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THE  
POETICAL WORKS  
OF  
SIR WILLIAM ALEXANDER,  
*EARL OF STIRLING, &c.*

NOW FIRST COLLECTED AND EDITED,  
*WITH MEMOIR AND NOTES.*



*IN THREE VOLUMES.*

VOL. I.

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*PREFACE.*

IN issuing this, the first volume of a collected edition of the Poems of Sir William Alexander, the Editor has to apologize for the delay which has taken place in the publication of the work. The task of collecting for the first time, and editing the works of an old and neglected poet, is no easy one, especially when, as in the present instance, so many collations required to be made. The completion of the work will, however, be given to the public with all speed compatible with careful collation and careful editing.

As will be seen, the text of the present volume has been given from the latest editions published during the Author's lifetime, all of which bear evident marks of the most careful supervision on his part, and the variations given in the foot-notes are the most important in the earlier editions. In one or two instances, a few typographical errors have been corrected in the later text (after due comparison with the earlier), but this correction was rarely necessary.

In the volume here issued, the Editor has the privilege of placing before the lovers of our old poetry the "Aurora," and the "Elegie on Prince Henrie," two of the rarest pieces of the Author.

In conclusion, the Editor has to return his best thanks to David Laing, Esq., LL.D., the Rev. Charles Rogers, LL.D., and other gentlemen, for hints and information received during the course of the volume through the press.

GLASGOW, *October*, 1870.



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## INTRODUCTORY MEMOIR.

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WHILE the Elizabethan age of literature in England was in the height of its power, literature in Scotland had sunk to the lowest depths of puerility. While the court was in Scotland, the petty squabbles between the king and the clergy, and the ambitions and jealousies of the nobles, kept the people in a condition of the greatest distress, and the country on the verge of civil war. The whole learning and talent of Scotland was enlisted in theological controversies, or engaged in furthering the objects of some powerful patron. In this state of things, poetry could not thrive, and the nation seemed content with a faint remembrance of the Makars of the reigns of Jameses IV. and V. In 1603, when the court removed to London, the domestic condition of Scotland was not improved; the kirk still continued its controversies, more bitterly even than before, while the nobility had too many new schemes of practical aggrandizement to pursue, to care to patronize or cultivate the pleasures of fancy. Charles I. proved no greater begetter than the "British Solomon" his father. England, during his reign, naturally retained and followed the impetus it had

already received, while Scotland fell more hopelessly behind.

There are two exceptions to this, in William Drummond of Hawthornden, and Sir William Alexander; but their genius was cultured more by foreign and ancient models than by the writers who had preceded them in the literature of their country, while their language was purely that of their contemporary English brethren.\* Drummond has long been considered one of the classical poets, and his works have frequently been presented to the public; but the writings of Alexander, even more popular in their day, have since been totally neglected. Whether this be just or no, the reader has now sufficient evidence before him to form an opinion. Since the author issued his collected works, under the title of *Recreations with the Muses*, in 1637, his poems (and that only a part) have only once been reprinted, if we except their disinterment and quiet re-burial in Chalmers's *Collection of English Poets*, 21 volumes, 1810.†

\* Among the other Scottish poets of this period are, James VI., whose works are remembered on account of the position of the author; Sir William Mure of Rowallane, author of several religious pieces, and of an elegant version of the Psalms (which has never yet been printed, though several manuscripts are known to exist), Lithgow the traveller, Sir Thomas Urquhart, Sir Robert Ayton, Murray, and a few others, only serving to make the dreariness more drear.

† Pinkerton (*Ancient Scottish Poems*, London, 1786, vol. i., p. cxxii.) mentions an edition of the *Recreations*, 12mo, 1727; but this edition, if it had an existence, has been seen by no one else.

The family of Alexander of Menstrie is of great antiquity, tracing its descent from Somerled, Lord of the Isles, in the reign of Malcolm IV., through a misty Highland genealogy, to John, Lord of the Isles, who married the Princess Margaret, daughter of King Robert II. Their third son, Alexander, was father of Angus, who founded the family of Macalister of Loup, and of Alexander, who obtained (from the Argyle family) a grant of the lands of Menstrie, in Stirlingshire, and settled there—his descendants assuming his christian name of Alexander as their surname. The fifth in descent from this personage was Alexander Alexander, whose successor was his son William Alexander, the Poet, who was born at Menstrie House, in 1580.\* The house, which is situated on the confines of the two parishes of Logie and Alloa, is still entire, and is a finely preserved specimen of a favourite style of old Scottish mansions. In 1734 it again served to introduce to the world one whose name is entitled to live in the annals of our country, for in that year Sir Ralph Abercromby was born within its walls.

We have no information regarding the schooling of Alexander; except the fact that he was for some time a student at the University of Glasgow.

On leaving college, he travelled on the Continent

\* We have been unable to find the day of his birth. An inquiry in the parish of Logie resulted in finding that none of the old parish registers were there; while in the Register Office, Edinburgh, the earliest register of the parish of Logie in the possession of the Registrar-General is dated 1688.

with Archibald, seventh Earl of Argyle, and in all likelihood went the round of those parts of Europe then in vogue, which comprised the principal cities in Holland, Belgium, France, Italy, and Spain, and the city of Constantinople,\*—thus bringing under the notice of the travellers the different creeds as well as peoples of Europe. It was probably while travelling on the Continent that he composed the greater part of the sonnets afterwards published under the title of "Aurora."

In 1603, we find he had been in Scotland for some time; as in that year he published at Edinburgh the "Tragedy of Darius," the first of the group of Monarchicke Tragedies.

On the 5th of April, 1603, King James VI. set out from Edinburgh to assume the crown of England. He arrived in London on the 7th of May. The majority of the nobility and a large number of gentlemen, principally of the poorer class, accompanied him; and it is a wonder that we do not find Alexander in his train. Menstrie was not far from the royal palace of Stirling; and its owner seems to have been brought early under the notice of the king, probably through his connection with the Argyle family, and to have been favourably regarded by the monarch, probably on account of being a "brither poet." Whatever may have hindered him from accompanying the king in his progress to his new capital, he does not seem to have left Scotland for

\* These are the places of which Howell, in his *Instructions for Forreine Travell*, 1642, principally treats.



a few months after. In 1604, he published in London his "Aurora," the collection of sonnets before alluded to. In the same year he issued his "Parænesis to Prince Henrie," a work which has justly been regarded as the first of his poetical pieces. "It contains," says Park, "many excellent admonitions, and teaches that the happiness of a prince depends on the choice of worthy, disinterested, and public-spirited counsellors. It explains in what manner the lives of eminent men are to be studied to the greatest advantage, exposes the characters of vicious kings, displays the glory of martial achievements, and requires, if the prince should ever make a military expedition, that the author may mix among his armed bands,

' An interested witness in the field,  
And be his Homer when the warres do end.' \*

Soon after the publication of the "Parænesis," he was made one of the gentlemen of the prince's privy chamber, an office which he held till the lamented death of the prince in 1612.

He had, ever since its publication, been revising his "Tragedy of Darius," with a view to its re-issue, and in 1604 (the busiest publishing year of his life) he republished it along with the "Tragedy of Cræsus." In the following year (1605), the "Alexandrian Tragedy" appeared; and in 1607 the group was completed by the publication of "Julius Cæsar," and the publication of the four tragedies in a

\* Park's edition of Walpole's *Royal and Noble Authors*, vol. v., p. 75. 1806.

single volume, under the title of *The Monarchicke Tragedies*.

King James appears to have been delighted with these works, and bestowed on the author the title of "my philosophical poet,"—no small recommendation from a royal poet, whose pieces, being almost wholly void of fancy, are saved the danger of being classed as utter rubbish by the philosophic and scholastic spirit which (so far as it goes) pervades them. It is curious, and may be taken as a mark of the intercourse between them, to notice the similarity which generally characterizes the style of Alexander's poems and those of his royal master. We have the same lack of imagination counterbalanced by the insertion (but, in the royal poet, in a far less degree of worth) of moral sentences, and the same tedious, unenlivened writing throughout.

On the death of Prince Henry in 1612, he published at Edinburgh, in the same year, an "Elegie on the Death of the Prince," a work which was probably written hurriedly, for it is amongst the least readable of all his shorter poems, and was in all probability penned to gratify the king, who, of course, would expect his favourite contemporary poet to invoke the muse on the occasion. Stirling himself does not seem to have been greatly pleased with it, as, with the exception of an edition in the following year, he never afterwards reprinted it.

In July, 1613, after the death of Prince Henry, he was appointed one of the gentlemen ushers to Prince Charles. In the following year he published his

poem of "Doomsday, or the Great Day of the Lord's Judgement," probably considered by him as his *magnum opus*. This, like the whole of Alexander's works which were reprinted during his lifetime, was afterwards considerably altered and enlarged. On none of his works have so many different criticisms been passed as on this, the length and dreariness of the subject probably deterring the critics of our Elizabethan literature from reading it through. Dr. Irving has given the best, and in our opinion the most just, criticism of the work. He says, "It may easily be imagined that the noble author does not strictly confine himself to his professed subject, as he has not merely considered the day of judgement, but likewise the motives and the actions which are then to affect the destiny of the human race; he has found occasion to introduce an immense variety of characters, allusions, and details, borrowed from sacred and profane history. We cannot but admit that he has evinced a singular degree of perseverance; nor is this the only commendation to which he is entitled: his varied knowledge, his power of reflection, and his vigour of intellect, are on many occasions conspicuously displayed; but to have supported the fervour of poetry through so extended a work, on such a subject, would have demanded genius of the first order. Some of his speculations are strangely minute, some of his opinions are too uncharitable, and some of his inquiries are perhaps too presumptuous." \*

\* Irving's *History of Scottish Poetry*, edited by Carlyle, p. 529. 1861.

In 1614 he was appointed, by King James, Master of Requests, and from this time he ceases to occupy our attention principally as a poet, and we follow his career as a courtier and statesman.

In 1621 occurs the central point in his political career—viz., the grant of Nova Scotia. In 1611, the king had established the order of Baronets of Ulster, presumably intended as a means for furthering the colonization and plantation of the North of Ireland. This scheme appears to have worked so well, that Sir William suggested a similar order for North America, and on the 21st September, 1621, received from the king a charter, granting him, “his heirs or assigns, whomsoever, hereditarily all and singular, the continent lands and islands, situate and lying in America, within the cape or promontory commonly called the Cape de Sable, lying near the latitude of forty-three degrees or thereabout from the equinoctial line northward, from which promontory, toward the sea coast, verging to the west, to the harbour of Sancta Maria, commonly called Sanct Mareis Bay, and thence northward, traversing by a right line the entrance or mouth of that great naval station which runs out into the eastern tract of the land between the countries of the Suriqui and Stechemini, commonly called the Suriquois and Stechemines, to the river commonly called by the name of Santa Cruz, and to the remotest source or fountain on the western side of the same . . . and thence by an imaginary right line, which might be conceived to proceed through the land, or run northward to the nearest

naval station, river, or source discharging itself into the great river of Canada; and proceeding from it by the sea shores of the same river of Canada eastward to the river, naval station, port or shore, commonly known and called by the name of Gathepe or Gaspie; and thence south-eastwards to the island called Baccalaoer or Cape Breton, leaving the same islands on the right, and the gulf of the said great river of Canada, or great naval station, and the lands of Newfoundland, with the islands pertaining to the same lands, on the left; and thence to the cape or promontory of Cape Breton aforesaid, lying near the latitude of forty-five degrees or thereabout; and from the said promontory of Cape Breton, toward the south and west, to the aforesaid Cape Sable, where the circuit began, including and comprehending within the said sea coasts, and their circumferences from sea to sea, all continent lands, with rivers, bays, torrents," &c., &c. This extensive grant was afterwards so much increased, that the best part of the northern section of the United States and Canada was under his jurisdiction. The charter also gave permission to use the mines and forests, erect cities, to appoint fairs, hold courts, grant lands, and coin money—in short, he received almost absolute authority over a country larger than the king's realms at home.

Alexander does not seem at first to have made much use of his gift; but on the accession of Charles I., in 1625, the charter, with all its rights and privileges, was again renewed, and the first batch of

baronets created,—this honour being conferred on payment of one hundred and fifty pounds sterling, which sum, besides, entitled them to a grant of land of three miles long by two broad, to enable them to maintain the title in a fitting manner.

To promote this scheme, he issued, in 1625, a pamphlet, entitled, *An Encouragement to Colonies*; and the success which followed soon rendered him very wealthy.

Another property was placed in the hands of Sir William, which might have turned out greatly to his advantage. King James VI. had been anxious to supply a poetical version of the Psalms of David, for use in the churches. He was assisted in this work by “a learned and faithful servant,” says Calderwood, in his *History of the Church*; and this servant Mr. David Laing conjectures, and all evidence is in favour of his conjecture, to have been Sir William Alexander.\* In a letter to Drummond of Hawthornden, dated London, 18th April, 1620, he says: —“I received your last letter with the psalm you sent, which I think very well done. I had done the same long before it came; but he (the king) prefers his own to all else, though, perchance, when you see it, you will think it the worst of the three. He must meddle with that subject, and therefore I advise you to take no more pains therein; but, as I

\* See an interesting article on this subject by Mr. Laing, in his edition of *Baillie's Letters and Journals*, 3 vols., 8vo (vol. iii., p. 529), to which article we are indebted for several facts in connection with this matter.

have ever wished you, I would have you to make choice of some new subject for your pains, which I should be glad to see. I love the muses as well as ever I did, but can seldom have the occasion to frequent to them. All my works are written over in one book, ready for the press; but I want leisure to print them.\* From this letter we are obliged to see that, though King James called on the assistance of Sir William, he appointed himself judge of the merits of the different versions submitted to him, and generally preferred his own above the rest, even though, as stated in the instance recorded in the letter just quoted, it were "the worst of the three." It is probable, however, seeing the Psalms were not printed till after the king's death, that Alexander availed himself of the permission granted him by King Charles, "to consider and reveu the meetr and poesie thereof," to alter the worst passages, and to supply new versions of the worst-rendered psalms. In fact, as shewn by Mr. Laing, there is a considerable difference between the editions of *The Psalmes of King James* of 1631 and 1636, the latter a folio volume issued by the publisher of *The Recreations with the Muses*. The Psalms appeared in 1631, with the following licence prefixed:—"Charles R. haueing caused this translation of the Psalmes (whereof oure late deare father was author) to be perused, and it being found to be exactly and truely done, we doe

\* Letter to Drummond, printed in the folio edition of his poems, published at Edinburgh in 1711, by the celebrated James Watson.

hereby authorize the same to be imprinted according to the patent granted thereupon, and doe allow them to be song in all the churches of our dominions, recommending them to all our goode subjects for that effect." \* Sir William had received a patent granting him the sole right, for thirty-one years, of printing, or causing to be printed, these Psalms; and had they been adopted by the people as the standard version, the profits to him would, of course, have been considerable during that time. In spite, however, of the exertions of King Charles and the patentee, they were totally unsuccessful. The Scotch Kirk at once openly rejected them, while the English Church strove to neglect them; and they soon became entirely forgotten.

In 1626, Alexander was appointed Secretary of State for Scotland, an office which he held till his death. He held office in troublesome times; and the writings of his contemporaries make him appear anything but popular in the exercise of his duties. Principal Baillie, in an epistle to William Spang, written in 1638, describes him as being "extreamly hated of all the country, for his alleged briberie,

\* It has been suggested to us that these Psalms should form part of the present work; but seeing that the question at best must remain an open one, and that the probability is that Sir William only wrote a part of the work, and that part not discernible, it has been judged best to leave the question aside in the meantime, and survey the subject more fully in a work now in preparation, in which a number of our early Scotch metrical versions of the Psalms will be collected together and published in one volume.



urging of his psalmes, and the books for them, overwhelming us with his black money."\* This latter allusion being to the coins he issued, by a privilege of the king, called "turners," and which were composed of a mixture of copper and brass. The nominal value of these pieces, as fixed by Alexander, being much above their intrinsic worth, rendered them a plentiful source of complaint amongst the poorer classes of Scotland against the "Secretar."

In 1627, Charles I. had entered into a war with France, which lasted till 1629. One of the results of the war was the conquest of Quebec by the British, after a long siege. The capitulation, however, as it turned out, did not take place till after peace had been signed in Europe, and the town had to be surrendered to the French. The French, by treaties, had so arranged the American question, that the settlement of Port Royal, the central station of the British colonists, had to be abandoned; and this ultimately led to the principal parts of the colonized country being overrun by the French. Alexander was of course a great loser by this arrangement, as it made his grants of lands useless, and his authority as Lieutenant-Governor of no avail; and a gift from the king of £10,000 proved but a slight recompense, as it was never paid.† This unfortunate state of matters

\* Baillie's *Letters and Journals*, vol. i., p. 77.

† In 1660 a petition was presented to the reigning monarch on behalf of the Ladies Mary and Jane Alexander, for payment of this money. The claim was graciously received, and handed to the Lord Chamberlain to report upon; but, so far as we can learn, the matter never went further.

in America made Alexander very unpopular in Scotland; and the news of His Majesty's gift having spread, it was unanimously considered that he had been bribed to relinquish his claims on America.

One of his most sarcastic countrymen referred to the affair in the following terms. We have quoted the passage in full, in as much as it is an almost contemporary review of the whole of Stirling's career: \*—  
 "As for such of the Scottish nation as of late have been famous for English poesie, the first that occurs is Sir William Alexander, afterwards created Earl of Stirling. He made an insertion to Sir Philip Sydney's 'Arcadia,' and composed several tragedies, comedies, and other kinds of poems, which are extant, in a book entituled *Sterling's Works*. The purity of this gentleman's vein was quite spoiled by the corruptness of his courtiership, and so much the greater pity; for by all appearance, had he been contented with that mediocrity of fortune he was born unto, and not aspired to those grandeurs of the court, which could not without pride be prosecuted, nor maintained without covetousness, he might have made a far better account of himself. It did not satisfy his ambition to have a laurel from the muses, and be esteemed a king amongst poets, but he must be king of some *new found land*, and like another Alexander, indeed, searching after new worlds, have the Sovereignty of Nova Scotia. He was born a poet, and aimed to be a king." "Had he stopped there it had

\* Tracts of the learned and celebrated antiquarian, Sir Thomas Urquhart of Cromarty—"Jewel," p. 129. Edinburgh, 1774, 12mo.

been well; but the flame of his honour must have some oil wherewith to nourish it. Like another King Arthur, he must have his knights, though nothing limited to so small a number, for how many soever that could have looked out but for one day like gentlemen, and given him but one hundred and fifty pounds sterling (without any need for a key for opening the gate to enter through the temple of vertue, which in former times was the only way to honour), they had a scale from him whereby to ascend the platforms of vertue; which they treading under foot, did slight the ordinary passages, and to take the more sudden possession of the temple, went upon obscure by-paths of their own, towards some secret angiports and dark postern doors, which were so narrow that few of them could get in till they had left all their gallantry behind them; yet such being their resolution, that in they would, and be worshipful upon any terms, they misregarded all formerly-used steps of promotion, accounting them but unnecessary, and most rudely rushing into the very sanctuary, they immediately hung out the orange colours to testifie their conquest of the honour of knights-baronet.

“Their king, nevertheless, not to stain his royal dignity, or to seem to merit the imputation of selling honour to his subjects, did for their money give them land, and that in so ample a measure, that every one of his knights-baronets had for his hundred and fifty pounds sterling heritably disposed unto him six thousand good and sufficient acres of Nova Scotia ground; which being but at the rate of sixpence an

acre, could not be thought very dear, considering how prettily in the respective parchments of disposition they were bounded and designed fruitful cornland, watered with pleasant rivers, running amongst most excellent and spacious meadows; nor did there want abundance of oaken groves in the midst of very fertile plains (for if they wanted anything, it was the scrivener's or writer's fault, for he gave order, as soon as he received the three thousand Scots merks, that there should be no defect of quantity or quality in measure or goodness of land), and here and there most delicious gardens and orchards, with whatever else could, in matter of delightful ground, best content their fancies, as if they had made purchase amongst them of the Elysian fields, or Mahomet's paradise.

“After this my Lord Stirling for a while was very noble, and according to the rate of *sterling* money, was as twelve other lords in that frankness of disposition, which, not permitting him to dodge it upon inches and ells, better and worse, made him not stand to give to each of his champions territories of the best and the most; and although there should have happened a thousand acres more to be put in the charter or writing of disposition than was agreed upon at the first, he cared not,—half a piece to the clerk was able to make him dispense with that. But at last, when he had inrolled some two or three hundred knights, who, for their hundred and fifty pieces each, had purchased amongst them several millions of New Caledonian acres, confirmed to them and theirs for ever, under the great seal, the affixing

whereof was to cost each of them but thirty pieces more; finding that the society was not likely to become more numerous, and that the ancient gentry of Scotland esteemed of such a whimsical dignity as of a disparagement, rather than addition, to their former honours, he bethought himself of a source more profitable to himself and the future establishment of his own state, in prosecuting whereof, without the advice of his knights (who represented both his houses of parliament, clergy, and all), like an absolute king indeed, disposed heritably to the French, for a matter of five or six thousand pounds English money, both the dominion and property of the whole continent of that kingdom of Nova Scotia, leaving the new baronets to search for land among the selenites in the moon, or turn knights of the sun; so dearly have they bought their orange ribbon, which (all circumstances considered) is and will be no more honourable to them or their posterity than it is or hath been profitable to either."

In 1630 Sir William was created Lord Alexander of Tullibody and Viscount of Stirling, and in the following year was appointed an extraordinary judge of the Court of Session.

In 1632 he built his elegant mansion in Stirling, now known as Argyle Lodge. "It is," says Mr. Billings,\* "a very excellent specimen of that French style which predominated in the north in the early part of the seventeenth century. . . . In character, the features are round towers or turrets, whether

\* *Antiquities of Scotland*, vol. iv.

at the exterior or interior angles, and a profuse distribution of semi-classical mouldings and decorations. The original portion bears the date of 1632." After the death of Stirling, the building fell into the possession of the Argyle family, who substituted their own arms for those of Alexander, over the doorways. The building is now used as a military hospital for the garrison of Stirling. *Sic transit, &c.*

In 1633 he received another step in the peerage, by being created Earl of Stirling and Viscount Canada; and in 1639 he added to these titles that of Earl of Dovan.

In 1637 he issued his *Recreations with the Muses*, a collection of his various poems, carefully revised, and containing everything, probably, by which he wished to be remembered. In this volume appeared, for the first time, the fragment of the poem of "Jonathan," which he probably intended to be another long religious poem like "Doomsday," but which he seems never to have completed.

Fortune, which he so long earnestly wooed, at the cost of the loss of fame and name, seems to have forsaken him in his old age; and on the 12th September, 1640, he died at London, after encountering deep family misfortunes, insolvent. His remains were conveyed to Stirling, and interred there on the 12th April of the following year.

He had married, early in life, Janet, daughter and heiress of Sir William Erskine, a younger son of Erskine of Balgony, titular archbishop of Glasgow, parson of Campsie, chancellor of the cathedral of

Glasgow, and commendator of Paisley. They had ten children—seven sons and three daughters.

The eldest son, who seems to have inherited his father's talents, died in 1638, about two years before his father. He held the appointment of deputy-lieutenant of Nova Scotia, and spent some time there, managing the affairs of the colony; but the climate proved too severe for him, and fatally injured his constitution. On the news of his death being received, we find Principal Baillie lamenting him in this strain:—"With the President comes the news of my Lord Alexander's death. I have with it the loss of a cousin and neare friend. The king did professe his losse of a servant of great hopes. Ye know, besides the gallantnesse of his person, he was both wise, learned, and very well spoken; the country makes not much dole for him, for they took him for ane advancer of the episcopal causes to his power. It feares me that his death will undo that rying house. . . . His sonne is bot ane infant; his brothers, Sir Anthonie and Robert, also are dead. Henrie will not be able yet for his place; and if he should, what he can gaine must be for himselfe and not for the house."\*

Lord Alexander had married Lady Mary Douglas, daughter of William, first Marquis of Douglas, and their issue was one son (alluded to in the letter just quoted), who succeeded to the honours after the death of his grandfather, but only enjoyed it for

\* Letter to Mr. W. Spang, July 22, 1638.—*Baillie's Letters*, vol. i., p. 77.

a few months, when his uncle Henry became earl. The title became dormant in 1739, on the death of the fifth earl, who died without issue.

Two attempts have been made to revive the title, but without effect. The earliest of these, that of Major-General Alexander, an officer in the service of the United States, was defeated in the House of Lords; while the other, that of Mr. Alexander Humphreys or Alexander, culminated in his trial for forgery. The trial, which was most protracted and exciting, concluded with the verdict that the documents on which he founded his claims were forgeries; but "not proven" that he was act and part in their manufacture, or aware, when uttering them, that they were forgeries. Since his time no one has openly put forward any claim to the honours.

It is almost impossible to mention one who, as a poet or statesman, occupied a more prominent position in the annals of his time than Stirling, and who has been more utterly neglected. Putting aside for the present his qualifications as a statesman, and considering him as a poet, we find that several of the highest critical authorities in our literature have awarded him no small meed of praise. Addison has remarked that he read over the "whole" works "with the greatest satisfaction;" and his opinion is not one to be lightly esteemed. Mr. Chalmers, concluding a short biographical notice in his edition of the *British Poets*, sums up his qualifications in the following style, which must be allowed to be at once clear and just:—"His style is certainly neither pure nor correct, which may be



attributed to his long familiarity with the Scottish language; but his versification is in general much superior to the style of his age, and approaches nearer to the elegance of modern times than could have been expected from one who wrote so much. There are innumerable beauties scattered over the whole of his works, but particularly in his songs and sonnets. The former are a species of irregular odes, in which the sentiment, occasionally partaking of the quaintness of his age, is more frequently new and forcibly expressed. The power of mind displayed in his ‘Doomsday’ and ‘Parænesis’ are very considerable, although we are frequently able to trace the allusions and imagery to the language of holy writ; and he appears to be less inspired by the sublimity than by the awful importance of his subject to rational beings.”

With regard to his statesmanship, we have seen how the unfounded statement of being bribed to relinquish his claims to Nova Scotia rendered him unpopular. To this we must add his efforts to force the introduction of King James’s Psalms into the churches, his “turners,” and of course his connection with the Episcopal Church and court, which kept him always unpopular with the mass of the people. The times were dangerous, and party spirit waxed high; so that the slightest and most innocent acts in a man’s life were daily chronicled by his enemies, and twisted to suit their purpose; and as Lord Stirling was on the side of the court, he became an object of abuse for that party who denied the divine right of kings, and hated the “kistfu’ o’ whistles,” prayer-books, and chants,

which the monarch tried to force into their system of worship; and yet, if we study his opinions as given to us in his writings, few men of his time held such manly and independent theories of the duties of sovereignty, or dared to express them so openly as he, and few men have shewn themselves possessed of more practical ideas as to the method and working of governments, shewing how they were to rule, and how in their own turn they were to be ruled and watched over, than the poet, philosopher, and statesman of Menstrie.

If this edition of his works will succeed in drawing attention to his merits as a Poet, the task of the editor will be finished, with the knowledge that he has been the means of restoring to a position in English literature one of the poets of that brightest age of our literature, where a few were so superior as to place others, inferior only for the time, in a position much below what they would have held had they lived and sung fifty years before or after.





COMMENDATORY VERSES,

COLLECTED FROM THE VARIOUS EDITIONS OF THE  
POEMS.

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TO THE

AUTHOR OF THE MONARCHICKE TRAGEDIES.

Well may the programme of thy tragick stage  
Inuite the curious pompe-expecting eyes,  
To gaze on present shewes of passed age,  
Which just desert monarchick dare baptize;  
Crownes throwne from thrones to tombes, detombed  
arise

To match thy muse with a monarchick theame,  
That whilst his sacred soaring cuts the skyes,  
A vulgar subject may not wrong the same;  
And which gives most advantage to thy fame,  
The worthiest monarch that the sunne can see  
Doth grace thy labours with his glorious name,  
And daignes protector of thy birth to be.

Thus all monarchicke, patron, subject, stile,  
Make thee the monarch-tragick of this isle.

SIR ROBERT AYTON.\*

\* Of Kinaldie, Fife. He was private secretary to the Queen.  
of Denmark, wife of King James VI. He died in 1638.

## IN PRAISE OF THE AUTHOUR AND HIS POEME.

Giue place all ye to dying Darius wounds,  
 (While this great Greek him in his throne instals),  
 Who fell before seuen-ported Thebes wals,  
 Or under Ilions olde skye-threatning rounds,  
 Your soure-sweet sighes, not halfe so sadly sounds,  
 Though I confesse, most famous be your fals,  
 Slaine, sacrificed, transported, and made thralls.  
 Præcipitate, burnt, banish'd from your bounds ;  
 Whom Sophocles, Euripides have long  
 And Æschylus in statlie tragick time.  
 Yet none of all hath so diuinely done,  
 As matchlesse Menstrie native tounge,  
 Thus Darius ghost seemes glad now to be so  
 Triumphant on wise by Alexanders two.

JO. MURRAY.\*

Several of his poems appeared in Watson's *Collection*. (Edinburgh, 1706, &c.) Dr. Charles Rogers collected and edited for the first time an edition of his works in 1841, and we understand that the same gentleman is at present engaged in preparing a new and revised edition.

\* Prefixed to the "Tragedy of Darius." Murray was a cousin of Sir David Murray of Gorthy, author of *The Tragickall Death of Sophonisba*. London, 1611, 8vo. He was a gentleman of the king's bedchamber, and appears to have been very intimate with Alexander. He died in 1615; and Alexander, writing about the event to Drummond of Hawthornden, enclosed a sonnet he had written on the event, which will be found in another part of this work.

## A SONNET.

When as the Macedonian conquerour came,  
 To greet Achilles' tomb, he sigh'd and said,  
 " Well may thy ghost, brave champion, be affray'd,  
 " That Homer's muse was trumpet of thy fame."

But if that monarch great in deedes and name,  
 Now once again with mortall vaile array'd,  
 Came to the tomb where Darius hath beene lay'd,  
 This speech more justly sighing might he frame.

" My famous foe, whom I less hate then pittie,  
 " Euen I who vanquish'd thee enuie thy glory,  
 " In that such one doth sing thy ruines story,  
 " As matcheth Homer in his sweetest ditty,  
 " Yet ioy I that he Alexander hight,  
 " And sounds in thy ore-throw my matchlesse might."

W. QUIN.\*

## SONNET.

Like Sophocles (the bearers in a trance),  
 With crimson costume, on a statelie stage,  
 If thou march forth (where all with pomp doth glance)  
 To move the monarchs of the worlds first age :

\* Prefixed to the "Tragedy of Darius." Walter Quin was teacher of music in the royal household, from which office he enjoyed a salary of fifty pounds per annum. He was author of *The Memorie of the most worthie and renowned Bernard Stuart, Lord D'Aubignie, renewed, &c.* London, 1619, 4to. Sir William Alexander prefixed a sonnet to this work.

Or if like Phœbus thou thyself advance,  
All bright with sacred flames, known by Heavens  
    badge,  
To make a day, of dayes which scorns the rage :  
Whilst, when they end it, what should come doth  
    scance,  
Thy Phœnix muse, still wing'd with wonders flies,  
Praise of our brookes, staine to old Pindus springs,  
And who thee follow would, scarce with their eyes  
Can reach the spheare where thou most sweetly sings,  
    Though string'd with starres, heavens, Orpheus  
    harpe enrolle,  
More worthy thine to blaze about the pole.

WILLIAM DRUMMOND.\*

\* Drummond of Hawthornden, his celebrated contemporary and friend. The sonnet was prefixed to "Doomsday," in the *Recreations with the Muses*, 1637.



AVRORA.

## NOTE.

These Poems were only once printed during the lifetime of the author.\* For some reason or other he did not think proper to include them among his collected works in 1637: why, we cannot define, except from the lightness of the subject not bearing out the moral and religious tone which characterize the poems therein printed.

The heroine of these sonnets must remain unknown, like the "begettar" of those of his great contemporary. Some have considered them as a lament for the fickleness of a first love; others, that they refer to the lady who afterwards became his wife. We are, however, strongly inclined to the opinion of the late Dr. Irving, that "such strains as these cannot easily be received as the dictates of genuine affection,"† and consider them rather as referring to some ideal personage.

Although published in the year following the issue of his "Tragedy of Darius," the "Aurora" was, in all likelihood, the earliest attempt of the author, and probably written when attending college, or while travelling on the Continent with the Earl of Argyle.

To attempt anything like a regular criticism of these poems here, would be totally out of place; but, while admitting that they participate in the heaviness which seems to attend all collections of connected sonnets, and that such expressions as "fierce faire," or "faire tygresse," are not very appropriate titles for a mistress, yet we cannot agree with Pinkerton,‡ that only ten or twelve of the sonnets are worth reprinting. On the contrary, we consider there are but few that will not well repay a perusal. The numerous conceits are very quaintly expressed, the allegorical and other allusions, so much in fashion at the time, are not burlesqued, and the style in general is clear and forcible.

\* "Aurora," containing the first fancies of the author's youth, William Alexander, of Menstrie. London: printed by Richard Field, for Edward Blount, 1604. 4to.

† *Irving's History of Scottish Poetry*, by Carlyle, 1861. 8vo. P. 532.

‡ Pinkerton seems to have had some idea of publishing an edition of Stirling. His copy of the "Aurora" being at present in the possession of the editor, it may amuse the curious to shew the sonnets marked by him as worthy of being included in his edition. They are Nos. 36, 40, 41, 44, 52, 53, 54, 55, 56, 60, 61, 62, 63, 82, 83, 84, 88, 100, 104.



TO THE  
RIGHT HONORABLE AND VERTVOVS LADY,  
THE LADY AGNES DOWGLAS,

*COUNTESSE OF ARGYLE.*

MADAME,

When I remember the manie obligations which I owe to your manifold merits, I oftentimes accuse my selfe to my self, of forgetfulnes, and yet I am to be excused : for how can I satisfie so infinit a debt, since whilst I go to disengage my self in some measure, by giuing you the patronage of these vnpolished lines (which indeed for their manie errorrs, had need of a respected sanctuary) I but engage my self further, while as you take the patronage of so vnpolished lines. Yet this shal not discourage me, for alwayes I carie this aduantage, that as they were the fruits of beautie, so shal they be sacrificed as oblations to beautie. And to a beautie, though of it selfe most happie, yet more happie in this, that it is thought worthie (and can be no more then worthie) to be the outward couer of so many inward perfections. So assuring my selfe, that as no darknesse can abide before the Sunne, so no deformitie can be found in those papers, ouer which your eyes haue once shined. I rest

Your honors most humbly

deuoted,

*WILLIAM ALEXANDER.\**

\* Lady Agnes Douglas (or Anne, for the name seems at one time to have been synonymous) was the fifth daughter of William, first Earl of Morton, of the house of Lochleven. Her mother was Agnes Leslie, eldest daughter of George, fourth Earl of Rothes. She was married to Archibald, seventh Earl of Argyle, about 1592, and died previous to November, 1610, when we find that the Earl of Argyle was married a second time. In Park's edition of Walpole's *Royal and Noble Authors*, she receives notice as authoress or rather compiler of a small religious treatise in Spanish. This, however, must have been the work of Ann, second wife of the Earl of Argyle, who appears to have travelled in Spain.





## AVRORA.

### SONET I.

Whil'st charming fancies moue me to reueale  
The idle rauings of my brain-sicke youth,  
My heart doth pant within, to heare my mouth  
Vnfold the follies which it would conceale :  
Yet bitter critickes may mistake my mind ;  
Not beautie, no, but vertue rais'd my fires,  
Whose sacred flame did cherish chaste desires,  
And through my cloudie fortune clearly shin'd.  
But had not others otherwise aduis'd,  
My cabinet should yet these scroles containe,  
This childish birth of a conceitie braine,  
Which I had still as trifling toyes despis'd :  
Pardon those errours of mine vnripe age ;  
My tender Muse by time may grow more sage.

### SONET II.

As yet three lusters were not quite expir'd,  
Since I had bene a partner of the light,  
When I beheld a face, a face more bright  
Then glistring Phœbus when the fields are fir'd :  
Long time amaz'd rare beautie I admir'd,  
The beames reflecting on my captiu'd sight,  
Till that surpriz'd (I wot not by what flight)

More then I could conceiue my soule desir'd,  
 My taker's state I long'd for to comprise.  
 For still I doubted who had made the rape,  
 If 't was a bodie or an airie shape,  
 With fain'd perfections for to mocke the eyes:  
 At last I knew 't was a most diuine creature,  
 The crowne of th' Earth, th' excellencie of Nature.

## SONET III.

That subtill Greeke who for t' aduance his art,  
 Shap'd Beautie's goddesse with so sweet a grace.  
 And with a learned pensill limn'd her face,  
 Till all the world admir'd the workman's part.  
 Of such whom Fame did most accomplish'd call  
 The naked snowes he seuerally perceiued,  
 Then drew th' idæa which his soule conceiued,  
 Of that which was most exquisite in all:  
 But had thy forme his fancie first possest.  
 If worldly knowledge could so high attaine,  
 Thou mightst haue spar'd the curious painter's paine,  
 And satisfide him more then all the rest.  
 O if he had all thy perfections noted,  
 The painter with his picture straight had doted.

## SONG I.

O would to God a way were found,  
 That by some secret sympathie vnknowne,  
 My faire my fancie's depth might sound,  
 And know my state as clearely as her owne.  
 Then blest, most blest were I,  
 No doubt beneath the skie

I were the happiest wight :  
For if my state they knew,  
It ruthlesse rockes would rue,  
And mend me if they might.

But as the babe before the wand,  
Whose faultlesse part his parents will not trust,  
For very feare doth trembling stand,  
And quakes to speake although his cause be iust  
So set before her face,  
Though bent to pleade for grace.  
I wot not how I faile :  
Yet minding to say much,  
That string I neuer touch,  
But stand dismaid and pale.

The deepest riuers make least din,  
The silent soule doth most abound in care :  
Then might my brest be read within,  
A thousand volumes would be written there.  
Might silence shew my mind,  
Sighes tell how I were pin'd,  
Or lookes my woes relate ;  
Then any pregnant wit,  
That well remarked it,  
Would soone discerne my state.

No fauour yet my faire affoord,  
But looking haughtie, though with humble eyes,  
Doth quite confound my staggering words ;  
And as not spying that thing which she spies.

A mirror makes of me,  
 Where she her selfe may see :  
     And what she brings to passe,  
 I trembling too for feare,  
 Moue neither eye nor eare,  
     As if I were her glasse.

Whilst in this manner I remaine,  
 Like to the statue of some one that's dead.  
 Strange tyrants in my bosome raigne,  
 A field of fancies fights within my head :  
     Yet if the tongue were true,  
 We boldly might pursue  
     That diamantine hart.  
 But when that it's restrain'd,  
 As doom'd to be disdain'd,  
     My sighes shew how I smart.

No wonder then although I wracke,  
 By them betray'd in whom I did confide,  
 Since tongue, heart, eyes, and all gaue backe.  
 She iustly may my childishnesse deride.  
     Yet that which I conceale,  
 May serue for to reuale  
     My feruencie in loue.  
 My passions were too great,  
 For words t' expresse my state,  
     As to my paines I proue.

Of those that do deserue disdaine,  
 For forging fancies get the best reward :

Where I who feele what they do faine,  
For too much loue am had in no regard.

Behold by prooffe we see  
The gallant liuing free,  
His fancies doth extend :  
Where he that is orecome,  
Rain'd with respects stands dumbe,  
Still fearing to offend.

My bashfulnesse when she beholds,  
Or rather my affection out of bounds,  
Although my face my state vnfolde,  
And in my hew discouers hidden wounds :

Yet ieasting at my wo,  
She doubts if it be so,  
As she could not conceiue it.  
This grieues me most of all,  
She triumphs in my fall,  
Not seeming to perceiue it.

Then since in vaine I plaints impart  
To scornfull eares, in a contemned scroule ;

And since my toung betrayes my hart,  
And cannot tell the anguish of my soule :  
Hencefoorth I'le hide my losses,  
And not recompt the crosses  
That do my ioyes orethrow ;  
At least to senselesse things,  
Mounts, vales, woods, flouds, and springs,  
I shall them onely shew.

Ah vnaffected lines,  
 True models of my heart,  
 The world may see, that in you shines  
 The power of passion more then art.

## SONET IV.

Once to debate my cause whilst I drew neere,  
 My staggering tounge against me did conspire,  
 And whilst it should haue charg'd, it did retire,  
 A certaine signe of loue that was sincere:  
 I saw her heauenly vertues shine so cleere,  
 That I was forc'd for to conceale my fire,  
 And with respects euen bridling my desire.  
 More then my life I held her honour deere,  
 And though I burn'd with all the flames of loue,  
 Yet frozen with a reuerent kind of feares,  
 I durst not poure my passions in her eares;  
 Lest so I might the hope I had remoue.  
 Thus loue mar'd loue, desire desire restrain'd;  
 Of mind to moue a world, I dumbe remain'd.

## SONET V.

No wonder though that this my blisse dismaies,  
 Whilst rendred vp to neuer-pleas'd desires,  
 I burne, and yet must couer cursed fires,  
 Whose flame it selfe against my will bewrayes.  
 Some times my faire to launch my wound assayes,  
 And with th' occasion as it seemes conspires,  
 And indirectly oft my state inquires,  
 Which I would hide whilst it it selfe betrayes.  
 If that a guiltie gesture did disclose



The hideous horrors that my soule contain'd,  
Or wand'ring words deriu'd from inward woes,  
Did tell my state, their treason I disdain'd:  
And I could wish to be but as I am,  
If that she knew how I conceale the same.

## SONET VI.

Hvge hosts of thoughts imbattled in my brest.  
Are euer busied with intestine warres,  
And like to Cadmus earth-borne troupes at iarres,  
Haue spoil'd my soule of peace, themselues of rest.  
Thus forc'd to reape such seed as I haue sowne,  
I (hauing interest in this doubtfull strife)  
Hope much, feare more, doubt most, vnhappie life.  
What euer side preuaile, I'm still orethrowne:  
O neither life nor death! ô both, but bad  
Imparadiz'd, whiles in mine owne conceit,  
My fancies straight againe imbroyle my state,  
And in a moment make me glad and sad.  
Thus neither yeelding quite to this nor that,  
I liue, I die, I do I wot not what.

## SONET VII.

A flame of loue that glaunceth in those eyes,  
Where maiestie with sweetnesse mixt remaines,  
Doth poure so sweet a poyson in the veines,  
That who them viewes straight wounded wondring dyes.  
But yet who would not looke on those cleare skies,  
And loue to perish with so pleasant paines,  
While as those lights of loue hide beautie's traine  
With iuorie orbes, where still two starres arise:

When as those christall comets whiles appeare,  
 Eye-ravish'd I go gazing on their rayes,  
 Whilst they enrich'd with many princely prayes,  
 Ore hosts of hearts triumphing still retire:  
 Those planets when they shine in their owne kinds,  
 Do boast t' oretrow whole monarchies of minds.

## SONET VIII.

Ah! what disastrous fortune haue I had!  
 Lo still in league with all that may annoy,  
 And entered in enimitie with ioy,  
 I entertaine all things that make me sad,  
 With many miseries almost gone mad:  
 To purchase paines I all my paines employ,  
 And vse all meanes my selfe for to destroy,  
 The tenour of my starre hath bene so bad.  
 And though my state a thousand times were worse,  
 As it is else past bounds of all beleefe:  
 Yet all Pandora's plagues could not haue force,  
 To aggrauate the burthen of my grieffe:  
 Th' occasion might moue mountaines to remorse:  
 I hate all helpe, and hope for no releefe.

## SONET IX.

Although that words chain'd with affection faile,  
 As that which makes me burst abasht t' vnfold,  
 Yet lines (dumbe orators) ye may be bold,  
 Th' inke will not blush, though paper doth looke pale.  
 Ye of my state the secrets did containe,  
 That then through clouds of darke inuentions shin'd:  
 Whilst I disclos'd, yet not disclos'd my mind,

Obscure to others, but to one ore plaine.  
And yet that one did whiles (as th' end may proue)  
Not mark, not vnderstand, or else despise,  
That (though misterious) language of mine eyes,  
Which might haue bene interpreted by loue.  
Thus she, what I discouered, yet conceal'd:  
Knowes, and not knowes; both hid, and both reueal'd.

## ELEGIE I.

Even as the dying swan almost bereft of breath,  
Sounds dolefull notes and drearie songs, a presage of  
her death:  
So since my date of life almost expir'd I find,  
My obsequies I sadly sing, as sorrow tunes my mind,  
And as the rarest bird a pile of wood doth frame,  
Which, being fir'd by Phœbus' rayes, she fals into the  
flame:  
So by two sunnie eyes I giue my fancies fire,  
And burne my selfe with beauties raies, euen by mine  
owne desire.  
Thus th' angry gods at length begin for to relent,  
And once to end my deathfull life, for pitie are  
content.  
For if th' infernall powers, the damned souls would pine,  
Then let them send them to the light, to leade a life  
like mine.  
O if I could recount the crosses and the cares,  
That from my cradle to my beare conduct me with  
despairs;  
Then hungrie Tantalus pleas'd with his lot would  
stand:

I famish for a sweeter food, which still is reft my hand,  
Like Ixion's restlesse wheele my fancies rowle about ;  
And like his guest that stole Heau'n's fires, they teare  
my bowels out.

I worke an endles task and loose my labour still :  
Euen as the bloudie sisters do, that emptie as they fill,  
As Sisiph's stone returnes his guiltie ghost t' appall,  
I euer raise my hopes so high, they bruise me with  
their fall.

And if I could in summe my seuerall griefes relate,  
All would forget their proper harms, and only waile  
my state.

So grieuous is my paine, so painfull is my grieffe,  
That death, which does the world affright, wold yield  
to me releefe.

I haue mishaps so long, as in a habit had,  
I thinke I looke not like my selfe, but when that I am  
sad.

As birds flie but in th' aire, fishes in seas do diue,  
So sorrow is as th' element by which I onely liue :  
Yet this may be admir'd as more then strange in me,  
Although in all my horoscope not one cleare point I see.  
Against my knowledge, yet I many a time rebell,  
And seeke to gather grounds of hope, a Heau'n  
amidst a Hell.

O poyson of the mind, that doest the wits bereaue:  
And shrouded with a cloke of loue dost al the world  
deceiue.

Thou art the rock on which my comforts' ship did dash,  
It's thou that daily in my wounds thy hooked heades  
dost wash.

Blind tyrant it is thou by whom my hopes lye dead:  
That whiles throwes forth a dart of gold, and whiles a  
lumpe of lead.

Thus oft thou woundest two, but in two diffrent  
states,

Which through a strange antipathy, th' one loues, and  
th' other hates.

O but I erre I grant, I should not thee vpbraid,  
It's I to passion's tyrrannie that haue my selfe betrayd:  
And yet this cannot be, my iudgements aymes amisse:  
Ah, deare Aurora, it is thou that ruin'd hast my blisse:  
A fault that by thy sexe may partly be excus'd,  
Which stil doth loath what profer'd is, affects what is  
refus'd.

Whilst my distracted thoughts I striu'd for to con-  
troule,

And with fain'd gestures did disguise the anguish of  
my soule,

Then with inuiting lookes and accents stampt with  
loue,

The mask that was vpon my mind thou labordst to  
remoue.

And when that once ensnar'd thou in those nets me  
spide,

Thy smiles were shadow'd with disdaines, thy beauties  
cloth'd with pride.

To reattaine thy grace I wot not how to go:  
Shall I once fold before thy feete, to pleade for  
favour so?

No, no, I'll proudly go my wrath for to asswage,  
And liberally at last enlarge the raines vnto my rage.

I'le tell what we were once, our chast (yet feruent)  
loues,  
Whilst in effect thou seem'd t' affect that which thou  
didst disproue.  
Whilst once t' engrave thy name vpon a rock I sat,  
Thou vow'd to write mine in a mind, more firme by  
far then that;  
The marble stone once stampt retaines that name of  
thine:  
But ah, thy more then marble mind, it did not so with  
mine:  
So that which thral'd me first, shall set me free  
again;  
Those flames to which thy loue gaue life, shall die  
with thy disdain.  
But ah, where am I now, how is my judgment lost!  
I speak as it were in my power, like one that's free  
to bost:  
Haue I not sold my selfe to be thy beautie's slaue?  
And when thou tak'st all hope from me, thou tak'st  
but what thou gaue.  
That former loue of thine, did so possesse my mind,  
That for to harbor other thoughts, no roome remains  
behind,  
And th' only means by which I mind t' auenge this  
wrong,  
It is, by making of thy praise the burden of my song.  
Then why shouldst thou such spite for my goodwill  
returne?  
Was euer god as yet so mad to make his temple  
burne?

My brest the temple was, whence incense thou receiu'd,  
And yet thou set'st the same a fire, which others would  
haue sau'd.  
But why should I accuse Aurora in this wise?  
She is as faultlesse as shee's faire, as innocent as  
wise.  
It's but through my mis-lucke, if any fault there be:  
For she who was of nature mild, was cruell made  
by me.  
And since my fortune is, in wo to be bewrapt,  
I'le honour her as oft before, and hate mine owne  
mishap.  
Her rigorous course shall serue my loyall part to proue.  
And as a touch-stone for to trie the vertue of my loue.  
Which when her beautie fades, shall be as cleare as now,  
My constancie it shall be known, when wrinkled is  
her brow:  
So that such two againe, shall in no age be found,  
She for her face, I for my faith, both worthy to be  
crown'd.

## MADRIG. I.

When in her face mine eyes I fixe,  
A fearefull boldnesse takes my mind,  
Sweet hony loue with gall doth mixe,  
And is vnkindly kind:  
It seemes to breed,  
And is indeed  
A speciall pleasure to be pin'd.  
No danger then I dread:

For though I went a thousand times to Stix,  
 I know she can reuiue me with her eye;  
 As many lookes, as many liues to me:  
 And yet had I a thousand harts,  
 As many lookes as many darts,  
 Might make them all to die.

## SESTIN. I.

Hard is my fortune, stormie is my state,  
 And as inconstant as the wauing sea,  
 Whose course doth still depend vpon the winds:  
 For lo, my life in danger euery houre,  
 And though euen at the point for to be lost,  
 Can find no comfort but a flying show.

And yet I take such pleasure in this show,  
 That still I stand contented with my state,  
 Although that others thinke me to be lost:  
 And whilst I swim amidst a dangerous sea,  
 Twixt feare and hope, are looking for the houre,  
 When my last breath shall glide amongst the winds.

Lo, to the sea-man beaten with the winds,  
 Sometimes the heau'ns a smiling face will show,  
 So that to rest himselfe he finds some houre.  
 But nought (ay me) can euer calme my state,  
 Who with my teares as I would make a sea,  
 Am flying Silla in Charibdis lost.

The pilote that was likely to be lost,  
 When he hath scap'd the furour of the winds,



Doth straight forget the dangers of the sea.  
But I, unhappie I, can neuer show,  
No kind of token of a quiet state,  
And am tormented still from houre to houre.

O shall I neuer see that happie houre,  
When I (whose hopes once vtterly were lost)  
May find a meanes to re-erect my state,  
And leaue for to breath foorth such dolorous winds,  
Whilst I my selfe in constancie do show  
A rocke against the waues amidst the sea.

As many waters make in end a sea,  
As many minutes make in end an houre :  
And still what went before th' effect doth show :  
So all the labours that I long haue lost,  
As one that was but wrestling with the winds,  
May once in end concurre to blesse my state.

And once my storme-stead state sau'd from the sea,  
In spite of aduerse winds, may in one houre  
Pay all my labors lost, at least in show.

## SONG II.

Whil'st I by wailing sought  
T' haue in some sort asswag'd my grieffe,  
I found that rage gaue no reliefe,  
And carefulnesse did but increase my feares :  
Then now I'le mourne for nought,  
But in my secret thought,

Will thesaurize all my mischiefe.  
 For long experienc'd wo well wisse beares,  
 That teares cannot quench sighes, nor sighs drie  
 teares.

To calme a stormie brow,  
 The world doth know how I did smart,  
 Yet could not moue that marble hart,  
 Which was too much to crueltie inclin'd:  
 But to her rigour now,  
 I lift my hands and bow,  
 And in her grace will claime no part:  
 I take great paines of purpose to be pin'd,  
 And onely mourne to satisfie my mind.

How I my dayes haue spent,  
 The heau'ns aboue no doubt they know:  
 The world hath likewise seene below,  
 Whil'st with my sighes I poyson'd al the ayre:  
 Those streames which I augment,  
 Those woods where I lament,  
 I thinke my state could clearely show:  
 By those the same rests registred as rare,  
 That such like monstrous things vs'd to declare.

The trees where I did bide,  
 Seem'd for to chide my froward fate:  
 Then whisling wail'd my wretched state,  
 And bowing whiles to heare my wofull song:  
 They spred their branches wide,  
 Of purpose me to hide:

Then of their leaues did make my seate:  
And if they reason had as they are strong,  
No doubt but they would ioyne t' auenge my wrong.

The beasts in euery glen,  
Which first to kill me had ordain'd,  
Were by my priuiledge restrain'd,  
Who indenized was within those bounds:  
I harbor'd in a den,  
I fled the sight of men,  
No signe of reason I retain'd.  
The beasts they flie not when the hunter sounds,  
As I at mine owne thoughts when Cupid hounds.

This moues me, my distresse  
And sorrowes sometime to conceale,  
Lest that the torments which I feele,  
Might likewise my concitizens annoy.  
And partly I confesse,  
Because the meanes grow lesse  
By which I should such harmes reueale:  
Which I protest, doth but preiudge my ioy,  
That still do striue myselfe for to destroy.

All comfort I despight,  
And willingly with wo comport,  
My passions do appeare a sport;  
I take a speciall pleasure to complaine:  
All things that moue delight,  
I with disdaine acquite.  
Small ease seemes much, long trauels short,

A world of pleasure is not worth my paine,  
I will not change my losse with others gaine.

Here robb'd of all repose,  
Not interrupted by repaire,  
My fancies freely I declare :  
And counting all my crosses one by one,  
I daily do disclose  
To woods and vales my woes.  
And as I saw Aurora there,  
I thinke to her that I my state bemone,  
When in effect it is but to a stone.

This my most monstrous ill,  
Compassion moues in euery thing :  
When as I shout the forrests ring ;  
When I begin to grone, the beasts they bray :  
The trees they teares distill,  
The riuers all stand still,  
The birds my tragedie they sing ;  
The wofull Eccho waites vpon my way,  
Prompt to resound my accents when I stay.

When wearied I remaine,  
That sighs, teares, voice, and all do faile,  
Discolour'd, bloudlesse, and growne pale,  
Vpon the earth my bodie I distend :  
And then orecome with paine,  
I agonize againe :  
And passions do so farre preuaile,

That though I want the meanes my woes to spend,  
A mournfull meaning neuer hath an end.

My child in deserts borne,  
For grieffe-tun'd eares thy accents frame,  
And tell to those thy plaints that scorne,  
Thou plead'st for pitie, not for fame.

## SONET X.

I sweare, Aurora, by thy starrie eyes,  
And by those golden lockes whose locke none slips.  
And by the corall of thy rosie lippes,  
And by the naked snowes which beautie dies,  
I sweare by all the iewels of thy mind,  
Whose like yet neuer worldly treasure bought,  
Thy solide iudgement and thy generous thought,  
Which in this darkened age haue clearely shin'd:  
I sweare by those, and by my spotlesse loue,  
And by my secret, yet most feruent fires,  
That I haue neuer nurc'd but chast desires,  
And such as modestie might well approue.  
Then since I loue those vertuous parts in thee,  
Shouldst thou not loue this vertuous mind in me?

## SONET XI.

Ah, that it was my fortune to be borne,  
Now in the time of this degener'd age,  
When some, in whom impietie doth rage,  
Do all the rest discredit whilst they scorne.  
And this is growne to such a custome now,  
That those are thought to haue the brauest spirits,

Who can faine fancies and imagine merits:  
 As who but for their lusts of loue allow.  
 And yet in this I had good hap, I find,  
 That chanc'd to chaine my thoughts to such an one,  
 Whose iudgement is so cleare, that she anone  
 Can by the outward gestures iudge the mind.  
 Yet wit and fortune rarely waite on one,  
 She knowes the best, yet can make choice of none.

## SONET XII.

Sweet blushing goddesse of the golden morning,  
 Faire patronesse of all the world's affaires,  
 Thou art become so carelesse of my cares,  
 That I must name thee goddesse of my mourning.  
 Lo, how the Sunne part of thy burthen beares,  
 And whilst thou doest in pearly drops regrade,  
 As 't were to pitie thy distressed state,  
 Exhales the christall of thy glistening teares;  
 But I poure forth my vowes before thy shrine,  
 And whilst thou dost my louing zeale despise,  
 Do drowne my heart in th' ocean of mine eyes;  
 Yet daign'st thou not to drie these teares of mine,  
 Vnlesse it be with th' Ætna of desires,  
 Which euen amidst those floods doth foster fires.

## SONET XIII.

Lo, how that Time doth still disturbe my peace,  
 And hath his course to my confusion bent;  
 For when th' occasion kindly giues consent,  
 That I should feed vpon Aurora's face:  
 Then mounted on the chariot of the Sunne,

That tyrant Time doth post so fast away,  
That whilst I but aduise what I should say,  
I'm forc'd to end ere I haue well begun:  
And then againe it doth so slowly flie,  
Whilst I leaue her whom I hold onely deare,  
Each minute makes an houre, each houre a yeare,  
Yeares lusters seeme, one luster ten to me.  
Thus changing course to change my state I know,  
In presence time proues swift, in absence slow.

## SONET XIV.

When first I view'd that ey-enchanting face,  
Which for the world chiefe treasure was esteem'd,  
I iudging simply all things as they seem'd,  
Thought humble lookes had promist pitie place;  
Yet were they but ambushments, to deceiue  
My ore-rash heart that fear'd no secret fires:  
Thy bashfulnesse emboldened my desires,  
Which seem'd to offer what I was to craue.  
Can crueltie then borrow beautie's shape?  
And pride so decke it selfe with modest lookes?  
Too pleasant baites to hide such poison'd hookes,  
Whose vnsuspected slight none can escape.  
Who can escape this more then diuellish art,  
When golden haire disguise a brazen heart?

## SONET XV.

Stay, blubring pen, to spot one that 's so pure;  
She is my loue, although she be vnkind,  
I must admire that diamantine mind,  
And praise those eyes that do my death procure:

Nor will I willingly those thoughts endure,  
 That are to such apostasie inclin'd.  
 Shall she, euen she in whom all vertue shin'd,  
 Be wrong'd by me? shall I her worth iniure?  
 No, rather let me die, and die disdain'd,  
 Long ere I thinke, much lesse I speake the thing,  
 That may disgrace vnto her beautie bring,  
 Who ore my fancies hath so sweetly raig'n'd.  
 If any pitying me will damne her part,  
 I'le make th' amends, and for her errour smart.

## SONET XVI.

Loue so engag'd my fancies to that faire,  
 That whilst I liue I shall aduance her name,  
 And imping stately fethers in her fame,  
 May make it glide more glorious through the aire:  
 So she in beautie's right shall haue her share,  
 And I who striue her praises to proclaime,  
 Encourag'd with so excellent a theame,  
 May rest inrold among those that were rare.  
 O if my wit were equall with her worth!  
 Th' Antipodes all rauish'd by report,  
 From regions most remou'd should here resort,  
 To gaze vpon the face which I set forth:  
 Or were my wit but equall with my will,  
 I with her praise both Titan's bowers should fill.

## SONET XVII.

I saw sixe gallant nymphes, I saw but one,  
 One stain'd them all, one did them onely grace:  
 And with the shining of her beauteous face,



Gaue to the world new light when it had none.  
Then when the god that guides the light was gone,  
And ore the hils directed had his race,  
A brighter farre then he supplide his place,  
And lightned our horizon here anone.  
The rest pale moones were bettered by this sunne,  
They borrowed beames from her star-staining eyes:  
Still when she sets her lights, their shining dies,  
And at their opening is againe begun:  
Phœbus all day I would be bard thy light,  
For to be shin'd on by this sunne at night.

## SONET XVIII.

Praise-worthy part where praise's praise is plac'd,  
As th' oracle of th' Earth beleeu'd below.  
I'le to the world thy beauties wonders show,  
O vnstain'd rose, with lillies interlac'd:  
But what a labour hath my Muse imbrac'd:  
Shall I commend the corall, or the snow,  
Which such a sweet embalmed breath did blow,  
That th' orientall odours are disgrac'd?  
Mouth moistned with celestiall nectar still,  
Whose musicke oft my famish'd eares hath fed,  
With softned sounds in sugred speeches spred,  
Whilst pearles and rubies did vnfold thy will.  
I wish that thy last kisse might stop my breath,  
Then I would thinke I died a happie death.

## SONET XIX.

Let some bewitch'd with a deceitfull show,  
Loue earthly things vnworthily esteem'd;

And losing that which cannot be redeem'd,  
 Pay backe with paine according as they ow :  
 But I disdaine to cast mine eyes so low,  
 That for my thoughts ore base a subiect seem'd,  
 Which still the vulgar course too beaten deem'd ;  
 And loftier things delighted for to know,  
 Though presently this plague me but with paine,  
 And vexe the world with wondring at my woes :  
 Yet hauing gain'd that long desir'd repose,  
 My mirth may more miraculous remaine.  
 That for the which long languishing I pine,  
 It is a show, but yet a show diuine.

## SONG III.

When as my fancies first began to flie,  
 Which youth had but enlarg'd of late,  
 Enamour'd of mine owne conceit,  
 I sported with my thoughts that then were free ;  
 And neuer thought to see  
 No such mishap at all,  
 As might haue made them thrall.  
 When lo, euen then my fate  
 Was laboring to orethrow my prosperous state :  
 For Cupid did conspire my fall,  
 And with my honie mixt his gall,  
 Long ere I thought that such a thing could be.

Loue, after many stratagemes were tride,  
 His grieffe t' his mother did impart,  
 And praid her to find out some art,  
 By which he might haue meanes t' abate my pride.

And she by chance espide  
Where beautie's beautie straid,  
Like whom straight wayes arraid,  
She tooke a powerfull dart,  
Which had the force t' inflame an icie hart :  
And when she had this slight assaid,  
The time no longer she delaid,  
But made an arrow through my bowels glide.

Then when I had receiu'd the deadly wound,  
And that the goddesse fled my sight,  
Inueigled with her beautie's light :  
First hauing followed ore the stable ground,  
Vnto the deepe profound,  
My course I next did hold,  
In hope the truth t' vnfold.  
If 'Thetis by her might,  
Or some sea-nymph had vs'd the fatall slight :  
In th' hauen I did a barke behold,  
With sailes of silke, and oares of gold,  
Which being richly deckt, did seeme most sound.

In this imbark'd when from the port I past,  
Faire gales at first my sailes did greeete,  
And all seem'd for the voyage meete ;  
But yet I sail'd not long, when lo, a blast  
Did quite oreturme my mast ;  
Which being once throwne downe,  
Still looking for to drowne,  
And striken off my feete,  
Betwixt two rockes I did with danger fleete :

Whilst seas their waues with clouds did crowne,  
Yet with much toile I got a towne,  
Whereas I saw her whom I sought at last.

What were my ioyes then scarcely can be thought,  
When in distresse she did me spie,  
My mind with fortunes best to trie,  
She to a chamber made of pearle me brought,  
Where whilst I proudly sought,  
In state with Ioue to striue;  
A flame which did arriue  
In twinckling of an eye,  
The chamber burn'd, and left me like to die:  
For after that, how could I liue,  
That in the depth of woes did diue,  
To see my glorie to confusion brought?

But with prosperitie yet once againe,  
(To trie what was within my mind)  
She on my backe two wings did bind,  
Like to Ioue's birds, and I who did disdain  
On th' earth for to remaine,  
Since I might soare ore all,  
Did th' airie sprites appall,  
Till through fierce flying blind,  
I was encountred with a mightie wind,  
With which through th' aire toss'd like a ball,  
Euen as a starre from Heauen doth fall,  
I glided to the ground almost quite slaine.  
Then (as it seem'd) growne kinder then before,  
This ladie for to cure my wounds,

Did seeke ore all the nearest bounds,  
To trie what might my wonted state restore,  
And still her care grew more ;  
Of flowers she made my bed,  
With nectar I was fed,  
And with most sugred sounds,  
Oft luld asleepe betwixt two yuorie rounds,  
Whose daintie turrets all were cled  
With lilies white, and roses red,  
The leaues of which could onely ease my sore.

When I was cur'd of euery thing saue care,  
She whom I name (without a name)  
Did leade me forth t' a mightie frame,  
A curious building that was wondrous faire,  
A labyrinth most rare,  
All made of precious stones :  
That which in Candie once  
Did hide Pasiphaes' shame,  
Was not so large, though more enlarg'd by fame :  
There whilst none listned to their mones,  
A world of men shed weightie grones,  
That tortur'd were with th' engines of despaire.

As Forth at Sterling, glides as t' were in doubt,  
What way she should direct her course ;  
If to the sea, or to the source,  
And sporting with her selfe, her selfe doth flout :  
So wandred I about  
In th' intricated way,  
Where whilst I did still stray,

With an abrupt discourse,  
 And with a courtesie, I must say course,  
 My beauteous guide fled quite away,  
 And would not do so much as stay,  
 To lend me first a thread to leade me out :

Through many a corner whilst I staggering went,  
 Which in the darke I did embrace,  
 A nymph like th' other in the face,  
 But whose affections were more mildly bent,  
 Spying my breath neare spent,  
 Plaid Ariadne's part,  
 And led me by the heart  
 Out of the guilefull place.  
 And like th' vngratefull Theseus in this case,  
 I made not my deliuerer smart :  
 Thus oft affraid, my panting hart  
 Can yet scarce trust t' haue scap'd some bad euent.

If any muse misterious song,  
 At those strange things that thou hast shewne.  
 And wot not what to deeme ;  
 Tell that they do me wrong,  
 I am my selfe, what ere I seeme,  
 And must go mask'd, that I may not be knowne.

## SONET XX

Vnhappie ghost, go waile thy griefe below,  
 Where neuer soule but endlesse horror sees,  
 Dismaske thy mind amongst the mirtle trees,  
 Which here I see thou art asham'd to show ;

This breast that such a fierie breath doth blow,  
Must haue of force some flood those flames to freeze.  
And ô that drowsie Lethe best agrees,  
To quench these euils that come, because I know  
Since she whom I haue harbour'd in my heart,  
Will grant me now no portion of her mind,  
I die content, because she liues vnkind,  
And suffers one whom once she grac'd to smart :  
But I lament that I haue liu'd so long,  
Lest, blaming her, I ere I die do wrong.

## SONET XXI.

In this curst brest, borne onely to be pin'd,  
Some furie hath such fantasies infus'd,  
That I though with her cruelties well vs'd,  
Can daigne myselfe to serue one so inclin'd.  
Such hellish horrors tosse my restlesse mind,  
That with beguiling hopes vainely abus'd,  
It yet affects that which the Fates refus'd,  
And dare presume to pleade for that vnkind :  
Then, traiterous thoughts, that haue seduc'd my sence,  
Whose vaine inuentions I haue oft times wail'd,  
I banish you the bounds, whereas ye fail'd  
To liue from hence, exil'd for your offence.  
But what auailles all this, though I would leaue them.  
If that the heart they hurt againe receiue them ?

## SONET XXII.

Whilst nothing could my fancies course controule,  
T'haue matchlesse beauties match'd with matchles loue.  
And from thy mind all rigour to remoue,

I sacrific'd th' affections of my soule :  
 And Hercules had neuer greater paines,  
 With dangerous toiles his step-dames wrath t' asswage,  
 Then I, while as I did my thoughts engage,  
 With my deserts t' oreballance thy disdaines :  
 Yet all my merits could not moue thy mind,  
 But furnish'd trophees for t' adorne thy pride,  
 That in the fornace of those troubles tride  
 The temper of my loue, whose flame I find  
 Fin'd and refin'd too oft, but faintles flashes,  
 And must within short time fall downe in ashes.

## SONET XXIII.

Earst stately Iuno in a great disdaine,  
 Her beautie by one's iudgement but iniur'd,  
 T' auenge on a whole nation oft procur'd,  
 And for one's fault saw many thousands slaine :  
 But she whom I would to the world preferre,  
 Although I spend my sp'rit to praise her name,  
 She in a rage, as if I sought her shame,  
 Thirsts for my blood, and saith I wrong her farre.  
 Thus ruthlesse tyrants that are bent to kill,  
 Of all occasions procreate a cause :  
 How can she hate me now (this makes me pause)  
 When yet I cannot but commend her still?  
 For this her fault comes of a modest mind,  
 Where fond ambition made the goddesse blind.

## SONET XXIV.

A countrie swaine while as he lay at rest,  
 Neare dead for cold a serpent did perceiue,



And through preposterous pitie straight would  
saue  
That viper's life, whose death had bene his best :  
For being by his bosomes heate reuiu'd,  
O vile ingratitude! a monstrous thing,  
Not thinking how he strengthned had her sting,  
She kild the courteous clowne by whom she liu'd.  
I in this maner harbour'd in my hart  
A speechlesse picture, destitute of force,  
And lo, attracted with a vaine remorse,  
I gaue it life, and fostred it with art ;  
But like that poisonous viper being strong,  
She burn'd the brest where she had lodg'd so long.

## SONET XXV.

Cleare mouing cristall, pure as the sunne beames,  
Which had the honour for to be the glasse  
Of the most daintie beautie euer was ;  
And with her shadow did enrich thy streames,  
Thy treasures now cannot be bought for monie,  
Whilst she dranke thee, thou drank'st thy fill of  
loue,  
And of those roses didst the sweetnes proue,  
From which the bees of loue do gather honie :  
Th' ambrosian liquor that he fils aboue,  
Whom th' eagle rauish'd from th' inferior round,  
It is not like this nectar (though renown'd)  
Which thou didst tast, whilst she her lips did  
moue :  
But yet beware, lest burning with desires,  
That all thy waters cannot quench thy fires.

## SONET XXVI.

I'le giue thee leaue, my loue, in beauties field  
 To reare red colours whiles, and bend thine eyes;  
 Those that are bashfull still, I quite despise,  
 Such simple soules are too soone mou'd to yeeld:  
 Let maiestie arm'd in thy count'nance sit,  
 As that which will no iniurie receiue;  
 And I'le not hate thee, whiles although thou haue  
 A sparke of pride, so it be rul'd by wit.  
 This is to chastitie a powerfull guard,  
 Whilst haughtie thoughts all seruile things eschue,  
 That sparke hath power the passions to subdue,  
 And would of glorie challenge a reward:  
 But do not fall in loue with thine owne selfe;  
 Narcissus earst was lost on such a shelve.

## SONET XXVII.

The thoughts of those I cannot but disproue,  
 Who basely lost their thraldome must bemone:  
 I scorne to yeeld my selfe to such a one,  
 Whose birth and vertue is not worth my loue.  
 No, since it is my fortune to be thrall,  
 I must be fettred with a golden band;  
 And if I die, I'le die by Hector's hand:  
 So may the victor's fame excuse my fall;  
 And if by any meanes I must be blind,  
 Then it shall be by gazing on the sunne;  
 Oft by those meanes the greatest haue bene wonne,  
 Who must like best of such a generous mind:  
 At least by this I haue allow'd of fame,  
 Much honour if I winne, if lose, no shame.

## SONET XXVIII.

Then whilst that Lathmos did containe her blisse,  
Chast Phœbe left her church so much admir'd,  
And when her brother from that bounds retir'd,  
Would of the sleepe shepheard steale a kisse,  
But to no greater grace I craue to clime,  
Then of my goddesse whiles whilst she reposes,  
That I might kisse the stil-selfekissing roses,  
And steale of her that which was stolne of him;  
And though I know that this would onely proue,  
A maim'd delight, whereof th' one halfe would want,  
Yet whil'st the light did Morpheus power supplant:  
If that my theft did her displeasure moue,  
I render would all that I rob'd againe,  
And for each kisse I take would giue her twaine.

## SONET XXIX.

I enuie not Endimion now no more,  
Nor all the happinesse his sleepe did yeeld,  
While as Diana, straying through the field,  
Suck'd from his sleep-seal'd lippes balme for her sore:  
Whil'st I embrac'd the shadow of my death,  
I dreaming did farre greater pleasure proue,  
And quaff'd with Cupid sugred draughts of loue,  
Then, Ioue-like, feeding on a nectar'd breath:  
Now iudge which of vs two might be most proud;  
He got a kisse yet not enioy'd it right,  
And I got none, yet tasted that delight  
Which Venus on Adonis once bestow'd:  
He onely got the bodie of a kisse,  
And I the soule of it, which he did misse.

## SONET XXX.

Aspiring sprite, flie low, yet flie despaire,  
 Thy haughtie thoughts the heau'nly powers despise.  
 Thus ballanc'd, lo, betwixt the earth and th' aire,  
 I wot not whether for to fall or rise ;  
 Through desperate dangers whiles I scale the skies,  
 As if that nought my courage could restraine,  
 When lo, anon downe in the center lies  
 That restlesse mind, which th' heau'ns did once con-  
     taine ;  
 I toyle for that which I cannot attaine :  
 Yet fortune nought but ficklenesse affords :  
 Where I haue bene, I hope to be againe ;  
 She once must change, her common course records.  
 Although my hap be hard, my heart is hie,  
 And it must mount, or else my bodie die.

## ELEGIE II.

Let not the world beleue th' accusing of my fate  
 Tends to allure it to condole with me my tragick state :  
 Nor that I haue sent forth these stormie teares of rage,  
 So by disburd'ning of my brest, my sorrowes to asswage.  
 No, no, that serues for nought, I craue no such reliefe,  
 Nor will I yeeld that any should be partners of my  
     griefe.  
 My fantasie to feed I only spend those teares :  
 My plaints please me, no musicke sounds so sweetly  
     in my eares,  
 I wish that from my birth I had acquainted bene  
 Still with mishaps, and neuer had but woes and  
     horrors seene :

Then ignorant of ioyes, lamenting as I do,  
As thinking all men did the like, I might content me  
too.

But ah, my fate was worse: for it (as in a glasse)  
Show'd me through little blinkes of blisse, the state  
wherein I was.

Which vnperfected ioyes, scarce constant for an houre,  
Was like but to a watrie sunne, that shines before a  
shoure.

For if I euer thought or rather dream'd of ioyes,  
That litle lightning but foreshow'd a thunder of an-  
noyes:

It was but like the fruit that Tantalus torments,  
Which while he sees and nought attains, his hunger  
but augments.

For so the shadow of that but imagin'd mirth,  
Cal'd all the crosses to record, I suffer'd since my  
birth,

Which are to be bewail'd, but hard to be redrest:  
Whose strange effects may well be felt, but cannot be  
express.

Iudge what the feeling was, when thinking on things  
past,

I tremble at the torment yet, and stand a time agast.  
Yet do I not repent, but will with patience pine:  
For though I mourne, I murmure not, like men that  
do repine.

I graunt I waile my lot. yet I approue her will;  
What my soule's oracle thinkes good, I neuer shall  
thinke ill.

If I had onely sought a salue to ease my paines.

Long since I had bewail'd my lot amongst th' Elysian  
plaines :

Yet mind I not in this selfe-louer-like to die,  
As one that car'd not for her losse, so I my selfe were  
free.

No, may ten nights' annoyes make her one night  
secure,

A day of dolors vnto her a moment's mirth procure :  
Or may a yeare's laments reioyce her halfe an houre,  
May seuen years' sorrows make her glad, I shal not  
think them soure.

And if she do delight to heare of my disease,  
Then ô blest I, who so may haue th' occasion her to  
please :

For now the cause I liue, is not for loue of life,  
But onely for to honour her that holds me in this  
strife.

And ere those vowes I make do vnperform'd escape,  
This world shal once againe renuerst resume her shape-  
lesse shape.

But what, what haue I vow'd? my passions were too  
strong,

As if the mildest of the world delighted to do wrong :  
As she whom I adore with so deuote a mind,  
Could rest content to see me starue, be glad to see  
me pin'd.

No, no, she wailes my state, and would appease my  
cares.

Yet interdited to the Fates, conformes her will to  
theirs.

Then ô vnhappy man, whom euen thy saint would saue

And yet thy cruell destinie doth damne thee to the  
graue.

This sentence then may serue for to confound my  
feares,

Why burst I not my brest with sighs, and drowne  
mine eyes with tears?

Ah, I haue mourn'd so much, that I may mourn no  
more,

My miseries passe numbring now, plaints perish in  
their store.

The meanes t' vnlode my brest doth quite begin to  
faile;

For being drunke with too much dole, I wot not how  
to waile.

And since I want a way my anguish to reueale,  
Of force contented with my fate I'le suffer and con-  
ceale.

And for to vse the world, euen as my loue vs'd me,  
I'le vse a count'nance like to one, whose mind from  
grief were free.

For when she did disdaine, she show'd a smiling  
face,

Euen then when she denounc'd my death, she seem'd  
to promise grace.

So shall I seeme in show my thoughts for to repose,  
Yet in the center of my soule shall shroud a world of  
woes:

Then wofull brest and eyes your restlesse course con-  
troule,

And with no outward signes betray the anguish of my  
soule.

Eyes, raine your shoures within, arrowze the earth no  
 more,  
 Passe drowne with a deluge of teares the brest ye  
 burnt before:  
 Brest, arme your selfe with sighes, if ore weake to  
 defend,  
 Then perish by your proper fires, and make an honest  
 end.

## SONG IV.

O bitter time that dost begin the yeare,  
 And dost begin each bitter thing to breed!  
 O season sowre, that season'st so with gall  
 Each kind of thing, in thee that life doth take:  
 Yet cloak'st thy sowrenesse with a sweet-like hew,  
 And for my share dost make me still to pine,  
 As one that's rob'd of rest.

Now when through all the earth the basest brire,  
 In signe of ioy is cloath'd with sommers weed,  
 Euen now when as hils, herbes, woods, vales and  
 all,  
 Begin to spring, and off th' old ruines shake,  
 Thou but begin'st mine anguish to renew;  
 O rigour rare, to banish me from mine,  
 When birds do build their nest.

By these thy fierce effects it may appeare,  
 That with the Bull the sunne soiournes indeed.  
 What sauage bull disbanded from his stall,  
 Of wrath a signe more inhumane could make?



Ore all the earth thou powr'st downe pleasant dew :  
 But with *despaire* dost all my hopes confine,  
     With teares to bath my brest.

Now when the time t' increase is drawing neare,  
 Thou in my brest of sorrow sow'st the seed,  
 And those old griefes thou goest for to recall,  
 That fading *hing* and would the stalke forsake.  
 Thus how can I some huge mishap eschew,  
 Who, kil'd with *care*, all comfort must resigne,  
     And yeeld to th' amorous pest?

The heau'n of my estate growes neuer cleare,  
 I many torments feele, yet worse do dread :  
 Mishaps haue me inuiron'd with a wall,  
 And my heart *sting* with paines that neuer slake :  
 Yet to the end I'le to my deare be true ;  
 So this sharpe *aire* my constancie shall fine,  
     Which may come for the best.

Ile write my woes vpon this pine-tree here,  
 That passengers such rarities may reade,  
 Who when they thinke of this my wretched fall,  
 With sighes may *sing* those euils that make me  
     quake,  
 And for compassion waile, while as they view,  
 How that I *there* with such a sauage line,  
     A tyrant's trophées drest.

This time desir'd of all I'le to hold deare,  
 And as that all things now to flourish speed :

So mouing on this sea-inuiron'd ball,  
 Foorth teares to *bring* mine eyes shall euer wake :  
 And whilst euen senslesse things my sorrowes rue,  
 I shall not *spare* no part of my ingine,  
     My selfe for to molest.

The sourest hearbes shall be my sweetest cheare,  
 Since to prolong my paines I onely feed ;  
 Some dungeon darke shall serue me for a hall,  
 And like a *king* I shall companions lake.  
 Though neuer enuie do my state pursue,  
 Of wormwood *bare* I mind to make my wine,  
     Thus shall I be distrest.  
 For since my *faire* doth not vpon me rue,  
     My hopes set in the west.

## SONET XXXI.

My fairest faire, aduise thee with thy heart,  
 And tell in time if that thou think'st to loue me,  
 Lest that I perish whil'st thou think'st to proue me,  
 And so thou want the meanes to act thy part :  
 For I account my selfe so done accurst,  
 That from despaire's refuge I scarce refraine.  
 The daintiest colours do the soonest staine,  
 And the most noble minds do soonest burst.  
 Why shouldst thou thus thy rarest treasure venter ?  
 Lo, all the waightie thoughts, the burd'nous cares,  
 And every horror that the health impaires,  
 Draw to the heart, as to the bodie's center :  
 And it ore-ballanc'd with so great a waight,  
 Doth boast to yeeld vnto the burthen straight.

## SONET XXXII.

The turret of my hope, which neuer falles,  
Did at the first all Cupid's power despise:  
But it t' orethrow while as thou arm'd thine eyes:  
Thy lookes were canons, thy disdaines their balles:  
I brau'd thy beauties in a gallant sort,  
And did resist all thy assaults a time:  
But ah, I find in end, (my wrack thy crime)  
That treason enters in the strongest fort.  
Thou, seeing thou wast like to lose the field,  
Vnto my thoughts some fauour didst impart,  
Which like brib'd orators inform'd the hart,  
The victor would proue kind, if I could yeeld:  
And ô, what can this grace thy beautie's straines!  
'T is no true victorie that treason gaines.

## SONET XXXIII.

O if thou knew'st how thou thy selfe dost harme,  
And dost preiudge thy blisse, and spoile my rest:  
Then thou would'st melt the yce out of thy brest,  
And thy relenting heart would kindly warme.  
O if thy pride did not our ioyes controule,  
What world of louing wonders should'st thou see!  
For if I saw thee once transform'd in me,  
Then in thy bosome I would poure my soule,  
Then all thy thoughts should in my visage shine.  
And if that ought mischanc'd thou should'st not mone.  
Nor beare the burthen of thy griefes alone;  
No, I would haue my share in what were thine.  
And whil'st we thus should make our sorrowes one,  
This happie harmonie would make them none.

## SONET XXXIV.

What vncouth motion makes my mirth decay?  
 Is this the thing poore martyr'd men call loue?  
 And whil'st their torment doth their wits dismay,  
 As those that raue, do for a god approue?  
 Although he bring his greatnesse from aboue,  
 And rule the world according to his will,  
 Yet doth he euen from those all rest remoue,  
 That were deuoted to his deitie still.  
 Can that which is th' originall of ill,  
 From which doth flow an ocean of mischiefe,  
 Whose poysnous waues doth many thousands kill,  
 Can that be loue? no, 't is the source of grieffe.  
 And all those erre that hold this vaine conceit;  
 Then I erre too, one in this same estate.

## SESTIN. II.

While as the day deliuers vs his light,  
 I wander through the solitarie fields,  
 And when the euening hath obscur'd the earth,  
 And hath with silence lull'd the world asleepe:  
 Then rage I like a mad-man in my bed,  
 Which, being fir'd with sighes, I quench with teares.

But ere Aurora rise to spend her teares,  
 Still languishing againe to see the light,  
 As th' enemie of my rest, I flie my bed,  
 And take me to the most deserted fields:  
 There is no soule saue I but gets some sleepe,  
 Though one would seeke through all the peopled  
 earth.

Whiles th' Ætna of my fires affrights the earth,  
And whiles it dreads, I drowne it with my teares:  
And it's suspicious-like, I neither sleepe,  
When Phœbus giues nor gathers in his light:  
So many piles of grasse not cloath the fields,  
As I devise designes within my bed.

Vnto the time I find a frostie bed,  
Digged within the bowels of the earth,  
Mine eyes salt flouds shall still oreflow the fields:  
I looke out for an abstinence from teares,  
Till first I be secluded from the light,  
And end my torments with an endlesse sleepe.

For now when I am purposed to sleepe,  
A thousand thoughts assaile me in my bed,  
That oft I do despaire to see the light:  
O would to God I were dissolu'd in earth;  
Then would the sauage beasts bemone with teares,  
Their neighbour's death through all th' vnpeopled fields.

Whil'st rauish'd whiles I walke amongst the fields,  
The lookers on lament, I lose my sleepe:  
But of the crocadiles those be the teares,  
So to perswade me for to go to sleepe;  
As being sure, when once I leaue the light,  
To render me the greatest wretch on th' earth.

O happiest I in th' earth, if in the fields  
I might still see the light and neuer sleepe,  
Drinking salt teares, and making stones my bed.

## SONET XXXV.

When I behold that face for which I pin'd,  
 And did my selfe so long in vaine annoy,  
 My tounge not able to vnfold my ioy,  
 A wondring silence onely shoues my mind :  
 But when againe thou dost extend thy rigour,  
 And wilt not daigne to grace me with thy sight,  
 Thou kil'st my comfort, and so spoil'st my might,  
 That scarce my corps retaines the vitall vigour.  
 Thy presence thus a great contentment brings,  
 And is my soules inestimable treasure :  
 But ô, I drowne in th' ocean of displeasure,  
 When I in absence thinke vpon those things.  
 Thus would to God that I had seene thee neuer.  
 Or would to God that I might see thee euer.

## SONET XXXVI.

Loyr, witesse thou what was my spotlesse part,  
 Whil'st thou amaz'd to see thy Nymphes so faire,  
 As loth to part thence where they did repaire,  
 Still murm'ring did thy plaints t' each stone impart :  
 Then did mine eyes betake them to my hart,  
 As scorning to behold all those, though rare,  
 And gaz'd vpon her beauties image there,  
 Whose eyes haue furnish'd Cupid many a dart :  
 And as deuoted only vnto her,  
 They did disdaine for to bestow their light.  
 For to be entertain'd with any sight,  
 Saue onely that which made them first to erre.  
 Then, famous riuier, through the ocean glide,  
 And tell my loue how constant I abide.

## SONET XXXVII.

I cannot comprehend how this doth come,  
Thou whose affections neuer yet were warme,  
Which cold disdain with leaden thoughts doth arme:  
Though in thy selfe still cold, yet burn'st thou some.  
Euen as the sunne (as th' astrologian dreames)  
In th' airie region where it selfe doth moue,  
Is neuer hote, yet, darting from aboue,  
Doth parch all things that repercusse his beames:  
So thou that in thy selfe from fires art free,  
Who eyes indifferent still, as Titan's staves,  
Whilst I am th' obiect that reflect thy rayes:  
That which thou neuer hadst, thou workst in me.  
Since but below thou show'st that power of thine,  
I would the zodiacke be whence thou dost shine.

## SONET XXXVIII.

My teares might all the parched sands haue drench'd,  
Though Phaeton had vndone the liquide frame:  
I'll furnish Vulcan's fornace with a flame,  
That like the Vestals' fire was neuer quench'd.  
And though th' infected aire turmoil'd remaine,  
It by my sighes and cries may be refin'd:  
And if the bodie answer to the mind,  
If no earth were, mine might make th' earth againe:  
Though all the sauage flockes lay dead in heapes,  
With which th' Arabian desarts are best stor'd,  
My brest might many a fiercer beast affoord,  
If like themselues all cloath'd with monstrous shapes:  
And thus within my selfe I create so,  
A world with all the elements of wo.

## SONET XXXIX.

Myst I attend an vnrelenting will,  
 Which neuer any signe of fauour shew?  
 Ah, why should'st thou, Aurora, thus pursue  
 An innocent, that neuer did thee ill?  
 I did not with the Greeke conspire to kill  
 Thy sonne, for whom thou shed'st such fouds of dew:  
 But I as one that yet his destine rue.  
 For to condole with thee, huge teares distill;  
 And like the louing birds that came each yeare,  
 Vpon his tombe to offer vp their blood:  
 So shall I too powre foorth a skarlet flood,  
 And sacrificize a heart that holds thee deare:  
 That since my life to make thee loue lackes force,  
 At least my death may moue thee to remorse.

## SONET XL.

Thy cruelties (fierce faire) may be excused:  
 For it was I that gaue thy beauty powre,  
 And taught thee when to smile, and when to lowre,  
 Which thou hast since still to my ruine vs'd:  
 As he that others purpos'd was to pine,  
 And for his brasen bull a guerdon claim'd,  
 Was tortur'd first with that which he had fram'd,  
 And made th' experience of his curst engine:  
 So in this manner dost thou me torment,  
 Who told thee first the force of thy disdaines:  
 But ah, I suffer many greater paines,  
 Then the Sicilian tyrants could inuent:  
 And yet this grieues me most that thou disgrac'd,  
 Art in the rancke with such like tyrants plac'd.



## SONET XLI.

If that so many braue men leauing Greece,  
Durst earst aduenter through the raging depth,  
And all to get the spoiles of a poore sheepe,  
That had bene famous for his golden fleece.  
O then for that pure gold what should be sought,  
Of which each haire is worth a thousand such!  
No doubt for it one cannot do too much.  
Why should not precious things be dearely bought!  
And so they are, for in the Colchik guise,  
This treasure many a danger doth defend:  
Of which, when I haue brought some one to end,  
Straight out of that a number doth arise  
Euen as the dragon's teeth bred men at armes,  
Which, ah! t' orethrow, I want Medea's charmes.

## SONET XLII.

Oft with that mirror would I change my shape,  
From which my faire asks counsell euery day.  
How she th' vntainted beauties should array,  
To th' end their fierce assaults no soule may scape.  
Then in my bosome I behou'd t' embrace  
That which I loue, and whilst on me she gaz'd,  
In her sweet eyes I many a time amaz'd,  
Would woo my selfe, and borrow thence a grace.  
But ah, I seeke that which I haue, and more.  
She but too oft in me her picture spies,  
And I but gaze too oft on those faire eyes,  
Whence I the humor draw that makes mine sore.  
Well may my loue come glasse her selfe in me,  
In whom all what she is, the world may see.

## SONET XLIII.

Now when the Syren sings, as one dismaid,  
 I straight with waxe begin to stop mine eares;  
 And when the crocadile doth shed foorth teares,  
 I flie away, for feare to be betraid.  
 I know when as thou seem'st to waile my state,  
 Thy face is no true table of thy mind:  
 And thou would'st neuer show thyselfe so kind,  
 Wert not thy thoughts are hatching some deceit;  
 Whilst with vaine hopes thou go'st about to fill me.  
 I wot whereto those drams of fauour tend;  
 Lest by my death thy cruelties should end,  
 Thou think'st by giuing life againe to kill me:  
 No, no, thou shalt not thus thy greatnesse raise,  
 I'le breake the trumpet that proclaim'd thy praise.

## SONET XLIV.

O now I thinke, and do not thinke amisse,  
 That th' old philosophers were all but fooles,  
 Who vs'd such curious questions in their schooles,  
 Yet could not apprehend the highest blisse.  
 Lo, I haue learn'd in th' academe of loue,  
 A maxime which they neuer vnderstood:  
 To loue and be belou'd, this is the good,  
 Which for most sou'raigne all the world will proue,  
 That which delights vs most must be our treasure:  
 And to what greater joy can one aspire,  
 Then to possesse all that he doth desire,  
 Whil'st two vnited soules do melt in pleasure?  
 This is the greatest good can be inuented,  
 That is so great it cannot be augmented.

## SONET XLV.

I wonder not at Procris' raging fits,  
Who was affraid of thy entangling grace :  
O there be many sorcerers in thy face,  
Whose magicke may enchaunt the rarest wits.  
To Cephalus what would thy lookes haue bred.  
When thou while as the world thy sight pursude.  
As blushing of so many to be view'd,  
A vale of roses ore thy beauties spred :  
Then euer gazing on thine yuorie browes,  
He wounded with thy christall-pointed eyes.  
Had rear'd a trophee to the morning skies,  
Not mindfull of his Hymenean vows.  
But I am glad it chanc'd not to be so,  
Least I had partner bene of Procris' wo.

## SONET XLVI.

Loue swore by Styx, whilst all the depths did tremble,  
That he would be aueng'd of my proud hart,  
Who to his deitie durst base styles impart,  
And would in that Latona's impe resemble :  
Then straight denounc'd his rebell, in a rage  
He labour'd by all meanes for to betray me,  
And gaue full leaue to any for to slay me,  
That he might by my wracke his wrath asswage :  
A nymph, that long'd to finish Cupid's toyles,  
Chanc'd once to spie me come in beautie's bounds,  
And straight orethrew me with a world of wounds,  
Then vnto Paphos did transport my spoiles.  
Thus, thus I see, that all must fall in end,  
That with a greater than themselves contend.

## SONG V.

Alongst the borders of a pleasant plaine,  
 The sad Alexis did his garments teare,  
 And though alone, yet fearing to be plaine,  
 Did maime his words with many a sigh and teare :  
 For whilst he lean'd him downe vpon a greene,  
 His wounds againe began for to grow greene.

At last in show as one whose hopes were light,  
 From fainting breath he forc'd those words to part :  
 "O deare Aurora, dearer then the light,  
 Of all the world's delights mine onely part :  
 How long shall I in barren fields thus eare,  
 Whilst to my sad laments thou lend'st no eare!

"O what a rage doth boyle in euery vaine,  
 Which shows the world my better part's not sound :  
 And yet thou let'st me spend those plaints in vaine,  
 T' amaze the world with many a mournful sound :  
 And whilst that I to grieffe enlarge the raines,  
 A shoure of sorrow ore my visage raines.

"Ah, what haue I whereon my hopes to found,  
 That hop'd t' haue had repose within thine arme,  
 Yet haue not any signe of fauour found,  
 Thy marble mind such frozen fancies arme?  
 For when in humble sort for grace I pray,  
 Thou triumph'st ore me, as thy beautie's pray.

"I that transported once was neare gone wood,  
 Now with long trauels growing faint and leane.

While as I wander through the desert wood,  
My wearied bodie on each tree must leane :  
And whil'st my heart is with strange harpies rent,  
I pay to sorrow the accustom'd rent.

“And whil'st I wander like the wounded deere,  
That seekes for dictamne to recure his scarre,  
And come to thee whom I hold onely deere,  
Thou dost (fierce faire) at my disaster scarre :  
And mak'st me from all kind of comfort barr'd,  
Lieve in the deserts like a raging bard.

“Ah, be there now no meanes t' vndo the band,  
That thou hast fram'd of those thy golden lockes!  
I'le range my fancies in a desperate band,  
And burst asunder all thy beautie's lockes:  
Then to thy brest those firie troupes will lead,  
There from about thy heart to melt the lead.

“But ah, I boast in vaine, this cannot be,  
Although my selfe to many shapes I turne :  
I onely labour like the restlesse bee,  
That toyles in vaine to serue another's turne.  
My hopes, which once wing'd with thy faouours rose,  
Are falling now, as doth the blasted rose.

“That those my torments cannot long time last,  
In my declining eyes the world may reade,  
Lo, wounded with thy pride I fall at last,  
As doth before the winds a beaten reed :

And this my death with shame thy cheekes may die.  
 Since sacrific'd to thy disdain I die."

## SONET XLVII.

When whiles I heare some gallants to giue forth,  
 That those whom they adore are onely faire,  
 With whom they thinke none other can compare ;  
 The beautie of beautie, and the height of worth,  
 Then ieaalousie doth all my ioyes controule,  
 For ô I thinke, who can accomplish'd be,  
 (There is no sunne but one) saue onely she  
 Whom I haue made the idole of my soule ;  
 And this suspition wounds my better parts :  
 I rage to haue a riuall in my light,  
 And yet would rage farre more, if any might  
 Giue her their eyes, and yet hold backe their hearts ;  
 Too great affection doth those passions moue,  
 I may not trust my shadow with my loue.

## SONET XLVIII.

When as I come to thy respected sight,  
 Thy lookes are all so chast, thy words so graue,  
 That my affections do the foile receaue.  
 And like to darknes yeeld vnto the light ;  
 Still vertue holds the ballance of thy wit,  
 In which great reason ponders euery thought,  
 And thou, deare ladie, neuer staid in ought,  
 Thus ore thy selfe dost as an empresse sit.  
 O what is beautie, if not free from blame,  
 It hath the soule as white as is the skinne,  
 The froth of vanitie, the dregs of sinne,

A wracke to others, to it selfe a shame ;  
And as it is most precious, if kept pure,  
It is as much abhorr'd, if once impure.

## SONG VI.

When silence lul's the world asleepe,  
And starres do glance in th' azure field,  
The mountaines making shadowes ore the planes,  
All creatures then betake themselues to rest,  
And to the law of nature yeeld,  
Sawe I, who no good order keepe,  
That then begin to feele my paines ;  
For in the zodiacke of my brest,  
The sunne that I adore her light reuiues,  
Whilst wearied Phœbus in the ocean diues.

The world's cleare day was night to me,  
Who seem'd asleepe still in a trance,  
And all my words were spoken through a dreame :  
But then when th' earth puts on th' vmbraious maske,  
My passions do themselues aduance,  
And from those outward lets set free,  
That had them earst restrain'd with shame,  
Do set me to my wofull taske :  
Then from the night her priuilege I take,  
And in dispight of Morpheus I will wake.

But straight the sunne that giues me light,  
With many duskish vapors cled,  
Doth seeme to boast me with some fearful storme ;  
And whilst I gaze vpon the glorious beames,

Lo, metamorphos'd in my bed,  
I lose at once my shaper sight ;  
And taking on another forme,  
Am all dissolued in bitter streames,  
Where many monsters bathe themselues anone,  
At which strange sight the Faunes and Satyres mone.

But whilst I seeke no springs t' assemble,  
My waters are dride vp againe,  
And as the mightie giant that loue tames :  
I wot not whether, if thundred or thundring,  
Against the heau'ns smokes forth disdaine,  
And makes mount Ætna tremble.  
So I send forth a flood of flames,  
Which makes the world for to stand wondring,  
And never did the Lemnian fornace burne,  
As then my brest, whilst all to fire I turne.

At last no constancie below,  
Thus plagued in two diuers shapes,  
I'm turn'd into my selfe, and then I quake,  
For this I haue by prooffe found worst of all :  
Then do my hopes fall dead in heapes,  
And to b' aueng'd of their orethrow,  
Strange troupes of thoughts their musters make,  
Which tosse my fancie like a ball :  
Thus one mishap doth come as th' other's past,  
And still the greatest crosse comes euer last.

To tell the starres my night I passe,  
And much conclude, yet questions do arise :



I harregues make though dumbe, and see though  
blind,  
And though alone, am hem'd about with bands:  
I build great castels in the skies,  
Whose tender turrets but of glasse,  
Are straight oreturn'd with euery wind,  
And rear'd and raz'd, yet without hands;  
I in this state strange miseries detect,  
And more deuse then thousands can effect.

My sunne whilst thus I stand perplex'd,  
The darknesse doth againe controule,  
And then I gaze vpon that diuine grace,  
Which as that I had view'd Medusae's head,  
Transform'd me once; and my sad soule,  
That thus hath bene so strangely vext,  
Doth from her seate those troubles chase,  
The which before dispaire had made,  
And all her pow'r vpon contentment feeds,  
No ioy to that which after wo succeeds.

And yet those dainties of my ioyes  
Are still confected with some feares,  
That well accustom'd with my cruell fate,  
Can neuer trust the gift that th'emie giues,  
And onely th'end true witnessse beares:  
For whilst my soule her pow'r employes,  
To surfet in this happie state,  
The heau'n againe my wracke contriues,  
And the world's sunne enuying this of mine,  
To darken my loue's world begins to shine.

## SONET XLIX.

I thinke that Cipris in a high disdain,  
 Barr'd by the barb'rous Turkes that conquer'd seate,  
 To re-erect the ruins of her state,  
 Comes ore their bounds t' establish beautie's raigne;  
 And whilst her greatnesse doth begin to rise,  
 As sdaining temples built of baser frame,  
 She in those rosie snowes t' enstall her name,  
 Rears stately altars in thy starrie eyes,  
 Before whose sacred shrine diuinely faire,  
 Brests, boyling still with generous desires,  
 Fall sacrific'd with memorable fires;  
 The incense of whose sighes endeers the aire,  
 In which thy fame vnparagon'd doth flee,  
 Whilst thou by beautie, beautie liues by thee.

## SONET L.

Once Cupid had compassion of my state,  
 And, wounded with a wonderfull remorse,  
 Vow'd that he would my cruell faire enforce,  
 To melt the rigour of her cold conceit:  
 But when he came his purpose to fulfill,  
 And shot at her a volly from the skies,  
 She did receiue the darts within her eyes;  
 Then in those cristall quiuers kept them still.  
 Who vaunt before they win, oft lose the game;  
 And the presumptuous mind gets maniest foiles.  
 Lo, he that thought t' haue triumph'd ore her spoiles,  
 But come with pride, and went away with shame:  
 And where he hop'd t' haue help'd me by this strife.  
 He brought her armes wherewith to take my life.

## SONET LI.

I dream'd, the nymph that ore my fancie raignes,  
Came to a part whereas I paus'd alone ;  
Then said, "What needs you in such sort to mone !  
Haue I not power to recompense your paines !  
Lo, I coniure you by that loyall loue,  
Which you professe, to cast those griefes apart,  
It's long, deare loue, since that you had my hart,  
Yet I was coy your constancie to proue,  
But hauing had a prooffe, I'le now be free :  
I am the eccho that your sighes resounds,  
Your woes are mine, I suffer in your wounds,  
Your passions all they sympathize in me :"  
Thus whilst for kindnesse both began to weepe,  
My happinesse euanish'd with the sleepe.

## SONET LII.

Some men delight huge buildings to behold,  
Some theaters, mountaines, floods, and famous springs ;  
Some monuments of monarkes, and such things  
As in the bookes of fame haue bene inrol'd :  
Those stately townes that to the starres were rais'd,  
Some would their ruines see (their beautie's gone)  
Of which the world's three parts, each bosts of one,  
For Cæsar, Hanniball, and Hector prais'd :  
Though none of those, I loue a sight as rare,  
Euen her that ore my life as queene doth sit,  
Iuno in maiestie, Pallas in wit ;  
As Phœbe chast, then Venus farre more faire :  
And though her lookes euen threaten death to me,  
Their threatnings are so sweet, I cannot flie.

## SONET LIII.

If now, cleare Po, that pittie be not spent,  
 Which for to quench his flames did once thee moue,  
 Whom the great thunderer thundred from aboue.  
 And to thy siluer bosome burning sent,  
 To pitie his coequall be content ;  
 That in effect doth the like fortune proue,  
 Throwne headlong from the highest heau'ns of loue :  
 Here burning on thy borders I lament,  
 The successe did not second my dissigne,  
 Yet must I like my generous intent,  
 Which cannot be condemn'd by the euent,  
 That fault was fortune's, though the losse be mine ;  
 And by my fall I shall be honour'd oft,  
 My fall doth wisse I was once aloft.

## SONET LIV.

Great god that guides the dolphin through the deepe.  
 Looke now as thou didst then with smiling grace.  
 When, seeking once her beauties to embrace,  
 Thou forc'd the faire Amimone to weepe :  
 The liquid monarchie thou canst not keepe,  
 If thus the blustring god vsurp thy place ;  
 Rise and against his blasts erect thy face ;  
 Let Triton's trumpet sound the seas asleepe,  
 With thine own armes the wind thy bosome wounds.  
 And whilst that it thy followers' fall contriues,  
 Thy trident to indanger dayly striues,  
 And desolate would render all thy bounds :  
 Then if thou think'st for to preserue thy state.  
 Let not such stormes disturb thy watrie seate.

## SONET LV.

I enuie Neptune oft, not that his hands  
Did build that loftie Ilion's stately towers,  
Nor that he, emperour of the liquid pow'rs,  
Doth brooke a place amongst the immortal bands,  
But that embracing her whom I loue best,  
As Achilous with Alcides once,  
Still wrestling with the riual earth he grones,  
For earnestness t' oreflow her happie nest :  
Thus would he barre me from her presence still,  
For when I come afield, he fann'd my sailes,  
With mild zephires faire yet prosperous gales,  
And, like t' Vlysses, gaue me wind at will :  
But when I would returne, O what deceit,  
With tumbling waues thou barr'st the glassie gate!

## SONET LVI.

Lo, now reuiuing my disast'rous stile,  
I prosecute the tenour of my fate,  
And follow forth at danger's highest rate,  
In forraine realmes my fortune for a while :  
I might haue learn'd this by my last exile,  
That change of countries cannot change my state :  
Where euer that my bodie seeke a seate,  
I leaue my heart in Albion's glorious yle ;  
And since then banisht from a louely sight,  
I married haue my mind to sad conceits,  
Though to the furthest part that fame dilates,  
I might on Pegasus addresse my flight ;  
Yet should I still whilst I might breath or moue,  
Remaine the monster of mishap and loue.

## SONET LVII.

Whilst th' Apenin seems cloth'd with snows to vaunt,  
 As if that their pure white all hues did staine,  
 I match them with thy matchlesse faire againe,  
 Whose lillies haue a luster, that they want :  
 But when some die, train'd with a pleasant show,  
 In their plaine-seeming depths as many do,  
 Then I remember how Aurora too,  
 With louely rigour thousands doth orethrow.  
 Thus is it fatall by th' effects we know,  
 That beautie must do harme, more then delight :  
 For lo th' snow, the whitest of the white,  
 Comes from the clouds, t' engender yce below :  
 So she with whom for beautie none compares,  
 From clouds of cold disdain, raines downe despair̄s.

## SONET LVIII.

Feare not, my faire, that euer any chaunce  
 So shake the resolutions of my mind,  
 That like Demophon, changing with the wind,  
 I thy fame's rent not labour to enhaunce :  
 The ring which thou in signe of fauour gaue,  
 Shall from fine gold transforme it selfe in glasse :  
 The diamond which then so solid was,  
 Soft like the waxe, each image shall receiue :  
 First shall each riuer turne vnto the spring,  
 The tallest oke stand trembling like a reed,  
 Harts in the aire, whales on the mountaines feed,  
 And foule confusions seaze on euery thing ;  
 Before that I begin to change in ought,  
 Or on another but bestow one thought.

## SONET LIX.

Whilst euery youth to entertaine his loue,  
Did straine his wits as farre as they might reach,  
And arming passions with a pow'rfull speach,  
Vsde each patheticke phrase that seru'd to moue :  
Then to some corner still retir'd alone,  
I, whom melancholly from mirth did leade,  
As hauing view'd Medusæ's snakie head,  
Seem'd metamorphos'd in a marble stone :  
And as that wretched mirroure of mischiefe,  
Whom earst Apollo spoil'd, doth still shed teares,  
And in a stone the badge of sorrow beares,  
While as a humid vapour showes her griefe :  
So whilst transform'd as in a stone I stay,  
A fire smoke doth blow my griefe away.

## SONET LX.

The heauens beheld that all men did despise,  
That which the owner from the graue acquites,  
That sleepe, the belly, and some base delights,  
Had banish'd vertue from beneath the skies ;  
Which to the world againe for to restore,  
The gods did one of theirs to th' earth transferre,  
And with as many blessings following her,  
As earst Pandora kept of plagues in store.  
She, since she came within this wretched vale,  
Doth in each mind a loue of glorie breed ;  
Bettering the better parts that haue most need,  
And showes how worldlings to the clouds may scale :  
She cleares the world, but ah, hath darkned me,  
Made blind by her, my selfe I cannot see.

## SONET LXI.

How long shall I bestowe my time in vaine,  
 And sound the praises of that spitefull boy ;  
 Who, whilst that I for him my paines employ,  
 Doth guerdon me with bondage and disdain?  
 O, but for this I must his glorie raise,  
 Since one that's worthie triumphs of my fall ;  
 Where great men oft to such haue bene made thrall,  
 Whose birth was base, whose beautie without praise.  
 And yet in this his hatred doth appeare,  
 For otherwise I might my losse repaire.  
 But being, as she is, exceeding faire,  
 I'm forc'd to hold one that's vngratefull deare :  
 These euerchanging thoughts which nought can bind,  
 May well beare witness of a troubled mind.

## SONET LXII.

When as the sunne doth drinke vp all the streames,  
 And with a feruent heate the flowres doth kill ;  
 The shadow of a wood, or of a hill,  
 Doth serue vs for a targe against his beames :  
 But ah, those eyes that burne me with desire,  
 And seeke to parch the substance of my soule,  
 The ardour of their rayes for to controule,  
 I wot not where my selfe for to retire :  
 Twixt them and me, to haue procur'd some ease,  
 I interpos'd the seas, woods, hils, and riuers ;  
 And yet am of those neuer emptied quiuers  
 The obiect still, and burne, be where I please :  
 But of the cause I need not for to doubt,  
 Within my brest I beare the fire about.



## SONET LXIII.

Oft haue I heard, which now I must deny,  
That nought can last if that it be extreame;  
Times dayly change, and we likewise in them,  
Things out of sight do straight forgotten die:  
There is nothing more vehement then loue,  
And yet I burne, and burne still with one flame.  
Times oft haue changed, yet I remaine the same,  
Nought from my mind her image can remoue:  
The greatnesse of my loue aspires to ruth,  
Time vowes to crowne my constancie in th' end,  
And absence doth my fancies but extend;  
Thus I perceiue the poet spake the truth,  
That who to see strange countries were inclin'd,  
Might change the aire, but neuer change the mind.

## SONET LXIV.

I wot not what strange things I haue design'd,  
But all my gestures do presage no good;  
My lookes are gastly-like, thoughts are my food.  
A silent pausing shoves my troubled mind:  
Huge hosts of thoughts are mustring in my brest,  
Whose strongest are conducted by despaire,  
Which haue inuolu'd my hopes in such a snare.  
That I by death would seeke an endles rest.  
What furie in my brest strange cares enroules,  
And in the same would reare sterne Plutoe's seate!  
Go get you hence to the Tartarian gate,  
And breed such terrours in the damned soules:  
Too many grieuous plagues my state extorse,  
Though apprehended horrors bost not worse.

## SONG VII.

O memorable day, that chanc'd to see  
 A world of louing wonders strangely wrought,  
 Deepe in my brest engrau'd by many a thought,  
 Thou shalt be celebrated still by me :  
 And if that Phœbus so benigne will be,  
 That happie happie place,  
 Whereas that diuine face  
 Did distribute such grace,  
 By pilgrims once as sacred shall be sought.

When she whom I a long time haue affected,  
 Amongst the flowres went forth to take the aire ;  
 They being proud of such a guest's repaire,  
 Though by her garments diuers times deieted,  
 To gaze on her againe themselues erected ;  
 Then softly seem'd to say :  
 "O happie we this day ;  
 Our worthlesse dew it may,  
 Washing her feete, with nectar now compare."

The roses did the rosie hue enuy  
 Of those sweet lips that did the bees deceaue,  
 That colour oft the lillies wish'd to haue,  
 Which did the alablaster piller die,  
 On which all beautie's glorie did rely ;  
 Her breath so sweetly smell'd,  
 The violets, as excell'd,  
 To looke downe were compell'd ;  
 And so confest what foile they did receaue.

I heard at lest, loue made it so appeare,  
The fethered flockes her praises did proclaime :  
She whom the tyrant Tereus put to shame,  
Did leaue sad plaints, and learn'd to praise my deare :  
To ioyne with her sweet breath the winds drew neare ;  
They were in loue no doubt,  
For circling her about,  
Their fancies bursted out,  
Whilst all their sounds seem'd but to sound her name.

There I mine eyes with pleasant sights did cloy,  
Whose seuerall parts in vaine I striue t' vnfold ;  
My faire was fairer many a thousand fold  
Then Venus, when she woo'd the bashfull boy :  
This I remember both with griefe and ioy,  
Each of her lookes a dart,  
Might well haue kill'd a hart :  
Mine from my breast did part,  
And thence retir'd it to a sweeter hold.

Whilst in her bosome whiles she plac'd a flowre,  
Straight of the same I enuy would the case,  
And wish'd my hand a flowre t' haue found like grace ;  
Then when on her it rain'd some hapning howre,  
I wish'd like loue t' haue falne down in a showre :  
But when the flowres she spread,  
To make her selfe a bed,  
And with her gowne them cled,  
A thousand times I wish'd t' haue had their place.

Thus whilst that senselesse things that blisse attain'd,  
Which vnto me good iustice would adiudge,

Behind a little bush, (O poore refuge)  
 Fed with her face, I lizard-like remain'd :  
 Then from her eyes so sweet a poison rain'd,  
 That gladly drinking death,  
 I was not mou'd to wrath,  
 Though like t' haue lost my breath,  
 Drown'd with the streames of that most sweet deluge.

And might that happinesse continue still,  
 Which did content me with so pleasant sights,  
 My soule then rauish'd with most rare delights,  
 With ambrosie and nectar I might fill :  
 Which ah, I feare, I surfeiting would kill.  
 Who would leaue off to thinke,  
 To moue, to breathe, or winke,  
 But neuer irke to drinke  
 The sugred liquor that transports my sprites ?

## SONET LXV.

My face the colours whiles of death displayes,  
 And I who at my wretched state repine,  
 This mortall vaile would willingly resigne,  
 And end my dole together with my dayes :  
 But Cupid, whom my danger most dismayes,  
 As loth to lose one that decores his shrine,  
 Straight in my brest doth make Aurora shine,  
 And by this stratageme my dying staves.  
 Then in mine eares he sounds th' angelike voice,  
 And to my sight presents the beauteous face,  
 And cals to mind that more than diuine grace,  
 Which made me first for to confirme my choice :

And I who all those sights haue oft perceiu'd,  
Yet thus content my selfe to be deceiu'd.

## SONET LXVI.

*B.* Go get thee heart from hence, for thou hast prou'd  
The hatefull traitor that procur'd my fall.

*H.* May I not yet once satisfie for all,  
Whose loyaltie may make thee to be lou'd ?

*B.* I'le neuer trust one that hath once betrayd me :  
For once a traitor, and then neuer true.

*H.* Yet would my wracke but make thee first to rue,  
That could trust none if thou hadst once dismaid me.

*B.* How euer others make me for to smart,  
I scorne to haue an enemie in my brest.

*H.* Well, if that thou spoile me, I'le spoile thy rest,  
Want I a bodie, thou shalt want a heart :  
Thus do th' vnhappy still augment their harmes,  
And thou hast kild thy selfe with thine owne armes.

## SONET LXVII.

*A.* What art thou, in such sort that wail'st thy fall,  
And comes surcharg'd with an excessiue grieffe ?

*H.* A wofull wretch, that comes to craue releefe,  
And was his heart that now hath none at all.

*A.* Why dost thou thus to me vnfold thy state,  
As if with thy mishaps I would imbroile me ?

*H.* Because the loue I bare to you did spoile me,  
And was the instrument of my hard fate :

*A.* And dare so base a wretch so high aspire,  
As for to pleade for interest in my grace ?

Go get thee hence ; or if thou do not cease,

I vow to burne thee with a greater fire :  
*H.* Ah, ah, this great vnkindnes stops my breath,  
 Since those that I loue best procure my death.

## SONET LXVIII.

I hope, I feare, resolu'd, and yet I doubt,  
 I'm cold as yce, and yet I burne as fire ;  
 I wot not what, and yet I much desire,  
 And trembling too, am desperatly stout :  
 Though melancholious wonders I deuise,  
 And compasse much, yet nothing can embrace ;  
 And walke ore all, yet stand still in one place,  
 And bound on th' earth, do soare about the skies :  
 I beg for life, and yet I bray for death,  
 And haue a mightie courage, yet dispaire ;  
 I euer muse, yet am without all care,  
 And shout aloud, yet neuer straine my breath :  
 I change as oft as any wind can do,  
 Yet for all this am euer constant too.

## SONET LXIX.

What wonder though my count'nance be not bright,  
 And that I looke as one with clouds inclos'd ?  
 A great part of the earth is interpos'd  
 Betwixt the sunne and me that giues me light :  
 Ah, since sequestred from that diuine face,  
 I find my selfe more sluggishly dispos'd :  
 Nor whilst on that cleare patterne I repos'd,  
 That put my inward darknesse to the flight.  
 No more then can the sunne shine without beames,  
 Can she vncompas'd with her vertues liue,

Which to the world an euidence do giue  
Of that rare worth which many a mouth proclaimes :  
And which sometime did purifie my mind,  
That by the want thereof is now made blind.

## SONET LXX.

Some gallant sprites, whose waies none yet dare trace,  
To show the world the wonders of their wit,  
Did (as their tossed fancies thought most fit)  
Forme rare ideas of a diuine face.  
Yet neuer art to that true worth attain'd,  
Which Nature, now growne prodigall, imparts  
To one deare one, whose sacred seuerall parts  
Are more admir'd then all that poets fain'd.  
Those bordring climes that boast of beautie's shrine,  
If once thy sight enrich'd their soiles (my loue)  
Then all with one consent behou'd t' approue,  
That Calidon doth beauties best confine.  
But ah, the heau'n on this my ruine sounds,  
The more her worth, the deeper are my wounds.

## SONET LXXI.

For eyes that are deliuer'd of their birth,  
And hearts that can complaine, none needs to care :  
I pitie not their sighes that pierce the ayre,  
To weepe at will were a degree of mirth :  
But he (ay me) is to be pitied most,  
Whose sorrowes haue attain'd to that degree,  
That they are past expressing, and can be  
Onely imagin'd by a man that's lost.  
The teares that would burst out yet are restrain'd,

Th' imprison'd plaints that perish without fame,  
 Sighs form'd and smother'd ere they get a name,  
 Those to be pitied are (ô grieve vnfain'd)  
 Whilst sighes the voice, the voice the sighs confounds,  
 Then teares marre both, and all are out of bounds.

## SONET LXXII.

O my desire, if thou tookst time to marke,  
 When I against my will thy sight forsooke:  
 How that mine eyes with many an earnest looke,  
 Did in thy beautie's depth themselues embarke:  
 And when our lippes did seale the last farewell,  
 How loth were mine from those delights to part.  
 For what was purpos'd by the panting heart,  
 My toung cleau'd to the throat, and could not tell.  
 Then when to sorrow I the raines enlarg'd,  
 Whil'st being spoil'd of comfort and of might,  
 As forc'd for to forgo thy beautie's light,  
 Of burning sighs a volley I discharg'd:  
 No doubt then when thou spid'st what I did proue,  
 Thou saidst within thy self, *This man doth loue.*

## MADRIGAL II.

Beheld'st thou me looke backe at our good night:  
 O no good night,  
 Dismall, obscure, and blacke:  
 Mine eyes then in their language spake,  
 And would haue thus complain'd:  
 Thou leau'st the hart, makes vs depart;  
 Curst is our part,  
 And hard to be sustain'd.



O happie heart that was retain'd:  
Alas, to leaue vs too, there is no art:  
It in her bosome now should nightly sleepe,  
And we exil'd, still for her absence weepe.

## SONET LXXIII.

When whiles thy daintie hand doth crosse my light,  
It seemes an yuorie table for loue's storie,  
On which th' impearled pillars, beautie's glorie,  
Are rear'd betwixt the sunne and my weake sight.  
Though this would great humanitie appeare,  
Which for a little while my flame allayes,  
And saues me vnconsum'd with beautie's rayes,  
I rather die, then buy my life so deare.  
Oft haue I wish'd whil'st in this state I was,  
That th' alablaster bulwarke might transpare,  
And that the pillars rarer then they are,  
Might whiles permit some hapning rayes to passe:  
But if eclipsed thy beautie's sunne must stand,  
Then be it with the moone of thine owne hand.

## SONET LXXIV.

Lo, in my faire each of the planets raignes:  
She is as Saturne, euer graue and wise,  
And as Ioue's thunderbolts, her thundring eyes  
Do plague the pride of men with endlesse paines:  
Her voyce is as Apollo's, and her head  
Is euer garnish'd with his golden beamés,  
And ô her heart, which neuer fancie tames:  
More fierce then Mars makes thousands to lie dead.  
From Mercurie her eloquence proceeds,

Of Venus she the sweetnesse doth retaine,  
 Her face still full doth Phœbe's lightnesse staine,  
 Whom likewise she in chastitie exceeds.  
 No wonder then though this in me doth moue,  
 To such a diuine soule, a diuine loue.

## SONET LXXV.

My faithfull thoughts no dutie do omit ;  
 But being fraughted with most zealous cares,  
 Are euer busied for my loue's affaires,  
 And in my brest as senators do sit,  
 To my heart's famine yeelding pleasant food.  
 They sugred fancies in my bosome breed,  
 And would haue all so well for to succeed,  
 That through excessiue care they nought conclude :  
 But ah, I feare that their affections trie  
 In end like th' ape's, that whil'st he seekes to proue  
 The powrefull motions of a parent's loue,  
 Doth oft embrace his young ones till they die :  
 So to my heart my thoughts do cleaue so fast,  
 That ô, I feare they make it burst at last.

## SONET LXXVI.

What fortune strange, what strange misfortune erst  
 Did tosse me with a thousand things in vaine,  
 Whiles sad despaires confounded did remaine ?  
 Whiles all my hopes were to the winds disperst ?  
 Erected whiles, and whiles again renuerst ?  
 Whiles nurc'd with smiles, whiles murther'd with  
 disdain,  
 Whiles borne aloft, whiles laid as low againe ?

And with what state haue I not once bene verst?  
But yet my constant mind which vertue binds,  
From the first course no new occurrence draws:  
Still like a rocke by sea against the waues,  
Or like a hill by land against the winds:  
So all the world that views that which I find,  
May damne my destinie, but not my mind.

## SONET LXXVII.

I long to see this pilgrimage expire,  
That makes the eyes for to enuie the mind,  
Whose sight with absence cannot be confin'd,  
But warmes it selfe still at thy beautie's fire.  
Loue in my bosome did thy image sinke  
So deeply once, it cannot be worne out:  
Yet once the eyes may haue their course about,  
And see farre more, then now the mind can thinke.  
I'le once retire in time before I die,  
There where thou first my libertie didst spoile:  
For otherwise dead in a forraine soile,  
Still with my selfe entomb'd my faith shall lie.  
No, no, I'le rather die once in thy sight,  
Then in this state die ten times in one night.

## SONET LXXVIII.

I chanc'd, my deare, to come vpon a day,  
Whil'st thou wast but arising from thy bed,  
And the warme snowes with comely garments cled;  
More rich then glorious, and more fine then gay:  
Then blushing to be seene in such a case,  
O how thy curled lockes mine eyes did please,

And well become those waues, thy beautie's seas,  
 Which by thy haire were fram'd vpon thy face :  
 Such was Diana once when, being spide  
 By rash Acteon, she was much commou'd :  
 Yet more discreet then th' angrie goddesse prou'd,  
 Thou knew'st I came through error, not of pride :  
 And thought the wounds I got by thy sweet sight,  
 Were too great scourges for a fault so light.

## MADRIGAL III.

I saw my loue like Cupid's mother,  
 Her tresses sporting with her face,  
 Which being proud of such a grace,  
 Whiles kist th' one cheeke, and whiles the other :  
 Her eyes glad such a meanes t' embrace,  
 Whereby they might haue me betraid,  
 Themselues they in ambushment laid,  
 Behind the treasures of her haire,  
 And wounded me so deadly there,  
 That doubtlesse I had dead remain'd,  
 Were not the treason she disdain'd ;  
 And with her lippes' sweet balme my health procur'd :  
 I would be wounded oft to be so cur'd.

## MADRIGAL IV.

Once for her face, I saw my faire  
 Did of her haire a shadow make :  
 Or rather wandring hearts to take.  
 She stented had those nets of gold,  
 Sure by this meanes all men t' ensnare,  
 She toss'd the streamers with her breath,

And seem'd to boast a world with death :  
But when I did the sleight behold,  
I to the shadow did repaire,  
To flie the burning of thine eyes ;  
O happie he, by such a sleight that dies.

## SONET LXXIX.

The most refreshing waters come from rockes,  
Some bitter rootes oft send foorth daintie flowres,  
The growing greenes are cherished with showres,  
And pleasant stemmes spring from deformed stockes :  
The hardest hils do feed the fairest flockes :  
All greatest sweetes were sugred first with sowres,  
The headlesse course of vncontrolled houres,  
To all difficulties a way vnlockes.  
I hope to haue a heauen within thine armes,  
And quiet calmes when all these stormes are past,  
Which coming vnexpected at the last,  
May burie in obliuion by-gone harmes.  
To suffer first, to sorrow, sigh, and smart,  
Endeeres the conquest of a cruell hart.

## SONET LXXX.

When loue spide death like to triumph ore me,  
That had bene such a pillar of his throne ;  
And that all Æsculapius' hopes were gone,  
Whose drugs had not the force to set me free,  
He labour'd to reduce the fates' decree,  
And thus bespake the tyrant that spares none :  
“ Thou that wast neuer mou'd with worldlings mone,  
To saue this man for my request agree :

And I protest that he shall dearely buy  
 The short prolonging of a wretched life :  
 For it shall be inuolu'd in such a strife,  
 That he shall neuer liue, but euer die."  
 O what a cruell kindnesse Cupid crau'd,  
 Who for to kill me oft, my life once sau'd.

## SONET LXXXI.

Oft haue I vow'd of none t' attend releefe,  
 Whose ardour was not equall vnto mine,  
 And in whose face there did not clearely shine  
 The very image of my inward greefe :  
 But so the dest'nies do my thoughts dispose ;  
 I wot not what a fatall force ordaines,  
 That I abase my selfe to beare disdaines,  
 And honour one that ruines my repose.  
 Oft haue I vow'd no more to be orethrowne,  
 But still retaining my affections free,  
 To fancie none, but them that fancied me :  
 But now I see my will is not mine owne.  
 Then ah, may you bewitch my iudgement so,  
 That I must loue, although my heart say no!

## SONET LXXXII.

I rage to see some in the scroules of fame,  
 Whose louers' wits, more rare then their deserts,  
 Do make them prais'd for many gallant parts,  
 The which doth make themselues to blush for shame :  
 Where thou whom euen thine enemies cannot blame,  
 Though famous in the center of all hearts ;  
 Yet to the world thy worth no pen imparts :

Which iustly might those wrong-spent praises claime.  
But what vaine pen so fondly durst aspire,  
To paint that worth which soares aboue each wit,  
Which hardly highest apprehensions hit,  
Not to be told, but thought of with desire :  
For where the subiect doth surmount the sence,  
We best by silence show a great pretence.

## SONG VIII.

I would thy beautie's wonders show,  
Which none can tell, yet all do know :  
Thou borrowst nought to moue delight :  
Thy beauties (deare) are all perfite.  
And at the head I'le first begin,  
Most rich without, more rich within :  
Within, a place Minerua claimes,  
Without, Apollo's golden beames,  
Whose smiling waues those seas may scorne,  
Where beautie's goddesse earst was borne :  
And yet do boast a world with death,  
If toss'd with gales of thy sweet breath.  
I for two crescents take thy browes,  
Or rather for two bended bowes,  
Whose archer loue, whose white men's harts,  
Thy frownes, no, smiles, smiles are thy darts ;  
Which to my ruine euer bent,  
Are oft discharg'd but neuer spent.  
Thy sunnes, I dare not say, thine eyes,  
Which oft do set, and oft do rise :  
Whilst in thy face's heau'n they moue,  
Giue light to all the world of loue :

And yet do whiles defraud our sight,  
Whil'st two white clouds eclipse their light.  
The laborinthes of thine eares,  
Where beautie both her colours reares,  
Are lawne laid on a scarlet ground,  
Whereas loue's ecchoes euer sound:  
Thy cheekes, strawberries dipt in milke,  
As white as snow, as soft as silke;  
Gardens of lillies and of roses,  
Where Cupid still himselfe reposes,  
And on their daintie rounds he sits,  
When he would charme the rarest wits.  
Those swelling vales which beautie owes,  
Are parted with a dike of snowes:  
The line that still is stretch'd out euen,  
And doth diuide thy face's heauen:  
It hath the prospect of those lippes,  
From which no word vnballanc'd slippes:  
There is a grot by Nature fram'd,  
Which Art to follow is asham'd:  
All those whom fame for rare giues foorth,  
Compar'd with this are little woorth,  
'Tis all with pearles and rubies set;  
But I the best almost forget,  
There do the gods (as I haue tride)  
Their ambrosie and nectar hide.  
The daintie pit that's in thy chin,  
Makes many a heart for to fall in,  
Whereas they boyle with pleasant fires,  
Whose fuell is inflam'd desires.  
'Tis eminent in beautie's field,



As that which threatens all to yeeld.  
'T vphold those treasures vndefac'd.  
There is an yuorie pillar plac'd,  
Which like to Maia's sonne doth proue,  
For to beare vp this world of loue :  
In it some branched veines arise,  
As th' azure pure would braue the skies.  
I see whiles as I downward moue,  
Two little globes, two worlds of loue,  
Which vndiscouer'd, vndistressed,  
Were neuer with no burden pressed :  
Nor will for lord acknowledge none,  
To be enstal'd in beautie's throne :  
As barren yet so were they bare,  
O happie he that might dwell there.  
And now my Muse we must make hast,  
To it that's iustly cal'd the wast,  
That wasts my heart with hopes and feares.  
My breath with sighes, mine eyes with teares :  
Yet I to it, for all those harmes,  
Would make a girdle of mine armes.  
There is below which no man knowes,  
A mountaine made of naked snowes,  
Amidst the which is loue's great seale,  
To which for helpe I oft appeale,  
And if by it my right were past,  
I should brooke beautie still at last.  
But ah, my muse will lose the crowne,  
I dare not go no further downe,  
Which doth discourage me so much,  
That I no other thing will touch.

No, not those little daintie feet,  
 Which Thetis staine, for Venus meet :  
 Thus wading through the depths of beautie,  
 I would haue faine discharg'd my dutie :  
 Yet doth thy worth so passe my skill,  
 That I show nothing but good will.

## SONET LXXXIII.

That fault on me (my faire) no further vrge,  
 Nor wrest it not vnto a crooked sence,  
 The punishment else passeth the offence :  
 This fault was in it selfe too great a scourge,  
 Since I behou'd to giue th' occasion place,  
 And could not haue the meanes to visite thee.  
 Could there haue come a greater crosse to me,  
 Then so to be sequestred from thy face ?  
 And yet I thinke that fortune for my rest,  
 Though for the time it did turmoile my mind  
 Admit she be (as many call her) blind,  
 Did for the time then stumble on the best.  
 To looke vpon thine eyes had I presum'd,  
 I might haue rested by their rayes consum'd.

## SONET LXXXIV.

Ah, thou (my loue) wilt lose thy selfe at last,  
 Who can to match thy selfe with none agree :  
 Thou ow'st thy father nephewes, and to me  
 A recompence for all my passions past.  
 Ah, why should'st thou thy beautie's treasure wast,  
 Which will begin for to decay I see ?  
 Earst Daphne did become a barren tree,

Because she was not halfe so wise as chaste:  
And all the fairest things do soonest fade,  
Which O, I feare, thou with repentance trie:  
The roses blasted are, the lillies dye,  
And all do languish in the sommer's shade:  
Yet will I grieue to see those flowers fall downe.  
Which for my temples should haue fram'd a crowne.

## SONET LXXXV.

Some yet not borne surueying lines of mine,  
Shall enuie with a sigh, the eyes that view'd  
Those beauties with my bloud so oft imbrude,  
The which by me in many a part do shine.  
Those reliques then of this turmoil'd engine,  
Which for thy fauour haue so long persude,  
Then after death will make my fortune rued.  
And thee despited that didst make me pine.  
Ah, that thou should'st, to wracke so many hearts,  
Exceed in all excellencies, but loue!  
That maske of rigour from thy mind remoue.  
And then thou art accomplish'd in all parts:  
Then shall thy fame ore all vntainted flie,  
Thou in my lines, and I shall liue in thee.

## SONG IX.

O happy Tithon, if thou know'st thy hap,  
And value thy wealth, but as I do my want,  
Then need'st thou not (which, ah, I grieue to grant)  
Repine at loue, lul'd in his lemman's lap:  
That golden shower in which he did repose,  
One dewie drop it staines,

Which thy Aurora raines  
 Vpon the rurall plaines.  
 When from thy bed she passionatly goes.

Then wakened with the musicke of the mearles.  
 She not remembers Memnon when she mournes:  
 That faithfull flame which in her bosome burnes,  
 From christall conduits throwes those liquide pearles.  
 Sad from thy sight so soon to be remou'd,  
 She so her grieffe delates,  
 O fauor'd by the fates,  
 Aboue the happiest states,  
 Who art of one so worthie well belou'd.

This is not she that onely shines by night,  
 No borrow'd beame doth beautifie thy faire:  
 But this is she, whose beauties. more then rare,  
 Come crown'd with roses to restore the light,  
 When Phœbe pitch'd her pitchie paulion out,  
 The world with weeping told,  
 How happie it would hold  
 It selfe, but to behold  
 The azure pale that compas'd her about.

Whil'st like a palide half-imprison'd rose,  
 Whose naked white doth but to blush begin,  
 A little scarlet deckes the yuorie skinne,  
 Which still doth glance transparent as she goes:  
 The beemie god comes burning with desire;  
 And when he finds her gone,  
 With many a grieuous grone,

Enrag'd, remounts anone,  
And threatneth all our hemi-sphære with fire.

Lift vp thine eyes and but beheld thy blisse,  
The heau'ns raine their riches on thee whil'st thou  
sleep'st:

Thinke what a matchlesse treasure that thou keep'st,  
When thou hast all that any else can wish.  
Those sunnes which daily dazle thy dim eyes,  
Might with one beame or so,  
Which thou mightst well forgo,  
Straight banish all my wo,  
And make me all the world for to despise.

But sun-parch'd people loath the precious stones,  
And through abundance vilifie the gold;  
All dis-esteeme the treasures that they hold,  
And thinke not things possest (as they thought) once.  
Who surfet oft on such excessiue ioyes,  
Can neuer pleasure prize,  
But building on the skies,  
All present things despise,  
And like their treasure lesse, then others' toyes.

I enuie not thy blisse, so heau'n hath doom'd:  
And yet I cannot but lament mine owne,  
Whose hopes hard at the haruest were orethrowne,  
And blisse halfe ripe, with frosts of feare consum'd:  
Faire blossomes, which of fairer fruites did boast,  
Were blasted in the flowers,  
With eye-exacted showers,

Whose sweet-supposed sowers  
Of preconceited pleasures grieu'd me most.

And what a griefe is this (as chance effects)  
To see the rarest beauties worst bestow'd?  
Ah, why should halting Vulcan be made proud  
Of that great beautie which sterne Mars affects?  
And why should Tithon thus, whose day growes late,  
Enjoy the morning's loue?  
Which though that I disproue,  
Yet will I too approue,  
Since that it is her will, and my hard fate.

## AN ECCHO.

Ah, will no soule giue eare vnto my mone?	<i>one</i>
Who answers thus so kindly when I crie?	<i>I</i>
What fostred thee that pities my despaire?	<i>aire</i>
Thou blabbing guest, what know'st thou of my fall?	<i>all</i>
What did I when I first my faire disclos'd?	<i>los'd</i>
Where was my reason, that it would not doubt?	<i>out</i>
What canst thou tell me of my ladie's will?	<i>ill</i>
Wherewith can she acquit my loyall part?	<i>art</i>
What hath she then with me to disguise?	<i>aguise</i>
What haue I done, since she gainst loue re- pin'd?	<i>pin'd</i>
What did I when I her to life prefer'd?	<i>er'd</i>
What did mine eyes, whilst she my heart restrain'd?	<i>rain'd</i>
What did she whilst my muse her praise proclaim'd?	<i>claim'd</i>

And what? and how? this doth me most affright.	<i>of right</i>
What if I neuer sue to her againe?	<i>gaine</i>
And what when all my passions are represt?	<i>rest</i>
But what thing will best serue t' asswage desire?	<i>ire</i>
And what will serue to mitigate my rage?	<i>age</i>
I see the sunne begins for to descend.	<i>end</i>

## SONET LXXXVII.

No wonder, thou endang'rest liues with lookes,  
 And dost bewitch the bosome by the eare:  
 What hostes of hearts, that no such sleight did feare,  
 Are now entangled by thy beautie's hookes?  
 But if so many to the world approue,  
 Those princely vertues that enrich my mind,  
 And hold thee for the honour of thy kind;  
 Yea though disdain'd, yet desperatly loue:  
 O what a world of haplesse louers liue,  
 That like a treasure entertaine their thought,  
 And seeme in show as if effecting nought,  
 And in their brest t' entombe their fancies striue:  
 Yet let not this with pride thy heart possesse:  
 The sun being mounted high doth seeme the lesse.

## SONET LXXXVIII.

Those beauties (deare) which all thy sexe enuies,  
 As grieu'd men should such sacred wonders view:  
 For pompe apparel'd in a purple hue,  
 Do whiles disdain the pride of mortall eyes,  
 Which, ah, attempting farre aboue their might,

Do gaze vpon the glorie of those sunnes,  
 Whilst many a ray that from their brightnesse runnes,  
 Doth dazzle all that dare looke on their light:  
 Or was it this which ô I feare me most,  
 That cled with scarlet, so thy purest parts,  
 Thy face it hauing wounded worlds of harts,  
 Would die her lillies with the bloud they lost:  
 Thus ere thy cruelties were long conceal'd,  
 They by thy guilty blush would be reueal'd.

## SONET LXXXIX.

Small comfort might my banish'd hopes recall,  
 When whiles my daintie faire I sighing see;  
 If I could thinke that one were shed for me,  
 It were a guerdon great enough for all:  
 Or would she let one teare of pittie fall,  
 That seem'd dismiss from a remorsefull eye,  
 I could content my selfe vngrieu'd to die,  
 And nothing might my constancie appall,  
 The onely sound of that sweet word of loue,  
 Prest twixt those lips that do my doome containe.  
 Were I imbarc'd, might bring me backe againe  
 From death to life, and make me breathe and moue.  
 Strange crueltie, that neuer can afford  
 So much as once one sigh, one teare, one word.

## SONET XC.

I wot not what transported hath my mind,  
 That I in armes against a goddesse stand;  
 Yet though I sue t' one of th' immortall band,  
 The like before was prosp'rously design'd.



To loue Anchises Venus thought no scorne,  
And Thetis earst was with a mortall match'd,  
Whom if th' aspiring Peleus had not catch'd,  
The great Achilles neuer had bene borne.  
Thus flatter I my selfe whilst nought confines  
My wandring fancies that strange wayes do trace,  
He that embrac'd a cloud in Iunoe's place,  
May be a terrour to the like designs:  
But fame in end th' aduentrer euer crownes,  
Whom either th' issue or th' attempt renownes.

## SONET XCI.

And must I lose in vaine so great a loue,  
And build thy glorie on my ruin'd state?  
And can a heauenly brest contract such hate?  
And is the mildest sexe so hard to moue?  
Haue all my offrings had no greater force,  
The which so oft haue made thine altars smoke?  
Well, if that thou haue vow'd not to reuoke  
The fatall doome that 's farre from all remorse,  
For the last sacrifice my selfe shall smart,  
My bloud must quench my vehement desires;  
And let thine eyes drinke vp my funerall fires,  
And with my ashes glut thy tygrish heart:  
So though thou at my wonted flames did spurne,  
Thou must trust those, when as thou seest me burne.

## SONET XCI.

I wot not which to chalenge for my death,  
Of those thy beauties that my ruine seekes,  
The pure white fingers or the daintie cheekes,

The golden tresses, or the nectar'd breath :  
 Ah, they be all too guiltie of my fall,  
 All wounded me though I their glorie rais'd ;  
 Although I graunt they need not to be prais'd,  
 It may suffise they be Aurora's all :  
 Yet for all this, O most ungratefull woman,  
 Thou shalt not scape the scourge of iust disdain :  
 I gaue thee gifts thou shouldst haue giuen againe,  
 It's shame to be in thy inferiors common :  
 I gaue all what I held most deare to thee,  
 Yet to this houre thou neuer guerdon'd me.

## SONET XCIII.

Whilst carelesse swimming in thy beautie's seas,  
 I wondring was at that bewitching grace,  
 Thou painted pitie on a cruell face,  
 And angled so my iudgement by mine eyes :  
 But now begun to triumph in my scorne,  
 When I cannot retire my steps againe,  
 Thou arm'st thine eyes with enuy and disdain,  
 To murder my abortiue hopes half borne :  
 Whilst like to end this long continued strife,  
 My palenesse showes I perish in despaire ;  
 Thou loth to lose one that esteemes thee faire,  
 With some sweete word or looke prolongst my life :  
 And so each day in doubt redact'st my state,  
 Deare, do not so, once either loue or hate.

## SONET XCIV.

Mine eyes would euer on thy beauties gaze,  
 Mine eares are euer greedie of thy fame,

My heart is euer musing on the same,  
My tongue would still be busied with thy praise:  
I would mine eyes were blind and could not see,  
I would mine eares were deafe and would not  
    heare;

I would my heart would neuer hold thee deare,  
I would my tongue all such reports would flee;  
Th' eyes in their circles do thy picture hold,  
Th' eares' conducts keepe still ecchoes of thy worth,  
The heart can neuer barre sweet fancies forth,  
The tongue that which I thinke must still vnfold:  
Thy beauties then from which I would rebell,  
Th' eyes see, th' eares heare, th' heart thinks, and  
    tongue must tell.

## SONET XCV.

While as th' undanted squadrons of my mind,  
On mountaines of deserts rear'd high desires,  
And my proud heart, that euermore aspires,  
To scale the heauen of beautie had design'd:  
Th' faire-fac'd goddesse of that stately frame  
Look'd on my haughtie thoughts with scorne a  
    space;

Then thundred all that proud gigantike race,  
And from her lightning lights throw'd many a flame,  
Then quite for to confound my loftie cares,  
Euen at th' first encounter as it chanc'd,  
Th' ore-daring heart that to th' assault aduanc'd,  
Was coured with a weight of huge despair,  
Beneath the which the wretch doth still remaine,  
Casting forth flames of furie and disdain.

## SONET XCVI.

Faire tygresse, tell, contents it not thy sight,  
 To see me die each day a thousand times?  
 O how could I commit such monstrous crimes,  
 As merit to this martirdome by night?  
 Not only hath thy wrath adiudg'd to paine,  
 This earthly prison that thy picture keeps,  
 But doth the soule while as the bodie sleepes,  
 With many fearfull dreames from rest restraine.  
 Lo, thus I waste to work a tyrant's will,  
 My dayes in torment, and my nights in terrour,  
 And here confin'd within an endlesse erreure,  
 Without repentance do perseuer still:  
 That it is hard to iudge though both be lost,  
 Whose constancie or crueltie is most.

## SONET XCVII.

Looke to a tyrant what it is to yeeld,  
 Who printing still to publish my disgrace,  
 The story of my orethrow in my face,  
 Erects pale trophees in that bloudlesse field:  
 The world that views this strange triumphall arke,  
 Reads in my lookes as lines thy beautie's deeds,  
 Which in each mind so great amazement breeds,  
 That I am made of many eyes the marke:  
 But what auailles this tygresse triumph, O  
 And could'st not thou be cruell if not knowne,  
 But in this meagre map it must be showne,  
 That thou insultst to see thy subiects so?  
 And my disgrace it grieues me not so much,  
 As that it should be said that thou art such.

## SONET XCVIII.

Let others of the world's decaying tell,  
I enuy not those of the golden age,  
That did their carelesse thoughts for nought engage,  
But cloy'd with all delights, liu'd long and well :  
And as for me, I mind t' applaud my fate ;  
Though I was long in comming to the light,  
Yet may I mount to fortune's highest height,  
So great a good could neuer come too late ;  
I'm glad that it was not my chance to liue,  
Till as that heauenly creature first was borne,  
Who as an angell doth the earth adorne,  
And buried vertue in the tombe reuiue :  
For vice ouerflows the world with such a flood,  
That in it all, save she, there is no good.

## SONET XCIX.

Whilst curiously I gaz'd on beautie's skies,  
My soule in litle liquid ruslets runne,  
Like snowie mountaines melted with the sunne,  
Was liquified through force of two faire eyes,  
Thence sprang pure springs and neuer-tainted streames,  
In which a nymph her image did behold,  
And cruell she (ah, that it should be told)  
Whiles daign'd to grace them with some chearfull  
    beames,  
Till once beholding that her shadow so,  
Made those poore waters partners of her praise,  
She by abstracting of her beautie's rayes,  
With grieffe congeal'd the source from whence they  
    flow :

But through the yce of that vniust disdainē,  
Yet still transpares her picture and my paine.

## SONET C.

Avrora, now haue I not cause to rage,  
Since all thy fishing but a frog hath catch'd?  
May I not mourne to see the morning match'd,  
With one that 's in the euening of his age?  
Should hoary lockes, sad messengers of death,  
Sport with thy golden haire in beautie's inne?  
And should that furrow'd face foyle thy smooth skinne,  
And bath it selfe in th' ambrosie of thy breath?  
More then mine owne I lament thy mishaps;  
Must he who, iealous through his owne defects,  
Thy beautie's vnstain'd treasure still suspects,  
Sleepe on the snow-swolne pillowes of thy paps,  
While as a lothed burthen in thine armes,  
Doth make thee out of time waile curelesse harmes.

## SONET CI.

All that behold me on thy beautie's shelve,  
To cast my selfe away toss'd with conceit,  
Since thou wilt haue no pitie of my state,  
Would that I tooke some pitie of my selfe:  
"For what," say they, "though she disclaime to bow,  
And takes a pleasure for to see thee sad,  
Yet there be many a one that would be glad,  
To bost themselves of such a one as thou."  
But, ah, their counsell of small knowledge sauours,  
For O, poore fooles, they see not what I see,  
Thy frownes are sweeter then their smiles can be,

The worst of thy disdaines worth all their fauours :  
 I rather (deare) of thine one looke to haue,  
 Then of another all that I would craue.

## SONET CII.

When as that louely tent of beautie dies,  
 And that thou as thine enemy fleest thy glasse,  
 And doest with griefe remember what it was,  
 That to betray my heart allur'd mine eyes :  
 Then hauing bought experience with great paines,  
 Thou shalt (although too late) thine error find,  
 Whilst thou reuolu'st in a digested mind,  
 My faithfull loue, and thy vnkind disdaines :  
 And if that former times might be recal'd,  
 While as thou sadly sitst retir'd alone,  
 Then thou wouldst satisfie for all that's gone,  
 And I in thy heart's throne would be instal'd :  
 Deare, if I know thee of this mind at last,  
 I'le thinke my selfe aueng'd of all that's past.

## ELEGIE III.

In silent horrors here, where neuer mirth remains,  
 I do retire my selfe apart, as rage and griefe con-  
 straines :  
 So may I sigh vnknowne, whilst other comfort failes,  
 An infranchised citizen of solitarie vales ;  
 Her priuiledge to plain, since nought but plaints can  
 please,  
 My sad conceptions I disclose, diseased at my ease.  
 No barren pitie here my passions doth increase,  
 Nor no detracter here resorts, deriding my distresse :

But wandring through the world, a vagabonding guest,  
Acquiring most contentment then when I am reft of  
rest,

Against those froward fates, that did my blisse con-  
troule,

I thunder forth a thousand threats in th' anguish of  
my soule.

And lo, lunaticke-like do dash on euey shelve,  
And conuocate a court of cares for to condemne my  
selfe :

My fancies, which in end time doth fantasticke try,  
I figure forth essentially in all the obiects by :  
In euey corner where my recklesse eye repaires,  
I reade great volumes of mishaps, memorials of  
despaires :

All things that I behold vpbraid me my estate,  
And oft I blush within my brest, asham'd of my con-  
ceit.

Those branches broken downe with mercie-wanting  
winds,

Obiect me my delected state, that greater fury finds :  
Their winter-beaten weed disperst vpon the plaine,  
Are like to my renounced hopes, all scatted with  
disdaine.

Lo, wondring at my state, the strongest torrent staves,  
And turning and returning oft, would scorne my  
crooked wayes.

In end I find my fate ouer all before my face,  
Enregistered eternally in th' annales of disgrace.  
Those crosses out of count might make the rockes to  
riue,



That this small remanent of life for to extinguish  
strive :

And yet my rockie heart so hardned with mishaps,  
Now by no meanes can be commou'd, not with loue's  
thunder claps :

But in huge woes inuolu'd with intricating art,  
Surcharg'd with sorrowes I succomb and senslesly do  
smart ;

And in this labyrinth exil'd from all repose,  
I consecrate this cursed corpes a sacrifice to woes :  
Whilst many a furious plaint my smoaking breast  
shall breath,

Ecclips'd with many a cloudie thought, aggrieu'd vnto  
the death :

With th' eccho plac'd beside some solitary sourse,  
Disastrous accidents shall be the ground of our dis-  
course.

Her maimed words shal show how my hurt heart half  
dies,

Consum'd with corrosiues of care, caracted in mine  
eyes.

My muse shall now no more, transported with re-  
spects,

Exalt that euill deseruing one as fancie still directs :  
Nor yet no partiall pen shall spot her spotlesse  
fame,

Vnhonestly dishonoring an honorable name.

But I shall sadly sing, too tragickly inclin'd,  
Some subiect sympathizing with my melancholious  
mind.

Nor will I more describe my dayly deadly strife,

My publike wrongs, my priuate woes, mislucks in loue  
and life :

That would but vexe the world for to extend my  
toiles,

In painting forth particularly my many formes of  
foiles.

No, none in speciall I purpose to bewray,

But one as all, and all as one, I mind to mourne for ay.

For being iustly weigh'd, the least that I lament,

Deserues indeed to be bewail'd, til th' vse of th' eyes  
be spent;

And since I should the least perpetually deplore,

The most again though maruellous, can be bemoan'd  
no more.

SONET CIII.

To yeeld to those I cannot but disdain,

Whose face doth but entangle foolish hearts ;

It is the beautie of the better parts,

With which I mind my fancies for to chaine.

Those that haue nought wherewith men's minds to  
gaine,

But onely curled lockes and wanton lookes,

Are but like fleeting baites that haue no hookes,

Which may well take, but cannot well retaine :

He that began to yeeld to th' outward grace,

And then the treasures of the mind doth proue :

He, who as't were was with the maske in loue,

What doth he thinke when as he sees the face ?

No doubt being lim'd by th' outward colours so,

That inward worth would neuer let him go.

## SONET CIV.

Long time I did thy cruelties detest,  
And blaz'd thy rigour in a thousand lines :  
But now through my complaints thy vertue shines,  
That was but working all things for the best :  
Thou of my rash affections held'st the raines,  
And spying dangerous sparkes come from my fires.  
Didst wisely temper my enflam'd desires,  
With some chast fauours, mixt with sweet disdaines :  
And when thou saw'st I did all hope despise,  
And look'd like one that wrestled with despaire,  
Then of my safetie thy exceeding care,  
Show'd that I kept thine heart, thou but thine eyes :  
For whilst thy reason did thy fancies tame,  
I saw the smoke, although thou hidst the flame.

## SONET CV.

Should I the treasure of my life betake,  
To thought-toss'd breath whose babling might it marre,  
Words with affection wing'd might flee too farre,  
And once sent forth can neuer be brought backe :  
Nor will I trust mine eyes, whose partiall lookes  
Haue oft conspir'd for to betray my mind,  
And would their light still to one obiect bind,  
While as the fornace of my bosome smokes :  
No, no, my loue, and that which makes me thrall.  
Shall onely be entrusted to my soule,  
So may I stray, yet none my course controule,  
Whilst though orethrowne, none triumphs for my fall :  
My thoughts, while as confin'd within my brest,  
Shall onely priuie to my passions rest.

## SONET CVI.

Awake, my Muse, and leaue to dreame of loues,  
 Shake off soft fancie's chaines, I must be free,  
 I'le perch no more, vpon the mirtle tree,  
 Nor glide through th' aire with beautie's sacred  
     doues;  
 But with loue's stately bird I'le leaue my nest,  
 And trie my sight against Apolloe's raies:  
 Then if that ought my ventrous course dismaies,  
 Vpon the oliue's boughs I'le light and rest:  
 I'le tune my accents to a trumpet now,  
 And seeke the laurell in another field,  
 Thus I that once, as beautie meanes did yeeld,  
 Did diuers garments on my thoughts bestow:  
 Like Icarus I feare, vnwisely bold,  
 Am purpos'd others' passions now t' vnfold.

## SONG X.

Farewell sweet fancies, and once deare delights,  
     The treasures of my life, which made me proue  
 That vnaccomplish'd ioy that charm'd the sprights,  
     And whilst by it I onely seem'd to moue,  
 Did hold my rauish'd soule, big with desire,  
 That tasting those, to greater did aspire.

Farewell free thraldome, freedome that was thrall,  
     While as I led a solitary life,  
 Yet neuer lesse alone, whilst arm'd for all,  
     My thoughts were busied with an endlesse strife:  
 For then not hauing bound my selfe to any,  
 I being bound to none, was bound to many.

Great god, that tam'st the gods' old-witted child,  
Whose temples brests, whose altars are men's hearts,  
From my heart's fort thy legions are exil'd,  
And Hymen's torch hath burn'd out all thy darts:  
Since I in end haue bound my selfe to one,  
That by this meanes I may be bound to none.

Thou daintie goddesse with the soft white skinne,  
To whom so many offrings dayly smoke,  
Were beautie's processe yet for to begin,  
That sentence I would labour to reuoke:  
Which on mount Ida as thy smiles did charme,  
The Phrigian shepheard gaue to his owne harme.

And if the question were refer'd to mee,  
On whom I would bestow the ball of gold,  
I feare me Venus should be last of three,  
For with the thunderer's sister I would hold,  
Whose honest flames pent in a lawfull bounds,  
No feare disturbs, nor yet no shame confounds.

I mind to speake no more of beautie's doue,  
The peacocke is the bird whose fame I'll raise;  
Not that I Argos need to watch my loue,  
But so his mistris Iuno for to praise:  
And if I wish his eyes, then it shall be,  
That I with many eyes my loue may see.

Then farewell crossing ioyes, and ioyfull crosses,  
Most bitter sweets, and yet most sugred sowers,

Most hurtfull gaines, yet most commodious losses, '   
 That made my yeares to flee away like howers,   
 And spent the spring-time of mine age in vaine,   
 Which now my summer must redeeme againe.

O welcome easie yoke, sweet bondage come,   
 I seeke not from thy toiles for to be shielded,   
 But I am well content to be orecome,   
 Since that I must command when I haue yeilded :   
 Then here I quit both Cupid and his mother,   
 And do resigne my selfe t' obtain another.



A  
PARÆNESIS  
TO  
PRINCE HENRY.

## NOTE.

This Poem first appeared in 1604. It was included in the "Recreations" in 1637, but with numerous unimportant alterations, and the addition of the Sonnet inscribing it to "Prince Charles." Whether this refers to Charles I. or his eldest son has been disputed; and from the evidence we have it is difficult to judge. The tenour of the Sonnet refers to Charles I.; but in 1637 that monarch had been on the throne nearly twelve years, and his eldest son, Prince Charles, was seven years of age. It has been conjectured that an edition was published between Prince Henry's death, in 1612, and the publication of the "Recreations;" but no trace of a copy has yet been discovered.

The "Parænesis" has been more favourably received than any other production of the author, Pinkerton styling it "a noble Poem," and Dr. Anderson considering it almost a "classical performance."

In the History of Scottish Poetry, the late Dr. Irving says:—"It is more uniformly supported with spirit and energy than any other portion of his works comprising an equal number of verses. It contains some wholesome counsels, delivered in a style of manly freedom; and the author even ventures so far as to suggest that princes may sometimes be dethroned for their crimes." No very wise suggestion for a courtier, at a court where the divine uthority of Kings was a doctrine so often enunciated.



TO PRINCE CHARLES.

*That which I first for Henrie's life did sound,  
Shall spite of death, which did high hope betray,  
A speaking pledge, a living token stay,  
Which with his name shall make my lore renown'd ;  
His successor, thou mayst make use of this,  
Which freely shoves what Princes doe deserve ;  
It both him dead, and thee alive may serve,  
Thy fame's presage, a monument of his.  
That Charles of France admired so much for worth,  
Religious, valiant, was call'd justly Great,  
Thou hast his name, strive for his worth and state,  
Great in Great Britain to adorne the North :  
That all the world with wondrous eye may see  
What was from Henry hoped performed by thee.*





A PARÆNESIS  
TO  
PRINCE HENRY.

I.

Loe here (brave youth) as zeale and duty move,  
I labour (though in vaine) to finde some gift,  
Both worthy of thy place, and of my loue;  
But whilst my selfe above my selfe I lift,  
And would the best of my inventions prove,  
I stand to study what should be my drift:  
    Yet this the greatest approbation brings,  
    Still to a Prince to speake of princely things.

II.

When those of the first age that earst did live  
In shadowie woods, or in a humid cave,  
And taking that which th' earth not forc'd did give,  
Would onely pay what Natures need did crave;  
Then beasts of breath such numbers did deprive,\*  
That (following *Amphion*) they did desarts leave:

\* The edition of 1604 reads:—

“Then beasts such numbers did of breath deprive:  
They, following *Amphion*, those retires did leaue;  
    Who with harmonious sounds brought them together,  
    That each in danger might assist another.”

Who with sweet sounds did lead them by the eares.  
Where mutuall force might banish common feares.

## III.

Then building walles, they barbarous rites disdain'd,  
The sweetnesse of society to finde;  
And to attayne what unity maintain'd,  
As peace, religion, and a vertuous minde;  
That so they might have restlesse humours rayn'd,  
They straight with lawes their liberty confin'd:  
And of the better sort the best preferr'd,  
To chastise them against the lawes that err'd.

## IV.

I wot not if proud mindes who first aspir'd  
O're many realmes to make themselves a right;  
Or if the worlds disorders so requir'd,  
That then had put *Astræa* to the flight;  
Or else if some whose vertues were admir'd,  
And eminent in all the peoples sight,  
Did move peace-lovers first to reare a throne,  
And give the keys of life and death to one.

## V.

That dignity when first it did begin,  
Did grace each province and each little towne;  
Forth when she first doth from *Benlozmond* rinne,  
Is poore of waters, naked of renowne,  
But *Carron*, *Allon*, *Teath*, and *Doven* in,\*

\* "But taking Teath, Allon, and Douen in."—1604.

Doth grow the greater still, the further downe :  
Till that abounding both in power and fame,  
She long doth strive to give the sea her name.

## VI.

Even so those sovereignties which once were small,  
Still swallowing up the nearest neighbouring state,  
With a deluge of men did realmes appall,  
And thus th' Egyptian Pharoes first grew great ;  
Thus did th' Assyrians make so many thrall,  
Thus rear'd the Romans their imperiall seat :  
And thus all those great states to worke have gone,  
Whose limits and the worlds were all but one.

## VII.

But I'le not plunge in such a stormy deepe,  
Which hath no bottome, nor can have no shore,  
But in the dust will let those ashes sleepe,  
Which (cloath'd with purple) once th' earth did adore ;  
Of them scarce now a monument wee keepe,  
Who (thund'ring terrour) curb'd the world before ;  
Their States which by a numbers ruine stood,  
Were founded, and confounded, both with bloud.

## VIII.\*

If I would call antiquity to minde,  
I, for an endlesse taske might then prepare,

- \* "If I would call antiquitie to mind,  
I might me for an endlesse taske prepare,  
But what? ambition that was ever blind,  
Did get with toile that which was kept with care,

But what? ambition that was ever blinde,  
 Did get with toyle that which was kept with care,  
 And those great States 'gainst which the world repin'd,  
 Had falls, as famous, as their risings rare:  
 And in all ages it was ever seene,  
 What vertue rais'd, by vice hath ruin'd been.

## IX.

Yet registers of memorable things  
 Would helpe (great Prince) to make thy judgement  
 sound,  
 Which to the eye a perfect mirrour brings,  
 Where all should glasse themselves who would be  
 crown'd,  
 Reade these rare parts that acted were by Kings,  
 The straines heroicke, and the end renown'd :  
 Which (whilst thou in thy Cabinet do'st sit)  
 Are worthy to bewitch thy growing wit.

## X.

And doe not, doe not (thou) the meanes omit,  
 Times match'd with times, what they beget to spy,  
 Since history may leade thee unto it,  
 A pillar whereupon good sprites rely,

And all those mightie Monarchies we find  
 These falls were famous, as their risings rare:  
 And euer since th' vnconstant world began,  
 All that by vice was lost, which vertue won."—1604.

The above version of the eighth stanza may be taken by the reader as a sample of the minor alterations which occur in nearly every stanza of this poem in the two known early editions.

Of time the table, and the nurse of wit,  
 The square of reason, and the mindes cleare eye :  
 Which leads the curious reader through huge harms,  
 Who stands secure whilst looking on alarmes.

## XI.

Nor is it good o're brave mens lives to wander,  
 As one who at each corner stands amaz'd,  
 No, study like some one thy selfe to render,  
 Who to the height of glory hath been rais'd ;  
 So *Scipio*, *Cyrus*, *Cæsar*, *Alexander*,  
 And that great Prince chos'd him whom *Homer*  
 prais'd,  
 Or make (as which is recent, and best knowne)  
 Thy fathers life a patterne for thine owne.

## XII.

Yet marking great mens lives, this much impaires  
 The profit which that benefit imparts,  
 While as transported with preposterous cares,  
 To imitate but superficiall parts,  
 Some for themselves frame of their fancies snares,  
 And shew what folly doth o're-sway their hearts :  
 "For counterfeited things doe staines embrace.  
 "And all that is affected, hath no grace."

## XIII.

Of outward things who (shallow wits) take hold,  
 Doe shew by that they can no higher winne,  
 So, to resemble *Hercules* of old,  
*Mark Antony* would beare the Lyons skinne ;

A brave Athenians sonne (as some have told) \*  
 Would such a course (though to his scorne) begin :  
 And bent to seem look like his father dead,  
 Would make himselfe to lisper, and bow his head.

## XIV.

They who would rightly follow such as those,  
 Must of the better parts apply the pow'rs,  
 As the industrious bee advis'dly goes,  
 To seize upon the best, shunne baser flowres;  
 So, where thou do'st the greatest worth disclose,  
 To compass that, be prodigall of houres :  
 Seeke not to seeme, but be ; who be, seeme too, †  
 Do carelesly, and yet have care to doe.

## XV.

Thou to resemble thy renowned syre,  
 Must not (though some there were) mark triviall things,  
 But matchlesse vertues which all mindes admire,  
 Whose treasure to his realmes great comfort brings ;  
 That to attaine (thou race of kings) aspire,  
 Which for thy fame may furnish ayery wings :  
 And like to eaglets thus thou prov'st thy kinde,  
 When both like him, in body, and in minde.

## XVI.

Ah, be not those most miserable soules,  
 Their judgements to refine who never strive !

\* "And the heire of Alcibiades, its told."—1604.

† "And studie not as much to seeme, as be :

Nor seeme not for to know that which we see."—1604.



Nor will not looke upon the learned scroules,  
Which without practice doe experience give;  
But (whilst base sloth each better care controules)  
Are dead in ignorance, entomb'd alive:

'Twixt beasts and such the difference is but small,  
They use not reason, beasts have none at all.

## XVII.

O! heavenly treasure which the best sort loves,  
Life of the soule, reformer of the will,  
Cleare light, which from the mind each cloud removes,  
Pure spring of vertue, physicke for each ill,  
Which in prosperity a bridle proves,  
And in aduersity a pillar still;

Of thee the more men get, the more they crave,  
And thinke, the more they get, the lesse they have.

## XVIII.

But if that knowledge be requir'd of all,  
What should they doe this treasure to obtaine,  
Whom in a throne, time travels to enstall,  
Where they by it of all things must ordaine:  
If it make them who by their birth were thrall,  
As little kings, whilst o're themselves they raigne,  
Then it must make, when it hath throughly grac'd them,  
Kings more then kings, and like to him who plac'd  
them.

## XIX.

This is a grieve which all the world bemones,  
When those lack judgement who are borne to judge.

And like to painted tombes, or gilded stones,  
 To troubled soules cannot afford refuge;  
 Kings are their kingdomes hearts, which tainted  
 once,  
 The bodies straight corrupt in which they lodge:  
 And those, by whose example many fall,  
 Are guilty of the murther of them all.

## XX.

The meanes which best make majestie to stand,  
 Are laws observ'd, whil'st practise doth direct:\*  
 The crowne, the head, the scepter decks the hand,  
 But onely knowledge doth the thoughts erect;  
 Kings should excell all them whom they command,  
 In all the parts which do procure respect:  
 And this, a way to what they would, prepares,  
 Not onely as thought good, but as known theirs.†

## XXI.

Seek not due reverence onely to procure,  
 With shows of sovereignty, and guards oft lewd,‡  
 So *Nero* did, yet could not so assure  
 The hated diademe with bloud imbru'd;  
 Nor as the *Persian* kings, who liv'd obscure,  
 And of their subjects rarely would be view'd;  
 So one of them was secretly o're-thrown,  
 And in his place the murtherer rain'd unknown.

\* "Are laws observed, good counsels brought t' effect."—1604.

† "Not onely as thought good, but that it's theirs."—1604.

‡ "Nor should they seeke respect for to procure  
 With loath'd tyrannicke deedes, and guards most leud."—1604.

## XXII.

No, onely goodnesse doth beget regard,  
And equity doth greatest glory winne,  
To plague for vice, and vertue to reward,  
What they intend, that, bravely to begin;  
This is to soveraigntie\* a powerfull guard,  
And makes a princes praise o're all come in:  
Whose life (his subjects law) clear'd by his deeds,  
More then *Iustinians* toyls, good order breeds.

## XXIII.

All those who o're unbaptiz'd nations raign'd,  
By barbarous customes sought to foster feare,  
And with a thousand tyrannies constrain'd  
All them whom they subdu'd their yoke to beare,  
But those whom great *Iehovah* hath ordain'd,  
Above the Christians lawfull thrones to reare:  
Must seek by worth, to be obey'd for love,  
So having raign'd below, to raigne above.

## XXIV.

O happy *Henric*, who art highly borne,  
Yet beautifi'st thy birth with signs of worth,  
And (though a childe) all childish toyes do'st scorne,  
To shew the world thy vertues budding forth,  
Which may by time this glorious isle adorne,  
And bring eternall trophees to the north,  
While as thou do'st thy fathers forces leade,  
And art the hand, whileas he is the head.

\* "Authoritie."—1604.

## XXV.

Thou, like that gallant thunder-bolt of warre,  
 Third *Edwards* sonne, who was so much renown'd,  
 Shalt shine in valour as the morning starre,  
 And plenish with thy praise the peopled round;  
 But like to his, let nought thy fortune marre,  
 Who, in his fathers time, did dye uncrown'd:  
     Long live thy syre, so all the world desires,  
     But longer thou, so Natures course requires.

## XXVI.

And, though time once thee, by thy birth-right  
     owes,  
 Those sacred honours which men most esteeme,  
 Yet flatter not thy selfe with those faire showes,  
 Which often-times are not such as they seeme,  
 Whose burd'nous weight, the bearer but o're-throws,  
 That could before of no such danger deeme:  
     Then if not, arm'd in time, thou make thee  
     strong,  
     Thou dost thy selfe, and many a thousand wrong.

## XXVII.

Since thou must manage such a mighty state,  
 Which hath no borders, but the seas, and skies,  
 Then even as he who justly was call'd great,  
 Did (prodigall of paines where fame might rise)  
 With both the parts of worth in worth grow great,  
 As learn'd, as valiant, and as stout as wise:  
     So now let *Aristotle* lay the ground,  
     Whereon thou after may thy greatnesse found.

## XXVIII.

For if transported with a base repose,  
Thou did'st (as thou dost not) mispend thy prime,  
O! what a faire occasion would'st thou lose,  
Which after would thee grieve, though out of time!  
To vertuous courses now thy thoughts dispose,  
While fancies are not glu'd with pleasures lyme:  
Those who their youth to such like paines engage,  
Do gain great ease unto their perfect age.

## XXIX.

Magnanimous, now, with heroicke parts,  
Shew to the world what thou dost ayme to be,  
The more to print in all the peoples hearts,  
That which thou would'st they should expect of  
thee,  
That so (preoccupi'd with such desarts)  
They after may applaud the heavens decree  
When that day comes: which if it come too  
soone,  
Then thou and all this isle would be undone.

## XXX.

And otherwise what trouble should'st thou finde,  
If first not seiz'd of all thy subjects love;  
To ply all humours till thy worth have shin'd,  
That even most mal-contents must it approve,  
For else a number would suspend their minde,  
As doubting what thou afterwards might'st prove,  
And when a states affections thus are cold,  
Of that advantage forreiners take hold.

## XXXI.

I grant in this thy fortune to be good,  
 That art t' inherit such a glorious crowne,  
 As one descended from that sacred bloud,  
 Which oft hath fill'd the world with true renowne:  
 The which still on the top of glory stood,  
 And not so much as once seem'd to look downe:  
     For who thy branches to remembrance brings,  
     Count what he list, he cannot count but kings.

## XXXII.

And pardon me, for I must pause a while,  
 And at a thing of right to be admir'd,  
 Since those, from whom thou cam'st, reign'd in this  
     isle,  
 Loe, now of yeares even thousands are expir'd,  
 Yet none could there them thrall, nor thence exile,  
 Nor ever fail'd the lyne so much desir'd:  
     The hundred and seventh parent living free,  
     A never conquer'd crowne may leave to thee.

## XXXIII.

Nor hath this onely happened as by chance,  
 Of alterations, then there had beene some,  
 But that brave race which still did worth enhance,  
 Would so presage the thing that was to come;  
 That this united Isle should once advance,  
 And, by the Lyon led, all realmes o're-come:  
     For if it kep't a little, free before,  
     Now having much (no doubt) it must do more.

## XXXIV.

And though our nations, long I must confesse,  
 Did roughly woo before that they could wed;  
 That but endears the union we possesse,  
 Whom *Neptune* both combines within one bed:  
 All ancient injuries this doth redresse,  
 And buries that which many a battell bred:  
 “ Brave discords reconcil’d (if wrath expire)  
 “ Do breed the greatest love, and most intire.”

## XXXV.

Of *Englands Mary*, had it beene the chance  
 To make King *Philip* father of a sonne,  
 The *Spaniards* high designes so to advance,  
 All *Albions* beauties had beene quite o’re-runne:  
 Or yet if *Scotlands Mary* had heir’d *France*,  
 Our bondage then had by degrees begun :\*  
 Of which, if that a stranger hold a part,  
 To take the other that would meanes impart.

## XXXVI.

Thus from two dangers we were wise preserv’d,  
 When as we seem’d without recovery lost,  
 As from their freedome those who freely swerv’d,  
 And suffer’d strangers of our bounds to boast;  
 Yet were we for this happy time reserv’d,  
 And, but to hold it deare, a little crost:  
 That of the *Stewarts* † the illustrious care,  
 Might, like their mindes, a monarchie embrace.

\* “ This yle to liue in thraldome had begunne.”—1604.

† Spelled “ Stuart’s.”—1604.

## XXXVII.

Of that blest progeny, the well known worth  
 Hath, of the people, a conceit procur'd,  
 That from the race it never can go forth,  
 But long hereditary, is well assur'd,  
 Thus (sonne of that great monarch of the north)  
 They to obey, are happily inur'd:  
 O're whom thou art expected once to raigne,  
 To have good ancestours one much doth gaine.

## XXXVIII.

He who by tyranny his throne doth reare,  
 And dispossesse another of his right,  
 Whose panting heart dare never trust his care,  
 Since still made odious in the peoples sight,  
 Whil'st he both hath, and gives, great cause of  
 feare,  
 Is (spoyling all) at last spoil'd of the light:  
 And those who are descended of his bloud,  
 Ere that they be beleev'd, must long be good.

## XXXIX.

Yet though we see it is an easie thing,  
 For such a one his state still to maintaine,  
 Who by his birth-right borne to be a king,  
 Doth with the countreys love, the crowne obtaine,  
 The same doth many to confusion bring,  
 Whil'st, for that cause, they care not how they  
 raigne.  
 "O never throne establish'd was so sure,  
 "Whose fall a vitious prince might not procure!"



XL.

Thus do a number to destruction runne,  
And so did *Tarquin* once abuse his place,  
Who for the filthy life he had begun,  
Was barr'd from *Rome*, and ruin'd all his race;  
So he whose father of no king was sonne,  
Was father to no king; but, in disgrace  
From *Sicile* banish'd, by the peoples hate,  
Did dye at *Corinth* in an abject state.

XLI.

And as that monarch merits endlesse praise,  
Who by his vertue doth a state acquire,  
So all the world with scornfull eyes may gaze  
On their degener'd stemmes which might aspire,  
As having greater pow'r, their power to raise,  
Yet of their race the ruine do conspire:  
And for their wrong-spent life with shame do end,  
“Kings chastis'd once, are not allow'd t' amend.”\*

XLII.

Those who reposing on their princely name,  
Can never give themselves to care for ought,  
But for their pleasures every thing would frame,  
As all were made for them, and they for nought,  
Once th' earth their bodies, men will spoyle their fame,  
Though whilst they live, all for their ease be wrought:  
And those conceits on which they do depend,  
Do but betray their fortunes in the end.

\* “——get no time t' amend.”—1604.

## XLIII.

This selfe-conceit doth so the iudgement choake,  
 That when with some ought well succeeds through it,  
 They on the same with great affection look,  
 And scorne th' advice of others to admit;  
 Thus did brave *Charles* the last *Burgundian* duke  
 Deare buy a battell purchas'd by his wit :  
     By which in him such confidence was bred,\*  
     That blinde presumption to confusion led.

## XLIV.

O! sacred counsell, quint-essence of souls,  
 Strength of the common-wealth, which chains the  
     fates,  
 And every danger (ere it come) controuls,  
 The anker of great realmes, staffe of all states;  
 O! sure foundation which no tempest fouls,  
 On which are builded the most glorious seats!  
     If ought with those succeed who scorne thy care,  
     It comes by chance, and draws them in a snare.

## XLV.

Thrice happy is that king, who hath the grace  
 To chuse a councill whereon to relye,  
 Which loves his person, and respects his place,  
 And (like to *Aristides*) can cast by  
 All private grudge, and publike cares imbrace,  
 Whom no ambition nor base thoughts do tye :

\* "Who ever after trusting to the fame,  
 Was brought vnto confusion and to shame."—1604.

And that they be not, to betray their seats,  
The partiall pensioners of forreine states.

XLVI.

None should but those of that grave number  
boast,  
Whose lives have long with many vertues shin'd ;  
As *Rome* respected the *Patricians* most,  
Use nobles first, if to true worth inclin'd :  
Yet so, that unto others seeme not lost  
All hope to rise, for else (high hopes resign'd)  
Industrious vertue in her course would tyre,  
If not expecting honour for her hyre.

XLVII.

But such as those a prince should most eschue,  
Who dignities do curiously affect ;  
A public charge, those who too much pursue,  
Seeme to have some particular respect,  
All should be godly, prudent, secret, true,  
Of whom a king his councill should elect :  
And he, whilst they advise of zeale and love,  
Should not the number, but the best approve.

XLVIII.

A great discretion is requir'd to know  
What way to weigh opinions in his minde ;  
But ah! this doth the judgement oft o're-throw,  
When whilst he comes within himselfe confin'd,  
And of the senate would but make a show,  
So to confirme that which he hath design'd,

As one who onely hath whereon to rest,  
For councellours, his thoughts, their seat his brest.

## XLIX.

But what avails a senate in this sort,  
Whose pow'r within the capitoll is pent?  
A blast of breath which doth for nought import,  
But mocks the world with a not act'd intent ;  
Those are the counsels which great states support,  
Which, never are made knowne but by th' event :  
Not those where wise men matters do propose,  
And fooles thereafter as they please dispose.

## L.

Nor is this all which ought to be desir'd,  
In this assembly (since the kingdomes soule)  
That with a knowledge more then rare inspir'd,  
A Common-wealth, like *Plato's*, in a scroule  
They can paint forth, but meanes are too acquir'd,  
Disorders torrent freely to controule ;  
And arming with authority their lines,  
To act with justice that which wit designes.

## LI.

Great empresse of this universall frame,  
The *Atlas* on whose shoulders states are stay'd,  
Who sway'st the raynes which all the world do  
tame,  
And mak'st men good by force, with red array'd :  
Disorders enemy, virgin without blame,  
Within whose ballance, good and bad are weigh'd.

O! soveraigne of all vertues, without thee  
Nor peace, nor warre, can entertained be.

LII.

Thou from confusion all things hast redeem'd:  
The meeting of *Amphictyons* had beene vaine,  
And all those senates which were most esteem'd,  
Wer't not by thee, their counsels crown'd re-  
maine,  
And all those laws had but dead letters seem'd,  
Which *Soten*, or *Lycurgus*, did ordaine:  
Wer't not thy sword made all alike to dye,  
And not the weake, while as the strong scap'd by.

LIII.

O! not without great cause all th' ancients did  
Paint magistrates plac'd to explaine the laws,  
Not having hands, so bribery to forbid,  
Which them from doing right too oft with-draws;  
And with a veile the iudges eyes were hid,  
Who should not see the partie, but the cause:  
Gods deputies, which his tribunall reare,  
Should have a patent, not a partiall eare.

LIV.

Ane lack of justice hath huge evils begun,  
Which by no meanes could be repair'd againe:  
The famous syre of that most famous sonne,  
From whom (while as he sleeping did remaine)  
One did appeale, till that his sleep was done,  
And whom a widow did discharge to raigene

Because he had not time plaints to attend,  
Did lose his life for such a fault in th' end.

## LV.

This justice is the vertue most divine,  
Which like the King of kings shews kings inclin'd,  
Whose sure foundations nought can under-mine,  
If once within a constant breast confin'd:  
For otherwise she cannot clearly shine,  
While as the magistrate, oft changing minde,  
Is oft too swift, and sometimes slow to strike,\*  
As led by private ends, not still alike.

## LVI.

Use mercie freely, justice, as constrain'd,  
This must be done, although that be more deare,  
And oft the forme may make the deed disdain'd,  
Whilst justice tasts of tyranny too neare ;  
One may be justly, yet in rage arraign'd,  
Whilst reason rul'd by passions doth appeare :  
Once *Socrates* because o're-com'd with ire,  
Did from correcting one (till calm'd) retyre.

## LVII.

Those who want meanes their anger to asswage,  
Do oft themselves, or others rob of breath ;  
Fierce *Valentinian*, surfetting in rage,  
By bursting of a veyne did bleed to death ;

\* "Doth whiles aduance, and whiles doth stirre to strike,  
And being suggested, is not still alike."—1604.

And *Theodosus*, still but then, thought sage,  
 Caus'd murder thousands, whilst quite drunk with  
 wrath,  
 Who to prevent the like opprobrious crime,  
 Made still suspend his edicts for a time.

## LVIII.

Of vertuous kings all th' actions do proceed  
 Forth from the spring of a paternall love;  
 To cherish, or correct (as realmes have need)  
 For which he more than for himselfe doth move,  
 Who many a millions ease that way to breed,  
 Makes sometime some his indignation prove,  
 And like to *Codrus*, would even death imbrace,  
 If for the countreys good, and peoples peace.

## LIX.

This lady that so long unarm'd hath stray'd,  
 Now holds the ballance, and doth draw the sword,  
 And never was more gloriously array'd,  
 Nor in short time did greater good afford;  
 The state which to confusion seem'd betray'd,  
 And could of nought but bloud, and wrongs, record,  
 Loe, freed from trouble, and intestine rage,  
 Doth boast yet to restore the golden age.

## LX.

Thus doth thy father (generous prince) prepare,  
 A way for thee to gaine immortall fame,  
 And layes the grounds of greatnesse with such care,  
 That thou may'st build great works upon the same;

Then since thou art to have a field so faire,  
 Whereas thou once may'st eternize thy name,  
     Begin (whileas a greater light thine smothers)  
     And learne to rule thy selfe, ere thou rul'st others.

## LXI.

For still true magnanimity we finde,  
 Doth harbour early in an generous brest;  
 To match *Miltiades*. whose glory shin'd,  
*Themistocles* (a childe) was rob'd of rest;  
 Yet strive to be a monarch of thy minde,  
 For as to dare great things. all else detest.  
     A generous emulation spurres the sprite,  
     Ambition doth abuse the courage quite.

## LXII.

Whil'st of illustrious lives thou look'st the story,  
 Abhorre those tyrants which still swimm'd in  
     bloud,  
 And follow those who (to their endlesse glory)  
 High in their subjects love by vertue stood:  
 O! be like him who on a time was sorie,  
 Because that whil'st he chanc'd to do no good,  
     There but one day had happened to expire:  
     He was the worlds delight, the heavens desire.

## LXIII.

But as by mildnesse, some great states do gaine,  
 By lenity, some lose that which they have,  
*Englands* sixth *Henry* could not live, and raigne.  
 But (being simple) did huge foils receive:



Brave *Scipio's* army mutini'd in *Spayne*,  
 And (by his meeknesse bold) their charge did leave :  
 O ! to the state it brings great profit oft,  
 To be sometimes severe, and never soft.

## LXIV.

To guide his coursers warely through the skie,  
 Earst *Phœbus* did his *phacton* require,  
 Since from the middle way if swarving by,  
 The heavens would burne, or th' earth would be on fire !  
 So doth 'twixt two extreames each vertue lye,  
 To which the purest sprits ought to aspire,  
 He lives most sure who no extreame doth touch,  
 Nought would too little be, nor yet too much.

## LXV.

Some kings, whom all men did in hatred hold,  
 With avaritious thoughts whose breasts were torne,  
 Too basely given to feast their eyes with gold,  
 Us'd ill, and abject meanes, which brave minds scorne,\*  
 Such whil'st they onely seek (no vice controul'd)  
 How they may best their treasuries adorne :  
 Are (though like *Cresus* rich) whil'st wealth them  
 blinds,  
 Yet still as poore as *Irus* in their mindes.

## LXVI.

And some againe as foolish fancies move,  
 Who praise prepost'rous fondly do pursue,

\* "As wretch'd *Vespasian* sought to gather gold,  
 By base and abiect meanes, that brave minds scorne."—1604.

Not liberall, no, but prodigall do prove ;  
 Then whil'st their treasures they exhausted view,  
 With subsidies do lose their subjects love ;  
 And spoyle whole realmes, though but t'enrich a few :  
     Whil'st with authority their pride they cloake,  
     Who ought to die by smoke for selling smoke.

## LXVII.

But O! the prince most loath'd in every land,  
 Is one (all given to lust) who hardly can  
 Free from some great mishap a long time stand ;  
 For all the world his deeds with hatred scan ;  
 Should he who hath the honour to command  
 The noblest creature (great Gods image) man,  
     Be, to the vilest vice, the basest slave,  
     The bodies plague, souls death, and honours grave?

## LXVIII.

That beastly monster who retyr'd a part,  
 Amongst his concubines began to spinne,  
 Took with the habite too a womans heart,  
 And ended that which *Ninus* did begin ;  
 Faint hearted *Xerxes* who did gifts impart,  
 To them who could devise new wayes to sinne ;  
     Though back'd with worlds of men, straight took  
     the flight,  
     And had not courage but to see them fight.

## LXIX.

Thus doth soft pleasure but abase the minde,  
 And making one to servile thoughts descend,

Doth make the body weake, the judgement blinde,  
 An hatefull life, an ignominious end,  
 Where those who did this raging tyrant binde,  
 With vertues chains, their triumphs to attend :

Have by that meanes a greater glory gain'd,  
 Then all the victories which they attain'd.

## LXX.

The valorous *Persian* who not once but gaz'd  
 On faire *Pantheas* face to ease his toyls,  
 His glory, by that continency, rais'd  
 More than by *Babylons*, and *Lydia's* spoils ;  
 The *Macedonian* monarch was more prais'd,  
 Than for triumphing o're so many soils,  
 That of his greatest foe (though beauteous seene)  
 He chastly entertain'd the captiv'd queene.

## LXXI.

Thus have still-gaz'd-at monarchs much adoe,  
 Who (all the worlds disorders to redresse),  
 Should shine like to the sunne, the which still, loe,  
 The more it mounts aloft, doth seeme the lesse,  
 They should with confidence go freely to,  
 And (trusting to their worth) their will expresse :  
 Not like *French Lewis* th' eleventh who did main-  
 taine,  
 That who could not dissemble, could not raigne.

## LXXII.

But still to guard their state the strongest barre.  
 And surest refuge in each dangerous storme,

Is to be found a gallant man of warre,  
 With heart that dare attempt, hands to performe,  
 Not that they venter should their state too farre,  
 And to each souldiers course their course conforme.  
 The skilfull pylots at the rudder sit :  
 Let others use their strength, and them their wit.

## LXXIII.

In *Mars* his mysteries to gaine renowne,  
 It gives kings glory, and assures their place,  
 It breeds them a respect amongst their owne,  
 And makes their neighbours feare to lose their grace ;  
 Still all those should, who love to keep their crowne,  
 In peace prepare for warre, in warre for peace :  
 For as all feare a prince who dare attempt,  
 The want of courage brings one in contempt.

## LXXIV.

And, royall off-spring, who may'st high aspire,  
 As one to whom thy birth high hopes assign'd,  
 This well becomes the courage of thy syre,  
 Who traines thee up according to thy kinde ;  
 He, though the world his prosp'rous raigne admire,  
 In which his subjects such a comfort finde :  
 Hath (if the bloody art mov'd to imbrace)  
 That wit then to make warre, which now keeps peace.

## LXXV.

And O! how this (deare prince) the people charmes,  
 Who flock about thee oft in ravish'd bands,  
 To see thee yong, yet manage so thine armes,

Have a mercuriall minde, and martiall hands.\*  
 This exercise thy tender courage warmes;  
 And still true greatnesse but by vertue stands:  
*Agesilaus* said, no king could be  
 More great, unlesse more vertuous, than he.

## LXXVI.

And though that all of thee great things expect,  
 Thou, as too little, mak'st their hopes asham'd:  
 As he who on *Olympus* did detect,  
 The famous *Thebans* foot, his body fram'd,  
 By thy beginnings so we may collect,  
 How great thy worth by time may be proclaim'd:  
 For who thy actions doth remarke, may see  
 That there be many *Cæsars* within thee.

## LXXVII.

Though every state by long experience findes,  
 That greatest blessings prosp'ring peace imparts,  
 As which all subjects to good order bindes,  
 Yet breeds this isle still populous in all parts,  
 Such vigorous bodies, and such restlesse mindes,  
 That they disdaine to use mechanick arts:  
 And, being haughty, cannot live in rest,  
 Yea, such, when idle, are a dangerous pest.

## LXXVIII.

A prudent *Roman* told in some few houres,†  
 To *Romes* estate what danger did redound

\* "And haue *Mineruaes* mind, *Bellonaes* hands."—1604.

† "Earst prudent *Cato* told in some few houres."—1604.

Then, when they raz'd the *Carthaginian* towres,  
 By which while as they stood, still meanes were found,  
 With others harmes to exercise their pow'rs,  
 The want whereof their greatnesse did confound;  
     For when no more with forraine foes imbroil'd,  
     Straight, by intestine warres, the state was spoyl'd.

## LXXIX.

No, since this soile, which with great sprits abounds,  
 Can hardly nurse her nurcelings all in peace,  
 Then let us keep her bosome free from wounds,  
 And spend our fury in some forraine place:  
 There is no wall can limit now our bounds,  
 But all the world will need walls in short space;  
     To keep our troupes from seizing on new thrones;  
     The marble chayre must passe the ocean once.

## LXXX.

What fury o're my judgement doth prevaile?  
 Me thinkes I see all th' earth glance with our armes,  
 And groning *Neptune* charg'd with many a sayle;  
 I heare th' thundring trumpet sound th' alarmes,  
 Whilst all the neighbouring nations doe looke pale,  
 Such sudden feare each panting heart disarmes,  
     To see those martiall mindes together gone,  
     The lyon and the leopard in one.

## LXXXI.

I (*Henry*) hope with this mine eyes to feed,  
 Whilst ere thou wear'st a crown, thou wear'st a  
     shield;

And when thou (making thousands once to bleed,  
That dare behold thy count'nance, and not yeeld)  
Stirr'st through the bloody dust a foaming steed,  
An interested witsesse in the field

I may amongst those bands thy grace attend,  
And be thy *Homer* when the warres do end.

## LXXXII.

But stay, where fly'st thou (Muse) so far astray?  
And whilst affection doth thy course command,  
Dar'st thus above thy reach attempt a way  
To court the heire of *Albions* war-like land,  
Who gotten hath his generous thoughts to sway,  
A royal gift out of a royall hand;

And hath before his eyes that type of worth,  
That starre of state, that pole which guides the  
north.

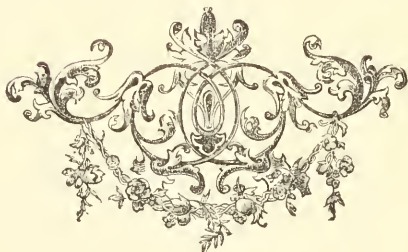
## LXXXIII.

Yet o're thy father, loe, (such is thy fate)  
Thou hast this vantage which may profit thee,  
An orphan'd infant, setled in his seat,  
He greater than himselfe could never see,  
Where thou may'st learne by him the art of state,  
And by another what thy selfe should'st be,  
Whilst that which he had onely but heard told,  
In all his course thou practis'd may'st behold.

## LXXXIV.

And this advantage long may'st thou retain,  
By which to make thee blest, the heavens conspire;

And labour of his worth to make thy gaine,  
To whose perfections thou may'st once aspire,  
When as thou shew'st thy selfe, whilst thou do'st  
raigne,  
A sonne held worthy of so great a syre ;  
And with his scepters, and the peoples hearts,  
Do'st still inherit his heroicke parts.





ELEGIE  
ON  
PRINCE HENRIE.

## NOTE.

The title-page of the first edition of this Poem is as follows:—  
“An Elegie on the Death of Prince Henrie, by Sr. William Alexander of Menstrie, Gentleman of his Priuie Chamber. Edinburgh: printed by Andro Hart, and are to be solde, at his shop, on the north side of the High Street, a litle beneath the Crosse, 1612. With license.” 4to, 4 leaves. Another edition was issued during the following year: and we are not aware that it has since been reprinted in any form.

Both editions are excessively rare, the only copies known to the editor being those in the Advocates and University Libraries, Edinburgh.



AN ELEGIE  
ON THE  
DEATH OF PRINCE HENRIE.

If griefe would giue me leaue, to let the world haue  
part,  
Of that which it (though surfetting) engrosses in my  
hart :  
Then I would sow some teares, that so they mo might  
breed,  
Not such as eyes vse to distill, but which the hart  
doth bleed.  
As from a troubled spring, like offspring must abound,  
So let my lynes farre from delight, hoarse (as their  
authour) sound.  
I care not at what rate that others pryse their worth,  
So I disburden may my minde, and powre my passions  
forth.  
Though generall be the losse, one shelve confounding  
quyte,  
The kings chiefe joy, the kingdomes hope, and all the  
worlds delight.

And that each one of those, a diuerse wound giues  
 me,  
 Whil'st all concurring would increase, what not in-  
 creas'd can be :  
 Yet mine owne part when weigh'd, so deepe im-  
 pression leaues,  
 That my soules pow'rs all so possess'd no others it  
 conceaues.  
 How can my hart but burst, while as my thoughts  
 would trace,  
 The great prince Henries gallant parts, and not-  
 affected grace?  
 Ah that I chanc'd so long (O wordly pleasure fraile!)  
 To be a witesse of that worth, which I but liue to  
 waile!  
 How oft have I beheld (a world admiring it)  
 His martiall sports euen men amaze, his wordes be-  
 witch their wit ;  
 Whose worth did in all mindes, just admiration breed ;  
 When but a childe, more then a man (ah too soon  
 rype indeed)  
 Still temperat, active, wise, as borne to doe great  
 things ;  
 He reallie shew what he was a quint-essence of kings,  
 With stately lookes yet mylde, a majestie humane.  
 Both loue and reuerence bred at once, entys'd yet did  
 restraine,  
 What acting anywhere, he still did grace his part,  
 A courtlie gallant with the king, a statlie prince apart ;  
 When both together were, O how all harts were wonne !  
 A syre so louing to behold, so duetifull a sonne.

He more than all his state his fathers fauour weigh'd,  
And gloried more him to attend, than when else-where  
obey'd.

But heauen enuied the earth, that one it so should  
grace,

Who was not due vnto the world, though lent to it a  
space :

And straight they took their owne, who now no more  
appeares,

Euen when the spheares and muses joyn'd, did serue  
to count his years.

What wit could not perswade, authoritie not force,  
An vnion now at last is made (ah made by a divorce!)  
Both once did one thing wish, and both one want do  
waile,

Thus miserie hath match'd vs now, when all things  
else did faile.

We might as all the rest, so this exception misse,  
I rather we had jarr'd in all, or we had joyn'd in this.  
This the first tempest is, which all this Ile did tosse,  
His cradle Scotland, England tombe, both shar'd his  
life and losse.

O how the traitrous world, by flattering hopes betrays,  
And scornes the confidence of man, who stil through  
danger strays!

But most of all the great, when at their fortunes  
hight,

Oft huge disasters do confound not lookt for till they  
light.

That states which seem'd most calme, straight stormes  
in waues involue,

Who gathered were for greatest joy, with greatest  
griefe dissolue.

That Macedonian syre, whose victories were ryfe,  
The day which did his daughter wed, did part him  
selfe from lyfe.

French second Henrie to, slaine in like sort was seene,  
As to triumph there with the rest, death had inuited  
beene:

For whilst he tilting was, when all his troupes among,  
A broken trees flow'n spark did proue more than his  
scepter strong.

That Goth who vanquish'd Rome, and thousands did  
destroy,

Euen when his bryde bent to embrace, died in his  
greatest joy.

The last yet first French king, for courage, valour, wit,  
Who by the sword acquyr'd the crowne, fram'd for a  
scepter fit :

Whil'st mustring all his might, (being farre from feare  
or doubt)

He fraughted France with armed troupes as bragging  
all about.

Then whil'st his hopes most high, euen kingdomes did  
appall,

He in that greatest pompe surprys'd, a villans prey  
did fall.

Thus hath it fatall beene, confirm'd in euery age,  
That who did meet to acte great parts, went weeping  
from the stage.

Is it that God euen then, would hautie thoughts  
disbend?

Or that such times as eminent, vyle traitours most  
attend?

So when suspected least (O ocean of annoy!)

Lo, mourning mirth prevented hath, and grieffe en-  
croach'd on joy.

Yet not in such a sort, as with some in times past.

Whose life being oft inuolu'd in blood, blood did  
dispatch at last;

But he (still sacred) went not violated hence,

The glorie of a gallant youth, a patterne for a prince.

What brest so barbourous is, which vertue can not  
charme?

No hand, no nor no hart in ought, could do or dreame  
his harme,

Since by his sight not blest, all count themselves  
accurst,

By whom the world was big with hopes, which did not  
die but burst.

Tyme did contract it seem'd (his course so short fore-  
seene)

That worth in youth, which all his age should haue  
extended beene:

For O, to what strange hight had his perfections  
flowne,

Had they as first, still by degrees proportionable  
growne!

But superstition then had statues made of gold,

And some might haue idolatriz'd, as many did of old.

The fates (it may be) stay'd what after might him trap,

As in Campania Pompeyes death preuented had  
mishap:

He happie was in this, which few haue beene before,  
When all opinions purchas'd were, to venture them  
no more.

For all perswaded are, as acted in effect,  
That he might haue perform'd as much as mortalls  
could expect.

Thus went he from the world, when with the best  
thought euen,

Whil'st though but flourishing on earth, yet a ripe fruit  
for heauen.

The Lord oft 'twixt the king and dangers huge did  
stand,

And many so to saue, him sau'd as life of all the  
land:

For scorning all their crafts, who vglie euils did found,  
What priuat plots did God disclose, what open force  
confound!

Yet when he was to part, (O what a wondrous oddes!)  
Who was by nature the kings sonne, but by adoption  
Gods:

Nought vrging else his end, saue nature had declyn'd,  
Bright angels did beare hence that flowre, as other  
flowres the wind,

Both deuils and men when joyn'd to kill for whom  
God cares,

May draw a starre as soon from heauen, as hurt one  
of their haire:

And whom he will remoue when as their time once  
comes,

No guards can garde, no physick helpe, one fit all  
force o'recomes.



But ah that treasures losse, which I can not digest,  
Is still the center of my minde, the point where it  
must rest :

And each great part of his, which I did earst perceiue,  
My fancies representing new do thoughts attendance  
craue.

What wonder though my plaints be thus for him  
employ'd

Who my affections free till then, when virgins, first  
enjoy'd,

And heare me (happie ghost) that fame may spread  
them forth,

I vow to reuerence and enroule the wonders of thy  
worth :

'That euen though childlesse dead, thou shall not  
barren be,

If Phoebus helpe to procreat posteritie for thee.

Thus where that others did abandon thee with breath,

As still aliuie, I trauell yet, to serue thee after death.





TO HIS MAJESTIE.

The worlds affection now this tragick tryall proues,  
Heauen heapes mishaps vpon his head, whom it not  
lightly moues.

But though the weight be great, which makes each  
hart to bow,

That men when mad, rage not so much as reason doth  
allow:

And that (thryse royall syre) since that it first was  
knowne,

All by imagining your grieffe haue doubled so their  
owne.

Yet since to many due, waste not on one your cares,  
As all your subjects waile your state, haue pitie, sir, on  
theirs.

Least that this grieffe though great, a greater doe  
out-goe,

If from your sonne turn'd to your selfe, you eeke, not  
end our wo.





### A SHORT VIEW OF THE STATE OF MAN.

Mvst wretched man, when com'd where woes abound,  
Ere to the sunne, vnclose his eyes to teares ?  
Whom when scarce borne, one straight to prison  
    beares,  
Loos'd from the bellie, in the cradle bound.  
Then rysing by the rod, he doth attend  
The misteries of miserie at length.  
And still his burthens growing with his strength,  
Huge toyles and cares his youths perfection spends.  
Last, helping natures wants, O deare bought breath!  
He must haue eyes of glasse, and feete of tree,  
Till lyke a bow his bodie turnes to be,  
Which age hath bended to be shot by death.  
    O ô I see that from the mothers wombe,  
    There's but a litle steppe vnto the tombe.





JONATHAN.

#### NOTE.

Printed from the "Recreations with the Muses," 1637, where it first appeared. No more than the first book—here presented—was published.



# JONATHAN :

AN HEROICKE POEME INTENDED.

*The First Booke.*

## THE ARGUMENT.

*With Ammons king, griev'd Iabesh did agree,  
If not reliev'd, their right eyes lost, to live ;  
From this disgrace Saul fights to make them free,  
And God to him, the victory doth give,  
Those who their king (with successe crown'd) did see :  
Them who him first had scorn'd, to kill did strive :  
The peoples errour, Samuel makes them know,  
Then what he was, what all should be, doth show.*

### I.

Mvse sound true valour, all perfections parts,  
The force of friendship, and th' effects of faith,  
To kindle courage in those generous hearts,  
Which strive by vertue to triumph o're death,  
Whilst honours height the wage of worth imparts,  
What hence is hop'd, or whilst we here draw breath :  
Loe, found, not fain'd, how men accomplish'd prove,  
Both prais'd below, and glorifi'd above.

## II.

O thou, from whom all what we praise doth  
 streame,  
 Lift up my soule, my sprite with power inspire ;  
 That straying wits who fayn'd *ideas* dreame,  
 May magnanimity in men admire,  
 Who sought thy glory, not affecting fame,  
 And yet what courage courts did all acquire ;  
 The truth not wrong'd, to please Lord pardon  
 me,  
 In method, time, and circumstances free.

## III.

Sterne *Ammons* armes when *Jabesh* was enclos'd,  
 In her defenders did such feare infuse,  
 That breached walles (all naked) were expos'd,  
 As weake, else worse, the owners to accuse ;  
 Who on defence no further then repos'd,  
 But last, for hope, a wretched helpe did use,  
 To fawne on foes, and seeke (they thus appeas'd)  
 What safety those who sought their ruine, pleas'd.

## IV.

Then *Nahas* who could not his pride suppress,  
 (As empty bladders blowne up with the winde)  
 Did dreame what way to double their distresse,  
 That still their shame might basely be design'd,  
 And to this bargaine proudly did them presse,  
 That they (without right eyes) should live half blinde :  
 A plaguy pardon which did lose, when spare,  
 "Of wicked men the mercies cruell are."



## V.

But the besieg'd all in a desp'rate state,  
“ (The present feare breeds greatest horreur still) ”  
Sought first that they by messengers might treat,  
With other Hebrews to prevent their ill,  
And if not so soone help'd, short was the date,  
When they should render resting on his will :  
    Who thus some comfort or excuse might claime,  
    All *Israell* so made partners of their shame.

## VI.

To this requeste he quickly did consent,  
All strength else scorn'd, who trusted in his owne,  
For, if the rest, that succour crav'd, not lent,  
He judg'd them straight as with that town o're-thrown ;  
His raving thoughts for new designs were bent,  
As this for certaine, all the world had knowne ;  
    “ Loe, thus large counts proud fooles for long time  
    make,  
    “ Though death still treadseach foot-step at their backe.”

## VII.

As winged with feares to haste the hop'd reliefe,  
At *Gibea* he arriv'd whom *Iabesh* sent,  
Whilst groanes and teares (as in commission chiefe)  
More prompt for woe would needs the tongue prevent,  
They first usurp'd the place, as sent from grieffe,  
While as the count'nance did the minde comment :  
    Yet from their weaknesse gathering some more  
    strength,  
    Sighs ushering words, this wrestled out at length.

## VIII.

Your wretched brethren who in *Gilead* dwell,  
 Of Gods choice people (*Abrahams* heires) a part,  
 By *Ammons* bands whose breasts with pride do swell,  
 Have suffred harmes which might make rocks to  
     smart,  
 Indignities which I disdaine to tell,  
 Such shame my face, and horreur fills my heart :  
     By putting out one eye, some covet peace :  
     Though great the losse, yet greater the disgrace.

## IX.

With this condition, *Iabesh* did compose,  
 If in seven dayes we succour not receive,  
 More happy they who both their eyes doe lose,  
 Then who for object such a tyrant have,  
 Who even o're God seekes to insult in those,  
 Whom from his altars he doth bragge to reave :  
     The losse of light (if this not griev'd) were light,  
     Though all our dayes (when blinde) prov'd but one  
     night.

## X.

His pow'r too much esteem'd, ours not at all,  
 He, till we gather, doth of purpose stay,  
 That (as he dreams) all quickly kill'd, or thrall,  
 Fame flow'd from many springs exhaust he may ;  
 As *Egypt's* foyle, and many nations fall,  
 All for his glory had prepar'd the way :  
     This victory must by all those be grac'd,  
     Gods captiv'd wonders in his triumph plac'd.

## XI.

Oft when men scorn'd. God did regard our grones,  
And from great troubles did us free before,  
Who pow'rfull, just, and mercifull at once,  
Peace to his people when he would restore,  
As reeds, crush'd scepters. breaking brittle thornes,  
And by meane meanes to be admir'd the more,  
What man not mock'd at *Midians* scornfull  
flight:  
How oft did one against a number fight?

## XII.

Then (sir) it seemes that who guards *Jacobs* seed,  
To honour you doth this occasion move,  
That at this time you (eminent) may breed,  
In strangers terrour, in your people love,  
For if this battell (as we hope) succeed,  
It your election highly would approve:  
And that conceit which at the first one gaines,  
It fix'd for ever in the minde remaines.

## XIII.

Since come to urge great haste I must be short,  
That soone their hopes may grow, or else be spent,  
Whom if you now doe by your power support,  
You free from danger, and your owne prevent,  
Else in worse time, us'd after in like sort,  
Your owne next fear'd, you must our losse repent.  
“And courage, which, now free, might praise  
procure,  
“Necessity when forc'd, will quite obscure.”

## XIV.

Thinke that you heare our citizens in vaine,  
 With wasted words a tyrants rigour ply;  
 The dead to envy forc'd, whilst they remaine  
 Of victors vile the bitter taunts to try,  
 The faces beauty once, but then the staine,  
 On bloody cheekes whilst ugly eyes doe lye;  
     Thinke *Nahas* scorning them, and bragging you,  
     And that one moment lost, breeds danger now.

## XV.

The man then dumb, grieffe did againe engage,  
 By speaking passions further to prevaile;  
 The common woe nought could at first asswage,  
 Till angers strength made pitties weakenesse faile:  
 Kinde *Jonathan* smoak'd grieffe, and flam'd forth  
     rage,  
 But yet for haste to venge, staid not to waile:  
     He wish'd for wings to flye, where *Ammon* stay'd,  
     Yet first attended what his father said.

## XVI.

That God (said *Saul*) whom none enough can  
     praise,  
 His troupes when vex'd, still by some one protects;  
 And me (of many least) at last doth raise  
 To fight those battels which his will directs;  
 Oft (that he thus the world may more amaze)  
 Weake instruments worke wonderfull effects:  
     That, due to him, none may usurpe one thought.  
     Nor from his glory derogate in ought.

## XVII.

All my ambition is to serve this state ;  
For which effect, forc'd from my low repose,  
The Lord was pleas'd (not my desires) of late,  
This charge on me (as all know) to impose ;  
And by effects, God grant I may prove great,  
Not, but in shew, as pompous Ethnickes glose ;  
That God, this state who made me to embrace,  
May grace his choice, and fit me for the place.

## XVIII.

I all your troubles travell to appease,  
And place my treasure onely in your hearts :  
Farre be delight from me, and what may please,  
Whilst in this kingdome any city smart,  
And I could wish I might (if for your ease)  
To watch over all, even part my selfe in parts :  
This kingdome now it must my body prove,  
And I the soule by which it all should move.

## XIX.

But lest that words time (due to deeds) should  
wast,  
Goe, get you backe, and unto *Iabesh* tell,  
That, ere the time which they design'd, be past,  
I shall be there, that tyrant to expell ;  
Then whilst they wondred, as quite chang'd at  
last,  
*Saul* did them all, yea, and did himselfe excell :  
A kingly courage kindled had his minde,  
And from his face, majesticke greatnesse shin'd.

## XX.

He whom they had despis'd, as base before,  
 Of the least tribes lest family, but borne,  
 Who sought stray'd beasts, heard of his fathers  
     store,  
 Whom with disdain they (when first rais'd) did scorn;  
 Afraid to be with him familiar more,  
 A reverend awe had proud contempt out-worne:  
     And troupes did him attend (all well appeas'd)  
     Imperiously appointing what he pleas'd.

## XXI.

Two oxen then he did in pieces share,  
 Which he through *Israell* did with terrour send,  
 And vow'd solemnly, who did not repaire,  
 Where *Saul* and *Samuel* did their forces bend,  
 That as those beasts had been dismembred there,  
 They, like from him (when victor) might attend;  
     But in their hearts God such obedience wrought,  
     That all to doe his will, were quickly brought.

## XXII.

O what huge troupes their native homes did  
     leave!  
 Of populous *Israell*, there did armed stand,  
 Three hundred thousand, thirty *Iuda* gave,  
 When by God bless'd, so fertile was that land:  
 Yet they by this did no high hopes conceive,  
 Though swarming forth in number as the sand:  
     As who oft spy'd, confirm'd by the effects,  
     The God of battels, victory directs.

## XXIII.

No mercenary mindes base gaine did move,  
(As whom when sold, a price to perill drives)  
Bright zeale, true honour, and their countries love.  
Did to all dangers consecrate their lives:  
None needed them to presse, but to approve,  
Arm'd for their altars, children, goods and wives.  
When forc'd to fight for liberty and lands,  
Each one (a captaine) all his power commands.

## XXIV.

When open force had banish'd private feares,  
All were (though sad) bent what they lov'd to  
quite,  
Babes flatt'ring smiles, wives wounding sighes, and  
tears,  
Of pleasures past endeer'd the left delight:  
Yet from all else the trumpets challeng'd eares:  
They part behov'd, where honour did invite,  
Which made their breasts such gallant guests em-  
brace,  
Soft passions soon gave active courage place.

## XXV.

That sadnesse past, which partings had contracted.  
All fed their fancies with ideall shewes,  
And carelesse what they did, as quite distracted,  
All (breathing battell) talk'd but of ore-throwes;  
And what they thought, their earnest gesture acted:  
Each mouth with brags, each hand seem'd big with  
blowes:

Each souldier (swoln with hopes) as straight grown  
 great,  
 With count'nance stern, look'd high, and step'd in  
 state.

## XXVI.

All eyes attendance, *Jonathan* procur'd,  
 Whose march majesticke highly was extoll'd,  
 Not arrogant, no, no, but yet assur'd,  
 It some men's folly, others feares controld:  
 His looke imperious, forc'd, yet milde, allur'd,  
 The proud to bow, the humble to be bold:  
 What fit, reforming, marking every place;  
 His gallant carriage, all the rest did grace.

## XXVII.

Clouds made the world (all light below expell'd)  
 A driry lodging for a drowsie lord,  
 Yet still (as big with light) heavens bosome swell'd,  
 And for one great, did many small afford:  
 In shadowes wrapt, a silent horroure held  
 All sorts of guests with which the earth was stor'd:  
 The world seem'd dumb, where nought save breath  
 did move,  
 As, what seem'd dead, it still alive would prove.

## XXVIII.

Yet all the hoast to Nature did refuse,  
 That tribute due by every mortals eye,  
 Of matters high whilst haughty thoughts did muse,  
 Sleeps leaden bands straight travell did unty;



Heaven in their mindes such vigour did infuse,  
 They (as it selfe) the type of death did flye :  
 “To doe great things, when generous minds devise,  
 “Paine pleasure gives, things difficult entice.”

## XXIX.

But (clouds dispers'd) the ayre more pure appear'd,  
 Light blushing (as late rais'd) the depths did leave,  
 Whilst flaming shields some trembling glances clear'd,  
 What night had rest from them, th' eyes back did reave,  
 And sprites (though dull) a naturall musicke chear'd,  
 Which many divers sounds consorted gave :  
 Thus light from darknesse, day from night forth  
     springs,  
 Type of that chaos first whence flow'd all things.

## XXX.

Ere that dayes journey *Phœbus* had begun,  
 The armies, neere were drawn unto an end ;  
 And those return'd, who first before had runne,  
 To try abroad that which they might attend :  
 They told how they (by the occasion wonne)  
 To *Ammons* tents did resolutely tend,  
     Whose silence seem'd them (in suspense) to call.  
     Some watch'd neere *Tabesh*, elsewhere none at all.

## XXXI.

They by faint flashes of exhausted fires,  
 There spyde a camp, as if from danger farre,  
 Well serv'd with all to which rich peace aspires,  
 As if for pleasure com'd, to sporte with warre,

They softly lay (as at adorn'd retires)  
 Where (all commodious) nought their rest might marre :  
*Mars* onely seem'd to court his mistresse there,  
 Charg'd with superfluous, of things needfull, bare.

## XXXII.

Here sleep press'd him, there wine had buried one.  
 (Death kissed so as straight imbrac'd to be)  
 Boords still were charg'd, whence guests had falne.  
     not gone,  
 Cups crown'd with wine, triumph'd, as victors, free,  
 Late musicks conducts bruis'd (when touch'd) did  
     grone,  
 Game relicts left, were of all sorts to see ;  
     Thus souldiers seem'd, voluptuous tokens trac'd,  
     Not in a campe, but at some wedding plac'd.

## XXXIII.

Two in one tent (whilst we without did hold)  
 As tyr'd of sleep, the time with words did wast,  
 The truth I hope, (though not so meant when told)  
 Said, of their toyles, this night would be the last.  
 Then, that this day the Hebrews render would,  
 And at their feet themselves (scorn'd captives) cast :  
     Th' one long'd to laugh, when spying them halfe  
     blinde,  
     His mate to kill, as more to ruth inclin'd.

## XXXIV.

No doubt we might (if willing) where we went,  
 Have soon kill'd some, and hardly kept hands pure,

But would not so your enterprise prevent,  
 By making them suspect who lay secure ;  
 Our thoughts for private praise were not so bent,  
 A publicke danger fondly to procure ;  
 Then (brought from thence to prove their speeches  
 true)  
 A helmet one, a sword the other shew.

## XXXV.

Thus what they learn'd, each circumstance declar'd,  
 In every breast a thirst of battell bred,  
 With *Abner* and his sonne, *Saul* equall shar'd,  
 The glistring squadrons which no danger dread,  
 Of which both resolute, and well prepar'd,  
 Each one a hundred and ten thousand led :  
 The chieffes then met, who straight to fight did  
 crave,  
*Saul* needlesse spurres thus to franke courage  
 gave.

## XXXVI.

Whilst all events (as doubtfull) ballanc'd be,  
 The souldiers mindes their earnest Emperour  
 cheares ;  
 But what I should give you, ye give to me,  
 Whose resolution at an height appears ;  
 A courage, yea, a confidence I see,  
 Through looks which lightning every count'nance  
 cleares :  
 So that I should (if bent to move you more)  
 Cast water in the sea, sand on the shore.

## XXXVII.

And O! what wonder though ye all be bold,  
 Your ancestors victorious steps to trace,  
 Which oft triumph'd o're mighty states of old,  
 Whilst God the glory, they did purchase peace:  
 Heavens register, by sacred pennes enroll  
 Their worth eternall, which each age must grace:  
     Who high exploits securely might effect,  
     When God himselfe as Captaine did direct.

## XXXVIII.

With God at peace, what can appall that band,  
 Whom so to help (when need requires such ayd)  
 Seas part, rocks rend, food rains, walls fall, flouds  
     stand,  
 One may chase thousands, thousands quake dismay'd,  
 Whose hearts when God, men may the rest com-  
     mand,  
 As bound, delivered, yet by none betray'd:  
     The wonder-workers power more plaine to make,  
     Whilst one moe captives kept, then ten could take.

## XXXIX.

A prey made sure ye onely go to seize,  
 (As spyes report) which may even dead be thought,  
 Since spoyl'd by pleasure, buried in their ease,  
 To grace our labours not come here, but brought;  
 This hoast of ours the Lord of hoasts doth please,  
 Whose help, I doubt not, but ye all have sought:  
     Loe, *Samuel* here, and *Saul*; let this content,  
     A prophet, and a prince, by God both sent.

## XL.

But though not difficult this conquest seemes,  
Great is the glory which doth it attend;  
From bragg'd disgrace our brethren it redeemes,  
Which (if not worse) would towards us extend,  
And then by it the world that state esteemes,  
Which oft ye urg'd, and have procur'd in th' end:  
For, as this first, with fame now credit gaines,  
Your course disprov'd, or still approv'd, remaines.

## XLI.

Nor speake I this, as who of ought do doubt,  
Since rather reines then spurres your courage  
needs,  
Be providently brave, not rash, though stout,  
Let your commanders words direct your deeds,  
And thinke ye see me still to marke about,  
Whose gallant carriage greatest glory breeds:  
No valour thus in vaine shall be set forth,  
One shall both wnesse, and reward your worth.

## XLII.

But why do I our victory delay,  
And force your fury idlie thus to burne:  
Go, go, wound, kill, take, spoyle, and leade away,  
That straight in triumph we may all returne;  
I see in flouds of bloud dead bodies stray,  
I heare you shout for joy, for grieffe them mourne:  
And whilst scorn'd ransomes have your hands not  
stai'd,  
All sacrifice at last, as first ye pray'd.

## XLIII.

Then godly *Samuel* fortifi'd them more,  
 By spirituall pow'r, then all their weapons else.  
 He pray'd with faith, and did with zeale adore,  
 Which, more then offrings, wrath for sinne expels,  
 Then, all religious rites perform'd before,  
 Which might draw help from heaven, stay harm  
     from hels,  
 He by his blessing more confirm'd their mindes,  
 Then all could do, though joyn'd from *Thule* to *Indes*.

## XLIV.

This mighty army did it selfe divide,  
 And by three wayes all forward went one way,  
 The dust, which in a cloud them seem'd to hide,  
 Even it, by covering, did them first betray;  
 When carelesse *Ammon* numbrous *Israel* spy'd,  
 Though dull amazement mindes a space did stay,  
 · All with confusion sundry things advis'd,  
 Rise, runne, haste, arme, ranke, march, we are  
     surpris'd.

## XLV.

Three armies view'd, each from a severall part,  
 Come not, and *Iabesh* as they did expect,  
 Who promis'd had (to sooth them so with art)  
 That they that day would further hopes neglect,  
 And this with terrour toss'd the strongest heart;  
 None knew what way their forces to direct;  
 The world conjur'd, seem'd all against them arm'd,  
 Whilst glistring squadrons from each corner swarm'd.

## XLVI.

Yet with great haste, what might be, was perform'd,  
 And nothing requisite was left undone ;  
 The first confusion bravely was reform'd,  
 And the tumultuous bands all settled soone ;  
 Then haughty *Nahas*, who extreamely storm'd,  
 Though griefe, and rage, his accents did mistoone ;  
     He, to his troups, ere enemies could them reach,  
     With desp'rate courage did roare forth this speech.

## XLVII.

Hath dastard *Iabesh* thus with us disguis'd ?  
 Or must their shame be witness'd by those bands ?  
 Then, let us prove (though by our foes despis'd)  
 As seas in power, since they, in number, sands,  
 So shall they finde (though thinking us surpris'd)  
 That they in ours, we fall not in their hands :  
     They now to fight are altogether brought,  
     Whom else when sever'd, we with toyle had sought.

## XLVIII.

We must be great, or not be, in short space,  
 For, though so sought, no safety flight attends,  
 But what base breast can such vile thoughts  
     imbrace ?  
 “ Shame, even then death, a step more low de-  
     scends ; ”  
 Losse now not onely threatens us'd disgrace,  
 But what to *Iabesh* ye, to you portends :  
     This hoast as earst not now for glory strives,  
     But (mans last hope) we fight to save our lives.

## XLIX.

It seemes, that Fortune, curious of our fame,  
 For some great end hath brought us to those straits,  
 Where we, when victors, all the praise may claime,  
 And leave (if dead) the burden on the fates ;  
 The greatest deeds adorning any name,  
 Were done by men, when in most desp'rat states :  
     High resolution desp'rat valour brings,  
     Who hope for nothing, may contemne all things.

## L.

My hands, and not my tongue, must make you stout,  
 Which bloody paths, where you may tread, shall  
     leave ;  
 If mix'd with theirs, what though our blood gush out ?  
 Strive to revenge our death, not life to save,  
 And let our falls presse downe their bands about,  
 Which by our ruine, ruine may receive ;  
     So may they rue our losse, as too deare bought:  
     Who live, still something, but the dead waile nought.

## LI.

The trumpets sound drown'd the last words in th' ayre,  
 Whose brazen breath (as animating steele)  
 Made metall march, a moving creature there,  
 Though wanting sense, yet to make others feele ;  
 The driry drummes both camps with horrors square,  
 Did equall once, whil'st feare made neither reele :  
     Each bounds rebounds the sounds of brasse, and  
     breath,  
 A martiall musicke, courage tun'd for death.



## LII.

The winged weapons with a threatenng flight,  
(Sharpe messengers of death) first bloud did reave;  
Black clouds of darts (a deadly storme at height,  
Death rain'd in many drops) red flouds did leave,  
An arch of arrows darkned all their sight,  
That where to fight, they so a shade might have;  
    But griev'd to lose their blows, whil'st whose not  
    known,  
    Each one rush'd forward to avouch his own.

## LIII.

Oh! with what fury both together runne,  
Whose violence did vent it selfe in smokes!  
When, ere they joyn'd, the battell was begun,  
With bragging gestures, and outragious looks;  
Some red with rage sought that which some did  
    shunne,  
Whom feare made pale, whil'st passing crimson brooks:  
    How mindes are sway'd a danger clearly tels,  
    Whil'st feare sinks downe, or courage higher swels.

## LIV.

But when they once did swords in bloud imbrue,  
The en'mies challeng'd, changing blows, or breath,  
All irritated then, more earnest grew,  
The publike wrong enlarg'd by private wrath;  
Who felt their wounds. and did, who gave them view,  
They no revenge allow'd, till seal'd by death;  
    All (save their foes, no object else in sight,  
    Nor heaven, nor earth) seem'd in the ayre to fight.

## LV.

Weake words in vaine would pow'rfull deeds forth  
set :

The trumpets sounds my daring lines abate ;  
All there concurr'd what generous thoughts could  
whet,

Bright glory angling hearts with honours baite ;  
Franke courage then with desp'rat furie met,  
Pride with contempt, and with old wrongs new hate :

Then, Fame was spy'd attending with a pen,  
To register the acts of worthie men.

## LVI.

They others bodies fiercely did pursue,  
And theirs expos'd to all, as not theirs, loe,  
Them from themselves a generous ardour drew,  
What suffering carelesse, onely bent to do,  
A way for foes enforc'd, armes, as untrue,  
Seem'd (red with blood) to blush, though wounded too ;  
Some swords, through armour, forc'd a passage quite ;  
Some beaten backe did burst, and breake for spite.

## LVII.

Though many brave men grac'd the *Hebrew* band,  
*Saul* (as a sunne amidst lesse lights who shin'd)  
First (as for state) for valour, striv'd to stand,  
Of body high, but yet more high in minde,  
And (eminent) there where he did command,  
Made friends, and foes, both cause to marke him, finde,  
Till his example strange effects did breed,  
Which some would second, others would exceed.

## LVIII.

Brave *Jonathan*, proud *Ammon* to abate,  
When his fierce squadron was imbark'd in bloud,  
A godly anger, and a holy hate,  
(No ill effects come from a cause so good)  
Of many lives did cleare the doubtfull date,  
Which flow'd in th' ayre amidst a crimson flood:  
    And what his looks, or words, did most perswade,  
    His hands in action demonstration made.

## LIX.

Shafts severall roomes (by conquest) now did gaine,  
Which were of late all in one lodging pent,  
For quivers, quivering bodies, them containe;  
The bows as barren then, the off-spring spent,  
Whil'st breaking strings (as sighing) seem'd to  
    plaine,  
And burst at last, in vaine loath to be bent,  
    Or as an abject tree to be throwne downe,  
    Which interest had in *Jonathans* renowne.

## LX.

Though arrows first, made, by commission, warre,  
And what hands bragg'd, seem'd through the ayre to  
    breathe,  
Straight forward courage scorn'd to fight afarre,  
By blows, at hazard, trafficking with death;  
He with a tree more strong did squadrons marre;  
The speare, a gyant, darts, were dwarffs of wrath;  
    It, even when crush'd, a number did confound;  
    To venge the whole, each splinter gave a wound.

## LXI.

That which true worth most honour hath to use,  
 When this great *Hebrews* hand to tosse began,  
 Which onely cuts, where other weapons bruise,  
 Of armes the glory, ornament of man ;  
 A storme of stroaks, in foes did feare infuse,  
 Which there wrought wonders, fame for ever  
 wanne :

His face seem'd clad with flames, th' eyes lightned so,  
 Starres to his owne, and comets to his foe.

## LXII.

Couragious *Abner* courted glories love,  
 No rash director, but to action swift,  
 That even his place pale envy did approve,  
 As his desert, and not his soveraignes gift ;  
 It seem'd a thousand hands his sword did move,  
 His minde so high a generous rage did lift :  
 At heart, or eye, which should the first arrive,  
 The lightning glance, and thund'ring blow did strive.

## LXIII.

Like Autumns spoyls a publike prey which fall,  
 When low stretch'd out lay *Ammons* loftie brood,  
 It did their king amaze, but not appall,  
 Though in their wounds acknowledging his blood,  
 Yet he (whose strength was lessened in them all)  
 A while relenting (as distracted) stood :  
 But when weake passions urg'd the us'd releefe,  
 Rage in their fountains dry'd the streames of  
 griefe.

## LXIV.

The foaming tyrant, swolne with high disdain,  
 (What had cool'd some, him further did enflame;)
   
To bound at once, state, fortune, life, and raigne;  
 Not victory, no, vengeance was his ayme:  
 A glorious life not hoping more to gaine,  
 He thought by death to frustrate threatned shame,  
     But, of foes kill'd, would first a mount have made,  
     Where (as in triumph) he might lye, when dead.

## LXV.

I know not if more bent to give, or take,  
 That which (well weigh'd) is an indifferent thing,  
 The raging *Pagan*, thus his people spake,  
 What poore life can not, liberall death doth bring,  
 And you (though subjects) may my equals make,  
 Loe, without treason you may match your king:  
     Crowne, throne, or scepter, fates no more allow,  
     And by the sword all may be soveraignes now.

## LXVI.

As two great torrents striving for one way,  
 Raise mounts of sand, raze heights, spoile tree and  
     town,  
 And (that th' ones name the other swallow may)  
 What ever doth resist, beare thence, or drowne;  
 So, of their fury what the course did stay,  
*Sauls* matchlesse sonne, and *Ammons* lord beat downe,  
     Th' eyes earnest gave, whil'st they at distance stay'd,  
     That, by their hands, the rest should straight be  
     pay'd.

## LXVII.

When *Israels* gallant had beheld a space,  
 The fierce *Barbarian* opening up the throng,  
 He cry'd to all aloud, give place, give place,  
 Let none usurpe what doth to me belong;  
 This man my life, and I his death must grace,  
 Who marre the match would but to both do wrong :  
     A vulgar hand must not his end procure,  
     He stands too glorious to fall downe obscure.

## LXVIII.

Some drawn by feare, and some by reverence mov'd,  
 The distance twixt them vanish'd soone away ;  
 Like rivall bulls which had one heifer lov'd,  
 And through the flocks with brandish'd hornes did  
     stray,  
 Whil'st th' one resolv'd, and th' other desp'rate prov'd,  
 Both with great fury did enforce their way,  
     Whose troups enflam'd by hearing their high words,  
     Did in their action emulate their lords.

## LXIX.

Those two transported, did together rinne,  
 As if both hoasts did onely in them fight,  
 They with short processe, ground did lose and winne.  
 Vrg'd, shunn'd, forc'd, fayn'd, bow'd, rais'd, hand, leg,  
     left, right,  
 Advanc'd, retir'd, rebated, and gave in,  
 With reason fury, courage joyn'd with flight :  
     So earnest mindes and bended bodies press'd,  
     That, then the blowes, the ayming more distress'd.

## LXX.

To sell his life the Ethnicke onely sought,  
But valu'd it so much, though but in vaine,  
That clouds of darts, and swords too few were  
thought

To force the fortresse where it did remaine,  
So that, (by one to last extreames thus brought,)  
His fury was converted to disdain;e;  
Shame joyning with despaire, death did impose,  
Ere more, then crowne or life, he liv'd to lose.

## LXXI.

By blowes redoubled charging every way,  
Whilst he but wish'd who did him kill, to kill,  
Bloud leaving him, his danger did betray,  
Which rage in vaine, would have dissembled still,  
And th' other storm'd so long with one to stay,  
Who might elsewhere, fields with dead bodies fill;  
Iust indignation all his strength did bend,  
The heart conjuring hands to make an end.

## LXXII.

The Hebrew us'd at once both strength and art;  
Th' one hand did ward, a blow the other gave,  
Which hit his head (the marke of many a dart)  
Whose batt' red temples fearefull sense did leave;  
The treacherous helmet tooke the strongest part,  
And bruis'd those braines which it was set to  
save;

Yet dying striking, last he th' earth did wound,  
Whose fall (as some great oakes) made it rebound.

## LXXIII.

His eyes againe began to gather light,  
 And *Ionathan* (when victor) to relent,  
 But straight just hate presented, as in sight,  
 His barbarous actions, and abhorr'd intent;  
 How (vainely vaunting of a victors right)  
 That all his thoughts to cruelty were bent:  
     Whose raging minde, on captives strangely strict,  
     Then bondage, spoyle, or death would more inflict.

## LXXIV.

Thou tyrant, thou (said he) who didst devise,  
 Else farre from fame, for ill to be renown'd,  
 Those halfe-blinde Hebrews whom thou did'st des-  
     pise,  
 They vengeance urge, they, they, give thee this  
     wound;  
 With that, by his right eye (who striv'd to rise,)  
 The flaming sword amidst his braynes he drown'd:  
     Whose guilty ghost, where shadowes never end,  
     With indignation, grudging did descend.

## LXXV.

As if hells furies had thy sprite inspir'd,  
 Prodigious creature, monster inhumane,  
 Loe, what have all thy cruelties acquir'd,  
 Which thus with interest Time returns againe,  
 But hell, when hence, and here, whence now retir'd,  
 That thy remembrance odious may remaine:  
     Yet with this comfort, thou abandon'st breath,  
     The hand of *Ionathan* adorn'd thy death.



## LXXVI.

As some fierce lyon raging through the fields,  
(Which of beasts kill'd, contemnes the tasted bloud)  
Doth hunt another, when another yeelds,  
Yet, wanton, riots, as for sport, not food;  
So *Jacobs* gallant (breaching many shields)  
Bent for more prey, with him no longer stood,  
And till their chiefe, his followers follow'd too,  
Nought did seeme done, whilst ought remain'd to do.

## LXXVII.

All *Israels* squadrons circling *Ammon* in,  
Straight at his center, threatning were to meet,  
Which poynt (the last man kill'd) all march to winne,  
Where halfe-dead bodies made a breathing street,  
All striv'd to end, as lately to begin,  
Whilst dust did dry what bloud and sweat made  
weet ;  
*Mars* courting courage, first shin'd bright about,  
But then with horroure turn'd his inside out.

## LXXVIII.

*Saul* as ov'r bodies then did raigne in hearts,  
O how farre chang'd from what he first had been!  
And by plaine valour, scorning usuall arts,  
The emulous *Abner*, eminent was seene;  
These three, at first which charg'd from divers parts,  
Seem'd foes oppos'd, their foes, as chanc'd between:  
Whom (from encountring, that them nought might  
stay)  
They but beat downe, to make a patent way.

## LXXIX.

When hopes on doubts no longer did depend,  
 Whilst *Israels* colours, victory did beare,  
 Some seem'd to grieve that warre so soone would end,  
 And striv'd in time, what trophees they might reare ;  
 Whilst flattring glory, lofty thoughts to bend,  
 In gorgeous robes, did whisper in each eare,  
     What brave man now my beauties will embrace,  
     To breed (Fames minions) an immortall race?

## LXXX.

When through the camp, their sovereigns death was known,  
 A sad confusion seiz'd on *Ammons* brood,  
 Then lords of none, no, no, nor yet the ir owne,  
 As strangers stray'd, they all distracted stood,  
 And ere by foes, ev'n by themselves o're-thrown,  
 An ycie coldnesse did congeale their bloud :  
     " None fully vanquish'd are, till first they yeeld,  
     " And, till first left, doe never lose the field."

## LXXXI.

Hopes (though once high) then faln down in their feet,  
 No way was left for a secure retreat ;  
 To flye was shamefull, yet to live, was sweet,  
 And they themselves more lov'd, then foes did hate ;  
 Them death (still sterne) wherever turn'd, did meet :  
 Each swords bright glance, seem'd summons from  
     their fate :  
     O how base feare doth make some sprights to faile,  
     Heart faint, hands weake, eyes dimme, the face  
     grows pale.

## LXXXII.

Of broken bands the trouble was extreme,  
Who felt ils worst, and yet imagin'd more :  
Spoile, danger, bondage, feare, reproach and shame,  
Did still encroach beside, behinde, before ;  
And yet their hearts (if hearts they had) did dreame,  
Those in one masse, and all confusions store :  
    They, wishing death, although they fear'd to dye,  
    First from themselves, then from all else did flye.

## LXXXIII.

The slaughter then all measure did surpasse ;  
Whilst victors rag'd, bloud from each hand did  
    raine ;  
The liquid rubies dropping downe the grasse,  
With scarlet streames the fatall fields did staine ;  
Till they, with dust congeal'd (a horrid masse)  
(By bodies stop'd) a marrish did remaine,  
    Through which who waded, wounded did appeare.  
    And loath'd that bloud which once was held so  
    deare.

## LXXXIV.

They who, when strong, their neighbours did deride,  
And (then of ruine, dreaming nothing lesse)  
Would warre with God, and in the height of pride,  
His chosen people labour to oppresse ;  
They now, all kill'd, else scattered on each side,  
Felt what they threatned, bondage and distresse :  
    “ Thus oft they fall, who others doe pursue,  
    “ Men drinke the dregs of all the ils they brew.”

## LXXXV.

Though *Israell* thus had *Ammon* quite o're-throwne,  
*Saul*, nor his sonne, did not insult the more;  
 No pompe through *Iabesh* past with trumpets  
     blowne,  
 The pointed captives fettred them before,  
 So, first when victors, eminently showne,  
 That their new state a triumph might decore,  
     Whilst two-fold glory, just applauses claym'd,  
     A king and conquerour both at once proclaim'd.

## LXXXVI.

No, no, their breasts such fancies fond not bred,  
 As if themselves had their delivery wrought;  
 By piety, not by ambition led,  
 Farre from vaine praise, they *Israels* safety sought;  
 Charg'd by Gods hand, they knew that *Ammon*  
     fled,  
 And from his favour derogating nought,  
     Where tumid Gentiles would have bragg'd abroad,  
     Their glory was to glorifie their God.

## LXXXVII.

Whilst joyfull *Iabesh* opened up her ports,  
 Sweet freedoms treasure did enrich their eyes;  
 Men, women, children, people of all sorts,  
 With voyces, as distracted, pierc'd the skies;  
 O how each one of them the rest exhorts,  
 To sound his praise who pittied had their cries!  
     And (as wrong founded,) any joy was grieve,  
     Save for Gods glory more then their reliefe.

## LXXXVIII.

Wives forth with haste did to their husbands rinne,  
Who told to them (describing dangers past,)  
Hence *Saul* first charg'd, there *Abner* entred in,  
Here we about them did a compasse cast;  
There *Jonathan* with *Nahas* did beginne,  
And kill'd him here, where, loe, he lyes at last:  
    But forward kindnesse this discourse doth stay,  
    Th' ones lips must point that which anothers say.

## LXXXIX.

Troops call'd alow'd (mov'd by this battell much)  
Where are they now who ask'd if *Saul* should  
    raigne?  
Let swords (yet smoking) purge the land of such,  
Who from base envy bursted out disdaine;  
Yet them milde *Saul* would suffer none to touch,  
But said, no cloud so cleare a day should staine:  
    And since the Lord all *Israel* had releev'd,  
    None should be kill'd for him, no, nor yet griev'd.

## XC.

Ere flames yet hot, extinguish'd were againe,  
The Lords great prophet will'd them all to go  
To *Gilgall* straight, there to confirme his raigne,  
In that new state grown fearfull to each foe;  
Where sacred offrings liberally were slaine,  
The late delivery to acknowledge so:  
    As bloud from beasts, praise flow'd from gratefull  
    minds,  
    Each one himselfe for further service binds.

## XCI.

By sacrifice the kingdoms right renu'd,  
 This speech to *Israel*, matchlesse *Samuel* made,  
 Loe, granted is all that for which you su'd,  
 There stands the king, who should your squadrons  
 leade :

My sonnes are here, time hath my strength subdu'd ;  
 Age crown'd with white, triumphs upon my head ;  
 Eyes dimme, legges weake, (infirmities growne rife)  
 Death hath besieg'd the lodging of my life.

## XCII.

Though all my dayes in charge, I challenge you,  
 Let each man speake (as he hath reason) free,  
 Before the Lord, and his anointed now ;  
 No crimes conceale, I come accus'd to be,  
 What bragge, or bribe, hath made my judgement  
 bow ?

Whose oxe, or asse, hath taken beene by me ?  
 Whom have I harm'd, or wrong'd, in goods, or fame ?  
 I stand to satisfie who ever claime.

## XCIII.

The people straight (applauding) did reply,  
 With heart, and hands still pure, thou didst the best ;  
 For witsnesse s, then, both, who loud did cry,  
 With his lievtenant, did great God attest :  
 O happy iudge, who well did live, and dye,  
 Still prais'd on th' earth ! in heaven with glory rest ;  
 At that great day, whom all with Christ shall see,  
 To iudge those iudges who not follow'd thee.

## XCIV.

Then (said the prophet) since by all approv'd,  
 I must with you, before that God contend,  
 Who from *Caldea*, *Israels* syre remov'd,  
 And highly honour'd, as his speciall friend;  
 Who sav'd milde *Isaac*, holy *Jacob* lov'd,  
 And in all countries did him still attend:  
 (A covenant contriv'd, with all his race)  
 Who multiply'd them much, in little space.

## XCV.

From rigorous *Ægypt*s more then burthenous  
 yoke,  
 When taught by wonders to admire his might,  
 He led them forth, free from each stumbling block.  
 In deserts wilde, him to contemplate right;  
 And did give laws, as of that state the stock,  
 A rare republike, at perfections height;  
 The lord (great generall of those chosen bands)  
 Took townes, gain'd battels, and did conquer  
 lands.

## XCVI.

But when he once had stablish'd well their state,  
 (All those great works remembred then no more)  
 Your fathers, false, apostates, and ingrate,  
 (Abomination) idols did adore,  
 So that (incens'd with indignation great)  
 Their jealous God would them protect no more;  
 Who, that they so might humbled be againe,  
 To bondage base abandon'd did remaine.

## XCVII.

With hearts brought low, and souls rais'd up aloft,  
 When godly grieffe dissolv'd it selfe in groans,  
 The Lord, first mov'd with sighs, with teares made  
 soft,  
 Charm'd with the musicke of their pretious moans,  
 For their delivery sent great captaines oft,  
 Who, did their state restore, bruis'd strangers  
 thrones :  
 Till successe did to all the world make knowne,  
 That, save by sinne, they could not be o're-throwne.

## XCVIII.

Gainst *Aram*, *Moab*, and, *Canaan*, foes,  
 Proud *Midians*, *Ammons*, and *Philistines* lands,  
 Brave *Othniel*, *Ehud*, and *Debora* rose,  
 Then *Iphte*, *Gidcon*, *Sampson*, strong of hands,  
 Whil'st God the Generall, his lievtendants those,  
 Oft (few in number) thundred downe great bands;  
 And by weake meanes oft thousands fled from one,  
 A cake, an oxen goad, an asses bone.

## XCIX.

From dangers oft, though wonderfully sav'd,  
 Whil'st *Israels* scepter God did onely sway,  
 Yet (as stray'd fancies fondly had conceiv'd)  
 When *Ammons* ensignes *Nahas* did display,  
 Straight, as without a Lord, a king you crav'd,  
 As th' object *Gentiles*, basely to obey:  
 With trust in princes, and in mortall strength,  
 Which lodg'd in nostrils, must dislodge at length.



## C.

Yet if your king, and you, do serve him right,  
The Lord, of both will highly blesse the state ;  
And, if prophanely walking in his sight,  
Will visit both in wrath, with vengeance great,  
And that you may behold your sinne, his might,  
Too haughty minds by terrour to abate :

You shall (though of such change no signe there be,  
Straight clad with clouds, heavens indignation see.

## CI.

Heavens, must'ring horroure in a dreadfull forme,  
His beams drawn back, pale *Phæbus* did retyre ;  
As the worlds funerals threatning to performe,  
Some flames flash'd forth, not lights, but sparks of  
yre,  
And in ambushment layd behinde a storme,  
Colds interchoaking, did grosse engines fire  
To batter th' earth, which planted there by wrath,  
From clouds vast concaves thund'red bolts of death.

## CII.

This signe so full of terrour thus procur'd,  
A generall feare each minde with griefe did sting,  
Till all cry'd out that they had beene obdur'd,  
And highly sinn'd in seeking of a king ;  
The Lord, they said (his light from heaven ob-  
scur'd)  
Might for their o're-throw armies justly bring ;  
Then *Samuel* urg'd to mediate their peace,  
Avoyding vengeance, and entreating grace.

## CIII.

The holy man who view'd them thus to smart,  
 Did aggravate how farre they first did faile,  
 Yet them assur'd, when flowing from the heart,  
 That true repentance would with God prevaile;  
 From whom he wish'd that they would not de-  
     part,  
 To trust in trifles which could not availe :  
     Since he, when pleas'd, in mercies did abound,  
     And with a frowne might all the world confound.

## CIV.

The Lord (he said) who did them first affect  
 Them (from his law if they did not remove)  
 By hoasts of heaven, and wonders would protect,  
 By promise bound, and by his boundlesse love,  
 Lest strangers spoyling whom he did elect,  
 Weake, or inconstant, he might seeme to prove :  
     Then he to God for them did, earnest, call,  
     And with their king, when blest, dismiss them all.

## CV.

*Saul* thus when seiz'd of *Israels* regall seat,  
 Whom God chose, *Samuel* did anoint, all serve,  
 From private thoughts estrang'd, in all growne great,  
 Though first elected, studied to deserve ;  
 His owne no more, since sacred to the state,  
 He sought how it to free, to rule, preserve :  
     For which, retyr'd, what course was fit, he dream'd,  
     Save when in action, as of sight asham'd.

THE  
MONARCHICKE TRAGEDIES.



## NOTE.

The following list comprises the whole of the various editions of the Monarchicke Tragedies, so far as known :—

- (1.) The Tragedie of Darivs. By William Alexander of Menstrie. Edinburgh. Printed by Robert Walde-graue, Printer to the Kings Maiestie, 1603. 4to.
- (2.) The Monarchicke Tragedies (Cræsus and Darius), by William Alexander of Menstrie. Printed at London by V. S., for Edward Blount, 1604. 4to.

The title-page of Darius is “printed by G. Elde, for Edward Blount,” 1604.

- (3.) The Alexandræan : a Tragedy, 1605. 4to.
- (4.) The Monarchicke Tragedies,—

Cræsus,  
Darius,  
The Alexandræan,  
Iulius Cæsar,—

newly enlarged, by William Alexander, Gentleman of the Princes Priuie Chamber. *Carminè dij superi, placantur carminè manes.* London: Printed by Valentine Simmes for Ed. Blovnt, 1607. 4to.

- (5.) The Monarchicke Tragedies. *The Third Edition.* By Sir William Alexander, Knight. *Carminè dij superi, placantur carminè manes.* London: Printed by William Stansby, 1616. 16mo.
- (6.) In the Recreations with the Muses, folio, 1637.

Mr. Chalmers, in his *Collection of British Poets*, prints the choruses to the plays.

The style of these tragedies effectually debarred them from the stage, being totally void of incident, and consisting almost wholly of long discussions and dissertations on moral subjects. Hardly any action is performed before the audience. It has been supposed that the author was enamoured of the classical authors, and based his style upon theirs; but we would rather

suppose that he tried to adapt himself to the extent of theatrical displays in his own time. A stage strewn with rushes, with a board hung at the side, indicating the nature or situation of the plot, did not help the imagination much; while tremendous battles, on which the fate of kingdoms hung, fought by two men with rusty iron swords, was not very pleasing to a refined taste. Probably, by thus trying to adapt his plays to the petty requirements of the theatre, by making up in sentiment and speech what he wanted in incident and display, he thought to make the stage more in keeping with reality. It was one of these mistakes which, in the infancy of a species of writing (for the drama was in its infancy in this country) will always occur, and which serve as guide-marks of public opinion, warning others against following the same course.

The principal resemblance he bears to the classical authors is in the introduction of the chorus. Unity of action, time, or space, he heeds not. The business spoken about in one scene is often sufficient for performance in ten plays; while the verse is not of a suitable character for stage purposes.

Taking them, however, apart from their connection with the stage, and viewing them as dramatic *poems*, we can view them in a more favourable light. They move stately along, bearing many aphorisms worthy of deep and earnest thought. "They are grave and sententious throughout, like the tragedies of Seneca; and yet where the softer and more tender passions are toucht, they seem as moving as the plays so much in vogue with the ladies of this age."\*

\* Langbaine's *Account of English Dramatick Poets*, p. 1. Oxford, 1691.

## DEDICATION \*

TO HIS SACRED MAJESTIE. †

Disdaine not mighty Prince, those humble lines,  
Though too meane musicke for so dainty eares,  
Since with thy greatnesse, learnings glory shines,  
So that thy brow a two-fold lawrell beares :  
To thee the Muses, Phœbus now resignes, ‡  
And vertues hight eternall trophees reares ;  
As *Orpheus* harpe, heavens may enstall thy pen, §  
A liberall light to guide the mindes of men.

Although my wit be weake, my vowes are strong,  
Which consecrate devoutly to thy name  
My Muses labours, which ere it be long,  
May graft some feathers in the wings of fame,  
And with the subject to conforme my song, ¶  
May in more lofty lines thy worth proclaime,  
With gorgeous colours courting glories light,  
Till circling seas doe bound her ventrous flight.

Ere thou wast borne, and since, heaven thee endeeres, ¶¶  
Held backe, as best to grace these last worst times ;  
The world long'd for thy birth three hundreth yeeres,  
Since first fore-told wrapt in propheticke rimes ;

\* First printed in edition of 1604.

† King James VI.

‡ "To whom Apollo his own harpe resignes."—1604.

§ "Thou canst affoord that which my soule affects,  
Let thy perfections shaddow my defects."—1604.

¶ "Wherewith emboldened in a sweeter song,  
And in more stately lines I may proclaime,  
Thy praises and inestimable worth,  
Through all Great Britaines coastes, from south to north."—1604.

¶¶ This stanza first appears in the "Recreations," 1637.

His love to thee, the Lords deliveries cleeres,  
 From sea, from sword, from fire, from chance, from crimes ;  
 And that to him thou onely might be bound,  
 Thy selfe was still the meanes, foes to confound.

I doe not doubt but Albions warlike\* coast,  
 (Still kept unconquer'd by the heavens decree)  
 The Picts expell'd, the Danes repell'd, did boast  
 (In spite of all *Romes* power) a state still free,  
 As that which was ordain'd (though long time crost  
 In this Herculean birth) to bring forth thee,  
 Whom many a famous sceptred parent brings  
 From an undaunted race to doe great things.

Of this divided Ile the nurslings brave,  
 Earst, from intestine warres could not desist,  
 Yet did in forraine fields their names engrave,  
 Whilst whom one spoil'd the other would assist:  
 Those now made one, whilst such a head they have,  
 What world of words were able to resist?  
 Thus hath thy worth (great JAMES) conjoyn'd them now.  
 Whom battels oft did breake, but never bow.

And so, most justly thy renowned deeds  
 Doe raise thy fame above the starry round,  
 Which in the world a glad amazement breeds,  
 To see thy vertues (as they merit) crown'd,  
 Whilst thou (great Monarch) who in power exceeds,  
 With vertuous goodnesse do'st vast greatnesse bound,  
 Where, if thou lik'dst to be more great, then good,  
 Thou might'st soone build a monarchie with bloud.

O! this faire world without the world, no doubt,  
 Which *Neptune* strongly guards with liquid bands,

\* "Warlike *Caledonian* coast."—1604.



As aptest so to rule the realmes about,  
 She by her selfe (as most majesticke) stands,  
 Thence (the worlds mistris) to give judgement out,  
 With full authority for other lands,  
 Which on the seas would gaze attending still,  
 By wind-wing'd messengers their sovereignes will.

The southerne \* regions did all realmes surpassse,  
 And were the first which sent great armies forth ;  
 Yet sovereignty that there first founded was,  
 Still by degrees hath drawne unto the North,  
 To this great climate which it could not passe,  
 The fatal period bounding all true worth :  
 For, it cannot from hence a passage finde,  
 By roring rampiers still with us confinde.

As waters which a masse of earth restraines,  
 (If they be swelling high begin to vent)  
 Doe rage disdainefully over all the plaines,  
 As with strict borders scorning to be pent :  
 Even so this masse of earth, that thus remaynes,  
 Wall'd in with waves, if (to burst out when bent,)  
 (The bounding floods o're-flow'd) it rush forth, then  
 That deluge would o're-run the world with men.

Then since (great Prince) the torrent of thy power,  
 May drowne whole nations in a scarlet flood,  
 On Infidels thy indignation powre,  
 And bathe not Christian bounds with Christian blood :  
 The tyrant *Ottoman* (who would devoure  
 All the redeemed souls) may be withstood,  
 While as thy troups (great Albions emperour) once  
 Do comfort Christs afflicted flock which moanes.

Thy thundring troups might take the stately rounds,  
 Of *Constantines* great towne renown'd in vaine,

\* "Antartick."—1604.

And barre the barbarous Turks the baptiz'd bounds,  
 Reconquering *Godfreys* conquests once againe ;  
 O, well spent labours! O illustrious wounds!  
 Whose trophees should eternall glory gaine,  
     And make the lyon to be fear'd farre more,  
     Then ever was the eagle of before.

But, O thrice happy thou that of thy throne  
 The boundlesse power for such an use controuls!  
 Which if some might command to raigne alone,  
 Of all their life they would be-bloud the scrouls,  
 And to content the haughtie thoughts of one  
 Would sacrificize a thousand thousand souls,  
     Which thou do'st spare, though having sprite and might,  
     To challenge all the world as thine owne right.

Then unto whom more justly could I give  
 Those famous ruines of extended states  
 (Which did the world of libertie deprive  
 By force, or fraud, to reare tyrannick seats)  
 Then unto thee, who may and will not live  
 Like those proud monarchs borne to stormy fates?  
     But whil'st frank-sprited Prince, thou this wouldst flee,  
     Crowns come unsought, and scepters seek to thee.

Vnto the ocean of thy worth I send  
 Those runnels, rising from a rash attempt ;  
 Not that I to augment that depth pretend,  
 Which heavens from all necessitie exempt,  
 The gods small gifts of zealous mindes commend,  
 While hecatombes are holden in contempt:  
     So (Sir) I offer at your vertues shrine  
     This little incense, or this smoke of mine.

CRÆSUS.



## THE ARGUMENT.

At that time when the States of *Greece* began to grow great, and philosophie to be thought precious, *Solon* the first light of the Athenian commonswealth, like a provident bee, gathering honey over many fields, learning knowledge over many countries, was sent for by *Cræsus* king of *Lydia*, as famous for his wealth, as the other was for his wisdom. And not so much for any desire the king had to profit by the experience of so profound a philosopher, as to have the report of his (as he thought it) happiness approved by the testimonie of so renowned a witness. But *Solon* alwayes like himselfe, entring the regall palace, and seeing the same very gloriously apparrelled, but very incommodiously furnished with courtiers, more curious to have their bodies deckt with a womanishly affected forme of rayment, and some superficial complements of pretended curtesies, then to have their mindes enriched with the true treasure of inestimable vertue, he had the same altogether in disdain. Therefore after some conference had with *Cræsus* concerning the felicitie of man, his opinion not seconding the kings expectation, he was returned with contempt as one of no understanding. But yet comforted by *Æsop* (author of the witty fables) who for the time was resident at court, and in credit with the king.

Immediately after the departure of *Solon*, *Cræsus* having two sounes (whereof the eldest was dumbe, and the other a brave youth) dreamed that the yongest dyed by the wound of a dart, wherewith being marvellously troubled, he married him to a gentlewoman named *Cælia*, and for farther disappointing the suspected though inevitable destinie, he discharged the using of all such weapons as he had dreamed of. Yet who could cut away the occasion of the heavens, from accomplishing that which they had design'd. The spiritfull youth being long restrain'd from the fields, was invited by some country-men to the chace of a wilde bore, yet could very hardly impetrate leave of his loving suspicious father.

Now in the meane time there arrived at *Sardis* a youth named *Adrastus*, sonne to the king of *Phrygia*, one no lesse infortunate then valorous, he having lost his mistresse by a great disaster, and having kill'd his brother by a farre greater, came to *Cræsus*, by whom he was courteously entertained, and by the instancy of the king, and the instigation of others against his own will, who fear'd the frowardnesse of his infectious fortune, he got the custodie of *Atis* (so was the prince called) whom in time of the sport, thinking to kill the bore, by a monstros mishap he killed. After which disastrous accident standing above the dead corps, after the inquiry of the truth, being pardoned by *Cræsus*, he punished himselfe by a violent death. There after, *Cræsus* sorrowing exceedingly this exceeding misfortune, he was comforted by *Sandanis*, who laboured to disswade him from his unnecessary journey against the *Persians*, yet he reposing on superstitious, and wrong interpreting responses of deceiving oracles, went against *Cyrus*, who having defeated his forces in the field, and taken himselfe in the citie, tyed him to a stake to be burned, where by the exclayming divers times on the name of *Solon*, moving the conquerour to compassion, he was set at libertie, and lamenting the death of his sonne, and the losse of his kingdome, gives a ground for this present Tragedie.

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THE PERSONS NAMES WHO SPEAKE.

CRÆSUS King of *Lydia*.  
 ATIS his sonne.  
 CÆLIA wife to ATIS.  
 ADRASTUS.  
 SANDANIS a Counsellour.  
 SOLON.

ÆSOPE.  
 CYRUS King of *Persia*.  
 HARPAGUS Lievetenant to  
 Cyrus.  
 CHORUS of some *country-men*.  
 CHORUS of all the *Lydians*.

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THE SCENE IN SARDIS.



THE TRAGEDY OF  
CRÆSUS.

ACT I.

*Solon.*

Loe, how the stormy world doth worldlings tosse,  
'Twixt sandy pleasures, and a rocky will,  
Whil'st them that court it most, it most doth crosse,  
To vice indulgent, vertues stepdame still :  
This masse of thoughts, this animated slime,  
This dying substance, and this living shadow,  
The sport of Fortune, and the prey of Time,  
Soon rais'd, soon raz'd, as flowers are in a meadow.  
He toyles to get (such is his foolish nature),  
A constant good in this inconstant ill :  
" Unreasonable reasonable creature,  
" That makes his reason subject to his will !"  
Whilst on the height of contemplation placed,  
I weigh fond earthlings, earnest idle strife,  
" All (though they have all divers parts imbrac'd),  
" Would act a comicke scene of tragicke life : \*  
" The minde (which alwaies at some new things aymes)  
" To get for what it longs, no travell spares ;

\* " All act this transitorie scene of life."—1604.

" And, lothing what it hath, of better dreames,  
 " Which (when enjoy'd) doth procreate but cares :  
 " Yet to a sovereign blisse which they surmise,\*  
 " By divers meanes, all pregnant wits aspire,  
 " But with strange shapes the same so much disguise,  
 " That it we scarce can know, much lesse acquire :"  
 Some place their happinesse (unhappy beasts,  
 Whose mindes are drunke with momentary joyes), †  
 In gorgeous garments, and in dainty feasts,  
 To pamper breath-toss'd-flesh with pleasures toyes :  
 Some more austere, no such delights allow,  
 But reyne their passions with advis'd respects,  
 And by no fortune mov'd to brag nor bow,  
 Would make the world enamour'd of their sects ;  
 Some bathing still in vertues purest springs,  
 Doe draw ideas of a heavenly brood,  
 And search the secrets of mysterious things,  
 As most undoubted heires of that high good :  
 Thus with a dream'd delight, and certaine paine,  
 " All seek by severall wayes a perfect blisse,"  
 And let none wonder though they toyle in vaine,  
 Who cannot well discerne what thing it is,  
 What happinesse can be imagin'd here,  
 On painted grounds though we our hopes repose,  
 Who dearely first doe gaine, what we hold deare,  
 Then what we once must lose, still feare to lose ?

\* " And yet all labour for t' attaine the top  
 Of th' vnsure soveraigne blisse that they surmise,  
 Flowres of felicitie, that few can crop,  
 Yea, scarce can be discerned by the wise."—1604.

† " And I must say more senseless than their treasures."—1604.



Thinke (though 'mongst thousands scarcely one of all,  
Can at this point of happinesse arrive),  
One fortune have (whilst so to fortune thrall)  
To get the thing for which a world doth strive:  
What though he swimme in oceans of delights,  
Have none above him, and his equals rare;  
Eares joying pleasant sounds, eyes stately sights,  
His treasures infinite, his buildings faire?  
Yet fortunes course which cannot be contrould,  
Must mount some meane men up, throw down the great,\*  
And (still in motion) circularly rould,  
From what it is, must alter every state.

“ Though of his wealth, the greedy man doth boast,  
“ Whil'st treasures vaine his drossie wits bewitch,  
“ What hath he gain'd, but what another lost?  
“ And once his losse may make another rich.  
“ But ah, all lose who seeke to profit thus,  
“ To found their trust on trustlesse grounds whil'st made: †  
“ We may be rob'd from them, they rob'd from us,  
“ Griev'd for their losse, as when first purchas'd, glad:  
“ Those are but fooles, who hope true rest to finde,  
“ In this fraile world, where for a while we range:  
“ Which doth (like seas expos'd to every winde)  
“ Ebbe, flow, storne, calme, still moving, still in change;  
“ Each wave we see doth drive the first away,  
“ And still it whitest fomes where rockes are neare,  
“ While as one growes, another doth decay,  
“ The greatest danger oft doth least appeare.  
“ Their seeming blisse, who trust in frothy showes,

\* “Which loues t' aduance the wretched, wracke the great.”—1604.

† “Trustlesse things which fade.”—1616.

"Whose course with moments fickle fortune dates,  
 "As to a height, so to confusion growes:  
 "A secret fate doth manage mighty states."  
 But I scorne fortune, and was ever free  
 From that dead wealth, depending on her power;  
 My treasure still I beare about with me,  
 Which neither time nor tyrants can devoure:  
 That Lady of events, though still she rave,  
 Scarce can her course to mocke my minde advance,  
 For (if not trusted first) none can deceive,  
 And I attend no certainty from chance;  
 Then I have learn'd to moderate my minde,  
 Still with contentment crowning my desires.  
 My garments course, my food such as I finde:  
 "He hath enough, who to no more aspires."  
 What satisfaction doth o're-flow my soule,  
 (The world all weigh'd) while high accounts I cast,  
 And in my memories unblotted scroule,  
 Doe match the present time with others past?  
 Those worldly mindes, whose weaknesse wealth doth  
     cloake,\*  
 (Though others happy) I them wretched thinke,  
 For, whil'st that passions base all reason choake,  
 The bodies slaves, their soules surcharg'd, doe sinke;  
 Yet loath I not the world as loath'd by it,  
 Like those who when disdain'd, pretend disdaine; †  
 No, no, I had (as *Athens* must admit)

\* "The poor-rich heire of breath that boastes of smoake."—1604.

† "As one whose step-dame she would never nourish,  
 I had a part of all that she could give;  
 My race, my house, by fame and wealth did flourish."—1604.

What riches, birth, or reputation gaine.  
And if that I would vaunt of mine own deeds,  
Faire citie, where mine eyes first suck't the light,  
I challenge might what most thy glory breeds,  
For fame or power, as due to me of right :  
When *Salamina* had our yoke remov'd,  
With follies garments, wisdom to disguise,  
What none durst else attempt, I boldly mov'd,  
And seem'd a foole to make the people wise.  
Then having thus by policy prevail'd,  
My countries squadrons leading to the field,  
Whil'st both by strength and stratagems assail'd,  
I forc'd that ile (though wall'd with waves) to yeeld ;  
But when renown'd, by that advent'rous deed,  
And turn'd victorious, charg'd with strangers spoiles,  
“ (No perfect blisse below) worse did succeed,”  
The peace that was abroad, bred civill broyles ;  
“ What with more violence doth fury leade,  
“ Then mut'nous commons \* when they want a head ?”  
The meaner sort could not their mindes conforme,  
Those things to doe which great men did command : †  
And (whil'st distracted with a dangerous storme,)  
All joyn'd to place the rudder in my hand ;  
I re-united that divided state,  
And with good successe manag'd matters well,  
Which further kindled, had been quench'd too late,  
That *Hydra*-headed tumult did so swell.  
When I my worth by those two works had prov'd,

\* “Rash multitude.”—1604.

† “T' abide at what their betters did command :

Then the weale-publike in a dangerous storme.”—1604.

And trod the path of power (as prince) a space,  
 The peoples minion, by the nobles lov'd,  
 None could be great save such as I would grace.  
 Thus carried with the force of fortunes streame,  
 I absolutely acted what I would ;  
 For, the democracy was but a name,  
 The cities raines my hand in trust did hold ;  
 I might (a tyrant) still have rul'd in state,  
 But my cleare minde \* could no such clouds conceive,  
 But gladly left what others urge of late,  
 " If I may rule myselfe, no more I crave ;"  
 Yet some whose thoughts but for fraile glory car'd,  
 Said that my sprite could not aspire to raigne,  
 And that my errour could not be repair'd,  
 Since so to erre meanes come not oft againe.  
 My soule in this a more contentment findes,  
 Then if a diadem adorn'd my brow,  
 I chayn'd th' affections of undaunted mindes,  
 (Though barbarous earst) which did to order bow,  
 Yet hardly could rich citizens advise  
 To keep the statutes which my lawes contain'd,  
 Whil'st what one prais'd, another did despise :  
 Some lov'd, some loath'd, ev'n as they thought they  
 gain'd.

At last, at least in shew, all rest content,  
 Ev'n those who hate me most, lend their applause :  
 " A worthy minde needs never to repent,  
 " The suffering crosses for an honest cause."  
 Whil'st travelling now with a contented minde,  
 The memory of this my fancy feeds,

\* " Pure soul."—1604.

Though to great states their periods are assign'd : \*  
“ Time cannot make a prey of vertues deeds.”  
Where seven-mouth'd *Nile* from a concealed source,  
Inundating ov'r the fields, no bankes can binde,  
I saw their wonders, heard their wise discourse ;  
Rare sights enrich'd mine eyes, rare lights my minde.

And if it were but this, yet this delights :  
Behold, how *Cræsus* here the Lydian king,  
To be his guest me † earnestly invites,  
The which to some would great contentment bring ;  
But I bemoane that world-bewitched man,  
Who makes his gold his god, the earth his heaven ;  
And I will try by all the meanes I can,  
To make his judgement with his fortune eaven.

CHORUS.

What can mans wandring thoughts confine,  
Or satisfie his fancies all ?  
For whil'st he wonders doth designe ‡  
Even great things then doe seeme but small ;  
What terrour can his sprite appall,  
Whil'st taking more then it can hold,

\* “ When all their empires shall be turn'd to nought.”—1604.

† “ Us.”—1604.

‡ “ Is ought so great but it seemes small,  
To that tos'd spirit which still afflought,  
Doth dreame of things were neuer wrought,  
And would grip more then it can hold !  
This sea-inuiron'd center'd ball,  
Is not a bound into that minde,  
That mind, which big with monsters,  
The right deliuerie neuer consters.”—1604.

He to himselfe contentment doth assigne :  
 His minde which monsters breeds,  
 Imagination feeds,  
 And with high thoughts quite headlongs rold,  
   Whil'st seeking here a perfect ease to finde,  
   Would but melt mountains, and embrace the  
       winde.

What wonder though the soule of man,  
 (A sparke of heaven that shines below)  
 Doth labour by all meanes it can,  
 Like to it selfe, it selfe to show ?  
 The heavenly essence, heaven would know,  
 But from this masse, (where bound) till free.  
 With paine both spend lifes little span ;  
 The better part would be above :  
 And th' earth from th' earth cannot remove ;  
 How can two contraries agree ?  
   " Thus as the best part or the worst doth move,  
   " Man of much worth, or of no worth doth prove."

O! from what fountaine doe proceed  
 These humours of so many kindes ?  
 Each braine doth divers fancies breed,  
 " As many men, as many mindes :"  
 And in the world a man scarce findes  
 Another of his humour right,  
 Nor are there two so like indeed,  
 If we remarke their severall graces,  
 And lineaments of both their faces,  
 That can abide the prooffe of sight ?

“ If th’ outward formes then differ as they doe,  
“ Of force th’ affections must be different too.”

“ Ah ! passions spoile our better part,”  
The soule is vext with their dissentions ;  
We make a God of our owne heart,  
And worship all our vaine inventions ;  
This braine-bred mist of apprehensions  
The minde doth with confusion fill ;  
Whil’st reason in exile doth smart,  
And few are free from this infection,  
For all are slaves to some affection,  
Which doth oppresse the judgement still :  
“ Those partiall tyrants, not directed right,  
“ Even of the clearest mindes, eclipse the light.”

A thousand times, O happy he !  
Who doth his passions so subdue,  
That he may with cleare reasons eye  
Their imperfections fountaines view,  
That so he may himselfe renew,  
Who to his thoughts prescribing lawes,  
Might set his soule from bondage free,  
And never from bright reason swerve,  
But making passions it to serve,  
Would weigh each thing as there were cause :  
O greater were that monarch of the minde,  
Then if he might command from *Thule* to *Inde*.

## ACT II. SCENE I.

*Cræsus, Æsopæ, Solon.*

*Cræ.* What prince hath been so favour'd by the  
 fates,  
 As could like me of full contentment boast?  
 Lov'd of mine own, and fear'd of forrain states,  
 My foes have faln, my friends were never crost;\*  
 For having that (which thousands seek, at will)  
 My happinesse in all things hath been such,  
 Heavens favorite, and fortunes minion still,  
 I know not what to wish, I have so much;  
 Mine eyes no way did ever grieve my heart  
 With any object that their sight did draw;  
 My name applauded is in every part,  
 My word an oracle, my will a law:  
 What brest can well confine this floud of joyes?  
 Whose swelling current doth o'reflow my minde,  
 Which never dream'd that which the soule annoyes,  
 But did in all a satisfaction finde; †  
 I scorne vaine shadowes of conceited feares,  
 As one whose state is built on marble grounds:  
 In all my horoscope no cloud appeares,  
 My blisse abounds, my pleasures passe all bounds.

*Æsopæ.* That Grecian (Sir) is at the court arriv'd,

\* "I know not what it is for to be crost."—1604.

† "My soul then be content and take thy pleasure,  
 And be not vex't with feare of any ill,  
 My blisse abounds, I cannot count my treasure,  
 And gold that conquers all, doth what I will."—1604.



Whose wisdom's fame through all the world records.

*Cræ.* And to extoll my state, have you not striv'd,  
Whil'st bent to sooth his eares with courteous words?

*Æsope.* In all the parts where he hath chanc'd to be,  
In forrain bounds, or where he first saw light,  
He never did such stately wonders see,  
As since this court enriched hath his sight;  
When regall shewes had ravish'd first his eye,  
As mountains nurslings, little simple swaines,  
Who us'd with infant fouds them never spy  
Sport, portative (like serpents) through the plaines,  
When one of them first comes to view the vailes,  
And wanton water-nymphs there (wondring) sees,  
The rarenesse of the sight so much prevailes,  
That rilletts rivers seeme, the rivers seas:  
So all the guards that garnisht *Solons* way,  
Did to his minde a great amazement bring,  
The gallants (golden statues) made him stay;  
Each groome a prince, each esquire seem'd a king,  
And now he comes to gaine your long'd-for sight:  
Whom in his minde no doubt he doth adore,  
He gaz'd on those who held of you their light,  
Sunne of this soile, he must admire you more;  
Now he o're all will spread your praises forth,  
A famous witsse of your glorious raigne:  
"The record of one wise man is more worth  
"Then what a world of others would maintaine."

*Solon.* Great prince, doe not the loving zeale reject,  
Which a meane man, yet a good minde affords:  
And who perchance doth more your good affect,  
Then those who paint their love with fairer words.

*Cræ.* Thy love (sage Grecian) gratefull is to us,  
 Whom fame long since acquainted with thy worth,  
 So that we long long'd for thy presence thus,  
 To spy the spring which sent such treasures forth ;  
 Would God that many such would here resort,  
 Whose vertues beames would shine in every brest,  
 Whose count'nance grave, would grace so great a  
     court,  
 And like a lampe give light unto the rest.

*Solon.* Spare (courteous king) that undeserved praise,  
 I am but one who doe the world despise,  
 And would my thoughts to some perfection raise,  
 A wisdom-lover, willing to be wise :  
 Yet all that I have learn'd (huge toyles now past)  
 By long experience, and in famous schooles,  
 Is but to know my ignorance at last ;  
 "Who think themselves most wise, are greatest fooles."

*Cræ.* "This is the nature of a noble minde,  
 "It rather would be good, then be so thought,  
 "As if it had no ayme, but fame to finde,  
 "Such as the shadow, not the substance sought :"  
 Yet forc'd to give that which thou wilt not take :  
 The world, what thou hold'st down, doth raise more  
     high,  
 That which thy face thus shunnes, shines on thy  
     back :  
 "Praise followes them, who what they merit flye :"  
 And now I thinke, on th' earth no creature lives,  
 Who better can instruct what I would learne,  
 Then thou to whom franke Nature largely gives  
 A minde to see, a judgement to discern.

*Solon.* To satisfie your suit, my dutious care  
Shall it, or then my ignorance disclose.

*Cræ.* Loe, you have seene my pomp, my treasures  
rare,  
And all the strength on which my thoughts repose.

*Solon.* “Those be but dreams of blisse which for-  
tune brings,  
“To breake (by bending) foolish mortalls mindes,  
“I saw but sencelesse heapes of melting things;  
“A waving wealth, expos’d to many windes; \*  
“This but the body serving to decore,  
“As foolish owners it, it th’ owners spends,  
“Where mindes more circumspect seek better store  
“Of wealth from danger free that never ends.”

*Cræ.* I wot not what you meane, whilst thus in love  
With fain’d ideas of imagin’d blisse;  
By fancies drawn, such portraits doe but move  
Sicke braines to dreame, that which indeed they  
misse;

But more I have then their conceits can show,  
Whose rich conjectures breed but poore effects,  
And (I beseech you) did you ever know  
A man more blest then I in all respects?

*Solon.* I, *Tellus* knew, a man whom *Athens* lov’d,  
Who to doe good at no occasion fail’d,  
And in my judgement hath most happy prov’d,  
Since while he liv’d, beloved, whilst dead, bewail’d;  
And last (that he might reape all fruits of blisse)  
His countries beaten bands, neere put to flight,  
By him encourag’d, scorn’d to be submisse,

\* “A momentarie treasure soone consum’d.”—1604.

Who dy'd victorious in two armies sight ;  
 More glorious now then when he was alive,  
 As he in heaven, on earth his happy rest,  
 To trace his steps, who led by vertue strive,  
 Heires of his worth, and honour'd by the best.

*Cra.* Since this first place a private person gains,  
 Whose fortunes treasure in short time was told,  
 Now next in ranke who registred remaines,  
 Whose happinesse you most accomplish'd hold?

*Solon.* Of *Cleobis*, and *Bitons* vertuous way,  
 The prosp'rous course doth to my thoughts approach:  
 Their mother wanting on a solemne day,  
 The horses which were us'd to draw her coach,  
 Them to supply the place, love kindly rais'd,  
 Who drew her to that place of publike mirth,  
 Whil'st both of them abundantly were prais'd,  
 They for their piety, she for her birth:  
 This charitable worke, when brought to end,  
 Both dy'd, whil'st offering incense to the Gods,  
 Who (favour'd so) to draw them did intend,  
 From further danger of afflictions rods:  
 O happy mother! who (with true delight)  
 Of labours past such pleasant fruits enjoy'd,  
 And happy children! who did thus acquite  
 The mothers paine, and dy'd whilst well imploy'd.  
 "Ah, ah, our lives are fraile, doe what we can,  
 "And like the brittle glasse, breake whil'st they glance,  
 "Then oft the heavens to curbe the pride of man,  
 "Doe inter-sowre our sweets with some sad chance."

*Cra.* Is there no place appointed then for me?  
 Or is my state so abject in thine eyes,

That thou do'st thinke me blest in no degree,  
As one, whose best in fortunes ballance lyes?  
Or think'st thou me (of judgement too remisse  
A wretch expos'd to want, to scorne, or paines,  
The bastard childe of fortune, barr'd from blisse,  
Whom heavens do hate, and all the world disdaines?  
Are those poore creatures then to be compar'd,  
With one who may consume such in his wrath?  
Who (as I please) doe punish or reward,  
Whose words, nay ev'n whose lookes give life or death.

*Solon.* Let not your judgement thus from reason  
shrinke,

To glose on that which simply comes from me ;  
"They who doe freely speake, no treason thinke,  
"One cannot both your friend and flatterer be."  
To us who Grecians are, the Gods doe grant  
A moderate measure of an humble wit,  
So that our country yet did never want  
Some whom the world for wise men did admit.  
And yet amongst us all the greatest number  
(Whil'st living) looke not for a perfect rest,  
Though Fortunes minions in her bosome slumber,  
And seeme to some, whom this world blindes, most  
blest :

Yet ov'r all mortall states, change so prevailes,  
We alterations daily doe attend,  
And hold this for a ground that never failes,  
"None can be throughly blest before the end :  
"I may compare our state to table-playes,  
"Whil'st iudges that are blinde, give onely light ;  
"Their many doubt the earnest minde dismayes,

“Which must have happy throwes, then use them  
right :

“So all our dayes in doubt, what things may chance,

“Time posts away, our breath seems it to chace,

“And when th' occasion comes us to advance,

“It of a thousand, one can scarce embrace.”

When by a generous indignation mov'd,

Two fight with danger, for a doubtfull praise ;

Whil'st valour blindely, but by chance is prov'd,

That ones disgrace, anothers fame must raise ;

O ! what a foole his judgement will commit,

To grace the one, with a not gain'd applause ?

Where fortune is but to give sentence yet,

Whil'st bloody agents plead a doubtfull cause :

“This world a field is, whereas each man fights,

“And arm'd with reason, resolutely goes

“To warre, (till death close up the bodies lights)

“Both with externall and internall foes ;

“And how can he the victors title gaine,

“Who yet is busied with a doubtfull fight ?

“Or he be happy who doth still remaine

“In fortunes danger for a small delight ?

“The wind-wing'd course of man, away fast weares,

“Course that consists of houres, houres of a day,

“Day that gives place to night, night full of feares :

“Thus every thing doth change, all things decay :

“Those who doe stand in peace, may fall in strife,

“And have their fame by infamy suppress :

“The evening crownes the day, the death the life ;

“Many are fortunate, but few are blest.”

*Cra.* I see this Grecians sprite but base appeares,

Which cannot comprehend heroicke things;  
The world of him more then he merits heares;  
At least he knowes not what belongs to kings;  
Yet fame his name so gloriously array'd,  
That long I long'd to have him in my house;  
But all my expectations are betray'd,  
I thinke a mountaine hath brought forth a mouse.

ACT II. SCENE 2.

*Solon. Æsopæ.*

*Sol.* This king hath put his trust in trustlesse toyes,  
Whil'st courting onely temporary things,  
And like a hooded hawk, gorg'd with vaine joye,  
At randon flyes, born forth on follys wings:  
O how this makes my grieffe exceeding great,  
To see ones care, who lives for dead things such,  
Whil'st shew-transported mindes admire his state:  
Which I not envy, no, but pittie much.  
“Thus wormes of th' earth (whil'st low-plac'd thoughts  
prevaile)  
“Love melting things, whose shew the body fits,  
“Where soules of clearer sight doe never faile,  
“To value most the treasure of good wits.  
“Those worldly things doe in this world decay,  
“Or at the least we leave them with our breath,  
“Where to eternity this leades the way,  
“So differ they as farre as life and death.”

*Æsopæ.* And yet what wonder though he wander thus,  
Whom still by successe treacherous fortune blindes?

Though this indeed seem somewhat strange to us,  
 Who have with learning purifi'd our mindes;  
 Was he not borne heire of a mighty state?  
 And us'd with fortunes smiles, not fear'd for frownes,  
 Doth measure all things by his owne conceit?  
 A great defect, which fatall is to crownes;  
 Then from his youth still trusting in a throne,  
 With all that pride could crave, or wealth could give,  
 Vs'd with entreaties, and contrould by none,  
 He would the tongue of liberty deprive;  
 Though to his sight I dare not thus appeare,  
 Whose partiall judgement, farre from reason parts:  
 I grieve to see your entertainment here  
 So farre inferiour to your owne deserts;  
 That matchlesse wisdome which the world admires,  
 And (ravisht with delight,) amazed heares,  
 Since not in consort with his vaine desires,  
 Did seeme impleasant to distemper'd eares:  
 Eares which can entry give to no discourse,  
 Save that which enters fraughted with his praise;  
 He can love none but them that love his course;  
 And thinkes all fooles who use no flattering phrase:  
 This with the great ones doth the gods displeas,  
 Though spreading all her heavenly treasures forth,  
 They (if not in their livery them to pleas)  
 Doe vertue vilifie, as of no worth.

*Solon.* I care not, *Æsop*e, how the king conceiv'd  
 Those my franke words which I must alwaies use;  
 I came not here till he my comming crav'd,  
 And now when come, will not my name abuse;  
 Should I his poys'nous sycophants resemble,



Whose silken words their soveraigne doe o'rethrow?  
I for his diadem would not dissemble,  
"What hearts doe thinke, the tongues were made to  
show."

And what if I, his humour to content,  
The world's opinion lost by gaining ones?  
He can but give me gifts which may be spent,  
But nought can cleere my fame if darkned once;  
That so he might my reputation raise,  
If I sooth'd him, it would procure my shame;  
"Whil'st those who vitious are, our vertues praise,  
"This in effect is but a secret blame.  
"Though as a simple man he me despise,  
"Yet better simply good, then doubly ill;  
"I not my worth by others praises prize,  
"Nor by opinions doe direct my will."

That praise contents me more which one imparts,  
Of judgement sound, (though of a meane degree)  
Then praise from princes voyd of princely parts,  
Who have more wealth, but not more wit then he.

*Æsope.* Who come to court, must with kings faults  
comport.

*Solon.* Who come to court, should truth to kings  
report.

*Æsope.* A wise man at their imperfections winks.

*Solon.* An honest man will tell them what he thinks.

*Æsope.* So should you lose your selfe, and them not  
save.

*Solon.* But for their folly, I no blame would have.

*Æsope.* By this you should their indignation finde.

*Solon.* Yet have the warrant of a worthy minde.

*Æsope.* It would be long ere you were thus preferr'd.

*Solon.* Then it should be the king, (not I) that err'd.

*Æsope.* They guerdon as they love, they love by guesse.

*Solon.* Yet when I merit well, I care the lesse.

*Æsope.* It's good to be still by the prince approv'd.

*Solon.* It's better to be upright, though not lov'd.

*Æsope.* But by this meane, all hope of honour failes.

*Solon.* Yet honesty in end ever prevailes.

*Æsope.* I thinke they should excell (for vertue rare)

All men in wit, who unto men give lawes;

Kings of their kingdomes, as the centers are,

To which each weighty thing by nature drawes:

For as the mighty rivers, little streames,

And all the liquid pow'rs which rise or fall,

Doe seeke in sundry parts by severall seames,

The oceans bosome that receives them all.

It as a steward of the tumid deeps

Doth send them backe by many secret veynes,

And (as the earth hath need of moisture) keeps

These humid treasures to refresh the plaines.

Thus are kings brests the depths where daily flow

Cleare streames of knowledge with rare treasures  
charg'd,

So that continually their wisdomes grow,

By many helps, which others want, enlarg'd:

For those who have intelligence ov'r all,

Doe commonly communicate to kings

All th' accidents of weight that chance to fall;

Which great advantage, greatnesse to them brings.

They (jealously dispos'd) comment on mindes,

And these who Arts, or Natures gifts enhance,  
(Whose value no where else a merchant findes)  
Doe come to kings, as who may them advance.  
No doubt great *Jove*, since they supply his place,  
(So with their charge to make their vertues even)  
Doth give to them some supernaturall grace,  
Vice-gods on th' earth, great lieutenants of heaven.

*Solon.* As you have shown, kings good occasion  
have

To sound the deepes and mysteries of wit,  
And those who so their states from ruine save,  
Doe well deserve upon a throne to sit,  
But ah those rivers are not ever pure,  
Through tainted channels which oft times convoid,  
By flatteries poyson rendred are impure;  
“Oft princes hearts are by their eares betray'd:”  
For impudent effronted persons dare  
Court with vaine words, and detestable lyes,  
Whil'st men of minds more pure must stand afarre,  
“The light is loathsome to diseased eyes.”  
But with amazement this transports my minde,  
Some who are wise grosse flattery can digest,  
And though they know how all men are inclin'd,  
Yet please the bad, and do but praise the best.  
Is't that such men no error can controll,  
Nor will not crosse their appetite in ought,  
But (nothing censuring) every thing extoll,  
Where better wits would argue as they thought;  
Or since the world of worth in all esteemes,  
They never like a pregnant sprite to raise,  
So to have none who but to help them seemes,

Or may pretend an int'rest in their praise :  
 This self-conceit is a most dangerous shelve,  
 Where many have made shipwrack unawares,  
 " He who doth trust too much unto himselfe,  
 " Can never faile to fall in many snares.  
 " Of all men else great monarchs have most need  
 " To square their actions, and to weigh their words,  
 " And with advice in all things to proceed ;  
 " A faithfull counsell oft great good affords.  
 " Loe, how th' inferiour spheares of force do bend  
 " As the first mover doth their courses drive,  
 " The commons customes on the prince depend,  
 " His manners are the rules by which they live ;  
 " As for himselfe none onely is brought forth,  
 " Kings for the use of many are ordain'd,  
 " They should like sunnes cleare kingdomes with  
     their worth,  
 " Whose life a patterne must be kept unstain'd :  
 " All vertuous princes have a spatious field  
 " To shew their worth, though even in fortunes spight,  
 " Where meane men must to their misfortune yeeld,  
 " Whil'st want of power doth cloud their vertue quite ;  
 " As precious stones are th' ornaments of rings,  
 " The stone decores the ring, the ring the hand,  
 " So countries are conforme unto their kings,  
 " The king decores the court, the court the land ;  
 " And as a drop of poyson spent alone,  
 " Infected fountains doth with venome fill,  
 " So mighty states may tainted be by one :  
 " A vitious prince is a contagious ill."

*Æsop.* It easie is anothers faults to spie,

And paint in th' aire the shadows of our mindes,  
Whil'st apprehending with the inward eye  
A high perfection which no practise findes.

*Solon.* I grant, those grounds which we imagine may,  
Will move no charmed man, much lesse a prince,  
To disenchant himselfe, and seeke some way  
At Reasons court, his passions to convince;  
Ere *Cræsus* can refraine from this his fury,  
He must forsake himselfe (as one renew'd)  
And in the *Lethe* of oblivion burie  
The vanities that have his soule subdew'd;  
Those his prerogatives he first must bound,  
And be a man, a man to be controll'd,  
Then all his faults (as in another found)  
An arbiter with equall eyes behold;  
Could he cast off this vaile of fond self-love,  
Through which each object pride too grosly spies,  
He would these ravenous parasites remove,  
Vile instruments of shame that live by lyes;  
The onely meanes to make such people part,  
That he might judge more freely of his state,  
Were to cast out the idoll of his heart,  
Which (when o're-thrown) he must disclaime too late:  
For, forraine flatterers could finde no accesse,  
If not that weighing his owne worth too much,  
He first concludes (to sooth himselfe inclin'd)  
That all their praises should of right be such;  
And when those hireling sycophants have found  
A prince whom too secure opinion makes,  
His noblest part they by smooth weapons wound,  
"All spoyle by pleasing them whom flattery takes:"

Ore rulers, rule when such a person beares,  
 Of vertuous men the rising to prevent,  
 From wholsome co'nsell they close up his eares  
 To crosse the better sort in all things bent.

*Æsopæ.* If you at court to credit would arise,  
 You must not seek by truth to gaine renowne,  
 But sometime must applaud what you despise,  
 And smile in show whil'st in effect you frowne.

*Solon.* From hence in haste I will my selfe retyre,  
 I hate courts slavery, it my freenesse scornes,  
 Nor am I one whom *Cræsus* doth desire,  
 Since I detest what him (he thinks) adornes;  
 O how light Fortune doth his folly flout,  
 While as he glories in this flying show!  
 With greedy harpies hedg'd in round about,  
 Which gape to be made rich by his o're-throw.  
 Not all the wealth that his great kingdome shows,  
 Can make me from my resolution shrink; ;  
 Nor can the terrour of a tyrants blows  
 Enforce my tongue to speake more then I thinke;  
 Nothing so much as doubts doth vex the minde,  
 Whil'st anxious thoughts to fix no where can come;  
 Yet every one the way to rest may finde,  
 A resolution all things doth o're-come.  
 "And since my thoughts in innocency rest,  
 "No outward warre can inward peace surprise,  
 "What can imagin'd be to brave a brest,  
 "That both doth death, and povertie despise?"

*Excunt.*

CHORUS.

Of all the creatures bred below,  
We must call man most miserable,  
Who all his time is never able  
To purchase any true repose ;  
His very birth may well disclose  
What miseries his blisse o're-throw :  
For, first (when borne) he cannot know,  
Who to his state is friend or foe,  
Nor how at first he may stand stable,  
But even with cryes, and teares, doth show  
What dangers do his life enclose ;  
Whose griefes are sure, whose joyes a fable :  
Thus still his dayes in dolour so  
He to huge perils must expose ;  
    And with vexation lives, and dyes with woe,  
    Not knowing whence he came, nor where to go.

Then whil'st he holds this lowest place,  
Oh! how uncertaine is his state!  
The subject of a constant fate,  
To figure forth inconstancy,  
Which ever changing as we see,  
Is still a stranger unto peace :  
“ For if man prosper but a space,  
“ With each good successe fondly bold,  
“ And puft up in his owne conceit,  
“ He but abuses Fortunes grace ;  
“ And when that with adversity  
“ His pleasures treasures end their date,

" And with disasters are controll'd,  
 " Straight he begins for griefe to dye :  
     " And still the top of some extreme doth hold,  
     " Not suffering summers heat, nor winters cold.

" His state doth in most danger stand,  
 " Who most abounds in worldly things,  
 " And soares to high with Fortunes wings,  
 " Which carry up aspiring mindes,  
 " To be the object of all windes ;"  
 The course of such when rightly scan'd,  
 (Whil'st they cannot themselves command)  
 Transported with an empty name,  
 Oft unexpected ruine brings ;  
 There were examples in this land,  
 How worldly blisse the senses blindes,  
 From which at last oft trouble springs,  
 He who presumes upon the same,  
 Hidde poyson in his pleasure findes ;  
     And sayling rashly with the windes of fame,  
     Doth oft times sinke downe in a sea of shame.

It may be fear'd our king at last,  
 Whil'st he for nothing is afraid,  
 Be by prosperity betray'd :  
 For, growing thus in greatnesse still,  
 And having worldly things at will,  
 He thinks though time should all things waste,  
 Yet his estate shall ever last  
 The wonder of this peopled round ;  
 And in his own conceit hath said :



No course of heaven his state can cast,  
Nor make his fortune to be ill;  
But if the gods a way have lay'd  
That he must come to be uncrown'd,  
What sudden feares his minde may fill,  
And in an instant utterly confound  
The state which stands upon so slippery ground ?

When such a monarchs minde is bent  
To follow most the most unwise,  
Who can their folly well disguise  
With sugred speeches, poisnous baits ?  
The secret canker of great states,  
From which at first few disassent,  
The which at last all do repent,  
Then whil'st they must to ruine go ;  
When kings begin thus to despise  
Of honest men the good intent ;  
Who to assure their Soveraignes seats,  
Would faine in time some help devise,  
And would cut off all cause of woe,  
Yet cannot second their conceits :  
These dreadfull comets commonly fore-go  
A kings destruction, when miscarried so.

ACT III. SCENE I.

*Cræsus. Adrastus.*

*Cræ.* What fancies strange with terrour strike my  
soule,  
The tortur'd captive of distrustfull feares ?

Huge cares (suggesting harme) my joyes controul,  
 Whose minde some comming crosse charactred beares;  
 And credulous suspition (too too wise)  
 To fortifie my feares doth meanes invent;  
 Whil'st sudden trouble doth my sprite surprise,  
 A presage sad which boasts some bad event;  
 "I thinke the soule (since an immortall brood)  
 "Hath by inheritance an heavenly power,  
 "Which some fore-knowledge gives of ill, and good,  
 "But not the meanes to scape a fatall houre;  
 "Though with this mortall vaile, when made halfe blinde,  
 "Not well fore-seeing what each time forth brings,  
 "Yet it communicates unto the minde  
 "In cloudy dreames, true (though mysterious) things;  
 "Imagination wonderfull in force,  
 "The judgement oft foiles with confusion so,  
 "That (then they prove things presupposed worse)  
 "Ere time distress'd, man multiplies his woe:  
 "For as the shadow seemes more monstrous still,  
 "Then doth the substance whence the shape it takes,  
 "So the conjecture of a threatned ill,  
 "More then it selfe some to be troubled makes;"

This alteration too seemes more then strange,  
 Which suddenly so moved hath my minde.  
 I see (more then I thought) all states may change,  
 "When heaven pursues, th' earth no defence can  
 finde;"

My soule all pleasure is already loathing,  
 This hath indeed so deep impression left,  
 A dreame, a fancy, froth, a shadow, nothing  
 Hath all my mirth even in a moment left.

*Adrast.* Whence (mighty soveraigne) can this  
change proceed,  
Which doth obscure the rayes of princely grace?  
Those who are school'd in woe, may clearly reade  
A mighty passion written in your face;  
And (if a stranger may presume so farre)  
What friend is false, or who are fear'd as foes? \*  
For I imagine in what state you are:  
A secret sympathie imparting woes;  
Two strings in divers lutes set in accord,  
(Some say) th' one onely touch'd both give a sound,  
Even so soules tun'd to grieffe, the like afford,  
Whose airie motions mutually do wound.

“*Cræ.* No doubt, it must disburden much the minde,  
“A secretary in distresse to have;  
“Who by his owne, anothers grieffe can finde,  
“Where glad mindes scorne what they cannot conceive:”  
And I (*Adrastus*) would the cause declare,  
With which I so torment my soule in vaine,  
But yet I blush to tell my foolish care:  
The fond illusion of a drowsie braine.

*Adrast.* As bodies temper'd are, or souls inclin'd,  
All dreames by night th' imagination makes,†  
Or else th' impression thoughts worke in the minde,  
By which (when wakening) one most travell takes.

*Cræ.* By sleepe arrested as o're-come by death,  
In Natures bosome I imbrac'd true rest,  
And in that masse where nothing mov'd but breath,  
Lifes faculties sleep for a time suppress;

\* “I would the copie of your passions borrow.”—1604.

† “The soul by night with fancies is afflicted.”—1604.

Then whil'st the sprite most pow'rfull did remaine,  
 Since least distress'd by this terrestriall part.

*Adrast.* Souls at such times their strength so strongly  
 straine,

That oft their burdens as astonish'd start.

*Cræ.* To rarifie the aire from vapours pow'rs,  
 When first *Aurora* rose from *Tithous* bed,  
 Ere *Phæbus* blushing stole from *Thetis* bowres,  
 This apprehension in my braine was bred:  
 I onely have two sonnes, and th' one (you see)  
 The signe of Natures indignation beares,  
 And from his birth-day dumbe is dead to me,  
 Since he can give no comfort to mine eares;  
 The other *Atis* (all my lifes delight)  
 In whom the treasures of my soule are kept,  
 I thought (vaine be my thought) in the twi-light,  
 (I know not whether yet I wak't or slep't)  
 Whil'st he was sporting, void of worldly cares,  
 And not in danger, which could threaten death,  
 A pointed toole of iron fell unawares,  
 And from his body banish did his breath;\*  
 Whil'st the pale carkase did upbraid mine eyes,  
 The horror of the sight my sense recall'd,  
 Which when I thinke of, yet my courage dyes,  
 Such an exceeding feare my sprite appall'd;  
 This touch'd my state so much, it hath me mov'd  
 To match my sonne in marriage at this time  
 With vertuous *Cælia*, whom he dearely lov'd,  
 That both might reape the pleasure of their prime;  
 And if the heavens his o're-throw have decreed

\* "And pierced his temple and expelled his sprite."—1604.

By destiny which cannot be revok'd,  
So may we have behinde some of his seed,  
Ere in his blossome all our hopes be choak'd ;  
Thus, ere his soule lodge in the lightlesse shade,  
Some of his off-spring may content my minde,  
“ I cannot hold him altogether dead,  
“ Who leaves his image in some one behinde ;”  
And though we do what ever seemes the best  
To disappoint those but surmiz'd annoyes,  
Yet for all this my minde hath never rest,  
Some secret terrour doth disturbe my joyes.

*Adrast.* Ah (sir) if such a dreamed ill as this  
Hath plung'd your soule even in the depths of griefe,  
Unhappie I, who waile a thing that is,  
Whil'st hope (though rack'd) dare promise no reliefe ;  
Though all those dreadfull fancies took effect,  
(Which heavy chance th' almighty *Love* with-hold)  
None can compare them, no, in no respect  
With those mis-fortunes which my state enfold :  
For though your sonne dye by anothers hand,  
You shall but waile his death, and not your crime ;  
The heavens of me my brothers blood demand,  
His fate, my fault, mourne must I all my time.

*Cræ.* In what strange forme could this disaster fall,  
From which there flow salt fouds of just distresse ?  
Tell on at length the fatall cause of all,  
“ A greater griefe makes one forget the lesse.”

*Adrast.* My sorrows ground I smother'd still till now,  
As too offensive food for dainty eares,  
But since of such discourse you do allow,  
Ile tell a tale that may move stones to teares ;

Of *Phrygian* princes my great father come,  
 Had in my growing age a tender care,  
 That all my education might become  
 One whom he might for mighty hopes prepare ;  
 As yet foure lustres scarcely had begun  
 To grace my witness'd sex with blooming cheeks,  
 When I (fond youth) that lab'rinth could not shunne,  
 Whence backe in vaine the straying enterer seeks.  
 I lov'd, O fatall love, unlovely fate !  
 The vertuously faire, yet fairest dame  
 That ever was enshrin'd in soules conceit,  
 Or ditties gave to grace the sounds of fame ;  
 Straight were my fancies to her beauties ty'd,  
 "None can paint passions, but in feeling mindes,"  
 I burn'd, freez'd, doubted, hop'd, despair'd, liv'd, dy'd,  
 With actions chang'd as oft as autumnes windes ;  
 Yet many conflicts past 'twixt hopes and feares,  
 To feast, at least to nurce my starv'd desires ;  
 She granted had a truce unto my teares,  
 And temper did with equall flames my fires :  
 For as she was the most esteemed saint,  
 Whose image love erected in my minde,  
 So when her eares had harbour'd once my plaint,  
 It pitie first, and then did favour finde ;  
 But ah triumphing in mine owne conceit  
 As one whose love his lady did preferre,  
 I was cor-rivall'd (O disastrous fate !)  
 By one who lov'd, but was not lov'd by her,  
 He looking as I look'd, saw what I saw,  
 Saw Natures wonder, and the worlds delight,  
 And straight as that blinde god (blinde guide) did draw,

Still (like a lizard) liv'd upon her sight.  
Then labour'd he that iewell straight to wonne,  
Whose matchlesse worth he priz'd above his breath,  
And loath'd all light which flow'd not from that sunne,  
As life without her had beene worse then death;  
Yea, fortune seem'd to favour his desire,  
And where to build high hopes did give him grounds :  
The nymph her parents daily did require,  
That she might furnish physick for his wounds;  
Of my distracted thoughts strange was the strife,  
Who threatned thus with eminent mishap,  
Was like to lose a thing more deare then life,  
Whil'st others striv'd my treasure to entrap;  
The man who sought my joyes to undermine,  
I could not justly wish his state o're-throwne,  
Nor blame the sprite that sympathiz'd with mine;  
I envi'd not his lot, but wail'd mine owne.  
Now in my breast a mighty rage did raigne,  
Which forc'd my soule with inward wounds to bleed,  
Some fancies fear'd what once his love might gaine,  
Since it was possible that he might speed;  
Then others call'd her constancy to minde,  
Which would not yeeld by such assaults though prov'd,  
Yet forc'd to feare the frailty of her kinde,  
"A hearing woman may in time be mov'd;"  
Thus toss'd with doubts amidst a deep of woe,  
Which with suspition did my joyes supplant,  
I blam'd the thoughts that durst accuse her so,  
As vertues patterne could one vertue want;  
And, for I hop'd, his toils no further wrought,  
" (Affliction oft affection doth enflame)"

She of her sex who was the wonder thought,  
Would thus not wrong the glory of her name;  
Though in my absence they had oft assai'd,  
That from her minde they might have me remov'd,  
(The sunne burns hottest when his beames are stay'd)  
The more they cross'd her love, the more she lov'd;  
For finding that delay no end affords,  
And how faire generals onely flow'd from art,  
She did upbraid him with disdainfull words,  
To raze those hopes that had abus'd his heart;  
"Love is a joy which upon paine depends,  
"A drop of sweet, drown'd in a sea of sowres;  
"What folly doth begin, oft fury ends,  
"They hate for ever, who have lov'd for houres:"  
When all his arguments prov'd of no force,  
Straight with disdain his soule in secret burn'd,  
And what he thought was ill, to make farre worse,  
That apostate to furie favour turn'd;  
Through love preposterous procreating hate,  
His thoughts amongst themselves could not agree,  
Whil'st what was best he deeply did debate,  
To see her dead, or then enjoy'd by me:  
What (said he) when he first had mus'd a space,  
(So hard it is to quench affections fires)  
Shall I disfigure that angelike face,  
And cloud those beauties which the world admires?  
Shall she by me be to confusion brought,  
To whom I vows, and prayers did impart?  
To whom I sacrific'd each secret thought,  
And on her beauties altar burn'd my heart?  
Or shall I see her in anothers pow'r,



And in his bosome laid, upbraid my losse,  
Whil'st both with scornfull smiles, then death more  
sowre,

To point me out for sport, report my crosse ?  
That sight which sometimes did me sweetly charme,  
Should it become a cause of grieffe to me ?  
No, none who lives shall glory in my harme,  
Since she will not be mine, she shall not be.  
The hatefull lover having vow'd her death,  
Did with a cup of poyson drowne my joyes ;  
The fairest body from the sweetest breath  
Was parted thus (O ocean of annoyes!)  
That monster Fame, whose many mouthes and eares  
Must know, but not conceale a rare thing long,  
And prodigall of ill, most chiefly beares  
The worst news first, inform'd me of this wrong :  
For neighbouring neare the most unhappy part,  
That had beene spoyl'd of such a noble guest,  
As death had hers, the furies seiz'd my heart,  
Whose paine did spring from that which bred her rest ;  
How huge a weight did first confound my soule  
No tongue can tell ; it still my minde torments,  
Rage did of grieffe the outward signes controll :  
“When great windes blow the fire, the smoak worst  
vents ;”

Whil'st generous furie did disguise my grieffe,  
I ranne transported with a mighty rage,  
Bent (by revenge, or death to get reliefe)  
A tragicke actor for a bloody stage :  
For I was come no sooner to the place,  
Whereas I thought the murtherer to have found,

But I did meet (O ruine and disgrace!)  
 Too deare a friend to catch an enemies wound ;  
 Ah! passions dimm'd mine eyes, wrath led my hand,  
 I was no more my selfe, grieffe had me kill'd ;  
 The first by night, who did before me stand,  
 (As one whose breast with rage *Alecto* fill'd)  
 By chance encount'ring, ere he spake a word,  
 I bath'd his bosome with a crimson \* flood,  
 And in his breast did drowne the cruell sword,  
 That in anothers body drank my bloud ;  
 But when a torch had partly rob'd the night,  
 Proud of suppos'd revenge (ah bitter gaine)  
 I saw, I knew, black knowledge, cruell sight,  
 My brother was the man, whom I had slaine ;  
 O bitter losse, which nothing can reparaire!  
 My soule with two such monstrous deeds annoy'd,  
 Grieffe, rage, spite, shame, amazement, and despaire,  
 Gall'd, toss'd, burn'd, dash'd, astonish'd, and destroy'd ;  
 The thought of my offence doth grieve me most,  
 Yet am I sometime by loves verdict cleans'd ;  
 And straight my brothers violated ghost,  
 By dreadfull dreames doth bragge to be reveng'd.

*Cræ.* Now whil'st this great disaster did occurre,  
 What had the author of your anguish done ?

*Adrast.* He having heard this lamentable stirre,  
 Whom self-accusing thoughts convicted soone,  
 Straight (wounded by a wonderfull remorse)  
 Led by mad love, or desp'rate feare to death,  
 He bent to follow her, or dreading worse,  
 (Stab'd by himselfe) dy'd to defraud my wrath.

\* "Luke-warm."—1604.

*Cræ.* Those strange mishaps your enemies eyes must  
weat,  
And force compassion from your greatest foe,  
Since many monstrous circumstances meet  
To make a horrid harmony in woe ;  
“ But what doth touch ones selfe, most force doth  
finde,  
“ For ills when felt, then heard, grieffe more abounds ;”  
This exstasie hath so o’re-whelm’d my minde,  
A melancholy huge all mirth confounds ;  
“ Yet such disasters past, we must omit,  
“ At least no more immoderately lament,  
“ And as for those which are but comming yet,  
“ Use ordinary meanes them to prevent.”

*Adrast.* No wonder (sir) though by all means you  
strive,  
From dangerous actions *Atis* to restraine.

*Cræ.* I will unto his youth attendance give,  
Which in my age may guerdon’d be againe ;  
If it be possible for mortall states  
To strive against the starres, and be more strong ;  
I fortune must unarme, and crosse the fates,  
By barring both all meanes to do me wrong :  
I have commanded under paine of death,  
That no such weapon be within my walls,  
As I suppos’d extinguish might his breath,  
To scape a storme which oft by fortune falls ;  
He to frequent the fields must oft deferre ;  
And without guards his lodging never leave ;  
Loe where with countrey-men he doth conferre,  
We will go try what they of him would have.

## ACT III. SCENE 2.

*Chorus of Countreymen, Cræsus, Atis, Adrastus,  
Cælia.*

*Cho.* Lend (sir) a willing eare to humble words,  
Let not our basenesse barre us from your grace,  
Which still it selfe alike to all affords,  
Who blesse their sight with that majesticke face ;  
“ For simple subjects monarchs must take care,  
“ Though this our state be thought but abject now,  
“ You are our head, and we your members are,  
“ And you must care for us, we care for you ;  
“ Our poverty to us is no reproach,  
“ Which innocent integrity adornes,  
“ On others states we never do encroach,  
“ But live by labours, prickt with many thornes ;  
“ And ever busied for the countries good,  
“ We have no time to muse of vaine conceits,  
“ But (earning with continuall toile our food)  
“ Must entertaine the pompe of prouder states ;  
“ And (sir, though plaine) thinke not our meaning ill,  
“ Who thus dare speake so freely as we do,  
“ Whil’st mediatours do dilate our will,  
“ They wrest it as they will, and spoile us too ;  
“ To count’nance such as us, you need not shunne :  
“ A great man too well grac’d may do more harme ;  
“ And it stains not the glory of the sunne,  
“ Though oft his beams an abject object warme.”

*Cræ.* Be not discourag’d by your base estate,  
Ye are my people, and Ile heare your plaint,

“A king must care for all, both small and great,  
“And to do good (like God) should never faint;  
“The scepter such as those should chiefly shroud,  
“Not cottages, but castles spoile the land,  
“To spare the humble, and to plague the proud,  
“A vertue is that doth make kings to stand.”

*Cho.* Sir, our estate some hastie help requires :  
In *Misia* neare the celebrated rounds  
Of great *Olympus* which the world admires,  
There haunts a boare the horrour of these bounds :  
His body bigge, and hideous is his forme,  
Whose foamie jaw with tusks like javelins strikes,  
And in deformity all parts conforme,  
His backe hath bristles like to iron pikes.  
This Natures monster, wondred at by men,  
The forrests tyrant, and the countries terrour,  
Doth murder all, and draws them to his denne,  
Who chance to crosse his way by fatall error ;  
In teares whil'st melting, tender mothers waile,  
(The goared infants tumbling in their blood ;)  
This beast to be abhorr'd doth them assaile,  
And in his bowels buries both for food ;  
Then when we flie the field where he doth haunt,  
To have his hunger, or his rage allay'd,  
He all our labours quickly doth supplant,  
And poore mens hopes are strangely thus betray'd ;  
Ere this, of true repose we were the types,  
And pasturing on each plaine our fleecie flocks,  
Did make a consort of our warbling pypes  
With moving crystals, playing on the rocks ;  
And oft to ease our toils (all rang'd in bands)

With garlands guarded from *Apollo's* beames,  
 We gaz'd upon *Pactolus* golden sands,  
 Glass'd, bath'd, and quench'd our thirst, with his pure  
 streames ;

Whil'st we preferr'd, the river seem'd amaz'd,  
 Even to his golden bed his grassie banke,  
 And lay and look'd whereas our cattell graz'd,  
 Farre from all envy of a greater ranke ;  
 That to repress oppression you take care,  
 Though we were dumbe, the publick rest may speake :  
 Your laws, like spiders webs are not a snare  
 For little flies, that them the bigge may breake ;  
 Meane men by them from great mens pride are sav'd,  
 The heavens continue long your prosp'rous raigne,  
 And let us not by such a beast be brav'd,  
 Which by our ruine would your scepter staine.

*Cræ.* What would you then that should be done by me,  
 That may repay your losse, reaire this wrong?

*Cho.* We crave none of your wealth, but wish to see  
 This boare be-bloud the staffe of the most strong :  
 Let valorous *Atis* worthily your sonne,  
 With *Lydian* youth incapable of feares,  
 Go to the fields before the rising sunne,  
 To quench his thirst have drunk the mornings teares,  
 And we shall leade them crown'd with lawrell forth,  
 Where in strict bounds, yet a theatre large  
 For men to make a triall of their worth,  
 They with advantage may this monster charge ;  
 So shall we reape repose,\* and they delight,  
 Whil'st that prodigious body justly smarts,

\* "Profite."—1604.

Though fearfull once, then made a pleasant sight,  
When like a wood it planted is with darts.

*Cræ.* I may not spare my sonne for a respect,  
Which is not needfull now to be made knowne,  
But others shall be sent for that effect,  
That this out-ragious beast may be o're-thrown;  
The stately gallants who attend our grace  
(That by the world their valour may be view'd)  
This enterprise will willingly embrace,  
And not returne, till with his blood imbrud;  
I swear, this monster shall when he is dead,  
A memorable monument remaine;  
In *Phebes* church men shall admire his head,\*  
As *Pythons* spoiles, when by her brother slaine.

*Atis.* Ah! wherein father did I thus offend!  
Or what vile signe of a degener'd minde  
Have you but mark'd in me, whose course may tend  
To the reproach of our imperiall kinde?  
An abiect dastard, who for nought availes,  
Whose worth the world must trust, but never trie!  
As one whose strength, or then his courage failes,  
Must I in vile repose inglorious lie!  
Lie like a wanton by vaine thoughts bewitch'd!  
Who spoild of force, effeminately lives,  
A peacock poore, with painted pennes enrich'd?  
Yet bare of every thing that glory gives;  
What glory give those titles unto me,  
Which by succession fall, not by desert?  
Should but my fame with borrow'd feathers flie?

\* "To Dians church I'll consecrate his head,  
The virgin-goddesse darts no shaft in vaine."—1604.

For, come of kings a kingdome is my part ;  
 " Who honour as hereditary claimes,  
 " Like bastards base, doth but his birth-right blote,"  
 I scorne to beg my worth from dead mens names,  
 Or to gaine credite onely by my coate ;  
 What comfort's this to have the highest seate,  
 And all the blisse that majestie imparts,  
 If those whom onely we exceed in state,  
 Be our superiours in farre better parts ?  
 " More then a crowne true worth should be esteem'd ;  
 " Th' one fortunes gift, the other is our own,  
 " By which the minde from anguish is redeem'd,"  
 When fortunes goods are by her selfe o're-thrown.

*Cra.* I see what brave desires boile in thy soule,  
 And make thee thus magnanimous to be,  
 This high-bent courage nothing can controule,  
 All *Lydia* is not large enough for thee :  
 Goe, seeke an empire equall with thy minde,  
 Of which a crowne is due to every thought ;  
 But glories love whilst courting in this kinde,  
 I feare by thine, our ruine may be wrought :  
 And pardon me (deare sonne) great is the love  
 Which makes me watch so warily thy wayes ;  
 A fathers care what kind of thing can move,  
 Whom such a danger not in time dismayes ?  
 The heaven of late advertis'd me by dreames,  
 That some sad fortune threatned thee too soone,  
 Each day some ominous signe attendance claimes,\*  
 Which out of time are mark'd, when all is done :

\* "New meteors and strange stars through th' aire still streame,  
 Which are as oracles of Ioves own mouth."—1604.



This was the cause that hastened us so much,  
To have thee bound to *Hymens* sacred law,  
This was the cause that all our care was such,  
Out of our sight all weapons to withdraw:  
Scorne not those comets which amazement notes,  
“The starres to mortall states a bounds designe,”  
And doe not thinke t'is but my love that dotes.  
For if thou fall, my fate depends on thine.

*Atis.* Would God I had some meanes once ere my  
death,

To satisfie that infinite desert,  
Which I shall hold, so long as I have breath,  
Deepe registred with reverence in my heart:  
“Yet (sir) we see this is a naturall thing,  
“That too excessive loue engenders feares:”  
A sport like this can no great perill bring,  
Where either all delights the eyes, or th' eares.  
If from my former deedes I now should shrinke,  
(As voide of vertue) to soft pleasure thrall,  
Of your two sonnes what might your subjects thinke,  
Th' one wanting but one sense, the other all?  
What fancies might my late spous'd love possesse,  
To see her husband hatefull in mens sights,  
And honours bounds thus basely to transgresse,  
As womaniz'd still wallowing in delights?  
“Though women would have men at their devotion.  
“They hate base mindes that hatch no noble notion.”

*Cra.* Well, well, my sonne, I see thou must prevaile:  
Goe, follow forth the chase, use thine owne forme,  
Yet stay, or let my words thus much availe,  
Walke with more care to scape this threatned storme:

Thy hawtie sprite to tempt all hazards bent,  
 I feare transports thee to a fatall strife,  
 I wish to erre, yet the event prevent,  
 Lest that thy courage but betray thy life;  
 And (deare *Adrastus*) I must let him know,  
 What benefits I have bestow'd on thee,  
 Not to upbraid thee, no, but so to show  
 How I may trust thee best thus bound to mee:  
 When thou from *Phrygia* cam'st defil'd with blood,  
 And a fraternall violated love,  
 When desp'rate quite thou as distracted stood,  
 Fled from thy fathers face, curst from above,  
 Thou foundst me friendly, and my court thy rest,  
 A sanctuary which thy life did save;  
 And dangers scap't when one hath beene distress'd,  
 A wary wisdome by experience leave;  
 Yet all that favour past, was but a signe  
 Of generous greatnesse, which would gracious prove;  
 But in thy hands my soule I'le now consigne,  
 And give the greatest pledge that can binde love:  
 Behold how *Atis* of our age the shield,  
 Whose harme as you have heard, I fear'd ere now,  
 Is for his pastime to goe range the field,  
 And with his custodie I will trust you;  
 I must (my friend) even fervently exhort,  
 Waite on my sonne, remember of my dreame,  
 This dangerously delectable sport,  
 Doth make mee feare the grieffe exceeds the game.

*Adrast.* I never shall those courtesies neglect:  
 It grieves me not to thinke, nor heare the same,  
 For whil'st this sprite those members doth direct,

All shall concurre to celebrate your fame ;  
Yet were you pleas'd, I would not hence depart,  
Who doe all things that mirth may move abhorre,  
But with my passions here (retir'd a part)  
Woe past would waile, and shunne all cause of more ;  
If to converse where not one crosse annoies,  
I feare my fellowship infect with woe,  
Those who themselves would recreate with ioyes :  
Still strange mishaps attend me where I goe.  
But since you will commit this charge to mee,  
Your majestie I'll studie to content,  
At least my faith shall from defects be free,  
And all my paines shall as you please be spent.

*Atis.* Now bent to see this monsters ougly shape,  
With an inflam'd desire my thoughts doe burne,  
And father feare not, dreame of no mishap,  
I hope with speed victorious to returne.

*Cælia.* Returne? from whence deare love? O deadly  
word,  
That doth import thy parting from my sight,  
I heard the name mishap, Ah! (my deare lord)  
Should such strict limites bound so large delight?  
Oh, cruell to thy selfe, unkinde to me!  
And can'st thou condescend to leave me soe?  
If (ere in doubt) abandon'd thus I be,  
It may deferre, but not defraud my woe ;  
This might indeed to thee yeeld some reliefe,  
To have thy eares not wounded by my mone,  
But would wound me with a continuall grieve,  
To feare all things, where I should feare but one :  
Desist in time from this intended strife,

A course too rash, and not approv'd by me,  
 Remember I have int'rest in thy life,  
 Which thus to venter I doe not agree ;  
 Hast thou not given a prooffe in thy greene prime,  
 That may content the most ambitious heapes ?  
 Whilst *Atis* was his own, then was it time,  
 To follow fancies unconfin'd scopes ;  
 Thy selfe then onely camp'd in fortunes bounds,  
 Thou do'st endanger *Cælia* likewise now ;  
 You sigh her breath, she suffers in your wounds,  
 You live in her, and she must die in you.

*Atis.* Life of my soule, how doe such broken speaches,  
 From troubled passions thus abruptly rise ?  
 I know (my love) thy love my minde o're-reaches :  
 " Affection (schoold with feares) is too too wise ;"  
 I goe alongst the fields, for sport to range ;  
 Thy sighes doe but my soule with sorrow fill ;  
 And pardon (deare) I finde this wond'rous strange,  
 That thou beginst now to resist my will ;  
 If I trespasse in ought against my dutie,  
 Which makes thee thus my constancy mistrust ;  
 Mistrust not yet the chains of thine own beauty,  
 Which binde all my desires, and so they must ;  
 Are wee not now made one ? such feares o'recome,  
 Though I would flie, my selfe my selfe doe fetter,  
 And if that I would flie, from whom ? to whom ?  
 I can love none so well, none loves me better ;  
 Have pittie of those pearles, (sweet eyes, soules pleasures)  
 Least they presage what thou would'st not have done ;  
 The heavens had not given me those pretious treasures,  
 Of such perfections to be spoil'd so soone.

CHORUS.

Those who command\* above,  
High presidents of heaven,  
By whom all things doe move,  
As they have order given,  
What worldling can arise,  
Against them to repine?  
Whilst castell'd in the skies,  
With providence divine;  
They force this peopled round,  
Their judgements to confesse,  
And in their wrath confound  
Proud mortalls who transgresse  
The bounds to them assign'd  
By Nature in their mind.

Base brood of th' earth, vaine man,  
Why brag'st thou of thy might?  
The heavens thy courses scan,  
Thou walk'st still in their sight;  
Ere thou wast borne, thy deedes  
Their registers dilate,  
And thinke that none exceeds  
The bounds ordain'd by fate;  
What heavens would have thee to,  
"Though they thy wayes abhorre,  
"That thou of force must doe,  
"And thou canst doe no more:"

\* "Dominic."—1604.

This reason would fulfill,  
 Their worke should serve their will.

Are we not heires of death,  
 In whom there is no trust?  
 Who toss'd with restlesse \* breath,  
 Are but a dramme of dust;  
 Yet fooles when as we erre,  
 And heavens doe wrath contract,  
 If they a space deferre  
 Iust vengeance to exact,  
 Pride in our bosome creepes,  
 And misinformes us thus,  
 That *Iove* † in pleasure sleepes,  
 Or takes no care of us:  
 "The eye of heaven beholdes,  
 "What every heart enfoldes."

The gods digest no crime,  
 Though they (delaying long)  
 In the offenders time,  
 Seeme to neglect a wrong,  
 Till others of their race,  
 Fill up the cup of wrath,  
 Whom ruine and disgrace,  
 Long time attended hath;  
 And *Gyges* fault we feare,  
 To *Cræsus* charge belay'd,

\* "Circkling."—1604.

† "The Eternal."—1604.

Which *Iove* will not forbear,  
Though it be long delay'd :  
“ For, O! sometimes the gods  
“ Must plague sinne with sharpe rods.”

And loe how *Cræsus* still,  
Tormented in his minde,  
Like to reeds on a hill,  
Doth quake at every winde!  
Each step a terrour brings ;  
Dreames doe by night afflict him,  
And by day many things ;  
All his thoughts doe convict him ;  
He his starre would controule,  
This makes ill not the worst,  
Whilst he wounds his own soule,  
With apprehensions first :  
“ Man may his fate foresee,  
“ But not shunne heavens decree.”

ACT IV. SCENE I.

*Adrastus, Cræsus, Chorus.*

*Adrast.* Can heaven behold one stand to staine  
these times,  
Yet to the Stygian streames not headlong hurld?  
And can th' earth beare one burden'd with such crimes,  
As may provoke the wrath of all the world?  
Why sends not *Iove*, to have my course confin'd,  
A death-denouncing flash of rumbling thunder?

Else (roaring terrour) clouds of circling winde,  
 By violence to teare me all a sunder?  
 What corner yet unknowne from men remoov'd,  
 Both burn'd with rage, and freezing in despayre,  
 Shall I goe now possesse, to be approv'd,  
 Where none but monsters like my selfe repaire?  
 I'll goe indeede whom all the world detests,  
 Who have no intrest in the fields of blisse,  
 And barbarize amongst the brutish beasts,  
 Where tigers rage, toades spue, and serpents hisse:  
 But though in some vast zone, I finde a field,\*  
 Where melancholy might a monarch be,  
 Whilst silent deserts not one person yeeld  
 To shrinke for horreur, when beholding me;  
 Yet of my deeds which all the world doe tell,  
 This cannot raze the still proclaimed scroule,  
 Since in my brest I beare about my hell,  
 And cannot scape the terrours of my soule.  
 Those fearfull monsters of confus'd aspects,  
*Chimæra, Gorgon, Hydra, Pluto's apes,*  
 Which in the world wrought wonderfull effects,  
 And borrow'd from th' infernall shades their shapes,  
 Their devillish formes which did the world amaze,  
 Not halfe so monstrous as my selfe I finde,  
 When on mine owne deformities I gaze,  
 Amid'st blacke depths of a polluted minde;  
 No, but my minde untainted still remaines,

\* "Yet though both th' artike, and antartike pole,  
 I should ouerpasse, and find th' vnpeopled zones,  
 A wilderness where nought were to controule  
 My damnable cruelties but trees and stones."—1604.



My thoughts in this delict have had no part,  
Which but by accident this foule fact staines,  
My hands had no commission from my heart ;  
Yet, whether it was fortune, or my fate,  
Or some hel-hag, that did direct my arme,  
The Lydians plague, I have undone this state,  
And am the instrument of all their harme :  
Then mountaines fall, and bruise me by your rounds,  
Your heights may hide me from the wrath of heaven ;  
But this not needes, since mee my fault confounds :  
With my offence no torment can be eaven.  
Ah ! of what desert shall I now make choice,  
To flie the count'nance of an angry king ?  
I know the venging sword of *Cræsus* voice,  
To wound my soule, hostes of rebukes doth bring ;  
The patternne of distresse, I'le stand alone,  
A memorable monster of mishap ;  
For, though *Pandora's* plagues were all in one,  
All were too few, so vile a wretch to trap.

*Cho.* O how the king is mov'd at *Atis* death !  
His face the portrait of a passion beares,  
With bended eyes, crost armes, and quivering breath,  
His princely robe he desperately teares ;  
Loe, with a silent pittie-pleading looke,  
Which shewes with sorrow mixt a high disdain,  
He (whilst his soule seemes to dissolve in smoke)  
Straies twixt the corpes, and him who hath it slaine,

*Cræ.* Thou ruthlesse tyrant ruine of my blisse,  
And didst thou so disguise thy devillish nature,  
To recompence my curtesies with this ?  
Ah, cruell wretch, abominable creature !

Thy tigrish mind what wit could well detect,  
 Immortall brests so great barbarity?  
 What froward sprite could but such spight suspect,  
 In hospitality hostility?  
 Did I revive thee when thy hopes were dead,  
 When as thy life thy parents had not spar'd?  
 And having heap'd such favours on thy head,  
 Is this? Is this?

*Cho.* He would say the reward.

*Adrast.* I grant what you alledge and more is true;  
 I have unto the height of hatred runne:  
 A blood-stain'd wretch, who merit not to view  
 The rolling circles, nor the rayie sunne;  
 No kind of art I purpose now to use,  
 To colour this my crime, which might seeme lesse,  
 Whilst painted with a pitifull excuse:  
 No, it is worse then words can well expresse;  
 Nor goe I thus to aggravate my crime,  
 And damne my selfe to be absolv'd by others,  
 No, no, such rhetoricke comes out of time.  
 I'll not survive his death, as earst my brother's.  
 Oh! had that high disaster kill'd me straight,  
 (As then indeed I died from all delight)  
 I had not groan'd, charg'd with this inward weight,  
 But slept with shadowes in eternall night:  
 Yet must I die, at last (though late) growne wise,  
 This in my mind most discontentment breedes,  
 A thousand torturing deaths cannot suffice,  
 To plague condignely for so haynous deeds.  
 If that revenge th' elysian guests delights,  
 The tombe of *Atis* shall exhaust my blood:

No fitter offering for infernall sprites,  
Then one in whom they reign'd, while as he stood,  
The furies oft in me infus'd their rage,  
And in my bosome did their serpents place,  
Whose indignation labouring to assuage,  
Huge hellish horrors spoil'd my thoughts of peace.

*Cræ.* I find (poore wretch!) when I have search'd,  
and seene,

The fatall meanes which did inflict this wound,  
That not thy malice, but my fault hath beene,  
Of that which grieves us both the reall ground.

“Whilst barely with a superficiall wit,

“Wee weigh the outside of such strange events,

“If but the mediate meanes our judgements hit,

“We seeke not the first cause, that much contents:

“But when prodigious accidents fall out,

“Though they amaze our mindes, and so they must,

“The cause of all comes from our selfe no doubt:

“Ah! man hath err'd; the heavens are always  
iust:”

In judgement now whilst entring with my soule,

(Those partiall thoughts which flatterd me declin'd)

Loe, marking of past wrongs the burd'nous scroule,

Free from false colours, which did mocke my minde:

O! then I see how heaven in plagues exceedes,

Whilst vengeance due save ruine nought can end;

Thus once the gods must ballance worldlings deedes,

Both what we did, and what we did intend:

Sonne, sonne, my faults procured have thy fall,

For, guilty of thy blood, I gave the wound

Which gave thee death, and whose remembrance shall

My life each day with many deaths confound.  
 Of *Love* injust the statutes I contemne.\*  
 And if I were confronted with the gods,  
 Their providence (as partiall) would condemne,  
 Who in such sorte doe exercise their rods.  
 He thus now kill'd, with life to let me goe,  
 May breed reproch to all the pow'rs divine:  
 But ah! they knew no death could grieve me soe,  
 As that, which through his heart was aim'd at mine;  
 Now all the world those deities may despise.  
 Which strike the guiltlesse, and the guilty spare;  
 Cease haplesse man to plague thy selfe thus wise,  
 I pardon thee, and pittie thy despaire.

*Adrast.* O rigorous judgement! O outrageous fate!  
 Must I suruive the funeralls of my fame?  
 All things which I behold, vpbraide my state,  
 Too many monuments of one mans shame;  
 All (and none more then I) my deeds detest,  
 Yet some waile want of friends, and I of foes,  
 To purge the world of such a dangerous pest,  
 (Which still contagious) must taint hearts with woes;  
 To wound this brest where all hells hosts do  
     raigne,  
 Seiz'd with just feare none dare a hand forth stretch,  
 Else this base charge (as odious) doe disdain,  
 To deale with death in favour of a wretch;  
 Or must I yet (till more detested) stand,  
 And fill the world with horreur of my name?  
 What further mischief can require my hand?  
 Must it engrave on others graves my shame?

\* "Then unjust stand, your statutes I contemne."—1604.

Or would some bastard thought lifes cause debate,  
Which in the blasted field of comfort gleanes?  
No, no, in spite of heaven I'le force my fate,  
“One, when resolv'd to die, cannot want meanes:”  
Proud tyrant Death, and must thou make it strange,  
To wrap my wearied soule in further strife?  
Unless my courage with my fortune change,  
(Though nothing else) I can command my life;  
But this (ay me!) all hope of helpe devowres;  
What gaines my soule by death in those sad times,  
If potent still in all her wonted pow'rs,  
Shee must remember of my odious crimes?  
What though un-bodied she the world forsake,  
Yet from her knowledge cannot be divorc'd?  
This will but vex her at the shadowie lake,  
Till even to grone the god of ghosts be forc'd;  
But welcome death, and would the gods I had  
Lesse famous, or more fortunately liv'd;  
Then knowne if good, and kept obscure if bad,  
Of comfort quite I had not beene depriv'd;  
Ah! have I liv'd to see my lady die?  
And die for me, whose faith shee never prov'd?  
Ah! have I liv'd (unnaturall I) to be  
My brothers murtherer, who me dearely lov'd?  
Ah! have I liv'd with my owne hands to kill  
A gallant prince committed to my charge?  
And doe I gaze on the dead bodie still,  
And in his fathers sight my shame enlarge?  
Ah! have I liv'd whilst men my deeds doe scan,  
To be the obiect of contempt and hate?  
Of all abhorr'd as a most monstrous man,

Since thought a traitour or (farre worse) ingrate ?  
 Yet with my blood I'll wash away this staine,  
 Which grieffe to you, to me disgrace hath brought,\*  
 Would God my name from mindes might raz'd  
     remaine,  
 To make my life as an unacted thought ;  
 Brave *Atis* now I come to pleade for grace,  
 Although thou frown'st on my affrighted ghost,  
 And to revenge thy wrong this wound embrace ;  
 Thus, thus, I toile to gaine the Stygian coast.

*Cho.* Loe, how he wounds himselfe despising paine,  
 With leaden lights, weake legs, and head declin'd,  
 The bodie beates the ground, as in disdaine,  
 That of her members one hath prov'd unkind :  
 The fainting hand falles trembling from the sword,  
 With this selfe slaughtering blow † for shame grown red,  
 Which straight the blood pursues, with vengeance  
     stor'd,

To drowne the same with the same floods it shed ;  
 Who of those parties can the combat show,  
 Where both but one, one both strooke and sustain'd ?  
 Or who triumphs for this most strange o're-throw,  
 Where as the victor lost, the vanquish'd gain'd ?

*Cra.* Curs'd eyes, what suddaine change hath  
     drown'd your lights,  
 And made your mirthfull objects mournfull now ?  
 Ye that were still inur'd to stately sights,

\* "And lest my memorie make th' earth detracted,  
 Let my name perish in my bodies ash,  
 And all my life be as a thought un-acted."—1604.

† "Suicidiall blow."—1604.

Since seated under an imperial brow,  
Ah! clouded now with vapours drawn from cares,  
Are low throwne down amid'st a hell of griefe,  
And have no prospect, but my soules despaires,  
Of all the furies which afflict me, chiefe.  
O dead *Adrastus*, I absolve thy ghost,  
Whose hand (I see) some destiny did charme,  
Thou (hated by the heavens) wast to thy cost  
A casual actour, not intending harme ;  
No doubt some angry god hath laid this snare,  
And whilst thy purpose was the boare to kill,  
Did intercept thy shaft amidst the aire,  
And threw it at my sonne, against thy will.  
Ah! sonne, must I be witness of thy death,  
Who view thee thus by violence to bleede,  
And yet want one on whom to poure my wrath,  
To take just vengeance for so vile a deede?  
This wretch, whose guiltlesse minde hath clear'd his  
    hand,  
Loe, for his errour griev'd, unforc'd doth fall,  
And not as one who did in danger stand :  
For still he liv'd till I forgave him all.  
Thus have I but the heavens on whom I may  
Blast forth the tempest of a troubled mind ;  
And in my soules distresse I grieve to say,  
That greater favour I deserv'd to finde.

## ACT IV. SCENE I.

*Sandanis, Cræsus.*

*San.* Why spend you (sir) with sighes that princely  
 breath,  
 Whence soveraignty authority should take?  
 “O weake revenge for one when wrong’d by death,  
 “To yeeld him homage prostrated in blacke!”  
 That tyrant pale (so hateful unto us)  
 Whose fatal shaft so great a grieffe hath bred,  
 Where he triumphs should you reare trophees thus,  
 And weare his livery, as his captive led?  
 No, though he might this outward blisse o’rethrow,  
 And you (save you) of all things else might spoile,  
 Yet whilst of one, who yeelds, no signe you show,  
 You are victorious, and he gets the foile;  
 Those floods of sorrow, which would drown your soule,  
 In breasts more base might better be excus’d,  
 Since wanting sprite their passions to controule,  
 As from their birth still to subjection us’d.  
 But you, in whom high thoughts by nature grow,  
 To this decay, how is your vertue come?  
 I blush to see my soveraigne brought so low,  
 And majestie by misery o’recome;  
 Nor doe I thus to make you stupid strive,  
 As one unnaturall, wanting sense to smart;  
 “No, none a prince of kindnesse can deprive,  
 “The honour’d badge of an heroicke heart.  
 “That pow’r supreme, by which great states doe stand,  
 “Affections order should, but not undoe;”



And I could wish you might your selfe command,  
Which though you may not well, yet seeme to doe.

*Cræ.* I will not here rehearse, enlarging woes,  
On what just reasons now my grieffe I ground,  
But still will entertaine my comforts foes,  
Whilst many a thousand thoughts my soule doe wound.  
What pensive pensill ever limm'd aright  
The sad conceits of soule-consuming grieffe?  
Ah! words are weake to show the swelling height  
Of th' inward anguish desperate of relieffe,  
“ Though many monarchs jealously despise  
“ The rising sunne that their declining staines,”  
And hate the heire who by their fall must rise,  
As griev'd to heare of death, or others raignes:  
My love to *Atis* otherwise appear'd,  
Whome, whilst for him I did my cares engage,  
I as a father lov'd, as king not fear'd,  
The comfort not th' encombrance of mine age;  
And had he me (as reason would) surviv'd,  
Who glanc'd, and vanish'd like to lightning flashes,  
Then death could not have me of life depriv'd,  
Whilst such a phœnix had reviv'd my ashes.

*San.* Let not those woes eclipse your vertues light.

*Cræ.* “ Ah! rage and grieffe must once be at a  
height.”

*San.* Strive of your sorrowes (sir) to stop the source.

*Cræ.* These salt eye-floods must flow, and have  
their course.

*San.* That is not kingly.

*Cræ.* And yet it's kindly,

“ Where passions domineere, they governe blindly.”

*San.* Such woefull plaints can not reaire your state.

*Cræ.* "Vnhappie soules at least may waile their  
fate;

"The meanest comfort that you can returne,

"Is in calamity a leave to mourne."

*San.* What stoicke strange, who most precise  
appeares,

Could that youths death with tearelesse eyes behold,

In all perfections ripe, though greene in yeares,

A hoarie judgement under lockes of gold?

No, no man lives, but must lament to see

The world's chiefe hope even in the blossome choak'd,

"But men cannot controll the heavens decree,

"And what is done, can never be revok'd."

Let not this losse with grieve torment you more;

Of which a part with you your country beares:

If wailing could your ruin'd state restore,

Soules charg'd with grieve should saile in seas of  
teares;

Lest all our comfort dash against one shelve,

And his untimely death but hasten yours,

Have pittie of your people, spare your selfe,

If not to your own use, yet unto ours.

*Cræ.* When, *Sandanis*, I first thy faith did finde,

Thou div'd so deeply in my bosome then,

That since thou still (entrusted with my minde)

Didst know what I conceal'd from other men:

Behold I goe to open up to you,

(Chiefe treasurer of all my secrets still)

What high designe my thoughts are hatching now,

A physicke in some sort to ease my ill;

This may unto my soule yeeld some reliefe,  
And for displeasures past may much content,  
Or else must purchase partners in my grieffe,  
If not for me, yet with me to lament.

*San.* This benefit must binde me with the rest  
To serve your majestie, and hold you deere,  
And I'll be free with you, yet I protest,  
That what I friendly speake, you freely heare.

*Cræ.* Since that it hath not pleas'd the heavenly  
pow'rs,  
That of my off-spring I might comfort claime,  
Yet lest the ravenous course of flying how'rs  
Should make a prey of my respected name,  
I would engender such a generous broode,  
That the un-borne might know how I have liv'd,  
And this no doubt would doe my ghost great good,  
By famous victories to be reviv'd:  
I hope to soare with fames immortall wings,  
Vnlesse my high-bent thoughts themselves deceave,  
That having acted admirable things,  
I death may scorne, triumphing o're the grave;  
Yet have I not so settled my conceipt,  
That all opinions are to be despis'd;  
“A good advice can never come too late;”  
This is the purpose that I have devis'd:  
Some Scythian shepheards in a high disdain,  
As trusted fame yet constantly relates,  
To plague some Medes with horreur and with paine,  
Did entertaine them with prodigious meates,\*  
And to content their more then tigrish wishes,

\* “Thiestes courses.”—1604.

They with the infants flesh, the parents fed,  
 Who not suspecting such polluted dishes,  
 Did in their bowels bury whom they bred.  
 Then after this abhominable crime,  
 They fled with haste unto my fathers court,  
 And (first informers courting trust in time)  
 Did as they pleas'd, of what was past report;  
 Whil'st they (save what them help'd) all things sup-  
 press'd,  
 Milde pitty pleading for afflictions part,  
 His generous minde still tend'ring the distress'd,  
 Was wonne to them by this deceiving \* art.

*San.* "Oft men of iudges thence have parties gone,  
 "Where both their eares were patent but to one."

*Cræ.* Then *Cyaxare*, monarch of the Medes,  
 To prosecute those fugitives to death,  
 In indignation of my fathers deeds,  
 Did bragge them both with all the words of wrath;  
 My father thinking that his court should be  
 A sanctuary supplicants to save,  
 Did levie men to make the world then see,  
 In spite of pow'r that weaknesse help should have.  
 Thus mortall warres on every side proclaim'd,  
 With mutuall trouble did continue long,  
 Till both the armies by *Bellona* tam'd,  
 Did irke to venge, or to maintaine a wrong:  
 It chanc'd whil'st peace was at the highest dearth,  
 That all their forces did with fury fight,  
 A sudden darknesse curtain'd up the earth,  
 And did by violence displace the light.

\* "Simonick."—1604.

I thinke the sunne for *Phaeton* look't sad,  
Else blush'd (reflecting bloud) like them he saw :  
For (as when wrong'd of old) with grieffe gone mad,  
He from the world his chariot did with-draw ;  
Yet ignorance, which doth confusion breed,  
By wresting natures course, found cause of feares,  
Which errorr did so happily succeed,  
That it a concord wrought, and truce from teares ;  
Then straight there was a perfect peace begunne,  
And that it might more constantly indure,  
*Astyages* the king of *Media's* sonne,  
To be his queene my sister did procure.

*San.* "A deadly rancor reconcil'd againe,  
"With consanguinity would seal'd remaine."

*Cræ.* He, since his fathers age-worne course expir'd,  
Hath rul'd his people free from bloud or strife,  
Till now a viper hath his death conspir'd,  
Who from his loynes extracted had his life ;  
I meane this *Cyrus*, (base *Cambyses* brood),  
Who by a bitch, nurst with the country swaines,  
(No signe observ'd importing princely bloud :)  
The doggish nature of his nurse retaines.  
He came against his grand-father to field,  
And unexpected with a mighty pow'r,  
His forces forc'd, did force himselfe to yeeld,  
Who (captive kept) now waites for death each houre.  
That you may marke how great my int'rest is,  
This ruthfull story I did largely touch ;  
Those circumstances show that shame of his  
Doth from our glory derogate too much ;  
Dare any prince presume to trouble thus

One whom our kingdomes favour should defend  
 In strict affinity combin'd with us,  
 Yet not regarded for so great a friend.  
 This with some joy doth smooth my stormy minde,  
 Whil'st I for Medes against the Persians goe,  
 I hope that both by brave effects shall finde  
 How kinde a friend I prove, how fierce a foe.

*San.* " Though natures law you car'd not to trans-  
 gresse,  
 " Nor this your wrong'd ally would not repaire ;  
 " Yet the regard to monarchs in distresse,  
 " Should move the mighty with a mutuall care ;  
 " Those terrours too which thunder in your eare,  
 " I thinke the Lydians will not well allow :  
 " For when the cedar falles, the oake may feare,  
 " That which o'rethrowes the Medes may trouble you.  
 " And when a neighbours house they burning view,  
 " Then their owne dangers men may apprehend ;  
 " It better is with others to pursue,  
 " Then be when but alone, forc'd to defend.  
 " Ah! this is but the out-side of your course,  
 " A dangerous ambush which ambition plants :  
 " There may come rivers raging from this source,  
 " To drown your state, whil'st such high thoughts  
 nought daunts ;  
 " I know those new-borne monsters of your minde  
 " Have arm'd your ravish'd heart with faire conceits,  
 " Yet may those wonders which you have divin'd,  
 " Prove traiterous projects, painted for deceits ;  
 " And (pardon sir) it is not good to be  
 " Too rashly stout, nor curiously wise,

“Lest that you leave that which we certain see,  
“And not attaine to that which you devise.”

*Cræ.* I grant indeed (this very few shall know)  
Though I professe but to relieve my friend,  
My thoughts conceive, as successe best may show,  
And not without great cause, a greater end :  
You see how fortune nought but change affects,  
Some are reproach'd, that others may be prais'd,  
And every age brings forth some strange effects,  
“Some men must fall, that others may be rais'd :”  
I doubt not, you have heard who was the first,  
For warring with the world, whom fame revives,  
Who had of sovereignty so great a thirst,  
That it could not be quench'd with thousands lives :  
Even he who first obtain'd the name of *Love*,  
And rests reputed for his glorious acts,  
The most imperious of the pow'rs above,  
Who vowes and offerings of the world exacts ;  
He all his time in state did terrour breath,  
Borne to acquaint the world with warre and dearth,  
Whil'st fertile still in misery and death,  
Two fatall furies that afflict the earth ;  
Yet since his course (the worlds first plague) was past,  
When his proud race had many ages raign'd,  
That empire too did perish at the last,  
And what it lost, by martiall Medes was gain'd ;  
This was the cause of that great kingdomes fall ;  
A prince who could not judge of princely parts,  
With losse of scepter, honour, life, and all,  
To buy base joyes, sold all his subjects hearts ;  
To that disastred monarchies decay,

Th' aspiring Persians purpose to succeed:  
 But I intend their lofty course to stay,  
 And that in time, ere that it throughly speed;  
 The Persians once the Lydians force must prove,  
 And oh! who knowes but that it is ordain'd,  
 At the tribunall of the states above,  
 That I should raigne where famous *Ninus* raign'd!  
 This all the hoste of heaven oft-times foretels,  
 To this the gods of *Greece* my minde have mov'd,  
 And he that in Arabia's desart dwels,  
 By his response this enterprise approv'd.

*San.* " Thus still in love with what we minde to doe,  
 " What we affect, we fairest still conceive,  
 " This feeds our humour, whil'st (selfe flatterers) loe,  
 " To show our wit, we would our selves deceive;  
 " Vaine hopes so maske all doubts, you cannot spy  
 " What secret danger this designe doth beare;  
 " But whil'st well view'd with an indifferent eye,  
 " There want not grounds, where fore-sight may find  
 feare:  
 " You unadvis'dly purpose to pursue  
 " A barbarous people opposite to peace,  
 " Who but by robbery to their greatnesse grew,  
 " And would for each light cause, the warres embrace;  
 " No dainty silkes, dipt in Assyrian die,  
 " Doe decke their bodies, to abase their mindes:  
 " Skinnes reft from beasts them cloath, who danger ply,  
 " Not mov'd by flattering sunnes, nor bragging windes;  
 " They simply feed, and are not griev'd each day,  
 " With stomackes cloyd, decocting divers meates,  
 " They fare not as they would, but as they may,



“ Of judgement sound, not carried with conceits.  
“ Those ancient customes which they strictly hold,  
“ Make all things easie, that they feele no paine,  
“ This cooles the summers heate, kils winter’s cold :  
“ This makes the rivers dry, the mountaines plaine.  
“ They whose ambition poverty did bound,  
“ Of *Lydia’s* dainties if they once doe taste,  
“ Will have in hatred straight their barren ground,  
“ And all our treasures insolently waste ;  
“ To govern such, although that we prevaile,  
“ You shall but buy vexation with your bloud,  
“ And doe your selfe, and yours, if fortune faile,  
“ From sovereignty (by time secur’d) seclude ;”  
Yea, though this rash desire your judgement blindes,  
I for my part must praise the gods for you,  
Who have not yet inspir’d the Persians mindes,  
To waste with warre all *Lydia* long ere now.

*Cræ.* Those flames, which burn my brest, must once  
burst out,  
Your counsell for more quiet mindes I leave,  
And be you still thought wise, so I prove stout,  
I’le conquer more, or lose the thing I have.

*Cælia.* Ah ! am I forc’d out of afflictions store,  
For my mindes ease a few sad words to straine ?  
But yet unlode it now, to lode it more,  
I empty but mine eyes to fill againe ;  
My soule must sound even as my passions strike,  
Whil’st sighes and teares would faine afford reliefe ;  
My brest and eyes are both accurst alike,  
The cabinet of care, the springs of grieve ;  
O cruell heaven, fierce starre, unhappy fate,

Too foule injustice of celestiaall pow'rs !  
 Whose high disdain to me with partiall hate  
 The comfort of the world (poore world) deuoures :  
 Curst be the day in which I first was borne,  
 When lying tongues affirm'd I came to light,  
 A monstrous blasphemy, a mighty scorne,  
 Since where darke sorrow breeds an endlesse night ;  
 Would God I then had chanc'd this life to leave,\*  
 The tombe straight taking what the wombe did give,  
 Then alwayes buried, changing but the grave,  
 I had not liv'd to dye, but dy'd to live.  
 What profited to me my parents joyes,  
 Who with such pompe did solemnize my birth,  
 Since still my soule must flote amidst annoyes,  
 So to defray one dramme of tasted mirth?  
 And it did onely serve to make me know  
 The height of horroure, threatning to succeed ;  
 I was but rais'd up high, to be brought low,  
 That short liv'd joyes might endlesse anguish breed ;  
 Whil'st nothing did for my confusion lacke,  
 All my best deeds did but betray my state,  
 My vertues too were guilty of my wracke,  
 And warr'd against me, banded with my fate :  
 For whil'st my virgin yeares with praise I past,  
 Which did (ah that it did) too much import,  
 My modest eye told that my minde was chaste,  
 Which gain'd the warrant of the worlds report :

\* "O happie if I then had chanc'd to smother,  
 That the first hour had been the last to me,  
 When from one grave t' have gone vnto another,  
 I should have died to live, not liv'd to die."—1604.

“ And all should have a great respect to fame,  
“ No greater dowry then a spotlesse name.”  
Fair beauties goddesses, thou can’st beare record,  
My offering never made thine alter rich ;  
Lascivious fancies highly I abhorr’d,  
Whose free-borne thoughts no folly could bewitch ;  
Till happily (ah so it seem’d to some)  
O but unhappily the end hath prov’d,  
All this, and more, to *Atis* eares did come,  
Who straight did like, and after liking lov’d ;  
He to our eares, his purpose did impart,  
Not lip-sicke-lover-like, with words farre sought,  
Whose tongue was but an agent for his heart,  
Yet could not tell the tenth part that it thought ;  
And lest his travels should have seem’d to tend  
My honours fame by fancies to betray,  
He brought his wishes to a lawfull end,  
And in effect, affection did bewray ;  
There *Iuno*, president of wedlockes vow,  
And *Hymen* with his odoriferous cote,  
With sacred customes did our love allow,  
Whil’st th’ ominous owles no crosses did devote ;  
The blessing that this marriage did procure,  
It was too great to have continued long :  
“ A thing too vehement cannot endure,”  
Our joyes farre past the reach of any tongue ;  
We ever did full satisfaction finde,  
Yet with satiety were never cloyd,  
But seem’d two bodies, manag’d by one minde,  
Such was the happinesse that I enjoy’d ;  
He lov’d me dearely, I obey’d his will,

Proud of my selfe, because that I was his,  
 A harmony remain'd betwixt us still,  
 Who each in th' other plac'd their soules chiefe blisse:  
 This mov'd th' immortals to a high disdain,  
 That thus two worldlings, who of death were heires,  
 Should in a paradise of joyes remaine,  
 Which did exceed, at least did equall theirs;  
 But chiefly *Iuno* did despight it most,  
 Who through a jealousie still jarres with *Love*,  
 That body-prison'd soules of that could boast,  
 Which she (although heavens queen) had not above;  
 Thus even for envy of our rare delights,  
 The fatall sisters (by the heavens suborn'd)  
 Of my soules treasure clos'd the lovely lights,  
 By which they thought the earth too much adorn'd.  
 O but he is not dead, he lives in me.  
 Ah, but I live not: for I dy'd in him:  
 How can the one without the other be?  
 If death have set his eyes, mine must looke dimme;  
 Since to my sight that sunne no more appear'd,  
 From whom my beauties borrowed all their rayes:  
 A long eclipse, that never shall be clear'd,  
 Hath darkened all the poynts of my sad dayes;  
 Aye me, I live too long, he dy'd too soone,  
 Thus still the worst remaine, the best depart,  
 Of him who told how this curs'd deed was done,  
 The words (like swords) shall ever wound my heart.  
 Fierce tyrant death, who in thy wrath did'st take  
 One halfe of me, and left one halfe behinde;  
 Take this to thee, or give me th' other backe,  
 Be wholly cruell, or be no way kinde;

But whil'st I live (beleeve) thou canst not dye,  
O! even in spite of death, yet still my choice,  
Oft with the inward al-beholding eye,  
I thinke I see thee, and I heare thy voyce ;  
And to content my languishing desire,  
To ease my minde, each thing some helpe affords ;  
Thy fanci'd forme doth oft such faith acquire,  
That in all sounds I apprehend thy words :  
Then with such thoughts my memory to wound,  
I call to minde thy lookes, thy words, thy grace,  
Where thou didst haunt, yet I adore the ground,  
And where thou stept, O sacred seemes that place.  
My solitary walkes, my widow'd bed,  
My driry sighes, my sheets oft bath'd with teares,  
These shall record what life by me is led,  
Since first sad newes breath'd death into mine eares.  
Though for more paine, yet spar'd a space by death,  
Thee first I lov'd, with thee all love I leave :  
For my chast flames, which quench'd were with thy  
    breath,  
Can kindle now no more but in thy grave.  
By night I wish for day, by day for night,  
Yet wish farre more, that none of both might be ;  
But most of all, that banish'd from the light  
I were no more, their constant change to see.  
At night whil'st deeply musing of my state,  
I goe to summe with sighes my wonted joyes,  
An agony then (in a sad conceit)  
Doth blot the blubred count with new annoyes ;  
When sleep, the brother most resembling death,\*

\* “ When sleep, the eldest brother of pale death.”—1604.

Of darknesse childe, and father unto rest,  
 Doth bound (though not restraine) confused breath,  
 That it may vent, but not with words exprest ;  
 Then with my sprite thou dost begin to speake,  
 With sugred speeches to appease my grieft ;  
 And my bruis'd heart which labour'd long to breake,  
 Doth in this comfort fain'd, find some relieft ;  
 Yea, if our soules remain'd united so,  
 This late divorce would no way vex my minde,  
 But when awaking, it augments my woe,  
 Whil'st this a dreame, and me a wretch I finde.  
 If never happy, oh thrise happy I !  
 But happy more had happinesse remain'd,  
 Yet then excessive joy had made me dye ;  
 Since such delights, what heart could have sustain'd ?  
 Why waste I thus, whil'st vainely I lament,  
 The pretious treasure of that swift past-time ?  
 Ah, pardon me (deare love) for I repent  
 My lingring here, my fate, and not my crime :  
 Since first thy body did enrich the tombe,  
 In this spoil'd world, my eye no pleasure sees,  
 And *Atis, Atis*, loe I come, I come,  
 To be thy mate, amongst the myrtle trees.

CHORUS.

“ Loe all our time even from our birth,  
 “ In misery almost exceeds :  
 “ For, where we finde a moments mirth,  
 “ A month of mourning still succeeds ;  
 “ Besides the evils that Nature breeds,

“ Whose paines doe us each day appall,  
“ Infirmities which frailty sends,  
“ The losse of that which fortune lends ;  
“ And such disasters as oft fall,  
“ Yet to farre worse our states are thrall,  
“ Whil’st wretched man with man contends,  
“ And every one his whole force bends,  
“ How to procure anothers losses,  
“ But this torments us most of all :  
    “ The minde of man, which many a fancy tosses,  
    “ Doth forge unto it selfe a thousand crosses.”

O how the soule with all her might,  
Doth her celestiall forces straine,  
That so she may attaine the light  
Of natures wonders, which remaine  
Hid from our eyes! we strive in vaine  
“ To seeke out things that are unsure :  
“ In sciences to seeme profound,  
“ We dive so deepe, we finde no ground ;  
“ And the more knowledge we procure,  
“ The more it doth our mindes allure,  
“ Of mysteries the depth to sound ;  
“ Thus our desires we never bound ;  
“ Which by degrees thus drawn on still,  
“ The memory may not endure ;  
    “ But like the tubs which *Danaus* daughters fill,  
    “ Doth drinke no oftner then constrain’d to spill.”

Yet how comes this? and O how can  
Cleare knowledge thus (the soules chiefe treasure)

Be cause of such a crosse to man,  
 Which should afford him greatest pleasure?  
 This is, because we cannot measure  
 The limits that to it belong,  
 But (bent to tempt forbidden things)  
 Doe soare too high with natures wings,  
 Still weakest whil'st we thinke us strong;  
 The heavens which hold we do them wrong  
 To try their grounds, and what thence springs,  
 This crosse upon us justly brings :  
 With knowledge, knowledge is confus'd,  
 And growes a griefe ere it be long;  
     " That which a blessing is when rightly us'd,  
     " Doth grow the greatest crosse when once abus'd."

Ah! what availes this unto us,  
 Who in this vaile of woes abide,  
 With endlesse toyles to study thus  
 To learn the thing that Heaven would hide?  
 And trusting to too blinde a guide,  
 To spy the planets how they move,  
 And too (transgressing common barres)  
 The constellation of the starres,  
 And all that is decreed above,  
 Whereof (as oft the end doth prove)  
 A secret sight our wel-fare marres,  
 And in our brests breeds endlesse warres,  
 Whil'st what our horoscopes foretell,  
 Our expectations doe disprove :  
     Those apprehended plagues prove such a hell,  
     That then we would unknow them till they fell.



This is the pest of great estates,  
They by a thousand meanes devise  
How to fore-know their doubtfull fates;  
And like new gyants, scale the skies,  
Heavens secret store-house to surprise;  
Which sacrilegious skill we see  
With what great paine they apprehend it,  
And then how foolishly they spend it.  
To learne the thing that once must be;  
Why should we seeke our destiny?  
If it be good, we long attend it;  
If it be ill, none may amend it:  
Such knowledge but torments the minde;  
Let us attend the Heavens decree :  
    For those whom this ambiguous art doth blinde,\*  
    May what they seeke to flye, the rather finde.

And loe of late, what hath our king  
By his preposterous travels gain'd,  
In searching out each threatned thing,  
Which *Atis* horoscope contain'd?  
For what the heavens had once ordain'd,  
That by no meanes he could prevent;  
And yet he labours to finde out  
Through all the oracles about,  
Of future things the hid event.  
This doth his raging minde torment :  
(Now in his age unwisely stout)  
To fight with *Cyrus*, but no doubt

\* "It's to be fear'd those whom this Arte beguiles,  
Do change their fate and make their fortune wheels."—1604.

The heavens are griev'd thus to heare told  
 Long ere the time their darke intent.  
 Let such of *Tantalus* the state behold,  
 Who dare the secrets of great *Iove* unfold.

## ACT V. SCENE I.

*Cyrus, Harpagus.*

*Cyrus.* Let ustriumph o're them (though proud of late)  
 Whose glory now doth with their greatnesse faile :  
 Since with their fortune forfeiting their state :  
 No warre's approv'd unlesse that it prevaile :  
 The world, that whil'st we fought, did doubtfull stand,  
 As for the one, ordain'd to be a prey,\*  
 Saw how the heavens plac'd lightning in my hand,  
 Those thund'ring downe, who would not us obey :  
 Goe pay our vowes, ere enterprising more ;  
 The gods detest a minde that is ingrate ;  
 And who delight their deities to adore,  
 Are alwaies bent to stablish their estate ;  
 Cause burden altars, smoke each sacred place  
 With bullockes, incense, odours of all kindes ;  
 " But none can give the gods (still great in grace)  
 " A sacrifice more sweet, than thankefull mindes."

*Harp.* Though all who partners are of th' earth and  
 ayre,  
 Still whil'st tapestred with this azure pale,  
 If for nought else, yet for those gifts least rare,  
 To serve th' all-pow'rfull pow'rs, should never faile ;

\* " To see the bloody end of this day's toil."—1604.

Yet there are some whom successe hath design'd,  
Whose names are written in respected scroules,  
Whom benefits (not ordinary) binde  
To love them more then life, yea, then their soules :  
Of those that you are one, your deeds declare,  
Of whom amid'st innumerable broiles,  
Even from your cradle they have had a care,  
And led you safe through many dangerous toiles ;  
Though of the troubles of your youth I see,  
You have not heard the wonderfull discourse,  
I them remember, who did chance to be  
An actor in your tragicke-comicke course.

*Cyrus.* The accidents which in our nonage chance,  
A ripened age not to remembrance brings,  
Like fabulous dreames which darknesse doth advance,  
That are by day disdain'd as frivolous things :  
For, our conceptions are not then so strong  
That they can leave impressions long behinde,  
Yet mixe (deare friend) old griefes new joys among,  
And call afflicted infancy to minde.

*Harp.* Who would not wonder at thy wondrous fate,  
Whom (even or borne) destruction did attend,  
Whil'st ere thou could'st offend, pursu'd by hate,  
Even then to end what now shall never end ?  
Your mother first her fathers minde did sting,  
Whil'st once he dream'd, which yet his soule confounds  
That of a tree which from her wombe did spring,  
Th' umbragious branches, darkened *Asias* bounds ;  
Then to the magies straight he gave in charge  
To try what this strange vision did presage,  
Who having studied their darke art at large,

Gave this response with a propheticke rage :  
 That once his daughter should a sonne bring forth,  
 Who should (by valour gaining great renowne)  
 Make vanquish'd *Asia* witsse of his worth ;  
 But from his grand-father first reave the crowne.  
 This to *Astyages* a terrour bred,  
 Who (vainely bent to scorne the heavens decree)  
 His daughter (out of policy) would wed,  
 To some weake stranger of no great degree.  
 And to *Cambyses*, who of her made choice,  
 He, for his country (then contemn'd) gave eare,  
 Whom by your birth the princesse did rejoyce,  
 And gave her father further cause of feare,  
 " Thus tyranny (their brood whose courage failes)  
 " Doth force the parents in despaire to fall,  
 " To fight a dastard, proud when it prevails,  
 " But yet (as fear'd of all), doth still feare all ;  
 " And tyrants no security can finde,  
 " For every shadow frights a guilty minde."  
 This monarch then who could not dreame of harmes,  
 Whose guards did glance all still with steele array'd,\*  
 Then whil'st he lived secure from forraigne armes,  
 A babe, scarce borne, and his, did make afraid.  
 And whil'st *Lucina* the last helpe did make,  
 As if some ugly monster had beene borne,  
 A minotaure, a centaure, or a snake,  
 The peoples terrour, and the mothers scorne ;  
 The grand-childes birth, which justly should impart,

\* " Whom gallant guards and stately courts delighted,  
 Who triumphed o're th' earth, threatned the skies,  
 A babe scarce borne, come of himself affrighted."—1604.

To grand-fathers the greatest cause of joyes,  
Did (long ere wounded, making him to smart),  
Involve him in a maze of sad annoyes;  
And to prevent what did him fondly fright,  
By giving cause of a deserved hate,  
He sought by robbing you the new-found light,  
To make your birth and buriall of one date.  
Soone after this he sent for me in haste,  
Whom at that time (and not in vaine) he lov'd,  
And told the summe of all things that were past,  
By which his marble-minde seem'd nothing mov'd;  
Yet in the same, as he would let me know,  
Though pittie none, some horrour did remaine,  
Whil'st damn'd in substance, to seeme cleere in show,  
Your bloud his heart, but not his hand should staine.  
“ Thus having lull'd asleepe their judgement still,  
“ The wicked would extenuate their crimes,  
“ Not knowing those who but allow of ill,  
“ As actors guilty, differ but in times.”  
With his vile fault he would have burden'd me,  
Whom straight he charg'd an innocent to slay;  
I promis'd to performe his rash decree,  
Well weighing whom, not what I should obey;  
When I had parted from his highnesse face,  
And carried you (then swadled) with me too,  
Whil'st horrour did congeale my bloud, a space  
I stood perplex'd, not knowing what to doe,  
And (as to purge my part) even shedding teares,  
By troupes of passions griefe, my soule assail'd,  
Thus (when distress'd for easing others feares,)  
Th' intended death of you, your murd'ers wail'd;

For him I sent a servant of mine owne,  
 Who for the time was heards-man to the king,  
 To whom I made all my commission knowne,  
 But as enjoyn'd to him, show'd every thing;  
 Delivering you with an unwilling breath,  
 Whom of pure gold, a glistring robe array'd,  
 I threatned him with many a cruell death,  
 If that your death were any way delay'd;  
 Straight then to execute the tyrants doome,  
 He from my sight did all astonish'd goe,  
 Too great a charge for such a simple groome,  
 The show of majestie amaz'd him so,  
 What man (not wondring) can by deeds behold  
 The providence of all-commanding *Love*,  
 Whose brazen edicts cannot be contrould:  
 "Firme are the statutes of thè states above:  
 "That mortall whom a deities favour shields,  
 "No worldly force is able to confound,  
 "He may securely walke through dangers fields,  
 "Times and occasions are to serve him bound:"  
 For loe, before the heards-man was come home,  
 His wife had chanc'd a breath-lesse childe to beare,  
 Who wondred so to see her husband come,  
 While by his conscience crush'd, he quak'd for feare;  
 And straight she curious grew to know the forme,  
 How he a babe so beautifull obtain'd;  
 Who her of all did suddenly informe,  
 And to what cruelty he was constrain'd;  
 She quickly then th' occasion to embrace,  
 (No doubt inspir'd by some celestiall pow'r)  
 Pray'd that her infant might supply your place,

Yet where no beasts his body might devoure,  
So shall we have (saith she) a double gaine,  
Since our owne childe shall get a stately tombe,  
And we a princely brood, which may remaine,  
Still nurst with us as th' issue of my wombe.  
The husband lik't so well his wives designe,  
That he perform'd all what she did require,  
And when I had directed one of mine,  
This tragedies last act, who might enquire :  
My man who spy'd a babe there breathlesse lye,  
With that rich funerall furniture array'd,  
Told what the fellow told, (a generous lye)  
So that thus try'd, I trusted what they said.  
In end, time (posting with houre-feather'd wings)  
Had given you strength, with others of your yeares  
You haunted games, not nephewes unto kings,  
But for that time admitted for your peeres,  
They faile call fortune blinde, she sight bewray'd,  
And your authority by lot enlarg'd,  
In pastorall sports who still the scepter sway'd,  
And as but borne for that, that best discharg'd :  
With other children then, as once it chanc'd,  
A noble-man of *Medeas* sonne remain'd,  
Who swolne with envy to see you advanc'd,  
Your childish charge with scornfull words disdain'd ;  
You raging at that proud attempt of his,  
Did punish him, as it became a prince,  
I doubt now (sir) if that you thinke of this :  
The rest of rashnesse did your deed convince.

*Cyrus.* Though now my breast doth greater thoughts  
embrace,

Of youthfull sports, yet do not spare to speake;  
 "Let cares alternatly give pleasure place:  
 "That which is bended still, must sometime breake."

*Harp.* The childes great father did inform the  
 king,

How that so base a boy his sonne abus'd,  
 And of the guard one hasted you to bring,  
 As for an odious crime to be accus'd;  
 But when the king (expostulating long)  
 By terrours striv'd to cast your courage downe,  
 You boldly said, that you had done no wrong,  
 To punish one who had contemn'd your crowne;  
 You so magnanimous amaz'd to finde,  
 Whil'st pausing long with an attentive eye,  
 That speech imperious told the king your kinde;  
 Whose brood but th' eagles durst have soar'd so high:  
 The fained father to the king was brought,  
 Who (fear'd for torture) telling truth in time,  
 Where he reward deserv'd, but pardon sought,  
 As if the saving you had beene a crime.  
 Then (as it seem'd) delighted with the rest,  
 The king did cause a sumptuous feast prepare,  
 And me desir'd as his most speciall guest,  
 That with my sonne I would to court repaire;  
 When I was come, the king great joy disclos'd,  
 And sooth'd my words which did his chance applaud,  
 But for another end then I suppos'd:  
 "What fairer cloke then courtesie for fraud?"  
 When th' absence of the sunne did darknesse breed,\*  
 The candles light inheriting his place,

\* "When light was banish'd by nights shaddowie sable."—1604.



On my sonnes flesh they caus'd my selfe to feed,  
Then did upbraid me with his bloudlesse face ;  
What anguish, or what rage o're-flow'd my soule,  
A loving father may imagine best,  
Yet at that time I did my rage controull,  
But laid it high up in a stormie brest.

*Cyrus.* Some of the wise-men then I heard remain'd,  
Who from their former sentence did recoyle,  
And said, no danger was, since I had raign'd,  
Then did dismisse me for my native soile ;  
Where when I had my blooming season spent,  
To weakened wrath your lines did strength afford,  
Informing us that many *Medes* were bent  
For his great cruelty to leave their lord ;  
And wish'd (if to their scepter I aspir'd)  
That I should move the *Persians* to rebell,  
Which did succeed even as my soule desir'd :  
For they disdain'd in bondage base to dwell ;  
When my encourag'd troups all arm'd did stand,  
Ere they from strangers could attend releefe,  
I quickly march'd, encountering with that band,  
Of which the king had chanc'd to make you chiefe.

*Harp.* “ Loe how those wretches whom the heavens  
would wrack,

“ (To plagues expos'd) of judgement are unarm'd :  
“ The king of me his captaine straight did make,  
“ And look't for help of him whom he had harm'd ;  
“ Yet was th' old wrong so rooted in my heart,  
“ My countries thraldome, and mine owne disgrace,  
“ That all the horrors mischief could impart  
“ Seem'd nought to me, so my disdain'd took place.”

*Cyrus.* "On those whom they have wrong'd, none should relye:

"Iust rancour unreveng'd, can never dye."

*Harp.* This enterprize at first so well did speed,  
That since, your greatnesse still began to rise,  
Which may by time so brave a story breed,  
As may be pretious in all princes eyes.

*Cyrus.* Behold how *Crasus* with his riches blinde,  
Durst even encounter with my warre-like band;  
And whil'st a prosp'rous course betray'd his minde,  
Did not suspect what pow'r was in my hand;  
But he and his confederates have seene  
How victory doth still my troupes attend,  
And *Persia* must be once all *Asia's* queene,  
On whom for servants princes shall depend;  
Now *Crasus* is o'come, this towne surpris'd,\*  
And *Lydia* charg'd with gold, doth yeeld rich spoyles;  
The league unprosp'rous, *Egypt* hath despis'd,  
This is the happy end of all our toiles.  
But ah! one sowre unseasons all my sweets,  
That gallant man who was my mate in armes,†  
Whose praise through all the peopled circuit fleets,  
And with his love each generous courage warmes;  
Then when (though weake in troupes) in courage strong,  
Th' *Egyptian* chariots desperately he charg'd,  
There (whil'st he fought infortunately long)  
*Mars* from terrestriall bands his soule enlarg'd.

*Harp.* No doubt that dame this trouble hardly beares,

\* "Rich Sardis taken."—1604.

† "Brave Abradatus my brother in arms."—1604.

Who onely seem'd for him to like of life,  
I heard him (whil'st she bath'd his breast with teares)  
Oft wish by prooffe to merit such a wife.  
When their farewell was seal'd, last speeches spent,  
She kiss'd the coach that did containe her trust,  
And with eyes bigge with pearle, gaz'd where he went,  
Still till her sight was choak'd with clouds of dust.

*Cyrus.* And have you then not heard, his death  
but prov'd

The black beginning of a bloody scene?  
His wife *Panthea* at the first not mov'd,  
Seem'd as she had some marble image beene;  
The body that had oft her fancies fir'd,  
She caus'd beare out of sight, still deare, though dead;  
But where the river ranne, when once retir'd,  
She 'twixt her bosomes rounds entomb'd his head;  
And then from rage she borrowed some reliefe:  
For sorrow by degrees, a passage seeks,  
Vapouring forth sighs, which made a cloud of griefe,  
A mighty storme of teares rain'd downe her cheeks;  
Then, whil'st her eyes the wonted object miss'd,  
With heavy looks resolving fatall haste,  
Pale senselesse lips she prodigally kiss'd,  
With as great ardour then as in times past.  
I posted thither, bent to have releev'd  
This lady of a portion of her woes.  
Heaven beare me wnesse! I was greatly griev'd,  
Who would to save one friend, spare hosts of foes;  
She first a space me passionately ey'd,  
Then with those words, her lips did slowly move,  
My husband, loe, hath valorously dy'd,

As of your friendship, worthy of my love.  
 " My coming but encreas'd griefes starving store :  
 " For, till that passion of it selfe expire,  
 " All kinde of comfort but augments it more,  
 " Like drops of oyle thrown on a mighty fire."  
 A constant count'nance though I striv'd to make,  
 And what her woes diminish might, did tell;  
 That comfort which I gave, I could not take,  
 And scarcely could throw forth my last farewell;  
 When I had left her but a little space,  
 She did discharge the eunuchs from her sight,  
 Then pray'd her nurse to bury in one place  
 Her and her lord, as they deserv'd of right;  
 Last, looking on his corps, she drew a sword,  
 And even as if her soule had flown in him,  
 (Pure snows in crimson dy'd) imbrac'd her lord,  
 Whil'st beauties blubbred starres were waxing dim;  
 Then bent to fall, when her they could not raise,  
 (As scorning to survive their prosp'rous state)  
 In emulation of their ladies praise,  
 The *eunuchs* did precipitate their fate.  
 O sweet *Panthea*, rich in rarest parts,  
 I must admire thy ghost though thou be gone!  
 Who might'st have made a monarchy of hearts,  
 Yet loath'd unlawfull loves, and lov'd but one;  
 O wond'rous wonders, wonders wond'rous rare!  
 A woman constant, such a beauty chaste,  
 A minde so pure, joyn'd with a face so faire,  
 With vertue beauty in one person plac't;  
 Both were well match'd as any could devise,  
 Whose death confirms the union of their life;

He valorous, she vertuous, both wise,  
She worthy such a mate, he such a wife.  
And *Harpagus*, lest that it should be thought,  
That of brave mindes the memory may dye,  
Cause build a stately tombe with statues wrought,  
Where both their bodies with respect may lye.

*Harp.* I'll raise a pyramide of *Cræsus* spoils,  
Where of their worth each part shall be compris'd,  
But how to do in these tumultuous broils,  
Now time requires that you were well advis'd :  
Your adversary doth attend your will ;  
This hauty towne for feare to fall doth bow,  
And therefore pardon, ransome, quite, or kill,  
Do what you please, none can controll us now.

*Cyrus.* As for old *Cræsus*, I am else resolv'd,  
He with some captives whom I keep in store  
Shall have their bodies by the fire dissolv'd,  
As offerings to the gods whom I adore.  
My souldiers paines this city shall defray,  
Since by their meanes it hath beene gain'd for us,  
I yeeld it unto them, as their just prey,  
Who taste the sweetnesse of their travels thus ;  
Of other things we shall so well dispose  
That our renowne through all the world shall shine,  
Till *Cyrus* name give terror to all those,  
Who dare against his soveraignty repine.

## ACT V. SCENE 2.

*Nuntius. Chorus.*

*Nunt.* Ah! to what part shall I my steps addresse,  
Of bondage base the burden to eschue?  
Loe, desolation, ruine, and distresse  
With horrour do my native home pursue;  
And now poore countrey, take my last farewell,  
Farewell all joy, all comfort, all delight.

*Cho.* What heavy tydings hast thou now to tell,  
Who tear'st thy garments thus? what forc'd thy flight?

*Nunt.* I tell the wracke of us, and all who live  
Within the circuit of this wretched soile.

*Cho.* A hideous shout we heard the citie give,  
Have foes prevail'd, do they her beauty spoile?

*Nunt.* They may it spoile.

*Cho.* And is our soveraigne slaine?

*Nunt.* No, but scarce scap't doth live in danger still.

*Cho.* Then let our mindes no more in doubt remaine,  
And must we yeeld to that proud strangers will?

*Nunt.* You know how *Craesus* at advantage lay,  
Still seeking meanes to curbe the *Persians* pride,  
And how th' *Assyrians* had assign'd a day  
When led by him, they battell would abide;  
But *Cyrus* having heard how that they would  
Against his state so great an armie bring,  
Straight raising forces, providently bold,  
Prevents, invades, o're-comes, and takes our king.

*Cho.* "This shows a captaine both expert and brave,  
"Who wisely doth advise, performe with speed,"

No circumstance (friend) unrelated leave,  
Which with our kings did our confusion breed.

*Nunt.* When *Cræsus* saw that *Cyrus* came so soone,  
He stood a while with a distracted minde,  
Yet what time would permit, left nought undone,  
But made his musters, march'd his foe to finde.  
Our stately troup that for rich armes excell'd,  
And with umbragious feathers fann'd the aire,  
With insolency, not with courage swell'd,  
A triumph dream'd, scarce how to fight took care.  
The *Lydian* horse-men never stain'd, but true,  
And for their worth, through all the world renown'd,  
Them chiefly *Cyrus* labour'd to subdue,  
And this device for that effect was found:  
Untrussing all their baggage by the way,  
Each of the camels for his charge did beare  
A grim-fac'd groome, who did himselfe array,  
With what in *Persia* horsemen used to weare;  
To them th' infantry did follow next,  
A solid squadron like a brazen wall;  
But those in whom all confidence was fix'd,  
The brave cavallery came last of all,  
Then *Cyrus* by the raines his courser tooke,  
And bravely mounted, holding out his hands  
With an assured, and imperious look  
Went kindling courage through the flaming bands;  
He them desir'd, who at deaths game would strive,  
To spare none of their foes in any forme;  
But as for *Cræsus* to take him alive,  
And keep him captive for a greater storme:  
Where famous *Hellus* doth to *Hermus* post,  
To give another both his strength, and name;

Our army ranne against a greater host,  
 To grace it likewise with our force and fame.  
 Each troupe a time with equall valour stood,  
 Till giving place at length we took the chace,  
 While as the river ranne to hide our bloud,  
 But still his borders blush'd at our disgrace;  
 For when the camels to the field were come,  
 Our horses all affrighted at their sight,  
 Ranne raging backe againe, and of them some  
 Disordering ranks, put many to the flight;  
 Yet some who had beene us'd with martiall traines  
 The stratagem (though out of time) perceiv'd,  
 And lighting downe (red heights rais'd from green  
 plains)

Did vengeance urge of those who them deceiv'd;  
 There whil'st the world prov'd prodigall of breath,  
 The headlesse tronks lay prostrated in heaps;  
 This field of funerals sacred unto death,  
 Did paint out horroure in most hideous shapes:  
 Whil'st men unhors'd, horses unmastred, stray'd,  
 Some call'd on those whom they most dearly lov'd,  
 Some rag'd, some groan'd, some sigh'd, roar'd,  
 promis'd, pray'd,  
 As blows, falls, faintnesse, paine, hope, anguish mov'd.  
 Those who then scap'd (like beasts unto a den)  
 A fortresse took where valour none renownes,  
 "Walls are for women, and the fields for men,  
 "No towne can keep a man, but men keep townes;"  
 And we were scarcely entred at the ports,  
 When straight the enemies did the towne enclose,  
 And quickly rear'd huge artificiall forts,  
 Which did to the besieg'd more paine impose:



All martial engines were for battery found,  
At like encounters, which had ear'st prevail'd,  
Whil'st both they us'd the vantage of the ground,  
And borrow'd help from art, where nature fail'd ;  
They alwayes compassing our trench about,  
Still where the walls were weake, did make a breach,  
Which (straight repairing) darts were hurled out,  
To kill all those who came where we might reach ;  
There all the bolts of death, edg'd by disdain,  
Which many curious wits inclin'd to ill,  
Whil'st kindled by revenge, or hope of gaine,  
Had skill to make, were put in practice still ;  
Yet as we see it oft-times hath occur'd,  
Where least we did suspect, we were surpris'd,  
Whil'st fortune and the fates in one concurr'd,  
That in fames rolls our fall might be compris'd :  
That side of *Sardis*, farre from all regard,  
Which doth next *Tmolus* lye, thought most secure.  
Through this presumption, whil'st without a guard,  
All *Lydia's* o'rethrow did with speed procure :  
As one of ours (unhappily it chanc'd,)  
To reach his helmet, that had scap't his hand,  
Alongst that steepie part his steps advanc'd,  
And was returning back unto his band ;  
He was well mark'd by one, who had not spar'd  
To tempt all dangers which might make us thralls :  
For *Cyrus* had proclaim'd a great reward  
To him whose steps first trod the conquer'd walls ;  
And this companion seeing without stay  
One in his sight that craggie passage clime,  
Straight on his foot-steps followed all the way,  
And many a thousand hasted after him ;

Then all that durst resist, were quickly kill'd,  
 The rest who fled, no where secure could be:  
 For every street was with confusion fill'd;  
 There was no corner from some mischief free.  
 O what a piteous clamour did arise  
 Of ravish'd virgins, and of widow'd wives!  
 Who pierc'd the heavens with lamentable cries,  
 And having lost all comfort, loath'd their lives.  
 Whil'st those proud victors would themselves have  
 stain'd

With all the wrongs that pride, or power could use,  
 They by a charge from *Cyrus* were restrain'd,  
 And durst no more their captives thus abuse.

*Cho.* No doubt but high mishaps did then abound,  
 Whil'st with disdain the conqu'rous bosome boyld,  
 As some the sword, disgrace did some confound,  
 Not onely houses, temples too were spoyld.  
 "What misery more great can be devis'd,  
 "Then is a cities when by force surpris'd?"  
 But whil'st that stately towne was thus distress'd,  
 What did become of our unhappy\* king?

*Nunt.* Then when the enemy had his state possest,  
 And that confusion seiz'd on every thing:  
 He scarcely first could trust his troubled sight,  
 (The fortune past transported had him so)  
 Yet having eyes who can deny the light?  
 He saw himselfe inferiour to his foe;  
 And apprehending there whil'st left alone,  
 How that his judgement long had beene betray'd,  
 (As metamorphos'd in a marble stone)  
 His ravish'd thoughts in admiration stray'd;

\* "Hard-fortun'd."—1604.

But such a weight of woes not us'd to beare,  
He first was griev'd, then rag'd, and last despair'd,  
Till through excessive feare, quite freed from feare.  
He for his safetie then no further car'd ;  
And never wish'd he so to have long life,  
But death farre further was affected now,  
Still seeking danger in the bounds of strife,  
So he were sure to dye, he car'd not how ;  
Whil'st furies thus were fostred in his brest,  
Him suddenly a souldier chanc'd to meet,  
As insolent as any of the rest,  
Who drunk with bloud, ran raging through the street :  
And wanting but an object to his ire,  
He sought to him, and he to him againe ;  
I know not which of them did most desire,  
The one to slay, the other to be slaine ;  
But whil'st so base a hand towring aloft,  
Did to so great a monarch threaten death,  
His eldest sonne, who (as you have heard oft)  
Was barr'd from making benefit of breath :  
I cannot tell you well, nor in what forme,  
If that the destinies had so ordain'd,  
Or if of passions an impetuous storme  
Did raze the strings that had his tongue restrain'd :  
But when he saw his syre in danger stand,  
He with those words a mighty shout did give :  
Thou furious stranger stay, hold, hold thy hand.  
Kill not King *Cræsus*, let my father live ;  
The other hearing this, his hand retyr'd,  
And call'd his kings commandement to minde ;  
High were those aymes to which his thoughts  
aspir'd,

Whom for great fortunes this rare chance design'd;  
 Now when that *Cræsus*, who for death long long'd,  
 Was quite undone, by being thus preserv'd,  
 As both by life, and death, then doubly wrong'd,  
 Whil'st but by fates for further harme reserv'd;  
 He with sad sighs those accents did accord:  
 Now let the heavens do all the ill they can,  
 Which would not unto me the grace afford,  
 That I might perish like a private man,  
 Ah, must I live to sigh that I was borne,  
 Charactring shame in a dejected face?  
 Ah, must I live, to my perpetual scorne,  
 The abject object, pointed for disgrace?  
 Yet this unto his soule more sorrow bred,  
 He (scorne pretending state) as king array'd,  
 Was with great shouts ridiculously led  
 Backe to the tent, whereas their emp'rour stay'd:  
 Then that he might his misery conceive,  
 Those robes so rich, were all exchang'd with chains,  
 And prisons strictnesse bragg'd him with the grave,  
 So soone as death could make a choice of paines;  
 They caus'd in haste a pile of wood to make,  
 And in the mid'st where all men might him spie,  
 Caus'd binde the captive king unto a stake,  
 With fourteene others of the *Lydians* by;  
 There (as if offerings fit to purge the state)  
 Foes sought with flames their ruine to procure,  
 Though *Iove* prepostrous piety doth hate:  
 "No sacrifice is sweet, which is not pure."  
 Now whil'st the fire was kindling round about,  
 As to some pow'rfull god, who pray'd, or vow'd,  
 With eyes bent up, and with his hands stretch'd out,

O! *Solon, Solon, Cræsus* cry'd aloud;  
Some hearing him to utter such a voice,  
Who said that *Cyrus* curious was to know,  
(When dying now) what deity was his choice,  
Did him request his last intent to show:  
His exclamation was (said he) on one,  
With whom he wish'd (their frailty so to see)  
That all who ever trusted in a throne,  
Had but conferr'd a space as well as he;  
Then there he told what *Solon* had him showne,  
Whil'st at his court (which flourish'd then) arriv'd,  
How worldly blisse might quickly be o're-throwne,  
And not accomplish'd was, while as one liv'd;  
Whil'st forth salt flouds attending troupes did powre,  
He show how much the wise-man did disdain  
Those who presum'd of wealth, or worldly pow'r,  
By which none could a perfect blisse obtaine;  
This speech did *Cyrus* move to ponder much  
The great uncertainty of worldly things,  
As thinking that himselfe might once be such,  
Since thrall'd to fortunes throne, like other kings;  
Then such a patterne standing him before,  
Whom envy once, then pitie did attend,  
He to our king did liberty restore,  
And with his life did *Solons* fame extend;  
Yet him the fire still threatned to devoure,  
Which (rising high) could hardly be controll'd,  
But O devotion! then appear'd thy pow'r,  
Which to subdue the heavens makes worldlings  
bold!  
To quench the flames, whil'st divers toild in vaine,  
(*Iove* mov'd by prayer) as *Cræsus* did require,

The azure cisterns open'd did remaine,\*  
 And clouds fell downe in flouds to quench the fire.  
 Then whil'st the souldiers did the citie sack,  
 To save the same (as to his country kinde)  
 The hopelesse *Cræsus* thus to *Cyrus* spake,  
 With words which pitie melted from his minde :  
 Great prince, to whom all nations now succumbe.  
 And do thy yoke so willingly embrace,  
 That it some comfort gives to be o're-come  
 By one whose glory graces our disgrace ;  
 Since now I am constrain'd your thrall to be,  
 I must conforme my selfe unto my fate,  
 And cannot hold my peace, whereas I see,  
 That which may wrong the greatnesse of your state ;  
 Your state is spoil'd by not suspected pow'rs,  
 If this rich citie thus do rest o're-throwne,  
 Which now no more is mine, but is made yours :  
 And therefore (sir) have pittie of your owne ;  
 Yea, though the losse of such a populous towne,  
 Both rich, and yours, your minde could nothing move.  
 Yet thinke of this, which may import your crowne,  
 A peece of policy which time will prove :  
 The haughty *Persians* borne with stubborne mindes,  
 Who but for poverty first followed you,  
 Their matchlesse worth in armes large *Asia* findes,  
 Their feare is falne upon all nations now ;  
 But if you suffer them in such a sort  
 To be made rich with plenteous *Lydia's* spoiles,  
 Not able then their conquest to support,  
 The vanquish't by their fall the victor foils ;

\* "The clouds were open'd and a shewre did drench  
 The fire ashes of the flaming wood."—1604.

Let not vaine pleasures entertaine their sights :  
“ Rest wealth, wealth pride, pride warre, warre ruine  
breeds,”

Whil’st (faint through pleasures, weakened with  
delights)

No thought of honour from base breasts proceeds.

Then *Cyrus* straight approving what he spake,

His souldiers were from pretious spoyls restrain’d,

Whil’st he the tenth part did pretend to take,

A fatall off’ring for the gods ordain’d ;

This is the summe of our disastrous state,

We must a stranger serve, as thrall’d long since :

With losse of all which he possesst of late

Our king bought breath, a poore thing for a prince.

*Cho.* O wretched people ! O unhappy king !

Our joyes are spoyl’d, his happinesse expir’d,

And no new chance can any comfort bring,

Where destinies to ruine have conspir’d,

Go wofull messenger, hold on thy course,

For, to have heard too much, it irks our eares ;

And we shall note of this thy sad discourse,

With sighs each accent, and each point with teares.

*Cræsus.* Loe ! I who late did thunder from a throne,  
Am now a wretch whom every one disdaines,

\* “ What needs me more of my mishaps to pause ?

Though I have tasted of afflictions cup,

Yet it may be, the gods for a good cause

Have cast me downe, to raise a thousand up.

And never let a monarch after me,

Trust in betraying titles glorious baites.

Who with such borrow’d feathers rashlie flee,

Fall melted with the wrath of greater states,

O had this pretious wit enrich’d my mind.”—1604.

My treasure, honour, state, and freedome gone ;  
 No kinde of comfort, no, nor hope remaines,  
 And after me, let none whom greatnesse shrouds,  
 Trust tumid titles, nor ostentive shows :  
 " Sailes swolne with windes, whil'st emulating clouds,"  
 That which puffes up, oft at the last o're-throws.  
 O! had this pretious wit enrich'd my minde,  
 Which by experience I have dearly bought,  
 Whil'st fortune was within my court confin'd,  
 And that I could not thinke a bitter thought ;  
 Then satisfi'd with soveraignty ear'st prov'd,  
 I had disdain'd new dangers to embrace,  
 And cloath'd with majestie, admir'd, and lov'd,  
 Had liv'd with pleasure, and had dy'd in peace.  
 " But what more wonderfull in any state,  
 " Then power (when courted) that is free from pride ?  
 " But chiefly those who live securely great,  
 " They oft may erre, since fortune is their guide,"  
 What could the world afford, or man affect,  
 Which did not smooth my soule, whil'st I was such ?  
 Whom now the changing world doth quite neglect,  
 By prosp'ring plagu'd, starv'd onely with too much ;  
 Long lull'd asleep with scornfull fortunes lyes,  
 A slave to pleasure, drown'd in base delights,  
 I made a covenant with my wandring eyes,  
 To entertaine them still with pleasant sights ;  
 My heart enjoy'd all that was wish'd of late,  
 Whil'st it the height of happinesse did cloy,  
 Still serv'd with dainty, but suspected meat,  
 My soule with pleasure sicke, was faint for joy ;  
 All, with much care what might procure mine ease :  
 (My will divin'd) obsequiously devis'd,



And who my fancy any way could please,  
As prais'd by me, was by all others pris'd.  
Save serving me none else could have deserv'd,  
Of whom what ever came, was held of weight,  
My words and looks were carefully observ'd,  
And whom I grac'd, were had in honour straight ;  
For pompe and pow'r, farre passing other kings,  
Whil'st too secure with drowsie thoughts I slumbred,  
My coffers still were full of pretious things,  
Of which (as wealth least weigh'd) gold scarce was  
    numbered ;

I rear'd rare buildings, all embost with gold ;  
Made ponds for fishes, forrests for wilde beasts ;  
And with vain thoughts which could not be controll'd,  
Oft spent the day in sport, the night in feasts.  
I toss'd the elements with power like *Ioves*,  
Driv'd water up, aire downe, a pleasant change ;  
For, stately fountains, artificiall groves,  
As common things were not accounted strange.  
With me (what more could any monarch crave ?)  
In all the parts of pompe, none could compare :  
My minions gallant, counsellours were grave,  
My guards were strong, my concubines were faire ;  
Yea, whil'st light fortune my defects supply'd,\*

\* “ Thus pressing with delight the grapes of pleasure,  
I quafft with Fortune still sense-pleasing vines,  
Till drunke with wealth and riotous out of measure,  
I cared not to consume all *Timolus'* mines.  
Then weary to be well and tired of rest,  
T' engender discord I th' occasion sought,  
Yet for to cloake th' ambition of my brest,  
Did with devotion long disguise my thought,  
I said of all the oracles to enquire.”—1604.

I had all that could breed (as now I finde)  
In others wonder, in the owner pride,  
So puffing up the flesh to spoyle the minde.  
Thus with delight (long pressing pleasures grapes)  
With fortune I carrows'd what men deare hold,  
But ah! from misery none alwayes scapes,  
“One must be wretched once, or yong, or old;”  
Then weary to be well, and tyr'd of rest,  
To waken trouble I th' occasion sought;  
And yet to cloake the passions of my brest,  
Did with devotion long cloud what I thought:  
Of all the oracles I did enquire  
What was to come of this intended warre,  
Who said (as seem'd to second my desire)  
That I a mightie monarchie should marre.  
Those doubtfull words I wresting to my will,  
In hope to breake the hauty *Persians* pow'rs,  
Did ruine quite (whil'st all succeeded ill)  
What many a age had gain'd, even in few houres;  
And this may be admir'd as more then strange,  
I who disdain'd an equall of before,  
(What cannot fortune do, when bent to change?)  
Then servants lesse, must dreame content no more;  
What eye not bigge with scorne my state surveyes,  
Whom all do pittie now; or worse, do blame,  
And bound even to my foe for some few dayes,  
Which borrowed are with th' intrest of my fame.  
Though this sweet gale of life-bestowing windes  
Would seeme a favour (so it seemes to some)  
Who by the basenesse of their muddie mindes  
Show from what vulgar stock their kinde doth come;  
I scorne unlike my selfe thus to be scene,

Though to my comfort this appear'd to tend,  
As if misfortunes past had onely beene  
A tragick entry to a comick end.  
Of all that plague my state, what greater pest  
Then servile life, which faints from th' earth to part?  
And hath in one united all the rest  
To make me dye each day, yet live to smart;  
Life in my brest no comfort can infuse:  
"An en'mies gift could never come for good,"  
It but gives time of misery to muse,  
And bathe my sorrows in a bitter flood:  
Ah! had my breath straight vanish'd with my blisse,  
And clos'd the windows that gave light to life,  
I had not borne (to misery submissee)  
The height of those mishaps, which now are rife:  
Whil'st with a thousand sighs I call to minde  
The death of *Atis*, and mine owne disgrace,  
In such an agony my soule I finde,  
That life to death would willingly give place:  
But since I see reserv'd for further spight,  
I with sad thoughts must burden yet my soule,  
My memory to my distracted spright  
Of all my troubles shall present a scroule,  
Of which, while as th' accounts I go to cast,  
When numbring my misfortunes all of late,  
I will looke backe upon my pleasures past,  
And by them ballance my (now) haplesse state.

CHORUS.

"Is 't not a wonder thus to see

"How by experience each man reeds

" In practis'd volumes penn'd by deeds,  
 " How things below inconstant be ;  
 " Yet whil'st our selves continue free,  
 " We ponder oft, but not apply  
 " That pretious oyle, which we might buy,  
 " Best with the price of others paines,  
 " Which (as what not to us pertaines)  
 " To use we will not condescend,  
 " As if we might the fates defie,  
 " Still whil'st untouch'd our state remains ;  
     " But soon the heavens a change may send :  
     " No perfect blisse before the end."

When first we fill with fruitfull seed,  
 The apt conceiving womb of th' earth,  
 And seeme to banish feare of dearth,  
 With that which it by time may breed,  
 Still dangers doe our hopes exceed :  
 The frosts may first with cold confound  
 The tender greenes which decke the ground,  
 Whose wrath though Aprils smiles asswage,  
 It must abide th' Eolian rage,  
 Which too o're-com'd, whil'st we attend  
 All *Ceres* wandring tresses bound,  
 The reines let from their cloudy cage  
     May spoile what we expect to spend :  
     No perfect blisse before the end.

Loe, whil'st the vine-tree great with grapes,  
 With nectar'd liquor strives to kisse  
 Embracing elms not lov'd amisse,  
 Those clusters lose their comely shapes,

Whil'st by the thunder burn'd, in heapes  
All *Bacchus* hopes fall downe and perish :  
Thus many things doe fairely flourish,  
Which no perfection can attaine,  
And yet we worldlings are so vaine,  
That our conceits too high we bend,  
If fortune but our spring-time cherish,  
Though divers stormes we must sustaine,  
    To harvest ere our yeares ascend :  
    No perfect blisse before the end.

By all who in this world have place,  
There is a course which must be runne,  
And let none thinke that he hath wonne,  
Till first he finish'd hath his race ;  
The forrests through the which we trace,  
Breed ravenous beasts, which doe abhorre us,  
And lye in wait still to devoure us,  
Whil'st brambles doe our steppes beguile,  
The feare of which though we exile,  
And to our marke with gladnesse tend,  
Then balles of gold are laid before us,  
To entertaine our thoughts a while,  
    And our good meaning to suspend :  
    No perfect blisse before the end.

Behold how *Cræsus* long hath liv'd,  
Throughout this spacious world admir'd,  
And having all that he desir'd,  
A thousand meanes of joy contriv'd ;  
Yet suddenly is now depriv'd  
Of all that wealth ; and strangely falles :

For every thing his sprite appalles,  
 His sonnes decease, his countryes losse,  
 And his own state, which stormes doe tosse :  
 Thus he who could not apprehend,  
 Then whil'st he slept in marble walles,  
 No, nor imagine any crosse,  
     To beare all those his brest must lend :  
     No perfect blisse before the end.

And we the Lydians who design'd  
 To raigne over all who were about us,  
 Behold how fortune too doth flout us,  
 And utterly hath us resign'd ;  
 For, to our selves we that assign'd  
 A monarchie, but knew not how,  
 Yet thought to make the world to bow,  
 Which at our forces stood afraid,  
 We, we by whom these plots were laid,  
 To thinke of bondage must descend,  
 And beare the yoke of others now,  
 O, it is true that *Solon* said!  
     While as he yet doth breath extend,  
     No man is blest ; behold the end.

END OF VOLUME 1.











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