup> *i.e.*, the constellations of the southern hemisphere.

<sup>3</sup> "Nabathæan." The Nabathæ were a people occupying Arabia Petræa, about the Elanitic gulf of the Red Sea. Basse uses the epithet, as it was used by the Roman poets, in the sense of "Eastern."

This sayd, his brow against his breast he strooke :<sup>1</sup>  
The brazen bases of Olympus shooke.

## 13.

And thus instructed, at the azure knee  
Of armed Iove these Legates tooke their leaue,  
And of the whole Celestiall familie  
Congeys<sup>2</sup> at heauens christall ports receiue :  
And so descend the Axletree, betwixt  
The radiant Poles on either side vs fixt.<sup>3</sup>

## 14.

And when their ayrie feete felt earthly clay,  
They instantly in Man-like habits drest  
Their beautyouss Godheads; and so tooke the way  
That to their owne best wisdomes seemed best :  
Resolving not to leaue a Land vnspied,  
Empire vnseene, or Island vndescried.

## 15.

What euer people, civill or prophane,  
Or continent, vnknowne or knowne, may lye,  
Succinct or spacious, Mountagnous or playne,  
In all the Orbes foure fold Cosmographye,<sup>4</sup>

<sup>1</sup> "Strooke," rubbed, struck. Cf. *Love's Labour's Lost*, iv. 3, 224, "strooken blinde," and *Merry Wives*, v. 2, 11, "It hath strooke ten o'clock." The imitation is of *Il.* i. 528-530.

<sup>2</sup> "Congeys," Fr. *congées*, used again in *Sword and Buckler*, stanza 62, and *Elegie* III., p. 76; here in sense of "leave-takings," "farewells." The verb "congeye" = "bid farewell to," "dismiss," occurs in the *Promptorium Parvulorum* (Mayhew and Skeat). Spenser has the subst., *Faerie Queene*, ii. 1, 34.

<sup>3</sup> *i.e.*, the great spindle of the Universe, stretching between the North and South Celestial Poles (see note on Basse's astronomy, *Ecl.* 9, p. 258, and p. 293, note 2).

<sup>4</sup> *i.e.*, in or about the four continents.

They visit would, and this our British land  
That by it selfe from all the World doth stand.

## 16.

Sometimes they walke, and sometimes they assume,  
To ease their weary nerues, their nimble wings,  
And sometimes, to refresh both foote and plume,  
They voyage vnder pitchey tackleings  
Of swelling Sayle, fullfilling th'awfull word  
Of Iupiter, on foote, on wing, on board.

## 17.

Observing seriously in every place  
The manners, customes, and estates of men,  
The Gods, Lawes, Liues, Religions, they embrace,  
And Sacrifices, that they used then :  
Ioyes, woes, wants, wealthes, sinnes, service; and  
of all  
Kept just record, and sure memoriall.

## 18.

But in these travells, such mischance befell  
These heau'enly youths, as not alone for theirs  
But for fayre Womens sakes, I greiue to tell :  
But since th'vnhappy Causer of such teares  
They in our world of Brittainē did not finde,  
Ladies vntouch'd neede not to be vnkinde.

## 19.

For in the heate of middle-aged yeare  
They chanc'd in Ethiopia to arriue  
Where double flames, of time & Clymat,<sup>1</sup> there

<sup>1</sup> "Double flames, of time and Clymat," *i.e.*, the heat of a country so near the Line, and the heat of midsummer.

Perswaded rest, jn bathes of ease reviuē<sup>1</sup>  
 Their toyled limmes : where they an obiect found  
 That their delay in double fetters bound.

## 20.

The tale wherof, Since now it seemes to aske  
 The spirit-full flight of an vntoyled Muse,  
 End here (Vrania) thy precedent taske :<sup>2</sup>  
 And to beget new breath for what ensues,  
 (As those of thy Celestiall kindred doe)  
 Favour, a while, thy tender sarcells<sup>3</sup> too.

<sup>1</sup> "Perswaded (to) rest (and to) reviuē," etc.—an asyndeton seems the only explanation.

<sup>2</sup> MS. "talke."

<sup>3</sup> "Sarcells," the O.E. "sarce," sb. = "sieve," and is found in the *Catholicon Anglicum*, 1483 (Skeat). Here "sarcells" means "wings." In *Paradise Lost*, v. 268-270, Milton describes how the flying Raphael "with quick fan *Winnows* the buxom air."





THE SECOND CANTO OR  
FIRST QUARTER.

ARGUMENT.<sup>1</sup>

One womans lookes surpris  
Both hearts of Iupins Spics  
With loue : Themselues her teach  
Themselues to over-reach.

I.



MEN of the world<sup>2</sup> how simply wonder wee  
At th'alterations our small age hath seene,  
When as the selfe-same jnstabilitie  
Of state and chance, that is, hath ever beene;  
Or thinke our times most singuler for change,  
When elder worlds saw prodigies more strange.

<sup>1</sup> "ARGUMENT." The two Gods fall in love with a fair woman, their hostess in Ethiopia; and to induce her to yield to their passion at length reveal their dcity. She exacts as the condition of her consent that they shall tell her the charm by which they are able to reascend. Upon their compliance, she furnishes herself at once with wings and flies towards Olympus, distancing their pursuit.

<sup>2</sup> "Men of the world," etc. Each canto except the fourth commences with some moral reflection after the fashion of Spenser (in the *Faerie Queene*), who took it from Ariosto.

## 2.

For ere Apollo's sonne his fathers chayre,<sup>1</sup>  
 To leade the Light, on day did vndertake,  
 The Æthiopians then were white & fayre,<sup>2</sup>  
 Though by the worlds combustion since made black  
 When wanton Phaeton overthrew the Sun,  
 Which dreadfull mischeife had not yet been done.

## 3.

When Fortune, who (jt seemes) in the designes  
 Of highest states & hartes will haue a hand,  
 Vnto a house conducts these fayre divines,  
 Where dwelt a woman, fayr'st of all the land ;  
 And all the world (by good report of men)  
 None fayrer had then<sup>3</sup> Ethiopia then.

## 4.

Where they within no sooner set their feete,  
 But she as soone to entertaine them came,  
 For she an hostesse seem'd for guests so sweete,  
 And they seem'd<sup>4</sup> strangers for so sweete a dame.  
 Only her humane forme was jnly frayle,  
 Their<sup>5</sup> humane habits heauenly hearts did vayle.

<sup>1</sup> "Chayre" = "task," "duty," defined by the words "to lead the Light." Used again in last stanza of *Elegie III.* and *Antony and Cleopatra*, v. 2, 231, "When thou hast done this chare, I'll give thee leave to play till doomsday," and again iv., 15, 75. It survives in "char-woman."

<sup>2</sup> "The Æthiopians." Ovid, *Met.*, ii., *de Phaetonte*, 235, "Sanguine tum credunt in corpora summa vocato | Æthiopum populos nigrum traxisse colorem."

<sup>3</sup> "Then Ethiopia then"—the first is comparative, the second temporal. Basse never distinguishes them in the spelling.

<sup>4</sup> "Seem'd" has the sense of "beseemed" or "seemed fit for." "Strangers" = "guests" (ξένοι), as in st. 9.

<sup>5</sup> "Their." MS. "therec."

5.

But to what rare and matchles jmage wrought  
 Loue's children were, jt bootes not me t'ensist ;  
 But leauing that to all or more then thought,<sup>1</sup>  
 Since Gods may be how beautyfull they list,  
     Her only, at all rights of life, to paint  
     More art then great Apelles had I want.

6.

But I haue heard how Nature did prepare  
 Three Essences to make three women of,  
 An amorous, a subtill, and a fayre ;  
 Which Fortune seeing came & mix'd her stuffe  
     All into one, that should haue seru'd for three ;  
     And of that composition fram'd was shee.

7.

For she had beauty to engrosse the eyes  
 Of all admirers in her sole possession,  
 And all the arts of loue Loue can devise  
 In womans heart or head to take jmpression,  
     But skill to teach her beauty to win many  
     And learne her Loue not to be won by any.

8.

A table now she neatly furnish'd had,  
 Like a delicious vintage of varietyes  
 Of wine & fruits ; wherto her welcomes adde  
 A sweetnes dareing appetite : But Dietyes,  
     Being mindes more apt to contemplate then eate,  
     Fed more vpon her lookes then on her meate.

<sup>1</sup> "Leauing that," etc.—leaving that to imagination, whose utmost reach will not excel their beauty.



## 9.

Yet while they drinke a litle too and fro,  
 False Loue, that in some other jmage lurkes,  
 Nere this new Venus bends his jvory bowe,  
 And through his fruitfull freinds<sup>1</sup> his purpose workes  
 So cuñingly, that he conveys his darts  
 From both her eyes in both her strangers hearts.

## 10.

Which suddaine fire when in their breasts they felt,  
 They then to coole themselues with kisses sought,  
 For she had lips that pres'd would seeme to melt  
 Some precious balme to cure the wounds of thought,  
 Which they (by turnes) had free & vndenyed,  
 But a wrong Medicine vaynly is applyed.

## 11.

Perceiuing lips more apt t'increase the flame  
 By how much they doe more resemble fire,  
 They thence to Cheekes, to breasts & bosome came,  
 That whiter seem'd, more like to quench desire.  
 But, after thirsty wounds of Loue, to kis,  
 Like drinking after poyson, mortall is.

## 12.

When eyes, th'Astronomers of Loue, were set,  
 And Lips, his Coniurers, were charm'd; Embraces,  
 As Loues Geographers, began to mete  
 Her Wastes fayre architect,<sup>1</sup> and other places.

<sup>1</sup> "His fruitfull freinds," *i.e.*, her eyes, as shown by last line.

<sup>2</sup> "Architect" = "architecture," "structure." On this voluptuous advance compare what Lessing says (*Laocoon*, ch. xx. and xxi.) that poetry conveys beauty not by mere enumeration of parts, but by its effects, by "licentious intoxication" of description.

But (O) embraces are but double walls  
To keepe the loue-sick hearts in closer thralls.

## 13.

And in these dalliances and sweete delights  
They not alone the life of this day spend,  
But many dayes succeeding, many nights.  
The buis'nes of great Ioue was at an end.

And now they tremble to forethinke that fate  
Shall venge this fault, & now they thus debate.

## 14.

Tush! we haue visited white Europe, queene  
Of all the world, and Brittainy, lou'd of Seas.  
Wee haue the Asiatique quarter seene,  
Alle Affrica, and somewhat more then these  
And of our time and obseruation there  
Exact accompt and testimony beare.

## 15.

Wee only want some base Americans  
That know not Ioue, and Ioue cares not to know,  
Some barb'rous Gotes<sup>1</sup> or salvage Indians,  
No matter whether euer seene or no.  
(And so rests vndiscover'd to this day  
The greater part of wilde America).

<sup>1</sup> "Barb'rous Gotes." So the MS. It should be the name of some aboriginal American tribe, but I cannot find it in a number of 16th and 17th century maps that I have examined. Did Basse mean "Goths," as inhabiting the out-of-the-way Scandinavian peninsula, and as being a proverb for barbarism? Collier's reading "Getes" must refer to the Getæ at the mouth of the Danube, who fulfilled a similar function in Augustan literature.

## 16.

And while their owne affections thus they soothe  
 With jdle fancyes of their loues suggesting,  
 She (for her part) as craftily doth smoothe  
 Them vp with powerfull arguments of resting :  
 For as her lookes made them their charge forget,  
 Their loues made her her charge at nothing set.

## 17.

The youths were both so briske & louely fayre  
 I dare well say that which she fancied most  
 She did not know : she euer tooke such care  
 That not a sparke of eithers loue she lost.  
 As their affections equally agree  
 Vpon her loue, she loues them equallie.

## 18.

But to herselfe she kept that only knowne,  
 And held them still vncertaine which might be  
 Dear'st in her favour. When one came alone  
 'Twas he she lik'd, when th'other came 'twas he.  
 If this her right hand, that her left hand tooke,  
 She bore a stedfast and jndifferent looke.

## 19.

When she one's eyes had hidden in her lap,  
 She ore his shoulder lent the other smiles,  
 And so the one she catches in a trap,  
 And with a bayte the other she beguiles,  
 Ensnaring him that comes within her hands,  
 And angleing him that furthest off her stands.

## 20.

To such advantage all her guifts she dealt,  
 And on both sides herselfe so well applies,

If this the softnesse of her hands had felt,  
 The other had the glances of her eyes ;  
     If th'one had in her tender bosome slept,  
     His fellow in his armes her wakeing kept.

## 21.

Her suff'rance was but as a pleasing way  
 To fruitles ends, resistance more enflameing :  
 Her promises were like a slight aray  
 Worne by a Masquer for an houres gameing :  
     Her word a ballance was that weigh'd denyalls  
     That bred no greifes w<sup>th</sup> grants that dur'd no tryalls.<sup>1</sup>

## 22.

And thus she (to delight vaine-glory) stirres  
 Most innocent spleenes to mutuall emulations,  
 But makeing her divine Competitours  
 Frustrate each others hopes and expectations :  
     Enough to set fraternall bloud at ods,  
     And into partyes moue the factious Gods.

## 23.

But (like wise men, that rather chuse to shew  
 Their evidence then try their rights at lawe)  
 They in free freindship let each other know  
 Their titles to her loue, wherby they saw  
     Her double dealing, and agreed to court  
     Her both together, joyntly, for their sport.

## 24.

But by this meanes they doe but help to catch  
 Themselues anew, in a new kinde of snare ;

<sup>1</sup> "Her word a ballance," etc.—she balanced, against the promise of favours never really granted, an actual denial of them which bred no grief because not expressed in word.

One's motion do's but mar anothers match,  
 Diversitie of buyers rayse the fayre.<sup>1</sup>  
 Loues priuie Counsell are (in all) but two ;  
 A third, or more, his false designes vndoe.

25.

Findeing all humane pollicies to fayle,  
 Hot Loue now loathes the garments of disguise ;  
 And since, as Men, they can no more prevayle,  
 Resolueing to jngage their dietyes,  
 They now to her vnworthy eares declare  
 (For their loues latest refuge) what they are,

26.

Imagining that Maiesty would ad  
 More penetrating flames vnto perswasion,  
 Or hope of golden showers to be had,  
 Or feare (at least) would check dissimulation,  
 As well they might, if they with one had dealt  
 That hopes had lik'd, Gods fear'd, or feare had felt.

27.

But she, that had occasion in a string  
 Of vses bridl'd,<sup>2</sup> strait proiects what boone,  
 What divine guift, or admirable thing,  
 She should demand : haueing conceited soone

<sup>1</sup> "Raise the fayre." It is not necessary, but is possible that "fayre" is intended for "fare," used in what was one of its older senses, "doing," "business"—here almost "price."

<sup>2</sup> "Had occasion *in a string* Of uses *bridled*," i.e., kept opportunity harnessed to profit ("uses"), made all occasions minister to her profit.

Beauty's petition's a comānd to Louers<sup>1</sup>  
That begs in shew, but in effect recouers.<sup>2</sup>

28.

Which when she was resolu'd on, (though 'twas long  
Before she could resolute on one request),  
Her longing heart fitting it to her tongue,  
She to the next encounter it address  
In Rhetorique that of Beauty is a most  
Invisible and sence seduceing ghost.<sup>3</sup>

29.

"My Lords (she sayth) you haue a suite in hand  
"To me, vnworthy to be sue'd by you,  
"And I (for my part) haue a small demand  
"To you, too worthy Gods for me to sue,  
"Yet, jf for mine you please t'exchange yo' grant,  
"Aske & be ask'd, giue mine, and take your want.

30.

If you from Clouds are come to earth belowe  
For sweete fruition of mine honour here,  
Teach me that pray'r wherby you thither goe,  
And not alone possesse me here, but there:  
What I grant you, is yours; what you grant me,  
You grant your selues; both boones your vantage be.

<sup>1</sup> "Haueing conceited soone," etc.=quickly perceiving that Beauty's petitions are commands.

<sup>2</sup> "Recouers," a legal term for enforcing payment. "Fine and recovery," *Merry Wives*, iv. 2, 225, and *Hamlet*, v. 1, 114-5.

<sup>3</sup> "Rhetorique that . . . ghost." "That" is relative="which."  
"Ghost"="shadow," "reflection;" or, perhaps, "spirit,"  
"essence."

## 31.

Thus winged was her speech, as was her heart,  
 That in a hell of tedious longing burnes  
 To see fayre heau'n: and such is woman's art,  
 And thrift in the disposing of good turnes,  
     She seldom sells a momentary pleasure  
     But for a bargaine of some special treasure.

## 32.

This impudent request with many feares  
 The trembling hearts of the young Gods did seize :  
 T'vnrip heau'ns misteryes to mortall eares  
 Would Ioue and all th'Olimpique state displease,  
     And shew themselues vnworthy heau'n to be  
     That could not keepe jmmortall secrecie.

## 33.

But first, they wond'red much how she could tell  
 That they in vse had any such divine  
 And secret Charme; but they remembered well  
 That when Apollo kept Admetus kine  
     Light Mercury came by while Phœbus slept  
     And stole a Cow out of the heard he kept.

## 34.

The Sun, (to be reveng'd), when Hermes lay  
 Asleepe in Herse's lap<sup>1</sup> another while,  
 Came downe & stole his hat & spurres away,  
 Who (when he rose, and vnderstood the guile)  
     Was forc'd to mount Olympus by a Spell,  
     Wherof this quick-ear'd creature had heard tell.

<sup>1</sup> "Asleepe in Herse's lap," Ovid, *Met.*, ii. 559; 724 sq.

35;

Much modest passion, yet retayn'd, to calme  
 The billowes of vntame affection striues;  
 And gentle care applyes discretion's balme  
 To stanch the heate of Cupid's corrosiues;  
     But remedies too milde too late devis'd  
     Where lust Love's fester'd wounds had cauteriz'd.

36.

Looke how a Cittie, that beseig'd<sup>1</sup> about  
 With hostile powers, and hath iustestine foes  
 Within her walles (to boote), long stands not out  
 Before she some conditions doth propose,  
     So in this like beleaguer'd state of theirs  
     With these loue-thirsty Dietyes it fares.

37.

To Beautye's seige, and flatt'ryes vndermineing  
 (That quite subvert the strength of every Louer)  
 Their owne iustestine Love his treason ioyning,  
 They to her greedy eare at last discover  
     This sacred Theame: O hot & dangerous Lust  
     To traffique heau'n for earth, & heart for thirst!

38.

O simple Gods! (if gods may so be sayd  
 By men that woman scarce would so haue trusted):  
 But when you act like men, Men will vpbraid  
 Your actions: And now see on what you lusted,  
     Now see the fruits of all your fayre perswasions,  
     Your times, your labours, loues, & revelations.

<sup>1</sup> "That (is) beseig'd."



39.

When she her lecture<sup>1</sup> cordially had gayn'd  
 And had as perfect meanes, as will, t'aspire,  
 She place and oppertunitye retayn'd,  
 Agents of loue and handmaydes of desire,  
 Wherto she quickly joynes her discipline,  
 And doth to that as soone her practice joine.

40.

And jnstantly, a payre of ayre-like wings  
 Poyzeing<sup>2</sup> her downey sides, her feete forget  
 Their earthly office : here & there she flings  
 To win the winde, as one jmperfect yet ;  
 But quickly skill'd, The ayrie stades<sup>3</sup> of skyes,  
 Like Loues postillion Mercury, she flies.

41.

Her sprawling heeles, in stead of wonted molde  
 Kick Cedars tops, her armes blue Clouds embrace :  
 While royall Eagles tremble to beholde  
 A greater then themselues vsurpe their place,  
 And welkin towering Larkes (with no lesse feare)  
 Wonder to see a Woman sôreing there.

<sup>1</sup> "Her lecture," *i.e.*, when she had gained from them *the reading or recitation of the charm.*

<sup>2</sup> "Poyzeing," balancing, making equal. *King John*, ii. 1, 575, "The world who of itself is *peied* well, Made to run even upon even ground." The construction is that of the nominative absolute, "her feete forget" being the main clause.

<sup>3</sup> "Stades of skyes." So MS. "Stades" must be intended as an English equivalent for the Greek *στάδια*, used like an accusative of extension over space (cf. "to travel miles"). The only possible explanation of Collier's reading, "steedes of skyes," is to take it as = her new wings, and make it object of "flies" (cf. "to fly a kite").

42.

Which when the doubtfull youthes look'd vp & saw,  
 They stood at first as in a maze, till shee  
 (Like some old beaten hare) had gotten law  
 Enough for once her jealous life to free:  
 And ere they could their tender wings put on,  
 This haggard her self-less'ning pitch<sup>1</sup> was gon.

43.

They haueing better skill on wing & winde  
 Thought certainly to overtake her soone,  
 But tir'd in their pursuite, they fell behinde,  
 Like trotting starres after the whirling Moone.  
 For in this Charme did such a vertue lye,  
 Those that could fastest speake, could fastest flye.

44.

Wherein when they had call'd into conceit  
 The matchles vertue of a womans tongue,<sup>2</sup>  
 Like men that in a chace had borne dead weight,  
 Their heads & hopeles hearts so heavy houg  
 Betwixt their wings, their wings began to flag;  
 The more they spur the ayre, the more they lag.

45.

But she with plumes of ouer-ioy'd desires  
 Her outward Sayles of pow'r so well assists,  
 That with redoubled swiftnesse she aspires<sup>3</sup>  
 The stately pitch of the Cœlestiall lists:

<sup>1</sup> "Her self-less'ning pitch." The pitch was the height to which a falcon flew. Cf. *Intr. lines* by R. B., p. 167, "flies an even pitch." *Richard II.*, i. 1, 109, "How high a pitch his resolution soars!"

<sup>2</sup> For similar hits at the sex, cf. stanzas 7 and 31 of this canto.

<sup>3</sup> "Aspires (to)," as in *Ecl.* 9, "Till I some happier fortune may aspire." Cf. *Ecl.* 7, "Arriu'd (at) these walls."

For light and hopefull mindes make bodyes light,  
But ponderous thoughts hang plummets upon flight.

46.

That (I suppose) they turn'd their course for shame  
To Paphos, Latmos, or some vnknowne way.  
But we will still pursue the nimble dame,  
And let the sad deceiued Louers stray.

But (Muse) thou first shalt rest thee while she flies :  
When her quills settle, thine againe shall rise.





THE THIRD CANTO OR  
FULL MOONE.

ARGUMENT.<sup>1</sup>

Great Ioue a Court doth summon  
About th'ascended Woman.  
The Fates desire her roome,  
The Gods pronounce her doome.

I.

**N**OW great and comprehendles is the Minde!  
How far, how high (for knowledge) she  
presumes,  
When she herselfe with vertue arm'd doth  
finde,  
And lightly borne vp with desirefull plumes!  
One world containes her not: nor yet would she  
Be held in more, if more there were then be.

2.

Water her hopefull pinions not benums:  
The curiasse<sup>2</sup> of her boldnes is to thicke

<sup>1</sup> "ARGUMENT." The woman's arrival causes amazement and confusion among the Immortals. At a special council summoned by Jupiter it is decided, neither to imperil Heaven's peace by keeping her there, nor to betray its secrets by sending her back to Earth, but to place her in the Moon.

<sup>2</sup> "Curiasse," cuirasse. For inversion of the *i*, cf. "Dietyes" = "deityes," twice above, and stanza 8 below.

For aire to peirce : and when to fire she comes,  
Her more light flames & feathers are too quick.

And thus this Dame (that represents this minde)<sup>1</sup>  
Leaues all the well-rank'd Elements behinde.

## 3.

Till by the power of her celestiall charme,  
With no lesse fortune, hauing pas'd the seauen  
Next circuits of the Gods,<sup>2</sup> she caus'd alarme  
In th'inner guards of the supremer heauen  
Where Mars, great Captaine both of watch & war,  
Had plac'd a Centinell in every star.

## 4.

Who through their loup-holes when they chanc'd to  
view  
This fugitiue with such a fervour mount  
To this sublimitie, jn all hast drew  
Themselues into a head; and made account  
Strait to discharge against this earthly wonder  
Their harquebushes charg'd with dreadfull thunder.

<sup>1</sup> The woman is to be taken, as in the allegorical explanation appended to the story, p. 311, as an embodiment of the spirit of intellectual, physical, and spiritual enterprise that animated the Elizabethan era.

<sup>2</sup> "Hauing pas'd the seauen Next circuits of the Gods," *i.e.*, "the Planets seven" of *Paradise Lost*, iii. 481, the seven spheres or planetary orbits supposed by the Ptolemaic system to intervene between the Earth (at the centre of the Universe) and the sphere of the Fixed Stars. Beyond this latter came the Crystalline, and then the outermost sphere or Primum Mobile, before Heaven or the Empyrean was reached. Basse seems to ignore these two, or else is merely indicating that point of the woman's journey where she was first observed from Heaven. "The seauen" were, in their proper order from the Earth, the orbits of (1) the Moon, (2) Mercury, (3) Venus, (4) the Sun, (5) Mars, (6) Jupiter, (7) Saturn. (See note on *Ecl.* 9, p. 258.)

5.

But some (whose better wisdomes sway'd the rest)  
 Perswaded them their vollyes to with-hold,  
 Vntill amongst themselues they first had gues'd  
 What creature it might be that was so bold:  
 For throughout all the guard there was not one  
 That euer had a woman seene or knowne.

6.

They saw that she was none of Titan's race  
 Who by pretence of eldership layd clayme  
 And title to expulsed Saturne's place;  
 For they long since by Ioue were overcame:  
 Nor of those Earth-borne gyants that rebell'd  
 Against the Gods: the Gods had them repell'd.

7.

She was no Meteor'd shape, nor airy sp'rite  
 Begot by th' agitation of the Spheres,  
 Nor Comet (though both caudate<sup>1</sup> and crinite);  
 For all those things fled from her in such feares  
 As did the monsters from Silenus Asse<sup>2</sup>  
 That stellified for that good service was.

8.

No Semi-Diety, nor seed of Pan,  
 Nayad nor Nymph, (for Ioue had them confin'd  
 Vnto terrestriall mansion), No Man  
 They by her face her flight and fashion finde,

<sup>1</sup> "Caudate" must allude to her flying robes.

<sup>2</sup> "Silenus Asse." I know of nothing nearer to this than the passage in Ovid's *Fasti*, i. 399-440, where his braying awoke the naiad Lotis in time to save her from outrage by Priapus, for which he suffered death at the latter's hands, though his "stellification" is not there recorded.

No ghost, nor fiend : no goblin good or evill,  
Nor bird, nor beast, nor goddesse, god, nor devill.

## 9.

And as they descant thus, all while she striues  
Their warlike walls and bullworkes to ascend,  
They are no wiser when she there arriues,  
But still her essence, state, and cause suspend ;  
And though their martiall lawes were so severe  
No vnknowne seede of earth might enter there,

## 10.

Yet since they found her arme-les armes pretending  
No outward treason to the state at all,  
(Her strangenes much but beauty more befreinding)  
They brought her safe into th'Olympian hall ;  
For she such count'nance had, as might procure  
Favour at hell's, much more at heavens dore.

## 11.

This Noveltie to all th'assembly seene,  
They from their severall Thrones in murmur rise ;  
Some stand amaz'd : some that on earth had been  
A Woman ! cryed : a Woman skal'd the skies !  
Sterne Iupiter most highly was displeas'd,  
Although her lookes some others much appeas'd.

## 12.

Some of the Court are angry, some are glad,  
The elder frowne, the younger flock about her,  
But (of all other) Iuno was horne-mad,<sup>1</sup>  
She of great Ioue did so extreamply doubt her :  
And Venus waxed leane, with strong suspect  
That Mars would favour this, & her neglect.

<sup>1</sup> "Horne-mad." Cf. Canto IV., p. 306 (note).

## 13.

Cupid, as busye as his nature was,  
 That Young-Decept, Old-youth! who (if he listed)  
 Could all haue told: but not a word doth pas  
 His lips, wherin his preiudice consisted.  
 For well he hop'd to finde in her fayre lookes  
 Sweete baytes enough to furnish all his hookes.

## 14.

What with the loue of some, the feare of some,  
 Others partialitie, others jealousy,  
 A great confusion was in heau'n become,  
 And like to be a greater mutinie,  
 If out of hand was not determin'd on  
 What with this new-come stranger should be done.

## 15.

For scarce the Sunne had number'd y<sup>p</sup> the day  
 Of her ascention, to the waxing yeare,<sup>1</sup>  
 But she her wanton parts began to play  
 In such perfection of allurement there,  
 As if the world had plotted some device,  
 The flower of all the Gods from heau'n t'entice.

## 16.

But the graue Rectour of Olympus hath  
 Summon'd therefore a present Parliament;  
 And all the Gods along the Lactean-path  
 Vnto the Pallace of the Thunderer went,

<sup>1</sup> "Number'd up the day Of her ascention to the waxing yeare,"  
*i.e.*, "had added the day of the woman's ascent to the score of the  
 waxing year's completed days," "ere yet the day of her arrival was  
 over."



From forth their fayre & jvory cloysters built  
On that fayre street were Iuno's milke was spilt.<sup>1</sup>

## 17.

The Court all plac'd vppon their marble seats  
Below the awfull Sires supremest Throne,  
His jvory Scepter twice or thrice he beats  
About those curled tresses of his owne,  
Whose fearfull motions doe displace & stir  
Heau'ns hinges, and Earths firme diameter.

## 18.

And thus he speakes ; “ This wretched woman here,<sup>2</sup>  
“ I know by what vnhappy accident  
“ Wherof (by all jnfernall gulphes I sweare)  
“ I would be veng'd with dreadfull discontent,  
“ But that I see the natiue jnnocence  
“ Of heau'n it selfe euen stayn'd w<sup>th</sup> this offence.

## 19.

“ For I presage that those vngracious boyes  
“ I sent abroad, too humanly affected  
“ In female formes, haue spent the tyme in toyes,  
“ And my comānds so cursedly<sup>3</sup> neglected

<sup>1</sup> “Juno's milke was spilt,” the supposed origin of the “Lactean path,” or Milky Way. Stanzas 16 and 17 are closely imitated from Ovid, *Met.*, i. 166 *sqq.*—

“Ingentes animo et dignas Jove concipit iras ;  
Conciliumque vocat. Tenuit mora nulla vocatos.  
Est via sublimis, cœlo manifesta sereno,  
Lactea nomen habet, candore notabilis ipso.  
Hac iter est superis ad magni tecta Tonantis,  
Regalemque domum. Dextra lævaque deorum  
Atria nobilium valvis celebrantur apertis.”

<sup>2</sup> “This wretched woman here” is left as a *nominativus pendens*.

<sup>3</sup> “Cursedly,” obstinately, perversely.

“ That she this vantage wins of their vniust  
 “ Carriage and carelesse weakenes of their lust.

20.

“ And I confesse that this audacious Dame  
 “ This Iapet’s daughter <sup>1</sup> (as I well may call her)  
 “ That comes like him that came to steale our flame,  
 “ Deserues no meaner vengeance to befall her  
 “ Then hundred-handed Giges, whom I slew,  
 “ Or he that out of heau’n by th’ heeles I threw.

21.

“ But, brothers, that in Counsell sit with me,  
 “ Wee but vniust in our owne justice were,  
 “ If we should plague the poore mortalitie,  
 “ For that wherof ourselues are not all cleere,  
 “ Before our subiects we with rigour vрге,  
 “ It bootes vs we our owne example purge.

22.

“ Therefore wherso’e we venture to bestow  
 “ This dangerous companion, Now shee’s here  
 “ She must in no wise be sent back below,  
 “ Lest her loose tongue (that nothing holds) blab there  
 “ Amongst vnworthy mortalls, mysteries  
 “ Peculier to jmmortall eares and eyes.”

23.

This speech the speech of all the rest depriues,  
 Vntill the crooked Fates, who in a hole  
 Sate windeing vp the bottoms of frayle liues  
 And only durst the words of Ioue controule,  
 This contradiction from their anxious Cell  
 With open mouth and earnest fury yell.

<sup>1</sup> “Iapet’s daughter.” Iapetus, one of the Titans, and father of Prometheus, who is alluded to in the next line.

24.

“ Downe with the woman, downe with her againe  
 “ To sinfull earth as lowe as she was borne,  
 “ Vnles thou art dispos’d (great Soueraigne)  
 “ To make thy glorious Realme to men a scorne  
     “ By everlasting jarres and breach of lawes,  
     “ Which her proud spirit eternally will cause.

25.

“ If thou wilt needs doe her base world that grace  
 “ As to detayne her here, then send vs thither,  
 “ For thou shalt finde that state in cursed case  
 “ Where Fates and Women domineer together.  
     “ Where we are (Ioue) there needs no such as she:  
     “ Where she is, needs no other destinie.”

26.

This opposition ’twixt th’incensed Fates  
 And Ægis-arm’d Saturnides divides  
 The sage opinions of the Starry-states  
 Into so potent faction on both sides,  
     They neither judge her to exile nor death,  
     Nor fit for heau’n nor (from heau’n) fit for earth.

27.

Till the Cyllenian wing’d and witty God  
 Betwixt those two extreames, bethinking soone  
 Some middle place; propounded her abode  
 Within th’enclosure of the glorious Moone.  
     And all applauding what he<sup>1</sup> did propose  
     The Session broke and the whole Senat’ rose.

<sup>1</sup> “Hc.” MS. “she.”



THE FOURTH CANTO OR  
LAST QUARTER.

ARGUMENT.<sup>1</sup>

Woman the Moone ascended,  
Wherewith the Moone offended  
All women (for her sake)  
To her doth servile make.

I.



HE Moone's bright Throne by Mulciber<sup>2</sup> was  
built  
Of shineing Siluer out of Lemnos brought ;  
Wheron Apollo's glorious face was guilt,  
And Neptune's Realme in his owne colours wrought,  
Within set round with seats & lights engrau'd  
In Christall,<sup>3</sup> and with Sky-like Marble pau'd.

<sup>1</sup> "ARGUMENT." The woman, conducted by the Gods, ascends the chariot of the Moon, whose indignation at the companion thus forced upon her is made to explain most of the common lunar phenomena. In revenge she subjects all women, especially, to her influence.

<sup>2</sup> "Mulciber," or Hephæstus, the general architect of the celestial abodes. Lemnos was the island on which he fell when first cast down from Heaven, and which among other volcanic islands he was supposed specially to affect.

<sup>3</sup> "Lights engrau'd In Christall." Cf. stanza 18, where the woman

2.

On ax'e-trees rays'd resembling that of heauen  
 Vpon foure wheelles, whose Spokes of argent hue  
 Betwixt round Naves of Mother-pearle were driuen,  
 And Ivory circles shod with Saphirs blew ;  
 Drawne by two nimble steeds, the one Milke white,  
 The other black, in starry harneis dight.

3.

The Minion<sup>1</sup> Day was newly stole to bed  
 In Cimeris with Somnus god of Sleepe,  
 Whose Mother Night the sable curtains spread  
 And set officious Starres the watch to keepe,  
 When all the Gods went forth but he alone  
 That vnto Thetis lap was newly gone.<sup>2</sup>

4.

Till in the Zodiaque<sup>3</sup> they the watchfull Moone  
 Gearing<sup>4</sup> hir two fleet horses over-caught.  
 When the bright Queene of Night, perceiuing soone  
 By their discourse the In-mate they had brought,  
 Changeing her lookes, and casting downe the yoke,  
 Stood still : vntill the mighty Sire thus spoke.

"Sits in the christall *windowes* of the Moone." "The Moone's bright throne" is conceived as a room on wheels.

<sup>1</sup> "Minion," darling. For "Cimeris," see note on *Ecl.* 5, p. 218.

<sup>2</sup> "He alone," etc., *i.e.*, Phœbus; a poetical way of saying that the sun had sunk in the ocean. Cf. *Hunter's Song*, p. 129, "Long ere the Morn | Expects the return | Of Apollo from th' Ocean queen."

<sup>3</sup> "In the Zodiaque" must be spoken from a human, not an Olympian point of view. According to the Ptolemaic scheme the Moon's sphere lay far inside that of the Fixed Stars, though from the Earth she might appear to be in the zodiac—a belt of the heavens extending a few degrees on each side of the ecliptic.

<sup>4</sup> "Gearing," harnessing.

5.

" Lucina, pale not on thy greatest freinds,  
 " That dearely tender thee ; Thou liu'st alone,  
 " And round about the Worlds far distant ends  
 " Dost hellesse manage this thy whirling Throne ;  
 " Which seemes to me (how ere it thee doth please)  
 " Life without comfort, labour without ease.

6.

" Therefore (my girle) Thou now shalt haue a Mate,  
 " And one that best may fit thy chastitie.  
 " Since thou the company of man dost hate  
 " This Woman here shall beare thee companye.  
 " To finde thee talke, to help those raignes to carry,  
 " And solace thee, that art too solitary."

7.

" King of the Gods (answers the Delian Queene)  
 " I liue, I ride, I rule these raynes alone,  
 " Which not my greife, but happynes hath beene,  
 " As my content-full silence well hath shewne :  
 " Let this Assembly speake, when ere did I  
 " Assistance craue, or wish for companie?

8.

" But I perceiue that, vnder this pretence  
 " Of fatherly and freindly councell giuing,  
 " You please t'obtrude an jnconuenience  
 " Vppon me, worse then solitary liuing.  
 " You can (alas) not punish private woman  
 " So harshly, as to yoke her with a common.

9.

" And though by you it cannot be denied  
 " But that I am of Chastitie the Queene,

“ Yet some lewd tongues mine honor haue belyed  
 “ As if a Man had once been with me seene ;  
 “ That a false slaunder,<sup>1</sup> this vexation true,  
 “ (Me thinks) th’vnhappyer fortune of the two.

10.

“ Which had I fear’d, I peradventure might  
 “ Like other Ladyes lou’d and been a wife,  
 “ And by preventing this, preseru’d my right  
 “ Of freedome, though with losse of mayden life.  
 “ Sore is the wrong that makes an honest heart  
 “ Almost repent the goodnesse of desert.

11.

“ And, as for thee (good woman) Thou mayst guesse  
 “ It glorious fortune here to liue with me :  
 “ But thou wilt finde no lesse vnhappynesse  
 “ In mine, then I in thy societie.  
 “ Woman to woman yeilds contentment small :  
 “ And paynted prisons doe not lessen thrall.

12.

“ But since it is your will (Sir) which my breast  
 “ Has neither will nor power to disobey,  
 “ Advance your woman where (I hope) her rest  
 “ Will make her (shortly) wish her selfe away.”  
 This sayd, her eyes her pale cheekes drown’d, & sent  
 Downe to the earth a shower of discontent.

13.

But with such maiestie she tow’rds her turn’d  
 Her stately bodyes whole Celestiall frame,

<sup>1</sup> “ That (is) a false slaunder.”

In all the choycest wealth of heau'n adorn'd  
 As, to the heart of the most ventrous dame  
 Strooke feare: and forc'd her in a masqueing guise  
 Of tiffanie to sheild her dazled eyes.

## 14.

And takeing this advantage of her eyes  
 Blur'd in her teares & frownes (that to approach  
 Her most maiestick presence otherwise  
 Neuer had had the hope) her bright Caroach<sup>1</sup>  
 This proud audacious soiourner ascends,  
 And heaue'n in tryumph her fayre riddance ends.

## 15.

But poore pale Cynthia so enraged grew,  
 She whip's her steeds, and takes up a Cariere  
 That in some eight & twenty dayes she flew  
 A compasse, that in almost thirtye yeare  
 Old Tyme-like Saturne, that doth seeme to mowe<sup>2</sup>  
 All hindrance downe before him, could not goe.

<sup>1</sup> "Caroach." Webster, *Duchess of Malfi*, i. 1, "Bring the caroches." Skeat, *s.v.*, has "a kind of carriage." Ben Jonson, *Devil is an Ass*, iv. 1, "a kind of caroché." Stowe, in his *Annals* (1615), says "the ordinary use of caroches began about A.D. 1605." Sherwood's *Index to Cotgrave* gives "caroché" as variant for "carosse."

<sup>2</sup> "Old Tyme-like Saturne, that doth seeme to mowe," etc. The mythical Italian king Saturnus was always identified by the Romans with the Greek Κρόνος, a name which was later interpreted as = χρόνος. The identification of Saturn with Time would be assisted by the pruning-knife which the statues of the former bore in token of his patronage of agriculture, and which would be confused with the scythe of the latter. Cf. *Ecl.* 5, p. 212, "Why, what is time? the eldest and most gray Of all the starres," etc. Basse cleverly represents the various lunar phenomena as caused by the Moon's indignation at the woman's intrusion. This and the following stanza deal with the difference in the time occupied by her revolution as compared



## 16.

Eleauen yeares circuit, & eleauen moneths more  
 She beate great Ioue in his owne twelue yeares race;  
 And lusty Mars could hardly gallop ore  
 Her three tymes ten dayes course in two yeares space:  
 Wing'd Mercury, light Venus, and the Sun  
 In twelue moneths chace she full eleuen out-run.

## 17.

Her Chariot thus outstripping all theyr thrones,  
 Some more, some lesse, (as speede they differ in)  
 Rattles her tedious guest, to make her bones  
 And well knit joynts to totter in her skin,  
 To turne her maw or shake th'ambitious dame  
 Downe from her seate to earth from whence she came.

## 18.

But she no whit dismayd, nor mov'd at all,  
 Sits in the christall windowes of the Moone,  
 Now in this wire, that tire, this Quoife, that Call,<sup>1</sup>  
 Dressing her dainty browes from Morne to Noone;  
 From noone to night deviseing for next morning  
 New shapes, and, next day, that dayes habit scorning.

with that of Saturn, Jupiter, the Sun, Mars, etc., all of which were also supposed to have the Earth for centre. Stanza 20 deals with the different phases of the Moon; stanza 22 with her eclipse by the Earth; stanzas 23 and 24 with her power as cause of the tides; stanza 25 with her supposed astrological "influence," etc.

<sup>1</sup> "This Quoife, that Call." Quoife = coif = cap or cowl. "Call," otherwise spelt "calle" or "caul" = a net worn by women for the hair. The *Prompt. Parv.*, p. 270, note 1, has "Reticula, a lytell nette or calle" (Skeat).

## 19.

Though<sup>1</sup> she the jemms & bracelets of the Queene  
 On and off puts, as her affections varye,  
 As if the Moone's fayre house a shop had been  
 Of Goldsmiths workes, or jewells mercenarye ;  
 To Natures better grace Arts ayde iuventing,  
 And to her selfe vayne joyes & sportes presenting.

## 20.

Whereat the horne-mad<sup>2</sup> Moone w<sup>th</sup> rage sometimes  
 Doth swell her selfe as big as halfe the earth,  
 And by & by with extreame sorrow pinies  
 Her selfe more leane, and smaller then her birth ;  
 And in this strange distraction now & then  
 Her happy face hides from vnhappy men.

## 21.

That blinde Thessalians often thought she was  
 By some enchantment stollen from her Sphere,<sup>3</sup>  
 And frighted Romans ring shrill pans of brasse  
 And trumpets sound to her absented eare,<sup>4</sup>  
 And ceremonious Greekes with tapers light<sup>5</sup>  
 Succour her beames, almost extinguish'd quite.

<sup>1</sup> "Though"—for the older "tho" = "then" or "next."

<sup>2</sup> "Horne-mad." Used in Canto III., st. 12, of Juno, and in Shaks., *Merry Wives*, i. 4, 51; iii. 5, 155, etc. Dr. Schmidt explains it, "mad like a wicked bull."

<sup>3</sup> "Blinde Thessalians," etc. Hor., *Epod.*, 5, 45, "(Foliam) Quæ sidera excantata voce Thessala | Lunamque cælo deripit." Juv., *Sat.*, vi. 610, "philtrea."

<sup>4</sup> "Frighted Romans," etc. Tac., *Ann.*, i. 28, ". . . luna claro repente cælo visa languescere. . . . Igitur æris sono, tubarum cornumque concentu strepere ; prout splendidior obscuriorve, lætari aut mærerere," etc. (mutiny of the Pannonian legions, A.D. 14).

<sup>5</sup> "Ceremonious Greekes," etc. Possibly in allusion to the festival

22.

And then looke how the vile vnworthy foes  
 Of good desert (jn th'absence of her face)  
 Their base jnsinuations jnterpose,  
 So grosse & paysant<sup>1</sup> Earth steps in her place  
 And intercepts the favours of her freind,  
 Her brothers beames, that should her glory lend.

23.

Then (dragon-like) all smier'd in bloud<sup>2</sup> she fights  
 Fierce Combats for eclipsed Maiestie,  
 And from her bowe disperses vengefull flights  
 Of warres, of dearthes, and deathes présagacie ;  
 And therwith not content her wrath to swage  
 She (in her ayd) moues curled Triton's rage.

24.

That he sometymes in his vnanchour'd jawes  
 Earthes ample borders jnundates, and drownes  
 Her sollid ramparts : and sometimes withdrawes  
 His neighbouring releiffes<sup>3</sup> from her famish'd bounds :  
 And often o're his full-rig'd vessells casts  
 Cloud-threat'ning, and flowes about the masts.

25.

Sometymes with other jnstruments of fate  
 She joynes her sharpe and discontent aspects,

of the Artemisia, held for three days in honour of the goddess at Syracuse, Delphi, and other places.

<sup>1</sup> "Paysant"=heavy, stupid, Fr. *pésant*.

<sup>2</sup> Alluding of course to the dull coppery glow presented by the Moon's surface while under'eclipse.

<sup>3</sup> "Rèleiffes"=what remains, what is left ("releef, reliquie, fragmentum," *Prompt. Parv.*, p. 428, Stratmann), applied here to the arms, inlets, and backwaters of the sea.

In Natures cradle to jnfatuate  
 Mens manners, sences, powers, and jntellects.  
 She practises her force on streames, on springs,  
 Beasts, trees, plants, fruits, & all terrestriall things.

26.

But aboue all her great and strange effects,  
 She hath this Woman still in such offence,  
 That (for her sake) she generally subiects  
 All women to her powerfull jnfluence ;  
 And with what humours she doth her perplex,  
 She still the same jnfects vppon her sex.

27.

With fancies, frenzies, lunacyes, with strange  
 Feares, fashions, factions, furyes, & affections,  
 With fondnes, fayntnes, fugacy,<sup>1</sup> and change  
 Of mindes, moodes, habits, houses, freinds, complections :  
 In breife she raignes o're Women as a Queene.  
 In her their state, In them her power, is seene.

28.

But yet she many gracious vertues hath,  
 Which (whether she therwith be pleas'd or no)  
 Amongst those jmperfections of her wrath  
 On Woman kind from her sweet nature flowe :  
 As patience, silence, modestie, sobrietie,  
 Chastitie, beauty, bounty, pittie, pietie.

29.

Which graces, since they most resplendent be  
 In those fayre dames these amorous Seas contayne,

<sup>1</sup> "Fugacy," flightiness. The word is apparently of Basse's coinage. It is not used by Spenser or Shakespeare, nor given in Skeat.

Let those whose blameles hearts the Moone doth free  
 Of her distast, free me of their disdayne,  
 And favour this my Song, that honours them,  
 And none condemnes but those that it condemn.

30.

And not, like planets of the worst dispose,<sup>1</sup>  
 Cause Cynthia's browes vnwillingly reflect  
 Their frownes vppon themselues: but shine like those  
 That by their happyer & more kinde aspect  
 Purchase all honour from her eyes, who still  
 With good good cout'nance holds, & jll with jll.

31.

If melancholy Saturne on her face  
 Cast scowleing lookes, she scowles on him againe;  
 Or cholericke Mars with vizage of disgrace  
 Affronts her, she returnes him like disdain; ;  
 When Mercury a good indifferent eye  
 Vouchsafes her, she vouchsafes it Mercury.

32.

If puissant Phœbus danger her in fight  
 She hazards him: jf he looke freindly on her  
 Her anger's past: When Ioue his plesant light  
 Tenders her beames, she renders his like honour:  
 When fayre Cyprina smiles on bright Lucina  
 Well-pleasd Lucina striues t'outsmile Cyprina.

33.

For as it dos not stand with her nobilitie  
 Basely to flatter those that doe despise her,

<sup>1</sup> "Planets of the worst dispose," *i.e.*, whose influence is considered by astrologers to be most unfavourable, such as Saturn or Mars (st. 31).

So is she apt in her heroick civilitie <sup>1</sup>  
 To honour those who freindly favourize her ;  
 Wherein Vrania (of all the Muses  
 Her best belou'd) her best example uses.<sup>2</sup>

## 34.

Let not your brightnes, & more bright renownes,  
 Be then (fayre Dames) with Moone or Muse offended ;  
 Nor looke with martiall or Saturnian frownes  
 Where no dishonor is to you intended :  
 For such aspects would yo' owne beautyes wrong ;  
 And bode jll fortune to this harmeles song.

## 35.

But joyne your smiles with Ioue or Mercurie,  
 Or shine as Sol, or Cytherea shines :  
 You then fortuniate this Muse and me,  
 Presaging endles honour to these lines :<sup>3</sup>  
 And with your best aspects the Moone to view  
 Declare her best effects to be in you.

## FINIS.

<sup>1</sup> The first and third lines of this stanza, if syllables be counted, are Alexandrines, but they are not so in sound, the last accent falling on the rhyme-syllable, -bil-, -vil-. The words are double-rhymes, the penultimate syllable being elided; cf. "magnanimitie," *Great Brittaines Sunnes-set*, st. 11. "Heroick" to be scanned as an iambus, as in the poem from the *Annalia Dubrensia*, stanza 5, p. 109.

<sup>2</sup> "Urania," in whose person the poet is speaking. Cf. stanza 29 (above).

<sup>3</sup> "Lines." The astrological intention of the terms used in this stanza—"fortuniate," "aspects," "effects," etc.—should not be overlooked. Basse hopes that the lines of his poem, like those of a horoscope, may be cast in pleasant places.



### THIS STORY MORALLIZED.



FREIND that heard and not beleeu'd this  
story

(As he might chuse) demands some Allegory.  
Fictions that yeild no morall are (sayd he)

Meere fables, those that doe are Poesie.

I sayd I could not tell.<sup>1</sup> I had it told

As from Vrania I it heard of old ;

Who is most like therof account to make.

And being thereto jntreated : Thus she spake.

Vice, masqu'd in vertuous shew, yeilds morall none ;

But vertue, masqu'd in vanytie, yeilds one.

You may perceiue, This woman's way t'entice

Though wanton seem'd, was without actuall vice :

Which shews, She did all her allurements vse

Her minde to please, not body to abuse.

And there she rightly representeth Minde,<sup>2</sup>

In a terrestriall frame so vnconfin'd

<sup>1</sup> "I sayd I could not tell." Basse has his doubts about the place of Allegory in poetry. Cf. *The Walnut-Tree*, Canto III., stanzas 11, 12.

<sup>2</sup> "Representeth Minde." MS. "represent . . . inde" (worm-

That no adventure dreads herselfe to rayse  
 Vnto celestiaall knowledge : And that's prayse.  
 But when (by freinds) she compas'd hath her ends,  
 As she outstrips, so she neglects, her freinds ;  
 And that's jngratitude : which was her stayne.  
 What action's without blemish that's humane ?  
 A light behaviour may (sometimes) be sound,  
 As in darke frownes lightnes is sometimes found.  
 The youthfull dietyes shew how farre about  
 All other passions & respects is Loue :  
 And in their negligence of heau'enly dutye,  
 The strong enchantments of an earthly beautye,  
 That such seducements hath as into folly  
 Has power (almost) t'infatuate the holy :  
 And he that shun so strong enchantments can  
 Seemes to haue something in him more then man.

The Senate of the Gods declares how hard  
 It is for age to mend what Youth hath mar'd :  
 Yet when of no help humane fancye dreames,  
 How heauenly wisdomes moderates extreames.

To be vnknowne in heauen only teaches  
 The rareness of the minde that thither reaches.  
 And murmuring Fates are those jgnoble spirits  
 That envye those who rise by vent'rous merits.  
 The glistring Chariot of the Moone to climbe  
 Was more her doome then her ambitious crime :

eaten). Collier reads "represents her kinde," which does not agree well with "herselfe" two lines on. Moreover, the passage is simply a repetition of the sentiment of Canto III., 1—

"How great and comprehendles is the Minde !  
 How far, how high (for knowledge) she presumes !

One world containes her not."



Yet with her Mistres there may share<sup>1</sup> some woe  
In seeking more to know then she would shew.

Her too much boldnes there To satisfie<sup>2</sup>  
(If that could be) her curiositie.

Belowe the Moone, All bodyes fullnes finde :  
All jn, and vnder, her fill not one minde ;  
Although she were (as some great wits suppose)  
Another world,<sup>3</sup> but I am none of those.  
Cynthia sets forth a Lady of such strayne  
As is more vertuous then the other vayne ;  
Not only chast, but of a disposition  
So noble as exempt from all suspition :  
Some talke of her Endimion : more deny  
That lewd report ; and one of those am I.

Her changes, her eclipses, her aspects  
In frowning manner, represent th'effects  
Of her owne troubled patience : wherein she  
The only sufferer is, the warned wee.  
Where from her jnfluence succeeds some ill  
To any, 'tis their faults and not her will.  
And where 'tis sayd she favours doth bestow,  
Tis their good natures help to make it so.  
For as the Bee and Spider from one flower  
Honey and poyson sayd are to devoure,

<sup>1</sup> “(She) may share”—ellipsis of pronoun subject, as on p. 311,  
“wanton (it) seem'd.”

<sup>2</sup> “(Was) to satisfie,” etc.

<sup>3</sup> “Another world.” Cf. *Faerie Queene*, Introductory stanzas to  
Book II.—

“What if within the moones fayre shining spheare,  
What if in every other starre unscene,  
Of other worlds he happily should heare ?  
He wonder would much inore : yet such to some appeare.”

Her gifts all prove according to the frame  
 Of those capacities receiue<sup>1</sup> the same.  
 She being jll with jll, and good with good,  
 No harm can doe: and would not if she cou'd.

Herewith my freind was pleas'd ; & did excuse  
 As you (I hope) doe my well meaning Muse,  
 Who doth (though she of amorous dietyes sings  
 And fayned Gods) acknowledge no such things ;<sup>2</sup>  
 But only vse their names to shew the mayne  
 Distance betweene the vertuous and the vayne.  
 Weake eyes that cannot (like the Eagle) brooke  
 The brightnes of the Sun, through lawne must looke,  
 As Indian gold in Christian vse we spend,  
 So we vayne fictions vse to vertuous end ;  
 And being not able heauenly workes t'expresse  
 In their owne greatnes, striue<sup>3</sup> in what is lesse.  
 Through shadowes dim most shines a reall worth,  
 As a darke foyle best sets a diamond forth.

THE END OF THE MORALL.

<sup>1</sup> "Capacities (that) receiue"—ellipse of relative, as in *Ecl.* 7, p. 234, etc.

<sup>2</sup> A profession so needless from a literary point of view, and so exactly parallel to that in *Ecl.* 9, p. 247, suggests that the "Morallizing" of *Urania* was much later work than the poem itself, perhaps by a period of forty years.

<sup>3</sup> "Striue." MS. "striues," which must be a slip, for the subject is "we."



## THE METAMORPHOSIS OF THE WALNUT- TREE OF BOARSTALL.

### INTRODUCTORY.

**T**HE date of this curious poem is approximately fixed by the evident allusion in iii. 6, 7, to the fanatical outrages of the Puritan soldiery. It is probably written after the siege of Boarstall House under Skippon and Fairfax in 1646, and must be written before 1653, when the volume *The Pastorals and other Works* was to be printed. Mr. Collier, in his letter to the *Athenæum* of Nov. 6, 1869, comments on the excessive demand made by the poem upon the reader's imagination—a demand of which Basse is very conscious, cf. ii. 6, 8, 9, 21, 25; iii. 10, 11—but allots it the praise of being very well written, a praise that is certainly its due. The syntax is occasionally loose, but the inversions are fewer and the sense clearer than is often the case in the Eclogues, and the verse has a wonderfully smooth and easy flow. In subject it suffers from the restrictions inevitable in a local poem. Basse undertook it by request, apparently, of Lady Dynham (iii. 9 and 21), and may possibly have been guided to some extent by the painted wainscoting of which he speaks in iii. 9. However unpromising the subject, it was one with which Basse, by his genuine and homely love of country-life, and by his interest in trees and plants, already shown in Eclogues 6 and 9, was peculiarly fitted to deal; and the interest he contrives to give it is a real triumph over its inherent difficulties.

The Argument is as follows: A Raven on one of his visits to Boarstall finds his old friend and coeval, the Walnut-tree, dead, and conceives the idea of collecting other trees to honour him with fitting obsequies. By advice of those to whom he first applies he limits his invitations to the Nut-trees, seeking them at the houses of different relatives of the Boarstall family, at Thame, at Ditton,

and in Sussex or Kent. He secures a Hazel, a Walnut, a Filbert, and a Chestnut. The difficulty of bringing them to the scene of the funeral is lightly overcome by a special exercise of the Muse's skill in music, *i.e.*, of the poetical imagination, which, like Orpheus' harp, uproots the various trees and enables them to travel across the country, the alternative of a barge from Gravesend up to Windsor and the Thame being suggested in one case. On their arrival at Boarstall it is argued that the Oak may also be considered a Nut-tree, and accordingly a giant of that species is invited from the neighbouring Park of Rycote. Two sawyers are then summoned, in the capacity of surgeons, to examine the corpse and ascertain the cause of death. The fine old tree is found to be perfectly sound, and is thereupon sawn up into planks to form a wainscoting for a gallery or private pew in Boarstall Church, while the friendly trees are once more rooted in their proper stations by the power of the Muse.

Boarstall itself is a village about seven miles north-west of Thame, though Basse (i. 18) gives the distance as five. For Lady Penelope Dynham and Boarstall House, see notes, pp. 267 and 320. No trace or tradition of the pew or "gallery select" now remains. The church was rebuilt in 1818 on the foundation of the original structure. The poem is announced as written "In an Eglogue and 3 Canto's betweene Jasper and Jefferye," *i.e.*, the story is divided into three parts and set in a pastoral frame, as being related by one shepherd to another. A somewhat superfluous allegorical interpretation or "morallizing" of it is found near the close (iii. 11-19), which gives the poet opportunity to renew his apology for its inherent improbability. The metre throughout is Chaucer's stanza, or rhyme royal, used also in the *Apologie to Clio*, p. 172.



THE METAMORPHOSIS OF  
THE WALLNUT-TREE OF  
BORESTALL.





THE METAMORPHOSIS OF THE WALL-  
NUT-TREE OF BORESTALL.

IN AN EGLOGUE AND 3 CANTO'S  
BETWEENE IASPER & IEFFERYE.



IASPER a Swayne vpon the Cotswold hill,<sup>1</sup>  
And Ieffrey, Shepheard on the banks of  
Thame,  
Together met (as sometimes Shepheards  
will),

Iasper, who of a tale had heard the fame  
That Iefferye told, desires to heare the same,  
Which gentle Iefferye, easily entreated,  
(At the desire of Iasper) thus repeated.

<sup>1</sup> "Cotswold." "Jasper" may represent some Gloucestershire acquaintance made on the occasion of the Dover Sports (see p. 105); or it may be Clement Barksdale, author of a volume of poems entitled *Nympha Libetbris: or the Cotswold Muse*, who was born in 1609 at Winchcombe, ten miles south-west of Chipping Campden, was educated at Abingdon and Merton College, was made chaplain of Lincoln College in 1637, taught a private school near Hawling in his native county during the Protectorate, and at the Restoration got the living of Naunton hard by. He was not one of the writers in the *Annalia Dubrensis*, nor have his poems any reference to the sports.



## CANTO I.

**W**HO has not heard, How many ages since  
The famous Nigel slew the savage Boare  
That did the Countrey spoyle, and by his  
Prince

Full worthily rewarded was therefore <sup>1</sup>  
With lands, and woods, & Forrest-walkes good store,  
Wherein he built vpon the Monsters stall  
A Mansion fayre, w<sup>ch</sup> by that name we call.

2.

Of all the trees that yeilded foode or fruite  
The horrid hog did kill, supplant, or gnaw  
One only Wall-nut, then a tender Shute,  
The fortune had to scape his cruell jaw  
Which when the good & valorous Champion saw  
Within his Castle wall, jn carefull sort,  
He fenc'd it round in midst of all his Court.

<sup>1</sup> "Nigel . . . his Prince . . .," etc. I have been unable to verify the legend here alluded to, but as the Raven is said in stanza 3 to be "much about that age," *i.e.*, 300 years old (st. 9), and the Walnut-tree is represented as "then a slender shute," it throws back the story to about 1350, in the reign of Edward III. Boarstall House passed with a female heir (in the second generation after Sir John Dynham) into the family of William Lewis of Glamorganshire. It is now a ruin, a massive gateway with apartments above it and embattled turrets at the corners alone remaining.



## 3.

A Raven much about that age<sup>1</sup> (as me  
 My Muse informes) who oft had broke his fast  
 In the greene lofts of this jmproued Tree,  
 Coming of late in hope of like repast,  
 Findeing his host had now expir'd his last,<sup>2</sup>  
 From his deepe throate he fetch'd a sigh so loud  
 As wak'd an Eccho in th'ore-whelming Cloud.<sup>3</sup>

## 4.

Towards the neighbouring woods in hast he flies,  
 Where findeing first the Frith (or such a name)<sup>4</sup>  
 He to the Trees reports with weeping eyes  
 Of their old freinds decease the dolefull fame,  
 And that no course was taken (was a shame)  
 To doe him his last rites, who was a Tree  
 Of so great fruits and such antiquitie.

## 5.

They flourishing in greene & youthfull pride  
 Relish no newes that fate or death might send,

<sup>1</sup> "A Raven much about that age," *i.e.*, about the same age as the tree. In stanza 9 this "annosa cornix" gives his age as 300.

<sup>2</sup> "Expir'd his last"—in the literal sense, "breathed his last." Cf. *Great Brittaines Sunnes-set*, stanza 14, p. 96.

<sup>3</sup> "Th'ore-whelming Cloud." In this expression, noticeable for its air of Dryden and the later eighteenth century poets, Basse is perhaps recalling Virg., *Georg.*, i. 388, "Tum cornix plena pluviam vocat improba voce."

<sup>4</sup> "The Frith (or such a name)." Cf. Canto ii. 8, "Out of the Fryth to call The Hazle." Basse's phrase implies that he considered it a local name merely; but Prof. Skeat quotes a use of it in Laurence Minot's *Polit. Songs*, "In town, in feld, in frith and fen;" also by Layamon in sense of "enclosure," "park," "wood;" by Drayton (*Polyolbion*, Song 17), "Both in the tufty frith and in the mossy fell"—and cf. Chapel-le-Frith in Derbyshire.

And doubting (as may seeme) he poorely dyed,  
 Who in his life so liberally did spend  
 His state, that little left was for his end,  
     Excus'd themselues, as being a generation  
     That to his bloud, or stock, had no relation.

## 6.

But yet advis'd the Raven to repaire  
 To all the Nut-trees, which (they thought) he knew,  
 Who being of his kindred, would take care  
 For his last rites, to his deserued due.  
 Which Councill he doth instantly pursue,  
     And in those Woods, he first & quickly findes  
     The Hazle, whom he of this bus'ines mindes.

## 7.

This was an honest Tree, but weake and poore  
 With charge of children great, that by him stooke,<sup>1</sup>  
 Yet one that had in lib'rall deeds done more  
 Then some of them that bore a higher looke;  
 Yet at few wordes he gently vndertooke  
     In this so freindly office to be one,  
     So more would joyne; he was too meane alone.

## 8.

I haue not (sayes the Raven) eaten all  
 My meate, or mast, in this my natiue land  
 But where I saw the Iordan Almonds fall  
 As thicke vpon their famous Rivers sand  
 As yours doe here to Autumnes shakeing hand,  
     And where the odorous Nutmegs<sup>2</sup> cheaper may  
     Be bought by th' peck, then by the pound we pay.

<sup>1</sup> "Stooke," "stuck," as "strooke" (above) for "struck."

<sup>2</sup> "Nutmegs"—natives exclusively of the tropics of India and America, especially the former.

## 9.

But being now three hundred yeares of age  
 (A time enough, if euer, to be wise)  
 I dare not my decaying wings engage  
 So farre abroad to seeke out your allies ;  
 To those that this fayre Island doth comprise  
     Herein to ioyne with you, I shall not fayle  
     My best perswasion, if that may prevaile.

## 10.

This sayd, The sable herauld tooke his leaue,  
 And pond'ring well th'affayre he went about  
 In his old brayne, he sagely did conceiue  
 He must not only finde the Nut-trees out  
 But at such houses where he made no doubt  
     The Lords & Ladyes were great freinds vnto  
     The Ladye at whose house the Wall-nut grew.<sup>1</sup>

## 11.

And thus conceited The first flight he flew  
 Was to the great & auncient house of Thame,<sup>2</sup>  
 Where stood another Wall-nut tree he knew  
 Of a fayre growth, and of a fruitfull fame,  
 To whom, full sadly, he reports the same  
     That to the Hazle he had done before,  
     And doth his help and presence both jmplore.

## 12.

Whereat the gentle tree let fall a dew  
 Of yellow teares from his jndulgent eyes,

<sup>1</sup> *i.e.*, Lady Penelope Dynham.

<sup>2</sup> "House of Thame," the seat of the Wenmans; Viscount Wenman, who died 1640, being Lady Penelope's father.

But vp his stayres the messenger did shew  
 Where he should finde a welcome to suffice  
 His appetite : The while he would advise  
     Some course to take, or <sup>1</sup> to excuse this taske,  
 Which did no small consideration aske.

## 13.

And when he had in his sound head revolu'd  
 The nature of the cause (and th'other fed)  
 He told him thus : My freind, I am resolu'd,  
 Although from hence I haue not travelled  
 These fifty yeares, yet for his sake that's dead  
     And more his Ladyes, when you next shall call  
 To wait vpon my Cousin's funerall.

## 14.

From hence to Ditton <sup>2</sup> was his second flight  
 Where he remembred, he did oft behold  
 A grove of Filberd trees (a plesant sight)  
 To whom his messuage solemnly he told,  
 And they, as curteous, grant him what he would,  
     And did the ablest of them all elect  
 Ready to goe, when he should so direct.

<sup>1</sup> "Or." Collier reads "for," which is exactly what the context does *not* require. The MS. is blurred, but there is no warrant for the *f*.

<sup>2</sup> "Ditton." Canto iii. 7 shows there was some family connection between the Dynhams and the Berkshire family of Reads. From Collins' *English Baronetage*, vol. iii., pt. i., p. 256, I gather that Anne, fifth daughter of Sir Thomas Read, whose grandfather was living in 1575, married Anthony Winwood of Ditton Park, near Colebroke, Bucks.

## 15.

On his sad wings, with sweet encouragement  
 Thus strongly ymp'd,<sup>1</sup> The mourning Post now bound  
 Is for the wildes of Sussex or of Kent,  
 (I know not which), and there vpon the ground  
 Of noble Delawar, or Wootton,<sup>2</sup> found  
 A Chestnut tree, to whom (as to the rest)  
 He telles the newes and makes the same request.

## 16.

The kinde Castanean thus did answer make;  
 I much condole (good freind) the newes I heare,  
 And for mine old deceased kindreds sake,  
 And more his Ladyes, I would fayne be there;  
 But being now aboue fourescore, I feare  
 My corps two fadoms<sup>3</sup> round, and lazie roote,  
 Will neuer hold to walke so far afoote.

<sup>1</sup> "Ymp'd." "Ympe" or "impe" is a graft, scion, or offspring, from which is formed the word "ympen," to graft. Here of general strengthening or encouragement.

<sup>2</sup> "Sussex . . . Wootton." Canto ii. 5 specifies Sussex more particularly. Lady Penelope's grandmother was Jane, daughter of William West, Lord Delawarr. The old connection of the Delawarrs with the barony of Buckhurst in Sussex was recalled by the creation in 1865 of Elizabeth, Countess Delawarr, Baroness of Buckhurst with remainder to her second son, the Hon. Reginald Windsor *Sackville-West* (Nichols' *Herald and Genealogist*, vol. ii., p. 547). The Wottons were a very old Kent family, whose seat was at Boughton or Bocton Malherbe. Walton, in his life of Sir Henry Wotton, Basse's contemporary, mentions a Sir Nicholas Wotton of Richard II.'s time. In Collins' *Baronetage* (1741), vol. iii., pt. i., p. 257, there is mention of a marriage between one of the Reads and Sir Edward Wotton, who was Sir Henry's grandfather.

<sup>3</sup> "Fadoms." Cf. *Elegie* II., p. 53, "Three graceful fadams twisted all in one," of three girls' arms intertwined. Chaucer has "fadome" for "fathoms."

## 17.

(For horse) a Camell will not carry me,  
 Or had I one that could, I could not ride ;  
 And in a waggon, if your high wayes be  
 Like those of ours, I neuer shall abide.  
 Sir (sayes the Raven) take the Grauesend tide  
 Where you shall finde a Barge to bring vp you  
 To London first, and thence to Windsor too.

## 18.

For I at Ditton (which to that is neere)  
 The Filberd tree already haue bespake,  
 And he (more young) shall wait vpon you there  
 (His loue assures me so to vndertake),  
 And thence to Thame the next dayes journey make,  
 To call the Wallnut, whom you shall arrive  
 At fifteene miles, & then to Borestall fwe.

## 19.

But (sayes the Chestnut) when must be the day  
 Wheron we should this last good office doe,  
 That (sayes the Raven) you must name, say they,  
 Out of their fayre & kinde respects to you  
 That haue the longest journey thervnto,  
 They far more neare,<sup>1</sup> their tyme on yours attends,  
 Trust me (sayd he) 'tis sayd like noble freinds.

## 20.

This day (sayd he) is Tuesday, Mars his day,  
 By whose great helpe, or greater power, I shall  
 On Monday next, at Windsor (as you say)  
 The Filberd meete, that he and I may call  
 The Wallnut tree at Thame, and thence be all

<sup>1</sup> "They (being) far more near," nom. abs.

At Borestall vpon Wednesday by night,  
On Thursday to attend the funerall right.

## 21.

This sayd, to bid the messenger farewell,  
With rare respect he shooke him by the hand  
With such a force, as from his sholders fell  
A bayte of Nuts that cover'd all the land  
That did within his large circumference stand :  
    And some the Raven tooke, and might as many  
    As laden would his horse, had he had any.

## 22.

And so the black jndustrious Post retourning  
First to the Filberd, in his place, declares  
The Chestnuts resolution for this mourning,  
And for the promis'd meeting him prepares :  
Then to the Wallnut seconds these affayres,  
    And lastly to the Hazle makes relation  
    Of all, to keepe awake his expectation.

## 23.

Thus feare I (Iasper) I haue been too long,  
Yet hitherto my service but prepar'd :

*Iasper*

That is (jndeede) thy comon fault of song,<sup>1</sup>  
But yet goe on (good Iefferye) : better heard  
Were story none at all, then halfe declar'd ;  
    And of the two, it is the lesse offence  
    To weary, then deceiue, the hearing sence.

<sup>1</sup> This may be a piece of genuine self-criticism on the poet's part, or the opinion of some real friend, "Jasper" or another. In either case it is scarcely that which the reader would have passed ; prolixity is hardly his chief defect, if his at all.



## CANTO II.

*Jefferey*



MUSE (like this) of great and good desires  
Though litle power (and pittie 'twas no  
more),  
To whom Calliope had lent some wires,  
Wherof her owne Son's wond'rous harpe had store,  
Whose bow'er was to the Walnut tree next dore,<sup>1</sup>  
Which gaue to her occasion euery day  
By him to passe, and him now thus to say.

2.

As long (rare Nymph) as you & I haue dwelt  
So neere this auncient noble house of Thame,  
My old vnhappy eare hath neuer felt  
Your wondrous notes, but only in their fame:  
Whereat the gentle Pegasean dame  
Her Harpe into her softe embraces tooke,  
And clangour sweete on silver sinewes strooke.

<sup>1</sup> "A Muse (like this) . . . next dore." The Muse here spoken of is Basse's own. She is represented as living "next dore to the Walnut tree (the living walnut-tree of Thame, not the dead one of Boarstall)," *i.e.*, at Moreton, Basse's home. This Muse of his, which in other poems he has identified with Clio, with Urania, or with Polyhymnia, he here with much appropriateness identifies with Calliope, the mother of Orpheus, whose wondrous harping is said to have had similar effects on trees to those here recorded.



## - 3.

And now, As when a lowe'ring Candlemas  
 Bodes future smileing winter for that yeare,  
 Th'vnmanag'd horse curvet's on his owne grasse,  
 Th'amazed oxen, the quick-senced deare,  
 And staring weathers friscall<sup>1</sup> here and there,  
 And Shepheards (but for joy) might stand amaz'd  
 To see their cattle dancing where they graz'd :

## 4.

The Wallnut tree so ravish'd with the charmes  
 Proceeding from these mystique ayres of hers  
 That diue<sup>2</sup> his darke foundation, spreads his armes,  
 His curled corpes and crisped shoulders stirs,  
 And teares his russet bootes and crooked spurres  
 Out of the dungeon of their earthly layre,  
 Into the lightsome freedome of the ayre.

## 5.

Which done, He stood and told his neighbour all  
 The story of the buis'nes now in hand :  
 His Cousins death, his wanted funerall,  
 The Raven's newes, and travells o're the land  
 To Ditton-parke, and Sussex farre beyond,  
 The day appointed : and desir'd therein  
 That further helpe, which she did thus begin.<sup>3</sup>

<sup>1</sup> "Friscall." Nares gives "friscol," sb., "a curvet."

<sup>2</sup> "Diue (into) his," etc. Cf. Canto iii. 8, "Cure the sore thou dost complayn (of)," and in the Eclogues the use of "arrive (at)" and "aspire (to)." The process of uprooting next described is of course preparatory to the journey to Boarstall.

<sup>3</sup> *i.e.*, that the Muse would work the same magic effects on the other trees.

## 6.

The Lady, that as promptly vnderstood  
 As he could tell, the course of all these things,  
 (Being apt for vertuous ends & actions good)  
 To her white shoulders fix'd her azure wings  
 And tooke her flight, & with her powerfull strings  
     That this had done, with those<sup>1</sup> did so prevaile  
 The meeting did not the day pointed fayle.

## 7.

Th'expected freinds arriu'd: No westerne winde  
 Did euer bow the courteous Wallnut tree  
 So lowe, as with his owne embraces kinde  
 He now salutes his Nephewes to the knee:  
 And on his bed, and entertaynment free  
     Of his provision, well refresh'd this night  
 Their wearied limbes and sharpen'd appetite.

## 8.

Then through the Towne that stands on flowing Thame,  
 And o're his bridge, they did next morning goe,  
 The Wallnut leading way (who knew the same)  
 So early, that but few could see or know,  
 More then the Muse who would not leaue them so  
     But with them went, out of the Fryth<sup>2</sup> to call  
 The Hazle last; and then to Borestall all.

## 9.

The Camell once from Ethiopia brought,  
 And Dromedaryes of th'Arabian sands,

<sup>1</sup> "With those," *i.e.*, with the other nut-trees at Ditton and in Sussex. The Muse's "flight" is in reality one and the same with her music. Her employment to assist the action constitutes Basse's apology for the violation of the probable involved in the story.

<sup>2</sup> "Fryth." See note on Canto i. 4, p. 321.

The sight wherof we haue for money bought,  
 Were not so strange as these that our owne lands  
 Affoarded haue thus (gratis) to our hands,  
 Wherof some few behelders scarsly well  
 Whether their eyes did dreame, or wake, could tell.

## 10.

But now it did a second sorrow ad  
 In cause so great, to finde themselues so few.  
 The more Companions in a fortune sad,  
 The easelier beare the burthen of the woe.  
 They of the Raven then desir'd to know  
 If he (in all his travells) knew no more  
 Nut-trees throughout this Iland, but them foure.

## 11.

Whereto he made this answer : I know none  
 More then your selues, vnles I should haue spoke  
 Vnto the Beech, in Chilterne, to be one  
 Or to this meeting mov'd the stately Oake ;  
 And how much cloth makes each of them a cloke  
 Judge you (jf you in mourning meane to be)  
 I cannot tell : My blacks were giuen me.

## 12.

Hereat amongst them first grew some dispute  
 Whether the Beech with Nut-trees might be plac'd,  
 And though some sayd he bore a Nut-like fruite,  
 Most voyces held 'twas but a kinde of Mast,  
 So he was none, they all conclude at last.  
 But then there did a second question growe  
 Whether the Oake a Nut-tree were or no.

## 13.

The Raven with the Oake-tree far in loue  
 For old acquaintance & much kindnesse sake  
 The Oake a Nut-tree vndertakes to proue  
 Else, false (sayd he) they did the Riddle make.  
 They ask'd him, what was that? w<sup>ch</sup> thus he spake :  
     What tree is that that in the forrest growes  
     And is house, land, meate, medcine, drinke, & clothes?

## 14.

'Twas answer'd Tis the Oake : and that begot  
 These questions more, jf that were true or not.

How is he house? Because the Raven's dwelling,  
 And for all buildings tymber most excelleng.

How is he Land? Because his shade preserues  
 From scorching heate the soyle that, naked, sterues.<sup>1</sup>

How is he Meate? Because for want of bread,  
 In dolefull dearth, some on his fruites haue fed.

How is he Drinke? Because the freindly winde  
 Shakes his sweete dewes downe to the thirsty Hinde.

How is he Medcine? 'Cause the sickly body  
 His dyet-drinke makes with his Polipody.<sup>2</sup>

How is he Clothes? 'Cause best of them for weather  
 With Oaken barke are made ; and that's the Leather.<sup>3</sup>

<sup>1</sup> "Sterues." M.E. steruen = "die," our "starve."

<sup>2</sup> "Polipody," a small fern epiphytic on the bark of trees.

<sup>3</sup> The bark of the oak is that always used for tanning.

## 15.

The gentle Trees approuing these good parts,  
 Confess'd they all the Oake a Nut-tree thought,  
 And told the Raven, They with all their hearts  
 Desir'd his presence Jf he might be brought :  
 He answer'd, That might possibly be wrought  
     With Muses helpe ; whereto shee soone consents,  
     All motions good are Muses elements.

## 16.

Soe leaucing them one night, more to renew  
 Their spirits spent in trauell, and in woe,  
 The Muse and Raven both together flew  
 Abroade, to seeke the fayrest Oake they know,  
 And findeing him that doth at Ricot<sup>1</sup> grow  
     They made a stand, while thus the Raven spoke :  
     To you are we adres'd (Renowned Oake):

## 17.

The Wallnut-tree of Borestall dead of late,  
 His freinds are all assembled there but you,  
 His latest rites, in some fayre forme of state  
 According to his fayre deserts to doe ;  
 And sent vs to invite you<sup>2</sup> therevnto,

<sup>1</sup> "Ricot." Rycote, about two miles south-west of Thame, is mentioned in Leland as belonging to the Quatremains, and in Fuller's *Worthies* as the chief seat of the Norreys, from whom it passed to the Berties by marriage of Montagu Bertie (second Earl of Lindsey, and father of James Bertie, first Earl of Abingdon) with Bridget, Baroness Norreys, the lady to whom Basse dedicated his *Polyhymnia*. (See note introductory to that collection, p. 140.) For the connection between the Norreys and Wenmans, see Genealogical Table, p. 143. The house at Rycote was burnt in 1747. An ancient stone chapel of St. Michael and All Angels was used as a mausoleum of the Norreys and Bertie families. See *Introd.*, p. xvi, note.

<sup>2</sup> "You." MS., by error, "vs."

If your great age may ioyne in such remoue  
With your well knowne respect, and Noble loue.

18.

Sad as thy habit, Raven (sayes the Tree)  
Is thy report, yet sweete is thy request,  
Though somthing strange & difficult to me,  
That for so noble freinds would doe my best,  
And for thee too, who art the ancient Crest  
To th'Ensignes of this noble House, wherby  
Thou summon'st me with double heraldry.

19.

But by what magique I, that here haue stood  
Foure hundred yeares (thou know'st how truly spoke)  
Can nowe remoue, think'st thou? or, if I cou'd,  
Where canst thou ease'ly finde so many yoke  
Of Oxen, as from hence can draw an Oake  
Whose spreading talons comprehend this hill,  
And body would sixe gyants girdles fill?

20.

Wherfore (my old contemporist and freind)  
First climbe my storyes to thy wonted feast,  
And then vpon those noble freinds attend  
Full laden with my service, in thy best  
And sagest language, there to be expres'd  
In his behalfe whose heart here shares the woe,  
And twice a mourner, that he cannot goe.

21.

Of his braue compasse, and his like desires,  
The Muse advantage takes, and downe she sits,  
Her yellow Harpe, set with Orphean wires,  
With ribbands to her jvory bosome knits,

And from her Thespian fingers ends some fits<sup>1</sup>  
 Of such enchanting melody she strooke  
 As from his locks a hayle of Acornes shooke.

## 22.

And now, Like as, when Æolus vnlocks  
 The Thracian Caues and into euery place  
 Let[s] loose his roeing sonnes, the Cedar rocks  
 And loftie Pines the lowly Shrubs embrace ;  
 So now he rouzes (but in differing case)  
 His curled trunke, brode armes, & spacious feete,  
 Not mou'd with windes, but Musiques power more  
 sweete.

## 23.

Which, joynd with his affection, did so please  
 His sollid heart and vegetatiue bloud,  
 He ravish'd was that on such suddaine ease  
 He on the brest of his foundation stood :<sup>2</sup>  
 Fayre meanes best moue a disposition good ;  
 And Musique ioynd with loue performes a deede  
 That seem'd a hundred pioners to neede.

## 24.

By his Inviters conduct and their ayd  
 He lifts his resty<sup>3</sup> heeles, and forward set

<sup>1</sup> "Fits." Prof. Skeat gives "A.S. fit, a song or a struggle, and in M.E. = 'part of a poem,' 'a burst of song,' Chauc., *C. T.*, 4228."

<sup>2</sup> "On the brest of his foundation stood," *i.e.*, abreast of, level with—his roots stood level with the surface of the soil beneath which they were just now buried.

<sup>3</sup> "Resty," restive. Cotgrave gives "F. *restif*, restie, stubborn, drawing backward, that will not go forward." A restive horse is properly one that will not move for whipping (Skeat). Cf. "a resty Barbary horse" in Webster's *The White Devil*, iv. 2.

Tow'rds the brode mouth of roeing Thame, affrayd  
 When as the trembling bridge of Ickford<sup>1</sup> swet  
 Vnder his pond'rous steps, and all that met  
     Or saw this huge & wond'rous pilgrim walke,  
     Through the vast country caus'd as vast a talke.

## 25.

The youth of these our tymes, that did behold  
 This motion strange of this vnweildy plant,  
 Now boldly brag with vs, that are more old,  
 That of our age they no advantage want,  
 Though in our youths we saw the Elephant,<sup>2</sup>  
     And hee's no novice that did neuer see  
     The Lyons, if he saw this walking tree.

## [26.]

Bright Phœbus by his sister seconded  
 (Two gracious freinds to euery fayre intent)  
 By both their lights him thus to Borestall led,  
 Where meeting all those freinds, This night was spent  
 (You may be sure) in courteous compliment,  
     And sage discourse vpon the next dayes cause,  
     Which now (till then) giues me like breath to pawse.

<sup>1</sup> "Ickford," a village four miles north-west of Thame on the border of Oxfordshire, from which the river Thame separates it.

<sup>2</sup> "The Elephant." This and the 9th stanza (above) are interesting as evidence of the date when these animals began to be seen in England. The East India Company had been established by a charter of Elizabeth dated Dec. 31st, 1600.





### CANTO III.

**T**HE Mornings Queene, to every studious minde  
A gentle freind,<sup>1</sup> sollicit now the Trees  
To put on mourning robes : but where to  
finde

(Vpon this suddaine), suiting their degrees,  
Habits enough for such solemnities,

Was now a second care ; wherein t'attend  
Vppon the hearse of their deceased freind.

2.

The Muse, no lesse to dolours then delights  
(So true be both) a freind and servant true,  
Informes the Trees that of all funerall rites  
The Cypresse was the queene ; & that she knew  
Where one hard by her Laurell mansion grew,  
Where (if they pleas'd) she did not doubt to borrow  
For every one a garland for this sorrow.

3.

The Muses motion they all much commend,  
But answer made, They all were first agreed  
To haue the body opened ; To which end

<sup>1</sup> "The Mornings Queene," etc., *i.e.*, Aurora, or the *early* morning hours.

They sent the freindly Raven with all speed  
 To finde two rare Chirurgeons for this deed :  
 But he that word mistakeing (as is thought)  
 In stead of Surgeons two, two Sawyers brought.

## 4.

But they (now come) vpon their scaffold layd  
 The naked cors, and therevnto applyed  
 Th'indented razour, and by mutuall ayd  
 Of eithers hands th'anatomy divide ;  
 Wherein the mourning standers-by descryed  
 No blemishes of age, nor surfeit found,  
 But heart & all intestines fayre & sound.

## 5.

And then, To see<sup>1</sup> the ample forrest downe  
 That flourish'd had so many hundred yeare,  
 The Castle batter'd, and the neighbour-towne  
 And all that stood about him ruin'd were,  
 They all conclude, That either greife or feare  
 Were of the Wallnut's death th'occasion cheife.  
 And what more fatall is then feare or greife ?

## 6.

But oh, what things't thou, Iasper ? If a Tree  
 For want of neighbours, mates or freinds can dye,  
 Of what more wooden stupid molde are wee  
 That into teares dissolue not, thou and I,  
 To see the Church, the Sanctuary, lye  
 As flat as when our ancestors devoute  
 Measur'd her ancient scituation out !

<sup>1</sup> "To see," etc. From "to see . . . and (how) all . . . ruin'd were," follows in construction the word "greife" (line 5), of which it is epexegetic.

7.

To see (nay, not to see) the Monuments  
 Of noble Nigell<sup>1</sup> now depriu'd our sight,  
 The famous Ensignes of the long discent  
 Of Reade's and Dynham's<sup>2</sup> once in windowes bright,  
 Almost all dash'd into Obliuions night,  
     But that when glasse & marble both expire  
     Fame's endles life is subiect to no fire.

*Jasper* 8.

Sad story (Ieff:) but comfort take, Though downe  
 The Chappell be,<sup>3</sup> it may be built againe  
 And (as thou say'st) To infinite renowne  
 All finite earthly gloryes are but vayne:  
 So dost thou cure the sore thou dost complayne:  
     All liues, to life eternall, moments be.  
     And what becomes then of the Wallnut-tree?

*Jefferye* 9.

The freinds gaue order to the men that wrought,  
 His body sound in Wainscot to dissect,  
 And then the Lady of the place<sup>4</sup> besought  
 Therewith to trim some gallery select,  
 And cause his limbes with pictures to be dect

<sup>1</sup> "Noble Nigell." See Canto i. 1, and note, p. 320.

<sup>2</sup> "Reades and Dynhams." I find mention of Reads in Berks, in Herts, and in Oxon, but no precise information as to their connection with the Dynhams.

<sup>3</sup> "Though downe The Chappell be." Apparently the wainscoting described in the following stanza was contained in the church or chapel here mentioned as destroyed in the Civil War. The demise of the Walnut-tree may have occurred long before the poem was written.

<sup>4</sup> "The Lady of the place." Lady Penelope Dynham, as in i. 10.

Of the Nut-trees, the Raven, and the Muse,  
Who did their parts herein so freindly vse.

## 10.

Which graunted was : And with no wonder more  
But Muses still continued loue and power,  
The Trees were plac'd againe as heretofore :  
For though we may be jealous euery houre  
Of things that chance, or time, or theft, deuoure,  
To marke, or minde, or misse, we neuer vse  
The things we thinke vnpossible to loose.<sup>1</sup>

*Jasper* 11.

Jeffe'ry, you haue a precious story sayd ;  
As strange as when the Rocks & Cedars tall  
Did dance when Orpheus and Amphion playd :  
But sure those fictions had true meanings all,  
And therefore to accompt I must you call  
To yeild some Morall meaning of your story ;  
Your story else will yeild you litle glory.

*Jeffery* 12.

Though (fellow Iasper) those that wiser be  
Then thou and I, well satisfied remaine,<sup>2</sup>  
And though my tale has wearyed them and me  
(As well it may), I'll take a litle payne  
(At thy request) my story to explaine.  
He either wrongs or merits not his Muse  
Who, with her words, her meaneing fayles to vse.

<sup>1</sup> The last four lines of the stanza are inserted as an explanation why the trees were not missed during their absence at the funeral.

<sup>2</sup> Cf. note on the "morallizing" of *Urania*, p. 311.

## 13.

In this so old and fruitfull Walnut-tree  
 That flourish'd many ages and good dayes  
 In fruite so plesant, Moralliz'd is he  
 Who spends in fruitfull, free, and noble wayes  
 His precious tyme. And he that tells the prayse  
 And wayles the death of one that was so good,  
 Is in the gratefull Raven vnderstood.

## 14.

The gallants of the groues, Th'Elme long & lazie,  
 The wauering Aspe, the Popler as vnstable,  
 The hungry Maple, brittle Ash and crazie,  
 The gosling Sallow, and the Boxe vnable,  
 Vayne Willow, and the like jnumerable,  
 A sort<sup>1</sup> that yeild no fruite but proud neglect:  
 Who would no kindnesse shew, can none expect.

## 15.

The Nut-trees are the true and noble freinds,  
 Which are in all (thou mayst obserue) but fiew,  
 To shew how many liue to their owne ends,  
 And to doe others good how few that striue:  
 The Muse's charmes, Sweate motions that enliue  
 All good affections, teaching payne to please,  
 Make wonder feizable,<sup>2</sup> and labour, ease.

## 16.

Braue Hercules (they say) made cleane a Stable  
 Wherein three thousand sordid beasts had layne;

<sup>1</sup> "(Are) a sort," etc., or else "are" is understood after "groues" in the first line.

<sup>2</sup> "Feizable," "*faisable*, feasible, doable" (Cotgrave), and found in Massinger's *Emperor of the East*, i. 2, 76 (Skeat).

And proud Egeus (though a prince well able)  
 Basely denyed the wages for his payne.  
 If this be fable, yet the meanings playne :  
     Though trifles did a mind jgnoble sway,  
     No rubbs could stand in an heroicall way.<sup>1</sup>

## 17.

I haue once heard (and thinke it not vntrue)  
 That since our dayes a great man of this land  
 Remou'd a groue of ancient trees (that grew  
 Obscurely) in a plesant place to stand.  
 Great force has wisdomē ioyn'd with willing hand :  
     And what seemes hard to sloth & comon sence,  
     Oft yeilds to strong desire and diligence.

## 18.

But that thou mayst no further question aske,  
 When proud and lazie negligence, jnclin'd  
 To no good act, will vndergoe no taske  
 Of worthy consequence ; A noble minde  
 (Though it a world of difficulty finde)  
     To doe a vertuous deede through all will run :  
     Best honors are with hardest labours won.

## 19.

All breifly thus (my Iasper) I conclude ;  
 Morall'd is Bounty in the Wallnut-tree,  
 In the jndustrious Raven, Gratitude,  
 In the fiue Nut-trees, freindly Charitie,  
 And in the Muses wond'rous Melodie,

<sup>1</sup> This and the two following stanzas form a fresh apology for the improbability of the story, which stanza 21 informs us was undertaken "for greater friends," *i.e.*, probably at the request of Lady Penelope herself.

The Mindes diuine encouragements to moue  
Her earthly Mate to all good works of Loue.

20.

So (brother Swayne) I hope you vnderstand  
I to my tale my morall haue expres'd.

*Jasper*

Thou hast (indeed): And therefore at my hand  
Here take a kidskin, in his furre well dres'd  
To keepe from cold thy old & honest brest.  
For now the blinking twylight on me calls  
To leade my cattell to their wonted stalls.

*Jefferye* 21.

I doe comend thee, that (though poore) art free ;  
And take thy will for guift, but guift not take,  
Vnles thou wilt a lambe-skin take from me.  
I haue not done this only for thy sake,  
But greater freinds. But (as thou well hast spake)  
Our freindly Starre warnes vs from falling dewes  
In hazle castles now to fence our ewes.

THE END.



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